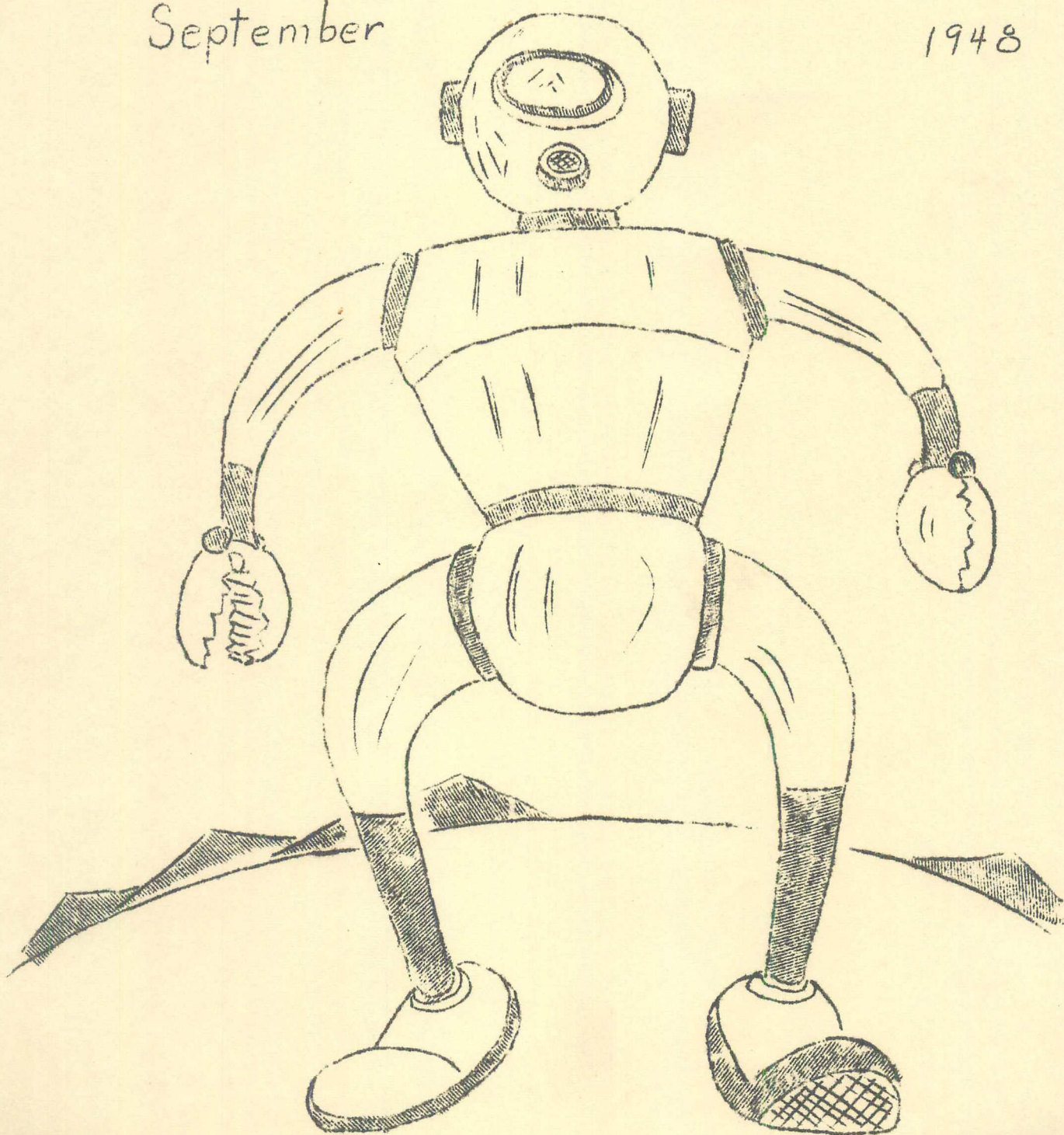


The

MUTTANT

September

1948



Volume III

Number I

- / SLANOTES / -

by The Editor.

I have no excuse for this issue's tardiness; it was due to many things, among them school, a convention and just plain lack of energy.

Ray Nelson's long-predicted sequel to 'Judgment' is at last presented, and is backed up by Botts and Harmon. Rapp's "Spacoward!" is the shining light of this ish being one of the best interplanetary poems I know of. Conn Pedersen, voted Best New Fan, contributes 'Futile Metronome'.

Like all things, planned departments have a tendency to pall after announcement. That goes for the ones I planned; no one sent in anything, and what I have on hand is still incomplete, with the exception of van Vogt. Come on, you fon, get them in, and then MUTANT will have a greater interest for you, personally.

The MSFS attended 2 conventions lately: the Cadillaccon and the Milwaukee-Boercon. This from the Cadillac Evening News, Monday, Aug. 30, 1948:

"INVASION OVER"- Fantasy Society Meets Here on Weekend.

The beings from outer space, with their accompanying BEMs -- bug-eyed monsters to the uninformed -- have departed from Cadillac and residents may relax again.

The 'Cadillaccon' or Cadillac convention of the Michigan Science Fantasy Society took place Saturday evening and Sunday, with headquarters at the Walter Nelson home, 433 Chapin street.

Members attending were President Ben Singer of Detroit, Harold Oatley of Cass City, Martin Alger of Mackinaw City, George Young of Farmington; Norman Kossuth, Hal Shapiro, and Erwin Stirnwois of Detroit; Art Youngdahl, Tom Kennedy, Duane Leazenby, Ray Nelson, editor and publisher of "Universe" magazine, Troy Nelson, and Walter Nelson of Cadillac.

Except for time out for meals at intervals, the sessions were devoted entirely to heated discussions and debate concerning reality, intergalactic travel, and philosophy."

There has been no comment yet from Milwaukee, but the State Guard reports that all but a few last-ditch BEMs are holding out in Stein's domicile, and peace will be restored in a matter of days.

The art work in MUTANT is considered one of our strong-points; therefore, the policy of continuing to present good pix is to be a regular feature of this zine. Howard 'Dream Quest' Miller sent us a batch (one of which is on page 18); Norm Kossuth has a cover and 2 interiors; Ray Nelson has a good 'planet-style' coming up and Stirnwois is to give us the next cover. I would like some small (4x5 & 3x2) pix, especially if they're funny, on sf subjects for the little spaces left over after a yarn or article.

2 Bottstories that appeared in Bombook (circulation of 30!) are scheduled, and Rapp is looking over the NFFF MesBureau for some fan prose and poetry. I will gladly look over any crud sent me by any fan and if I can fit it in, I'll use it; if not, I'll send it to Rapp and he can distribute it for you. Sometimes I get a story or pix that is too long or too large for MUTANT, so I send it on, that it will find a suitable niche in some fanzine in fandom.

If you are running for office in the MSFS, file a declaration of candidacy with George Young, and enclose 50¢ to cover costs of electioneering materials and etc. Everyone can run, everyone can vote.... if you're an MSFSor, that is!

Hoh! no space left, so it's '30'.

ADVISOR.

Sequel to "Judgment"

by Radell Nelson.

The crowd that gathered around the slim, silver and black spaceship of Dooeog, the insect-like creature from the stars, looked more like a thicket of cacti than any army squad. They were the highly intelligent plant-people of Mars; and they waited out in the cold red desert for their leader, Plaaln, who conferred with Dooeog inside the ship.

Dooeog spoke to his green and prickly visitor in high-pitched tones of reproof.

"I know all about your plot for interplanetary war with Earth. You said, but ninety years ago, that the plant people knew no war. How does your mapping of the world with camera-carrying flying disks fit in with that?"

"We must know our enemy," came Plaaln's answer in a roedy whistle, "so that we can destroy them before they destroy us."

"The earthmen can not destroy you," said Dooeog. "They have no spacoships."

"Ah, but they soon will have," moaned Plaaln, rocking forward on his root-foot. "Thru our electronic telescopes we have seen the blast and blaze of their atomic bombs. Soon they will build atomic rocketships as did the plant people, cons ago. Then they will come to Mars and kill us."

"But your science need not fear the works of man. The plant people flow from planet to planet when man was but a gleam of intelligence in a monkey's eye," reasoned Dooeog.

"Yes," agreed Plaaln, "But our science is now old and stagnant. With our great canals we conquered the deadly dryness of our planet; with our rockets we conquered outer space; with our medicines we conquered disease. For ninety centuries nothing new has been done. Our science had conquered everything before I was born even. While our science is old and motionless, the science of man is young and quick. We must kill them before they grow too great for us."

"You forget one thing," piped Dooeog, "Men are strange animals. They dream like gods, but live like beasts."

"They invent fine machines to make themselves more comfortable, then turn and use the machines to kill each other. If they do this with the power of the atom, they will find they have, at last, a weapon big enough to kill them all. They will blast themselves to dust and, in so doing, become no more a menace to you. Call off your weapon makers and flying disks. You can better win your war with earth by just waiting."

"You are wise beyond wisdom, friend Dooeog," said Plaaln. "We shall do as you say."

In an auditorium in New York an angry little man told his audience that peace was the only hope for the world. Only a few listened. The rest whispered loudly among themselves about a topic more to their liking: the lengthening of skirts.

- END -

JOIN THE MICHIGAN SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY; THE FASTEST GROWING CLUB IN FANDOM!!!

GET ON THE BEAM WITH THE MICHIGAN TEAM! JOIN NOW, AND GET ACQUAINTED WITH US:

WRITE: ART RAPP, 2120 BAY St., SAGINAW, MICHIGAN, for MEMBERSHIP BLANKS, NOW!!!

THE SAINT IN STF.

by

Stewart Metchetto.

Simon Templar, gentleman crook and dobonair thief extraordinary, is usually engaged in his ceaseless 19 year old war with the Ungodly. On several occasions he has paced the pages of science-fiction, and has made good his transfer from the cordito-filled air of detective mystery fiction to that of the fantasy laden atmosphere.

Some years ago, under Bond-Charteris publication, a little book appeared. It was titled 'The Saint's Choico of Impossible Crime' and included as representative of the Saint was a short story, 'The Gold Standard'; a story supposedly science-fictional, but really one of the 'gadgot' things. However, it is one of the few times that Simon has appeared out of his chosen field.

Not satisfied, Mr Charteris decided to play the Saint again in an opic of fantasy; this now short was called 'The Man Who Liked Ants', and was included in the short story collection, 'The Happy Highwayman'. In 'TMWLA', Simon meets an old comrado, one Ivar Nordston. Ivar Nordston isn't really Ivar Nordston, but that ambiguity must pass unexplained to the uninformed reader. I relay your requests for onlightenment to the Saint Saga, wherein the explanation is duly found. Rogardless of Mr Nordston's inoplicity, we must go on.

The Saint was relaxing that day, and at dinner, when he met Dr Sardon and his nioco Carmen, Simon had no ghostly fingers up and down his spine that was Nature's siren call to danger. He continued to enjoy himself, until Sardon began to talk. Simon was shocked to find that the biologist was twisted in his outlook on the part that ants played in life; believing earnestly that Nature had cheated them of their birthright by giving the dominancy of the world to homo sapiens. He was further repulsed when he found that Sardon's laboratory contained an immense ant of physical proportions beyond all of Nature's intentions. It was a female ant the size of a Mark IV tank! Sardon had brod this horrible boast... and fully considered it the next ruler of the world!

After the dinner, back at Nordston's, Simon felt his uncanny senso for intrigue prod him sharply. There was something wrong; that senso had not been in error in the past and that senso had brought many an adventure into his reach: adventures filled with sudden danger, hidden peril.... and beautiful women.

The Saint drove to Sardon's immediately; he found the whole house and grounds i in an uproar. From the trembling form of Carmen Sardon, he learned that the monstrous female ant had escaped, and not for the first time either! The Saint made his way to comparative safety inside the house, being pursued by such devilish mutations of the ant species that words are indoscribable. He found Sardon, stark raving mad, in the underground laboratory. The Saint dealt out to him the justice that no court in the land could dispense to such a travesty of mankind. The house and all its evil donizons mysteriously burned down.

Later that night, it was a thoughtful Simon Templar that sat on Nordston's porch- the profile of his buccaneering face outlined vividly against the ruddish glow of a distant blaze. Nordsten, in reply to his question, "But I thought you disliked the human race?", received this answer from the Saint:

"Taken in the mass...it will probably go on nauseating me. But it isn't my job to alter it. If Sardon was right, Nature will find her own remedy. But the world has millions of years left, and I think evolution can afford to wait."

Once again, the Saint departed his way upon lawful outlawry; only to return again to the field of the fantastic and unusual in a wondrous tale of fantasy: 'The Darker Drink'. This little gem of Saintliness appeared in the October 1947

issue of Thrilling Wonder Stories, accompanied by a Finlay illustration that ranks among the best of this artist's Fantasies in Art. (To have this pic, I'd give a small fortune.)

In this outlands adventure, the Saint lives through the dream of a schizophrenic bank clerk, who is asleep in Glendale, California. This little man has dreamed up a complicated situation: his dream-namesake, Big Bill Holbrooke, is a burly man in possession of an opal of unbelievable beauty and value. With him is a damsel of no mean physical and facial attractiveness named Dawn, who is not in possession of memories of her past life. Included as an added attraction is the villain, Seldon Appopoulis, and his strong arm men. Holbrooke and Dawn are trying to keep the gem from the hands of Seldon the Greek, and Simon is contred in the middle of another man's dream-dilemma. The Saint, naturally, sides with the damsel in distress and the brawny hero; to be awarded by the Fates with a bullet in the chest! The Saint had at last met his Day of Reckoning; the world misted before his eyes, and he drifted away into the eternal sleep.

Rude awakening! The Saint came to, physically unhurt, on the floor of his cabin. There was sign of evidence of the previous happenings; not even the bullet hole of Simon's last shot that had missed the Greek and embedded itself in the opposite wall! But in his pocket was a grim reminder: the opal, in all its luster and wondrous hues!


The Saint went to Glendale immediately, where he found the bank clerk to be dead. The fellow had lapsed into a delirious coma, in which he had been raving of shooting someone and talking about a saint!

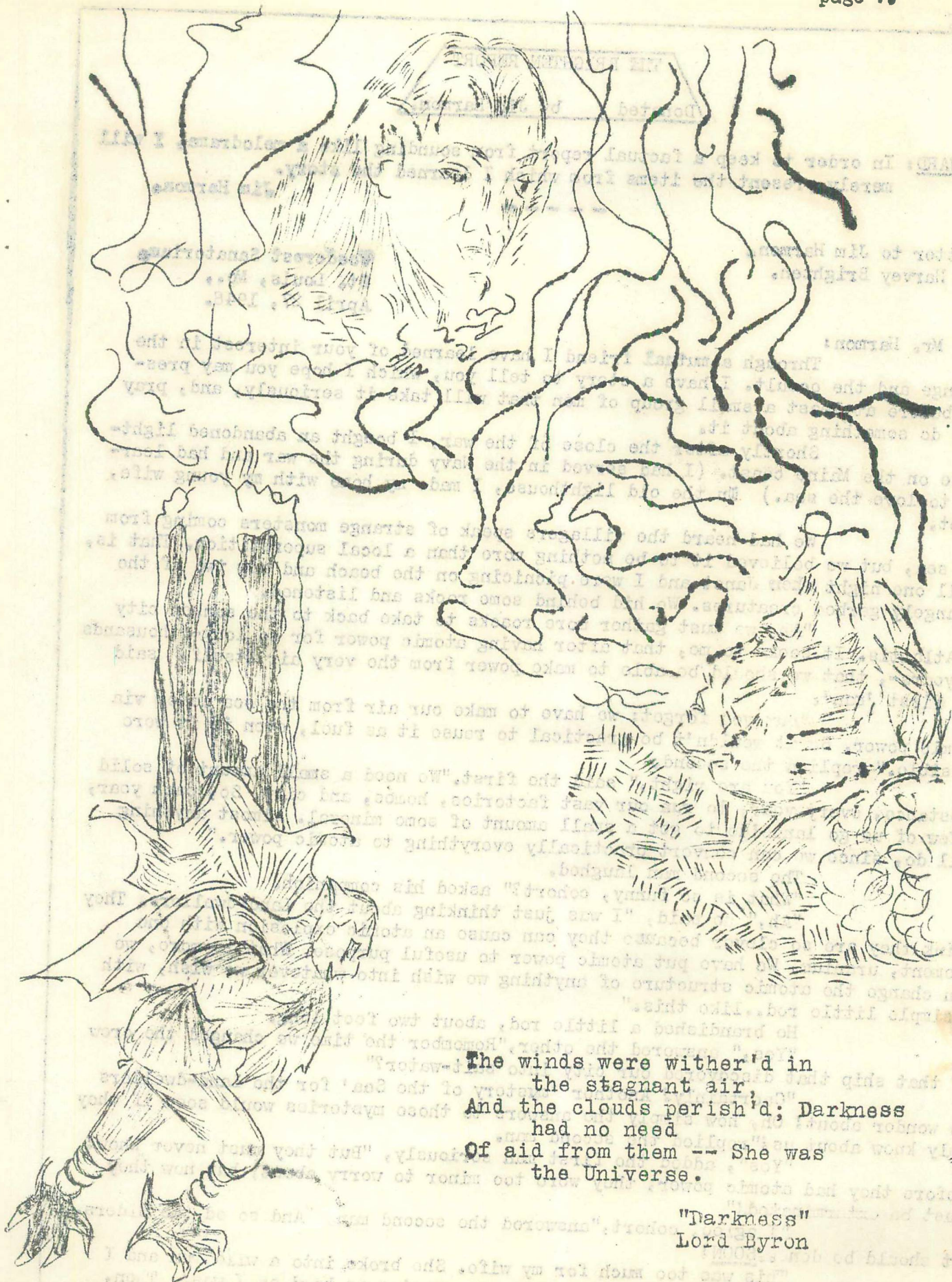
In the library, he found a bookcase of titles solely about psychology and its abnormal cases: Kraft-Ebbing, Freud, Jung-- all the others. And one especial title 'In Darkest Schizophrenia' by William J Holbrooke, Ph.D. !

When he reached into his pocket for a cigaret.. the opal was gone.

-SM-

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The winds were wither'd in
the stagnant air;
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness
had no need
of aid from them -- She was
the Universe.

"Darkness"
Lord Byron

THE BRIGHTEN REPORT

Donated by Jim Harmon.

FOREWARD: In order to keep a factual report from sounding like a melodrama, I will merely present the items from which I learned the story.

Jim Harmon.

A Letter to Jim Harmon.
From Harvey Brighten.

Woodcrest Sanatorium,
St. Louis, Mo.,
April 27, 1948.

Dear Mr. Harmon:

Through a mutual friend I have learned of your interest in the strange and the occult. I have a story to tell you, which I hope you may present before at least a small group of men that will take it seriously, and, pray God, do something about it.

Shortly after the close of the war, I bought an abandoned light-house on the Maine coast. (I had served in the Navy during the war and had learned to love the sea.) On the old lighthouse, I made my home with my young wife, Janet.

We had heard the villagers speak of strange monsters coming from the sea, but we believed it to be nothing more than a local superstition. That is, until one night when Janet and I were picnicing on the beach and saw two of the strangely garbed creatures. We hid behind some rocks and listened.

"Ah, we must gather more rocks to take back to the sunken city of Atlantis. It seems to me, that after having atomic power for so long- thousands of years-, that we should be able to make power from the very air itself," said the first 'man'.

"But you forget; we have to make our air from the sea water via atomic power. So it wouldn't be practical to reuse it as fuel, even if it were possible." replied the second.

"You are right," said the first. "We need a small amount of solid substance, every year, to run our vast factories, homes, and city. So, each year, a few of us go landside to get a small amount of some mineral. Almost anything will do, since we can convert practically everything to atomic power."

The second man laughed.

"What is so funny, cohort?" asked his companion.

"Ah," he said, "I was just thinking about the land-dwellers. They think they are so clever because they can cause an atomic explosion with one element, uranium. We have put atomic power to useful purpose. What is more, we can change the atomic structure of anything we wish into whatever we wish, with a simple little rod..like this."

He brandished a little rod, about two feet long.

"Yes," answered the other, "Remember the time we changed the crew of that ship that discovered our city into salt-water?"

"Certainly! Another 'mystery of the Sea' for the Land-dwellers to wonder about! Oh, how simply the answers to those mysteries would seem if they only knew about us!" replied the second man.

"Yes", added the first man seriously, "But they must never know! Before they had atomic power, they were too minor to worry about; but now they must be exterminated!"

"I agree, cohort," answered the second man. "And so do the Elders. It should be done..SOON!"

This was too much for my wife. She broke into a wild run and I quickly followed. I could hear her beside me, running as hard as I was. Then, suddenly, I heard a choking from Janet's lips; I turned my head in time to see my wife explode into a spray of sea-water!

I've seen a lot of horrible things in the Navy, but this was too much for me! I ran like a madman into the village and babbled out my story.

That's why I am now considered insane and am confined to this sanatorium. Those men from Atlantis can come to me in this inland hospital via the river waterway. They will change me to a spray of salt-water, just as they did my beloved Janet, I know I am doomed; but you must warn the world.

Yours, in desperate hope,
Harvey Brighton.

Attached: Mr Harmon-

I think it is needless to say that this man is quite insane and you should pay no heed to his story. It is true his wife disappeared, but we have reason to believe that he killed her and disposed of the body.

We are sorry to have inconvenienced you, but it is the practice of the institution to send any mail our patients want us to.

Sincerely,
A. P. Blackwell, Ph.D.

A Letter to H. Brighton,
From Jim Harmon.

427 E 8th St.,
Mt Carmel, Ill.,
May 1, 1948.

Dear Mr Brighton:

Your story is very interesting, but I feel I should have some proof before I could present it to the public. Sorry.

Yours truly,
Jim Harmon.

A Letter to J. Harmon,
From H. Brighton.

Woodcrest Sanatorium,
St. Louis, Mo.,
May 3, 1948.

Dear Mr Harmon-

You are a fool! I hate fools!
You are the kind of man, that through sheer unwillingness to believe, will destroy the world! Someone should rid the earth of you!

(signed)
Harvey Brighton.

Attached: Mr Harmon,

Again we are deeply sorry.

Sincerely,
A. P. Blackwell, Ph.D.

An Article , from the
St. Louis Despatch.

St. Louis, Mo.-- (AP)- May 5- An inmate of the Woodcrest Sanatorium, located just outside the city, has escaped. Harvey Brighton, the inmate, made his escape about two an this morning. Dr. A.P. Blackwell, of the Woodcrest staff, reports that Brighton's room was in a "strange condition". Meanwhile, police expect capture momentarily.

A Letter to A.P. Blackwell, Ph.D.
From Jim Harmon.

427 E 8th St.,
Mt Carmel, Ill.,
May 6, 1948.

My Dear Doctor:

It seems as though you have placed me in a rather odd position. I am referring to the fact that I am now the person that a mad-man hates most in the world. An escaped maniac, that is. Oh, yes, we mustn't forget that. An escaped maniac.

Now listen! If you don't recapture that lunatic within 24 hours, I'm going to sue your damned sanatorium for every cent it's got. The man is homicidal.

The papers good as said that he wrecked his room!

Yours very truly,
Jim Harmon.

A Letter to J? Harmon,
From A.P. Blackwell, Ph.D.

Woodcrest Sanatorium,
St. Louis, Mo.,

Mr. Harmon:

May 9, 1948.

I can appreciate your anxiety, but rest assured that the police will effect Brighton's capture soon.

I do not think you are in danger. He did not, as you seem to think, destroy the furnishings of his room. The strange condition referred to was the fact that his windows had been forced open, and although it hasn't rained in weeks, his room was soaking wet!

Sincerely,

A. P. Blackwell, Ph. D.

-JH-

FUTILE METRONOME!

NEFF
Manuscript
Bureau.

by Con Pederson,
705 W Kelso,
Inglewood, Calif.

Gone are the days of the carts
Exhumed are the memories
Preserved in but histories
Here we are at the days of Arts!
Spent are the years of slow expanse
Leisurely hackneyed trends
Thrown in haste to the winds
See as we wake from plodding trance!

Gone are the days of the wary calm
No more to be found
A mere spot on the ground
We stand no more on a giant's palm!
Not again pioneering aimless quest
We look out to space
Eager, searching race
Why be bothered with lethargic rest?

Gone are the days of sitting back
In tempo with sunlight
From late morn till night
Had we not the power not the knack?
For here we are, potential immortals
We double in pace, again
And again, are still we men
Who stand here now, at Earth's last portals?

Gone are the days -- let it stop there
For though we raise higher
In our eternal desire
Today a second was yesterday's year...



SINGER SINGS:

3242 Monterey,
Detroit 6, Mich.,
Sept. 18, 1948.

To All Members of the
Michigan Science Fantasy Society:

This is my final message to you, as president of the MSFS during the year 1948, its first year.

I have not had the time to execute the post efficiently during the time I was in office. Personal worries, i.e., making a living etc., prevented me from being the president I wished to be.

Nevertheless, I was the principal founder of the MSFS. That is, I introduced the founding members to each other and started the machinery going to organize the club.

But the main workhorses of the MSFS, as everybody knows, are George Young and Art Rapp. Art sends out the meeting notices twice a month, prints notices for us advertising the club magazine, publishes the club magazine, compiles names of potential members and "sales-talks" them into joining the club. George arranges meeting places, is the club's treasurer, mails out photos, magazines and propaganda for the club. Both of these unselfish workers deserve the gratitude of the entire membership of the club.

Of lately, Stewart Metchette has done an excellent job in editing the MUTANT, the club magazine; and some work that requires! ((glad he squeezed me in..ed))

The club is growing steadily. It now possesses a membership of more than thirty. We have the makings of the greatest science fiction club in the country. And we'll achieve that goal!

In 1947, before the MSFS was organized, there were only two active fans in Michigan, each publishing a fanzine. Today, thanks to the MSFS, there are more than two dozen actives in the state and five fanzines are being published. And more to come.

Now election time is near. And who will run for office? To my knowledge, only one member so far has stated that he will run for a certain office. And so there comes to my mind a list of members that would make excellent officers. I endorse the following members:

George Young for President. Arthur Rapp for Sec.-Treas. S. Metchette as Editor. Hal Shapiro for Dir. of Pubs.

There are still some problems remaining though. The club needs one definite meeting place; it needs more and better publishing equipment; and it needs to arouse more of the members to attend the meetings steadily.

So Aim Number One should be the raising of money. There are many projects that the club could begin in order to make money. Publications, sales of originals, sales of magazines contributed to it, etc. With a good treasury we could, perhaps, rent out a club house. With enough money, we could pick up either a good mimeograph or an old printing press, as you will. There will be enough work to keep everybody busy during the coming year.

So I bow out, now, in respect to the future of the club. I have served my purpose, that of helping to organize the club. Some day I hope to again serve the MSFS as an officer. But now, it's au revoir.

Ben Singer, President, 1948.

MICHIGAN MEET

As you have probably noticed, this issue of MUTANT is slightly late. (About a month.) ((it was when you wrote this!))

In the quarter year that has passed, many things have happened. Such as the Michigan I, called the Cadillaccon; and the First Mid-West Con, called the Beercon. Reports on the Beercon have been published elsewhere.

(UNITED FANDOM, published ??? by George Young, 22130 Middlebelt, Farmington, Mich. And spacewarp -- called by notable fan everywhere spacewarp -- edited by Art Rapp, 2120 Bay St., Saginaw, Mich. We do anything to fill up space!)

Murray Sinuk, Hal Shapiro, and Ben Singer have all joined the Army or the Army Air Force. Singer will undoubtedly be the general-in-command-of-equitable-distribution-of-Bible Bibles by the time the Moon Rocket rolls around. Any one making up jokes to the effect that the Air Corps is getting some new corpses, will be a corpse by dawn. Can't you just see Singer-Shapiro bombing an unwary fan with copies of Amazing Stories if they do?

The Michicon was held in Cadillac; attendance was approximately 16. Five of us motored to Cadillac in the Youngmobile Chevy. ((Motor in your car? Hah!)) They arrived on August 27. ((They left on June 27)) Martin Alger and Harold Catley arrived on Sunday. Discussions ranged throughout Saturday evening, concerning everything from Our Alpaugh to grulzaks. ((Seeing that George, and Art, are now SAPS, no explanation of 'Our Alpaugh' is necessary)) Shapiro fell in love with one of the waitresses at Kelley's foodery. He left a love letter pinned to a dollar bill for her. It began: "Dear Passion Panties...." If you want any more Cadillacconows, see Universe, Ray Nelson, 433 E Chapin, Cadillac. ((A paid political insert.))

As you recall, the new constitution was published in the last ish of Mutant, and so far only 17 members have sent in their votes. If they had all voted 'yes', there would be enuf votes to pass the constitution. Due to the fact that a 2/3 vote is necessary to amend or change the constitution, would Messers Alger, Groover, Gross, Reich, Sinuk, Smookler and Stirnweis please send in their votes on the new constitution to Art Rapp, 2120 Bay St., Saginaw. ((That address should be famous by now)) Do it today. I don't care whether you vote democratic or republican, but vote!

ADDENDA TO THE MEFS ROSTER

- | | |
|--|---|
| #25 M/Sgt. Richard E Avery, 6913284, Hq. & Hq. Sqdn., Alaskan Air Command. | |
| | APD 942, c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Washington. |
| 26 Walter Shapiro | 2689 Clements, Detroit 6, Mich. |
| 27 Gerald Gordon | 11635 N. Martindale, Detroit 4, Mich. |
| 28 John Reiser | 601 Bond, Cadillac, Mich. |

Plans are now being made for the next Michicon, to be held in Detroit, good ole

SCANNING THE FANZINES.NFF
MSSby Leslie Hudson
Roseland,
Virginia.

Bureau.

Some magazines (pro and fan), regularly, and others occasionally, feature reviews of fan publications in their columns. This article, instead of being such a review of the current fanzines, will instead consist of general comments upon these mags. Specific issues will not be considered; rather, all of the published numbers will be taken as a whole. While this list does not presume to be complete, most of the publications currently appearing (and available to general fandom) are included.

ASTRA'S TOWER- Good to better material, but mimoo'ing could stand a good deal of improvement.

BURROUGHS BULLETIN- A nicely done little mag devoted entirely to ERB. Contains material on his works, life, etc. Not being an ardent ERB fan, I found it only mildly interesting.

CYCNI- Average material and literature, better art-work. Large format; entertaining fan autobiography.

DREAM QUEST- One of the "top ten". Nice format, good mimoo'ing, and fine material. Artwork by Howard Miller, one of the best of the fan artists.

FANTASY ARTISAN- Club mag. Contains biographies of fans and good art work -- both straight and comic strips. Very nice mag.

FANEWS- Old established newszine. Printed. Main beef I have is its irregularity of appearance.

FANSCIENT- Pocket-sized reduced-from-large-size mag. Excellent art work by Day and others. Outstanding feature is "Author, Author," biography of and lists of complete works of a famous author. One of the best.

FANTASY ADVERTISER- Fine buy-sell-trade zine. Also informative articles on books, mags, authors. Pictures by outstanding fan artists.

FANTASY COMMENTATOR- Indispensable to the bibliophile mag collector. Old and new book and mag stories reviewed. History of fandom also a feature.

FANTASY REVIEW- Printed newszine from England. Articles, reviews, etc. A "must" for all fans.

FANTASY TIMES- Very fine publication. Reviews of all kinds--books, pro and fan mags, movies, radio programs-- plus the latest fan news.

GORGON- The semi-pro magazine. Fine articles, fiction, and poetry. Fairly good artwork.

ICHOR- All poetry, most of it good. Very good lithographed covers.

IF!- Good or better fiction and reviews. Better than average artwork.

KMT-OW - Not too well done version of Carlson's KMT. I like Oliver's "Nuz and Comments" and the book reviews.

LOKI- Features work of both pro's and amateurs, with the latter taking a slight lead. Very nice format, and mimoo job.

MACABRE- Generally good articles, stories, art, etc. I don't care for a couple of the features.

MUTANT- Clubzine of the MSFS. Besides club news, also has good fiction, controversial articles, and fair artwork. ((this hasn't been consored. ad.))

NECROMANCER- Average material. Very thorough coverage of the new books. Very good covers.

SCIENCE, FANTASY, AND SCIENCE-FICTION- Printed mag. I liked the feature on pioneers of science and the one on problems of space-flight.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES- Club zine of the LASFS. Fair, but not particularly outstanding.

SPACEFEER- Fine material. However, should increase pages or appear more often.

SPACEWARP- Good mimoo job on slick paper. Interesting articles and unusually good fan fiction and poetry.

and I do mean old -- Detroit, Mich. This convention will be held in December, sometime between Christmas (sorry, Singer) and New Year's. There will be original illustrations for auction, from the prozines. It will be one hell of an affair. So start planning NOW to attend the new, great MICHICON. Remember, a schmoo for every fan!

The next issue of MUTANT will be out as soon as possible, and so will those filing for candidacy please do so now. As it is, what with the army and resignations we have only an acting prez and a disabled secretary. Take a try at super politics. Be a candidate. Art Rapp is trying as hard as possible to take a deluxe college course, Young expects to join the three S's, so we need new blood for the offices of the MSFS.

With Singer in Texas, Ed Kuss is acting as president and also doing WelCom Secretary work. We still have Young as Director of Pubs and Rapp as Secretary.

TREASURY REPORT FOR JULY, AUGUST, & SEPT. 48

July Income carried over	\$5.00	Debt. Mutant Paper	\$3.52
" Dues	2.75	Ink	.40
" Registration	1.00	Stencils	.70
" Mutants sold (Torcon)	2.00	Annot. Jul 29 meet	.43
		Postcard ballots	.20
Aug. Dues	1.80	Postcards	.35
" Registration	1.00	Spacewarp Ad.	.60
		Mut. Sten. & Hek. Ink	5.20
Sept Dues	1.05	Total debt	\$11.40
" Registration	2.00		
" Refund (Amazing ad.)	1.00	Total income	\$29.85
" Auction	.50	Total debt	11.40
" Prozine illustrations	1.50		\$18.45
" Mutant subs	6.80	Loans	11.45
" Futurefotos	3.45		\$29.89
Total Income	\$29.85		

Flash! As we go to press it is our pleasure to inform our gentle readers that we have obtained the addresses of two MISFIT notables, namely Ben Singer and Murray Sinuk, who are with Uncle Sam's far flung forces. They are listed below.

Pvt. Benjamin Donald Singer
AF 16292873
3764th Basic Training Squadron
Flight 173
Sheppard Field
Wichita Falls, Texas

Rec. Murry Sinuk
U. S. 57503285
Co. F, 4th Trng. Bn.
2nd Armored Div.
Camp Hood, Texas

It is also reported that Joe Schaumberger is now in the Army Air Corps. We are sure that the boys would welcome any and all letters from any and all fan, both male and female, so whether or not you have time, please write.

On Monday, October 18, we gathered at the home of Hal Shapiro getting ready to embark for Michigan Central Depot. Our prexy, Ben Singer, was to leave at 10:00 p.m. for Texas. Receiving word that he was leaving at nine, instead, we rushed down to the depot and were paged. "Looking for a bunch of recruits?" we were asked. "they're leaving from Union Depot." We arrived at the Union Depot to be met with the following: "Looking for a bunch of recruits? They left at 8:00 p.m." We sent Ben a telegram stating, "Missed you at station. Obvious, ain't it?"

Remember the letter from Redd Boggs in the July (last) Qish? We wonder who the dastardly fiends were, who sent him a telegram at 3:00 a.m. stating: "So Minnesota is still in the Big Nine, huh? 27--14!"

GEORGE H. YOUNG, Director of Publications, M.S.F.S. (13)

SPACEMAN

by Arthur H Rapp.

2120 Bay St. Saginaw.

When the port is dogged and the time is logged and the fuel is in the bin,
And the 'scope is clear and the blast-off near, and the cys are set to spin,
And the Chief sweats blood at the firing-stud, and the Mate chews his lower
lip

While the Off-Watch screams in their shock-drug dreams of acceleration's
whip.

Then the plotter chap, with his chart and map, gives the course one final
look,

But the figures dance 'neath his nervous glance, and he shuts his plotting-
book;

And his brow is wet as he snaps "All set!" with cold officiousness,
For his trust is them in the God of men -- and in trigonometry.

Then the thin lines pass 'neath the chrono-glass, and the red nears the
index-mark

And each holds his breath with the fear of death and the vasty unknown
dark;

But the Chief's hand falls and the very walls tremble with the surge of
power,

And the ship loops high to the blue-black sky as the jets shed a crimson
shower.

In the dark of space on its daring race speeds the tiny ship from Earth
On its orbit swift, as the rocket lift from the globe that gave it birth;
And the crew is tense at their instruments as they plunge towards the
stars,

In each mind a prayer that they'll soon be there -- first from Earth to
stand on Mars!

- # -

SCANNING THE FANZINES (con't).

SPARK- Fairly good fiction and articles.

SPARKHEAD- Good material and interesting letter columns. I like the three-weeks-
between-issues schedule.

TIME MACHINE- Reproduction could be better, but has fairly good fiction and worse
poetry.

TRIP- Clubzine of the NFFF. Articles and fiction liven it up some.

TYFANI- Excellent newszine, but appears too infrequently. I like the occasional
reviews it features.

VALHALLA- Clubzine of Young Fandom. Nothing much but club news.

In closing, I'd like to state that all opinions expressed are my own. For my last
one: I think that any or all fanzines above will contain something of interest to
almost any fan. So, to those of you who haven't -- why don't you try some-- or
all of one?

SPACEWARP- Art Rapp, 2120 Bay St., Saginaw, Mich. 15¢ or 2/25¢ or \$1.00 per 9 .
(monthly)

MITANI- George Young, Dir. Pub. 22180 Middlebelt, Farmington, Mich. 10¢ or 6/50¢.
(bi-monthly)

UNIVERSE- Radell Nelson, 433 E Chapin, Cadillac, Mich. (Irregular.. write Nelson)

A Bottstory!

by Arthur H Rapp.

"A guy was in here looking for you a few minutes ago," I told Morgan Botts as he seated himself at my table in the tiny neighborhood tavern.

Botts did not reply for a moment, being fully occupied in draining one of my steins of beer. When the last trickle of precious lager had gone down his parched throat, he put down the empty glass and bent an inquiring but somewhat bleary gaze on me.

"Said his name was Phelps," I continued. "Disreputable looking character, ragged coat, big red nose....." I paused rather abruptly, realizing that description could very well apply to Botts himself. Morgan Botts had once been famous in the stf field, both as a fan and on the promag editorial offices, but in this spring of 1980 he was a broken-down has-been, subsisting almost entirely on the beers which he mooched from me. "This Phelps guy didn't seem to like you," I added. "In fact, I told him you usually hung out in a bar over on the other side of town, just to get rid of him before you showed up."

Suddenly Botts' face lost its look of puzzlement. "Of course! It must have been Roger Phelps, the old-time stfwriter!"

"Not the Roger Phelps -- the one who wrote The Infinite Infinite and Deadly Determinant? Aw, gosh, if I'd known that I'd have had him autograph his stories in my stf collection!"

"That's who it was, all right," Botts assented from behind another boor. "Strange how he, once the toast of fandom, dropped so swiftly into obscurity."

"Was it?" I murmured, at the same time gesturing for the bartender to supply us with more beer. I knew Botts was about to reveal another of his inside stories of the old stf days.

"Roger Phelps was not the usual stf-hack," Botts began. "On the contrary, he was gifted with an imagination that has seldom been equalled, even in science-fiction. Almost all his stf classics were based on commonplace scientific facts, about which he wove a mystic web of speculation and super-science."

"Yeah," I assented. "A thousand writers before him passed over determinants as mere troublesome bits of algebra," but Phelps used them as the basis for a tale that has topped every 'best of stf' list fan have compiled since its publication."

"Sure," Botts resumed after a swig of beer. "And he did the same with infinite series, the binomial theorem, and dozens of other mathematical concepts which other writers would never think of using. He got more fan-mail than any other stf-writer -- I know that, having been an assistant editor of Cosmic Classics, the promag which first printed all the great Phelps yarns."

"Phelps must have been a great mathematician," I commented.

"On the contrary!" exclaimed Botts. "Except for a little algebra, he had only a layman's knowledge of mathematical theory. Perhaps that is why he saw the fictional possibilities of elementary math when other authors overlooked them".

"But what caused him to drop out of the stf-writing game so suddenly?"

"It was my fault, really," Botts admitted. "You see, like all authors, Roger Phelps got into occasional slumps during which inspiration entirely deserted him. During one of these periods I attempted to inspire him, get him to produce more of the fiction for which our readers of Cosmic Classics were screaming."

"Inspire him? How?"

"Well, I thought he might get more marvelous plot ideas if he studied some new aspect of mathematics. So one morning I went over to Phelps' workshop and had a long discussion with him. Gradually I led the talk around to the mathematics of chance, and when I left I gave him an elementary textbook on the theory of probability."

"Did your plan work?" I asked breathlessly.

"uh..Not exactly," Botts admitted, sipping thoughtfully at a frosh schooner of malt. "It failed to inspire Phelps to plot any more stf. In fact, we heard nothing from him for days, so finally the editor sent me around to see what was the matter."

"What did you find?"

"Phelps was not at home. The math book which I had given him lay on his desk, open, and well-marked up with pencil on the margins of the first four or five pages. The rest of the leaves, however, were still uncut.

"According to Phelps' wife, he'd left the city, refusing to say where he was headed, and taking with him their entire life-savings. When she mentioned this last, a glimmering of the horrible truth dawned upon me. I dashed back to the Cosmic Classics office, told the editor what I suspected, and got his permission to trace Phelps.

"To make a long story short, I finally located him, three weeks later, in Los Vegas, Nevada -- huddled in silent concentration beside a roulette wheel."

"He hadn't lost all his money yet, then?" I remarked as Botts paused for breath ... and a beer.

"Lost?" Botts gave a short, nitter laugh. "Phelps had all his pockets stuffed with greenbacks, and hundreds of blue chips were stacked on the green baize cloth before him. He was near the point of exhaustion from nights and days of continuous play; but his profits were somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$428,000."

I gave a long low whistle. "No wonder he gave up stfwriting," I commented.

"Don't jump to conclusions!" Botts snapped. "Although, of course, when I saw what he was doing, I, too, concluded that he had chanced upon some strange aspect of probability which everyone else had overlooked. I questioned him about his phenomenal luck.

"Yes," he told me, "I worked out an infallible method from that book you lent me. It is mathematically impossible for me to lose; but I can't understand why no one else ever thought of it before! "

"What was this method?" I demanded excitedly, as Botts paused to sip beer with maddening deliberation.

"Well, Phelps kept track of the numbers coming up. (There are 36 numbers on the roulette wheel, you know). When 35 different ones had shown, he began betting on the one which had not appeared. As he said, there is only one chance in 36 that

any given number will turn up on any one spin, but when the other 35 have already appeared, the next whirl of the wheel is mathematically certain to produce the 36th number."

"Hold on a minute!" Iyoklod. "That's fallacious reasoning! -- There is still only one chance in 36 that the remaining number will turn up! The first 35 spins can't influence the thirty-sixth!"

"True, true," Botts replied. "That's one of the basic axioms of the probability theorem; and Phelps would have found it if he had read only a few pages further in his textbook. Nevertheless, the fact remains that his system had never once failed him!"

"It's impossible!" I said.

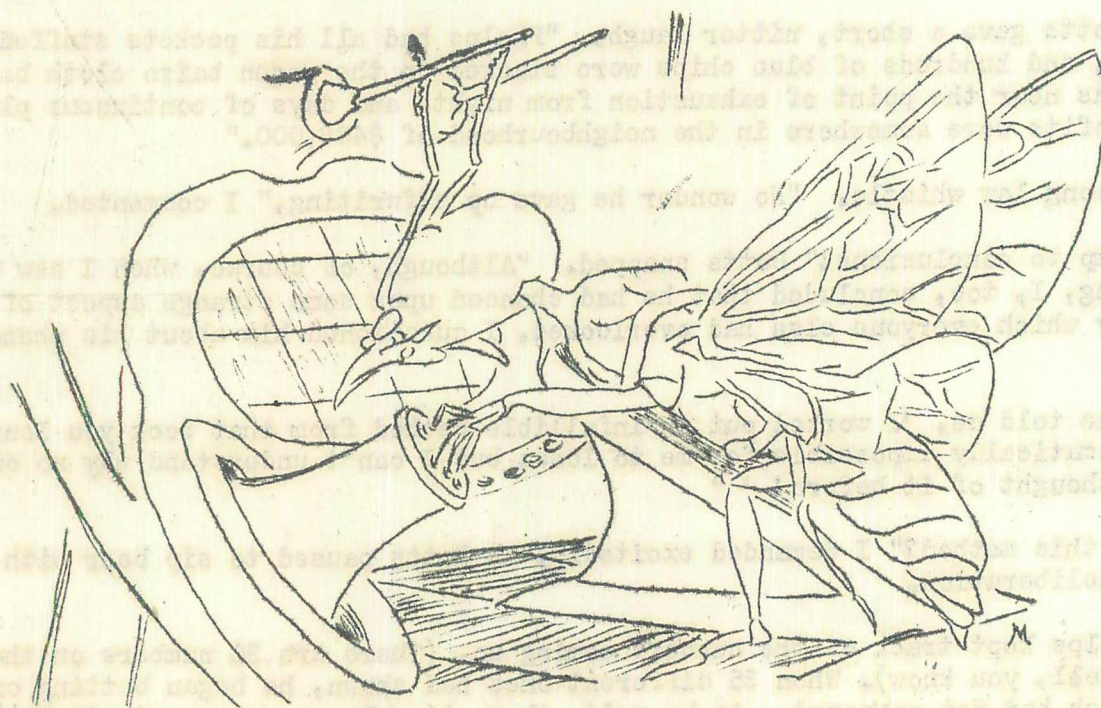
"Sure it is," Botts answered. "And I explained as much to Phelps. He readily admitted that he was wrong when I showed him the equations in the math book. Unfortunately, however, irreparable damage had already been done -- Phelps, had, in those few short weeks, become a confirmed gambler -- and as I watched helplessly, he began to lose bet after bet, until all his winnings were gone, and he was far into debt."

"Then he's mad at you because you destroyed his faith in his system?"

"Correct -- and, you know, I've often wondered in the years since then, what would have happened if I hadn't pointed out his error in reasoning...."

Botts lapsed into meditative silence. "Bartender!" I called, "Another round of beers!"

-30-



MUTATED GENES

Dear Stewart:

Kossuth's cover and Ward's interior were outstanding. The articles were all well written and interesting. Of the stories, I liked Singer's shortie, the "Joe Farm" story, and, above all, "Beware". (heh, heh) That's all I can think of on the contents.

Jim Harmon,
427 E 8th St.,
Mt Carmel, Ill.

Dear Stewart:

Cover wasn't bad; I haven't seen any work by this guy before.

Contents were all interesting, even some of the club stuff. As long as the mag continues in this fashion, we can ignore McCoy of London. The mag definitely contains much of interest to other than members of the MSFS. Please continue to give us guys, unfortunate enough not to live in Michigan and surrounding territory, a chance at all this fine material.

Les Hudson,
Roseland, Va.

Dear Les- I hope to do so, and keep on doing so, until I am no longer in a position to fulfill your requests. To future mutants then....hopw you'll be present. Editor

Dear Ed:

A nice cover; better editorial. Redd Boggs' article invaluable. Page 9 art is good; let us have more from this guy. Comes page 14 and Art Rapp; anything Art does seems to very good and in particular when it is Fortean to which I am particularly addicted. 'Beware' by Jim Harmon was good, I guess that'll show 'em. Tell Ken Smookler to write about something else. His article states what is already known and what isn't already known is only opinion, and his opinion. He's entitled to it. Genes column was too short; enlarge it, please. So long for now,

John E Blyler,
703 21st St.,
Altoona, Pa.

Ed's note: We like Ward too, but have
lost his address; can he send it in?

Dear Editor, Mutant:

I would consider it a great favor if you would print the following letter in your letterbox. Maybe one of your readers could give a logical explanation for the strange thing that I experienced a few days ago at Camp Grayling.

It was Thursday, Aug. 12, and I was on KP duty...pooling onions and crying like a baby. All of a sudden, some one appeared before me. I looked closely and it was me! For about 5 minutes I talked to me. The me that appeared before me gave me a paper upon which was printed the blueprint for a time-travel machine. I looked at the paper, exerted an extraordinary amount of will power, reproduced the mech in an ectoplasmic concoction and was whisked into the past. I found myself on Dexter in Detroit in 1944. I bumped into one Ben Singer to whom I explained the wonders of STF. (Later in my life, he explained them to me). I then time-mech'ed myself back, after having obtained the blueprint for the time-mech from a Finlay illie, arriving five minutes before I left and giving myself the blueprint. Now, my problem is this. If I told Ben Singer about Stf, and he told me about Stf, how did we get started on this cycle? Also, the same applies to the time-mech blueprint. For how could I give me the blueprint before I got it? Vjgtg ku vjg fcofuv vjkpi.

Hal Shapiro,
2689 Clements,
Detroit, Mich.

How that got in is beyond me; but it came in the mails and so is eligible for presentation. Any of youse got a solution? I hope not!

Sorry, but no letters, except these, came in. Bigger Genes means more letters.

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