

Maneki-Neko № 1



MANEKI-NEKO

Translated as "[the figure of] a beckoning cat", this innocent ceramic figurine in Japan is used as a symbol of friendly invitation. Restaurants have long used this cat as a means of also relieving their poorer patrons of embarrassment; to avoid showing how little money they have, it is dropped into the Maneki-Neko (which is also traditionally a bank). To more or less even the score, so it is told, the rich also drop money into the cat, and everyone is happy.

Because of the interest of SF fans and pros for cats, this symbol seemed a good choice for our fanzine, which is tuned to "inviting and beckoning" you to vote for LA in '68, but also we hope to interest you all in helping bank the money needed to bring Takumi Shibano to the convention in Los Angeles in 1968.

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FREE COVERS FOR YOUR FANZINE!

All our efforts for the next several months will be bent to advertising our interest in bidding for the 1968 Worldcon site, and in building a fund to bring Takumi Shibano, foremost Japanese fan, to the convention. To this end, we are offering cover art, already run off, to anyone who will accept them with a Pan-Pacificcon and/or Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund propaganda on the reverse side. If you aren't interested in supporting LA in '68, you might be at least willing to forward the TOFF idea; fair enough?

Artists available are: Bjo, Don Simpson, Luise Petti, and Cynthia Goldstone. Others may join us later, so stand by. Send us the following information: circulation of your zine, interest (fantasy, SF, BEM & FEM, weird, etc), and two color choices of paper (pink, green, blue, yellow, goldenrod, white, gray, or tan), along with your address INCLUDING ZIP CODE. We will put the title of the zine, along with # and other information, if you so wish. Each cover will be different; you will have an original piece of art for your fanzine, which will not be given to anyone else! Please send your publication date/s (if you wish more than one cover, and will use them before the NyCon, we will gladly oblige). Don't wait on this offer; it is void by September, 1967.

Minasan, konnichi-wa. May we unfold an idea to you?

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The last Worldcon in Los Angeles was in 1958, and it seems high time we invited fandom back for another visit to the most active fan center on the West Coast. We've been planning a convention and kicking around ideas almost since the noise quieted down from the Solacon. We've kept some ideas and thrown away others, attended conventions over the years and kept our eyes open, done a whole lot of work in various capacities rendering assistance where we could, and put on a couple of Westercons that turned out pretty well. We've got some things planned we think you'll like, and one of them is to put on a convention in two cities simultaneously.

Pan-Pacificon: Los Angeles and Tokyo in 1968.

We haven't worked out all the details yet, but we've agreed in principle. We've got a year to fine out the details. But one part of our program won't wait. We've got to get started now.

We want to bring a Japanese fan to the United States for the 1968 World Science Fiction Convention.

The brotherhood that international science fiction fandom has built up over the years is one of its warmest and most gratifying features. This was particularly driven home to me a year ago when Ron Ellik and I toured all over Europe before winding up at the London convention. This was a matter of getting really acquainted on a face-to-face first-name basis with people in half a dozen countries who before had been only names on a printed page. It was one of the warmest experiences of my life. Both before and after we have had the pleasure of entertaining quite a few visitors over here: Arthur Thomson and Tom Schlück, Mervin Barrett, Daphne Sewell, and George Locke.

TAFF deserves a great share of the credit. Over the years the exchange of visitors between the United States and Britain, and this last year Germany, has been one of the high points of each year.

Now we'd like to face west. It will cost about a thousand dollars to bring Takumi Shibano to the United States. This will be the biggest challenge yet to the generosity of world science fiction fans. For one thing the Pacific is a big ocean; it is expensive to cross it. For a second, Japanese fandom is less well known in the United States than is European and particularly British fandom. Since Tetsu Yano visited the Philadelphia convention in 1953 only Roy Tackett and the Schultheises on their visits to Japan have had a chance for a personal meeting with Japanese fans. Since then, some correspondence, a few fanzine articles, and the outstanding contributions to the Fan Art Show each year have represented Japanese fandom in the United States.

We need a thousand dollars and to help raise it is the purpose of this fanzine. We need your money and we count on your generosity. The Pan-Pacificon Committee is picking up the tab on this fanzine; you can't subscribe to it. But you can donate to the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund. \$1 to TOFF will get you four issues including this one. \$5 will get you on our lifetime mailing list--lifetime of the fanzine, that is. \$10, \$20, \$100 will get you our abject gratitude. We plan to use this fanzine to tell you some things about Japanese fandom and about the Pan-Pacificon idea as well. We hope to entertain you while we're doing it. We hope you'll like the Pan-Pacificon concept well enough to vote for us in New York this labor day. But Pan-Pacificon or Seattle or Burlingame, Takumi comes over in 1968.

Will you help?

--Al Lewis

MANEKI-NEKO is published irregularly but frequently by the Pan-Pacificon Committee at PO Box 422, Tarzana, California, 91356. Free for generous contributions to the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund. Please make all checks payable to David G. Hulan.

TAKUMI SHIBANO - JAPAN'S FOREMOST FAN

"Look at faces around you!", Takumi Shibano said, "All are Science Fiction Fans!", when he made a speech at the first Japan Science Fiction Convention at Meguro, Tokyo. This was very well-timed for eager fans gathered to this meeting who had been isolated so long from comrades.

Takumi's actions often look rather stagey, though he does not realize it; his gestures and timing must come from his training as a highschool teacher. His personal character, which appears on his face as a permanent smile, shows that he is quite suitable to be the leader of Japanese fandom.

It is said that the chairman of a fan group has quite an unprofitable job, both in finance and efforts. The former may be made up by some means, but the labour and time spent cannot be repaired by anything. He can do his part only when he love science fiction and fan-activity wholeheartedly.

Takumi's fanzine, Uchujin [Cosmic Dust], is a one-man-zine. This does not mean that he writes it all, but that no one can help him in editing, publishing, and financing. It started as a clubzine, but the Japanese SF field is growing up rapidly and most fan-writers in Uchujin Club have become busier turning to predom with their talents. Takumi tries hard to find and develop new writers out of fandom. What a laudable man he is!

Takumi Shibano was born on October 27, 1926, in Ishikawa-Prefecture, one of the most classical districts in Japan. His father was a military officer, and his family moved almost every year as he was transferred to other posts. Takumi entered the primary school in Tokyo, and changed school 5 times by his graduation, but he was always a good student. He became interested in the discovery of mesotron by Dr. Yukawa, and decided to be a scientist when he was in 6th year class.

By the time Takumi entered middle school, he believed that science would solve everything, supernatural or human. This thought changed when he read H.G. Wells' "War of the Worlds", when he was 14 years old. He says, "I could think of nothing else for several days after I read this book, and I think my life course was determined to some extent by this book."

His records in school were good in general though not No. 1 boy in the class. Takumi was excellent in mathematics and physics, and he did not need to study for exams, which was a strong factor in making him feel elite. He entered the 4th Highschool (of the old system, which ranks with college in the new system), after finishing the 4th year of middle school. This meant that Takumi was one of the "intellectual elite", for ordinarily one must graduate from the 5th year of middle school before entering college.

This same year, when Takumi was 16 years old, his father returned from the front in China and soon went out to a hotter front in the southern islands as a commander of a regiment. Two years after, in 1943, the War was in a desperate stage and all students in Japan had to stop studying and go to the front or work in a factory. About 20 successful students were ordered to work in laboratory of cosmic ray which belonged to the Institute of Physical and Chemical Investigation. This was rather fortunate for young students in science courses.

News, in 1945, of the Atom Bomb in Hiroshima smashed everything up. Everyone including Takumi felt as if they had been fighting against Martians! When the staff of the Manhattan Project was made public after the War, it put an end to Takumi's desire to be a part of these "elite" scientists, for he found many names of the list who had been his idols for his studies. He was then 18 years old.

"Shock of the defeat was very big," says Takumi, "It worked in two ways: 5 first, we have all been educated by nationalism as 'Japan Uber Alles'. We were old enough to see the deception behind that, but to prove (or disprove) it was another case. Secondly, we Highschool students have been educated to be a governing class of our society, and the defeat looked as if it broke down the old class-system."

Takumi worried, and wished to give up studying and work, but February 1946, his father returned from the front and he could continue studying. However, his sense of class-elite gone, he gave up the idea of being a scientist, and entered the Tokyo Institute of Technology in 1947. He aimed to be an engineer, but found that his health was not strong enough, and so turned his talents to writing and becoming a teacher. He sold his first science fiction story in 1951, and in the same year graduated from T.I.T. to become a math teacher of Highschool.

Since then, writing has been a side job until 1956, when he became a member of the Japan Flying Saucer Research Association, where he met with Shin'ichi Hoshi and Morihiro Saito, both of whom have become noted talents in the SF field. These three were the first staff of Uchujin. Takumi had just begun correspondence with Tetsu Yano who had attended the Philcon '53, and was noted as the first SF fan in Japan. Tetsu soon became a member of the new club, and the first issue of Uchujin was published in May 1957.

Additional personal data: Takumi married his wife, Sachiko, in May 1954. He has two daughters, Miho, age 12, and Minae, age 9. He and his family, including his mother (his father died in 1959) live in what he calls a "classic Japanese styled house" in Tokyo. Hobbies, besides SF, is model building. He used to build flying models of airplanes but lately is quite interested in slot cars.

Most Japanese fans are already aware of the history of Uchujin, but for the interest of others, here is an outline:

Autumn of '57: Shin'ichi Hoshi's story "Sextra" was reprinted in Hoŕeki (a magazine of detective fiction), from Uchujin #2. Hoshi is the first pro-writer "born" from Uchujin.

Spring of '58: Ryu Mitsuse, Masao Segawa, Alan Kiodomari (all noted SF writers today) began monthly meetings of the Uchujin Club, placing Takumi as chairman. Summer of '58, Koichiro Noda, Yu Mori and Norio Itoh (all well-known SF translators now) became members.

Spring of '60: Ryu Mitsuse began to sell his stories. Many other stories were reprinted in other magazines from Uchujin. Taku Mayumura, Ichiro Kano, Artisune Toyoda, Kazumasa Hirai and Tadashi Hirose joined the club, and most of them began to write professionally soon afterward.

May '62: The first Japan Science Fiction Convention [MEG-CON] in Tokyo. In Autumn of this year, Sakyo Komatsu, one of the most popular writers in the Japanese literary field, joined the club.

Autumn '63: the 2nd Japan SF Convention [TOKON I].

Summer '64: the 3rd Japan SF Convention [DAICON] in Osaka.

Takumi's policy for the Uchujin Club was simple; he wished to establish fan-club and fan-magazine for the first time in Japan, but it was impossible since fandom did not exist! Necessarily, Takumi had to have an SF field to be a fan of, so in order to establish a fandom, he first created the professional SF field in Japan. An incredible way to manage things!

In 1960 and '61, when fans began selling their stories professionally, after having been nurtured in the pages of Uchujin, it began to look as if Uchujin would become more fannish. But in '62 other groups began their fanzines, and Uchujin returned to its policy of publishing mainly stories and raising up new writers. Takumi has said that Japanese Fandom is rather

6 like German Fandom where SF prodrom is being brought up 'through the ranks' of fandom. Before long, Japanese prodrom will grow larger and Uchujin will be finished in its part as the supplier of new writers.

"I don't know," Takumi says, "what will become of Uchujin on that day. It may cease publication, or it may change its policy and become the usual 'fanzine'. But, I think, I cannot become a pro-writer. I prefer to be a fan though I may write some stories and articles semi-professionally." A very precise man he is for Japanese SF fans.

When questioned about the various "types" of fans in fandom, Takumi answered, "I think there are three kinds of fans. One is developing writers, who mostly have been writing common literature or detective stories, and have changed their course. Another type is the amateur scientist type of fan; these are usually very erudite and cannot stick to one part of science. These two types of fans are more or less beginning of age in SF. The third new type fans are growing up rapidly, eager for fan-activity. They form clubs, write stories and articles for fanzines, correspond, collect books, and publish their own fanzines."

Concerning current fan-activity, Takumi comments, "Fans are still doing their parts at the front. Conventions are useful to popularize SF, and pro-writers and journalists are noticing the articles and critiques on fanzines. But this situation will come to an end in a few years. Then fans will be able to enjoy SF stories and fanac without constraint from the outside, though trouble from among groups may occur then."

Asked how one acts as a fan, Takumi replied, "I don't think there are any special ways to act as an amateur, a fan. To be free from anything is rather a chartered right of a fan, in principle. But now, with the current situation in Japan, we fans must be a little careful on two points. One is not to kill prodrom with too much favor, even by kindness. This attention to their writings will disappear when pro-writers are grown up and no longer affected by little fanzines' critiques. Another point is to not be an eccentric person in mundane life. When our fandom is far larger than now, such misunderstandings will be nothing, but now..."

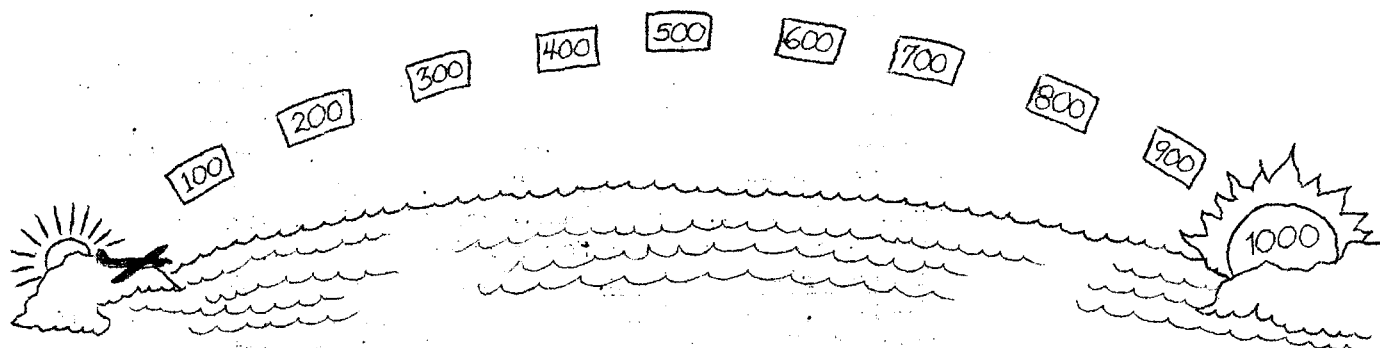
Takumi Shibano has no particular ambitions at the moment, except to enjoy good SF stories written by Japanese writers. "Concerning my fanac," says Takumi, "I shall make efforts to strengthen the core of our fandom and contribute thereby to Japanese SF. I feel that bringing up writers from fandom is rather a thing of the past. We shall have to have to work now for more power, and soon have united conventions with foreign countries, and from that many other splendid and interesting projects will follow."

It must be a rare matter that one man continued monthly publication of his amateur magazine to reach more than 80 issues. During these past 8 years, Takumi says sometimes he felt hurried or worried about the effect of his fanac, but now he goes his own way confidently. Let us note the coming prosperity of Japanese fandom, at the center of which Uchujin is, and above all at the hope of a world-united-convention which may become reality soon.

---by Shoji Ohtomo---

--Published originally in January 1965 of "SF MAGAZINE", Japan's only SF prozine. Translated into English by "ANNONIMOS", a Japanese fan. Further additions by Roy Tackett, editing by Bjo.

THE TRANS-OCEANIC FAN FUND



That airplane poised for take-off from Tokyo International Airport points out the considerable sum of money that is going to be needed for this Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund to be a success.

To provide air-fare for Takumi Shibano, and assure him of some expense money while he's here, we'll need in the neighborhood of \$1000. We should have most of it in hand, or firmly pledged by NYCon III time, in order to give Takumi time to make his plans and allow time for completion of all the arrangements necessary.

Raising \$1000 in eight months is a pretty tall order, but we have confidence in the ability of fandom to make this project a reality.

Al Lewis has explained how you may continue to receive this fanzine by contributing to the fund; any amount is welcome.

In addition, we're planning a series of auctions by mail, and raffles at conventions and other fan gatherings. Raw material is needed for these, and that's where we must call further on fandom's generosity.

Donations of artwork (both fan and pro), professional manuscripts (either published or unpublished), rare books, back issue prozines, hard-to-get fanzines, APA mailings, and other such things, will be gratefully...nay, gleefully accepted. One item, or a dozen...anything will help. Please send any donations to:

P.O. BOX 422, TARZANA, CALIFORNIA, 91356. This is the mailing address for both the fund and the Pan-Pacificcon. Dave Hulan is treasurer; Please make out all checks to him.

The cover of this issue is done by Brush-Stencil. It is our very last brush-stencil. It seems Gestetner no longer makes these. If any of you could visit your local Gestetner dealer and buy up whatever he has in stock, we'd be glad to buy a quire or four.

MEET YOUR...

Your convention is your convention committee. We feel that the members of this committee have as broad a base of experience in convention management and general fan activity to draw upon as any group who have ever submitted a convention bod. The following brief resume of some of the activities of our members will demonstrate why we feel this way.



AL LEWIS, Chairman - Chairman of 1962 Westercon, Auctioneer at Seacon and Chicon III, assisted with the Art Show at many conventions (and virtually ran it at Pacificon II and Loncon II), won costume ball prize at Detention, panelist at Pittcon and '66 Westercon, co-publisher of Program Book and Progress Reports for Pacificon II, attended all but 2 worldcons since 1958, former Director and Directorate Chairman of NFFF, long-time parliamentarian of LASFS, wrote LASFS constitution, winner of 1959 Evans-Freehafer award for service to LASFS, former editor of Shangri-L'Affaires, produced Indices to SF Magazines 61-62-63, co-published four NFFF Fandbooks, editor-publisher of TNFF during its best period in recent times, producer and cameraman for Unicorn Productions (The Genie and The Musquite Kid), collector.

JOHN TRIMBLE, Vice-Chairman and Publications - Chairman of 1965 Westercon, Secretary of 1962 Westercon, co-Fan Guest of Honor at 1966 Westercon, Treasurer of Project Art Show, participant in several convention programs, former Director of LASFS, former Secretary-Treasurer of FAPA, member of current Hugo Study Committee, revised LASFS Constitution, winner of 1961 Evans-Freehafer Award, co-publisher of LASFS Newsletter, former editor of Shangri-L'Affaires (in what is commonly regarded as its best period in recent times), publisher of PAS-TELL.



BJO TRIMBLE, Public Relations and Art Show - Co-Fan Guest of Honor at 1966 Westercon, Founder and Director of Project Art Show for seven years, winner of many costume ball prizes, chaired longest panel in worldcon history, held first Worldcon Fashion Show at '58 Solacon and played major role in Tricon Fashion Show, costume judge at Solacon, former director of LASFS (during which term LASFS regained contact with the rest of fandom after a long period of isolation), sparked the revival of Shangri-L'Affaires in 1958, innovated the Shaggy Christmas Art Supplement, editor of LASFS Newsletter, editor of PAS-TELL, co-publisher of Program Book and Progress Reports for Pacificon II, ignored LASFS Constitution, off-and-on member of many apas, one of best and most prolific fan artists and writers, winner of 1965 "Big Heart" Award.



FRED PATTEN, Auction, Hucksters, and Publicity - Attended all Worldcons and Westercons since 1961 except Loncon, Costume Ball Judge at Pacificon II and Tricon, former Director of LASFS, former Director of NFFF, three times OE of N'APA, Official Collator of APA-L, which probably owes its existence to his hard work, former editor of Shangri-L'Affaires and Salamander, member of many apas, publisher of annual Best from Apa-L and the recent Forry Fanzine, avid collector, winner of the 1965 Evans-Freehafer Award.

KATYA HULAN, Secretary - Probably best known for a Certain Yellow Dress; and very likely the most decorative secretary any committee has ever had; conducted ISL raffle at Pacificon II, hostessed Midsouthcon I, formerly active in SAPS and APA-L, publishes a fanzine on interior decorating for femme fans, has experience as secretary for non-fan organizations; sits on Treasurer's lap and helps him count the money.



DAVE HULAN, Treasurer - Parliamentarian at 1965 Westercon, former Director of LASFS, former Director of NFFF, former Treasurer of LASFS, twice OE of SFFA, put on first Mid-Southcon which started the current series of Southcons now entering its fifth year, winner of 1966 Rebel Award for outstanding services to Southern Fandom, panellist at Deepsouthcon IV, member and former member of many apas, co-editor of Auslander, Treasurer of Operation Andy Capp (a fiscal success if a failure otherwise), discoverer of Bouree to the Western World.

-- Dave Hulan

...CONVENTION COMMITTEE

A SERIOUS NOTE OF CAUTION TO THE 1968 WORLDCON ATTENDEE

by Ed Cox

Convention-going can be a lot of fun...if you stick around the convention-hotel. This goes for science-fiction type conventions, maybe especially so. But I have noticed that possibly due to the overwhelming sense of being in a strange and exotic town (if it's over 100 miles away and nobody there knows you, man that's strange and exotic!), people tend to get out and kick up their heels. Stfans are no exception.

Almost the first thing people do when they come to Los Angeles is to go out to Disneyland, no matter how many times they've been here before. And during the course of the convention, the collector-types will wander far from the site and invade local bookshops and second-hand magazine stores. The Serious & Constructive Fans will desert the convention hotel bar and/or room parties in search of strange and exotic bars. And if you dispute my definition of Serious & Constructive, there's little more s&c than the delight of dedicated drinking.

It is known that many a fan has only money enough to get to the con, stay at the hotel, buy collectors' items (whatever he collects, it's a collectors' item) and drink. Therefore I won't waste time talking about Fancy & Expensive restaurants or A & W RootBeer stand locations or where the Orange Juliuses are...

I intend here to try to discourage this ranging around away from the convention-site by illustrating some of the pitfalls an unwary fan may encounter while in Los Angeles.

There's this secondhand bookshop on the south side of 7th street, east of Alvarado Street. The reason I mention this in the first place is because the Pilgrims are very likely to pass through this area on their way to Ingraham Street (long a site of L.A.S.F.S. meetings) and legendary Bixel Street. And the collector will forget all about the Huckster Room and the Auction and spend his money in the shops. And will he ever be lured into a false sense of security by this place!

Stu Metchette, ex-5th Fandomer, and I were in there one day. Stu looked thru paperbacks and I discovered a pile of old pulps, including Argosy, Fantastic Adventures, various mystery mags, etc. I was happily sorting through them, noting almost complete runs of a couple of serials in Argosy, when I heard the proprietor exchanging words with the only other customer in the place, who left immediately thereafter. I'd found one large-size ANALOG and was looking thru paperbacks when I heard the guy ask Stu what he needed.

"Just looking, thank you," was Stu's reply.

"Either you want something or you don't." The guy snapped.

And it went on from there. The guy practically threw Stu out, which raised my ire. I tossed the ANALOG on the counter and told him what to do with it. By now he was purple and bellowing about people who never buy anything, didn't know what they wanted. So I stood outside the door and added a few comments about the throng of customers his attitude had promoted, etc.

I think what bugged him was that people didn't go in there and order two pounds of paperbacks, a pound of nudist magazines, five pounds of "SEX BOOKS" (as his hand lettered sign proclaimed the racks of cheap paperback dreadfuls) and walk out happy and satisfied with their purchase.

But they aren't all like that... //

Take the bookshop, slightly further down the hill toward Alvarado. It's a big place and has been there a long, long time. Last time I was there I went in the back and looked in vain for the sign I'd seen a couple of years ago. It had proclaimed the Thursday night meetings, for those interested in Science Fiction, at the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society on Ingraham Street... But it wasn't there any longer.

Not that you'd get that far into the shop amidst the pyramidal mounds of magazines and neat racks of paperbacks. (I assume the place is built on solid bedrock else someday the sheer weight of all that stuff will plunge it through the topsoil!) All digest-size GALAXY, IF, ASTOUNDING, F&SF, etc., in great quantity through which you can browse to your heart's content. "Bring a lunch!" was the way the proprietor put it. On long shelves that are tiered almost a story above one, multiple copies of ASF back into the mid-forties are stacked. And if you stand back further, you can distinguish pulp magazines...THRILLING WONDER STORIES, AMAZING STORIES, mysteries, all sorts of dust-shrouded goodies. To my question, the prop answered: "Oh, those are the more expensive items, from 35¢ to several dollars."

I didn't dare ask how much he wanted for the UNGAMLY STORIES.

So you can see that you don't want to go in there any more than the other store the west side of Alvarado a block or so south of 7th. There's too much to tempt the unwary in there, too. Stacks of digest-prozines, paperbacks galore of all types, runs of old PLAYBOY and these ever-present loong shelves up out of reach of greedy hands. It was here, down near the floor, that I found something that caused my

collector-heart to go pitty-thump. It was an old Street & Smith magazine. Old? Well, about mid forties and had what looked like a Rogers cover on it, the same cover format as ASTOUNDING, DOC SAVAGE, THE SHADOW, etc., had. Same contents page layout, typeface. Wowee, what is this THE WIZARD? I thought. In smaller type, it said "...of Finance.". Well, I'll try it anyhow.



"How much is this one?" I put it down with some paperbacks. The clerk looked at a small sheet of paper much like supermarket price lists, only more elaborate, above the cash register. I suddenly had grave doubts about the price.

"Two bucks!" he said. I covered over the grave and patted it down. "Put that one back," I said. The convention-goer, heady with the exoticness of being in a strange city might not say "Put it back!"

Of course, some of these places have built in discouragements. There's this place on Vermont Avenue, I'd found some John D. MacDonalds, some IFs, ASTOUNDINGs, etc., and after paying the man half coverprice for them, got, somehow, to talking with him about book biz. And he stood there, happily talking, my stacked up purchase providing a convenient elbow-rest for him....

I assume that by now you're getting some Message. But I mustn't ignore the other far-ranging segment of fandom that may tend to desert the consite. It might even come to pass that the traditional Disneyland bit may pall and the beer-drinkers will prevail on some local to guide them to a new attraction known as "Busch Gardens", located in the San Fernando Valley, wherein I happen to live. All this is a matter

12 of a little over half an hour, since you'll have to sober up early in the morning to get there before the rush. It is located, strangely enough, at the Anheuser-Busch Brewery, the outstanding landmark to be seen from the freeway. Just take the Roscoe offramp and turn left onto Roscoe Boulevard. The fannishness of this may be an additional lure, so watch out. And if you are a bit hung-over and think you see a Howard Johnson's as you get off the freeway, don't worry. It is a Howard Johnson's.

There are only two rides. The first, which is free, is a sort of monorail tramway that takes one through the brewery. It goes up and up and thru the buildings where you can see thru windows, or directly, such things as the two story brewing vats and the bottling and canning operations, etc., it is a stupendous sight. But it is when the ride goes thru the warehouse and later, when you walk across a catwalk thru the warehouse, that you can really equate! All those cans and bottles and six-packs! A true-beerdrinker's heart grows faint. Of course, a lot of them are empties, not yet filled, but those on the shipping dock are full! It'd keep people like Dave Van Arnam, Lee Jacobs, Dave Hulan, etc., going for weeks!

The other ride is on a plush launch that costs fifty cents (the only other fee other than the 25¢ parking charge) and on this you get to see all sorts of flora and all types of strange and exotic birds from all over. There are also numerous paths one can take to walk all over the place to see same, including waterfalls, bridges and all that Disneylike rot. Then there are the three plazas- The Busch, the Budweiser and the Michelob -strange names for plazas, eh?

At each one, they serve a beer of, strangely enough, the same name! Free! These are each of a different decor and construction but all clean and crowded. ~~Be there early~~ Uh, don't go, that is, for you'll soon find that the limit is about two per person. Two big papercups drawn at the bar. I accidentally managed to get three or four at the Busch plaza (or pavillion, I forget which, now...) since my wife (anne) got two while I took my boy, Kevih, to the potty. I had to finish here...and the beer-tender, not having seen me before, drew two more for me. The Busch plaza overlooks the lagoon and, across it, is where they have the Bird Show... if, of course, you can see, or walk, that far by the time you leave. If you can, head for the Michelob plaza, but don't take any pretzel sticks (these places are the only ones I've ever seen where the vending machines dispense only pretzel sticks and peanuts!). If you don't, the beertender will think it's the first one you've hit. If you aren't carefull, you can hit all these and have a maximum number of beers, thru judicious table-tending by your non-drinking wife, or girl, plus softdrinkers in the party and yourself. You will thereby be so stoned that she'll have to half-carry you through the gift shop, through which you must pass to leave the Gardens, and probably save a few bucks that way...

It will now be after noon or later, and you'll possibly be too hungover by the time you get back to the hotel to enjoy the balance of the program or participate in the parties. But at least it'll save you from noticing some of the bookshops in the Valley, such as Alphabooks on Ventura, which has lots of old and rare books and is liable to keep them at those prices; or Bargain Books and Booksville in Van Nuys where most items are half coverprice, or other places in which you can continue to drink beer....

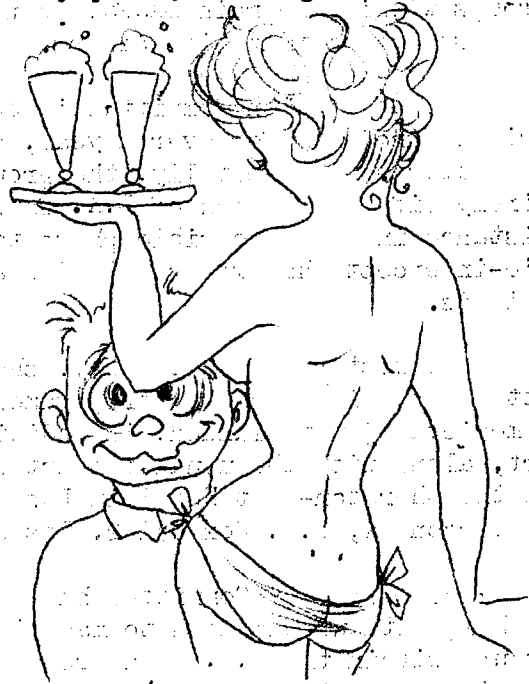
Such as some of the places almost peculiar to California, known as "topless bars". Not because they have no roof, of course, but because of the waitresses and



entertainment therein to facilitate the drinking of beer. The girls are topless. Let me explain to the science-fiction minded among you who might immediately jump to bizarre conclusions! The girls are all there; don't worry about that, and in case you might, almost all of them is visible so as to allay any fears of incompleteness. And some of the girls are more complete than others! Oh, yeh, yeh, yeh! (The Chant of the Playboys Foldout Cult, if you wondered...)

How it probably happened was that so many of the beer-bars don't have too great an air-conditioning system and since the girls were so busy running around carrying beer to the thirsty throngs, they figured the only way to keep them cool was to allow them to strip to the waist. I mean, how many among you haven't stripped to the waist while working over something important and somewhat laborious? Like a hot mimeo drum? Right? So the poor girls were given some measure of comfort, which, combined with their predilection to wearing short-shorts, made for very interesting scenery. Business boomed and for a while there was a great outcry from a certain element in the community about "indecentcy!" and "protect the poor children," "it's only three blocks from a school," etc. But most of this has passed with time and they've found that people who go in there might learn something they can't (but maybe should) in school, the children hardly ever go in those places to drink beer anyway, and the girls in many places no longer are forced to wear those indecent "pasties."

Even the waitresses in some places don't have to wear them but most of these places will be easy to avoid since a great deal of them are located in areas away from the con-site such as in the Valley, Gardena, Lennox, near the LA International Airport. They can easily be identified, and thus avoided, by such signs as "Topless Dancers," "Topless Entertainment," or just plain "Topless." I'm sure you'll thank me for the warning. Imagine, if you will, the effect something like this might have on the serious Stefan who unwarily goes into such a place for a few beers prior to the Banquet. Remember, Sex Does Not Mix With Science Fiction. (and ignore those who say snidely "It blends...") Shun a situation where you'll be sitting at a table where a nubile young woman will bare-bosomedly ask you what you would like! It takes fantastic control to tell her "beer" and eyeballs tend to gravitate, much as when a hypnotist swings something before one's eyes in an effort to fix them on a point/ One's eyes tend to fix on one point or another...despite an initial effort not to stare! Think what effect this would have on a fan trying to concentrate later (if he even makes it) during the Speech by the Guest of Honor. Especially if he is young and impressionable like Arnie Katz...or Dave Hulan...



And if you think that is bad, try to avoid watching the topless dancers, especially as they do such dances as the Watusi and the Frug and the Jerk (oh, God, the Jerk!), etc. One is not liable to be quietly calculating the mathematics of the physics of Bodies in Motion and besides, your beer will get warm and it'll only be another excuse to get the waitress to come back to your table...

So you can see that the Temptations are many and you can be Lured from the Formal Program if you are not firm in your conviction that the Convention is the Thing! Besides, fans have been known to move out to Southern California for less than beer-drinking, book-hunting, and girl-watching. And with the prospect of being able to do all three combined, it's enough to become a Way of Life... Talk about Other Fandoms! So be sure to stick to the con-site and really have a great time at the 1968 WorldCon here in Los Angeles.

ETC., AND SO FORTH

by BJO

This fanzine could not have been published without the able assistance of Len Bailes, avid stenciller and fanzine assistant, and Luise Petti, portrait artist a go-go. Both of these sterling fans gave up part of their holiday so that we might publicize the Pan-Pacificon idea, and bring the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund to your fascinated interest. Thanks also go to Ed Cox, who can so meet a deadline, Stobcler fans, and Katwen Trimble, without whose aid this fanzine would have been published hours earlier. (At least Len did not think that unwinding his typer ribbon all over the floor was a progressive idea.)

Other fan areas tend to consider Los Angeles fans one big amorphous lump. Lumpy we may be, but we are seldom working in one unit; there are just too many of us to coordinate smoothly all together. Just as with any other fan club, there are sub-groups within the main LASFS, as people find that they share more similar interests with some fans than with others.

The Convention Committee is one group that has worked together rather well on private projects for over a year, and we feel that this condition is a good omen for the future. Incidentally, the group that is putting on the 1967 Westercon is an entirely different bunch of L.A. fans; the L.A. in '68 bidders are offering their assistance in every possible phase to the Westercon Committee, but there is no other tie-in except that we are all Los Angeles fans, members of the LASFS, and personal friends.

The Westercon, by the way, should be an interesting convention, with special attention laid to collectors, games players, and costume-fanciers. There is even a medieval joust planned, in addition to a special exhibit of Cynthia Goldstone's art, along with the usual fan art show. Plan to attend, on the July 4th weekend, at the Sheraton-West Hotel in Los Angeles, and send your membership (\$1.50) to: Westercon XX, P.O. Box 75192, Los Angeles, California, 90005.

The Westercon Committee has been most interested in our plans, and is willing to help out our campaign to make '68 a really fine convention. In fact, several groups within the L.A. area are cooperating to work together for this common good. For instance, to facilitate our communications with the Japanese fans, many of whom do not speak English (and the ones who do are extremely self-conscious about it), Stu and Reiko Metchette, who have not been active in fandom for years (in fact, Reiko doesn't read SF), have willingly volunteered their time and energy to translating art show entry forms, convention material, and other items for us. This has made it possible to send art show entry forms in Japanese to the Japanese fans, so that many artists who have heretofore not entered the show from lack of understanding English may do so. We hope to see good results of this as early as the NyCon this year; come to the NyCon and see. (\$3 membership to the 25th World SF Convention (NyCon III), P.O. Box 367, New York City, N.Y., 10028.)

People like Stu and Reiko make us more than ever convinced that we'll have a good team of workers behind us when we go into action. You can help, too, if you wish. Some Japanese fans speak German or French better than they do English, so if you are interested in exchanging letters or tapes in these languages, write the '68 Con P.O. box for names and addresses. The same goes for anyone who wishes to make contact in English, of course; the Japanese fans are eager for communication of all sorts.

Questions & Answers

Q: Aren't you behind the times? The other 2 bidders already have hotels.

A: Both bidders were offered the hotels they formerly used, which are adequate and available with no extra work for the con committee. In L.A., the hotel invitations have been so numerous (including from all formerly used for a con) that we decided to "shop" for the best convention site.

Q: Rumor hath it that Al Lewis' inactivity in LASFS recently, plus his not attending Tricon mean that he has lost interest in fandom; true?

A: Al was still recovering financially from his trip to London at Tricon time. Lately he's been taking evening classes, including a University course in science fiction held on LASFS meeting nights. Club activity has seldom been a criterion for a chairman's ability to handle a con, in any case.

Q: Why have the Trimbles moved from the area if they think L.A. is great in '68?

A: The reasons for their move, a personal desire to live in a smaller town, will be detailed in a forthcoming BJottings; send for a copy c/o the con PO box, if interested. There are no fannish reasons for the move; their loyalties are still with L.A. in '68 -- they are, in fact, still hard at work on the con committee itself.

Q: Isn't it someone else's turn to hold a convention on the West Coast?

A: While several regional conventions have been held in the SoCal area, the last World Con held here was the Solacon in 1958; it is our turn.

Q: What can L.A. offer? I've been there and seen everything.

A: Unless you're a native with travelling instincts, we doubt that you've seen more than a tiny part of what L.A. has to offer. Future issues of this zine will outline interesting points of the area.

Q: I've never seen the Bay Area or Seattle, so why not vote for a new place?

A: If you like airplanes, you'll love either con site. One hotel is located at SeaTac Airport, halfway between Seattle and Tacoma, and the other hotel is near San Francisco Airport, about 35 miles from the city itself.

Q: OK, so I stay in the con hotel; what does L.A. in '68 offer me?

A: A Japanese fan visitor, plus emphasis on specialty fandoms, and exhibits obtainable only in our movie-and-TV-oriented area, among other items.

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DO YOU HAVE A QUESTION or wish the answer to a rumor or DNQ you've heard? Why rely on uninformed outsiders (who will happily give you an answer, to be sure, truthful or not!)? Bring your queries directly to the source of knowledgeable answers; ask us! We will try to answer frankly all questions as to our convention ideas, policy, and plans (excepting questions designed to reveal special plans such as the selection of guest of honor, which should never be announced until the bid has been definitely won). Questions which might be of general interest will be answered in the future issues of this zine, with the questioner remaining anonymous should he wish it. Don't miss this opportunity, fans, to know more about L.A. in '68!

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