

# ABERRATIONS



## LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

The magazine you are now reading is known as a fanzine. Fanzine is a contraction of the words fan magazine, specifically referring to science fiction fan magazines.

The publishers of this fanzine are members of the Michigan Science Fantasy Society, an organization of people living in and around Detroit and out-state, who conduct regular meetings devoted to the discussion of science fiction and related topics.

The meetings are held at regular intervals, approximately two weeks apart. At the moment, we are interested in securing new members. Here are a few facts about the club which might interest you:

### THERE ARE NO DUES

It was formed originally in 1946, in order to provide a medium for readers of science fiction to discuss their mutual interests. The original club was founded by George H. Young and Ben Singer. Some of the charter members included Edward Kuss, Martin Alger, Arthur Rapp, Stewart Metchette, Gerald Gordon and Raydell Nelson.

The club performed a variety of functions. It provided a means for intercourse on subjects connected with science fiction; it allowed a method for science fiction fans to trade magazines; it gave the members new social contacts; through its publications, it helped members reach literary recognition. Because of their interests in the club's publishing projects, several of the members have now been published professionally.

Included on its membership list today are students, teachers, editors, artists, bartenders, librarians, clerks, etc. In short, its members come from all walks of life.

After its founding in 1946, the club grew and reached a peak membership in 1948-50. Since then, selective service has reduced the club's ranks.

In 1948, the club staged a convention in this area, known as the DECON, the contraction of the words DETROIT CONVENTION. At this convention, attendees were able to secure the original paintings that were later used as covers for science fiction magazines, books, etc. The club is looking forward to sponsoring another convention on a local scale in the not-too-distant future.

To be eligible for membership, one merely needs to have an interest in science fiction. That comprises the total requirements. When a person joins the club, he receives regular meeting notices, copies of whatever publications the club issues, and if he desires, critiques on his manuscripts and/or art work.

There are many other reasons for joining the club. For instance, when the motion picture "The Day the Earth Stood Still" came to Detroit, through the efforts of the club's publicity department, all the members were invited to attend a special preview.

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED at the next meeting!

## MEETING NOTICE

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The next meeting of the M.S.F.S. will be held at the home of Howard DeVore, 16536 Evanston St. Detroit 24, Mich.

It is located near Harper and Whittier. For instructions phone TU. 11336.

The next meeting will consist of a discussion of the current magazines of books. Particularly the new books by Robert Heinlein. (Between Planets) (The Puppet Masters)

Further work will be done on another issue of the fanine. We hope to get better reproduction next time and to include more work by members of the club.

Besides discussion of the latest science fiction and fantasy, there will be some reports on WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, THE CURRENT FILM AT THE Palms Theatre. Comparisons will be made between this film and others, notably DESTINATION MOON, which was written by Heinlein, and produced by George Pal, the producer of the Balmer-Wylie book, WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE.

DATE: Sat. November 24, 1951.

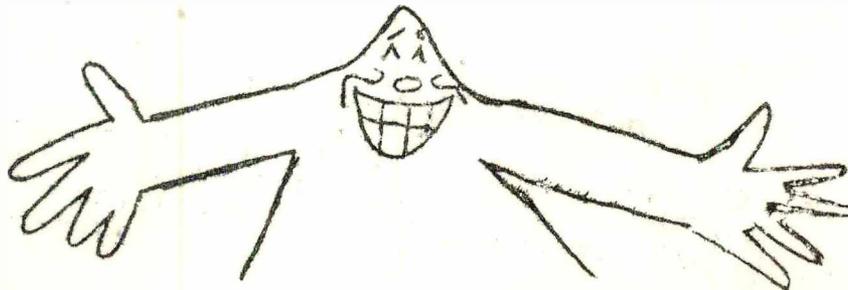
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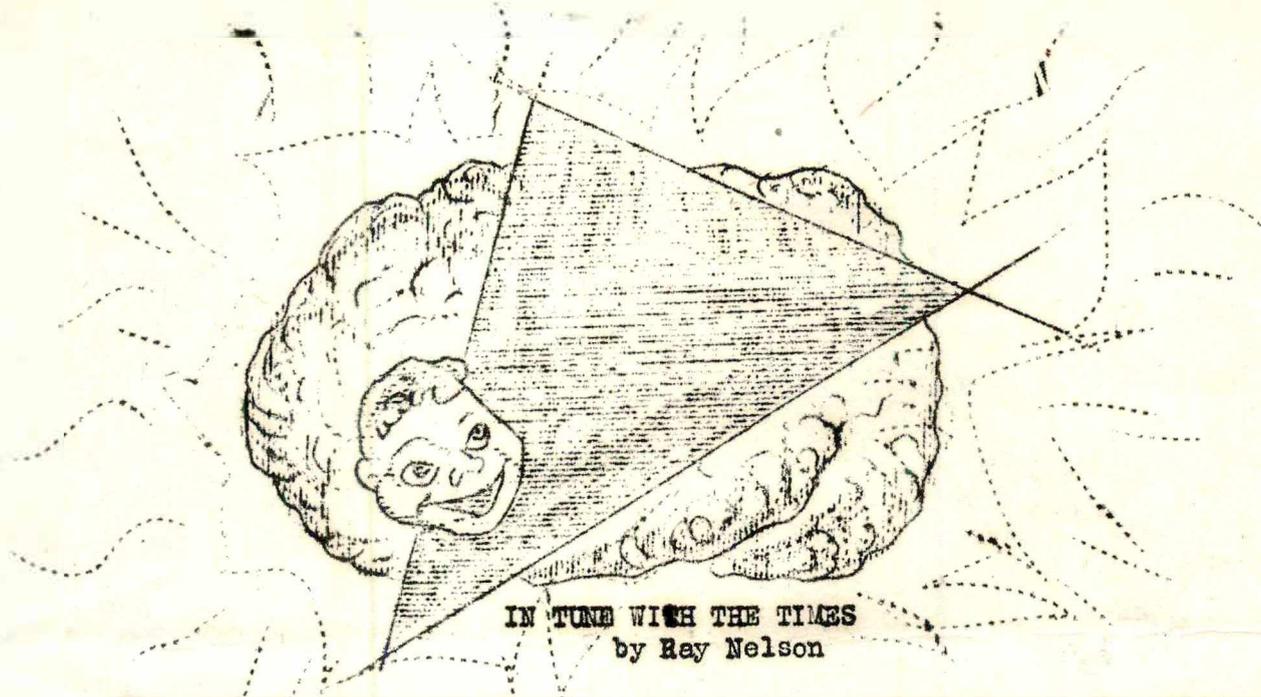
PLACE: Howard Devore 16536 Evanston

Bus: Cadillac-Harper, get off at Whittier, walk one block forward to Everts; turn left on Everts one block to Evanston, the house on the corner. Use side door if you can.

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED!

FANTASY FANS of the area!





IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES  
by Ray Nelson

The seventh grade schoolteacher made a vague gesture toward the writing on the blackboard and said, "Your homework assignment for this week is to memorize the following statement. 'The change from norm in any physical law, measured in Youngdahls, is directly proportional to the change in the flux of the Group Mind, measured in Rhines.'"

He paused and looked around at the children to see if his words had received proper acceptance, then added, "Don't forget, the time for your mid-term EK tests is almost here. Don't get caught with your psychobs down."

The teacher's sense of time informed him of the end of class period and with a muttered "Dismissed," and a sigh of relief, he teleported himself instantantly to his favorite easy chair at home, ten thousand miles away. There would be a ten minute rest before the next class, and poor, harassed teacher wished to make the most of it.

The students, having not yet learned to teleport, walked from the classroom. Jimmy Taylor turned to his classmate as they trudged together from the tunnel entrance leading to the school and remarked lazily, "Same old stuff, day in and day out. Can't old Poltergiesthead ever give us something besides the same old mind reading excercises, lovatation crap and tests, tests, tests?"

"Yeah," answered his friend, Mickey Brown. "He sure does pile on the work. How does he expect us to learn all that stuff about the Group Mind and flux in just a few weeks? By Instin, sometimes I wish telepathy had never been invented!"

They stopped talking a moment to clamber up a steep cliff which blocked their "short cut" home and did not continue until they were deep in the woods of Mickey's backyard. Then Jimmy piped up, "And to top it all off, my mother won't let me study at home tho she can't even read minds herself. She says that the Group Mind is nothing but an evil dream, that I am getting to be too worldly because of school and that," and here he sarcastically mocked his mother's words, "You're losing sight of the really important things of life, like Faith and Matter and Energy."

They laughed ruthlessly.

"Stupidity and Stupidity and Stupidity," added Mickey. "Aren't some folks silly when they start getting old?"

Jimmy nodded agreement as they came to Mickey's back door.

"It's really toughest on my father," mused Jimmy. "He just has to take it, tho."

"Don't let 'um get you, kid," said Mickey. "Someday we'll be full-fledged Paraphysical Adepts ourselves, and then we'll show 'um."

"See ya tomorrow."

"Okay."

Mickey stepped thru the door and the force field reactivated behind him.

Jimmy continued on, following now a flat band of ancient, cracked, and overgrown concrete called a road, a relic of Dark Ages of ignorance in the distant past, when men actually believed in Distance and Space. The sight of it set Jimmy's mind wandering over strange and fantastic notions. What if there really was distance? What if he really were walking a distance, instead of simply expending time in an animal-like notion-fantasy? Jimmy gazed dreamily at the trees along the road. It was hard to believe, when you saw and felt and smelled a pine tree, that it was merely a projection of the Group Mind; a mere agreement in the "minds" of the Paraphysical Adepts who created, controlled, and ~~WILL~~ reality.

He touched a pine cone.

Rough. Hard. Crunchy.

A little thought that you could hold in another thought, your hand.

A tiny chipmunk bounded across the "road" and into the woods. Jimmy thought about the creature.

"Instin," he swore softly, thinking, "I wish I was an animal. No more lessons. No more practicing lifting things until my head aches. No reality to maintain except my own body. Do anything I want whenever I want! But," he continued, frowning, "that would mean being tortured by the cold and everything. That would mean living a slave to natural laws like gravity and the Conservation of Energy. Never get to be an adept and control reality then. I guess I might as well stay human after all."

He was feeling more normal by the time he reached home.

His mother, as usual, was in the side yard in a cleared place, tinkering with her "weather gadgets." She looked up from her battered old barometer and waved a greeting.

"Are you still working on those old weather predictors? If you want to know what the weather is going to be, just ask Mister Strong, the Adept over on the edge of the Chicago Flats that's only about a walking mile away, and he could tell you what weather the Group Mind was going to make for weeks in advance," sneered Jimmy.

"Now Jimmy," said Mrs. Taylor, "I won't have you talk like that around me. You act as if you were without pro. or respect for your mother. Why, I would go to no Adept if I was dying. They are the servants of sin, the dispoilers of Nature. Besides they don't know anything about real weather. All they know is the weather they make themselves. False weather. Artificial weather. My instruments and charts tell me about the REAL weather, the weather like it would be if they didn't meddle with it. Nature's weather, - and let me tell you . . ."

"Oh Instin, Mom," whined Jimmy, "not again. I've heard this stuff a thousand times if I've heard it once."

"Stop that swearing, Jimmy. My, My, what will the neighbors think if they hear my son taking the name of the Mathematician in vain. What kind of folks will they think you got, huh?"

"I couldn't care them think any worse than what they already do," Jimmy retorted. "All this crazy Meteorology stuff. It's just a lot of silly superstition. The Adept that teaches my EK class can take up all those old, crazy ideas and knock them into a cocked hat."

"Oh he can, can he? Well, did you tell him what I told you to say to wicked unbelievers like him? Did you tell him?"

"Tell him what, Mom?"

"You know what. Tell him 'You won't act so smart if someone drops an atom bomb on you.'"

"Oh, Mom," said Jimmy, his anger rising, "what good could it do to tell him

that? There isn't any such thing as an atom bomb."

"Jimmy! What a thing to say!"

"There is no atom bomb," shouted Jimmy, "and there never was!" Mrs. Taylor stood staring at him for a long tense moment with her old, faded blue eyes, then she began to clench her fists and get red in the face.

"Jimmy, Jimmy" she said, in a hoarse whisper. "I never thought I'd live to see the day. My son --- doubting even this. Doubting the very words of the ancient Books. Doubting the Great Bomb that nearly wiped out Mankind because of Man's sinful ways. Even this. . ."

"How can there be such a thing as an atom bomb?" Shouted Jimmy. "There isn't any such thing as an atom even! The whole universe, ever bit of it, is just a flux of the Group Mind! If you want me to believe in your silly old atoms, just show me one! Just go ahead and show me!"

"I'll show you something, all right," snapped Mrs. Taylor, fastening an iron grip on Jimmy's arm. "I'll show you how it feels to go without your dinner. We'll see if you can get yourself fed with all that high and mighty nonsense.

Before he had time to think of one more argument, she had carried him almost bodily up to his room and locked him in.

At first it wasn't so bad, being alone in his room.

After a while tho, the smells of cooking from down in the kitchen reached him, and his stomach signaled hunger in unmistakable terms.

"Why did the Group Mind have to make people hungry," he thought.

His stomach made a curious glurking sound.

"If I was an Adept I could avoid hunger. I could just command myself to be filled, and I would be. I could make food out of nothing. I could teleport out of here and never come back."

The hunger grew sharper.

The door of the electric stove made a slam shutting.

"That old stove," he thought, "Mom goes to all the trouble of putting up an electric windmill to run that family heirloom, just so she won't need to learn how to cook with mentally induced heat, something that every cook should know."

Hunger. HUNGER. H U N G E R.

"Well," came a thought in Jimmy's mind, "what's the trouble now, young fellow."

It took Jimmy a moment to realize that the thought came from somewhere outside himself, and another moment to identify the source.

"That's right," said the Thought. "I'm Mister Strang, the Adept who lives on the edge of the Chicago Flats. Now, why all these loud thoughts of hunger?"

"My mother is punishing me for not believing in her silly old Meteorology, Mister Strang, Sir." Answered Jimmy moving his lips with the thought.

"Well, well, now. We can't let this sort of thing happen, can we now?" said Mister Strang's thought.

A ham sandwich appeared in the air in front of Jimmy.

Eagerly he wolfed it down.

"There now," said Mister Strang's thought. "Feel better?"

"Uh huh. Instin, thanks Mister Strang."

"That's all right, Jimmy boy. I'm just glad I found out about this. -It certainly bears looking-in to."

Jimmy waited for further thoughts from Mister Strang, but they did not come. Jimmy was alone again, but not so hungry as before.

The front door slammed. (It was, of course, one of those old fashioned things with hinges.)

Jimmy's father shouted, "Well, hi people ! I'm home !"

"Hello," said Mrs. Taylor listlessly.

"Say, what's wrong here, anyhow?" asked Mr. Taylor.

His parents' voices sunk too low for Jimmy to make them out and Jimmy wished very much that he was a high school boy and could read minds.

Mr. Taylor's footsteps sounded on the stairs.

"Click" went the lock on Jimmy's door.

"Come on down," said Mr. Taylor. "We're going to have this out, once and for all."

Mr. Taylor and Jimmy went downstairs and joined Mrs. Taylor in the dining room. There was no food on the table and Mrs. Taylor looked a little sick.

"I don't see why the boy has to be in on this," she said in a low voice, almost a growl. "He should be up in his room getting what he deserves."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Mister Taylor, tired, like an old man.

"What do you mean?" she snorted.

"I mean," answered Mister Taylor, "that despote your wild ravings, I've been taking a Paraphysics course in night school, and it's getting results, I used to almost believe that your ideas about the old ways being best and felt the same as you about all this modern Paraphysics stuff, but now I've seen the light. Look honey, times change. You gotta keep up with the times. The past is gone and we can't ever bring it back. Maby there never was a past like we picture it. All we got for proff of the old ideas is a few moldy old books, copied and recopied until the meaning has most likely gotten all changed. You gotta lay off this stuff, honey. Learn Paraphysics. Maby even become an Adept yourself. We got plenty of time left. You shouldn't punish the boy just because he doesn't go along with your crazyness. You gotta give up this. . ."

"And what if I don't?" broke in Mrs. Taylor, speaking thru tensed lips.

"Then," said Mr. Taylor, "I'm getting a seperation and taking Jimmy with me."

Mrs. Taylor paled.

"Let me think a bit," she whispered.

A long silence.

"Want something to eat, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Taylor, in a low mumble.

"I already had a ham sandwich. The Adept, Mister Strang, teleported it to me," answered Jimmy.

Mrs. Taylor looked up sharply. "Mister Strang? You took food from an Adept?" she gasped. "Enlin help us."

"Now that's not such an awful..." began Mr. Taylor.

"Shut up!" screamed Mrs. Taylor. "You're all wrong! All Wrong! The Adepts are evil! They are the corrupters of Nature! They are the ones who warp the great Natural Laws of the Universe to suit the petty whims of mere men! They are sin! They are lies!"

Tears appeared in her eyes.

"You won't take my boy away from me! You won't hand him over to the Group Mind! You can't!"

"Jimmy!" she cried, holding his struggling

little body tightly," Come with your mother, Oh, please come !  
Please ! I'll teach you the truth ! I'll save you from the Group  
Mind ! ?

"Let me go ! Let me go !" screamed Jimmy. "You're crazy !"

"Let him go !" thundered Mr. Taylor,

"No ! No !" sobbed Mrs. Taylor, trying to drag Jimmy away with  
her. "They can't have him ! Not my boy !"

Mister Taylor Balled his fist and hit her in the face with all  
his strength. She staggered back and slammed against the wall, while  
Jimmy pulled free and ran, cowering, to a far corner of the room.

"Will you give up this nonsense and act like a sane, decent  
person?" roared Mr. Taylor, walking slowly toward her.

"No !" she screamed, "I can't ! I mustn't" and blood ran down  
from her lips. Mister Taylor hit her again, and again, and again.

Sudden ly the doors to the room were blocked by silent, grey-  
suited men. Jimmy felt a shudder go thry him as he recognised their  
uniforms. They were the executioners of the Group Mind... The death  
squad.

Not a move did they make to stop Mister Taylor.

Just stood there, watching.

Mrs. Taylor was down on the floor, whimpering slightly at each  
kick and punch given her. Mr. Taylor was past stopping. Each little  
slight from the neighbors, because of their "Queerness", each little  
"sacrifice" to the "Cause" had to be paid back in pain, Hard, real  
pain.

The death squad watched.

Jimmy watched.

Mrs. Taylor began to scream.

She screamed to the death aquad. "Stop him ! Stop him ! Why  
don't you stop him?"

They watched, unsmiling, as the beating went on.

Mister Strang materialized then, and laid his hand on Mister  
Taylor's arm.

"I know how it is," said Strang quietly, "but don't you think  
that's just about enough?"

Mister Taylor unclenched his fists with effort and stood back.  
Mrs. Taylor was sobbing quietly, all doubled up on the floor. Strang  
knelt and helped her to her feet, gently murmuring, "There now Mrs.  
Taylor. You'll be all right now."

"Why. . . why didn't you stop him?" whispered Mrs. Taylor.

Strang shrugged sadly.

"It is against the fundamental principles of law to regulate  
actions or punish people for acts," he said, calmly but with the  
strong resonance of conviction. "In a free country the law is inter-  
ested only in what you think."

Then the group mind "forgot" her.

THE

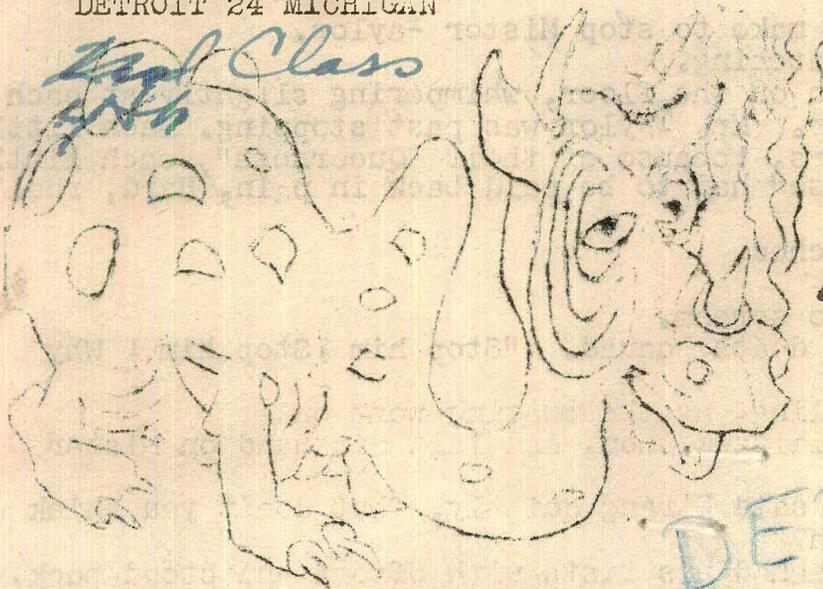
END

YE BLISTER-FOOTED POSTMEN WE HAIL,  
WHO CARRY THIS THROUGH THE MAIL,  
FOR WITHOUT YOU TO SCATTER THIS OVER THE NATION,  
THIS FANZINE WOULD HAVE NO CIRCULATION.

AS YE READERS THROUGH THESE PAGES ARE PICKING,  
THINK OF THE STAMPS THAT HAVE TAKEN A LICKING,  
AND WHEN THIS HISTORIC OCCASION HAS GONE,  
THE POSTMAN, AS EVER, WILL STILL CARRY ON,

THE MICHIGAN SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY  
16536 EVANSTON ST.  
DETROIT 24 MICHIGAN

*First Class*  
*5th*



TO\*\*\*\*\*

HAROLD JASLOYE  
2745 CORTLAND

DETROIT

THIS IS NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT  
DON'T THROW IT AWAY