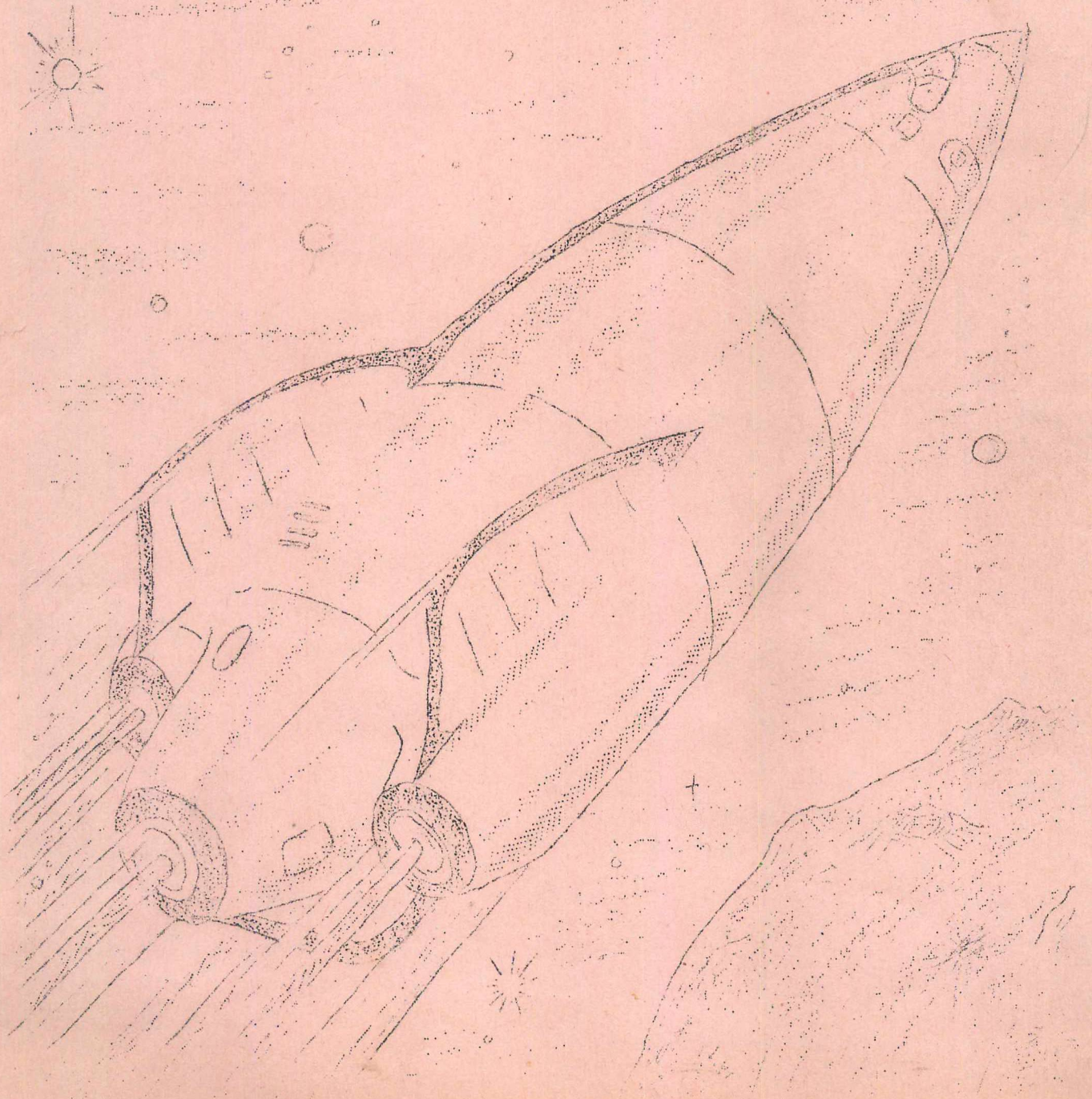


The

MUTTANT



SLANDERS

me's

by the editor.

Commencing with this issue of MUTANT, the mag will be published in Cadillac, under the able and experienced hands of Radell Nelson et cohorts. Nelson is the publisher of his own zine UNIVERSEN, and we are informed by way of Art Rapp's beaver that SPACEWARP and Nelson's mag will merge come the New Year. The mag will be edited and published in Cadillac, I presume. Of course, MUTANT will continue to be edited from the House on King Street, with occasional assistance from George Young, Norman Kossuth and the Detroit bunch. In ending, I can only say: Welcome Ray, and here's better, bigger, wider-known MUTANTS! gulp.

While I was working this summer, the MSFS went en masse to Cadillac, for the bi-annual Michicon. In retaliation, Radell Nelson dropped down to Detroit over the weekend of-last month sometime. In the course of events, he and Young ran the blockade at the border and dropped into Windsor for some chatter, Ray got an idea for a yarn, and the result occupies pages 4-5; the illustration at the heading of "Flux" is his own, produced on the spot, and autographed, too.

The first Botts tale is presented also; it's is a good yarn. In those days, Rapp had the usual grudge against the prozinos, and wrote this story to relieve his feelings. Vaughn Greene, whose Shaver discussion articles were presented in WARP, gives us his little horror yarn; the illios were sent in by Howard Millor, and to boot all, were nicely fitted into Greene's yarn! Dick Avery supplies the light humor with his tale of the hon-pecked science-fiction fan.

Lee Cook and Kon Pitchford are the poets of this issue. The majority of the contents, both prose and illustrations, were sent to me via the NFFF Manuscript Bureau, which is splodidly managed by one Arthur Rapp. Never heard of 'im !!

According to Startling's latest comments, the art work in the mag is "weak". The contributions of Miller, Kossuth, and the Nelson brothers should change that. I'm sending stencils to the MACABRE twins for covers and interiors. Anyone is asked to send in art work; we need little touches of humorous cartoons, such as Kossuth's item on page 17.

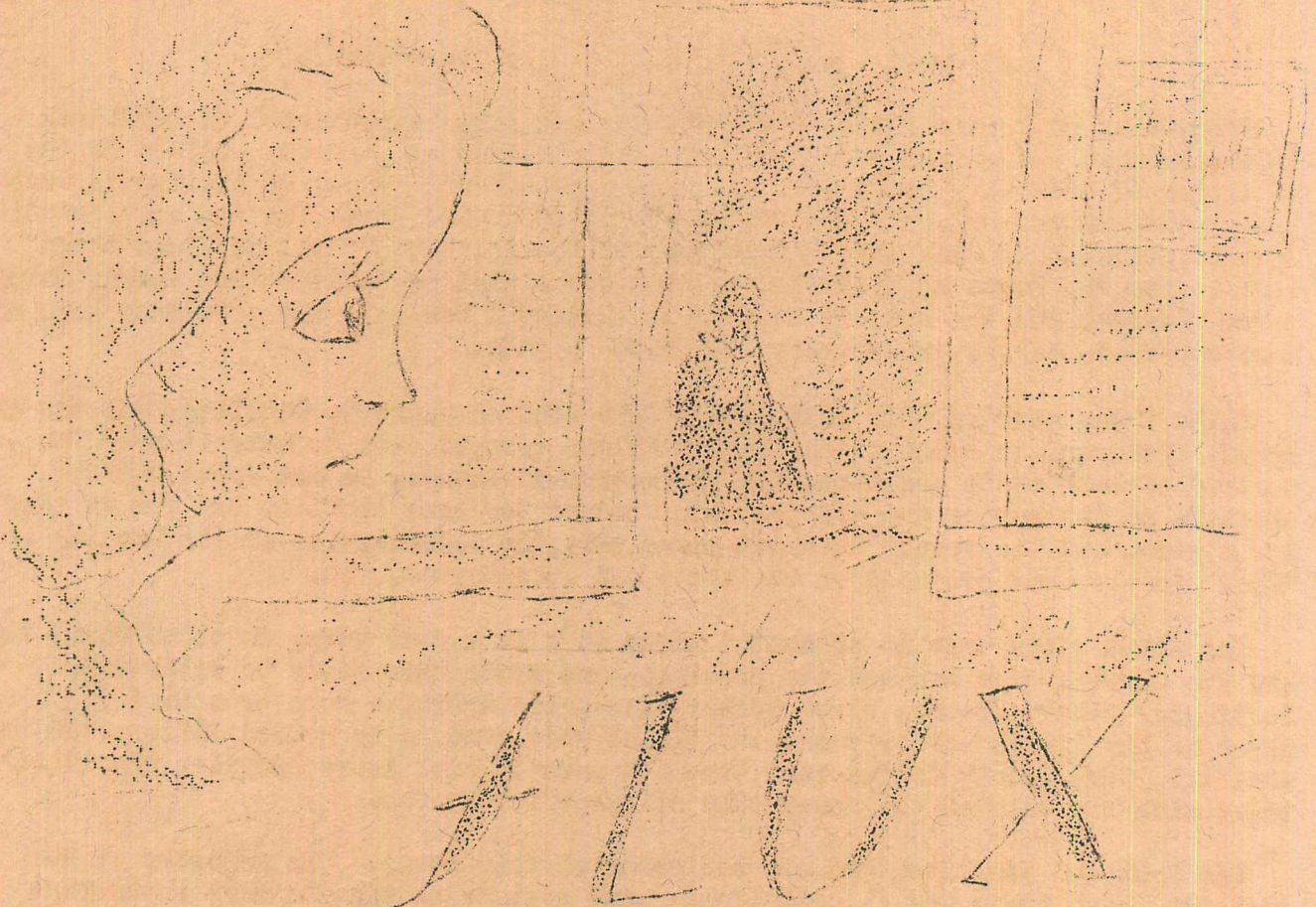
David H Koller, an honorary MSFSor, wrote in and proffered his services to us. We are proud to accept, and hope to run Dr Koller's work in the very near future. Perhaps the Doctor will give us an article on the early days of stf; his memories and impressions of Hugo Gernsback and the initiation of science-fiction into its own magazine should prove interesting to the newer fans, as well as the old.

1949 may well be the year for a general revival of science-fiction magazines. Just as 1941-43 was a period in which every month saw at least 5 new issues out on display, the coming months may be marked with red pencil on the dates of the return of Unknown Worlds, and the inauguration of Avon's delayed magazine of fantasy and science-fiction. Already, Fantastic Novels, and Super Science have made return engagements; we can only hope to see more newer ones, and the ones now extant survive this war of paper-shortage and general instability of the post war years.

Bon Singer, Hal Shapiro, and Murray Sinuk are now in uniform, and would be glad to receive mail. Dick Avery, in Alaska, is also willing to trade letters.

MUTANT is at all times open to any MSFSor who may want to air his/hor views, criticisms, or praises. Just send me the typed out report you want discussed thru the pages of the mag, and I'll make a niche for them. For that matter, any fan who has something to say, provided it isn't too libelous or out-of-date (or is welcome to drop me a line.

Buenos noches, au revoir, in effect: 30



By Ray Nelson

"What's wrong?" asked Mary, peeping into the bedroom at the little boy in the big bed.

"The walls are shifting around," whimpered the little boy.

"Nonsense," said Mary, "Whenever your mother is away you have to pull some fool stunt or other to keep from going to bed."

"No," said the child. "It's really true. The walls are shifting; they're going away."

"Go to sleep," shouted Mary, and slammed the door. "A baby sitter has to be a psychiatrist these days."

She seated herself in the front room and tried to concentrate on her homework. There was a soft footstep in the darkness of the kitchen. Two eyes peered out.

"Who's there?" said Mary, as a cold chill went down her spine.

"It's only me," said the little boy, coming out into the light.

"How did you get into the kitchen?" asked Mary. The front room was between the boy's bedroom and the kitchen.

"This isn't the kitchen," said the little boy, "this is my bedroom. They switched around."

"Your bedroom is that way," said Mary coldly, pointing at the darkened bedroom door. "Go to bed!"

"My bedroom is here," maintained the little boy.

She seized him, turned him over her knee, and spanked him soundly.

"I'm going away," he sobbed. "I'm going to trade places with some other person"

She picked him up and carried him through the darkened bedroom doorway.

Then she bumped into the stove.

Shedrooped the little boy and screamed; then turned around and ran through

the front room and through the kitchen doorway. There was a big bed in the middle of the room. Something was in it. It wasn't the little boy.

In fact, it wasn't a little boy at all.

"Lord!" whispered Mary, "What will his mother think?"

-30-



Ray
Nelson

TALE OF A PALING FAN

I used to be a prominent fan, intrigued by anything in the way
of science-fiction or fantasy; but lately I've fallen astray.

Sad to relate, this is the way:

- - -

Now, I used to dote on Weird Tales, but I don't dote on them any more.

Yes, I used to dote on Weird Tales, but now I find them quite a bore.

For one night I captured a vampire, as it nibbled on my neck,
and bound it with chains from a crucifix, and called it mine, by heck.
I used to feed it every night, and get a transfusion next day,
but it howled for blood A, and mine was type B, so I staked it away.

Then, I used to dote on fantasy, but I don't dote on it any more.

Yes, I used to dote on fantasy, but got disillusioned -- and more!

For I chanced on a talking unicorn, that agreed to go on display,
so I arranged a show to show off my prize, and proudly led the way.
But then at the stall, when I opened the door, imagine my dismay
to find, ere this morn, he'd knocked off his horn, and developed
a brazen bray.

(That cured me, I'll say!)

I used to dote on Science Fiction, but I don't dote on it any more;
(if I hadn't been versed in STF, I'd never have dared to explore.)

For one day I found a Time Machine, deserted in chase of a blonde,
So I reset the dial for 40 years back, while the future owner was gone.
But I plowed through a house as I zoomed back through time,
And a poor little kid was crushed.

Then I learned it was my grandpa that died young
And the paradox is driving me nuts.

I even used to dote on mythology, but I don't dote on it any more.

I sure used to like my mythology, but I'm cured, forever more.

For I liked ye olde tales of wonder, wondering how true they were.

Yes, I liked ye olde ghods of thunder, but never, no never, no more.

For Shaver has fouled up ye olde myths, with deros and caverns galore,
with mech-machines and Hecatean hate, with dogonorate stim
he gave 'em the gate,

for by calling them "truth" he blew off the roof
and we'll never respect 'em no more.

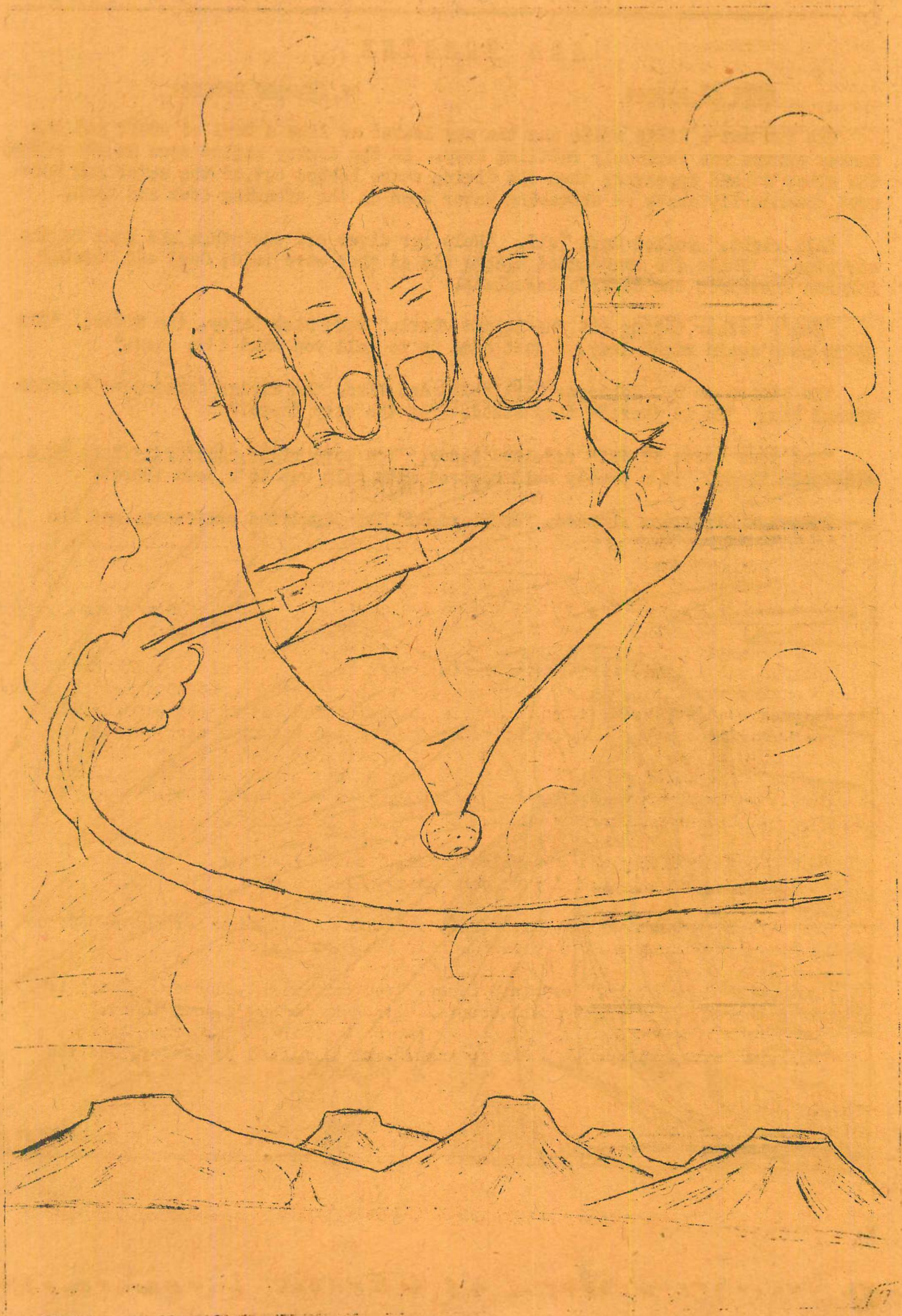
So I'm almost cured of being a fan, I've come near the end of my rope,
and I'd hang me, by hock, by the top of my neck
except for my telescope.

But when I look up at Mars, nestling among the stars
and see the canals from zone poles
until, by rocket barrage, we can prove their truth, or mirage,
I'll take space oproe on as a goal.

- Leo Cook.

(NFFF MSS Bureau)

- - - - -



SEA MONSTER

NETF MS Bureau

by Vaughn Greene.

The sun was a livid white and the sky looked so like a bowl of chalk and the donkey engine was furiously rattling away. As the donkey engine spun in the cables the diver's head appeared; then the diving stage bobbed out of the water and hovered momentarily above -- showering water down on the steaming deck and crew.

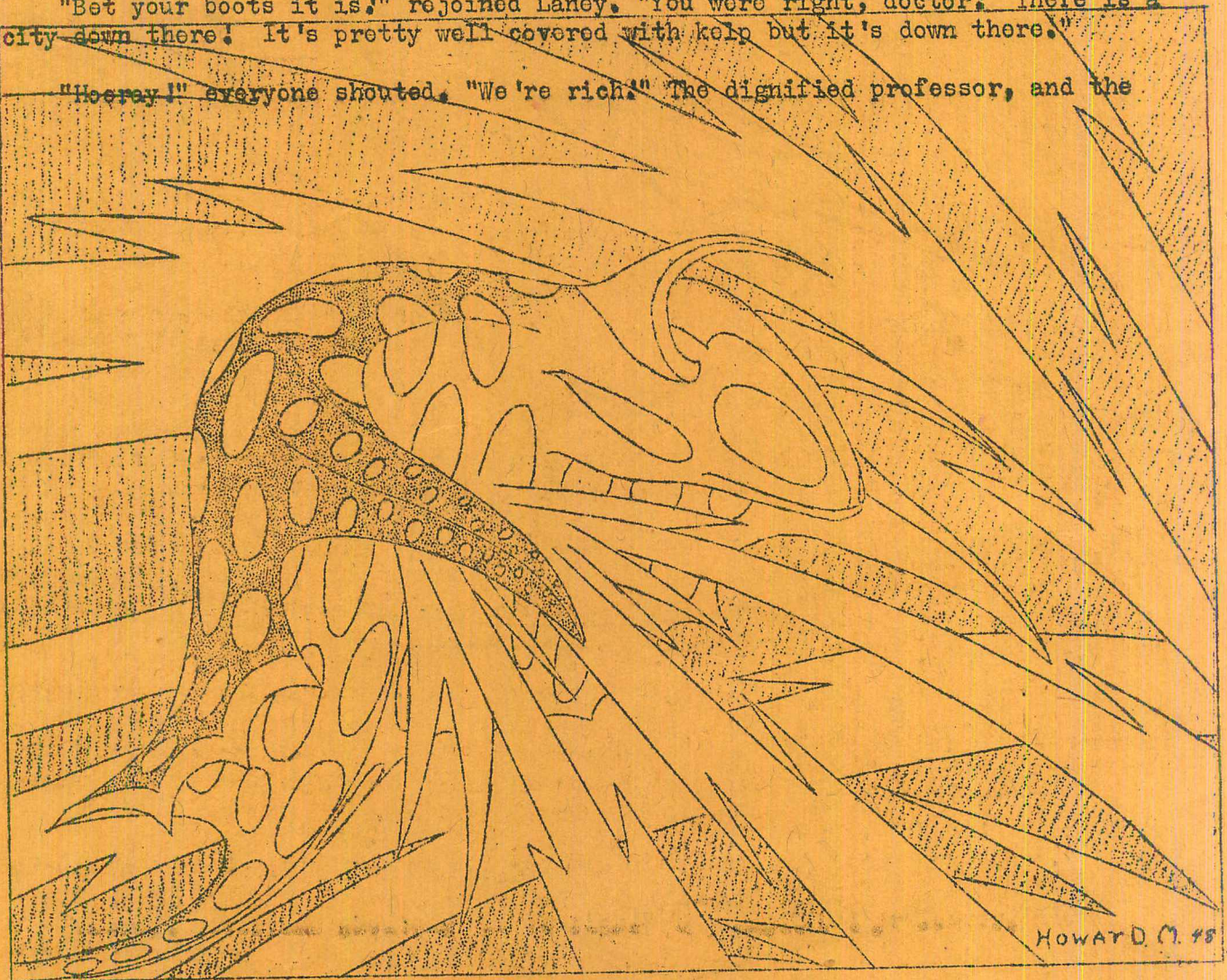
"All right," yelled Carl Bell. "Help our diver off the stage and haul in the air pipe." While the unanimated blacks did as they were told, Carl and Docotor Johnson unscrewed the diver's faceplate.

"Don't bother taking off the helmet, Carl." said Dick Laney, the diver. "I'm going down again right away. I just came up to tell you what I've seen."

The others -- Dr. Johnson, Carl Bell, and Mike, the diving foreman -- crowded around him. "Is it there?" they asked. "Is the city there?"

"Bet your boots it is!" rejoined Laney. "You were right, doctor! There is a city down there! It's pretty well covered with kelp but it's down there."

"Hooray!" everyone shouted. "We're rich!" The dignified professor, and the



KLINGENFELT v SEPT 3-4-5 v ENROLL IMMEDIATELY!!

sedate Mike did a sailor's jig, while Dick, who was helplessly weighed down with a hundred pounds of diving-weights, looked on. Everyone felt like celebrating except the apathetic Haitian crewman.

"Just think, doctor," said Mike. "At last we've found your fabulous island. When you first told us that you was a geologist and found that engraved map in a Peruvian tar pit, I thot ya was screwy. But oh boy! am I glad we signed on wit ya. Me and Dick got half the loot."

"And who 'd ever think a dull old doctor would find a map to what well may be the fabled Atlantis. Just the same," the Doctor went on, "if it wasn't for my friend's Carl's enthusiasm, his foresight, and above all, his yacht, we'd never be here."

But Carl Bell seemed not so happy as before. "Yes, doc, true. But one thing bothers me. I wish I'd insisted on bringing along another diver. If anything happens to Dick, we'd have to go back -- that would be bad, because I've put everything I've got into this; if it fails, we'd never be able to raise another."

This thought sobered them all for a few seconds, until Laney spoke up:

"Never you mind, boss. I'm as good as gold. Think we should have another go at it?"

"Righto!" sighed Carl. "Help him onto the stage, Mike. Hey you! on the donkey engine! Up 'er!"

Laney was jerkily lifted above the ship. The boat began heeling over at a steep angle -- for Laney with the equipment on weighed over 400 pounds -- and the ship was only Carl Bell's 40 foot racing yacht, ketch rigged and light.

After being lowered to a depth of 30 feet, Laney stepped off the stage and grasped the guide lines. He hit the chin valves to bleed the air out of his suit and began dropping through the tepid water at the rate of a foot a second. Once on the bottom, he slowly edged toward the grotto he had found.

It was beautiful! Encircled by scrolls of pink coral, the city was colored a deep china blue by the sunlight filtering through the crystal water and looked like a fairy city on another world. The unreality was aided by the fantastic streamers of seaweed, which covered all the roof tops -- gently undulating with the current -- and by the skeletons scattered about the sandy bottom. Finally he headed for an impressive looking edifice which must have been some type of temple. Temples usually have gold in them.

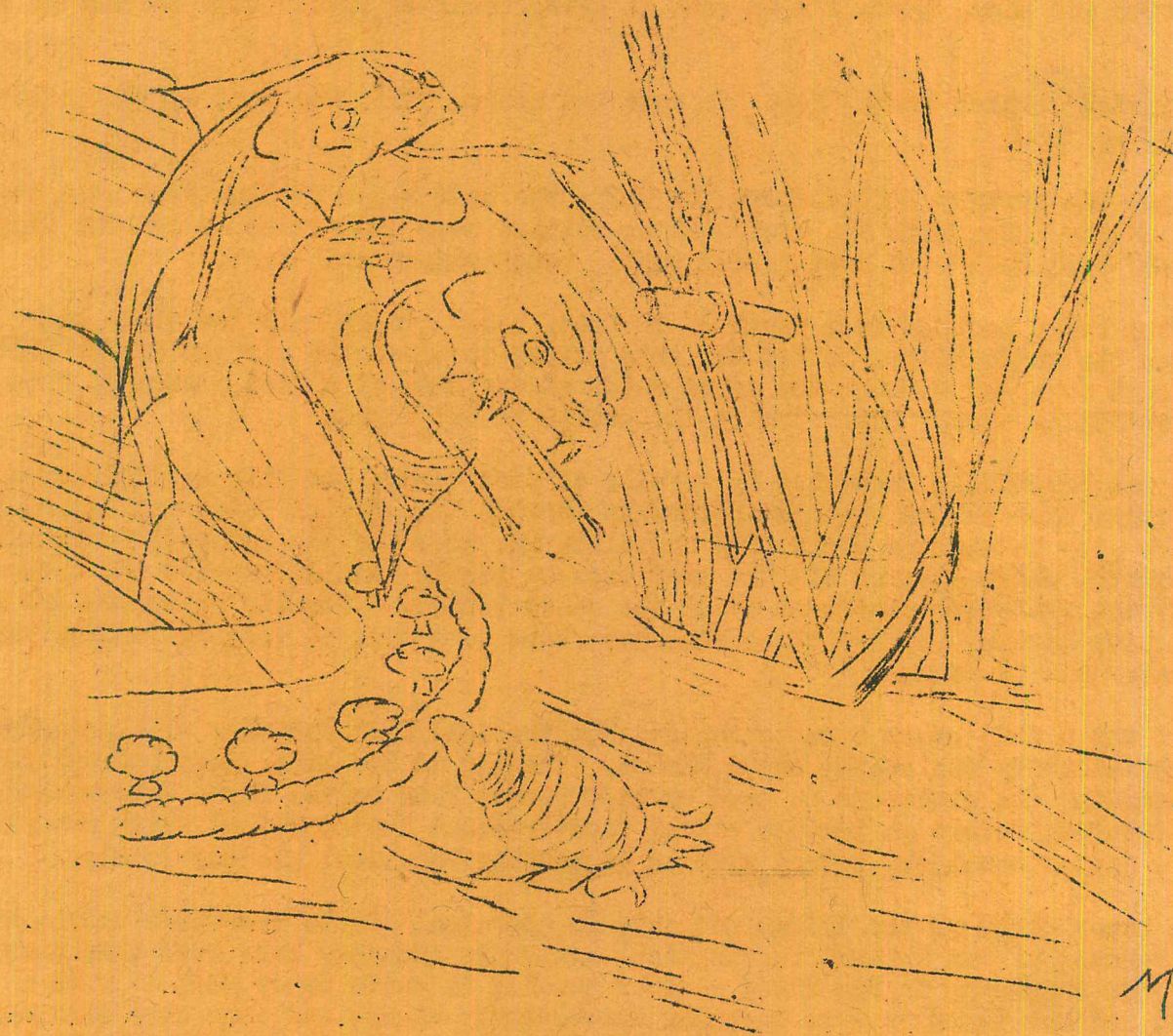
It was a deep green dimness inside, but the gold lust together with grogginess, brought about by the depth, egged him on. Tugging at his life lines and callously disregarding the skeletons he trod on with heavy load boots, Layne half-walked, half-floated, before an immense pit of indeterminant depth, out of which abruptly rose a jagged monolith, topped with an incredibly beautiful glowing jewel.

As Laney gazed at the thing, not only in appraisal of its undoubted value, but also because of its intense fascination, a strange lethargy came over him. Something was happening in his mind! A diver usually is quite depey when at such a depth, but his thoughts were becoming increasingly clear, and even more disconcerting, they were becoming louder! Louder and louder, until the sound with his helmet was like someone screaming in an empty cavern. THEN! Another thought came into his mind! Strange alien thoughts began flowing through him with such disjointed phrases as: those who summon-all zog shall die-and go for thoo-must kill-ancient sacrifice kill-nono shall live-who dare-aaaah-arg-arg- Yog...kill-KILL/KILL-KILL !

Good lord! what had he done? He stared down with horror into the purple pit .. IN WHICH HE NOW PERCEIVED SOMETHING WAS MOVING! Fear swept through him as he realized he had summoned some foul slithering thing by staring at the jewel. He had to get away from this dead city of carnal evil, which the ancients had so intelligently destroyed. A scream thundered in his helmet as he caught a glimpse of the slimy blob crawling and flopping up out of this pit of hell! Frantically struggling against his own inertia, Laney flung himself towards the entrance, but tripped on his lines. He tried to get up, and caught a glimpse of a pulsing head-like thing come out of the pit; then the last thing he felt before black panic mercifully turned him into a screaming idiot was a heavy mushy claw, clinging to his neck.

"My god! Look!" cried Bell, "Laney's line-hose is coiling up to the surface like mad -- HIS LINE 'S BEEN SEVERED!" They all looked, sick at the sight that spelled their doom.

Mike said sadly, simply, "Octopus."



M.

THE EDITOR'S VIEWS ANENT PROFESSIONAL
REVIEWERS.

"As much of their space is devoted to Michigan affairs, we gave it the once-over lightly."

Does that quotation sound familiar? It was lifted verbatim from the January 1949 Startling Stories in the Fanzine Review Department. It expresses the views of the editor, suspected to be Samuel Merwin, jr. Through his adverse comments, many prospective readers of MUTANT were undoubtedly shooed away. These readers, glancing over the editor's comments were given the impression that our magazine contained localized chit-chat which would bore non-Michigan readers.

Take a look at this: July, 1948 issue, with 19 pages.
13 pages of general interest articles, fiction, departments, and illustrations.
6 pages devoted to the MSFS treasury, constitution, events.
Result: 68% of contents suitable to the reading tastes of outsiders, with 31% of contents for MSFSers alone !



September, 1948 issue, with 17 pages.
14 pages of general interest articles, fiction, poetry, departments, and illustrations.
3 pages concerning MSFS happenings, and events.
Result: 82% of contents readable for any subscriber not of the MSFS, while only 17% of the contents was slanted to the club doings !

November, 1948 issue, with 17 pages.
15 pages of general interest fiction, poetry, departments, and illustrations.
2 pages devoted to MSFS events.
Result: 88% of contents similar to that found in a mag not an official organ; 11% of contents to be found solely in OO's

Now, are we "overly devoted" to MSFS happenings? Do we clutter up the pages with localized fiction, etc, solely of interest to the MSFS alone? Or do we more than balance the MSFS slanted materail with the inclusion of crud readable by fcn in the East, the South, and the West? Well ????

I wonder what Merwin will have to say with regard to our 'official organ' status. Should we be practically sabotaged by a professional reviewer-critic because we repay the financing of the magazine by the MSFS treasury by allowing space to be given to their treasury reports and elections? Be fair in your decision; the MSFS is satisfied with the slight space they enjoy every, or practically every, two months; who are we to encourage them to demand more space?

Wait and find out. Read Startling Stories, a professional science-fiction magazine overly devoted to the babblings of the reviewer of the amateur science fiction publications.

Touchoé !!

your editor C & M

COMMENTS ? YES !

THOSE GOOD OLE DAYS

By Earl E. Dodge

Having just started reading 'StF' in Feb. 1948 and entering fandom in April of the same year, I have seen a number of comments on the "good ole days", so I decided to check up on them. I took the oldest mags in my collection and my friends' (none earlier than '30) and decided to compare them with my latest. Here are the results, my opinions on those "good ole days."

Weird Tales, 1942-48. The covers are about the same with the stories better in '42. Artwork and poems about the same, slightly better in '48. Club and Eyrie 600% better in '42. Total; Weird Tales slightly better in '42.

Astounding Science Fiction, 1936-'48. Covers much better in '48. Stories and illos lots better in '48. Editorial better in '48 with "Brass Tacks" falling badly. Total; A.S.F. better in '48.

Planet Stories, 1939-'48. Stories and art slightly better in '39 while Vizi remains about the same. Cover better in '48. Total; Planet best by slim margin in '39.

Astounding Stories. '46 is the oldest I have, so I can't make a good comparison.

Fantastic Adventures, 1942-'48. Cover, stories, and art lots better in '48 with the editorial and letter column better in '42. Total; F.A. better in '48.

Thrilling Wonder, 1930-'48. '48 completely better.

Startling Stories, '45-'48. Not very far back, but here's my opinion. Cover and art better in '48 with stories and letter column about the same giving '48 the edge.

Famous Fantastic Mysteries, '44-'48. Stories better in '44, cover and illos greatly improved in '48, and the rest about even. Total; '48 barely better.

Grand total; Ole timers 2, Moderns 5.

That's about all the mags I have that can be compared, but I believe I have shown that the general trend is for the better in '48. Does anyone want to make a fan poll on this or argue the points involved?

((If so, write Earl E. Dodge, 680 Duke St., Northumberland, Pa., NOT US.))

As far as I'm concerned, the golden age of science fiction is NOW!

END

- The MAN Who MURDERED FANDOM. -

by Arthur H Rapp.

"I see you're a fan," mumbled the disreputable character, settling himself furtively in to the chair on the other side of the greasy, marble-topped table.

Annoyed at the interruption, I raised my head from the new issue of Ghoulish Science Stories, where I'd been trying to find my letter in the readers' column. My self invited companion was leering nastily at the scantily-clad fem being chased across the cover by a livid purple BEM, while he absently poured my stein of beer down his parched throat.

Obviously he was one of the pests that haunt these less reputable taverns, cadging drinks they cannot buy for themselves. Ordinarily I would have told him to get the hell away from my table, but a certain familiarity in his appearance checked the words on my tongue. Where had I seen him before?

I ordered a couple more beers and we discussed the decline in the quality of stf, as exemplified by GSS. He had read all the classics, and knew much fascinating lore of fandom and the authors of yesterday. I began to wonder what part he had taken in the annals of stf and what had caused him to sink to the level of degradation in which he now existed.

After six beers apiece and a bitter argument over the most efficient drive for interstellar travel, we finally reached the proper stage for confidences. The bum leaned forward until his unshaven face was close to mine, and began his strange tale.....

"Yes, I was once prominent in the fantasy field. You say I look familiar to you. Were you at the Michicon in '49?"

"Of course!" I answered indignantly. "That was back in the year the so-called Golden Era of fandom began, and the Michicon, held amid the splendours of Detroit, broke all records for attendance. Why?"

"Perhaps that was where you saw me," he said. "Remember the discussion about the future of stf?"

Suddenly I knew who he was! Morgan Botts, the stfan-inventor, who had set the Michicon in an uproar by his eloquent and unorthodox theories in regard to promag publishing!

Botts had maintained that the futuristic tales in promags should be accompanied by an equally modern physical appearance of the publications themselves.

Microfilm the promags, he suggested, or use sensitized aluminum-foil pages to print the tales on by a photographic process. Use the three dimensional illustration method which the U.S. Navy used as far back as 1947. He had even more sensational ideas. Botts told the Michicon delegates, which he would reveal when the time was ripe.

"You nearly broke up the convention," I told him reminiscently. "Fandom broke immediately into two factions, the Traditionalists who claimed that changing the stf mag format would take all the fun out of fandom, and the Radicals, who hailed you as the prophet of new and glorious heights of fantasy."

"Yes. those were the days," Botts sighed reminiscently, brushing a furtive tear from one bloary eye. "Remember when fistfights broke out between the two groups

and the Detroit police had to raid the convention hall and restore order?"

"More fun, more people hurt" I agreed. "But go on with the story. I remember that several of the publishers were interested in your theory and it seem to me you were finally made editor of a new mag."

"You have a good memory," Botts replied, hiccupping slightly. "Yes, I took the helm of Stupendous Ecstasy Tales, and turned it into a bestseller overnight. Each issue I tried out a new innovation, and made a careful note of those which the fans liked.

"Well do I remember the day when, quaking with horror at my own boldness, I OK'd the cover for March, 1950," he continued.

I recalled instantly the ish to which he referred, It had stirred fandom to the depths. Imagine -- a bluesky on the cover!

"You were famous," I breathed. "The world was at your feet. How, then, did you come to -- this?" My pitying gaze took in his shabby clothes, the cracked and mud-caked leather of his shoes, the horny calluses on his palms of manual labor.

"I have only myself to blame" Botts sobbed, blowing the foam from a brimming stein into my face. "After I had determined the ideal for which other promags were striving, but were always too timid to attain; after I had tooted, feature by feature, all possible improvements, I began work on a super issue of Stupendous Ecstasy Tale. It was to be the promag that had everything! Trimmed edges -- extra staples so the pages wouldn't come loose! Every illustration by Finlay! Those were only a few of the attractions. Gad, what a mag it was, that SET for August 1952!"

"Yes, I've heard of that issue," I said. "Unfortunately, I was employed at the time as a Fuller Brush man in the wilds of Tibet, and was unable to buy a copy. I've been trying to get hold of one ever since, but all fandom seems to be joined in a strange conspiracy of silence regarding it. Tell me -- what happened?"

"I outdid myself," Botts wailed, the tears flowing freely down his stubbled cheeks, and tinkling musically into his beer. "It was a perfect stf mag. The circulation broke all records. Only a few unfortunates, like yourself, missed reading it. And in that lay my downfall."

"What do you mean?" I asked breathlessly.

"You see," he concluded, "With that answer to a stfan's prayer in his files, who would buy any other mag? We sold only thirty copies of the next month's SET, to now fans, ones who had not read the super issue.

"Naturally, I was fired. That was bad enough, but I was also ostracized by every other promag publisher and editor, not to mention the writers. Had it not been for the restraining influence and cool counsel of Hank Kuttner, some of the hot-heads like Padgett and Kelvin Kent would have lynched me from the nearest lamp post.

"I had utterly destroyed fandom, and it had to be built up again from the very beginning. That is why a real old-time like yourself is so rarely even these days.

Sobbing brokenly, he shamblod through the swinging doors and was swallowed up in the vastness of the night.

(This tale is taken from Rapp's 'BEMBOOK', a '47 fanzine with a circulation of 30. It is the first Bottstory, and will followed up by "Whiffingham's Revonge", the second story from the same source. We hope you like these stories; for we spent happy times re-reading them, and chuckling now and then.)



MICHIFEN

MEET

What glib phrase can I start off with? What snappy scientific come-back can I make to er-ire Lovecraftians, enrage Merrittians and en-savage Shaverites? I'll just say, in my Thirtieth Century jargon: QX Peoples:

December 28 & 29, there was a small gathering of slans in the basement of a house on Santa Rosa Drive, here in Detroit. The convention started early (5:00 am) in the morning of the 27th. I myself and my chauffeur-brother started to the greyhound bus depot (17 miles away) to meet Art Rapp. Arriving there approx. ten minutes late, we proceeded to look for the Saginaw Slan in the depot, but it wasn't there. Neither was it at the tram stop. Art had forwarded a postcard stating that he would invade the home of Ed Kuss if no one met him at the bus depot, if there were no attendants in waiting (or ambush). We waited a half hour and then decided that we'd missed him. We hopped into our 12 year old Chevy and pedal-pushed our way out Woodward towards Ed's home. Art still didn't show. We phoned Mrs Kuss about a dozen times and still no Art; so I pulled his missive out of my pocket and re-read it to see if the date and all that was wrong. The date wasn't wrong, BUT the time was. It seems the postcard said pm instead of am! We picked Arthur H up that evening and went to the House That Used to be on Santa Rosa to make it up for the next days' cataclysm. We went to bed (not together) at my farm-ington home and had the peace before the storm. Dawn busted; and we slept. About nine o'clock, we awoke and again went to Santa Rosa, stopping on the way to acquire crepe paper, pins and thumbtacks. The jermt was masterfully decorated with red and green steamers, and the originals were propped against walls, tables, frames, the ceiling. We also picked up Fred Reich in Pontiac that morning. We, spending the next two hours on the amesche, talked to Martin Alger, Ed Kuss, Bruce Davis, Don Wetowich and then Bill Groover came in from Toledo with a case of ghed slung under his arm. We absorbed the wetted word by opening the cans and Rapp almost got hit in the kisser by the beer as the pressure escaped from the can! The evening was spent talking about stiftional subjects (ie, wine, women and stf); we broke up at midnight, with Rapp and Groover coming to my place and teaching me how to play chess until two am. Bill beat me and Art combined. (Seems he'd been playing with the deck watch on his boat trips.) Next morning, we again picked up Fred and went back to Santa Rosa. Alger arrived at five o'clock, but before that we had talked to Harold Oakley on the phone (who was detained by a rain-storm the whole time) and who had to leave early anyway. We also ransacked the second hand stores, with Groover, Rapp and myself each buying about 25 pounds of mags. Things began to roll at five. Alger got in, Kuss and Gerald Gordon arrived. Davis and Vetowich had been there since we got in from the book stores. A note was awaiting us from Ken Smockler, a Canadian fan from Windsor, who had had to leave before we got back. Irwin Starnweis and Leo Trotter (from Windsor, too) next showed up. Auctioning started up and over 50 pieces of illics, books and mags were up. The Lawrence cover took \$15.00 out of Groover's depthless pocket (saving his money, so far away from land); the Finlays got 3.50 apiece. That was a steal, period. We used the rest of the beer and then someone got Ed Kuss to open a suitcase of mags, but which turned out to be the home of two four-foot snakes! We're still trying to convince him they were real!!! The meeting ended with the group going to the Art Institute to see Disney's FAN/TASIA and then the boys went home. Reich was driven home under heavy snow and my spinning top of a car which almost didn't get past 12 Mile Rd. Cheers can still be heard from the holders of the Lawrence cover and Finlay pics; boos can be heard from the County Jail where the unfortunates of Santa Rosa are now 'protectively

detained' from the ravages of BMS, gaulsaks and stans.

From the financial viewpoint, the DECON floated the MSFS out of all debts and left it riding on a wave of a \$20.00 surplus! And the registration fees for '49 are also coming in, totalling \$30.00. That will make \$50.00 with which to operate. For all this to happen in one year -- convention, membership, financial stability -- is quite some going; watch out in '49!

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR OCTOBER, NOVEMBER & DECEMBER 1948:

Sept Income C'd Over	\$18.45	Debt. Loans paid	\$11.45
Oct 3 Dues	1.05	Nov 3 Stencils	3.35
" 31 Dues	.75	" 28 Mutant paper	3.00
Nov 28 Dues	.60	Dec 7 Memio paper, DECON.	1.60
Dec 29 DECON auction	37.57	" 8 Staples	.36
" 31 Mutant subs	2.80	" 9 Stamps	2.10
TOTAL INCOME	\$61.22	2 13 Stencils (Feb Mut)	3.61
		" 21 Postcards	2.00
TOTAL INCOME	\$61.22	" 29 Mimeo shares	10.00
TOTAL DEBT	37.47	TOTAL DEBT	\$37.47

TOTAL TREASURY: \$23.75

We paid Gordon and Singer \$10.00 for their two shares in the mimeo, thus making the mimeo the property of the MSFS.

The Cominform is now offering reduced rates to Siberia for candidates in the MSFS elections. So far, we have one candidate for each office, and that is the way it will remain. Sorry, but you did not enter candidacy in time, and we can't wait!

George Young - President
Art Rapp - Secretary

Martin Alger - Vice-President
Ray Nelson - Director of Pubs.

I had hoped to see about 10 candidates run in this election; since we had nearly 30 members, I thot that some of you would run for office. The workings of this club is direct proportion of the efforts the membership put forth; if you're going to sit back on your haunches and let the other guy do it, it will be your fault, and yours alone, if the club falls apart in the next year or two because of stagnation. This is the list of candidates as they will appear officially. This is also the list of officers for 1949, effective as of now. The constitution states that the candidate receiving the highest number of votes shall be elected. Therefore, one vote apiece would be enough to elect any of the above candidates as long as they have no opposing candidate. They have none, and they're elected. I hope thatt this will be a lesson to the membership; if they do not want someone gaining control of the MSFS for commercial purposes or otherwise, then they should make it their business to have at least two candidates for every office in the next election.

Candidacy must be filed by September 1949, and your platform must appear in the following issue of MUTANT.

The new constitution has been officially enacted; the absentee votes were collected by Art Rapp. Every chapter should make it their business to elect a responsible chairman for 1949, as he will become a member of the Board of Directors for the Year. If the chapter is not represented to their satisfaction, it will be their own fault. You have been warned!

"People deserve the kind of government they have" -- WEAPON SHOPS series, van VOGT.

ONWARD IN '49.....UPWARD IN '49FORWARD IN '49 !!

Radell Nelson,
Dir of Pubs. 1949.

George H Young,
Dir. of Pubs. (1948)

by Richard E Avery.

The shrill voice shattered air. "Bill Porter, you listen here! The next time I find those horrible magazines cluttering up my living room, out they go in the trash can. That's where they belong anyway."

"Yes, m'love." Bill Porter's voice was indicative of long-suffering acquisition on an oft debated subject.

"I don't see what you see in that junk anyway, and don't 'yes m'love' me, you take that stuff out of here right now, you hear?"

"Yes m'love." Bill Porter carefully finished wiping the last dish of the stack that had faced him after dinner, shrugged out of his wife's Monday-wash-day apron, tossed it over the towel rack and wearily entered the living room.

Penelope Potter, housewife, was stretched on the lounge, right hand holding the latest issue of "True Love", the left fumbling in a box marked "Elite Candies". Bill Porter's step quickened as his eye caught a small pile of magazines dangerously near the fireplace. Tenderly he straightened the pages, noting that his wife and her anger were responsible for a torn cover on the August "Amazing Stories". A Finlay pic in TWS was also torn in two. Bill Porter's fingers nervously shuffled the pile of magazines. "My FFM is gone M'love, have you seen it?"

"That's probably the one that Fritzie was chowing on this afternoon. I was afraid it would upset his stomach, the poor dear, so I burned it."

Bill Porter cast a furtive glance at the golden coated Pomoranian comfortably ensconced in the easy chair, and clenched his fists spasmodically.

Penelope Potter's fingers selected a chocolate delectable, raised it half-way to her petulant lips, then halted.

"I want you to throw that trash out or burn it up this instant! I've made up my mind! Why, just yesterday Mortie Goodwin was in for tea and just laughed herself sick when she saw one you had left under the cushion of Fritzie's chair. She had the gall to ask me if I made you hide them! I've had all I can take, burn them this instant."

Bill Porter felt a tear slide down his cheek as he lovingly tucked the bundle under his arm. Ignoring the shrill chatter of his spouse, he walked with heavy tread to the door of his bedroom and disappeared within.

"Bill Porter!! You come out here this instant and burn those -- BLAM!!" The shot reverberated through the house, shaking the walls and causing the crystal pendants of the chandelier to tinkle merrily.

Bill Porter shuffled cautiously thru the trailing mist that obscured his vision. All was an opaque grey, pressing in, pressing down. Abruptly a magnificent portal loomed before him. Delicate traceries of intricate design chased themselves in endless profusion around the casing of a massive golden door. Almost before his eyes could take it all in, the door swung slowly open and a voice, issuing from nowhere and everywhere, said: "Come in, Bill Porter."

Bill Porter entered, and the mist was gone. He was standing in a large columned hall which stretched into the distance. Immediately before him, a golden desk held a large golden book. Seated behind the desk was a man, a big man, with flow-

ing black hair. He was garbed in a long white robe, trimmed in gold.

"Welcome, Bill Porter, are you ready for Judgment?"

Bill Porter now knew where he was. "Yes sir," he answered.

Of its own volition the great golden book parted and the man placed a finger on a line and read.

"Know Bill Porter, thou has been weighed and found wanting as are all who enter this door. Thou was tried in absentia, as is the custom here, with due deliberation given to thy good deeds and to thy shortcomings. The verdict returned by the jury was justifiable suicide, and a recommendation for mercy entered on the record." The golden book slowly closed as the big man arose and extended a hand across the desk.

"Hiya Bill, my name is Pete. Used to be a fisherman down near Gallilee. Welcome to Heaven!"

Richard E Avery is an MSFSer, living in Alaska by special invitation of Uncle Sam. Dick's fiction has appeared in SPACEWARP and now, in MUTANT. His full address is:

M/Sgt Richard E Avery 6913284,
Hq & Hq Sqdn, Alaskan Air Command,
APO 942, c/o Postmaster,
Seattle, Washington.



THE TRAVELER

NFFF MS Bureau.

by Ken Bitchford

I wake at night in cold sweat among the stars.
Nakedly I laugh, pretending not to care,
Yet hiding my nakedness with a comet's tail.

I run along with a star cluster
Free of my body, my soul.

Or I stand in the blackness, sufficient in myself.

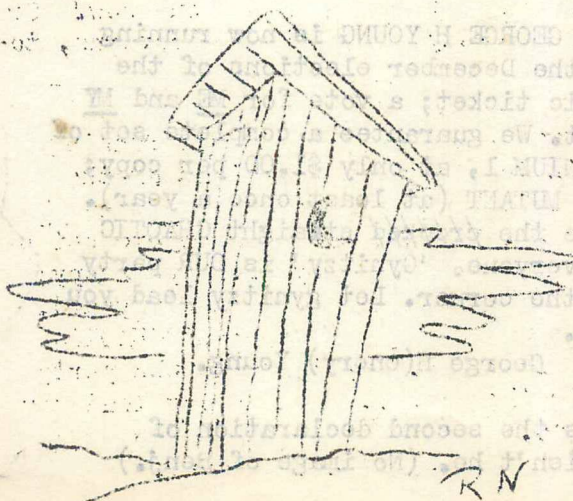
Sometimes I take a dip to Earth and play on Olympus
far an hour or two
With a centaur or a satyr.

But always I race up again seeking to pierce to the
centre of some alien sun,
And never quite making it.

On Sirius I revel to the dancing girl's tune,
Laugh on Polaris with a thick-lidded wench.

Dashing, never stopping, I grab this galaxy or
that
And crush it in my grip:
The universe, my toy. Power, My symbol.

When finally weary of my sport, I swing back to Sol,
And after taking a cursory glance about at my nightly
playthings,
I brush the sleep from my eyes
And get up to see if it has rained any
During the night.



THIS FANDOM

GOES,

SO GOES THE

IMAGINATION

M U T A T E D G E N E S

My dear S. Metchette:

Thanks for the copy of Mutant. Your society is getting out a fine fanzine, and you and your fellow editors are to be congratulated on it. Appears to have excellent material. Your article on the Saint very interesting; he is one of my favorite crime heroes, a modern Robin Hood. Success to you. If I can help you in any way, call on me.

David H Keller.
55 Broad St.,
Stroudsburg, Pa.

Thank you, Dr Keller, for your kind words. My 'fellow editors' includes every MSFS member. They write the stories, do the covers and the illios, publish and mail the mag. Again, thanks.

Speech To Missfits Everywhere:

Bems, fems, bums, lend me your audios, I come to praise George Young, not to bury him. During the past year he has served long and faithfully in the post of Director of Publications, so faithfully in fact, that he ought to have a higher title than Dir. of Pubs. He is destined for better things.

But when he moves on, what square peg will be there trying to fill his (if you'll pardon the expression) round hole? Why, me, of natch.

A few reasons, why I might fit are (1) both SPACEWARP and MUTANT are soon to be printed in Cadillac; (2) Cadillac has the highest per capita fan population in the U.S.; we ought to have an officer here; (3) I have had quite a little experience in the mag printing line: a mimeo, a hecto, a silk screen, and just oodles of ideas.

Just for the hell of it, vote a straight 'Chaotic' ticket: George Young for President; Art Rapp for Secretary-Treasurer; Ray Nelson for Director of Publications. With the Chaotic party in office you can't lose (or win either. We just ignore you.)

Vote for Nelson for Chaos!

(signed) Radell Noslon,
433 Chapin E.,
Buick, Michigan.

I wonder if the Chaotics are supported by popular opinion, as reported by the Gallup Poll? This is the first announcement of impending candidacy for office; the rest of you MSFS politicians get your filing done now! Or you may wake up with the Chaotics in power! To-day they rule the caverns, to-morrow, Michigan !!

Attention all MISFITS:

Be it here announced that GEORGE H YOUNG is now running for the office of president in the December elections of the MSFS. I am running on the Chaotic ticket; a vote for ME and MY COLLEAGUES on the Chaotic ticket. We guarantee a complete set of SHAVER AMAZINGS; the book MILLENIUM 1, at only \$1.00 per copy; a free set of future fotos; the MUTANT (at least once a year). So how can you lose (much). Vote the ~~proper~~ straight CHAOTIC TICKET. Oh yes! A gynitzy for everyone. 'Gynitzy' is OUR party emblem, as witness the seal in the corner. Let gynitzy lead you on to gory -oops, glory heights.

George H(enary) Young.

That (rather unfortunately) is the second declaration of candidacy! Ugly little imp, isn't he. (No image of Benj.)

EVERY MSFS MEMBER SHOULD VOTE! IT IS YOUR DUTY! VOTE...as you please, but VOTE

20-1-1-1-1-1

1. Richard L. Vague, Agent for... The Editor...
2. Richard L. Vague, Agent for... The Editor...
3. Richard L. Vague, Agent for... The Editor...
4. Richard L. Vague, Agent for... The Editor...
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