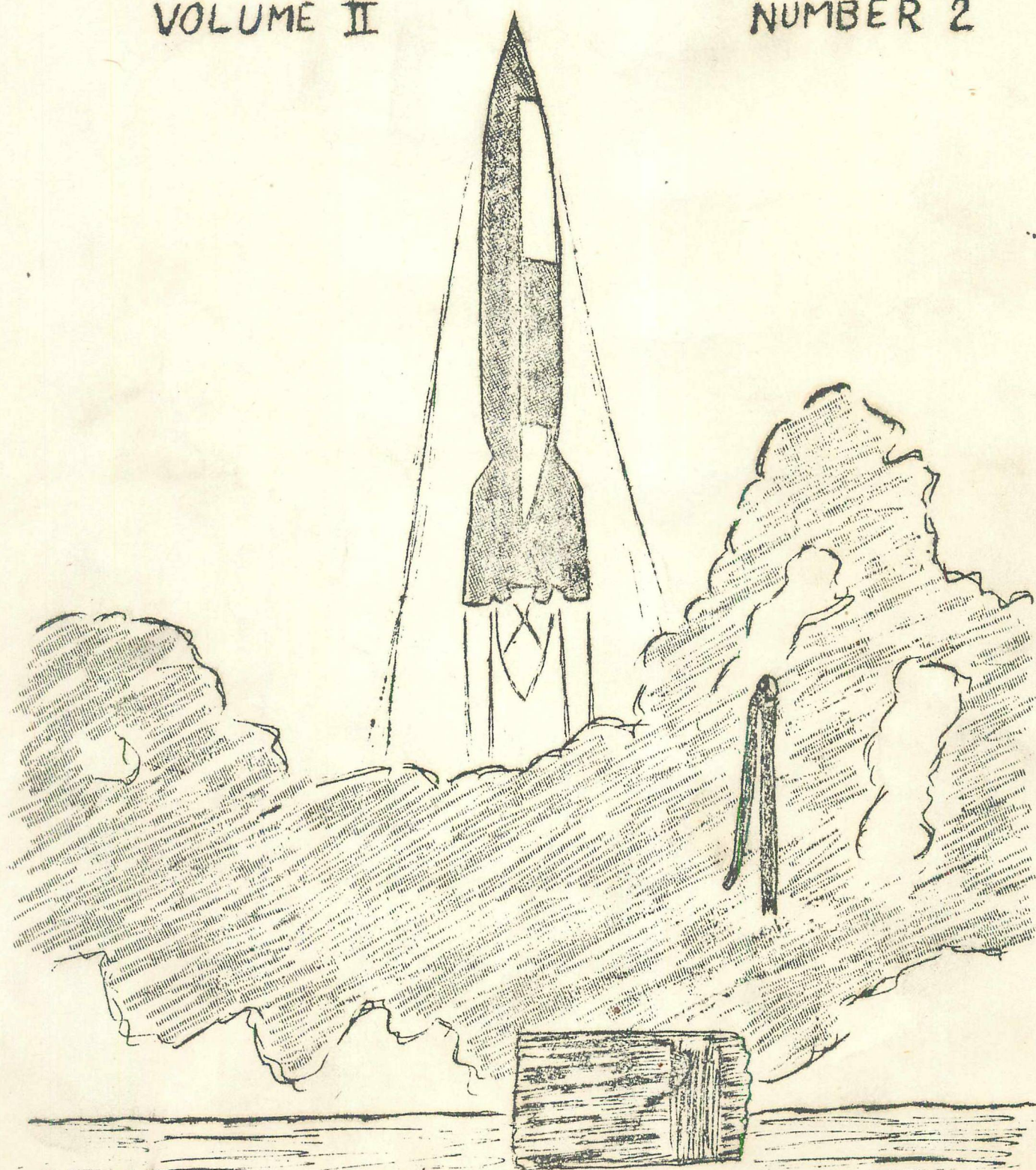


The

MUTANT

VOLUME II

NUMBER 2



CONTENTS

(Counting from this page as Page One -- any resemblance between page numbers listed here and those on the pages themselves is indubitably fortuitous. Meaning: you should only live so long!)

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Cover	NORMAN KOSSUTH
Interiors	RADELL NELSON

ARTICLES:

Three sequels to "The Gullible Herd" --

(a) In Which Charles Darwin and Ben Singer are Devoured by a Pterodactyl	RADELL NELSON
(b) In Which Radell Nelson and his Ptero- dactyl are Devoured by Ben Singer and Charles Darwin	BEN SINGER
(c) In Which Darwin is Confused and Singer is Presented with the Prospect of Atomic Death	RADELL NELSON
Was Fort A Crackpot?	ARTHUR H. RAPP
ASF, 1947	REDD BOGGS

FICTION:

Judgment	RADELL NELSON
Red Desert	BILL GROOVER
The Proof	BEN SINGER
The Great STF Hoax	BEN SINGER
Patron of the Arts	STEWART METCHETTE

POETRY:

Until Now	E. E. BISCHIED
The Blood Remains	GENEVIEVE K. STEPHENS
Synthetic Spaceflight	GENEVIEVE K. STEPHENS
Here Lieth Horror	GENEVIEVE K. STEPHENS

DEPARTMENTS:

Editorial	GEORGE YOUNG
Michifen Meet	
Mutated Genes (letter column)	

((WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?))

THE MUTANT, Official Organ of the MICHIGAN SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY.
Published bi-monthly. Subscription rate: 50¢ per year.
10¢ per single copy. Free to MSFS Members.

Staff this ish:

BILL GROOVER, Head Cheese
r-tRapp, assistant cheese

Staff Next ish:

STEWART METCHETTE, Slavedriver
r-tRapp, slave

Live in or around Michigan? Join the MSFS, the world's fastest-growing state fanciub! Meets bi-weekly, in various cities of Michigan and vicinity. Write for details!

EDITORIAL

by r-trapp, pinch-hitting for BILL GROOVER

In its (to date) four-issue career, THE MUTANT has racked up a rather spectacular record of hard sailing. Ben Singer founded this zine about a year ago, got out two issues, and then was forced to retire from actifandom for a while because he was working about 16 hours a day. Or, as a stickler for accuracy would put it, he was being paid for working 16 hours a day. Ah, well.....

With the formation of the MSFS early this spring, Mutie was revived, the work being done by Ben and by George Young. For some obscure reason, chiefly that both fen took on other MSFS duties, the zine was then turned over to Bill Groover, with a promise from me to do the cutting of stencils.

Bill's noble start on a super-ish was cut short by his leaving a week or so ago to take a job on a Great Lakes boat, so he turned the partly-completed issue over to me. Unfortunately, he left on extremely short notice, so we had no time to straighten out what went where, etc. As a result, I've merely put together what Bill had ready for inclusion -- and managed to snafu the page-numbering in the process. I am also to blame for the lousy mimeoing on several of the pages. Bill, by cranking out several issues of SPACEWARP on the MSFS mimeo, learned how to combat the quirks of the machine, which has a personality of its own. I might add that this ish of THE MUTANT taught me a lot of them.

A rough checkup of production costs shows that each copy of THE MUTANT costs approximately 9.5¢ for materials alone. At 50¢ per year, you subscribers pay 8.3¢ per issue, which shows (a) you're getting your money's worth by subbing to MUTANT, and (b) why the MSFS treasury has chronic anemia.

Last minute notes: The blurb on "Judgment" (p.3) doesn't mean what it says. The word "not" should be "now." My fault, again.

In the MSFS roster (p.13) another name should be added: Norman Kossuth, 86 Cedarhurst, Detroit 3, Michigan. Norm has also been appointed MSFS Librarian, and, as stated on the back cover, fuz in exchange for Mutie should be sent him.

Steve Metchette takes over for the July ish. He needs, of course, COPY! How about helping him out? Bearing up under the MUTANT's editorial jinx is hard enuf without THAT perennial plague of fanzine editors to worry about, also.

I wonder how Redd Boggs got into this ish? All the other contributors, by coincidence, happen to be Michifen. Ah, well, Redd's a nice guy. He can't help it that he was so unfortunate as not to be living in Michigan. If I'm not mistaken, Minnesota is part of the U.S. too.

In closing, I'll quote, on behalf of Bill, George Young's famous MSFS slogan:

"Get On The Beam With The Michigan Team"

- END -

IN WHICH CHARLES DARWIN AND BEN SINGER
DEVoured BY A PTERODACTYL

Radell Nelson

Arm yourself, Ben Singer. I have come to fight for my religion
My sword will be logic and my shield, faith. Have that, you!

In "The Gullible Herd" you intimate that to be smart is to be
an atheist, and all smart people are atheists. Your hero, Charles
Darwin, was no atheist. He was, on the contrary, quite a religious
man. And his theory of evolution was not a blow to religion. (Quote
the ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA, vol. 8, page 488 "Darwin points out that
the theory of evolution by natural selection is no more inimical to
religion than that of gravitation." Darwin himself said that.

I guess that means Darwin can't be on your side anymore, Singer
but you won't miss him much. Lately the French scientist, Dr. Lecomte
Du Nouy LL.B., PhD, ScD, ect., has found some very embarrassing flaws
in Darwins theory. Consider the Pterodactyl, first animal to fly
and great great ect. grandpop of the modern bird. Unpleasant
looking monster isn't he? He started out as an ordinary dinosaur, a
rather small and sickly one at that. Then, generation by generation,
he began to grow wings. They were an awful bother to him. Always
underfoot and catching on things, but too small and rudimentary to do
him any good. Was he the fittest animal, the one Darwin would bet on
to survive? Not him! The tyrannosaurus, 47 feet of solid reptilian
might, with teeth three to six inches long, was the fittest of dino-
saurs, almost by default. ((Too big, Mr. Nelson. wng)) He probably
devoured dozens of helpless, clumsy pterodactyls every day. The
tyrannosaurus died off, without a predecessor, but the pterodactyl
took to the wild blue, and fathered the race of our modern birds.
this is a case of survival of the unfittest. Nature herself has the
last laugh on Darwin.

But why did the poor stupid pterodactyl go thru all the trouble
and danger of growing wings? He could not have predicted that they
would be useful in time, for he, like some people I know, flaps of
skin.... for generations? Some power, some plan, compelled him to
develop. Some wise and wonderful power. Aw, let's come right out
and say it. IT WAS GOD.

XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXX

EDITORS! WRITERS! TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT BUREAU

SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPTS TO THE MANUSCRIPT BUREAU OF THE
N3F Get YOUR mms into a variety of fanzines

CONTACT A-T RAPP

2120 BAY STREET
SAGINAW MICH.

IN WHICH RADELL NELSON AND HIS PTERODACTYL
ARE DEVoured BY BEN SINGER AND CHARLES DARWIN

by Ben Singer

You say, Radell, that Charles Darwin was "a religious man." I agree with you on one point -- he was a religious boy. Later, as he matured and began to reason, he spoke to Lyell with contempt of that "corporate animal, the Clergy." Speaking of why he gave up Christianity, he said: "It is not supported by the evidence."

It is herewith admitted that the ending of "The Origin of Species" did give hope to the priests. "There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one...." BUT five years after this was published, Darwin said in a letter to Hooker (29 Mar 1863): "But I have long regretted that I truckled to public opinion, and used the Pentateuchal term of creation, by which I really meant 'appeared' by some wholly unknown process." --Life and Letters, v.2, p.202-3.

During Darwin's time, Athiests were held in disdain to a greater degree than now. And at that time it was dangerous to think in the manner you wished to think, and to speak in a likewise manner. So Darwin said to Buchner, ("Force and Matter") the German Atheist, concerning the existance of god: "I am with you in thought, but I should prefer the word Agnostic to the word Atheist." Agnosticism is very close to Atheism -- were he living today, Darwin would undoubtedly use the word "Atheist" in describing himself.

In re Tyrannosaurus -- I would say he just couldn't find enough food to feed his "47 feet of solid reptilian might." And why would your "wonderful power," "God," create this animal, knowing he was going to die off?

Also concerning our friend god, why did he make the poor pterodactyl grow such small, useless wings? "They were an awful bother to him. Always underfoot and catching on things, but too small and rudimentary to do him any good."

But you yourself proved Darwin's beliefs in your article. In stating that the tyrannosaurus was 47 feet in length, you presupposed that he ate a lot in order to maintain himself. But he died off, and the only reason that can be assumed is a food shortage. So he didn't adapt himself to the environment--therefore he was not the fittest.

But the pterodactyl did adapt himself to his environment by growing wings, which enabled him eventually to fly. Therefore he proved himself the fittest. Any objections?

You say "The tyrannosaurus died off, without a predecessor." Well, well! Would you explain yourself more clearly--or was that just a slip of the fingers?

You want me to "come right out and say it. It was GOD." If you wish. It was god--that created all the earthquakes--they tied in with his Design of Things; it was god--that killed the millions and millions of little, innocent babies; it was god--that gave the world the heavenly blessings of leprosy, tuberculosis, bubonic plague, diphtheria, etc. It was god--that saw to it that animals had to kill themselves off for food. I could go on and on for days just reciting the blessings of god, Radell. But I think you know them all.

After reading your refutation, I come to the conclusion that your first paragraph should read:

"My shield is my sword and faith is my logic."

-END-

IN WHICH DARWIN IS CONFUSED, AND SINGER IS
PRESENTED WITH THE PROSPECT OF ATOMIC DEATH.

by Radell Nelson

So Darwin did get a little confused as he grew old. He wasn't a Christian, but then, he wasn't an atheist either. He was an agnostic. He wasn't sure there was a God, and he wasn't sure there wasn't, so I doubt if he'd call himself an atheist. He just didn't know.

Why did God create the tyrannosaurus? Only He really knows the answer to that one, but I can make guesses. Perhaps he likes to experiment. Perhaps he creates these animals and gives them the gift of free will as part of the equipment they need for life. When free will is involved, the outcome of creature's evolution is not predestined, and hence, not foreseeable, -- even by God.

Why did God give the pterodactyl such useless wings? Those wings were just a stepping stone between the dinosaur and the bird. God burdened the pterodactyl with rudimentary wings so that He could (using one of his most effective tools, --evolution!) create a bird. The fittest animals are not the ones who survive! The survivors are the animals who best serve God's will.

There will be no argument about who is the "fittest." I would just like to point out that it was God who produced the food shortage to kill off the tyrannosaurus. God was just cleaning up after his experiment.

When you criticize God for producing disease, you miss the whole point. Why even now, God, thru his gift to us of intelligence, is hard at work destroying these menaces to his latest experiment, man. Be patient, Ben! Remember, it took him a length of time greater than our entire history to finish off the dinosaur. Since He is immortal, He can afford to take a long time and do a good job.

I have always wondered just how an atheist could remain an atheist while walking over God's world and standing right in the center of His great workshop, with God's projects being carried on in plain sight all around him.

Right at this very moment we are taking part in what is to us His most important experiment. He gave us intelligence and also, thru Christ, told us what He wanted us to do. He told us to form a worldwide brotherhood of man. If we do not stop fighting and form this brotherhood, He will end His experiment in men with an atomic war, and try something else. It's hard on man's pride to follow God's orders like that, but no one has a better plan than God's for saving the human race, and I, personally, feel like staying alive a little longer. Ay what, Brother Singer??

- END -

((Having devoted this much space to discussing the question, Mutant's editor feels that the subject is closed. Very few people can argue religion as Singer and Nelson have done, without descending to personalities and such. The two fan, and other interested parties, are continuing their discussion by exchange of letters. If you want to add your two cent's worth, you can find both their addresses elsewhere in this issue of the Mutant!))

c/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/
ꝑ RED DESERT ꝑ
c/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/ꝑc/

by Bill Groover

I never did like the idea of going to Mars to teach school, but somehow, I like it here now. I'd heard stories about Martian children, but I never actually knew what they were like. As a matter of fact, I still don't know, but now I have a better idea.

I heard stories of how uncivilized the Martians were, but now I think they're more civilized than we are. I'll tell the whole story Commissioner, so you'll understand why I've decided to stay.

Just arriving from Earth after taking my board exam, I went to see the schoolhouse. I expected poor conditions, but what I saw was even worse than I'd anticipated. The red brick building had no windows and some of the bricks were missing. It was terribly hard to heat, and the water had bugs in it -- when there was water. The children said the bugs didn't matter, and water was to them an extra treat. Did you know some of them had never seen water before? What they drink, I'll never know. I'm afraid to ask.

When I walked into the classroom, the children glared at me belligerently. "Do you speak English?" I asked in Jjik (the Martian language).

One of the class spoke. "Sure. We have always had Earth teachers --intruding Earth teachers," he said. "I can speak like an Earthman." I asked him what his name is and he replied, "Earthmen call me Jack, but my name is Jzakjzit."

I asked the class to write their names on cards, and found that most of them had names given to them by Earthmen. They didn't seem to mind about that, and I wondered what made them so hostile. I soon wrote it off as the difference in race, but I found out my error.

It was during the summer vacation. Seems funny to call it a summer, when it's actually during the Martian winter -- anyhow, a little Martian showed up at my house one morning and told me I was invited to dinner.

I had never been inside a Martian's house before, and I was curious.

The inside was spotless, and there were luxurious rugs on the floor, but it was the apparatus in the center of the room that reminded me of home.

The master of the house told me it hadn't functioned in a thousand years because of the hydroelectric power, and they didn't dare use atomic power.

Yes, they have atomic power -- and they are getting ready to attack Earth.

As I was saying -- Yes, Earth has perfected atomic power too. I think that war can be averted by gaining control of Earth government and giving Mars her independence. Of course, Earthmen would not suspect the existence of creatures from another galaxy -- why, they don't even realize that there are intelligent races on their own outer planets!

- END -

ROCKET SHIP PASSING THE MOON - startling, realistic photo! Only 15¢
from FUTUREPHOTOS, 22120 Middlebelt, Box 384, Farmington, Michigan!

WAS FORT A CRACKPOT?

by r-trapp

??

THERE exists a strange gap in the tapestry of fantalk-subjects, one which should be woven over with the threads of controversy and speculation. I cannot understand why Zandom is so little concerned with the theories of Charles Fort.

Sure, all fen have heard of the guy -- what would AMZ do for filler items if they couldn't round up a few Fortean incidents? Perhaps you've even read H. Allen Smith's "Low Man On A Totem Pole" and the belittling account of Fort and his associates contained therein.

But -- did you ever read Fort's books?

If you haven't, your concept of Charles Fort is probably this: A rather screwballish sort of character, who, miserlike, collected clippings from back-country newspapers to support his unorthodox theories, much as Shaver supported his claims with selected facts & references, many of which needed "reading between the lines."

IF YOU DO have that concept of Fort, don't read his books -- because they are sure to give you one hell of a shock. Might even permanently damage your nervous system. As my sister put it after two pages of The Book of the Damned: "Brrr, this gives me the creeps!"

Perhaps you should be prepared for your reading of Fort. Helpfully, I list some of your notions which will be rudely shattered:

(1) Fort merely gathered together odds and ends, something like a "Believe It Or Not" cartoon. FALSE! Fort begins by explaining his own system of philosophy, based upon the proposition that all "knowledge" is an approximation of reality, that the ultimate truth about anything can never be learned. To support this theory, he proceeds with irresistible logic to demonstrate that there is no such thing as "exact" science.

(2) "Fortean incidents" are distorted rumor or folktales. FALSE! His sources in the vast majority of cases are the reports and periodicals of scientific organizations. For every item he got from the Podunk Gazette, he has half a dozen from Nature, Scientific American, The Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society, or other sources of equally "scientific" character. In many cases Fort merely points out the astounding implications or fallacies in orthodox explanations of phenomena. It is almost worth the price of his books (five bucks!) just to learn why meteorites in museums are almost invariably composed of nickel-iron!

(3) Fort believed "we are property;" that the stars are mere holes in a screen with light shining thru them; or that the sky is made of gelatin. FALSE! His books are full of such queer "explanations" for the things which he records -- but over and over again, he states that these are hypotheses, explanations which cover the known facts fully as well as accepted theories, no better and no worse. "Nothing could surprise me," he says, and then details an "explanation" which, if true, would not surprise him. At that, some of the Fortean theories are less bizarre than comparable aspects of the recent Shaveristic dogma.

This speculative habit of Fort has perhaps done more than anything else to throw his work into disrepute. Quote Fort out of context and you have an idiot attempting to substitute fantastic chaos for the order and logic of science. You are justified in quoting Shaver in that manner, for Shaver claims his anti-orthodox information is straight from the horse's (or Aero's) mouth. But all Fort says is, "I don't know -- This and this happened; how do YOU explain it? Maybe....." Drop the introduction; drop the "maybe" and you have left the babbling of a crackpot.

(4) Fort was trying to overthrow science. ONLY PARTLY TRUE! Fort did not say that science was humbug. He merely said that science is humbug when it refuses to notice evidence which does not agree with accepted theory. Fort knew he would never accomplish a scientific revolution. He pokes fun at you as you read his books: "Remember such-and-such an incident from an earlier chapter?" he asks, "What, have you forgotten so soon? It is always easier to forget than to explain." Fort admitted that science is indispensable to practical affairs; but refuses to accept science (or anything else) as a final authority.

I have a question: Why isn't Fort universally known to fandom? True, his philosophy is unsatisfying -- you can't conceive a perfect world based on the premise that nothing is perfect. True, if you cannot accept his fantastic hypotheses, you have the annoying job of formulating hypotheses of your own. True, science finds it easier to ignore Fort than to discredit him.

But science has forgotten (?) the flying discs -- and fandom speculates. And Fort speculates.....

Science is vague about extra-terrestrial life -- and fandom speculates! And Fort speculates.....

Science did not notice that the recent spectacular meteor that flashed across midwestern U.S. occurred the night Mars was closer to Earth than any time in two years. A few fans noticed the co-incidence. And Fort noticed that the law of probability is working overtime on that particular coincidence.....

Fort is dead, but his thoughts live on in his four books: Lo!, Wild Talents, The Book of the Damned, and New Lands. Lock 'em over.

athiesmatheismathiesmathiesmathi
t
h THE PROOF e
iesmathiesmathiesmathiesmathiesm

by Ben Singer

It was dawn--and the earth was still and dead.

The dull rocks stood where vegetation had once spawned its own kind.

And there were no clouds in the sky--but the sun shone no more brightly; for the sun was red and bloated.

There was no longer even any evidence that living things had once inhabited the planet -- once called earth.

But this dawn was different; for as it grew lighter the observing rocks noticed a hazy substance materializing -- materializing IN THE SHAPE OF A MAN. Then another of the same appeared. Then another. And another.

All in all, one hundred and fifty of these man-images appeared--appeared upon the cemetary earth.

And they began to speak.

"How did we get here?" Thomas Paine asked of Edison.

"Certainly by no will of the hateful clergy," answered infidel Tom Edison.

"What purpose? No mortal ask--for how can a mortal know of things not proposed by himself," Shakespeare said.

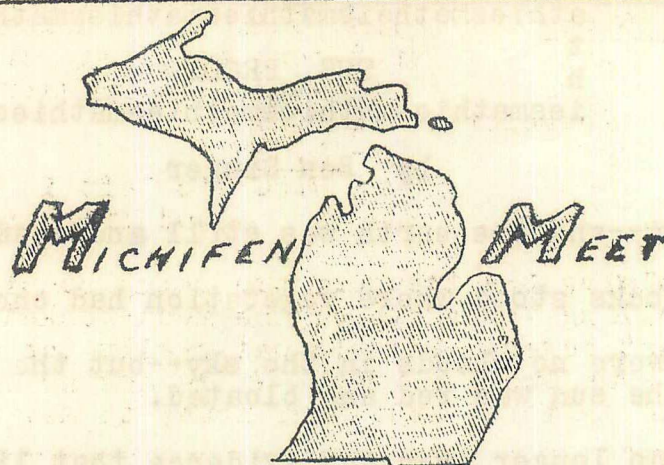
"I believe it certainly will do us no harm; for we were all rotting away in our graves before; now we function!" chuckled Honest Abe.

"But it is impossible," said Baron d'Holbach. "THE EXISTENCE OF A SOUL IS AN ABSURD SUPPOSITION, AND THE EXISTENCE OF AN IMMORTAL SOUL IS A STILL MORE ABSURD SUPPOSITION. Although it is impossible for men to have the least idea of the soul, or of this pretended spirit which animates them, they persuade themselves, however, that this unknown soul is exempt from death; though everything proves to them that they feel, think, acquire ideas, enjoy or suffer, only by the means of the senses or of the material organs of the body. Even admitting the existence of this soul, one cannot refuse to recognize that it depends wholly on the body, and suffers conjointly with it all the vicissitudes which it experiences itself; and however it is imagined that it has by nature nothing analogous with it, it is pretended that it can act and feel without the assistance of the body; that deprived of this body and robbed of its senses, this soul will be able to live, to enjoy, to suffer, be sensitive of enjoyment of rigorous torments. Upon such a tissue of conjectural absurdities the wonderful opinion of the immortality of the soul is built."

"Which is to say, in short, that we shouldn't exist?" asked Hume.

"I believe the Baron is correct," said Darwin. Spencer nodded his head in agreement.

The decision became unanimous among the world's greatest men. At which point they disappeared. Forever.



Here we go again! I'll bet you thought this Mutant was never coming out! What an agonizing quarter-year the last three months have been. I never thought it took so much time and energy to organize fan clubs. Running back and forth over the 100 miles between Farmington and Saginaw, trying to balance the budget (Ha, that's a joke. These birds think money spews from rayguns. They all know how to spend it, but when it comes to shelling out -- I say again, Ha!) and building up the membership -- all in all, its a rugged deal.

To get down to business, I will now explain the whys and wherefors of the Director of Publications, that's me. When we organized the MSFS back in February, we decided to have six officers, i.e., President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Mutant Editor, and Assistant Editor -- but when Art Rapp was elected Secretary, he explained that with Space-warp, school and work, he had little time for MSFS duties. I saw a mad gleam light President Singer's eyes. I tiptoed cautiously toward the door, but too late! There was a mad scramble, and seven pairs of clammy hands clutched my throat. Eyes peered at me, and fingers pointed. You, they all said. Yes, said Singer, giving that vicious cackle for which he is so well known, you shall do the dirty work, Young.

Someone whispered softly, but he's only the Treasurer -- we can't force him to do secretarial work. We'll fix that, said Singer, we'll give him an ego-boosing title and then pile the work on. Singer said to me, George old boy, old pal, chum, buddy buddy, we have decided your talents are wasted as a simple treasurer -- you are now Director of Publications!

So here am I, dejectedly pushing a pen (I have no typer) across a page. I have to take charge of all funds, keep books, welcome new members, provide Groover with money to get the Mutant out, ad infinitus, and report all such things through this column.

Therefore -- Treasurer's Report for February-April 1948:

<u>INCOME</u>			<u>DEBT</u>	
Feb.	Registration fees	\$ 4.00	Loans	\$ 9.21
"	Dues	1.05		
Mar.	Registration fees	5.00	Paper	3.56
"	Dues	2.70	Stencils	1.49
"	Auction of book	.25	Ink	1.00
"			Postage	.50
Apr.	Registration fees	2.00	Michifan	.60
"	Dues	1.65	Paper	2.00
TOTAL INCOME		\$16.65	TOTAL DEBT	
			\$18.36	

Total debt: \$ 18.36
Total income: 16.65
Deficit: \$ 1.71

Don't let that \$1.71 deficit scare you. The \$9.21 debt on loans in February has not been paid off yet, since the boys decided they could wait till the treasury gets on its feet. Therefore: \$ 9.21
- 1.71
\$ 7.50 is left in the Treasury at the end of April.

Ideas for helping the treasury are being considered. One of the best so far is selling the photo of the moon-rocket that we originally planned as a Mutant cover. The pic was really too small for a cover, although it made some swell prints. We're asking 15¢ apiece for them, so if you wish one or more, send your money to me.

Roster of MSFS Membership

Martin Alger, 118 N. Center Street, Royal Oak, Michigan.
E. E. Eischied, Box 111, Goodrich, Michigan.
Bill Groover, 113 N. Porter St., Saginaw, Michigan.
Tom Kennedy, 402 Holbrook, Cadillac, Michigan.
Ed Kuss, 7502 Grixdale, Detroit 12, Michigan.
C. Stewart Metchette, 3551 King Street, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.
Radell Nelson, 433 E. Chapin St., Cadillac, Michigan.
Harold Catley, Cass City, Michigan.
Arthur H. Rapp, 2120 Bay St. Saginaw, Michigan.
Fred Delah, 3960 Beechwood, Pontiac, Michigan.
Ben Singer, 3242 Monterey Dr., Detroit 6, Michigan.
George Young, 22180 Middlebelt, Box 384, Farmington, Michigan.

At last report the Cadillac fen are planning a fanzine of their own: Universe, which sounds like a promising addition to the ranks of stf and fantasy publications. Write Radell Nelson for details.

After Groover took over the Mutant, Singer mooned around like a sick calf. Eventually he forced me into doing the dirty work on a new fanzine, to be called United Fandom, the fanzine of facts. It will be in 1 or 2 sheets or more per issue, published whenever I have time to hakte it, and will run a couple cents a sheet. If interested, send a nickel or dime to Singer or myself, and we'll send you the first few issues. If you returned one of our fanpolls you'll get UF's first ish free, within a month or so.

Then, too, there is Spacewarp, fandom's top monthly. You can get 3 issues of Spacewarp by sending 25¢ to Art Rapp. ((Good idea.--ahr)). Incidentally, r-trapp now heads the NFFF Manuscript Bureau. He needs all types of fanzine stuff -- fiction, articles, artwork, etc. Well....???

In the latest TNFF was the 1943 roster, which places Michigan in ninth place, tied with Minnesota and Ontario, which also have 7 members. Come on, gang, get on the beam with the Michigan team! Let's not sit back and let the fen of California, New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Louisiana, New Jersey, and Massachusetts outnumber us! Whether you join the MSFS or not, you should join fandom's national organization The National Fantasy Fan Federation. Send a buck to K. Martin Carlson, 1028 Third Ave. South, Moorhead, Minnesota.

Ben Singer and I visited the home of our Canadian member, Steve Metchette, the other day. Thanks goes to Stewart's Mom for the swell

meal she served us. We hadn't had a thing to eat since breakfast until we reached Steve's at 4:00 p.m. We'd been showing Steve the Detroit bookstores. After everyone had finished eating we retired to the living room for a lengthy discussion covering various subjects from governments to the funny papers. I got a great insight into Canadian government which goes to show what the best schools in the U.S. aren't teaching these days. Also, I got some views of America that I hadn't even thought of. It's remarkable what you can't see about yourself until someone with an outside viewpoint shows them to you.

About the aforementioned funnies, it seems that one of the Windsor papers carries an old favorite of mine, Buck Rogers. None of the Detroit papers carries this strip right now. Steve showed us some magazine sections from the Toronto Star Weekly about a Golden-haired Amazon of the Spaceways. As for stf fans, it would probably be considered pure hack, but as Singer puts it, for the Gullible Herd it was out of the extra-ordinary. I found Mr. & Mrs. Metchette very good conversationalists, not to mention Steve himself. All in all, a good time was had by everyone.

Some of the MSFS membership went to the Annex Theater about 3 weeks ago to see the revival of "The Invisible Man" and "The Invisible Man Returns," both based on HGWells' famous story. Good science-fiction in a rather humorous form. Ah, well, now for the record of events--

14 March 1948 - attendance 10 - At our fourth statewide meet we drafted a constitution (which appears in this issue of The Mutant). We did this by splitting into four groups, each drafting one section. The meeting was held at Art Rapp's in Saginaw. Harold Oatley and Fred Reich were accepted into the fold with eager hands stretched for the registration fees. I slapped Singer's hands down, though, and put the money into the treasury.

28 March 1948 - attendance 7 - The fifth statewide meeting was held in Pontiac at the home of Fred Reich. Two more new members were enrolled, E.E.Eischied and Radell Nelson. The fact that it was Easter cut the attendance. The Constitution was adopted unanimously. Fred's mother donated a luscious chocolate cake decorated with a picture of the great stfan-inventor, Morgan Betts.

11 April 1948 - attendance 7 - The sixth statewide meeting was the best yet. The President of the Detroit Rocket Society, Mr. Alfred J. Zaeh-ringer, attended and gave a talk on the history and status of rocket research. We have since subscribed to their OO, Rocketflight. The MSFS became an international affair when S.Stewart Metchette of Windsor, Ontario, showed up at the meeting and met the members.

25 April 1948 - attendance 6 - This meeting, held at Ed Kuss' home in Detroit, was rather informal, since the Saginaw fen weren't there. (I'll explain that -- since Art is secretary, it was decided we wouldn't have a business meeting because the rest of these lazy bums wouldn't take the minutes of the meeting. I transferred the bookkeeping from an old notebook to a ledger where I could make out a semblance of order.

9 May 1948 - attendance 7 - The eighth meeting was in Saginaw. A letter was received from the President of the Detroit Rocket Society, inviting a member of the MSFS to speak to that group at a forthcoming meeting. Martin Alger was nominated for the honor, but since he will not be in this part of Michigan in June, he will not be able to give it.

Anyway, as Singer says, someone will give the speech, and all the time he keeps looking at me.

Recently the Detroit News ran an article called "Rocket to the Moon held feasible but not sensible." Now we, being old spacedogs at heart, became very indignant and sent a letter to the News, which was published on 22 April. It was titled, "We need the Moon," and went on to explain why. We summed up by saying, "Do not allow people who think on a 15th Century basis deter us from making the greatest advance in the history of the globe!"

The membership cards have been designed, printed, and signed by the president. Most of the members picked theirs up at the last meet; others will get theirs in the mail soon. If you haven't sent in your \$1.00 for membership in the MSFS because you wouldn't get anything for it, remember, now you get a whole membership card and a Mutant sub! Come on, fellows and gals, break down and join the MSFS, or if you live out of state, subscribe to the Mutant and read my scribblings every two months!

See all you Bemlins again soon,

GEORGE H. YOUNG
Director of Publications
MSFS.

THE BLOOD REMAINS

by Genevieve K. Stephens

The telltale blood of murdered man
Clings to his hands that killed,
And there is naught removes the stain,
The thickened scarlet they have spilled.
For still the blood remains.

The food held halfway to his mouth
Turns suddenly to clay,
He can not eat with gory hands,
The gore that will not wash away;
For still the blood remains.

At night his sweaty palms are salt,
He rises from his bed,
And holds them long beneath the tap
But still they glisten wetly red;
For still the blood remains.

And at the wake of him he killed,
He listens to the prayer,
Then quietly he leaves the place
And wrings his hands in hot despair
For still the blood remains.

And he looks down upon his hands
Until he is quite mad,
And hacks at them with the murder knife
Till his blood spurts free and glad;
But still the blood remains.

& &
& ASF, 1947 &
& &
& &

This is the first of two parts. The second will appear in the next issue of THE MUTANT

by REDD BOGGS

FOREWORD: During the year 1947 the so-called "aristocrat of stf," Astounding Science-Fiction, continued its leadership in the field, and despite increasingly tough competition from TWS and Startling (who more and more were featuring authors that ASF had developed), by year's end ASF was even increasing its lead slightly. Considering the year as a whole, I believe the most significant developments of 1947 were the adoption by ASF of a revised format, which made the magazine once more impressive-looking as of yore, and the return of Hubert Rogers to the cover. ASF's best stories during 1947 were, in my opinion, as follows: "The Equalizer," "Maturity," "E For Effort," "Aesop" and "Child's Play" -- with others, as "The End Is Not Yet," "Tomorrow's Children," "Fury" and "Thunder and Roses," not far behind. While ASF in 1947 rated considerably lower than it did in 1939-42 in sheer interest, the magazine was unmistakably headed toward a new golden era similar to the one that ended in the middle war years. A detailed account of its twelve issues for 1947 follows. ((This first part presents the issues from January to June, inclusive. The latter half of the year will be treated in part two.))

* * *

JANUARY: The year 1947 began, conventionally enough, at Astounding Science Fiction with the January 1947 issue -- but it was not until the February issue that Campbell made his first real break with the so-called "atomic war" cycle, thus presenting the "fresh something" which we like to believe the New Year will bring.

The best tale in the last issue of the old regime -- that is to say, the January 1947 issue -- was Part I of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" by Lewis Padgett. Significantly enough, it was a rather uninspired variation on the Campbellian "atomic tomorrow" theme, with twisted dimensions brought in for good measure. The fact that this story has not remained clear in the memory is proof that it was not a particularly "classical" yarn. The story rates a B.

Fully as uninspired a variation on another decrepit theme was "Housing Shortage" by oldtimer Harry Walton. A story about a house that encloses a time-warp, it followed others such as "House of Tomorrow," "And He Built A Crooked House," and "A Guest In The House" but ranked with none of them. Rating: C-. "Sinecure 6" (C) by another oldtimer, H.B.Fyfe, had a nice kick at the end. Bernard I. Kahn's "Command" was an interplanetary with a difference, although the gimmick itself may not have been new. It rates an even C. The other stories missed the mark, especially one stinker by Leinster, which was the sheerest hack he has been doing recently.

PAGE 10 DID YOU GET YOUR SUPER SNOOZ **COMES IN THREE SIZES 10 15 and 20 LB MALLETS. DON'T WORRY SLEEP LIKE SPACEMEN

FEBRUARY: February brought Theodore Sturgeon's "Maturity," a beautifully-written story that rates a straight A. The concept was what Campbell would call "lovely," and the characterization was strong. Both "Robin" and "Peg" should be long remembered. "The Timid Tiger" (B) by Eric Frank Russell was another finely done yarn, an interplanetary that was unusual. I enjoyed it fully as much as his earlier yarns, such as the "Jay Score" tales. "Pete Can Fix It" by Raymond F. Jones rates a D; it is another atomic war yarn where an alternate time-track in which the atomic problem has been dealt with differently impinges upon our world. An unconvincing gimmick at best, this device was used too frequently by ASF in 1946 and 1947 to be effective. "Eye To The Future" (C) by Rita Dragonette and "The Answer" (C) by George O. Smith were worth your while.

Outside of Sturgeon's fine yarn, the best thing about the February issue was the use of the new semi-slick paper and slightly larger-size format which spruced ASF up considerably.

MARCH: One of the best issues of the year presented a real plum in old reliable Jack Williamson's masterful "The Equalizer" (A-) which is a classic if he ever wrote one (and he did!). I have much affection for the theme -- spacefarers returning to Earth and finding the old globe strangely changed -- and Williamson really spell-bound with this sharply-drawn depiction. This is a story to remember and reread.

Another cause for rejoicing was Hubert Rogers' return to the cover. He turned in a beautiful painting for the Williamson story.

New author Poul Anderson's debutale, "Tomorrow's Children" (B+) was a picture of a post-atomic civilization, very convincingly done. Poul (whom I know) says his premise that mutants would appear in such numbers in the first generation is a bit shaky, but his treatment of the idea is excellent -- and believable. The mood of despair evoked in this story has been equalled only by "Thunder and Roses" and "The Nightmare." "Turning Point" (C-) was a so-so atom-war yarn. Asimov's "Little Lost Robot" (B) was based on his magic plot formula -- the laws of robotics. It was the equal of most, and therefore very amusing and thought-provoking.

"Child's Play" (A) by William Tenn was one of those rarities: a genuinely funny story. It was not true stf, but one of those hilarious incredibilities that with fantasy treatment was a staple of Unknown. This yarn is a good bet for future stf anthologies, and should rate author Tenn among the top ten stfctioneers in the humor classification. De Camp, watch your laurels! ((BOGGS! Watch your puns!))

APRIL: April produced a disastrous slump in quality, both in fiction and in artwork. Timmins' cover was muddy crud, and none of the featured fiction was world-beating either. A.E. vanVogt's first 1947 appearance was "Hand of the Gods" (C), which was a novellette in the Clane, child of the atom gods, series. Unfortunately, although it occasionally contains one of vanVogt's characteristically good touches, the series is written in history-book style. Alexander M. Phillips' "An Enemy of Knowledge" (C-) is another unconvincing post-atom war thing. Phillips, who is best known for his terrific humor classic, "The Mislaid Charm," really did lose his charm when he wrote this yarn!

"Time and Time Again" (B) by H. Beam Piper who is, JWC says, a new author (but may be also Horace B. Fyfe, if the "B" stands for "Beam" and "Fyfe" becomes, easily enough, "Piper") is one of those yarns in which the hero lives his life twice, the second time remembering the mistakes he made the first time. It is neatly turned. "Psych's War" (B) is a story of scientific zombies that out-horror anything ever created for "Weird Tales". The concept of the "Hypnotic Espionage" service seems frighteningly probable in a not-too-distant tomorrow. Padgett's "Project" (C) is a mutant story. If you like Hal Clement, "Answer" is for you. I rated it "D" for lack of convincing human interest.

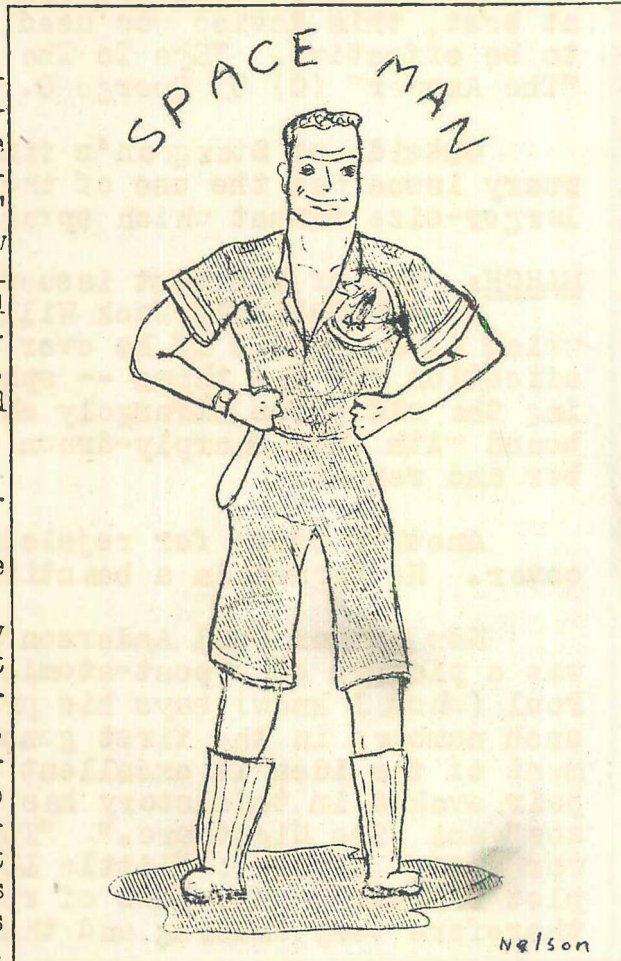
MAY: "Fury," that controversial serial which supposedly is a collaborative effort of Kuttner and wife (Catherine Moore), began with this issue. A sequel to "Clash by Night," the yarn is packed tight with new twists of old concepts, philosophical overtones of futuristic science, and perhaps best of all, fine characterization. The action, alas, is slow... This is a yarn to read slowly and thoughtfully. Rating: A-.

The real treat of the issue, however, turned out to be T.L. Sherred's tremendous "E for Effort" (). Here is a new author that took Campbell's old "gotta prevent the atomic war by pseudoscience" formula and turned it into a mind-wrenching yarn that is almost too much to take after a while. The gimmick this time was a "Time-viewer" which makes it possible to film history in the making -- everything from Cortez in Mexico to Christ on the Mount. After some sequences in which the heroes make some movies that anybody would like to see, the "time-viewer" is used as a propaganda device -- with frightening results. All in all, "E for Effort" was a powerful story, and a yarn that makes ASF, despite occasional crud, what it is: an adult, really adult, magazine.

"Tiny and the Monster" (B+) is another Sturgeon yarn -- and is good. One of the most curious yarns of the year was "Jesting Pilot" by Padgett, but the title is even more curious. Rating: B. Chan Davis' "The Journey and the Goal" (C-) concerned, more or less, the same sort of theme used later in the year by Bob Heinlein in "It's Great to be Back" (a Post story). Davis, of course, used a different approach, devoting most of his story to rather inconsequential details of the colonists' escape from the satellite.

With another topnotch Rogers cover, this issue rates near to the #1 spot of the year. Every story was good.

PAGE 12 WE HOPE!



JUNE: June found van Vogt returning with a "Universe" variant titled "Centaurus II." This story, which rated a B-, concerned the difficulties of the first spaceship sent to the nearest star, and reminded one of (a) "Universe"; (b) "Methuselah's Children"; and (c) "Far Centaurus" -- the latter being van Vogt's short of some years ago which employed the same idea to better advantage. "Errand Boy" (C-) is another Tenn yarn, which could have been funny, but wasn't. You might like the R.F. Jones tale, "The Model Shop" (C-), if you can stand the time-travel device used as a *deux ex machina* once again. "Errand Boy" also used the gimmick, so you may be sick of it. Chan Davis' "Letter to Ellen" (D+) starts out interestingly, but the climax is fatal. Anyone with an IQ of 26 should be able to guess the payoff several pages too soon.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X
 O THE GREAT STF HOAX O
 X
 O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O

by Ben Singer

"What," asked Havelock Wallace, "are you trying to hand me?" Havelock Wallace, as every educated person knows, is a big wheel in fandom. At the moment he was soliloquizing upon a subject dear to all stfen. "You, Luther Happ, can stand there and claim there is no atom bomb -- and try to convince me you're sane? Gahhh. Explain yourself!"

"Well, in the first place, 'way back in the spring of 1942 the US Government realized that the Commies were preparing a supreme attempt to take over the world. This they learned from one of their agents in a high post in the Russian government. Naturally, they had to figure out a way to avert a war -- after the Second World War ended. They created a vast project at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, telling no one what the purpose of the installation was. The government employees didn't give the matter a second thought -- merely reclined in their swivel chairs among the Tennessee hills, firing off interoffice memos and buckslips right and left.

"Meanwhile, a Congressman, acting under direct order of the President, made a blistering speech in Congress, demanding that all employees at Oak Ridge be screened for loyalty to democratic ideals. That was all that was needed to convince the Commies that something really deadly was being cooked up for possible use against Russia. The stage was set; no one doubted the 'report' of the invention of the atom-bomb when it was finally made."

"Just a minute!" screamed Havelock. "You haven't explained how there could be films showing in movie theaters throughout the country, showing the dropping of the bomb upon Japan, and later, the Bikini tests!"

"Fakes, pure fakes," said Luther Happ, calmly. "Personally, I thought King Kong was a much better job of trick photography. The magazine and newspaper publishers had to be threatened or bribed into running 'eyewitness accounts' and that sort of thing, you understand."

"But how about the damage to Hiroshima and Nagasaki? How about the terrible burns on the bodies of the survivors?"

"Those places were wiped out by single bombs, that is true. But

not by atomic bombs. The weapon used was merely a super-giant block-buster -- the type the AAF has publicly 'tested' now and then since the end of the war. In addition, tons of magnesium powder were dropped on the Japanese by high-flying cargo planes just before the raid. This was not connected with the bombing, because the Japs mistook it for the usual anti-radar foil. But the combination of the huge TNT bomb and the blazing magnesium was sufficient for the ghastly destruction which ensued."

"I see," said Havelock, doubtfully. "But how about Russia -- has she got an atom bomb yet -- a real one, I mean?"

"The American strategists picked an 'atom-bomb' for their secret weapon in the first place," Happ replied, "because every War Department in the world had conducted research along those lines, and had to give the idea up as impossible. There were so many variable factors to be considered, that any solution would be a matter of pure chance -- and what war can wait while experiment after experiment is performed in the hope that someday the right solution will be found?"

"Then she hasn't got a bomb, either?"

"Think that one out for yourself."

"Well, has Russia found out about this great fraud which has been perpetrated by the U.S.?"

"Not yet, but she soon will."

"And how," asked Havelock, "do you know all this?"

"Sorry," said Luther Happ, "That I can't tell you. Strictly a secret, old chap."

Havelock still looked unconvinced.

"Well, goodbye," Happ said. He walked out of the house. As he went down the front walk he tossed aside a newspaper he'd been carrying in his hip pocket. A playful breeze caught it, whipped the pages this way and that, and eventually piled them in a crumpled heap beneath the hedge.

Three days later, as Havelock crawled down the same sidewalk on his bleeding hands and knees, while flame crackled over the ruins of his house, as over the rest of the demolished, smoking city, as the atomic cloud boiled upward to the stratosphere -- Havelock Wallace suddenly found himself staring at that crumpled newspaper, and a dim comprehension leaped into his eyes.

Yes, there was the name, on page 1 -- The Daily Worker!

- END -

SYNTHETIC SPACEFLIGHT

If you'd like the sensation of
A trip to Mars by rocket,
Unscrew a lighted bulb and stick
Your finger in the socket.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

O
X PATRON OF THE ARTS O
X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

by C. STEWART METCHETTE

I visited the art gallery but a few minutes before closing time. The upper galleries appeared deserted at first sweep of my eyes, but when I looked a second time I beheld a couled figure silhouetted against an oak doorway. He entered as though blown through on a gust of wind. He was, on closer scrutiny, sallow-faced and black-haired. His eyes were profound and ebony black.

I observed him closely from force of habit. I am a free-lance writer whose imagination dwells largely in the realms of the mystic and occult. Perhaps this state of affairs has been occasioned by an insatiable curiosity with regard to psychical phenomena -- a curiosity I have possessed since early childhood. More likely, it is the result of a long and somewhat illustrious parentage of Transylvanian stock. Because of my profession I must often visit strange places for the necessary atmosphere which later is reproduced in my writings.

But to return to the strange figure in the art-gallery. He approached me slowly from a pace or so distant, and with a questioning look on his face he asked, "Young sir, have you a knowledge of some of these paintings?"

Relieved by his company in this dark gallery, I was delighted to escort him through the hallways; and gradually I learned through our conversation of his intense interest in baroque artistry, especially with poltergeistic manifestation, or, (as he later explained to me in his casual student's manner) the results of mischievous ghosts and harmful spirits.

An hour of uninterrupted conversation ensued, and he turned to leave. We both noticed simultaneously, that the gallery had been closed; and that, if we were to leave, we should have to summon the curator to unlock the main doors.

I said, as he turned in my direction, "Could I have your address, sir? I should like to talk further with you upon this fascinating subject."

"I have no definite address," he replied, "but I frequent the galleries of art in this city. No doubt you will find me here in the future. People are most hospitable here."

I opened my mouth to speak but he waved me into silence and vanished before my eyes.

- END -

"SOMETHING FOR SINGER"

"The dilemma of Epicurus is still with us: if God wishes to prevent evil but cannot, then He is impotent; if He could but will not, He is malevolent; if He has both the power and the will, whence, then, is evil?"

(W.R.Sorley, "Moral Values and the Idea of God," p.453.)

Forwarded by TOM KENNEDY

x-y x-y x-y x-y x-y x-y x-y
x
- MUTATED GENES
y x-y x-y x-y x-y x-y x-y

Dear Bill:

Hooray for THE MUTANT! It looks like we have, at last, a fanzine for thinkers. I'm no athiest, but, strange as it seems, I want more of Singer's "The Gullible Herd." He writes with a blind bitterness that moves me. Moves me to argue with him. So, here's a buck for my membership, and here's my promise to devote all my spare time and talents to the betterment of MSFS.

Now to rate the stuff in MUTANT -- just as if it were a prozine.

Michifen Meet - Good reporting. George Young is a boy I want to read regularly.

The Mystery of Angkor - Super. I always thought Angkor was just the product of some desperate hack's fevered brain. Thanx to Redd Boggs for setting me straight.

Fate Hits The Newsstands - Ben Singer and bitter, of course. He gets the facts right, but he pounds that table so haaaaaaard!

Zimmer's review: Fair. Can't she review something more recent than the Corsican Brothers?

The Gullible Herd - For a guy who's wrong he sure writes well.

Spanner of the Void - Huh? Art must be panning somebody, but I can't guess who.

Thus I Refute Potts - I don't get it. Badly written and, as far as I can see, pointless.

Cover - Top notch, but it says Vol. II No. 1 and the contents sez Vol I No. 3.

Inside pics - I can do better, and will, I hope.

Editorial - I agree! Down with the codgers!

BEMily yours,

RADELL NELSON
433 Chapin St.
Cadillac, Michigan

FOR THE FAN OF DISTINCTION:

S P A C E W A R P - fandom's top monthly! You, too, can thumb your way through a million laughs a month, and feast your bleary orbs on out-of-this-world artwork, fascinating articles and stories, such famous departments as "The Psycho Lab" and "Quien Sabe?"

Hesitate not;
send two bits
for 2 issues,
QUICK!

SPACEWARP
Arthur H. Rapp
2120 Bay Street
Saginaw, Michigan

Dear Art:

I just got on this ship and it looks easier than the last one I was on. It's a hand firing job, but that makes less work for the coal passer. The fire-hold is entirely different from that of the Stone ((the ship Bill worked on last summer)). I'll let you know later where to reach me.

I'm sorry to have left you with the mimeoing to do, but once you get used to that machine it'll work like a charm without some of the annoyances that bother you at first.

Yours,

BILL GROOVER
(aboard the S.S. Captain Young)

~~~~~  
HERE LIETH HORROR  
~~~~~

by Genevieve K. Stephens

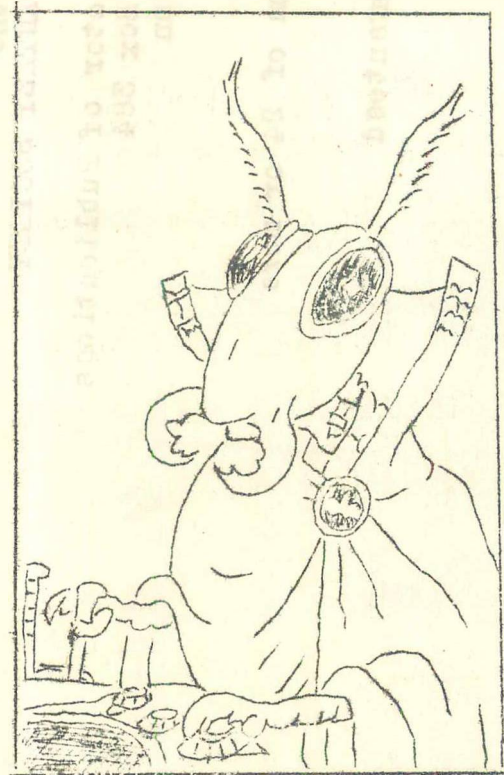
Where lieth horror ?

A corpse --
White bones --
Dim headstones
In the night ?

Here lieth horror,

A room enfolded
In the winter dusk
Sans light
Sans laughter
And sans sound

Except the beating
Of the heart.



"The other day, I wrote in to Joe Kennedy, praising the suggestion of Francis T. Laney, who in his article advocated the establishment of a new bureau, by the NFFF, whose purpose would be to help fans in procuring fanmags. It also would help the new editor as far as finances go. The editor would send a batch of his zines into the bureau and the bureau would save them, sending them out when requested. The establishing of this new office would be a boon to fans. Not only would it give more fans more zines to read, but it would encourage the publishing of more fanzines.

"To do this we probably would need the aid and resources of the NFFF. The only way we can have this service is to demand it. Right now the NFFF is a sluggish organization. The only way to get the things we want, is to demand them!"

--Ben Singer, in THE MUTANT, Vol I, No. 2

((Now that the NFFF has revived somewhat, perhaps this suggestion should receive some serious consideration. What do YOU think?))

THE MUTANT

Official Organ of the
MICHIGAN SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY

Advertising rates:

60¢ per page
30¢ per half page
20¢ per quarter page

Send subscriptions and ads to:

MUTANT
c/o George Young
22180 Middlebelt
Box 384
Farmington, Michigan

Send fiction, articles, poetry or
artwork for next issue to:

STEWART METCHETTE
3551 King Street
Windsor, Ontario
Canada

Exchanges should be sent to:

MSFS LIBRARY
c/o Norman Kossuth
86 Cedarhurst
Detroit 3, Michigan

Send applications for MSFS member-
ship, requests for NMF Member-
ship Blanks, and material for
the NMF Manuscript Bureau to:

Arthur H. Rapp
2120 Bay Street
Saginaw, Michigan

☐ This is a free sample copy of
THE MUTANT. Why don't you
subscribe? Why don't you
write Metchette, telling him
how the next ish can be im-
proved?

☐ Your subscription, sad to say,
has reached its end with this
ish. WELL, DO SOMETHING !

☐ For some reason or other, you
are getting THE MUTANT. Don't
YOU know why?

THE MUTANT
Official Organ of the
MICHIGAN SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY

George Young, Director of Publications
22180 Middlebelt, Box 384
Farmington, Michigan

FOURTH CLASS MAIL
Amateur publication of 24 or more
pages.

Return Postage Guaranteed