

Uchūjin

International Edition

No. 1

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A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

To senior SF fans all over the world, we have a pleasure to present "Uchûjin": International Edition. This is the first English-edited fanzine in Japan.

A Japanese word "Uchû" stands for Universe or Cosmos. "Uchû" consists of two words, "U" and "Chû". The former means Space and the latter Time. A word "Jin" has various meanings in Japanese, such as Man, Kidney, etc. In our case this word stands for Dust. So, the whole meaning of "Uchûjin" is understood as Cosmic Dusts.

We find innumerable particles of cosmic dusts floating in the nothingness, when we turn our eyes to the universe. Some of them may be attracted by gravity to planets or stars and burn up to meteors; others may keep floating indefinitely. And some "fortunate" ones among them may pull to each other and join together to be concentrated into a large heavenly body. Then it starts to shine brilliantly by itself in the darkness.

This is the process that symbolizes "Uchûjin" and its fandom.

Takumi Shibano

柴野拓美

EDITORIAL

Uchûjin Club, alias Kagaku Sôzaku Club, alias Science Fiction Club, is the biggest fan club in Japan, but, to our disappointment, not the first one. There were two predecessors before us.

One was, we have heard, established shortly after World War Two and ceased its activities soon. We have no chance to know even the name of it.

The other had began its activities about a year before the first issue of Uchûjin (original edition) came out. Its name was Omega Club, which was consisted of those mystery writers who were also interested in SF. But as a matter of fact the first issue of the club's fanzine, "Kagaku Shôsetsu", (means Science Fiction Stories) was published a few months after Uchûjin No.1. This club has also ceased its activities now.

No doubt that our Uchûjin Club is the-longest-lived (six years!) fan club in Japan.

* * * * *

Our Uchûjin largely differs in one respect from usually considered fanzines. This can be said about every fanzine in Japan. That is: Fiction occupies almost all the pages of our zine. This is because the original works by Japanese writers cannot hold enough readers for a prozine to go on publishing. (Such a dishonorable situation has recently come to shift towards hopeful one.)

So many good works still remain unknown. We were exasperated with such a situation for a long time. But now that, with Uchûjin: International Edition, we can proudly introduce you many of the finest SF stories in Japan as well as some articles on Japanese SF.

Please keep reading our zine from this issue on.

* * * * *

The translation of the stories in this issue is all done by Noriyoshi Saitô.

Having little time, we couldn't find a suitable polisher of the translation. Noriyoshi has done his best, but if you found some inadequacy while reading, forgive our inability for finding out a polisher.

* * * * *

Finally our heartfelt thanks to those who helped us publish this zine, Especially to Mr. Tadashi Hirose, who gave us kind advices about the layout of Uchûjin: International Edition. And to Mr. Minoru Nagata, who kindly corrected grammatical errors in our articles.

-- THE EDITORS

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MEGCON

BY TAKUMI SHIBANO

MEGCON -- The first SF convention in Japan at Meguro (since came the name MEG-CON) Public Hall in Meguro Ward, Tokyo, on May 27, 1962.

The hall was some 150 square meters of area. Tables were drawn up in three rows. Against the front wall was a wide sheet of paper, on which we saw letters "1st SF CONVENTION JAPAN". Two sheets, each held letters as "UCHUJIN: Fifth Anniversary" and "SF MAGAZINE FAN CLUB: Opening Ceremony", in smaller size hanged on both sides of the main sheet. On the side-wall a large sheet, "Chronology of Science Fiction" was stuck, which was our young members' masterpiece in red, blue and green. At the rear side of the room, many foreign SF books and mags as well as fanzines were exhibited on the row of tables. The atmosphere in the hall looked fully science fictional.

May 27, 1962 --- it was cloudy in the morning and was getting to rain, and we all were afraid of too short attendants. But our uneasy feelings were wiped away soon. At 1.00 p.m., the scheduled time of opening, number of attendants reached to the capacity of the hall already. On 1.10, I stood up and began speaking about how this convention came out; while number of attendants ceaselessly increasing and our fellow members were quite busy carrying chairs in from other rooms. The number reached to 180 at last.

Congratulatory addresses of guests began on 1.30. Mr. Keisuke Watanabe, the president of JAPAN MYSTERY WRITERS' CLUB, made first. He explained recent rapid popularization of science fiction comparing with that of jazz. Mr. Udaru Oshita, the authority in mystery story field, praised the success of the convention with his largest words. These two old mystery story tellers are famous in our country not only for their detective stories but also for some science fictional or fantastic works they had written.

Masami Fukushima, the editor of "S-F MAGAZINE", which is only pro-zine we have now, spoke of reason of the convention. Followed Osamu Tezuka, the authority in juvenile comic strips; Shin'ichi Hoshi, our foremost writer of short-short SF stories; Tetsu Yano, the first man who introduced American SF stories into Japan; Yasutaka Tsutsui, the president of "NULL CLUB" in Ohsaka; Takashi Mayumura, a young writer who had just arrived from Ohsaka with Tsutsui in order to attend the convention. Shôtarô Ishimori, a noted juvenile comic writer who had attended SEACON last year, spoke that the atmosphere of this convention was quite same to that of SEACON. Shirô Shima, the originator of "S-F MAGAZINE FAN CLUB", declared the official start of his club. Then spoke Ichirô Kanô, Ryû Mitsuse and Morihiro Saitô: all are writers of science fiction or

science fictional non-fiction. Again Shin'ichi Hoshi stood up and read one of his recent stories.

I was serving as the chairman (or prompter) during all these proceedings, and, then, I introduced some developing writers in our fandom such as Kazumasa Hirai, Tsutomu Miyazaki and Kôsei Ono, and our supposed staffs of "UCHUJIN": INTERNATIONAL EDITION: Morio Itoh, Aritsune Toyoda, Noriyoshi Saitô and Tadashi Taka to the audience.

All speeches were over at 4.00 p.m. Then some movies were projected as the attraction of the convention. Four animation films of Norman McLaren, "Blinkity Klank", "Lines", "Neighbors" and "Serenal", and USIS film "Project Mercury".

The second attraction began unexpectedly when the movies were over. It was an improvisation by three comic book writers, Osamu Tezuka, Shôtarô Ishimori and Kunio Nagatani. Three young attendants were called to the screen (paper) and each picked up one name of noted science fiction writers in the world, Edmond Hamilton, A. E. Van Vogt and Fredric Brown. Then Tezuka and others illustrated the stories of each names written. Tezuka drew a scene of Hamilton's classic, "Devolution", which was reprinted in Amazing, April 1961 and immediately translated into Japanese. Ishimori drew Van Vogt's "Black Destroyer" and Nagatani drew the arcturians in Brown's "What Mad Universe". The improvisation won great applause. Time was 5.30 p.m. The part one of the convention was now over.

The second part was open on 6.00. The room was halved and gathered about 70 fans who wanted to attend the part 2, being rather jammed since the capacity of the halved room was limited only to sixty. Soon after that the supper was brought in---"Vacuum Lunch", vacuum packed---and we started to talk over the supper. When the meal was over, Takashi Satô, one of the originators of "S-F MAGAZINE FAN CLUB", stood up and took the chair at my request. Attendants were too many to have a free-conversation each other. So Satô requested them to introduce themselves one by one. Many of them spoke of his first approach to science fiction and their most favorite authors. Ray Bradbury was the most favorite among foreign writers and Heinlein, Clarke and Asimov were following. Among Japanese authors, Shin'ichi Hoshi was ranked top. Many young fans said that their first approach to Science fiction were made through Tezuka's comic books in their childhood, and Tezuka shrugged in a slight moderate manner.

Self introduction was over when the clock pointed eight. Then I made briefing the history of "UCHUJIN CLUB". After that, Satô proposed to have a discussion on recent trend of "S-F MAGAZINE". Masaru Mori, the assistant editor of the mag, stood against many questions from the audience because Masami Fukushima, the chief editor, had left the room for his private job. The young assistant editor, however, was able enough to do his part. Finally we discussed heatedly on "What is SF?".

But we had little time left. On 9.00 p.m. we took a photo and were regrettable to have to say good by to each other. We went out to find unexpectedly it was raining bitterly.

Thus the convention ended in great success.

-- TAKUMI SHIBANO

(Takumi will write the history of Japanese Fandom in details from the next issue. --- The editor)

=====

SF NEWS: NET TV in Tokyo recently started a science-fantasy drama series titled "As You Like It" to cope with "The Twilight Zone". Kôbô Abé, the noted writer of mainstream literature who also has interest in SF and Fantasy, planned it. But the result is rather crude.

"Uchûjin" sold one story by Takashi Mayumura and its dramatization was telecasted on August 4.

THE INVASION OF THE MYSTERIANS

BY NORIO ITOH

CONVERSATION PIECE

- A: Are there any SF film in Japan at all?
B: Yes, there are many.
A: How many?
B: About a score, maybe.
A: Are they entertaining?
B:Quite.
A: Does your "entertaining" naturally mean "entertaining for the public"?
I mean, non-specific?
B: Of course, it is.
A: Well, SF addicts in Japan also find them satisfying?
B: I'm afraid not. As for me they are far from satisfying.
A: Oh, then, all the films in this genre are not worth seeing, you mean?
B: Not exactly, there are some which were very serious.
A: Name a few of them.
B: "The Last War" ander.....I don't remember.
A: But why have the film company in Japan produced as many as a score
of SF films?
B: I think there are a lot of people who'd like to see them.
A: Are they all love SF stories?
B: No, many of them like only SF films. I think they see those film not
because they like SF but because they want to see things collapsing.
A: Things what-ing?
B: Things collapsing. Every SF film in Japan has the same pattern. First,
something strange occurs somewhere in Japan. The the hero discovers
the incredible fact. And before people find how to get rid of it, the
disasters fall upon big cities. Sometimes they stretch all over the
Earth.
A: Very interesting. Tell me the title of the most famous one?
B: "Godzilla, King of the Monsters", you know?
A: I know. But I think it's a monster film, isn't it?
B: No, it's SF without question.
A: In a way so. But there must be some films which were in every way SF.
B: Oh, yes. I remember that.
A: What?
B: "The Mysterians".
A: I have never heard about it. When was it produced?
B: In 1957.
A: What company produced it?
B: Tôhō, one of the five major film companies in Japan. It is also re-
leasing the films of Kurosawa Production, such as "Yôjinbô", "Sanjûrô"
"Seven Samurai" and so on.

- A: Let me know the production credits.
- B: Tomoyuki Tanaka produced it based on the original story by Jôjirô Okami which Shigeru Kayama had somewhat revised. And it was directed by Ishirô Honda. Screenplay is by Takeshi Kimura, photography is by Hajime Koizumi. The most important is the special effects which made this film so famous. Eiji Tsuburaya directed them all.
- A: None of the names is familiar to me.
- B: Jôjirô Okami is a jet pilot in Japan Self-Defence Force and also known as the writer of some SF stories. He wrote one full-length SF novel titled "The Small Leaden Box". Shigeru Kayama is also known as an SF writer. He is the creator of Godzilla.
- A: Then tell me the casts of characters.
- B: I'm afraid all the names are unfamiliar to you. Perhaps you know one name. Takashi Shimura, who always acts an important part in Kurosawa films, is impersonating Dr. Adachi in this film.
- A: I see. When was it released in other countries?
- B: I don't know, but in America it was released in 1959. The releasing company is Metro Goldwin Mayor.
- A: Did it succeeded?
- B: Yes, it did. I heard that it was one of the most successful SF film exprted to that country.
- A: I want to know the story. Will you tell it to me?
- B: Yes. The story begins with the sudden extinction of a village placed at the foot of Mt. Fuji. It was caused by an unknown earthquake. The hero is Jôji Atsumi, an astronomer, who as a member of the research party went to the place where the trajedy took place. But he could find a great amount of mud indicating where the village had been. After a while they found that parts of mud made a violent reaction against the geiger counter. All of a sudden a gigantic thing appeared out of the mud. It was apparently a huge robot remote-controlled from somewhere. The attack of the Japan Self-Defence Force could barely destroyed it. After the careful analysis by the top men of science in Japan. it was discovered that the robot was made of totally unknown metal on the Earth, They named the robot "Moghera".
- "Mo-" is for "mogura" (mole) and "-ghe-" is for "okera" (mole cricket) by corruption, respectively in Japanese. "-ra" is the suffix for the monsters born in Japan. "Mothra", "Moghera", you see? "-ra" sometimes changes to "-lla", like Godzilla.
- A: Go on.
- B: And Jôji found his colleague Ryôichi Shiraishi had disappeared in the evening of that disaster leaving a mysterious treatise on "The Mysterians".
- A: What's it?
- B: Jôji read it and surprised to know the terrifying truth. It said "About 5000 years ago there was a planet called "Mysteroid" between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. The Mysterians were very warlike people and eventually discovered the secret of nuclear energy. The war was inevitable. They used the nuclear weapon and destroyed their own planet, But a small number of the Mysterians had survived. They hovered the solar system for 500 years and finally discovered our Earth. They--"
- A: 5000 years? How foolish!
- B: But the script says so. Now let me finish the story.
- "They intend to colonize our Earth!"
- The reseach party again went to the foot of Mt. Fuji. As soon as they arrived, a strange dome began pushing itself out from the wooded area, and then a voice was heard from from the dome. It was the perfect Japanese!
- "You, Earth people, listen! We want the land 6 lilometers in diameter centering this dome. If you accept our demand, we do no harm to

you."

After many conferences the Earth people concluded that the Mysterians might increase their demand, once it was consented.

The war against the Mysterians began. Japan Self-Defence Force bravely attacked the dome, but they were soon annihilated by the death rays. The Earth scientists invented an electronic cannon aboard on a rocket ship "Alpha". Though the cannon projected 3000 degrees Celsius heat rays, the invincible dome would not melt. To the matters worth, the Mysterians demanded the land 200 kilometers in diameter including Tokyo. Desperately the Earth scientists set the ultimate weapon "Marcalite Farp" near the dome.

A: What's that?

B: Marcalite Farp is a super heat-ray projector to match with those of the Mysterians and at the same time reflects the rays of the enemy conversely to them.

A: Hahaha--

B: Don't laugh, I'm serious.

And that super weapon aimed at the dome began projecting the deadly heat rays. The dome blazed red and finally began melting.

But the Mysterians made an earthquake in the area where Marcalite Farp stood. After several shakes, it fell down. Fortune did not smile on the Earth people.

At that time Jôji had smuggled deep into the dome of the enemy through the fissure suddenly opened near the dome by that earthquake. He destroyed the Mysterians' strange engine room. The light was extinguished. Nevertheless the light turned on again and Jôji was captured by several Mysterians.

A: What Mysterians look like?

B: Well, they are humanoids. We couldn't see the further details because they wore masks and space suits. You can see the figure of one of them in Forrest Ackerman's space film magazine "Spacemen" #5.

A: Is that so? Then I'll buy it. Go on.

B: One of the Mysterians led Jôji through the corridor. Soon after the other Mysterians went out of sight, it spoke to him with fluent Japanese. The Mysterian took off his mask. It - no, he was Ryôichi who disappeared on the night when the first hint of this invasion appeared on the Earth.

He had allied with the Mysterians to learn their superior science. But before long he found out they had been planning to conquer the Earth. So he decided to doublecross the Mysterians. Ryôichi set free Jôji and after seeing him rescued, he demolished the electronic brain of them. Earth-shaking explosion! Thus the invasion of the Mysterians was stopped.

A: Is that the whole story?

B: Yes, though I skipped over many small incidents. Of course the heroine appears in this film, but I omitted the story concerning her because the main story can go without any woman at all.

A: Even if that's true, your story hasn't aroused my interest. I've been disappointed with it.

B: But you seemed quite interested so far.

A: Oh, that's only a pose.

B: Don't say such a word. If you have a chance, please see it. It will not disappoint you.

A: Are you sure?

B: Well...er...yes. Let alone the story, see the special effects. In short it is only for it that Tôhô produces such films. At any rate you should see---

A: Stop talking. I will see it anyway.

B: Thank you.

S C I E N C E F I C T I O N I N J A P A N E S E

Compiled by Takumi Shibano and Norio Itoh, amended by Donald H. Tuck

1948

Frankenstein /1831/, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelly. Shinjin-sha, Tokyo.
285 pp. 200 yen. Abridged.

1949

Animal Farm /1945/, George Orwell. Osaka Kyôiku Tosho, Osaka. 150
pp. 120 yen.

1950

Amazing Stories, anthologies of seven volumes selected from Amazing
Stories (original edition) and Fantastic Adventures. Seibun-dô
Shinkô-sha, Tokyo. Vol.1 - 256 pp., vol.2 - 248 pp., vol.3 -
284 pp., vol.4 - 248 pp., vol.5 - 260 pp., vol.7 - 262 pp. Each
100 yen. (First attempt to introduce American SF as a series)

Nineteen Eighty-Four /1949/, George Orwell. Bungei Shunjû Shinsha,
Tokyo. 386 pp. 230 yen.

Lost Horizon /1933/, James Hilton. Kantô-sha, Tokyo. 300 pp.
150 yen.

(L'Eve future) / /, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Iwanami Shoten, To-
kyo. Part 1: 264 pp. 60 yen. Part 2: 348 pp. 90 yen.

1951

Mr. Adam /1946/, Pat Frank. Hayakawa Shobô, Tokyo. 306 pp. 180 yen.

The Big Eye /1949/, Max Ehrlich. Yûkei-sha, Tokyo. 252 pp. 200 yen.

Ape and Essence /1949/, Aldous Huxley. Hayakawa Shobô, Tokyo. 276 pp.
230 yen.

The War of the Worlds /1889/, H. G. Wells. Koyama Shoten, Tokyo.
228 pp. 200 yen.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court /1889/, Mark Twain.
Okakura Shobô, Tokyo. 299 pp. 200 yen. Abridged.

1952

The Richardson Story / /, Francis Williams. Shinchô-sha, Tokyo.
194 pp. 200 yen.

(L'autre monde ou les états et empires de la lune et du soleil) /1657,
1662/, Cyrano de Bergerac. Iwanami Shoten, Tokyo. Part 1:
178 pp. 80 yen. Part 2: 191 pp. 80 yen.

1953

War with the Newts /1936/, Karel Capek. Sekai Bunka-sha. Tokyo.
242 pp. 250 yen.

Frankenstein /1831/, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelly. Kadokawa Shoten,
Tokyo. 270 pp. 100 yen.

(Les trois yeux) / /, Maurice Leblanc. Nippon Shuppan Kyôdô, To-
kyo. 290 pp. 180 yen.

(Le formidable événement) / /, Maurice Leblanc. Nippon Shuppan
Kyôdô, Tokyo. 232 pp. 180 yen.

The War of the Worlds /1889/, H. G. Wells. Nippon Shuppan Kyôdô,
Tokyo. 193 pp. 180 yen.

1954

The Lost World /1912/, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Koyama Shoten, Tokyo.
388 pp. 350 yen. (With "Exploit of Brigadier Gerard")

Brave New World /1932/, Aldous Huxley. Mikasa Shobo, Tokyo. 389 pp.
350 yen. (including "Young Alximedes" and other non-SF stories)

1955

Muromachi Shobô Science Fiction Series (Two books only)

101. The Currents of Space /1952/, Isaac Asimov. 209 pp. 170 yen.
Abridged.

102. Sands of Mars /1951/, Arthur C. Clarke. 174 pp. 170 yen.
Abridged.

(continued to page 19)

LOVE-KEYS

BY SHIN'ICHI HOSHI

Everybody has his own word in his mind. A word which he should neither forget nor tell to others. Although possessing no significant meaning, such words were highly important for their holders, for these words worked as the keys to their locks. Quite a modern type of keys, aren't they? So, in those days no key-holes were to be seen on any brief-cases, any doors, any windows, or anywhere. A small object shaped after a human ear is provided on them instead. The user only whispers his own secret key-word into the "ear" and the lock is automatically released. Somebody whispered, "A tulip blooms!", while another shouts, "Wake up, man!" A man of particular tastes might chant his spell as "King's ears are donkey's ears."

No trouble was to break out with loss of keys, and every robber had to give up his job, as even if he should utter this word or that at random, the possibility of hitting at the right one was as low as naught. Thus, these modern keys appeared to be far safer than those conventional ones. None but the holder could open the lock unless he failed to keep his secret word.

Sometimes one lost his memory and had to call a policeman to break his own lock, but such a case would only very rarely happen. More frequently incurred trouble was that a holder mistakenly spoke his key-word out when he was drunk. Even such instances, he didn't need to worry too much for he could simply make another key-word and put it on the back of his lock. But if you were so nervous as to fear of such a slip-out of your own tongue, you may compose your key-words meaninglessly like those produced by typing blindly, and keep such key-words with your body instead of memorizing them. Thus nobody would venture to open another's lock.

A girl lived in a room locked with such modern-key word of her own. She was young and pretty. Her charm seemed to be increasing at that time, as she happened to be in love. As a matter of fact, her love-making was steadily coming along. She was enjoying pleasant dates with her handsome boy-friend a few times a week, going out for movies, dancing, rowing boats, and so on.

On that particular day, however, she was unhappy, for she had quarreled with the boy-friend over some trifle.

It was indeed a trifle. She was simply late meeting him at a tea room.

"It's quite unkind of you to keep me waiting so long," he complained

first.

"I'm sorry, but why are you so mad about such a small thing?" she protested.

"Well, you should know I have given up even what I had to do in order to come here on time."

"So have I. I was a little late because I had to dress myself up in order to please you."

"That makes no excuse at all. That's quite a matter-of-fact thing, isn't it?"

In the previous cases, it had been their unwritten rule that the one who kept the temper would console the other who lost temper so as to avoid the conflict. This rule had been working satisfactorily until the above quarrel broke out, but on that particular occasion it failed.

"I'll go home," she exclaimed at last and turned on her heel. He immediately motioned to reach his hand onto her shoulder to stop her, but missed, touching her ear-ring instead. The ear-ring fell down on the floor.

"Well, then, go back to your home, if you insist," he had to say.

On her way home, she bitterly regretted over what she had said and done. How stupid I have been. I might very likely to lose him. I was late at the date and I was to blame. Why didn't I apologize to him gracefully? Am I a selfish girl? I couldn't apologize, but I can do so even now.....can't I? Why don't I turn back? Am I so selfish? Ah, ah, I can't. I simply can't apologize to anybody...even to him. It is indeed a matter of course that I shall have to spend long weary days from tomorrow on.

It is indeed a hard task for a youth to apologize as you know.

Feeling miserable and dragging her heavy step, she came back to face the door to her room. Then she felt another embarrassment. She had to whisper into the ear-shaped lock, "What a pleasant day it has been," for that happened to be her own key-word. Really hard words to speak out at this time, but if she didn't she would not be able to enter the room. After a long hesitation, she reluctantly pressed her voice out following the words as if she had been reading something written.

As soon as the door was closed, she determined to change her key-word. She wondered what would be the most suitable. She had no good idea at all. But she had to change the word by all means. Absent-mindedly the girl was playing with this word or that when she noticed she was repetitiously writing "Gomen'nasai" ("Forgive me.").

"What a stupid girl I am to write such words now," she thought. "If only I could have spoken them an hour ago. Well, it may be a good idea to repeat this word everyday from tomorrow on. I'll repeat this word until I die. It will surely make a fine punishment for my foolish heart."

Next morning, her boy-friend was standing uneasily in front of her room. He too, was not good at making apology. Yet his desire to see his girl once again had gone beyond his restraint. He had persuaded himself to walk here with an excuse that he was visiting her only for the purpose of returning her the left ear-ring but not for making apology.

He tried to press the button of the door bell but his hand rejected. He did not want to be seen as having come here for apologizing to her. He accused himself of his narrowmindedness. But after all he could not apologize to her. Finally he decided to put the ear-ring on the ear-shaped lock and go away. He drew the ear-ring out and began to screw it onto the lock lest it should fall down.

As he was fastening the ear-ring, he recalled those pleasant moments he had spent with her. He remembered her ear into which he had whispered his love while they were sitting on a bench in the park. But it seemed to be too late. He again regretted over his own narrowminded character which had failed to forgive her on the previous day.

After the ear-ring was successfully attached onto the lock, he

unconsciously kissed the lock, whispering the word which he was really preserving in his heart.

"Gomen'nasai."

The door slowly opened. The girl who had been sadly sitting in the room instantly jumped into his arms to cry. She sobbed without any word, but at the bottom of her heart she was furiously repeating the word which happened to be her new key-word.

The door had opened completely with her ear-ring swinging lightly on the ear-shaped lock. -- SHIN'ICHI HOSHI

(Originally appeared in "Uchujin", June 1958)

FIT

BY TADASHI HIROSE

The man was a living image to me.

Appearing suddenly on a strange gadget, he spoke to me in hot haste.

"I've no time to make any full explanation to you. In short, I'm yourself one minute after now. And this is a time machine for carrying you to the world of one minute ahead. You understand?"

I saw him sweating heavily on his forehead. He seemed to be desperately trying to recall something.

"Well....oh, yes. You have to memorize everything I am going to tell you. You know the reason, don't you?"

As a matter of fact, he was all seriousness, which gradually forced me to acknowledge the tenseness of the situation. We two were gazing fixedly at each other as if we had been searching into the other's mind.

He had glanced at his wristwatch for a few times before he said, "Now it's the time to go. Get on, quick!"

At that time I didn't hesitate to sneak myself into the time machine, and followed to his instruction to press the starter-button, looking on my own wrist watch.

The world turned over before my own sight....

Myself of one minute before was standing right there with the most surprised look. --- He probably knows nothing about the situation. But at any rate, I have to make him understand and let him get on the time machine and start it within a minute ---

Immediately I spoke to him, "I've no time to make any full explanation...."

Desperately trying to recall what I had been told a minute before, I spoke on. I could see his face turning pale as my speech went on. And fortunately enough, I could manage to let him get on the time machine and send him away.

Absent-mindedly I spent three days to come without setting on my work. What had happened within only two minutes thoroughly broke my nerves down. Indeed, that was a terrible nightmare.

On the fourth day, I could slowly resume my work --- so I hoped. But goodness gracious! He appeared again. The man appeared on his familiar time machine for carrying me to the world of one minute ahead. Unavoidable two minutes of torture. Although I could keep my sense better than in the previous case, the shock I had received was worse than that. I was horrified, for I began to get aware of something. I now dreadfully feared I might have caught in a chronic fit of.....how should I call it?

My fear proved real, when the same thing occurred on the third day from that. From that day on, the fit visited me at least every third day.

Only once the fit failed to visit me for ten days. My sense of relief did not last for long, however, as it appeared on the tenth day, and then it paid its debt back by attacking me one hour later again.

Now I could hardly set my hand on the work. I was not sure when he would come. He might appear when when I was eating a meal, or even when I was asleep.

And, in spite that we each knew the whole process to go, he seemed to be trying to make it more complicated by changing his words this way or that.

What an annoying trouble.... How unpleasant....

I began to imagine what would happen if I should reject his enforcement for getting onto that time machine. But I could not make my decision easily as I was not quite sure of the things to be caused by my rejection.

One day he appeared in clothes different from what I wore then. So I had to change my clothes within one minutes sharp beside listening to what he was telling me. It was at that time I finally made up my mind to reject him at the next fit, no matter what would be caused by it.

This time I waited him to appear. For the first time since I was caught in this strange fit, I wished he would come earlier.

For days, he did not appear. I waited, renewing my decision to reject his urge.

On the fifth day, the time machine appeared at last. But, on the time machine....I found nobody sitting on.

-- TADASHI HIROSE

(Originally appeared in "Uchujin", January 1962)

THE BIG-EYED MONSTER

BY TAIJI MATSUZAKI

It was indeed a big-eyed monster. A gigantic egg with huge eyes like cannon-balls, a vertically running grotesque mouth and a pair of long slender stick-like hands. The monster was towering high in an endless plain covered with a jungle of red moss taller than Jerry himself. Stretching himself as much as he could, Jerry took a careful survey around above the moss-jungle. The monster was standing still in the center of the plain, his slightly greenish belly waving as he breathed.

"Hey, Tom!" Jerry tried to warn his companion through a tele-comm in his space suit. There should be nobody but Tom to talk with here on this mysterious planet.

"Look up that boggy over there. Hey, Tom!"

After a while, a voice returned into his tele-comm. "What did you say?"

"You can see that egg-shaped monster up there, can't you, Tom? That is why I told you I didn't like this sort of new planet hunting. The bug is no good thing to look upon, isn't it? Hey, Tom, let's hurry up to the rocket, shall we?"

"Did you say I'm an egg-shaped monster?"

"Tom, quit your kidding, will you? Don't try to scare me."

"What do you mean by Tom?"

"Listen, Tom. What's the matter with you? It's me, Jerry. Don't you remember me?"

"Oh, I see. Well, you are Jerry. Well, well...how do you do, Jerry?"

"Hey, Tom. What's this joke for? Where on earth are you hiding yourself?"

"I'm standing right here. Judging from your voice, you too must be

----- FICTION -----

***** A Special Vignette

Mr. Akasaka started his experiment to reverse time.
When the door to the laboratory slid open,
a man who was his living image walked in
to stand beside him.

Mr. Akasaka glanced at the man, and
then said in a loud voice,

"Sseccus ot em dael doG yam!"

He and the man both stretched out their hands and pressed the but--→

TIMEMIT

BY YADASHI HIROSE

very close to where I am."

"Are you sure you are not Tom?"

"What a suspicious mind you have! I am what you've called a monster
himself."

"But....you don't seem to have any tele-comm."

"This is the way we talk with among ourselves. We don't care if you
do have a tele-comm or not."

"Where did you learne our language?"

"I've just been monitoring what you two talked."

"By golly! Well, then, you should know where my companion is."

"You mean the fellow speaking with slow weary tones?"

"Yeah, that's he....Tom. You've seen Tom, any way, haven't you? Just
tell me where he is now."

"Well, I am seeing him still now."

Jerry raised his head above the moss. The monster was standing still
with his gigantic eyes gazing at the horizon far away. Jerry stood on his
tiptoes, trying to get better view in that direction. He could see no-
thing butred moss, red moss, red moss.

"Now tell me what Tom is doing."

"Well, let me see... He is busily wriggling right in here."

"He is all right then?"

"Yes, he is all right."

Jerry jumped up this time. The smaller gravitation of this planet
enabled him to bounce high up into the sky above the moss jungle. He
jumped even higher than the towering monster, but nothing could be seen
except the red moss plain spreading all around.

"I see nothing like him at all. Can youlook into these moss jungles
with your big eyes?"

"How do you know I have my eye?"

"Why not? You have that huge eyes right over your egg head."

"Ah, you mean this one here, huh?" So saying, the monster let his
long sticky hands stroke over the huge round eyes. "But you ain't right.
These are mere patterns of the scales covering my body. They are not my
eyes at all."

"Well, then, where are your eyes?"

"It's inside my body. A big projecting one. I can see pretty well
with it though. I can even see your friend half digested in my stomach..."

-- TAIJI MATSUZAKI

(Originally appeared in "Uchujin", October 1961)

S-F MAGAZINE FAN POLL

The most favorite authors: 1. Ray Bradbury, 2. Isaac Asimov,
3. Arthur C. Clarke, 4. Robert A. Heinlein, 5. Fredric Brown.

(From "Space Currents" published by S-F Magazine Fan Club)

ettengiV laicepS A *****

Mr. akasakA succeeded in his experiment to reverse time.

the door to the laboratory closed, when

and walked backwards out the door,

Mr. akasaka left the man's side

and the man glanced at Mr. akasaka.

said the man in a loud voice,

"May God lead me to success!"

TIMEMIT

ESORIH IHSADAT YB

→ ton on the machine, and he and man both withdrew their hands.

[illegible]

THE USELESS ONE

BY TAKASHI MAYUMURA

From the time sunk in my oblivion, I have been awake. My consciousness without involving any action has begun to torture me. My present life in which I am only allowed to watch the floating clouds tintured with rising or setting sun does not console me at all. I cannot move an inch from where I am now. These long extended wires, deep buried tubes are so firmly fastened with my inner gadget that I can do nothing but to sit still in this weary meditation. My consciousness thus preserved has taught me that I am destined to live all my life in this pluckless state.

Even now I am thus thinking. Truly speaking, I feel something running inside my body; something that gives me strange vital force. But now, let me think on for a while.

Recently I have come to notice that I am doing something during I am asleep. There are many other units with exactly same figures as mine around here, but they all seem to be dead. (Even the word "dead" too has sneaked into my knowledge quite lately. In my understanding this word means a state in which we can perceive nothing for ourselves any longer.) This I know because I feel no response through these various connections between me and them.

Yet, the one which has quite recently come into being beside me seems to be getting awake soon just as I am. After his birth, he may keep sleeping for some time. But when the thing inside him unite themselves, he will wake himself up.

Inside my body, as well as around me, very minute moving objects are irregularly scattered here and there. These minute things boldly enter my body and even try to remodel some parts of mine.

But, from this time on, I will not sleep, because I have now grown enough to control the regular activities of my body by myself. Until I die, I will keep on thinking with my own will.

I will wait until that unit next to me gets awake. Then, I will try to think out someway or other to communicate with him. I have known quite a lot of things. I even know those minute things moving into or out of my body are working in accordance with a certain rule. I would like to let the next unit know about this finding of mine at the first hand. Until that time I will not sleep.

A young engineer said to the purser.

"It's all up with this machine. I can't fix it at all. I've tested this machine inserting a card with the easiest sort of problems, but this

one made entirely meaningless response."

The purser nodded, "It is highly probable that this machine has gone out of order for some reason. Better check it through again with the chief engineer who is coming here tomorrow. We must do something quick now that we know this machine is running disorderly for almost a year."

The young engineer went away. The purser looked up the gigantic electronic brain built in front of him, then cast his eye toward the second one now under construction. After the completion of the new unit, they will stop power supply to this older useless one. Indeed, this machine consumes only bulky volume of power only for nothing productive. The purser grinned as he suddenly fancied what would happen if this machine really alive....

-- TAKASHI (TAKU) MAYUMURA

(Originally appeared in "Uchujin", January 1961)

HOLE

BY SHIN'ICHI HOSHI

The typhoon had gone and a beautiful sky came out.

The typhoon had left some damage in this rural village which was just in the suburbs of a certain city as well. A small shrine for the tutelary deity of the village, a little way off at the foot of a hill, had been carried away with a landslide caused by the heavy rainfall in the previous night.

Knowing of the loss of their patron deity's resting place on the next morning, the village folk gathered to the place one-by-one, whispering among one another.

"Wonder when the shrine was set up?"

"Well, I have no idea. Quite a long time ago anyway."

"Better build a new one as soon as possible."

"What a terrible sight!"

"The shrine used to be here, right?"

"Seems to me a little more this way."

Suddenly a man shouted, "Hey, look! What's that hole for?"

He pointed to a hole of about one-meter's diameter. Some peeped inside but it was too dark in there to see the bottom. They felt as if the hole was piercing the direct center of the earth.

"Isn't this a fox's den?" someone wondered.

"Hooy, come out!" a youth cried into the hole, but no echo came back. He then picked up a stone and wound up for throwing it into the hole.

"Stop it! You may get punished by God if you throw such a thing." An old man tried to stop the youth, who disregarded the old man's advice by forcing the stone vigorously into the hole. Yet, no response came from the bottom.

The people cut wood and set up a fence around the hole. Then they went back to the village for a talk-over.

"What shall we do?"

"How about building another shrine on the hole?"

A full day passed without seeing any fixed plan decided. Hearing about this strange hole, newspapermen began to drive to the spot. Soon a scholar was sent for and he examined the hole with such a dignified manner as if he had had nothing beyond his knowledge. Then those curiosity-hunting crowds appeared, among whom some sharp-looking concession-

hunters were seen here and there. Policemen kept staying beside the hole watching attentively lest any one of the crowd should fall into the hole.

One of those newspapermen hung a reel-full of string with a weight at the end into the hole. The hole swallowed any length of the string until at last the whole reel was gone. Then he tried to pull back the string, noticing he could not lift it for an inch. A few other men rushed to his side to help him pull up the string, which then cut itself at the portion touching the fringe of the hole.

The scholar sent his assistant to the laboratory to bring a highly-facilitated loud speaker. He wanted to look up the echo from the bottom. He tried a variety of sound without obtaining any successful response. The scholar racked his brain hard; he couldn't stop his experiment since so many people were gazing at what he was doing. He placed the loud-speaker directly over the hole and kept transmitting sound at the maximum volume. If such sound had been transmitted on the land it would have reached for several tens kilometers. Yet the hole gulped the sound and kept dead silence.

The scholar felt at a loss, but he knew he had to act as the matter of fact manner. He gracefully stopped the transmission and said gravely to his followers who had been eagerly watching his hands, "Bury it."

It was the safest policy for him to erase whatever was beyond his understanding.

The gathered crowd began to scatter away with extinct outlook of disappointment for the discontinuation of the experiment. At that instant, one of the concession-hunters came out of the crowd and proposed: "Give me that hole. I will bury it."

The village chief answered politely, "Appreciate you for burying the hole, but I cannot give you the hole because we have to set up another shrine on it."

"I will built you a better shrine. If it suits you I will build a public hall with it."

Before the village-chief answered to the man the folk shouted from mouth to mouth, "Are you sure? Well, we'd better have such a shrine and hall built nearer to the village."

"You can have such a hole...or two if you want."

So it was decided. Of course, the village-chief, too, had no objection to this decision.

Fortunately, the concession-hunter was an upright fellow. He kept his promise by building a shrine with a hall nearer to the village, although it was very small.

When the autumn festival was held at the newly built shrine, the "Bury-the-Hole Company" established by the concession-hunter, raised its small sign-board. With his companions, the concession-hunter was vigorously advertising his new business at the urban district.

"We have a wonderfully deep hole. Scholars have assured its depth to be more than 5000 meters. This is the most suitable place for disposing poisonous dregs such as those from atomic furnaces."

The government at last issued a formal licence to this business. Power companies rushed to contract with the new disposing agent. Village folk were a little embarrassed at first, but pleasantly approved the activity after hearing a decisive explanation that no damage would be caused on the neighborhood for at least several thousand years. This approval was also promoted by the generously promised share of the profit offered by the Bury-the-Hole Company. Soon a beautifully paved road was built between the village and the city.

Numbers of trucks were now seen running bumper-to-bumper on this beautiful road, each truck carrying something like lead bowes. The lead boxes were opened at the hole and dregs of atomic furnaces thus brought were thrown into the hole.

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Defence were also good patrons of this company. They contracted for the disposition of various topsecret classified documents that had been voided. Officials who had come with the truck for the supervision of the throwing work were seen eagerly talking about their recent golf-matches, while officials of lower grade who had come on the truck for throwing the papers were seen eagerly talking about their luck at the Pachinko Games

The hole showed no sign of saturation with those dispositions. They imagined the depth of the hole might be infinite, or that it might widen at the bottom. Naturally, the Bury-the-Hole Company, gradually expnded its business line.

The bodies of animals used for infectuous disease experiments at the medical colleges, and the corpses of those vagabonds who had no relatives to claim them were carried here and thrown into the hole. Even a plan was under serious deliberation for building a pipeline from the city for disposing of drainage. They thought that was far better than to throwing such dirt into the sea.

The hole indeed gave a sense of relief for all the inhabitants of the city. They could devote themselves to the production without troubling their minds for how to dispose of the dregs left after production. Nobody liked the clearance work.

Girls who were newly engaged would visit here to throw their old diaries. Some girls throw their photos taken with their former lovers when they started their another love. Police used the hole for disposing of the elaborately counterfeited notes which they had seized. On the other hand criminals, too, relieved themselves by casting the evidence of their crimes into the hole. Indeed, the hole showed no objection for swallowing anything that was wanted to be gotten rid of by somebody. The hole served to cleanse the dirt off the city. The sea and sky were obviously getting clearer and clearer, and into the purified sky a number of new buildings were built one by one.

One day a reverter, working on the construction of one such new building, was taking his rest on one of the high scaffoldings.

Suddenly he seemes to hear a loud cry over his head, "Hooy, come out!"

Looking up he saw nothing but the blue sky spreading high. He shrugged and returned to his original position and so did not see the small stone which came from the same direction as the strange cry and flew down past his cheek.

He did not notice the stone at all as he gazed blankly at the growing skyline of the city.

-- SHIN'ICHI HOSHI

(Originally appeared in "Uchujin", August 1958)

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Alfred Bester's "Hell Is Forever" (Unknown, August 1942)

A. E. van Vogt's The World of Null-A/The Universe Maker (Ace D-31)

SF in Japanese (continued from page 9)

1955 (continues)

Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea /1865/, Jules Verne. Hayakawa Shobô, Tokyo. 287 pp. 200 yen. Slightly abridged.

The Accidet /1955/, Dexter Masters. Asahi Shibun-sha, Tokyo. 344 pp. 320 yen.

(Le cheval roux) / /, Elsa Triolet. Hakusui-sha, Tokyo. Part 1: 278 pp. 260 yen. Part 2: 288 pp. 280 yen.

1956

(Les voyageurs de l'Esperance) / /, Georges Duhamel. Kôdan-sha, Tokyo. 240 pp. 150 yen.

(Zwei Engel steigen aus) / /, Gunther Weisenborn. Hakusui-sha, Tokyo. 172 pp. 180 yen. (A drama)

Gengen-sha Science Fiction Series (18 books) Gengen-sha, Tokyo.

1. Return to Tomorrow /1954/, L. Ron Hubbard. 239 pp. 230 yen.

2. The Puppet Masters /1951/, Robert A. Heinlein. 253 pp. 230 yen.

3. What Mad Universe /1949/, Fredric Brown. 199 pp. 200 yen.

4. Out of the Deepes /1953/, John Wyndham. 200 pp. 210 yen.

5. An Earth Gone Mad /1955/, Roger Dee. 175 pp. 180 yen.

6. Dark Dominion /1954/, David Duncan. 193 pp. 190 yen.

7. Fahrenheit 451 /1953/, Ray Bradbury. 187 pp. 180 yen. ("The Playground" and "And the Rock Cried Out" are omitted)

8. A Man Obsessed /1955/, Alan E. Nourse. 215 pp. 210 yen.

9. Untouched by Human Hands /1954/, Robert Sheckley. 223 pp. 220 yen.

10. The Martian Chronicles /1950/, Ray Bradbury. 234 pp. 230 yen.

11. Earthlight /1955/, Arthur C. Clarke. 204 pp. 210 yen.

12. Slan /1946/, A. E. van Vogt. 207 pp. 21 yen.

13. Wild Talent /1954/, Wilson Tucker. 190 pp. 21 yen.

14. Brain Wave /1954/, Poul Anderson. 186 pp. 210 yen.

15. Revolt in 2100 /1953/, Robert A. Heinlein. 220 pp. 230 yen. ("If This Goes On--" only)

The Invisible Man and Other Stories, an anthology including "Time Machine", "The Island of Dr. Moreau" and the title story, H. G. Wells. Sôgen-sha, Tokyo. 384 pp. 200 yen.

War with the Newts /1936/, Karel Capek. San'ichi Shobô, Tokyo. 254 pp. 170 yen.

1957

Gengen-sha SF Series continues:

16. The Green Hills of Earth /1951/, Robert A. Heinlein. 200 pp. 220 yen. ("Gentlemen, Be Seated" and "-We also Walk Dogs" are

17. Out of the Silent Planet /1938/, C. S. Lewis. 190 pp. 220 yen.

19. The Big Jump /1955/, Leigh Brackett. 171 pp. 210 yen.

18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24. Unpublished but planned later.

Space Science Fiction Series Tokyo-LIFE-sha, Tokyo. (In association with Gengen-sha, Tokyo.) (Retitled version of Gengen-sha SF Series)

1. Science Fiction Terror Tales /1955/, Groff Conklin, ed. 207 pp. 210 yen. ("Punishment without Crime" by Ray Bradbury, "Through Channels" by Richard Matheson, "Let Me Live in a House" by Chad Oliver are omitted)

2. More Adventures in Time and Space /1946/, Raymond J. Healy and J. Francis McComas, ed. 208 pp. 210 yen.

3, 4, 5, 6. Unpublished.

Selected Short Stories, H. G. Wells. Nan'un-dô, Tokyo. 303 pp. 380 yen. (Including "The Country of the Blind", "The Diamond Maker", "The Plattner Story", "The Stolen Body", "The Stolen Bacillus", "The Red Room", "The Door in the Wall")

(to be continued)

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