

ABERRATION

The Primrose Path

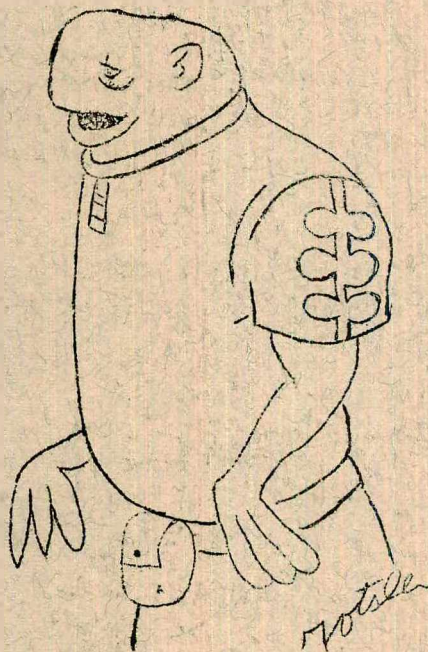
A COMMON adjective used in describing a fanzine still tottering on new-born legs is "industrious". This indicates that the editor is really working to get his 'zine out; it conjures up frantic pictures of a wild-eyed young fan cutting stencils in the dead of night, turning a mimeo handle by the dawn's first light, hitting the old stapler until his hands turn blue...well, you know. This is intended to gain sympathy for the fanned, and since I need all the sympathy I can get, I'd just love to tell you the same sort of story in connection with Abby and myself. Unfortunately, however, none of it would be true. Nary a stencil came out of my typer, my stapler remains fully loaded and none the worse for wear (since it received none), and it would be very hard for me to complain of having a sore arm due to operating a mimeo, as I don't even own one. The truth is: without the help of Gary Labowitz who stenciled and duplicated, this fanzine would still be wading around in the shallow waters of "some-day" while the roaring waves of reality thundered far out at sea. Tho I'm paying for the services rendered, I would like to go on record as appreciating them very much. Thanks, Gary.

//Labowitz here; no thanks needed. Real thanks are due to John Murdeck who donated all the stencils for this issue.//

But the list of Abby's benefactors does not end at one. Thanks are also due: 1) Dan Adkins, not only for his art, but for the Larry Sokol story, 2) Lyle Amlin, wherever he may be, for Bob Coulson's article from the unpublished PSI backlog, 3) Mark, Terry, and the others who came through for me when I made my wants known, and 4) Dean Grennell, for some of the Rotsler artwork you'll find throughout these pages, and John Champion, for the illos by Jack Harness. I might even go so far as to thank the folks who promised me material, but didn't produce any, for they at least kept me enthusiastic and hopeful. Thanks, fellows, one and all.

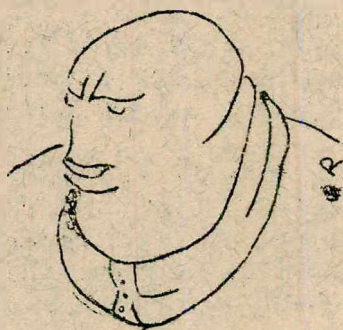
THEY LAUGHED AT JERRY MERRILL..

Yes, they certainly did. In the first issue of Jerry's fanzine, FOR BEAMS ONLY, he made a remark to the effect that one of the principal functions of the Bnf in fandom today seemed to be to trod over those farther down the ladder, and generally give neos seven kinds of hell, whether in reviews, letters, articles, or whatever. "Poor boy," said his readers. "Somebody stepped on your toes, so now you're tak-



ing it out on everyone. Why, that Isn't the way things are at all. Bnfs are a grand bunch of boys!" A grand bunch. Yeah. To show you just how grand they are, permit me to give a personal illustration.

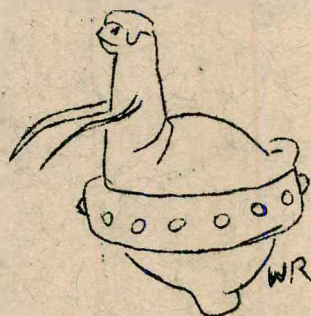
When I began planning for Abby, I was lucky enough to secure an article by a very well-known fan, who has won fame through both his writing and his editing. To say where I got it might give the fan's name away, and I see no reason to make this a case of personalities; suffice to say that I did get it. It was well-written, lively, and made a perfect for my first issue. As soon as I could, I began working on the layout, carefully placing illos, arranging titles, and organizing copy for eye-appeal. In fact, I



This, friends, is the first issue of ABERRATION, an irregular fanzine both in frequency of publication and material content. It is edited by Kent Moomaw, who now takes his mail at 6705 Bramble Avenue, Cincinnati 27, Ohio. You received this free, but don't expect to get off so easily in the future, as subscriptions will henceforth be to the tune of a dime a throw, plus the usual three for a quarter baragain. (If such can be

called a bargain, that is.) If you find this system inconvenient, or against your personal creed, you need only remember that those who contribute in any way needn't shell out. The cover, this time, is by Dan Adkins, fandom's gift to the Air Force, while the bacover is a Larry Bourne creation. Interior art by Jack Harness, Will Rotsler, Ray Schaffer Jr., and Larry Bourne. Material by Mark Schulzinger, Buck Coulson, Larry Sokol, Terry Carr, and Dave Rike. Gowns by Ceil Chapman...whoops!

set things up so that the entire first issue revolved around this



article, anticipating the comment that it would bring my way. I hadn't bothered to check with the author regarding publication of his manuscript, for I had been given the okay of the fan who had passed the material along to me, and that was enough for me. This was probably one of the biggest mistakes I've made in fan editing so far.

The author didn't know who had his manuscript, and as he began to put pressure on the middleman (or middle fan, as you like), he in turn passed it along to me. "Joe Blow wants to know who's got his article!" the middleman gasped. "Tell him you have it, for Ghod's sake, or he'll get both of us in hot water!" I was in doubt over this last bit, but decided that publication underpretense would never get me anywhere. So I wrote this Bnf. I wrote him a simple, to-the-point letter, telling him that his article was scheduled for ABERRATION #1, and that I hoped he would like the way in which I presented it. I thought I was being very nice about the whole thing. Now, since I'm not mentioning any names, I think I'll quote a few sentences from the letter that came rocketing back to me. Here goes: "...Hell, if you could write as well as I, you wouldn't need my material. You could write you own fanzine...I am insulting you."

You should feel flattered...If I think you are worthy of my stuff, I'll send you something /later bn/...But you've got to earn it."

The gist of the letter was simply that I'd return his material or else. This meant that I'd have to do the entire issue, practically, over again, but then what difference did that make? The important thing was to make sure that Joe Blow's fair name wasn't rubbed in the mud and mire of a first issue! Not desiring a feud, I complied. I'll be looking for that article in GRUE or OBLIQUE soon.

And before the Bnf in question comes back with a crack about the style I'm using in this editorial, I'll openly admit that it's his. But Greg Benford has used it, and 'tain't copyrighted, so why the devil shouldn't I?

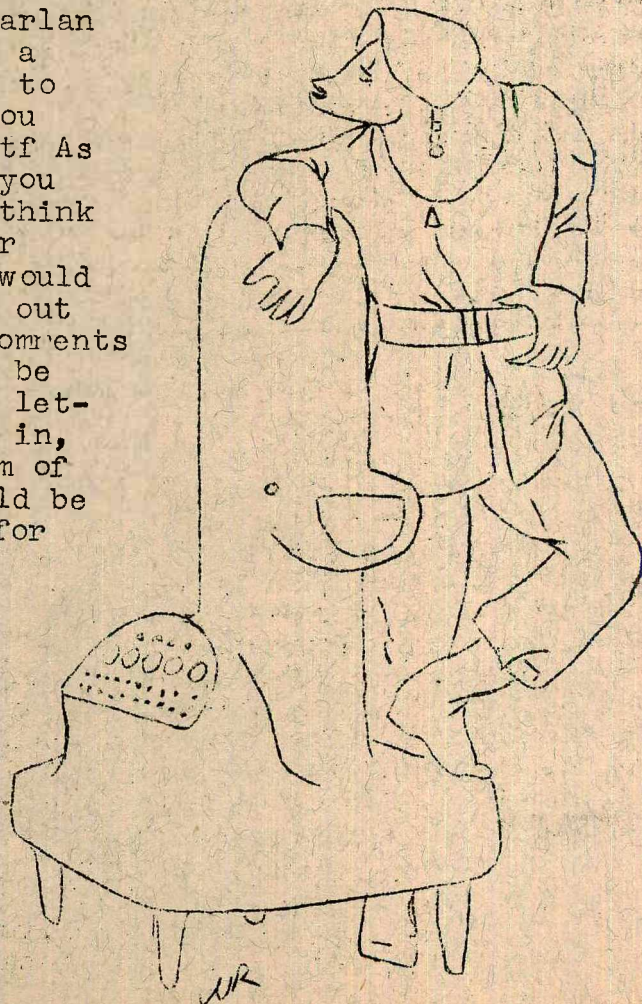
Yes, Bnfs are a grand bunch. They don't turn neos away from their doors, and they never ever kick a fellow when he's down...not much, they don't. Anybody want to hoin a Down-With-Bnfs Club? Jerry and I are charter members.

Seriously, I realize that this is only one out of the many Big Name Fen active at present. I even admit that a majority of them, if not downright easy to get along with, are not as egotistical as some of the others. But the egotistical minority is certainly in prominence currently, and they aren't doing fandom at large an awful lot of good.

AT THE RISK of sounding like an undiscovered Harlan Ellison, I'd like to say just a few words about the contents to follow. First of all, with "You Call This Living?" and "On Stf As A Way Of Life", we have what you might call a theme issue. I think that these two articles cover their subject very well, but would like to know what all of you out there think. I'm saving my comments for next time, when I hope to be able to print a selection of letters. If enough of them come in, there may even be a symposium of sorts in Abby #2. (That should be enough to settle the matter for good...or at least for a few weeks, anyway.) As I've said, and as most proeds and faneds say, it's all up to you.

MARK'S ARTICLE which is in reality the first installment of a column, brings up some very interesting points. I think

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the outstanding fault in what Mark defines as the "middle class" is the half-baked tradition or dogma that governs most every facet of their existence, but this isn't at all restricted to the middle classers. Tradition, which I call it for want of a more accurate term, regulates nearly everything that an American family does today. But today's social standards, for instance, fifteen or sixteen is virtually adulthood; television, movies, and books have adolescents of this age either veterans of dating the field or else going steady, and parents of adolescents, whose contact with youth seldom goes beyond their own offspring, swallow this. By the end of junior high school, they are applying pressure to their kids to "be normal" and "go out". The kids, unable to resist authority, or taken in by the same sort of thing, do begin dating. A great many do not have to be pushed, I agree, but does this give them the true happiness that comes with mature association, or are the laughter and shouts that you hear drifting out of the local ice cream bar merely conditioned, synthetic, unconsciously in keeping with the dogma of the teenager; I often wonder.

To see this situation as it is, drop in on a local freshman dance if you ever get the opportunity. Watch the poor, nervous, unhappy kids lining the walls, here because their parents are attempting to recapture lost youth through their children, blind to the fact that they and their children may be altogether different, while the natural born wolves of both sexes do their stuff. Little boys in formal dress who would have been in knickers still, a few years back, and little girls in gowns who are barely out of the doll stage. They aren't ready for the social whirl, but they've been thrown into it by parents who abhor the possibility of being disgraced by their children's being "different".

I also wonder if this doesn't result in a lot of the juvenile crime blamed upon horror comics and other things. Or in the early marriages which are much too often broken marriages as well.

"Different" is rapidly becoming a repulsive word in the language.

He's a walking cocktail: water on the knee and whiskey on the hip.

DUE TO circumstances beyond Terry's control, "On Str As A Way Of Life" will be slightly dated by the time this reaches you. That is, of course, because Dan Adkins' SATA has returned to the wars. In fact, the new SATA ILLUSTRATED #4 arrived here this morning with a long, completely illustrated story, and a rousing article for rock 'n roll and Elvis Presley by Bill Pearson, in addition to the great art that SATA has been known for from the start. However, I don't believe that this interferes with the point the article puts over, so I'm not worrying about it.

And on this note, I leave you. I'm not so blinded by personal enthusiasm that I can't see the number of weaknesses in this, but I do think that it is slightly better than I had hoped, and hope you like it. But even if you don't, by all means write and let me know. Until another time, which will be just as soon as time, money, contributions, and all permit, here I am,

Kent

A Voice In The Night



The middle class man, as opposed to the extremely poor and extremely rich classes in our society, is a dangerous animal. He is a neurotic individual, always envious of his fellow man; envying the poor for their freedom from financial worry, and the rich for their abundant wealth and all the things that go with it. He will try just as much as possible to discredit either of the other two groups to enhance his own position. The poor are usually condemned for their slums, while all the troubles in the financial and industrial worlds are blamed upon Big Business, the ogre of wealth. The middle class business man is quite willing and even eager to cut off the friend's arm at the throat for some sort of personal advancement, but cries bitterly when the same stunt is pulled on him. Eventually, this man gets married, according to the absurd and impractical set of morals which governs the whole group, raising a typical middle class family.

Since the majority of this reading audience is of the middle class, it will be difficult to drive the point home. This is because the middle class is incapable of seeing itself in unfavorable light, containing only a few individuals able to analyze their group and see the truth with an open mind.

The middle class family is unstable. It moves on the average of once in ten years, going from plain to fancy to ridiculous on the pretense of bettering itself. At an early age the children, (and the middle class family rarely has more than three, because too many children would give it the appearance of a lower class family), are taught the importance of money. They are taught money to such a degree that most middle class children think in terms of nothing but dollars and cents, refusing to accept an item unless assured that it was expensive. The middle class family is addicted to poorly running, yet fabulously expensive, autos. Fathers always insure that the children will have more money than he did, and impress upon them that if

MARK
SCHULZINGER

they don't go out and make a fortune, they will be swallowed up in the maelstrom of crime, the army, the poor, and/or any other thing that sounds like a fate far worse than death. In direct contradiction to this, the middle class father is convinced that his ways of doing things are the only right ways, and that nobody can rise to the heights without following these often absurd and certainly outmoded methods of business cheating, working in gardens, and reading books. The effect on the children is very interesting.

Most middle class parents who worked their way to riches, or to what they consider riches, tell their children that they have sacrificed all for them. The standard father in this sub-group is apt to say, "When you wanted something, did I ever keep it from you?" This is designed to keep the youngster in a state of profound appreciation of his parents, without seeing that his father was never home to talk to him, tell him stories, take him on rides or to movies, and perform all the necessary operations which build up an understanding between father and child. This argument is also ~~an-underest~~/given when the child asks for something, thus defeating the entire purpose of the argument. The child doesn't notice this, however, for it has been drummed into him from the day he could say "damn!" that his parents were sacred cows, not to be disrespected.

The middle class child, when he or she discovers what's going on, if he or she ever does, cannot leave the family. All the money has been carefully tied up in the hands of the father or mother (and it's surprising how many women wear the pants in middle class families), and since to run away is a sin, just try and get a paying job under a blackball donated by the entire family. Thus the child must stay with the family until he or she falls into the rut and can go on to cheat for itself.

The morals of the middle class group are fantastic. They are violently against anything not sanctioned by their own interpretation of the Bible, and told to them by their fanatical ministers. It is the middle class alone that will become violent when confronted with the fact that one of their group has done moral wrong.

There we have, in condensed form, one of the most obvious dangers to the world today: the middle class person who will stop at nothing to get what it wants, making a mockery of democracy and poisoning the minds of millions of future citizens. It's the middle class man who goes insane because he can't keep up with the Joneses; it's the middle class man who buys and buys without knowing how good the product is, or what he's going to do with it. Here is a blight on the entire structure of the land: a group that refuses to even remain static, but which must regress to some inconceivable low of mental and moral existence.

If you're in the middle class, think it over, You just might find the truth...lurking right under your nose.

---by Mark Schulzinger

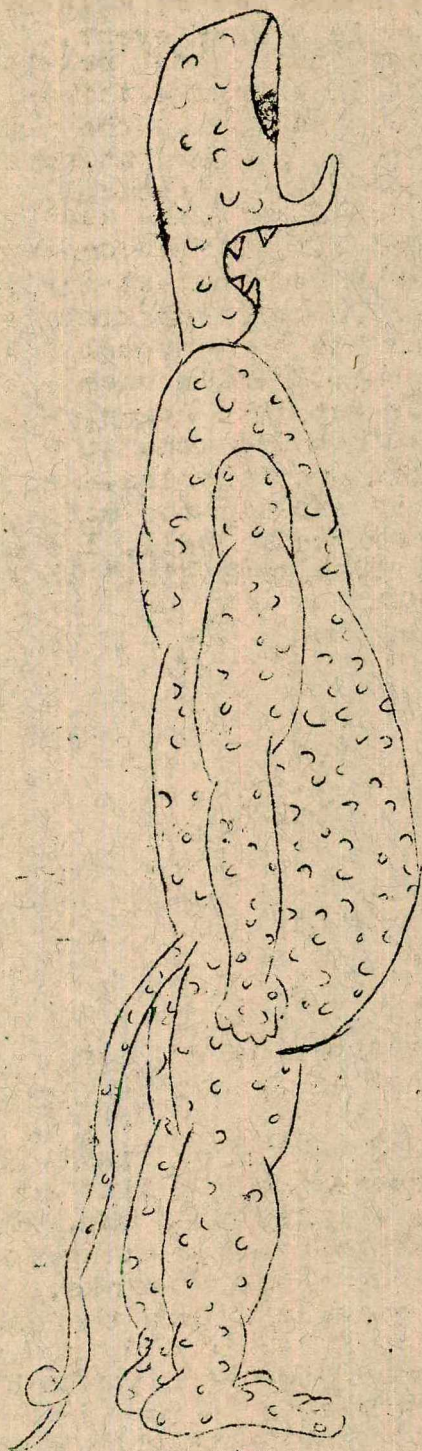
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"He didn't look angry to me, just very exasperated."

You Call This Living?

by

BOB COULSON



SCHAF

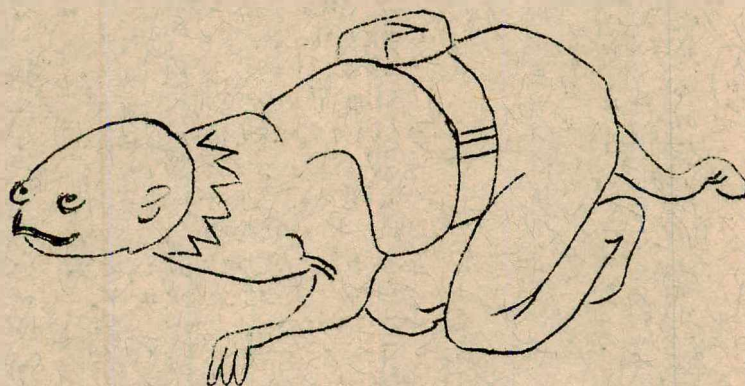
A lot of good, bad, and indifferent have been discussing fandom as a way of life recently, so I might as well put in my two bits worth. Some say that anyone who feels that fandom is a way of life is just one step from the nuthouse; others feel that fandom is a good deal saner way of life than the average. Quite possible, both can be right, depending on circumstances.

One item I have never seen in any of the "way of life" arguments is the geographic location of the writer. This, I believe, makes more difference than might be imagined. Fans do have it easier in some localities as opposed to others, and the more derision they encounter, the more defiant they become, and the more likely they are to insist that fandom is the only true God.

In the district of Indiana where I grew up, reading anything outside of schoolwork and comic strips was a suspicious activity. I have heard more than one acquaintance state: "I have never read a book in my life." (This isn't literally true in most cases, since they had to read schoolbooks in order to graduate high school or such. On the other hand it is true in some cases!) And don't think they say this apologetically. Not on your life! They're proud that they don't waste time on any activity as unprofitable as reading. A few, realizing that the "better class" does read, will say: "Oh, I'd like to read, but just never have the time." This is a patent lie, since they do have time

to watch television, join bridge clubs, etc. I doubt if one family in ten, in this locality, owns more than a dozen books; walking into a strange house and seeing a book case is a rare event.

Science fiction, of course, is that crazy stuff about rockets which takes up television time better spent in watching third-rate comedians. The idea that "if God had wanted men on the moon He'd have put them there" isn't something to be laughed at here. The shop supervisor at the plant where I work said practically the same thing to me in a discussion of space flight. He also, by the way, believes that the world was created strictly according to Genesis, and that fossils were put here by God to test men's faith. And remember, this isn't a religious fanatic speaking, but a solid, average, family man who is putting his son through college and who spends each Memorial Day watching the 500-mile race in Indianapolis. The question of "when rockets get into space, what will they push against?" was put to me by a boy I'd gone to school with, and who I know damn well studied prep physics. And while I was trying, without much success, to explain the matter to him, one of the interested on-lookers remarked: "Well, I don't understand it either, but if Buck says so, I believe him." This,



while a touching tribute to my intelligence and honesty, isn't exactly the kind of support I try to get when engaged in an argument.

When an individual discovers something enjoyable, he likes to talk about it, either to brag about the discovery or to find someone with a mutual interest. The human race is built that way, and the law applies to almost every member. But how are you going to talk about stf to someone who doesn't know how a rocket works, and what 's more, doesn't give a damn? Some one who thinks the entire idea is funny, and that anyone who takes it seriously is one to be laughed at? When the isolated stf reader discovers fandom, he is overwhelmed by the fact that there are people to whom he can talk about it, that they know even more about it than he does. For a while, fandom becomes his major interest in life. This depends a lot on such things as IQ, emotional stability, and others, and since I know not a lot about these things, I won't go into them. However, fandom can become a way of life to begin with, simply because the fan is lonesome.

Naturally, this reasoning, as such, doesn't apply to all fans or even a majority of them. The city fan is, usually, in a different situation from the smalltown stf reader.

THE
UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20250

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However, it is a large and seemingly overlooked factor in a large minority of cases. If a fan can't make himself understood by the "normal" people around him, he will become more closely associated with the abnormal people around him in fandom. The more laughter association with fandom brings his way, the more defiant and "neurotic" he becomes. I don't mean that every fan is a walking bundle of psychoses. It's a case of "you don't have to be crazy... but it helps!"

---by Bob Coulson

THE LONELY HEART

by Larry Sokol

The Galactic Lonely Hearts Club boasted of wonders for its members, and it had certainly performed wonders for John Carter. It had found him a prospective wife.

She was a pert five-seven, with long golden hair and deep blue eyes. Carter's heart throbbed violently in his chest whenever he gazed at her candid photo, which now occupied the most prominent position in his wallet.

It had been difficult during the past few weeks for Carter, who longed to see the girl in person, but tonight he would be blasting off for Centauri II, the planet where she made her home. In just a few days, he would be holding her in his arms, smothering her with kisses.

His eyes followed the graceful swirls of the inscription that flowed over the bottom of the photo, reading, "With all my love till the end of time, Lila." Lila Kraemer, the Terran equivillant of the true Centaurian, which was no longer used widely since the representatives of Earth's stellar empire had made planetfall there. What a lovely name, thought Carter. He was becoming more impatient to see her with each passing moment.

The ship set down on Centauri's second planet smoothly, without even the most minor mishap. John Carter trotted down the disembarkation ramp slowly at the City spaceport, drinking in the clean, rich air. The sky was bright with the red sun above, and Carter found himself whistling a gay little tune, in the best of spirits.

He summoned a nearby motor conveyance and directed the driver in simplest Terran, asserting that he wished to be taken to the local GLHC branch office. There he would be given Lila's address and pay the usual fee for such services. He could understand why the club did such good business if it could supply every man a woman like Lila.

10 At the office, a clerk gave him the perfunctory briefings on Centaurian marriage customs. It seemed that the women on the planet had final say in the matter of mating; if a woman did



choose a man for her mate, he married her...or else. The fact that women reproduced the species was given as the reason behind such law. "I suppose that's why so few outsiders ever come here anymore," said the clerk in a weak attempt to crack a joke. Carter listened only half-heartedly, hoping that he would have no trouble convincing Lila that he was the mate of her destiny.



Paying the fee and receiving the address, Carter took another Centaurian "taxi" to the place marked on the paper. As he sank deep into the padded seat, he took out his photo of Lila and gazed at it for one last time, smiling broadly with the knowledge that he would soon be looking at the real thing.

The vehicle pulled up before a small dried-brick house, only one of a large cluster. Carter saw no markings whereby they could be distinguished from one another, but the driver seemed to have no trouble in locating the proper one. Carter was in such a hurry that he nearly fell out of the vehicle, but he managed to pay the driver in galactic currency plus a large tip. He dashed up to the curiously carved wooden door.

He knocked twice and then waited, eyes glued to the portal before him. His mind's eye was depicting that first kiss, his hands could virtually feel the soft strands of sun-bleached hair, and his feet shuffled nervously. Then he heard footsteps coming across the floor inside.

The door opened, and Carter was taken aback. He stared at the homely little woman with large dirty smudges on her drawn face and wondered fleetingly if this were the right house after all. "Is...is Lila Kraemer at home?" he got out, hoping against hope that the situation wasn't what he thought it was.

The little woman's face lit up, and Carter backed off slowly. Before she could speak, Carter's hand was digging into his pocket for the photo of his dream girl. "This is the picture I was sent," he asserted.

She took a good look at the likeness and then emitted a high-pitched giggle. It displayed her green teeth, and John Carter didn't like it at all.

"Why, this is my sister's picture!" she laughed. "I must have gotten it mixed up with mine. Imagine that!"

Carter gulped as silently as he could manage and backed off still further. "In that case, I'll be going," he said, inwardly fighting off the impulse to run for all he was worth.

"Oh, I'm afraid I couldn't let you do that," she smiled, following his retreat. Her voice was sickly sweet, but the words hit Carter like tiny daggers. "You see, I know the law very well; if you try to get out of marrying me now that I've found you, you'll be thrown into a sand stream."

Another horrible giggle. Her bony arms were flung about his neck, pulling his face down towards her wet lips. "You 11

won't be unhappy with me, Johnny boy. Now come on and kiss me..."

But by this time John Carter was by no means anxious to kiss the girl known as Lila Kraemer.

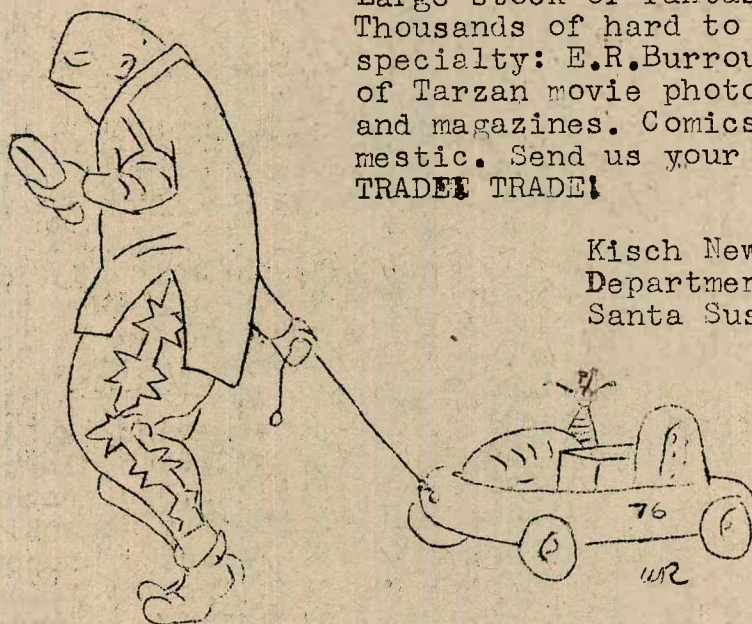
And in time, he was to learn that his wife was an only child.

---by Larry Sokol

* * * * *

Large stock of fantasy books and magazines. Thousands of hard to find comic books. Our specialty: E.R. Burroughs items. Hundreds of Tarzan movie photos. Science fiction books and magazines. Comics, both foreign and domestic. Send us your wants. BUY! SELL! TRADE! TRADE!

Kisch News Company
Department A
Santa Susana, California



If, like me, you hate to spend money when there are obvious ways of getting around it, you may be interested in what I have to say here. Since I'm not figuring to make a fortune on subscriptions to this rag, I would much prefer interesting letters and manuscripts to occasional dimes, not to mention artwork. To encourage the sending of same, I will be most happy to credit free issues to those of you who comment, write, or draw. Perhaps it might be wise to let you in on what sort of editorial policy Abby is going to have. Actually, I think I'm pretty open-minded, but here are a few things: fiction is welcome, but since I have no intention of turning this into a fictionzine, the stories must be good. This presents somewhat of a paradox in itself, for I cannot say what I consider to be good and what I do not without first reading the particular story in question. I think "The Lonely Heart" in this issue isn't the very best piece of amateur stf I ever laid eyes on, but I also consider it well above the average fan story. As for humor, I'm heartily in favor of it, and would have had some in these pages had not my contributors decided to go SerCon in unison. Most any type of article, well written, is acceptable here, so let yourself go. I have a backlog of art at present, but it won't last for ever, so artists...come hither! And if someone will send in a spot of poetry, we'll eliminate fillers such as this in the future!

---CKM

I've recently read three issues of a fanzine called SATA, which is undoubtedly known to some of you. Now SATA has folded, and a pity, too, because it was a promising mag. I couldn't work up much enthusiasm over any of the issues that Dan Adkins put out, but it was, it seems to me, fulfilling a need in fandom that few, if any, other fanzines can fill. It was, in short, a science fiction fanzine.

It comes as a definite shock to me that there are only two or three fanzines today devoted to science fiction primarily, and even moreso that there is perhaps only one which offers the average fan a chance to air his views on the subject. (INSIDE and FANTASY SAMPLER, obviously, cater to the more experienced types.)

Time was when most fanzines were devoted to science fiction. Now don't misunderstand me: I'm not advocating a return to such a state of affairs. Frankly, I think I'd quit fandom if it ever went back to being stf-centered. I read science fiction, but it is not one of my major interests. The fact is, stf is plainly overrated by its fans, and when I read such articles as SATA was wont to print, I am surprised and more than a little disgusted.

I don't intend here to go into stf's failings, but rather into fandom's move away from science fiction itself. Recently, G. M. Carr took Walt Willis to task for a definition he propounded of the genus fan, which sparked some comments from my friend and drinking companion, Dave Rike. I'd like to quote these comments:

"Did you note the fallacy in G.M. Carr's definition of a fan as opposed to WAW's definition meaning a fan is one who publishes? Or to quote from Don Ford's letter in GEMZINE, '...that a fan

is best defined as one who publishes a fanzine or writes for one/...' The mistake GMC makes in her definition, or rather what she implied her definition would incorporate or one that she would go for, is that she thinks that WAW is defining a science fiction fan, when he isn't. He is defining the persons who he desires to communicate with in '-'. True, most of them came into fandom by way of reading stf, but they have broadened

ON STF AS A WAY OF LIFE

their interests to far more than just that. Take Bloch's article on Joyce in '-', for instance. This broadening of interests, of course, is natural since stf itself introduces one of them. Critiquing, which correlates into reading and especially non-stf 'good' reading and so forth; the sciences, which takes in a lot; collecting, which if done sensibly, and if the mags/books are read, will lead once again to "good" reading; and fandom. (I may be missing some things, but what the hell.)

BY

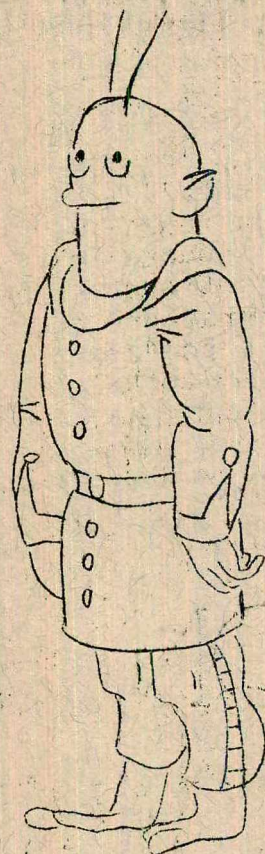
terry carr
&
dave rike

Fandom brings one into contact with communications: conventions, letter hacking, correspondance, fanzines, tapespondance, music, am-pubbing, and all of this naturally leads to writing, which takes us back to "good" reading, which is generally non-stf, and thus we find ourselves with non-stfish interests, once we find some we go for, For the most part, those persons who have passed into and thru all of those stages are the fans whom I am really interested in communicating with, or seeing what they have to say. Those who thing that stf is literature and hold other fuggheaded notions (like 'th e N3F can work since it is set up the way a lot of successful lodges and colleges are', anor 'books are to be collected and not read') are the sorts that I might like to study in a 'leisure moment, but certainly don't want much to do with, otherwise,

"Of course, you will note that GMC ignores that Walt says '...one who publishes a fanzine or writes for one...' and in her discussion either assumes that pubbers and writers are one and the same (I guess she didn't read the articles in PLOY or ORION a while back which deplored th e fact that fanpubbers nowadays just don't contribute to one another's fmz) or just forgets that Walt mentioned anything about writers since she talks only about pubbers and publishing as being WAW's definition of a fan. To my way of thinking, there are fans who I would like to communicate with who are not pubbers, but are likeable. Carl Brandon, Bloch, and Bill Courval, for instance. I mean fanwriters, artists, or fmz letterhacks. Those and the pubbers are the ones WAW, I figure, primarily wants to communicate with, and they are also the ones I want. Look at our fanzine, INNUENDO

[Paid adv. ---CMK] that'll be the sort of people to whom we are sending it, not prospective subbers, directors of N3F, or to a pillar of the Nameless Ones. Of course, you will have the hobbvists who will argue that one doesn't talk about his hi-fi rig when attending a meeting of a local stamp club, as the reasoning why stf whould be uppermost in our minds when we are attending a con, writing to our correspondants, writing articles, yakking off a tape, or pubbing an fmz. The thing is, he overlooks the fact that in doing those things we are communication with each other, and communication doesn't have to observe any particular bunch of subjects and ignore others. Especially with stf being based on all sorts of things, a lot more than other avocations. Why even in stamp collecting we find varied interests; some collectors must have taken up printing as a sideline, otherwise why should Scott's catalog list numerous counterfeits which have been made of stamps? All right, so you say feelthy huxters; so all of the feelthy huxters I know have been collectors. They even put out mags; one in Berkeley puts out a photo-offset job."

Dave's comments were in a letter to me, were not arranged in more than cursory form, naturally. I think you get the drift of the thoughts, however.



I think I can sum up his opinion, and mine, in this manner: science fiction is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. Genus fan is an evolutionary type critter who is born interested in nothing but stf, and becomes gradually, through that interest, mature. As Dave mentioned, stf incorporates allied interests and fosters them; among the allied interests is fandom, which leads the fan on to all sorts of mundane concerns.

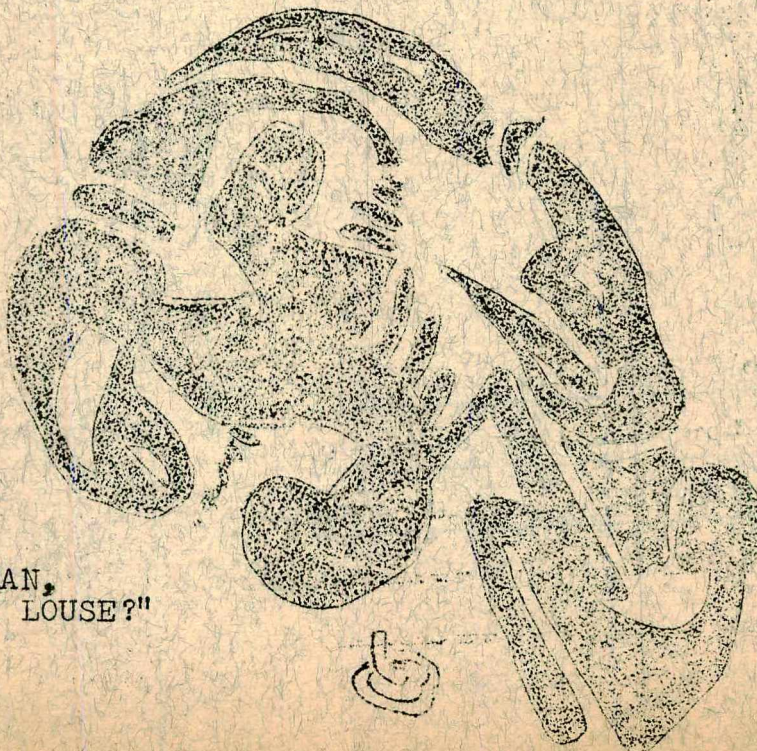
It is not at all unreasonable, then, to imagine that the era of a science fiction centered fandom is gone for good. I think that fandom itself has matured.

---by Terry Carr & Dave Rike

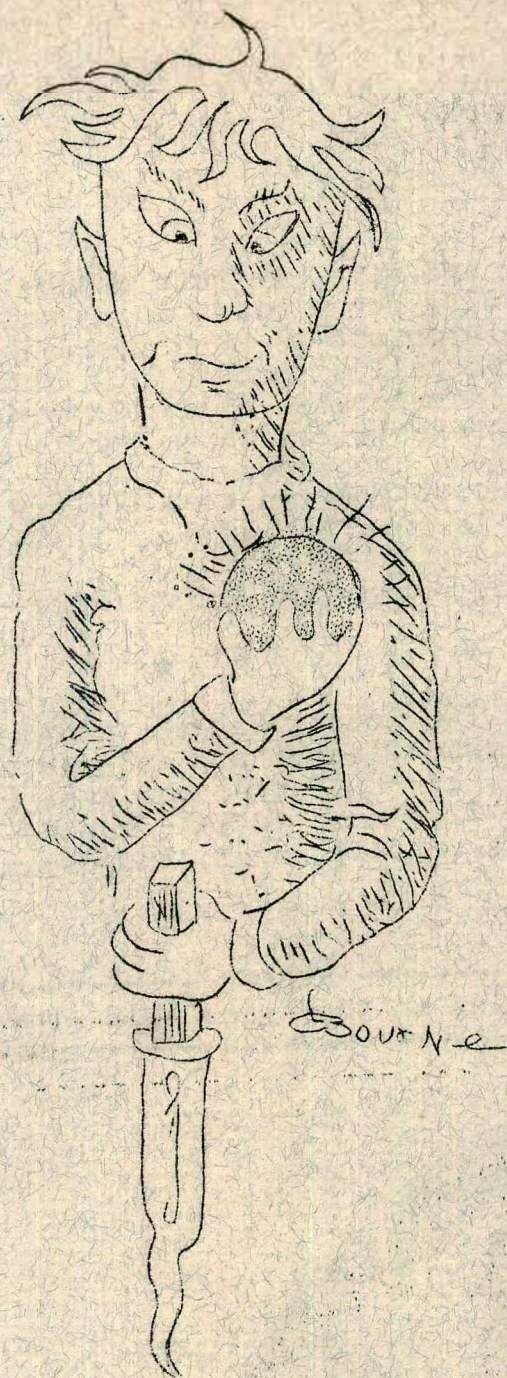
* * * * *

John Champion, Route Two, Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon, would like to hear from all fans interested in a checklist of all science fiction books reviewed in ASF, GALAXY, and F&SF over the past (I think) five years. He believes that a list such as this would be helpful in looking up comments on a certain novel, anthology, or collection.

Chastity begins in the home. (Old proverb)



"WHADDAYA MEAN,
YNGVI IS A LOUSE?"



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