

The

# MUTANT



Volume III

Feb. '48 Number 3







## S L A N O T E S

by the editor.

Glancing around at fandom during a period of reflection the other day, I suddenly realized how quiescent the whole scene was. After the many years of actively defending fandom from Palmer and Shaver, and of late, from the pseudo-fascist philosophies of Cox and Sigler, the fan world was strangely silent. I wondered what had happened to the friendly topics of Lovecraft as a fantast, Kuttner versus Merritt, or whether Planet's gurl-guy-goon covers help out Paul L Payne's circulation figures.

But again, upon reflection, I was glad for that respite from harangues, open letters, venomous slanders and fanzine wars. It has been said that this feuding, so long a part of active fandom, must pass the way of Sargeant Saturn and space-talk, if stf is to come to the notice of the outer world and retain its grip upon the slicks and the publishing companies.

That brings up a question: is there somebody trying to keep stf in the pulps by fanning these outbursts? That silly notion is crazy! But can you think of a better way to keep stf in a small select circle, rather than have to chase the latest van Vogt serial WOMEN'S HOME COMPANION, or rampage through the crud of NATIONAL HOME WEEKLY to find Heinlein's latest sociological tale? It is stf's unusuality that attracts many fans; they have a chance to express their individuality. But with stf branching out like it is, they see their select haven vanishing.

That answer is probably fantastic, even for stf readers. But look around you. Did you see the axe-grinders decapitate Shaver and Palmer? Did you see them burn Amazings, give Phillips the cold shoulder, and refuse to have the least to do with Ziff-Davis. Still later, you couldn't help notice the witch-hunting tinge to the 'liberal' fans attacking Cox and Sigler through Planet's La Vizi. They were out for blood, that's the truth; and whose blood didn't alter the fact. If it happened to belong to an advocate of racial superiority, all the better; but Kuttner haters blood just as readily.

What I want is this: drop these witch-hunts, those campaigns which degenerate to ritual and language unfit for BEMs. You can aid Moskowitz against Derleth in the matter of HPL; or you send me a bomb because I prefer Kuttner to Merritt; or you can soap-box agin Planet's sexy wrappings or Astounding's technical essays. But for the sake of stf, don't use discrimination or descend to sewer level in arguments against neurotic stf authors, psychotic stf editors, or inferiority complex'd Coxes and Siglers.

Ignore them. And when you see what they preach in practice, try to alleviate it through action, criticism, or denial. But you can only fight that idea with another idea. That idea is tolerance. Our boys died willingly for the abstract ideas of tolerance; but how many fascists or communists die willingly for their crackpot ideas of intolerance, discrimination and hatred. Not a damned one!

Doctor Keller's article is interesting to those who seek the information on why people write stf-fantasy. If you've wondered what drives the Heinleins, Kuttners (I mean that plural), Kellers, and all other stf authors (besides a desire to eat regularly) read the article and find out.

It seems that I am eternally apologizing for MUTANTS tardiness. But this time we have a reason. Our publishing deal collapsed, and we had to assume publication of both MUTANT and SPACEWARP-UNIVERSE. That necessitated a turnover of crud, lists, supplies, and stuff to those of the MSFS in Detroit, and stencils have a habit of getting waylaid in the mails. It all worked out, and I hope, to the best.

The future MUTANTS will have new and old Botts tales, articles by Conner and Ashfield; fiction by Balwin, Harmon and James; artwork by Nelson, Rowe & Ward.

So latch on, fellow fen, and help us put out a fanzine that you will read with gladness. Maybe we'll even break thru the professional reviews in SS. And speaking of reviews, has anyone seen the identical, contemporary reviews in Rog Phillips' "Club House"?

The editors.



## DOCTOR - AUTHOR

by Col. David H Keller.

There have been many duplications of ability to be found in the literary world. Artists such as Beardsley, Morris, Blake and Mullen have become authors and have frequently illustrated their own books. Blake in 1794 not only wrote Songs of Innocence and Experience, but also illustrated the book and printed it.

The ability to write prose and poetry has often been found in one author. The latest example is Moonfoam and Sorcery, by Stanley Mullen; here are thirteen poems and an equal number of short stories and I know that Mullen could have also illustrated this book with thirteen drawings had he seen fit.

An unusual combination of science and writing is found in Lewis Carroll who, after writing many mathematical books, wrote Alice in Wonderland.

The medical fraternity has contributed to this duality of effort. Conan Doyle spared time from his professional work to write many famous books. In America S. Weir Mitchel was not only a neurologist of note but also an author of books that were, in his lifetime, best sellers. There is no doubt that life as a physician gives a man an insight into human nature and an abundance of characters and plots which are not available to the average author. A decade ago, Dr. Bauer was a regular contributor to the old Amazing Stories.

When I started to write professionally, I realized that I knew more about common people than I did about spaceships, unusual monsters and distant lands. Thus from the time I wrote The Revolt of the Pedestrians, I largely stressed the effect of science on the lives of the masses and was more interested in what the machine would do to them than in the machine itself. Also, as I had devoted a major portion of my medical life to psychiatry, I wrote about the abnormals of society. In writing such tales I depended on plot and characters obtained in my daily experiences. These were not exactly case-histories but were all more or less factual. In illustration I will mention The Dead Woman. There have been dozens of actual cases where a man cut his wife up and placed the pieces in a trunk. The twist I gave it was simply showing why an insane man might have done such a crime, and actually be unaware that he was doing anything for which he could be blamed. Another example is suicide among the psychotic. This happens very frequently. In my story The Face in the Mirror, I simply showed the thoughts of the man prior to the time he killed himself. In The Thing in the Cellar the common fears of every child are elaborated with the addition of showing how difficult it is for an adult to understand the psychology of childhood.

Joe Kennedy in his article, Keller, Dreamer Down to Earth, (Dream Quest, Vol 1 No. 6; July 1948) writes that I have definitely used my experience in psychiatry and medicine in the writing of the Keller story and uses the following tales to prove his point. A Biological Experiment; The Bridle; The Dead Woman; The Eternal Conflict; The Face in the Mirror; The Flying Fool; The Golden Bough; The Killer; Heredity; Life Everlasting; The Literary Corkscrew; The Moon Artist; The Mother; No More Tomorrows; The Perpetual Honeymoon; Pourquoi; The Psychophonic Nurse; Unlocking the Past; and Unto Us a Child is Born. I do not feel that this is a complete list but it will suffice.

Many of my leading characters are physicians. Taine of San Francisco studied medicine but simply used the knowledge to become a detective. Dr. Hubler appears in The Devil and the Doctor, and in my last novel, The Homunculus, the retired old colonel, Horation Bumble, is also a physician. Perhaps I write best of the physician, because I have been one since 1903. A physician, more of a laboratory worker than a practitioner, takes the limelight in my novel Life Everlasting. In many



of my short stories the narrator is physician as in The Killer and Heredity and The Bridle.

As a physician I have been interested in the common experiences of mankind. Thus I find in reviewing 53 years of writing that I have spent considerable times on love, marriage, babies, and the experiences of life ending with the great adventure Death. Here again I write about the things I know best, and because they can be appreciated and shared by many they have been accepted by readers by being near the truth. A Piece of Linoleum is an excellent example of such writing. It is so near the facts of life experienced by many that this little narrative has received high praise from many reviewers.

Thus there is little doubt that my medical life has been of great help to me as an author. Had I been a machine scientist I would have written more about inventions; if astronomically inclined, there would have been more space opera. As it is, I have mainly written about the hopes and fears and problems of the folks who live next door, for I know more about them than I do the six legged pink animals on Mars and Venus.

FINIS





# THE PYRAMID ON VENUS

by WILLIAM JAMES

Dr. Claude Larkmead was the cause of it all. He paid with his life -- but that is insufficient payment for the horror he released on Venus and perhaps, if my fears are correct, on the whole of the Solar System.

I had never heard of Dr. Larkmead up to the day he walked into my office and asked me to outfit my ship for an archaeological expedition going to Venus. He was a small man with flashing eyes and a tiny mustache that he fingered nervously, as if afraid it might vanish at any moment.

"You are Mr. Jansen?" he asked as he closed the office door. When I nodded my head in acknowledgement, he walked over to my desk and said, "My name is Larkmead. You've probably never heard of me, but I'm an archaeologist -- not connected with any university. I'd like to charter your ship and crew."

"That'll cost a lot of money, Mr. Larkmead," I said.

"I have the money."

"Very well." I reached for pencil and paper. "Where are we going?"

"Venus."

"Where on Venus?"

"Northwest of the Great Swamp. If I had a chart, I could show you the exact spot."

I got up and unrolled the chart of Venus on the wall back of my desk. "There you are," I said, and handed him a pointer.



Larkmead stepped around the desk and brought the tip of the pointer to rest on a spot where the brown of low hills showed against the bright green of vegetation. I whistled softly.

"So that's it."

Larkmead looked at me quizzically.

"What are you after -- the temple or the city?" I asked him.

"Oh, so you know something about them?" he said.

"I'm one of the few men outside of officialdom who does," I said. "But how did you get a permit?"

"I didn't," he said bitterly. "The government isn't interested in increasing scientific knowledge; they prefer to kow-tow to native super-



stition. Think of it! A city like none other on Venus, and a huge temple, preserved in almost perfect condition -- built almost certainly by some other race than that now inhabiting Venus -- and archaeologists are forbidden to examine them! And all because a race of superstitious barbarians believes the area the abode of devils!"

He stopped, his eyes flashing. Then he said, even more bitterly, "If the lack of a permit frightens you, I'll have to get someone else."

I shook my head. "The lack of a permit doesn't frighten me. But I'm looking at it in a practical light. You can't get an expedition off Earth without a permit."

"I have a permit to do some digging at Mu-gelig," he said. "That will serve to get us off Earth."

"Good," I said. "We'll have to land at Tellusport first and have our credentials checked. Then we can head south for Mu-gelig, and make a wide circle back."

He nodded. "Excellent."

A WEEK LATER we made planet-fall at Tellusport. Our papers were in good order; and after a perfunctory check of our personnel and cargo we were given the official O.K. to proceed. We took off and headed south for Mu-gelig, passing over the site of the ancient Venusian seaport at sunset. I swung the nose of the ship slowly west, and we made a wide circle far out over the Sea of Jossa-vori, passing west of Tellusport by over a thousand miles.

The night was pitch-black, for the sky was a solid blanket of cloud. I could check my instruments by Tellusport beam occasionally, but navigation was rough. It was near to dawn when we finally made a landing in the forbidden territory around the temple and city.

It was still dark, and although Larkmead insisted he wanted to start work at dawn, I finally persuaded him that a little sleep was needed by all of us. I awoke to the gray of the Venusian sky, and after pressing the alarm button to awaken the crew, went to awaken Larkmead. His cabin was empty, so I went up to the control room.

Through the window of the control room I could see the ancient city several miles away, looking mysterious and unreal through the morning mists. Nearer was the low hill on which stood the temple -- a great ugly pyramid looming massively against the silver-gray background of cloudy sky. And against the side of the rocky hill I could see a tiny figure toiling upward -- Larkmead.

I went down to the mess-room, and with the rest of the five-man crew ate a hasty breakfast. Then, gathering up our equipment, we left the ship and started after Larkmead.

We found Larkmead standing before what appeared to be a door in the base of the pyramid. He was making a careful record with his camera, of the strange weather-worn carvings that covered the door.

Larkmead turned and looked at us finally. His eyes glowed with suppressed excitement.

"Jansen," he said, "I was wrong. This city and pyramid were built by the ancestors of the present Venusian race. But they were far more



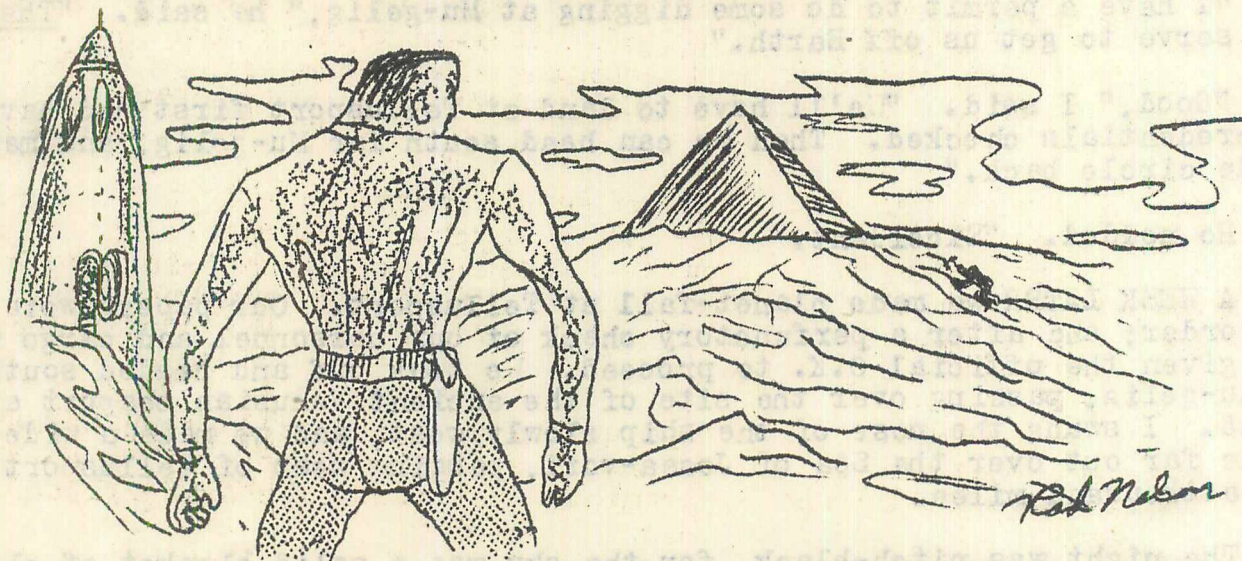
highly civilized than the Venusians of the present day." His voice trembled with excitement. "And this isn't a temple, Jansen!"

"Well," I said, "what is it then?"

"It seems to be a tomb of sorts. Something was buried here. I haven't succeeded in translating all of the inscription; but from what I have read, I know that what was entombed was not a Venusian!"

"You mean -- it was something from outside?"

Nervously, he fingered his scrawny mustache. "I don't know. Perhaps, if I could read the rest of the inscription -- But first I want to open the tomb and find out what is left inside."



"Not much, I imagine," I said. "How old do you think this place is?"

"It's hard to tell," he said slowly. "Twenty to fifty thousand years."

I whistled softly.

"If you find anything but dust, I'll be surprised," I said.

WE STARTED TO WORK immediately. The great door was really not a door at all, but a great slab of stone that was cemented in place with a mortar that had withstood untold eons of weathering. We chipped it away slowly with steel chisels, taking care not to damage the carvings on the door. An atomic cutting torch would have done the work in a few minutes, but we dared not use one for fear the heat might crack the stone slab.

It took several hours of patient work, but we finally had the mortar chipped away sufficiently to slide the slab out of place. We removed it completely and laid it flat on the ground. A dark corridor was revealed, leading into the depths of the pyramid. I flashed the light of my hand torch down it but could not see where it ended.

I am not an easily frightened man. But now, as I stood before the opening in the pyramid and smelled the odor of deadness that wafted from the dank interior, a great fear that sent chills up my back and caused my legs to tremble took hold of me. I had a premonition of what was to come.

"I think," I said, turning to Larkmead, "the smart thing to do would be to put that slab back and seal it up again."



"Certainly not!" he said sharply. "Do you think I'm crazy?"

"No, but you may regret it if you persist in this course."

"Why do you think that?" he asked me.

"I have a hunch, Larkmead," I said. "And I've found from past experience that it doesn't pay to ignore them."

Larkmead made an impolite noise and brushed past me into the corridor. Conquering my fear, I followed him, with the rest of the crew trailing me.

The musty dead smell of the air was worse inside; it made breathing difficult and had a nauseating effect. It grew rapidly worse as I followed Larkmead down the corridor, becoming almost unbearable. Then we reached a turn in the long dark tunnel and found ourselves before another stone door.

The stone slab was unembellished by any carving; and at Larkmead's whispered request I handed him my atomic torch. Just before the flame of the torch roared forth, I thought I heard a peculiar sound from beyond the door -- something resembling the hum of high-tension wires. Then the snarling blue knife of fire was cutting into the mortar around the door, and I could not be certain.

"Stand aside!" Larkmead yelled suddenly, and darted aside himself. The stone slab came out of the opening and hit the floor with a crash that seemed to shake the whole pyramid. Dust rose in choking clouds.

Then Larkmead screamed.

I STOOD frozen to the spot. I could feel my eyes bulging from my head; I opened my mouth but no sound came forth. A greenish corpse-light shone from the chamber we had opened, and then that thing came into view.

How can I describe it? It was like nothing I had ever seen before. It was not a gas, nor a solid. What it most nearly resembled was a green globe of greenish water, pulsating slowly and giving off a lambent green glow. And yet I do not think it was a liquid, either. It moved slowly out of the chamber, floating several feet clear of the floor; and as it neared the screaming archaeologist it shot out long green tentacles that wrapped themselves around the man and drew him close in a deadly embrace.

And Larkmead shriveled before my eyes!

The paralysis that had held my muscles frozen, broke then; and I turned and ran stumbling and screaming toward the entrance. Before me, the rest of the crew fled precipitately. And behind me I heard a thud as the thing dropped the dessicated corpse of Larkmead to the floor.

I looked over my shoulder to see the thing coming down the corridor after me with fearsome speed. And then I tripped and fell flat on my face on the rough floor, striking my forehead violently. I blanked out in merciful unconsciousness.

That must be what saved me. Perhaps the thing thought I was dead. I came back to consciousness some ten or fifteen minutes later, very much surprised to find myself alive.



There was no sign of the thing in the vicinity of the pyramid, but there were five horribly shriveled corpses on the slope below.

All this happened many months ago. There have been reports from Venus of the deaths of a good many people in outlying areas, and of the horribly shriveled condition of the bodies. And the native population is terrified and are offering human sacrifices to their dark gods, despite the efforts of the colonial officials to prevent it.

As long as all this was confined to Venus, I held my silence. But now I am badly frightened.

For the dessicated remains of two people were discovered yesterday on a farm not far from Chicago.

- END -

"Oh, why should the spirit...?"

two sonnets  
on  
one theme

After reading this, if you don't know the author,  
look on the contents page, Lard-head.

I. THE FUTURE

The first few feeble fingers flutter forth,  
The forecast of the conquest of the void,  
That man may mine the hurtling asteroid  
Or chart a fix for Mars' magnetic north.  
A few breaths more, horizons will be gone,  
This globe then shrunken to a cosmic speck  
And brave armadas follow Fortune's beck  
In stranger fields the race to carry on.  
Alas, that we shall never glimpse that day  
On which our minds' eyes centered for so long,  
For mortal minds must perish with the clay  
Evascent as a supersonic song.  
Implicit is our cognizance of doom  
That we, alas, were born to live too soon.

II. THE PAST

One day will hear the news that shakes the world  
In screaming banners spewed from land to land,  
A fruitful candle into darkness hurled,  
Where centuries groped, one mind shall understand.  
A thousand men their neighbors' hands shall clasp  
And through the quiet labs their words will crack:  
"Now are all dreams of men within our grasp,  
This is the final chain that held us back!"  
And youthful dreamers will expand their vision  
To compass tasks complete, remembering not  
The others, whose predictions brought derision,  
Who stumbled on in darkness till forgot.  
(Irony if a fan had chanced to die  
Unknowing, 1945, 16 July...)



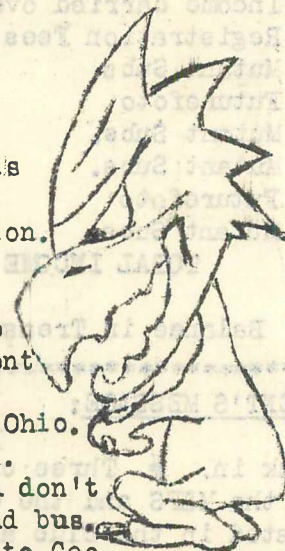
Once upon a midnight dreary while I pondered weak and weary  
Drinking, thinking, writing, dreamin, and each hour tighter  
As I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping  
As of someone gently rapping, rapping on my typer-iter.  
Ah - I sharply recollect, it came so fast I'd ne'er expect it  
And my fuddled mind could hardly grasp the score.  
Then I muttered in my lager, "Nothing sits before your typer  
It's a figment of your mind and nothing more.  
Typed me typer, "Nevermore!"

Stunned and filled with indignation, I withdrew in consternation  
As the mystic oscillation kept on drumming in my ear.  
"Ghost!", I screamed, "My pyper's haunted!" Then I stopped and nothing daunted  
On my typer speculated if 'tws shade or beer.  
"Typer", cried I, "Are you sentient, have you gained a soul yet penchant  
Lusting after dire vengeance as the withches did of yore?"  
"Either this or else distortion in the oblongata portion  
Of my aching cerebellum."  
Typed me typer, "Nevermore".

"Beast!", cried I "You thing of evil, weird contraption of the devil,  
"Elucidate the meaning of these words."  
But my typer, imperturb'ly, thumbed its nose metaphorically  
And my mind again was lost in frothy cirds.  
Then I dreamed of slinky maidens, BEM's and GHODS and Bergey slavens  
Each worthy of a Locecraft or a Poe  
Tell Me, though I've great ambition will I e'er win recognition  
As a writer of stfiction?  
Typed me typer, "Mevamo".



UGH! horrible are they  
not? Oh Well! anything is  
liable to turn up at a  
Science-Fiction Convention.  
Even these Bems will be  
there. Which brings up  
the question, will I see  
you there??? Have you sent  
a BUCK to Don Ford, 129  
Maple St., Sharonville, Ohio.  
If not do it today, now...  
What's that? You say you don't



have transportation? Ever here of a train or a Greyhound bus.  
You say you don't have enough money?? Well then write to Geo.  
Young (in USA) or Stewart Metchette (in Canada) now in charge of the Cinvention  
share the ride driving to the know. We'll get ride with you and club. If you are cinvention let us some other fen to help pay for gas..

THIS

IN

CAN





MSFS MEMBERS IN GOOD STANDING: As of 1 July 1949, the following MSFS members are

1. Martin E. Alger, Box 367, Mackinaw City, Michigan
2. Virginia Beebe, 404 Hadley St., Holley, Michigan
3. Howard DeVore, 16535 Evans, Detroit 24, Michigan
4. Bruce Davis, 4000 Eighteenth St., Detroit 8, Michigan
5. Bill Groover, 112 N. Porter St., Saginaw, Michigan
6. Gerald Gordon, 11635 N. Martindale, Detroit 4, Michigan
7. William James, P.O. Box 13, Big Bay Michigan
8. Dr. Glenn C. Hazen, 28480 Summit Dr., Farmington, Michigan
9. Ed Kuss, 7502 Grixdale, Detroit 12, Michigan
10. David H. Keller, 55 Broad St., Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania
11. C. Stewart Metchette, 3551 King St., Windsor, Ontario
12. Radell Nelson, 433 E. Chapin St., Cadillac, Michigan
13. Arthur H. Rapp, 2120 Bay St., Saginaw, Michigan
14. Fred Reich, 3986 Beechwood, Pontiac Michigan
15. Herbert Radd, 17483 Fleming, Detroit 12, Michigan
16. Ben Singer (U.S. Army Air Corps)
17. Arnim Seielstad, 1500 Fairholme, Grosse Pointe 30, Michigan
18. Don Vetowich, 931 W. Grand Blvd, Detroit 8, Michigan
19. George H. Young, 22180 Middlebelt Rd., Farmington, Michigan

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TREASURER'S REPORT (FIRST HALF 1949):

Jan.	Income carried over	\$23.75	Feb.	Stapler	\$ 6.95
"	Registration Fees	17.00			
Feb.	Mutant Subs.	.50	June	Convention ad.	6.00
Mar.	Futurefoto	.15			
Apr.	Mutant Subs.	1.00			
May	Mutant Subs.	.85			
"	Futurefoto	.15			
Jun.	Mutant Subs.	1.00			
	<b>TOTAL INCOME</b>	<b>\$44.40</b>		<b>TOTAL DEBIT</b>	<b>\$12.95</b>
		12.95			
July 1	Balance in Treasury:	\$ 31.45			

\*\*\*\*\*  
PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE: If you don't find your name in the list at the top of this page, you are not a member of the club. Pay your dues and get back in. # Three or four of the MSFS officers have been discussing the disbanding of the MSFS and the dropping of the MUTANT because not enough of the members are interested in the club and the MUTANT to come to meetings or to work on the magazine. We have been sending out notices approximately 30 or 40 a week, and the same five or six members show up at meetings. # We can carry on the same fanactivities without the drag of the rest of you guys on us, and if you don't show some signs of life, we will. We like to have time to read OUR ASFs when they come off the stands, too.

GEORGE YOUNG, Prexy, MSFS



The cloud chamber expanded.....

A sudden movement occurred in the Universe, where the stars had been pursuing their normal course. Something had happened--something unknown--a runaway star had appeared to upset the ordered action of the universe's inhabitants. It was more than a runaway star--it was a veritable juggernaut, taking no care for other in its paths--crashing onward, ever onward---

A small star was in its path, and the rogue star, a giant in comparison, passed within a few million miles of it. As it passed by unheeding, its tremendous gravitational force drew out a filament of the gaseous matter of which the small star was composed, giving this filament a circulatory motion. The aggressor vanished in the distance but the life of the small star was changed for ever. From being just one of the countless numbers of similar stars, and a very minor one at that, it became one of the nobility of its race, having something that the others had not got --- of which more anon.....

The filament of gaseous matter that had been drawn out revolved around the sun, and in eons of time, a change was to be seen. As the filament circulated, it gradually cooled; as it cooled, the gaseous matter condensed; as the gaseous matter condensed, it was drawn together by its own force of gravitation; as the condensed matter drew together, planets were born....

The star had entered the nobility of its race, for relatively few had the luck to possess a family of planets.

Very soon, it became apparent that in all ten planets had been formed, and as they circulated around their parent sun, their motion was slowed by friction with the cloud of dust that was all that remained of the gaseous filament from which they had been born. In the process of slowing down, the fifth planet's speed was reduced too much and it started to fall into the sun. Before it had got very far, however, it was torn apart by the gravitational force of its parent and brethren, and an amass of asteroids or minor planets was formed between the fourth sixth planets. As the remaining planets cooled, their surfaces slowly solidified.....

On the third planet, life appeared: first in the form of algae, a primitive form of being, then evolving into fish, reptiles, birds, mammals, and finally... MAN. At first man could hardly be distinguished from his simian ancestors, but his protruding chin slowly receded, and his slanting forehead gradually straightened.

Here in caves, he was only able to preserve his species from the attacks of the carnivores that peopled the world by a small amount of intelligence he possessed-- just sufficient, no more....

After a lapse of many more years, man from being an intelligent beast, settled down to cultivating the earth; and science developed, mainly in the form of astronomy and season-prediction, which latter is essential in an agricultural community. Man was still frightened by nature and human sacrifices were made to appease the gods of nature; eclipses of the sun were one of man's worst trials, and sacrifices to that body were prevalent and considered very important.

As science developed, man came to realize that there were many other entities in the universe besides the earth, which however he still believed in his superior way to be its centre -- anyone not believing this was a heretic and many



for their indiscretion, until the fact that the earth was a mere atom was generally accepted. Henceforth, science was disassociated from superstition and man's progress, now that he was freed from his shackling chains, was rapid. He conquered the land by motors, trains, mines etc...He conquered the seas by huge iron monsters that seemed to defy all the laws of nature...He conquered the air by kites, balloons, airships, and then aeroplanes....BUT one thing he couldn't conquer...HIMSELF

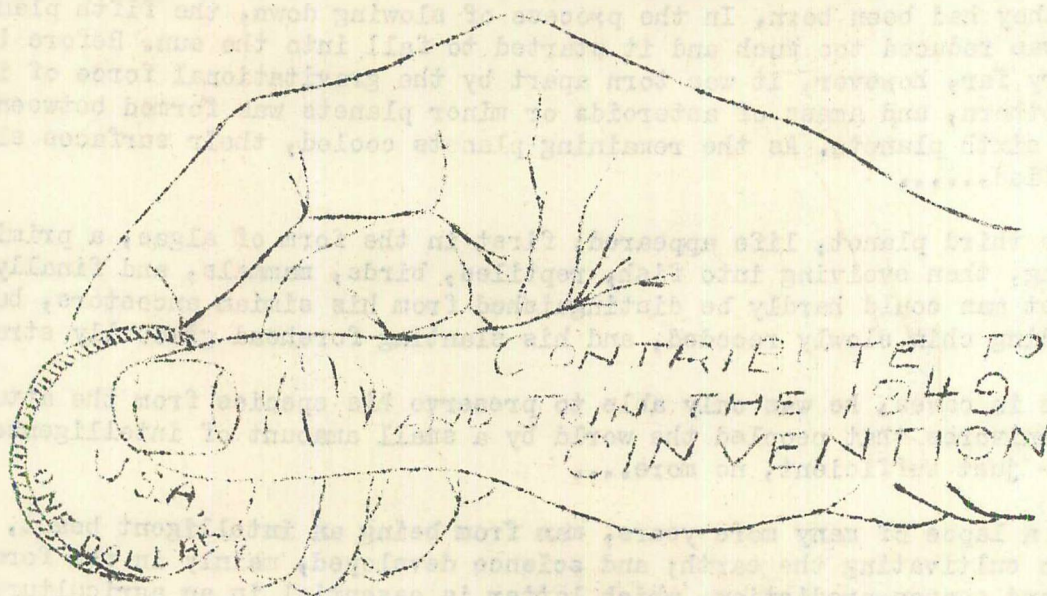
The inventions of science were applied to weapons, not against nature, but against his fellowmen. He went on the seas in warships, under them in submarines; he used airplanes to bomb cities and blow their inhabitants to bits; he used scientific discoveries to make poison gas to maim his enemies....and wars raged over the fair face of the earth.

Meanwhile, the physicists were puzzled because their calculations showed that the universe was expanding, and each improvement in technique confirmed this. The universe was not only expanding, it seemed to be exploding...but this point was never satisfactorily explained, for after many years of preparation, man wiped his face from the earth with his scientific devastation by poison gas, bacteriological warfare, and the last straw: atomic bombs. Man could release the energy of the atom, but could not control it, and the whole earth became one huge fiery furnace.

Rayt Kopt, an Astorryan physicist, straightened from the inspection of a plate showing the track of a proton which was bent where it had struck an atom, and commented to his friend: "these cloud chambers are truly astonishing; with them, we can photograph by means of the sudden expansion of water-saturated gas, the path of a proton, and so determine its velocity and weight. They are certainly the most marvellous of recent scientific discoveries."

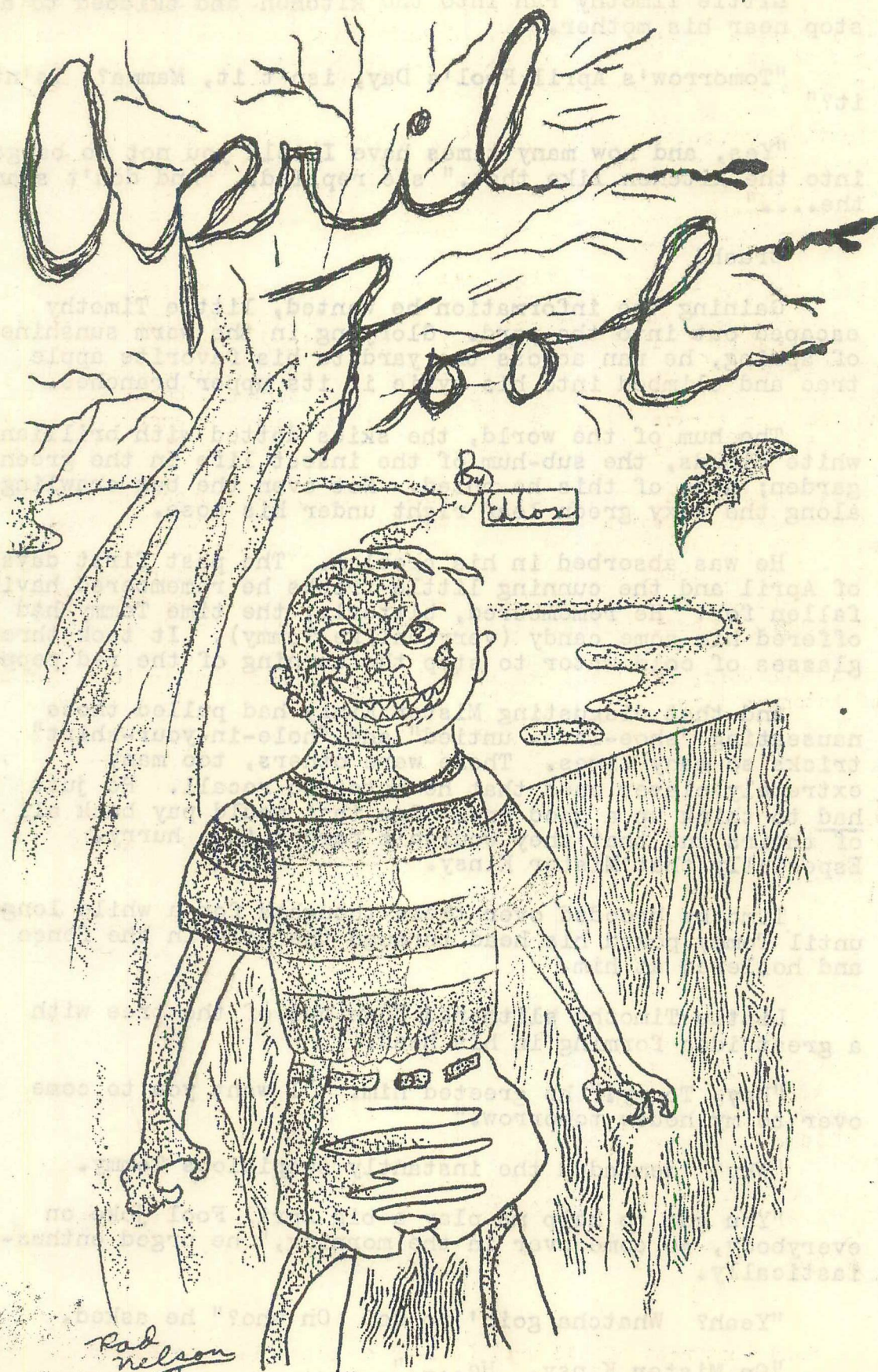
Earth had been born, had lived its little life, and had died in less than one second of Astorryan time.

FINIS



Send that root of all evil (silver or otherwise) to Donald Ford, 129 Maple St., Sharonville Ohio. Do it now. At last reports there were 150 people registered for the convention. Are you one of them???? Hotel reservations are already being taken. Join now so that you won't be one of the last few and sleep in the park with all the scotch stfen. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED???







Little Timothy ran into the kitchen and skidded to a stop near his mother.

"Tomorrow's April Fool's Day, isn't it, Mamma? Isn't it?"

"Yes, and how many times have I told you not to barge into the kitchen like that," she replied. "And don't slam the...."

Crash!

Gaining the information he wanted, little Timothy escaped out into the yard. Glorifying in the warm sunshine of spring, he ran across the yard to his favorite apple tree and climbed into his eyrie in its upper branches.

The hum of the world, the skies dotted with brilliant white clouds, the sub-hum of the insect life in the green garden; none of this he noted. Not even the bug crawling along the waxy green leaf right under his nose.

He was absorbed in his problem. The past first days of April and the cunning little tricks he remembered having fallen for. He remembered, bitterly, the time Tommy had offered him some candy (very unlike Tommy). It took three glasses of cold water to stop the burning of the red pepper.

And that disgusting Mister Kinsy had pulled those nauseating "shoe-lace-untied" and "hole-in-your-shirt" tricks so many times. There were others, too many extremely claver ones that he hated to recall. He just had to think up a good one. One that would pay back all of theirs and that they wouldn't forget in a hurry. Especially that Mister Kinsy.

Timothy brooded over these thoughts for a while longer until Tommy poked his head through the hole in the fence and hollered at him.

Little Timothy plithered down out of the tree with a great idea forming in his head.

"Hey, Tommy!" he greeted him. "I want you to come over to my house tomorrow."

"Why?" demanded the instantly suspicious Tommy.

"You got to help me play a big April Fool joke on everybody, so come over in the morning," he urged enthusiastically.

"Yeah? Whatcha goin' to do? On who?" he asked.

"On Mister Kinsy. He...."

Timothy was interrupted by Tommy's hasty refusal.



"Oh no! Not me. Not on him! He don't like to have April Fool jokes played on him! An' I bet you don't daze anyway!" he added derisively.

"Oh yeah? You come over in the morning an' I'll show you," little Tim retorted.

"At that Tommy said, "Well, maybe. but I still bet you don't dare," and slipped back thru the fence.

Timmy walked back into the house, deep in thought.

\*\*\*

Timothy's mother was cleaning up the breakfast dishes and most of the boarders were gone, having played their April Fool jokes. Timothy was glad thht Mrs. Wilks had thought that the rubber fly in her tea was real and he thought it quite funny. He was a little proud of the fact that some of the men had snickered a bit, but his mother had scolded him. But wait until he played his real big April Fool joke. Then they'd really appreciate him.

"Why, I didn't see Mr. Kinsy down to breakfast this morning," realized Timothy's mother. "Timothy, run upstairs and see if he'll want any breakfast or if he's already left."

"I think he's already left," put in Mrs. Wilks.

"Well, run along up anyway," said his mother, "he just might have overslept."

Timothy ran upstairs, quivering in self-contained glee. This was it. He came back downstairs, via the bannister, and clattered into the kitchen.

"Well, was he there?" asked his mother.

"Yes," said Timothy.

"Well, what did he say?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing?"

She was getting impatient when she realized that it was April Fool's day. What was he up to?

"He just didn't say anything, that's all," replied Timothy with finality.

"Timothy! You tell me right now and stop fooling. What did Mr. Kinsy say when you asked him about breakfast? He is there, isn't he?" she added.



"Oh, yes, but he's dead. I killed him." He ~~wash~~ <sup>wish</sup> ~~that~~ Tommy was here to hear him.

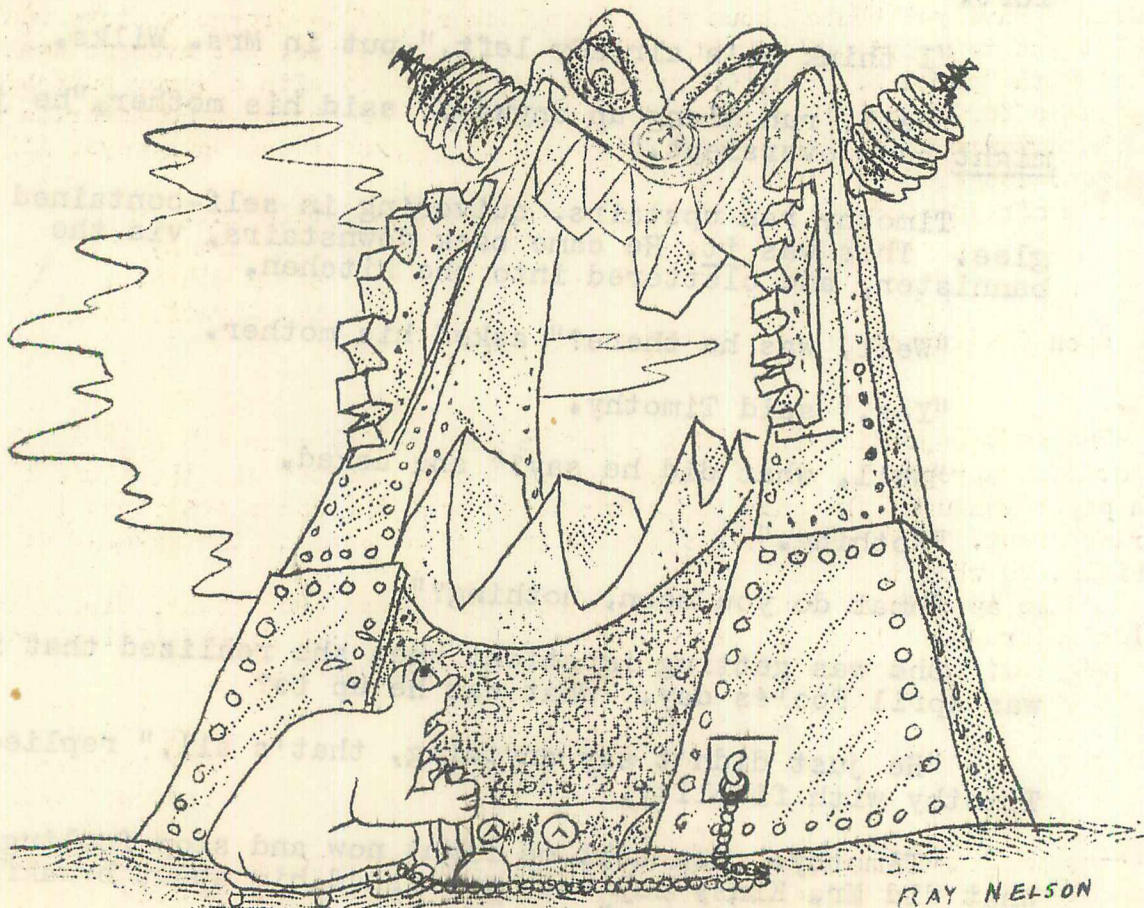
"Timothy MacDougal! If you ever say such a thing again I'll blister your backside! Now go outside, and I warn you, don't ever fool me like that again!" she gasped, thoroughly shocked.

She stamped up the stairs to Mr. Kinsy's room. She would find out if he was sick or if he'd already gone. Anyway, she could start cleaning in his room if he had gone.

As she stepped thru the doorway, she froze speechless with horror and stared at the pool of blood that had dripped onto the floor from the gash in Mr. Kinsy's throat. A little hysterically she noticed her meat cleaver and remembered that it had been missing from the pantry this morning.

As she feebly backed out of the room, her eyes fastened on the gory shape on the bed, Timothy's voice floated up the stairway.

"Ha! Ha! You thought I was lying. APRIL FOOL!"



MAN AND MACHINE

RAY NELSON



## M U T A T E D   G E N E S

Dear S-

Finally got the new MUTANT. Heard about the publishing troubles up there so I understand why it is late. Glad to know things will be going smoothly from now on.

Comments on the issue: The cover is very good; I always like this type.

Stories all okay. Glad to have the #1 Bottstory at last. I missed some you know. Greene's story okay; shows proof (?) that he knows diving. "Flux" was spoiled by the last sentence. Pics were for the most part better than usual but still not outstanding. Miller's were best.

"Michicon Meet" was enjoyable. Seems as if the SS reviewer didn't do enough reading. But your big mistake was writing all of that about it. It'll probably wind up in "The Frying Pan"! HA! You stuck your neck(s) out that time. I may be wrong, but from the looks of things Merwin(?) has had in his new dept, you'll find that part of this MUTANT there.

Dick Avery's story. I usually like his stuff, but this time it was, to be frank, punk. The combo of "yes m'love" and "fan-in-dutch-because-of-prozines" was too much.

All in all, a good issue; but there ~~is~~ room for development and I can expect improvements in the future. This ish was, come to think of it, put together over a period of months, so under the circumstances, it was darned good!

Sincerely,

Ed Cox,  
4 Spring St.,  
Lubec, Maine. USA.

Dear S-

Mutic arrived a little worse for wear, but very interesting in content. The cover was a good spaceship scene, but can't Kossuth draw anything else but spaceships and robots? Your editorial was interesting; you always get a lot on that page of yours. ((Have you heard about that from Tucker?? ed))--Greene's story was terrific! I tried to start a feud with him once; he ignored me. Not even so much as a postcard with "peasant!" Yah, Greene holds up his pants with a Dowey button! ((Am that grounds for a feud?? ed)) Rapp's story was one of the best Bottstories I've read. The artwork on the whole was fair, with some exceptions both ways. All in all, a very good issue. Congratulations!

I'm afraid your blast at Merwin's report was a futile one.

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

Has he seen the latest Startling? Vitriolic, what?? ed))

Dear S-

Tucker's objection that MUTANT has "a tendency to cram too much on the page" does not seem apropos to yours truly. You're looking better all the time. I like the smooth paper you use, the only objection being that the odd sheet tends to be thin and transparent. This make for difficulty in reading some of the pages, but it isn't impossible, so what the hell.

I also approve of your contents etc, page on the back cover. Nicely laid out, and right where you'll see it on receiving the mag. Query: If MUTANT is bi-monthly as stated, whatever became of November and January issues?

Adios,

Sam McCoy,  
951 Harrison Ave.,  
London, Ont., Canada.

For those missing issues, ask Merwin. His caustic comments disintegrated our mimeo. We're not feuding with Tucker, because he's a pro...and doesn't edit a prozine! ##Keep writing in youse guys. Mutant and Spacewarp-Universe have an excellent backlog on hand for the future. We hope to keep to sked, too. Heh, that's it, 3C.



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