

8 Dec '61

DYNATRON

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This is DYNATRON #8 so quit looking at it as if it were the result of something you ate. DYNATRON is published on a somewhat haphazard bi-monthly schedule and is available to you, you lucky fen, for trades, letters of comment, contributions of material (don't just sit there, write something.), and for cold, hard cash: 15¢ per or 8 for \$1. We don't have a British agent and wouldn't know what to do with one if we did. The editor of this here now fanzine is Roy Tackett, who is still in Japan. The publisher is Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA. She does most of the work and I get the credit. 'Twas ever thus. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why this is a Marinated Publication. You people from Zeta Lyrae V still out there?

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The cover is by Dick Schultz who also put it on stencil. Ta, RIF.

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November 1961

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A MARINATING
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BUT WE TRADE, DON'T WE? Now that we are into our second year of publication a word about trade policy seems appropriate. Yes, of course we trade. Dynatron is happy to trade with anything that comes in. However, Dynatron's schedule is bi-monthly and, all in all, we've kept close to that during the past year. Barring acts of war, ghod, or congress we intend to publish at least that frequently in the future. (We have done some talking about going six-weekly sometime next year but don't count too heavily on it.) So, yes, we trade. All for all if your fanzine is on a regular schedule; one for one if you publish irregularly. There are a couple of exceptions to the latter half of the rule but they are special cases. Any questions?

A FEW EVENINGS PAST I was sitting in a corner of the NCO Club sipping a glass of the warm, red wine when one of my barracks-mates, dripping water like a miniature version of Victoria Falls, staggered in out of the storm.

"Hey, Tag," he yelled. I tried vainly to hide behind my wine glass, but that in itself is a giveaway to my presence since I am the only patron of the club who drinks the grape. "hey, Tag, ya goin' tuh tuh movie?" (I must explain here that most of my military companions find the pronunciation of my name to be an almost insurmountable obstacle. However, in the spirit of cameraderie they apply a diminutive and I am known to my fellow sergeants variously as "Tac", "Thack", "Tag", and "Tiger". One or two even call me "Roy".)

Inasmuch as I am not a great fan of motion pictures (about the only "stars" I can recognize without a program are such as Edward G. Robinson, Boris Karloff, and Jane (.) (.) Russell) and knowing that the quality of movies shown on the military circuit is somewhat below average (and the average picture is pretty horrible when one stops to think of it--something which the producers apparently fervently hope that the viewers never do), I informed my friend that only a fool would go traipsing to the base theater in the midst of a downpour such as we were having at the time.

"Aw, c'mon," he insisted, "it's one of them crazy space things like you're always readin' about."

I went traipsing to the base theater.

The flic turned out to be a quite unintentional comedy titled "Queen of Outer Space." I will not bore you with the details. Whenever this particular space extravaganza plays at your neighborhood theater I suggest you spend the evening reading ANALOG.

The screenplay was by Charles Beaumont, a sometime writer of middling fantasy, who should know better. His script proved quite conclusively that he doesn't write science-fiction. This was particularly evident when one of the handsome young males in the film remarked that he'd like to get one of the Venusian females alone in the moonlight then asked the "Professor" (there is always a "Professor" in these things, you know) if Venus had any moons. "Oh, yes, there are several but you can't see them because of the clouds" the "Professor" replied.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Beaumont's future movie commitments necessitate his permanent retirement from the stf field.

JAPAN TIMES recently carried a report concerning "The Great Imperial Muh Reconstruction Comrades Society", an organization founded here in Japan by one Eizo Shirakami. Mr. Shirakami not only heads the Society these days but is also the "ambassador" to Japan from Great Imperial Muh with his home designated as the embassy and also the headquarters of the Great Imperial Muh Aviation Research Institute (flying saucers, no doubt) and the Great Universe Friendship Association.

Mr Shirakami says that he first became interested in Mu years ago while in high school and was struck by the similarities between Egyptian and Amerind cultures. He later read Churchward's "The Lost Continent" and it seemed to answer all his questions.

The goal of the "Great Imperial Muh Reconstruction Comrades Society" is, as the name suggests, to revive the civilization of Mu. How? "By having the continent raised."

How else?

By the way, do any of you know anything about The All Worlds-All Peoples International Club and the Committee for Inter-Stellar Friendship which had the full page ad in the Seacon program book? No, I don't want to join; I'm just curious.

THE HUGO COMMITTEE recommendations that awards be standardized to Best Novel, Best Short Fiction, Best Dramatic Presentation, Best Professional Artist, Best Professional Magazine, and Best Amateur Magazine (not a one-shot) with special awards left to the discretion of the con committee meets with approval in these quarters. (Down, George, we'll get to the fan awards later.) Six Hugos, with maybe an occasional special, would seem to be quite sufficient.

It does raise a problem or two, however, particularly in the fiction categories. Take Schmitz's "Lion Loose" in the October ANALOG for example. It is labeled as a short novel but from where I sit that is a misnomer. If I were to cast a vote for "Lion Loose" I would consider it in the Short Fiction category. But since it is labeled a novel, and there is an award for the Best Novel, the situation might get a bit on the confusing side.

As far as the Best Fanzine award goes, the disqualification of the one-shot will probably be met with mixed reaction. I'm inclined to approve of this measure. Most one-shots have a limited distribution and, on the whole, are not representative of typical fan publishing efforts. The occasional extraspecial one-shot, such as Who Killed SF? could be considered for a special award but the regular Hugo should go to a regularly published fanzine.

While I'm thinking about awards, Dynatron herewith awards one positive charge to Larry Shaw for that editorial in AXE 11. Needless to say, I agree.

In "Twice Under Heavily" Edco talks about all the money the fan have these days. Now is the time to open the vaults and get your Chicon memberships. Send \$2 to George W. Price, Treasurer, 20th World SF Convention, Box 4864, Chicago 80, Illinois. Everybody into the pool.

ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER. A few weeks ago I was thumbing through the special summer issue of SF MAGAZINE and came across several pages decorated with the familiar Rhine symbols, a drawing of what was obviously a nuclear submarine, and some other cryptic illos. The station librarian, who was peering over my shoulder, translated the title of the piece as Para-psychology in the Soviet Academy.

Of course, I was curious as to what the Soviets were doing in the field of extra-sensory perception. We know so little of what is occurring in the Soviet Union that an article like this might be considered something of a find. To satisfy my curiosity I turned to the number one man in Japanese fandom, Takumi Shibano, and asked him to give me a brief resume of the article. Takumi kindly sent along a summary and I think it of sufficient interest to pass along to the readership.

The article appeared originally in a Russian magazine so the translation has been from Russian to Japanese to English. No guarantees are made therefore, that the spelling of names is correct but it is fairly close.

The lead-in to the article, strangely enough, recounts what is alleged to be an American experiment in telepathy. According to the article: on 25 July 1959 the USS Nautilus put to sea with a special passenger on board--a telepath. The Nautilus stayed submerged under the Atlantic for 16 days during which a regular series of the Rhine experiments were conducted with the sub's passenger attempting to catch the thoughts of an esper located on shore. The conventional Rhine cards were used and the seagoing telepath recorded his calls, put them in an envelope which was sealed and placed in the ship's safe.

Upon completion of the 16-day tour the Nautilus returned to Charleston where the passenger disembarked and was flown, along with the envelopes in which his calls were recorded, to Washington where the record of the impressions he received was compared with the record of what had actually been sent.

His calls turned out to be 70 per cent correct!

On 13 June 1960 a seminar was held at the University of Leningrad on the subject of parapsychology. It opened with a report on Upton Sinclair's experiments in telepathy which he recorded in his book, "The Mental Radio" which was published in 1930.

After this report, Dr Leonid Washiliev, a member of the Soviet Medical Academy, lectured on para-psychology in general and pointed out that the first Russian experiments in this field had been made between 1932 and 1937.

Washiliev was followed by Dr Pavel Telenchev, a mathematician noted for his application of mathematics to biology, who spoke on the theories of probability and about some points of doubt concerning those theories in the field of extra-sensory perception.

Two days later, on 15 June 1960, Dr Washiliev delivered a lecture titled "Electromagnetic Radioactivity of the Human Brain" before an audience of biologists, physicians, physicists, radio-engineers, and specialists in cybernetics and information theory.

Dr Washiliev began his lecture by discussing the Nautilus experiment and stated that this proved, without doubt, that telepathy was possible. He then went into his own early work in the field, mentioning his experiments in hypnosis and telepathy and his research into the nature of telepathy. According to Dr Washiliev, his first theories were that the brain acted as a high-frequency radio transmitter/receiver and that thought waves were electro-magnetic in nature. Working along these lines he attempted to devise various means of shielding the radiation from the brain but has so far found absolutely no material which will act as a shield against thought waves. Electro-magnetic radiation, such as radio waves can be effectively shielded by a number of materials but none of these have the slightest effect on telepathy.

in Moscow

A second seminar on para-psychology convened a few days later at which a lecture by Dr Norbert Weiner titled "Brain Waves and the Self-Organizing System" was read. Various Russian scientists also presented papers on their own research into extra-sensory perception.

The general conclusions reached by the seminar were that ESP is, indeed, a proven fact but that few people actually possess psi-powers and that most of those who have demonstrated psionic ability suffered from some sort of mental disease. Dr Washiliev, for example, states that psi powers such as telepathy are examples of devolution rather than evolution.

The Soviet scientists agreed, however, that ESP is a reasonable field for scientific research and their experiments are continuing.

Perhaps the most startling thing about the whole article is the list of big brains that the Soviet has turned loose on research into para-psychology. Among those who presented papers at Moscow seminar were the following members of the Soviet Academy:

- E. Aslachen and D. Milsa of the Science Academy.
- P. Griaev, Doctor of Biology and Chief of Cybernetics Research at Leningrad University.
- D. Bulikov of the Medical Academy.
- V. Nowak of the Medical Academy.
- L. Kleismel, M. Rivanov and J. Kriatski, all Doctors of Technology.
- M. Eilopetiamts, A. Ivanitski and N. Salaziev, all leading biologists.
- D. Phedotov, Chief of the Academy's mental disease research institute.
- N. Javalian of the institute of research of medical apparatus.
- G. Poliakov and O. Adrianov of the brain research institute of the medical academy.

That is the gist of the article which appeared in the September, 1961 (issue #20) edition of SF MAGAZINE. It would appear that the USSR is taking the subject of para-psychology quite seriously. That line-up of scientific brainpower smacks of a crash-program.

Egad. First there was the missile gap. Now is there to be a psionics gap?

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ROY TACKETT

TOKYO FILE
by
TAKUMI SHIBANO

✕This is the first of a series of columns on Japanese SF and fandom that will appear regularly in DYNATRON. Takumi Shibano is one of the main focal points of both the professional and fan segments of the field in Japan and the column is reprinted from his own fanzine, UCHUJIN. Blame the arrangement of this one on me as I've done a bit of editing to meet space requirements. RT✕

CHATTER: Masao Segawa, the authority on children's SF, was married on 6 June. The bride is a scientist and a SF writer...Tsutomu Miyazaki published his first anthology, "Paradise Lost in the 21st Century," 13 stories, 210 pages...Marinhiro Saito, Shozo Tokura, Bon Atsumi, Kunio Nagatani and Kosumi Rei have made the prozines...First prize in SF MAGAZINE's first amateur story contest was won by Yoshio Yamada with a story entitled "This Egoistic Earth". Toho Films may turn it into a movie...Masahito Ara, noted literature critic, devoted his column in the MAINICHI newspaper on 27 June to the topic of "SF Writers in Japan." He discussed the works of Shinichi Hoshi and Masao Segawa. He also took note of UCHUJIN, saying, "I recognize its distinguished service as a pioneer but most of the material that appears in it is rather green"...SF inclined students at Waseda University have brought out the first issue of a new fanzine, ASTEROID. Good material but hard to read due to poor reproduction...Akira Taji has published the second issue of his fanzine, PARANOIA. 50 pages all by the editor...On 27 August the Cosmic Brotherhood Association, a UFO group, met at Asaki Hall in Tokyo to hear a speech by George Hunt Williamson who claims to be in communication with the "space people". Members of the Japan Flying Saucer Association walked out of the meeting. CBA and JFSA are not too friendly. JFSA is a scientific research group which is making a serious study of UFOs. CBA is a "religious" group..."Twilight Zone" is back on the TV screens.

NEW BOOKS: Case of the Metallic Sound Disease by Yō Sano. An anthology of seven detective stories three of which have SF themes...Haskill Man by Akimitsu Takagi...Hayakawa Shobo has brought out six new reprints in a series called "Tales of Menace": Kiss Kiss by Roald Dahl, Mysterious Stories by Stanley Ellin, The Third Level by Jack Finney, Nightride and Other Journeys by Charles Beaumont, A Medicine for Melancholy by Ray Bradbury, and Pictures in the Fire by John Collier...Scheduled for the Hayakawa Fantasy series are Wild Talent by Wilson Tucker which Tetsu Yano is translating and Methuselah's Children by R. A. Heinlein...Bungei Shiju Co has brought out Jitsuo Kusaka's The Revolution of the Universe. A good and safe story but splendid points cannot be found...Good Morning, Mr Earth, Shin-ichi Hoshi's second anthology has been published by Shincho-sha Co...The Age of Eve by Kyo Takikawa treats a murder case in future society...A Little Murderer by Bradbury was published in Hoseki magazine...Riron-sha Publishing Company has brought out Ziorkovski's Man on the Planet, Lives in Space, and On the Moon under one cover. These are illustrations of the classic story style.

Shotarō Ishimari's report of his visit to the Seacon will be published in SF MAGAZINE.

TAKUMI SHIBANO

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✕My apologies for the cutting job, Takumi, but I had to squeeze a four month report onto one page. More room next time. RT✕

TWICE UNDER HEAVILY

a sort of perambulating column
by

ED COX

MONEY AND FANDOM: Looking in a recent AXE, that estimable publication from the good Shaws afloat on Staten Island, I found that the Willis Fund has far exceeded \$1,000 in cash and pledges and this about a year before the actual departure date of the Willises from Ireland. This causes me to think that fandom has indeed changed over the years. We all know that a lot of people are growing up and that along with maturity, the level of fan-activity and publications has risen. Even the newer fans are not as wild and sophomoric (well, not all of them) as in the days of old when Sgt Saturn set the pace for the whole field. But one of the most significant characteristics of the average Fan back when I was a cub blasting into the field, was his utter poverty...stark, desolate and bleak poverty. Yes. Fans didn't hardly have much money to put out their fanzines and maintain their collections of stf. They were hard-put to buy postage and that was when stamps were only 3¢ for first class. Nobody, almost, was sure where their next quire of stencils would come from and who used Gestetner Bond in those days?

But these days...wow, moneysville! Not only do Fans be shelling out for TAFF, but money comes rolling in for other equally good causes, like a year or so ago when the Seattle people sparked the Bring Berry Over bit and now the Willis Fund which is soaring rapidly to an unprecedented high! And fanzines coming out right and left. Whereas there used to be a number of good publications wherein a stable of fine Fan-writers contributed, now we find almost everybody publishing their own zines, including stuff on Gestetners and 100-page zines from Berkeley (or wherever Bill Donano sags the earth's crust)! Fans have money, at least compared to years before. I guess it is sort of a case where the poverty-ridden teenagers have grown to adults holding jobs and still have extra cash to publish besides car-payments and raising a family. But the younger Fans, as well, still seem to find the wherewithal to publish profusely if not brilliantly (not that a lot of them miss the boat in that department either!). I don't know if this is an indication of a cycle or a trend. Maybe the per capita wealth of the nation increasing as it is, despite inflation, is reflected as much in Fandom as in the sales of television sets and befinned automobiles. Well, long may it wave and all that. Fandom is FUN and the money problem is licked, so we can expect the drive for self-expression to exert itself through fanzines rather than partly through the less expensive medium of writing letters to prozines...

SPEAKING OF FAN-CYCLES: Fan, that is, as reflected in the publication of prozines. Casting my mind back through the swirling mists of time, I recall an article Rick Sneary wrote in the June 1950 issue of SPACEWARP (that sterling fanzine that set the pace for Fifth Fandom). It was entitled "1958" which, of course, reflected an optimistic outlook since South Gate in '48 had long since been relegated to lost causes. So South Gate in '58 was born and came to pass. Part of the thinking along that line led to the article as mentioned in which Rick talked about the cycle of prozine publication.

As you may or may not remember (depending on how long you've been around Fandom), he figured out the cycle of prozine publication, the numbers thereof. He found that in the Beginning, there were only the two (1927). Then by 1930 there were eight. Bad times came, he reports, in 1935-36 when the number halved. But by 1941 there were 20. The war chopped these down to eight again (1945-46). But as he wrote the article, in 1950, there were 22. We know that this number increased as the boom reached full waxing. Then as the toll of over-enthusiasm took place, killing the golden goose and all that, the numbers decreased rapidly. Today, 1961, there are only six in this country and about two more in England. Maybe four or five all over the world as we count foreign editions of US zines and others published in Germany and Russia. The next cycle should see a raise in say, 1970, to twenty or thirty again? Who knows, but one guess is that by that time, they'll no longer be as rabidly science-fictional as they are adventure story magazines!

NON-STF CHATTER: An interesting thing happened to me on the way to a luau the other night. I was rounding a corner to make my way to Western Avenue when a young teenager, a normal looking young American girl in red shorts, leaned her face at me and bellowed, "Hello, you foreign monster!" Not knowing me personally, I can only presume she referred to the car I drive, a Swedish Volvo.

What prompted her remark is fun to try to figure. My favorite deduction is that her father is a staunch union member whose education is fairly limited and would tend to be isolationist should the word ever lose its stigma politically. He has probably ranted and raved at the supper table about things and has a BUY AMERICAN---The Job You Save May Be Your Own sticker on the bumper of his car. Foreign cars had made such inroads on the quantity of status symbols sold in this country that unions have flipped over the situation. Not that automobiles are the only thorn in the side of their thinking. What I'd like to see, theoretically only, is the look that would spread over their ashen faces should every last export from this country suddenly stop dead. I don't think I have to go into much more detail on foreign trade, economics and so on lest the DAR find out and accuse me of pushing UNESCO and other terrible concepts.

ANOTHER CAUSE LOST FOREVER: Ever have something you've intended to do, someday, fairly soon, when you got the time for it? And somehow, it never has come about yet? Cy Condra, Elmer Perdue and I always intended, during the last three or four years, to drive up in Northern California to visit with Clark Ashton Smith. Just recently Rick Sneary imparted the news to me that the venerable old master of weird fiction had left this mortal coil. Current crops of younger fans are not only not familiar, in most cases, with the work of CASmith, HP Lovecraft, Whithead, Wandrei, Bloch and others of the old WEIRD TALES school, but they would (I've seen instances) probably not think much of the fiction. But to a lot of us older fans, those names and those stories are from an era where a chilly sense of wonder pervaded and brought excitement and "shocks" (as another, August Derleth, liked to say) to the reader. Most of them are long gone and the idea of visiting CASmith, talking about those days, looking at his weird sculpture and drinking some of his home-made wine, appealed to us. It would've been a grand experience. But somehow, we don't really know why, it never came to pass. Now it is too late. I guess this ought to be some sort of lesson to us. How about you?

THINGS WORTHWHILE
LEAD TO.....:

I don't know what the opinion of the editor of this fanzine is on the next subject, but mine will soon be blared out in its full glory...on the subject of "The Fan Awards Poll", a thing sent out by one George C. Willick of Madison, Indiana. Now I've always tried, in recent years, to see Fandom and my part in it in proper perspective. This is, mainly as an enjoyable nobby and nothing more. Some people get too tied up in it, but for the main part, most of them realize what fandom really is. It doesn't seem to be, not any more, a medium mainly for inflation of the ego and pumping-up, air-like, a feeling of self-importance. However, this fan-awards poll tends to bring a dark cloud of suspicion on the sunny horizon of fun-and-games type Fandom. This kid is taking himself too seriously. That's the feeling I get when the poll asks all sorts of questions about types of awards, categories, and so on for fan-effort. Evidently, the spotlight at Hugo time does not shine brightly, or often, enough on fans. Frankly, I don't think there are that many things happening in Fandom to merit a long slate of fan-awards. At a more practical level, most of the things going on in Fandom, notably fanzine publication, do not, at all times, reach a fairly uniform number of the greater proportion of all fans active in fandom. Sure there's lots of over-lapping mailing lists. The hard-core of active fans get most of the more active publications, know what's going on in Fandom, regional and larger conventions, etc. BUT, the greater number of people who attend and/or send in membership fees to "world" conventions do NOT follow fanzine fandom and furthermore, probably don't care much. They are NOT going to want to happily shell out more money (already up to the \$2-3 mark) for something as overtly juvenile as the proposed award symbol. That is, in case you haven't seen the drawing, the nude figure of a woman with arms upstretched clutching a dagger in each spike-wristed hand. It's so utterly juvenile, with tones of sadism and covert frustration plus a lack of understanding toward sex, that it's pitiful. Not to mention well nigh impossible to mold for casting figurines! This practical binger of the kind of thinking that went into the whole idea as evidenced by the allusion to a possible defeat by "fan politics"! But I suppose, going back to the idea of cycles being amongst us, that something like this is bound to crop up in Fandom from time to time to give us something to grouch about. They all can't be Deglers but it's enough to keep interest up!

Besides, can you see yourself walking up before the assemblage of more or less teenagers and the adult fans, writers and readers, and accepting one of those things for being the best fan-writer of the year? Ech! Or don't you agree?

SCIENCE ON THE MARCH: This section will concern itself with one of the favorite subjects of our esteemed editor. Science. Yes. This time it's astronomy, the age of the earth and that crowd. Not too long ago, in a sort of book by Fred Hoyle which did not concern a black cloud, the age of the earth was loosely referred to as being 4,000 million years. Textbooks put it from 2 to 3 or 4 billion years old and like that. Theories sometimes say that the earth is, of course, as old as the universe since the matter was spewed forth from the sun at about the same time the rest of the universe came to be, or something like that. There are too many to keep track of. But with modern techniques, new discoveries, and electronic help, things are getting pinned down. Now they think the universe is 20 to 30 billion years old. What's 10 billion years? The only trouble here is that during the exploration,

discovery and study of these here other island universes (universii?), the found one retreating rapidly from our location. It appeared to be about half as old as all the others. My theory is that it's fleeing for its life, considering itself too young to die! But then, Man has not spread out through his own Galaxy yet. In fact, it is more a matter of will He Survive on his own planet first, before spreading death and destruction, candy wrappers and beer cans all over the rest of the universe.

ENDS AND ODDS...: We could talk about Berlin, but then, since Fandom is an escape world, we must become ostrich-like and bury our heads in the sand of fanzines. Except that ostriches don't really do that. In fanzines or sand. One often wonders how such stereotyped pictures get started and spread throughout the generations. Which brings to mind that the old concept of Fandom by outsiders would change considerably if they could read the dead-serious discussions about quite un-science-fictional topics in some of the discussion-zines especially and most fanzines in general. Another old "truism" is biting the dust like mad in late years: Sex and Science-Fiction (Fandom) Don't mix. The Pyramid books would tend to confirm it on the stf end of it, but look at the droves of fans who are marrying and though the reproductive urge is diverted to other channels, fanzines still spew forth in unending droves. But this may be a family type zine, so I'll not explore that theme in detail.

In fact, this winds it up for this time. Look for the next big installment of Twice Under Heavily.....hell, it might even be in the next issue! I'll believe that when I see it. RTX

ED COX

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Dynatron congratulates

RON ELLIK

on his election to TAFF

and suggests that since we are sending a squirrel over to take care of the nuts on their side it would be well to bring a nurse over to have a look at some of the sick ones on this side.

In Other Words

E T H E L L I N D S A Y

F O R

T A F F

ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF
and l.a. once more - in sixty-four
ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF ELFTAFF

Especially for Alan Dodd here is

A REPORT OF CERTAIN RESEARCHES REGARDING SWORDS

by

Roy Tackett

In the gray light of the dawn the Master kneels naked in the courtyard. This is the time for purification of the body. He slowly lifts the wooden tub of cold water and pours the absolving liquid over himself in the ancient ritual of purification. The Master dons his robes and enters the small building. He approaches the shrine located apart, in a corner, and bows in fervent prayer, purifying his spirit, and asking divine guidance in his most holy task. Purified now in body and in spirit the Master turns to the small forge. He is ready to create that which is so highly revered by his people in the Land of the Rising Sun -- a Samurai Sword.

The story of the Samurai is the story of the Japanese people and the history of the Samurai sword is the history of Japan. The Samurai was the warrior, the protector of the land and the people. His code was not only a code of war, it was a code of honor. The sword of the Samurai was more than just his armament, a weapon with which to battle the enemy. It was an heirloom, carefully preserved and passed from generation to generation as a symbol of greatness. It was more. The sword of the Samurai was his soul. It was kept polished and sharp to show that the soul was pure. A warrior might dress in the finest of clothes and have riches beyond counting but should his sword become tarnished he was dishonored because his soul was unclean.

If the sword of a Samurai was bumped or hit by another then his soul was injured and must be satisfied. Should the Samurai place his sword on the floor and another person step over it then the Samurai had the right to instantly slay the offender for his soul had been soiled.

The Samurai sword was, at one time, one of the holiest objects in Japan, and the making of a sword a dedicated task. The sword, along with the Sacred Mirror, and the Comma-Shaped Beads, are still revered as national treasures.

Swordmaking in Japan dates back to the dim days of pre-history. The first swords were made by Chinese and Korean smiths. This is called the Ancient Sword Period and these swords were generally of the straight type in imitation of Chinese blades. The tempering of the steel was poor and the swords were of an inferior quality.

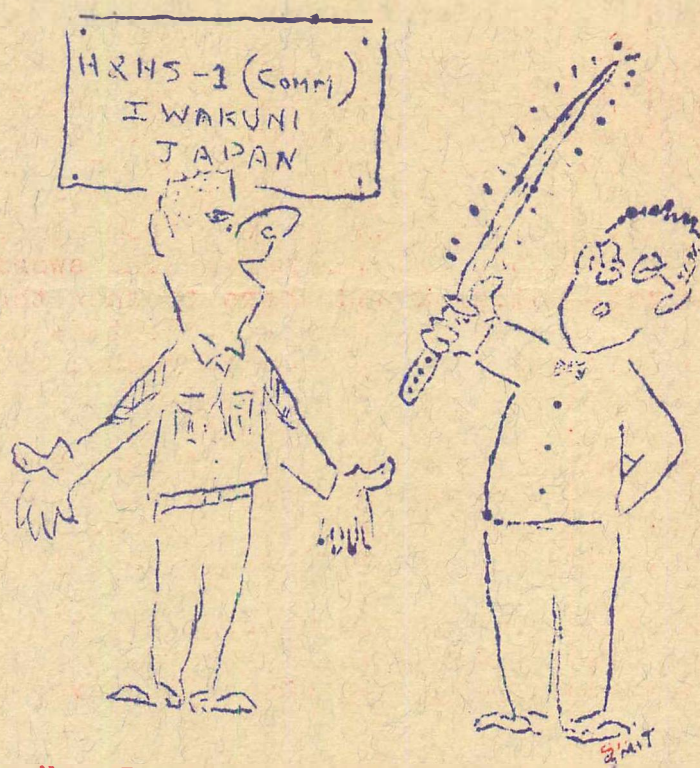
During the Old Sword Period, from about 900 to 1530, the art of swordmaking reached its peak in Japan and produced swords which far surpassed the fabled blades of Toledo and Damascus. It was during this period that the Samurai sword achieved its distinctive curved style.

According to legend the Emperor's swordsmith was standing in the doorway of his forge one day watching the warriors return from battle.

The Emperor passed the smith without any sign of recognition and the smith was dismayed to see that most of the soldiers carried broken swords. Stunned by this and by the Emperor's rebuff, the smith shut himself up in his forge for a week and prayed to the gods to allow him to redeem his honor.

Since the swords were used primarily for slashing the smith saw that the straight shape was not suitable and set to work designing a new sword. He selected the best ore available and worked steadily for a month perfecting his new blade. The result was a single-bladed curved weapon of excellent steel which proved itself to be the most perfect of swords.

During the New Sword Period (1530-1867) the art of swordmaking declined with emphasis being placed more upon looks than on usefulness. The swords of this period were lavishly engraved with flowers, dragons, and landscapes. The temper lines on the blade were also designed with intricacy. However, the smiths were no longer refining their own steel but obtaining it from the mills and from abroad so that the quality began to decrease.



No. No. I asked for something to cut artwork on stencil with...

The Modern Sword period dates from about the time of the accession of the Emperor Meiji to the throne. Meiji ended the feudal system, modernized Japan, and prohibited the wearing of swords. The swordmakers turned to more mundane types of blacksmithing and the days of the great smiths passed into history. About 1926 the rise of nationalism in Japan revived swordmaking. Although the curved design was the same, the modern swords were mass produced in factories and were quite inferior to the great words of the older days.

Prior to World War II there were approximately 1,500,000 swords in Japan of which about 200,000 were products of the new sword factories. The majority of the swords carried by Japanese officers during the war were authentic hand-made Samurai swords.

At the present time there are probably less than 100,000 swords in Japan and most of these are classified as art objects. In contrast, it is interesting to note that there are about 300,000 Samurai swords in the United States; souvenirs brought back from the war by returning servicemen.

Samurai swords are classified both by length and by the mounting. The shaku and its fractions are the units of length. One shaku is equal to 11.930542 inches. The Daito (long sword) is over two shaku in length. In ancient days the Daito was sometimes as much as four or five shaku long but this length was reduced to facilitate better handling. It was

the longer of the two swords worn by the Samurai. The Daito was the most arduous sword to forge because of the difficulty in obtaining an even temper for the entire length.

The Wakizashi (medium sword) was sometimes worn by the Samurai as an auxiliary sword but were more often used by persons of the non-samurai class who were permitted to go armed.

The Tanto (short sword) is less than one shaku in length and was generally the second sword worn by the samurai. This is the type known commonly in the West as the hara-kiri knife.

The making of a sword was a long and laborious task which took at least a month to complete and often longer.

After completion of the purification ritual the master swordsmith selected his iron. This was a task that called for keen judgement and a thorough knowledge of the metal. Once a piece of iron of suitable quality had been selected it was heated and flattened; then quenched in water and broken into several pieces of equal size. The temperature of the water was an important factor and was specified as the temperature of water in either February or August.

The iron was then repeatedly reheated and pounded until it once more became a solid piece--no longer a piece of iron but of steel. The master continued to heat, flatten, and fold the metal until the desired texture and grain were obtained in an even degree throughout the steel. The grain was achieved by the repeated folding and flattening of the layers. Before the final form of the sword emerged from the metal it had been heated, stretched, folded, and flattened as many as 20 times. This resulted in over a million layers of steel which formed the beautiful patterns of the grain. The block of metal was now long and narrow, roughly the shape of the sword it would become. With his simple tools, the master shaped the blade, forming the ridge lines and the point. A paste of clay, sand, and charcoal was then spread over the blade. Great care was taken with this and intricate patterns and designs were formed along the edges of the paste. These designs appeared in the metal after final tempering. After the paste was applied the blade was baked and when the proper temperature had been obtained the sword was quenched in water. The master smith then used a coarse stone to give the blade its desired final shape and engraved his signature on the tang. His job completed he turned the sword over to his assistants for polishing and mounting.

Swordmaking was an art, not a science. The master swordsmith worked by "feel". He knew when the steel was right not by a sure knowledge that a certain temperature was the correct one to achieve, but because at a certain point the feel of the metal was as it should be. This intuitive knowledge of the sword is carried on today by the small group of men who are the remaining "experts" on the Samurai sword.

Prior to World War II a sword some 200 years old could be purchased by a Japanese officer for a price that varied between \$50 to \$75. The more ancient swords, those forged between 600 and 1000 years ago were art treasures and valued at prices that ranged up to \$7,500. There are no standard prices now and the swords are appraised and judged on art value with a point system being used. The more common swords are valued at about five points while some of the most ancient types achieve point values of 600 or more. Age itself is not the only factor considered, however, and such things as condition, design, grain, mountings, and other factors are included as part of the appraisal. Also important, as in any art, is the artist, in this case the swordsmith.

There were perhaps some 15,000 master swordsmiths throughout Japanese history. Many bore the same name as it was handed down from father to son or from master to apprentice. But each, it seems, was in some

manner distinctive. Each left a bit of himself in his swords. There are, to be sure, physical factors such as signature, markings, design, type of grain, etc., that are used in identifying the swordsmith. But still there is often doubt due to similarity of style, imitation, and, of course, counterfeiting. It is here that the intuitive feeling for the sword once more comes into use. The expert appraiser achieves a "feeling" for the sword so that he can say it is the work of Akihiro, or Tsuguo, or Muramasa, or any one of thousands of others. Perhaps the master swordsmith did, indeed, put something of himself into his sword.

In this connection there is the legend of the aforementioned Muramasa who was a master smith in the middle of the 14th Century. He is said to have been an evil man who imparted his evilness to his swords. The sword was the soul of the Samurai and those warriors who possessed the swords of Muramasa were possessed and corrupted by the evil of the sword. Superstition? In the 1600s the Shogun believed in it to the extent that he forbade the Samurai to possess the swords of Muramasa and ordered them destroyed.

The art of the swordsmith has almost vanished completely. Only a few now carry it on as a hobby. But the legends and history of the Samurai and his sword remain to capture our interest and our imagination--a way of life disappearing into the past.

ROY TACKETT

XXXXX

Coming up in Dynatron: Nextish will have the debut of Len Moffatt's new column, "Keep Smiling", Ed Cox reviews WEIRD TALES for October, 1935, and Tadashi Taka will have a short story. If you've been wondering what Japanese fan stf is like this is your chance to find out. Les Sample should be knocking about the place with "The Psycho Ward." In future issues there will be a story by Steven L. Muir (remember him?) and if things get rough I suspect Rex de Winter is lurking about the fringes somewhere.

RIP Schultz does the cover nextish and Len Moffatt the one after that. We could use covers for future issues. Chrystal has a new drawing plate and a new set of stylii so we're ready to have a go at some artwork. Contributions invited, of course.

And we would be most happy to have a look at your article, essay, what have you.

XXXXX

"A Psalm For Fen" which appeared lastish was written by the sage of Downey, California, Len J. Moffatt, who has somehow managed to get his name mentioned three times on this page.

XXXXX

No fmz reviews this time. Not that the Endless Stream has dried up -- far from it. We have received all sorts of goodies such as HYPHEN 29, BASTION 2, VENTURA 1 from Phil Harrell, WHATSIT 1 from Ken Cheslin, THROUGH THE PORTHOLE from Bob Smith, UCHIJIN from Takumi Shibano and many others. Thanks one and all.

+++++

South Gate Again in 2010

+++++

ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF



Input to the Dynatron

SIGNAL VOLTAGE

+ - + - + - + - + - + -

HECTOR R. PESSINA
CASILLA 3869/CORREO CENTRAL,
BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

The Japanese, at least, have something we lack, namely, reprints of American prozines. We had three prozines, URANIA, HOMBRES DEL FUTURO, and MAS ALLA, but

all folded long ago.

You write that Japanese fandom, unlike the Anglo-American variety, is rather on the serconish side, deeply interested in stf both as a literature and a way of communicating scientific ideas. That is exactly the way we feel down here and it seems to be a general feature of fandom of countries like Argentina which are just beginning to form a real SF fandom. We have fun together, too, but most people who come to our meetings are too busy to devote even a little part of their otherwise precious time in other activity rather than serious constructive ones. They want to discuss SF and comment on the stories, films, etc. They want to meet people who are united by the same enthusiasm in Science Fiction and share their own ideas, books, theories, etc.

I think that one of the reasons for this attitude towards SF in countries like mine is that the people who read it are, mainly, professional people, university students, and in general those who have a higher education than average. This was shown by a poll taken by MAS ALLA, in which most of the readers and subscribers to it turned out to be doctors, engineers, businessmen, university students, etc. The general public either doesn't understand the stories or doesn't care.

Most stf readers in all parts of the world appear to be of a general type--somewhat better educated than the average, although this doesn't mean formal education exclusively. The people who read stf in Argentina, scientists, engineers, students, etc., are the same group who read it in Japan and in the U.S. I should think the main reason for the difference in fannish outlook between the Anglo-American portion and the rest of the microcosm is that we've been at it longer and are, as a result, somewhat blasé about it. RT

JOHN M. BAXTER,
P. O. BOX 39,
KING STREET P.O.,
SYDNEY, NSW,
AUSTRALIA

Your going to a bi-monthly schedule will mess up my loc writing something awful. It takes six weeks for a fanzine to get here from the U.S. which means one must comment immediately in order to make the deadline for the next issue.

Alan Burns wraps his magic, witchcraft, etc, in a cloak of religion --this is basically where I differ with him. If you make witchcraft out to be a religion, then certainly demonology and the skills connected therewith do seem to be excluded. The function of any religion, naturally, is worship of something or other, and anybody who used his connection with the religion as an excuse to further his worldly ambitions would not be very popular, I should think, with his fellow devotees. All conventional churches have forms of prayer, of course, which are supposed to assist those in trouble by obtaining divine intervention, but in witchcraft it's very different. For one thing, the rituals are clearly laid down - with the proper information, any witch would be able to summon a demon to do the housework or fill the piggy bank. The God of Catholicism is not this obliging.

However, getting back to the original point at last, if you view witchcraft as some kind of physical science using mental rather than

BAXTER, cont'd.

solid materials and pressures, then demonology most definitely has a place.

Remember the way most fantasy authors used to explain away arcane phenomena in the old days? Psionics, planes of force (huh?), alternate worlds and parallel time continua, etc? I fancy these explanations of convenience came closer to a true explanation of witchcraft than anybody knew. Religion, especially that of the small cults, has always stimulated my suspicion gland, and, in any case, where some action or phenomena is attributed to "divine intervention", I look

around for a more logical explanation. If witchcraft does exist, then it is far more likely to be a physical than a metaphysical thing. OK, Alan, bring out the wax doll.

Sneary's letter is very interesting. If, as he says, Rick feels that "life is not sacred, only intelligence" then this seems to rule out a belief in euthanasia. Betty Kujawa's objection to the Rome experiments is quite justified, I feel, because the foetus which was destroyed had the potential of intelligence - perhaps super-intelligence. True, science must go on, and these experiments are the only way to obtain information which may save millions in the future, but the risk is that, in the experiments, we may destroy perhaps a child with the mental stature of an Einstein, a Michaelangelo, a Sneary. It's a croggling thought. The same with euthanasia - who is to say that the creature we may destroy in order to improve the human race might not have some drastic effect on it in the future? Sure, completely useless people could be quietly "put away" to the delight of those responsible for the paying of food and medical bills for these. But where is this going to stop? If you kill mongoloid idiots, senile old men and women, hopeless cripples, do you think it will stop there? I feel sure that the rule would be extended to cover those with serious diseases - congenital syphilis, haemophilia, tuberculosis, the less dangerous forms of insanity --and I don't have to remind you that many of the world's greatest artists, writers, and public figures had diseases like this. Have you read Bob Silverberg's MASTER OF LIFE AND DEATH in an Ace double? If not, try it - the arguments against euthanasia are set out very clearly indeed, with a lucidity surprising for our Robert.

OK, my goodlike facet decrees that overseas readers don't have to meet deadline. I still think that witchcraft ritual, such as the sabbat is just an excuse for the boys to chase the girls around. Same applies to many other cults, too. RTX



"I HAVE been hearing db
things about you, BURRIS.."

FRED HUNTER
13, FREEFIELD RD,
BERWICK,
SHETLAND ISLES,
SCOTLAND

I wuz digging through my pile of fanzines when I came across DYNATRON 6. "Hey," I said to meself all alright, "I have done a loc to the Noble Tackett, haven't I?" I got no tingle of response so I now hurl myself at the typewriter oozing apologies all over the place.

I found the review of Japanese fandom exceptionally interesting. Must admit I found it amusing that they, too, have struck the sercon vs fanish reef. Can there be a fanzine whose pages do not bear the scars of this age-old battle? Say, why don't you dash off an article on comic-books for one of the Japanese zines and really start something? (Sorry about that. I didn't mean to go and use dirty words like "comic-books").

Rex de Winter's "A Brother For Gerald" put the screaming creeps on me. Can't say I liked the story but it had a sort of horrible fascination so I suppose one could say that the author succeeded in a way. Sub-teenage Franksteins, egad! Whatever next!!

Judging from the lettercol I seem to have missed various musings on demonology and witchcraft. Very interesting subjects, to my mind, although I'm not interested enough to feel like conducting any practical experiments. I mean, just what have you proved when you're cowering in your pentacle and the ravening beasts of Hell are prowling just out of reach of your jars of holy water and half-ton of garlic?

X You have proven that not even the beasts of Hell are ravenous to tackle a meal flavored with a half-ton of garlic. RTX

MIKE KURMAN
231 SW 51 COURT
MIAMI 44, FLA.

The cover, I'll have to say, was pretty lousy. You can tell it's just a makeshift job, stuck together real quick, mimeoed, and then stapled on. Even with two colors it is still a mighty flimsy job.

"Marinating" was fairly interesting in a news sense, but that's all. "The LASFS Picnic" could've very well stayed out of tnish and I would've been much happier. For one page it was just not funny. There's no plot, and it was dropped off in the middle.

"A Psalm For Fen" was interesting. I could make an educated guess as to who wrote it, but I won't, cause somebody might get mad. The Japanese SF article was probably the best thing in the ish. Firstly, it had plenty of room to say what it was going to say, and secondly, it shows signs of not being edited at all. This is probably one of the most interesting and best serious articles I have ever read.

Les Sample's review was something different again--but somenow it just didn't seem to hold my interest as it should. The fanzine reviews were interesting and I think you should break your vow and devote at least three pages to these. You can get rid of garbage like the "LASFS Picnic".

The lettercol was fairly interesting, and I am glad to see you are printing good long letters unlike some other faneds I know. And, unlike a few assorted faneds, you don't butcher your letters.

X You think the cover of #7 was bad? You should have seen some of the earlier ones. I plead guilty to doing something that I often castigate other faneds about--"The LASFS Picnic" was aimed at a small ingroup. Act II (or something) will appear in the next annish if I can figure out a way to pun GALAXY between now and then. #I don't butcher the letters, ha? You should watch me chop a six page elite type loc down to fit a couple of pages of pica type. More fmz reviews? Not this year. RTX

ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF

RICK SNEARY On hand is Dynatron #7. Hadn't heard anything about
2962 SANTA ANA ST the electronic translators for some time. About 3
SOUTH GATE, CALIF. years ago I knew a girl who's husband worked for a
 firm that was working on a translating machine. All
I ever saw were some of the computer stacks (the little hand-size plug
in things) that changed the function of the big machine.

Kindly explain the reference to Dodd and Samurai swords. Is he in-
terested in swords? Maybe I should contact him. I've currently been
reading from a library book, The Archeology of Weapons by R. Ewart Oake-
shott, which is all about arms and armour. Very good and I wish it was
mine. Bob Richardson was interested in starting an Arms and Armour
branch in fandom, but got too little response. And now he seems to have
drifted out of fandom as well.

I guess the poem is by Moffatt. It sounds like Len, and his way of
thinking.

The history of Japanese s-f is very interesting. It is regrettable
that informative articles such as this can not be collected at the end
of a year and put under a single cover for use of future historians.
With 137 (?) titles, no one can see, let alone read, all that comes out.
And much that is good must be missed. I almost think a quarterly re-
print fanzine might make a go of it now. Did you do any rewrite on this
article. The english structure is almost too good to be written by any-
one but a native.

X I dunno, maybe Dodd's decided to go in for sword and sorcery
or like that. Samurai swords are said to have strange proper-
ties. # I quite agree that a fmz digest sort of thing might go
well nowadays. Ghu knows that with the current flood from the
fan press it is impossible to stay up with all the good stuff.
I would have to be done by someone who gets most of the fmz,
though, and who could separate the gems from the crud. You
there, Harry Warner? #Takumi's history of Japanese stf went
through four writings--two by Takumi and two by me. RTX

PAUL SHINGLETON, JR I've emerged from my summer gafia. In fact, my
320 26TH STREET first gafia. It's the first time since I entered
DUNBAR, WEST VA. fandom in 1957 that I've actually been gafia. Sor-
 ry and all. So, now I'll comment on DYNATRON 7
with the ogggish cover.

Red and purple...? Wha'd you lats do, buy a Gestetner -- or a Rex
type machine? I've converted my mimeo, too. To blue ink on blue paper.
Wait until you see T&B6...croggling, that's what it is. Why is the "7"
on the cover printed in reverse?

I'm afraid Takumi Shibano's article didn't make much of a dent into
my very thick skull. It was moderately interesting, but...well, to
tell the truth I'm not much interested in stf any more. On rereading
it I find it quite interesting. In fact, I rescind my former viewpoint.
It's really quite good.

Sample is kookie -- good but kookie.

Oh, yes, Dynatron #7 arrived -- and here I thought we were making so
much progress. Oh well, back to the old drawing board.

X Nope, not a new machine. Still the same Tower. More color
coming up whenever we get the ink. Have to mail order I guess
since red and purple were all that were available around Abqq.
Blue on blue? Ugh! That's almost like green on green as you
may recall. The "7" was backward only in West Virginia where
Dynatron is undecipherable. RTX

ED COX
APT 224,
334 N. NORMANDIE AVE
LOS ANGELES 4, CALIF

Guess what? Give up? DYNATRON #7 arrived today.
At any rate, something comes over me when DYNATRON gets here. I call it the "startling" effect. Just like back in those days, when I get an issue of DYNATRON I read it right away, and, automatically, in a semi-trance, sit right down to the typewriter and write a letter.

"The LASFS PICNIC" is as hilarious as that first play (??) thing. RT you wrote in the 1st or 2nd issue. Or was it the 3rd? At least, I find this sort of thing utterly hilarious and fraught with allusion. In fact, you aren't even going to be fined for the unghodly pun.

I note a grim note in the plug-line at the bottom of page 4. "L.A. ONCE MORE -- IN SIXTY-FOUR (if it's still there that is!)" Sir, do you mean to imply that the city will be jammed up with, overflowed under, overwhelmed by, automobiles in an immovable, starving, fume-spewing mass by 1964? You are, of course, wrong. It already is!

I think the poem was written by Art Rapp although the by-line is more a Len Moffatt or Don Franson type of thing.

I found the article by Takumi Shibano exceedingly interesting and informative. It clearly shows the big picture (a phrase I'm learning to live with) of the growth and development of SF in Japan. Good background to know when reading about current growth of Japanese fandom. I sort of envy them in a way. These guys are right in the middle of a wonderful, new, exciting world burgeoning up around them, of which they are vitally a part. We are living in an era of jaded sameness where the pro-scene has shrunk to a size where quality is fighting to make a comeback and fandom, with much of its outlet cut off, is reaching a sort of decadence wherein it is too concerned with itself and small groups form inner-circle type areas of interest in themselves with little overall cohesiveness. About the most cohesive effort in fandom today is AXE and the WAWfund.

"The Psycho Ward" is not an unfamiliar title...I wonder how long you've been reading stf, Les. I don't exactly get all het up with ravening enthusiasm about old comic book fandom, but it is sort of interesting if one has read those zines in the past and the current manifestations of those same comic book characters have sparked a renaissance among those who can remember or have collected. After all, it's like TV...if you don't care for the show, turn the dial! Somebody in DYNATRON...by golly it was you!...mentioned that there have been 137 different titles published this year. I'm sure that the "New Trends" segment hasn't been so great that there haven't been plenty of other fmz for you to read that didn't feature such stuff.

I personally like such zines, especially if they concern themselves with SF of an earlier era. My own collection consists in a large part of much older stuff, lots of it in the 30s and 40s, some of which has comprised great segments of most of the anthologies published in the first 10 years of the hard-cover book boom. The stories, at the least, can be amusing, and there are a great number that are damn good, worth reading and re-reading, better than most that are being written today; some of which started the trend of thought that produce many of today's stories. Ever hear of the "Nova" stories in ASTOUNDING? Do you know why they were called that? And what's happened since? Anybody?

So let's not sell short these people in fanzines who cast back into the glowing past, dredging up science-fiction of another era that, especially in its day, was a great and wonderful thing and is not entirely shadowed by the fare of today. In fact, one of my favorite aspects of fan-activity is precisely this plumbing of the mists of time and coming up with goodies from Before. I have written reviews of several of

the old prozines and rather expect to probe in the depths of my collection and come up with others.

I think I'm learning how to make %...I think.

#Think again. You're not even close. I think it was Ted White, Lecher and Libertine, who said that we all look back with nostalgia at what we were reading at about age 10. As I've pointed out before the difference between a portion of us and the, err, younger generation, is that at about that age we were reading pulps while they were reading comic books. The reaction is the same. As I recall I read my first stf zine around 1935 and the comic books were just getting started. Mostly reprints of the newspaper strips. I quite agree about the quality of yarns during the golden age. Most of today's stf bores me but a story from ASF circa 1940 revives the old sense of wonder. And we'll have one of Edco's reviews of an old WT in the next issue or so. RT#

LAWRENCE CRILLY Your fanzine talks about stf--I think that's a novel idea. I read somewhere that all fmz once-upon-a-time ELIZABETH, N. J. talked about stf & fts, but that's obviously a bald-faced lie.

H'm..page 2 you mention that Clarke's Rescue Party appeared in the reprint edition of F&SF over there; didn't that originally appear in ASF? The Wind Blows Free by Oliver...would that be a shorter version of the one pubbed by Doubleday as The Winds of Time?

The poem was done by Don Franson, I'd guess.

Takumi Shibano's article on Japanese SF is interesting--the Japanese counterpart to SaM? Did you send SaM a copy of #7? I'm sure he'd be interested in knowing that there're still people who have the philosophy: "...I cannot find pleasure in life with out science-fiction."

Les Sample's column is good; I almost got that Brown book, but I noticed the price. 40¢ for 130-odd pp. Gack. H'mm. Am I in my right mind? #You don't really want me to answer that, do you? RT# I used to by UNCLE SCROOGE and the other Disney comix up till 5 or 6 years ago. I was perfectly willing to pay a dime for 32 pp. 15¢ for 32 pp? A comic mag for more than a dime is ridiculous. Sturgeon's Some of Your Blood seemed to me to be one step removed from publication in the NYC Sunday News, yet I do like Sturgeon.

GALAXY dull? I guess you haven't seen the Dec ish with that lovely novel by Poul Anderson. If that doesn't get nominated for a Hugo then something's wrong somewhere.

Letters from Boggs & Sneary in your lettercol; where's Harry Warner's? #Yeah. Where are you, Harry? RT#

Just a minute there--what makes you think getting a letter printed in a promag today is easier than in the days of SS, TWS and PLANET? The number of letters coming in may have decreased, but the 2 or 3 pages available make it damn hard to get anything printed; try to get a humorous letter printed nowadays--gwan, I dare yas! Editors seem to think that SF readers want to read how Irving Smitzafam thot the stories were, even tho he's the only one to think that way...phoo.

#Egad, is old Irving back to letternacking? There's hope for the rest of us then. Shall we storm "Brass Tacks" with "Vizi-graph" type letters? # Can't answer your question re The winds of Time. Sorry. # GALAXY doesn't make it to this part of the world. But if it changes it has to get better. #I think Sturgeon is a great comedy writer. I just finished Some of Your Blood and think it is the funniest book I've read in years. RT#

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