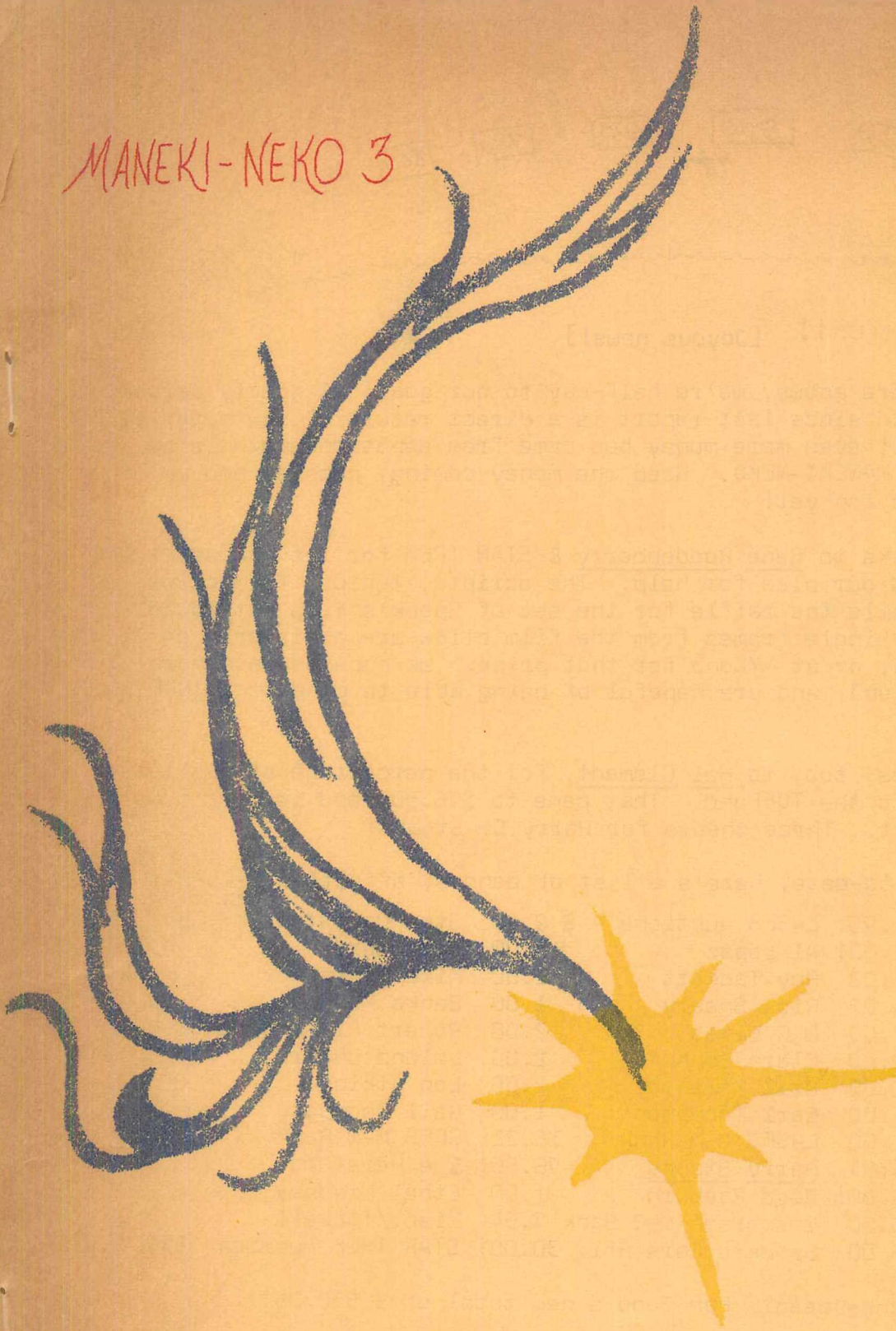
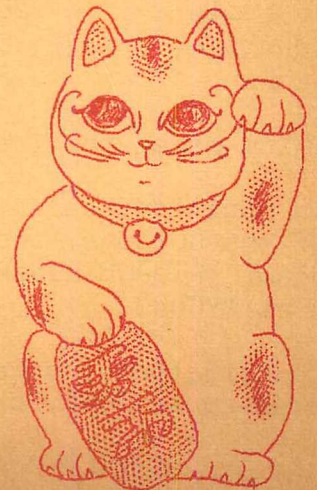
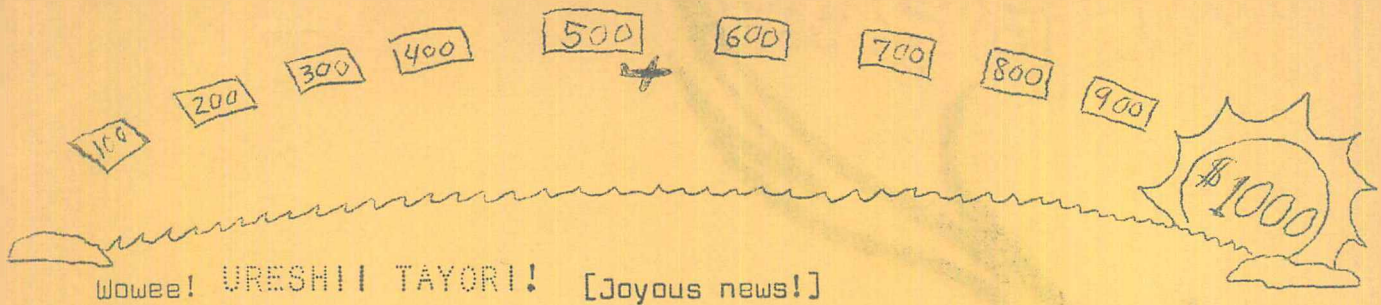


MANEKI-NEKO 3



MA, KIREI
DESU KOTO!





As the chart up there shows, we're half-way to our goal! A goodly percentage of the money taken in since last report is a direct result of the material donated by STAR TREK, but even more money has come from donations both large and small, and thru subs to MANEKI-NEKO. Keep the money coming, people, and we'll put the TOFFund over the top yet!

We owe special thanks to Gene Roddenberry & STAR TREK for the wonderful box of goodies that answered our plea for help. The scripts, tunics, film clips, etc., brought in over \$170, while the raffle for the set of Spock's Ears netted \$30! Envelopes containing 18 single frames from the film clips are available at \$5/ea, and will be sold by mail, or at NYCon3 for that price. We hope to have more ST items for auction at NYCon3, and are hopeful of being able to conduct a TOFF auction or three there.

Mucho gratitude goes, too, to Hal Clement, for the percentage of his latest novel which he donated to the TOFFund. That came to \$76.50, and is more'n we had altogether at last report. Three cheers for Harry C. Stubbs!

To bring things up-to-date, here's a list of donors, effective 7-15-67:

Old balance	\$ 61.75	LASFs Auctions	\$ 2.40	Stan Woolston	\$ 1.00
Stanleigh Vinson	25.00!	Al Lopez	10.00	Mike Ward	3.00
Advt. in M-N #1	5.00	Roy Tackett	1.00	Mike Montgomery	1.00
Beresford Smith	10.00	Rick Sneary	1.00	Banks Mebane	5.00
Coral Smith	*3.00	W G Bliss	2.00	Robert S. Kennedy	5.00
William Linden	1.00	Clara Lenhoff	2.00	Leland Spairo	5.00
J A McCallum	5.00	Bill Mallardi	2.00	Lon Atkins	10.00
Arnie Katz	1.00	Earl Thompson	1.00	Gail Thompson	1.00
Edward R. Smith	1.00	LASFs M-N Bank	16.20	GGFS M-N Bank	5.50
Li'l Men's M-N Bank	4.94	<u>Harry Stubbs</u>	76.50!	Sue Hereford	5.00
Anthony Lewis	25.00!	Boyd Raeburn	1.00	Ethel Lindsay	1.00
Roy Tackett	3.50	Westercon M-N Bank	7.04	Misc./Tackett	7.00
Leigh Couch	5.00	Spock's Ears Rfl.	30.00!	STAR TREK Auction	179.25!

Which gives the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund a new total of \$ 532.08!!!

In addition, sales of FIJAGH and FIAWOL buttons at Westercon XX paid for the cost of the buttons, and all future sales are pure profit for TOFF. Buttons are 1 1/2" diam., FIJAGH black on yellow, and FIAWOL black on red. 30¢ ea by mail, or 25¢ ea at NYCon3.

Contributions, donations, subs to MANEKI-NEKO, button purchases, etc. should be addressed to TOFF, c/o PanPacifcon

P O Box 422

Tarzana, Cal. 91356

Make checks payable to:

David G. Hulan

HISTORY OF JAPANESE SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM...
BY TAKUMI SHIBANO

PART 2...RISE & FALL OF SO-CALLED 'SCIENCE FICTION BOOM'

During 1962, Japanese SF fandom made a rush both in quality and in quantity. Organized fandom increased rapidly, for the number of Uchujin members increased from more than 100 to more than 200, and SF Magazine Fan Club collected about 100 fans by the convention, Meg-Con. Fan activities were getting more dynamic than before, too. In August, six fans in Tokyo district made a party trip to Gifu City, Osaka, and Tokushima City in Shikoku and held co-meetings with fans in each city. Members of this trip were A. Toyoda, K. Hirai, N. Itoh, Tadashi Taka, Hideo Tsuchiya, and myself. Going and coming of fans in various districts in Japan is rather usual nowadays, but this trip was a big event in that day.

In June, Toshio Ogawa published a tapezine for foreign fans holding addresses of authors and fans. In August, we published the International Edition of Uchujin in the English language. The editor was Norio Itoh and I was the publisher. It failed after only one issue, for the barrier of language was too high and too thick for us to continue publication. In September, Eiichi Kojima and Ryotaro Mizuno won good prizes in the Art Show at the 20th Worldcon (Chicon), which resulted in the start of the SF Art Club in Tokyo. This was the third fan group in Japanese fandom that is alive now. This group was part of SF Magazine Fan Club at first, but became independent in April 1963 with Yasufusa Kaneko as chairman.

On November 18, 1962, Uchujin Club held a 16mm movie show again in Tokyo, which gathered more than 300 attendees! Things to Come was the main event of the show, and Osamu Tezuka showed his test film of Astroboy, which was to be on the air in '63 as the first animation SF film of Japanese origin.

In prodrom, Ryu Mitsuse was writing for SF Magazine, beginning in the May issue, and Kazumasa Hirai began in the June issue with a reprint from Uchujin. Sakyō Komatsu, who had joined Uchujin in July of that year, appeared in the October issue of SF Magazine. He is now looked on as the No. 1 writer of SF in Japan, mostly getting ahead of Hoshi by being popular both in fandom and in the general field. He is an exceptionally good story teller.

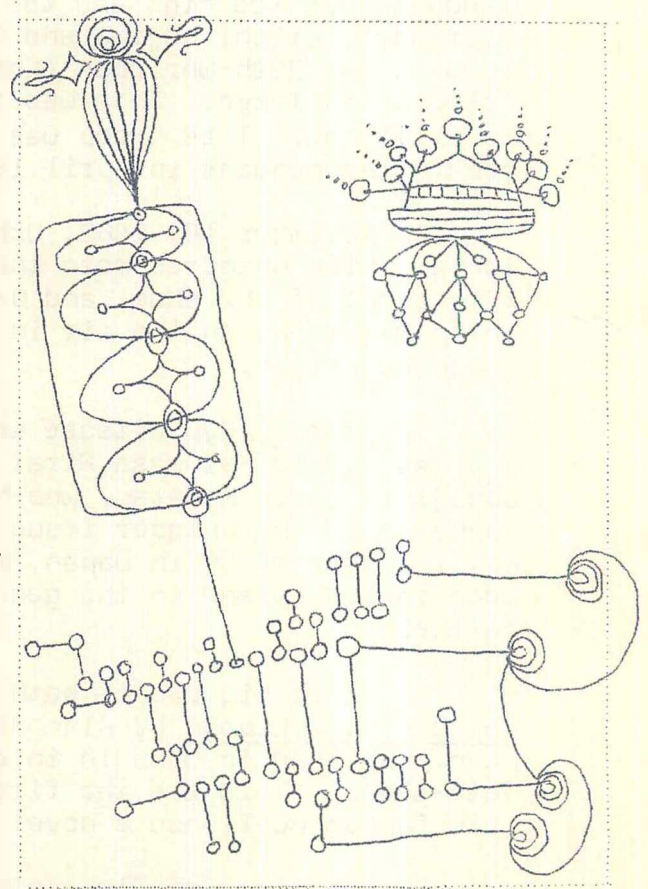
One more big event, both in prodrom and fandom, was the publication of Tower of the Lights by Alan Kiodomari. The first third of this story had been published in Uchujin in series, and sold to the pro publisher, Toto-Shobo. This was the first case where a writer connected intimately with fandom published a novel rather than a collection.

SF Magazine Fan Club, started at Meg-Con, was going its way. I think we may call this group the first pure fanclub in Japan, for Uchujin Club and Null Club were both groups of amateur writers and enthusiastic SF readers, and their fanzines, Uchujin and Null, were publishing mainly stories by these writers. This new third group soon changed its name into SFM Fan Club, for SF Magazine did not take this group as its readers' club, nor did it do anything else for them. As a pure fan group, they had

published a clubzine, "Uchū-Kiryū"(meaning "Space Current" monthly, containing essays, articles, critiques, news, and even inside peeping news of writers and noted fans. They began to meet on each 1-day (1, 11, 21 and 31st) of the month at tea-room "Kasumi" in Shibuya-ku, Tokyo, which greatly succeeded as a salon of SF fans in Tokyo district, gathering more than 20 attendees each time. At the end of '62, Shima (chairman) and Kida (editor) both disappeared from fandom (gafia?) and the club's younger members took charge and elected a new chairman and editor of the zine. The new chairman was Keiichi Takamarita, who soon retired. Hiroshi Sasaki has taken the chair since then, and proven to be a good manager of a fan club. The new editor, Mitsuo Makimura, was a good fan also, and has edited Uchū-Kiryū enthusiastically since then.

I sometimes attend the "1st-Day meeting" of SFM fan club as one member of the club, though I cannot attend every time. I hear that Sasaki, Makimura, and Itoh attend almost every time. To tell the truth, soon after the establishment of SFM Fan Club, a few young members of Uchujin took the initiative at monthly meetings of SFM Fan Club, which was felt troublesome by officer members of the latter. One of my intimate friends advised me then not to attend so imprudently to meetings of young fans, which was rather a shock to me for I had believed in the open-mindedness of SF fans. But it is true that the larger our fandom grew, the more careful thought was required of noted fans, though it prevents comfortableness of fanac as an amateur.

I wonder why SF fans are so active. What drives them to fanac which is quite expensive not only in money but also in time and effort? Needless to say, we can answer this question as because we love science fiction. It is natural. But it looks like to overconscientious an explanation to interpret this "love" as a self-sacrificing pure love. I think this is adapted to all amateur activities which do not aim at the rewards of money. The word "egoboo" used in US fandom gave me a solution. What a cruel self-analysis this is, compared with the beautiful sense of the word "amateurism"! But, I think, this self-analysis must be a characteristic of science fiction fans. This cruel consciousness must make a deep gulf between SF fans and the others, such as movie-star fans, in spite of our bustling conventions. Were it not for this deep thought of ourselves, meaningless is our sense of being elite. I can find this sense of being elite in most SF fans' minds, but hidden strictly. It may be the energies of this oppressed sense (or subconsciousness) that suspends the activity of SF fans.



Our rather showy fanactivity which began in 1962 effected upon general journalism far more than we had expected. The name "SF" was not so popular yet, and newspapers wrote of SF as "SF(Kūsō-Kagaku-Shōsetsu)" with explanation in Japanese every time. This explanation began to be omitted in 1963, and in 1964 some quick-sighted publishers began to use this title "SF" as a positive policy to sell their vulgar books or comic books, and fans began to

frown at this tendency. But, I think, it meant that Japanese SF had grown up out of its childhood. Some papers wrote of and discussed this curious "science fiction boom," mainly in 1963, and even some mainstream literature magazines looked quite nervous at this call of "boom" and several times tried to publish special issues of SF.

We, SF fans and writers, had been discussing since 1960 some of the profits and losses of a boom which was a boom in name only and which we had no real power to suspend. Some said that we should get real power first, and others that popularization is needed to get power; no, a fame without substance will result in bad misunderstanding of SF afterward; no, misunderstanding is rather better than unknown, etc. etc. Somebody said the most important thing is to bring up good writers without which any publicity is useless. But the other replied that without publicity that SF is getting popular we cannot get good writers, etc. etc.

It looked that Hayakawa-Shobō and the prodom around it were rather negative to promote the "boom," and fans were positive. Anyway, a little empty boom came on in '63 and declined at the end of the same year, already, for journalists and the literary field ascertained the small scale of the Japanese SF field. But the name of "SF" remained, though with additions as titles of comic books. I am not disappointed, for I think being misunderstood is rather better than being unknown, even now. I may be too optimistic, but my optimism has been useful in most cases. I am awaiting the next chance of boom, which will come in '68 or in '69, and am expecting that the next boom will be so big that we amateur fans can do nothing about it (This is a forecast I first made at the end of 1964).

Near the end of 1962, the co-operation of SF prodom and fandom was being done very well. But, as the call of the "Boom" got higher, Hayakawa Shobo and Masami Fukushima, the editor of SF Magazine, seemed to feel uneasy for fear some powerful competitor publisher might appear to break the monopoly if Hayakawa-Shobō in the SF field. They misunderstood that I was promoting new SF series or magazines, and began to be hostile to me and Uchujin, criticizing Uchujin in SF Magazine. I did not react against them openly, but I cannot say I am not somewhat responsible for the current slight opposition between Hayakawa-Shobō and fandom. Common SF fans now feel more friendly toward other minor SF publishers than toward Hayakawa, though most of the responsibility for this situation rests on the forceful ability of Masami Fukushima, who, even now, blames or criticizes the fanaticism of young SF fans very often in his editor's column in SF Magazine, though he is quite friendly to me now, for he is sure that he has definitely settled his position as the leader of SF prodom in Japan. During '63, when Fukushima was fighting (?) against me, Yū Mori, the assistant editor of SF Magazine, who is my intimate friend, was troubled very much between us.

In November, 1963, Masahito Ara wrote an essay in a paper attacking the current tendency of Japanese SF-originating SF stories, and Fukushima began fighting against him, which was a good chance to make Fukushima friendly to me, for I did nothing in this quarrel. Masahito Ara was a noted literary critic who was interested in detective stories and SF, and his theory on SF was a quite self-satisfied one, which was the reason I did nothing for him in this case. He published a few essays (books) on future science, but gradually retired from the SF field afterwards. Thus, Fukushima appears as a very able fighter for the SF field in one case, but looks to be an autocrat of Japanese SF in another. Nowadays, many anti-

Fukushima writers who failed to sell their stories to Hayakawa-Shobō are gathering to promote publications of SF by various publishers, and, I feel, I shall have to do something for them this time for they are often inviting me to write juvenile books, etc. I don't want to give up being a fan, of course.

In 1963, three writers published their first books. Taku Mayumura published Galaxy that Burned by Tōto-Shobō. This novel was a re-writing of a short story which Mayumura had written in Uchujin. Tōto-Shobō bought this story from Uchujin following Tower of the Lights. This was issued in May. Ryū Mitsuse published The Epitaph: 2007, and Sakyō Komatsu Peace on Earth by Hayakawa-Shobō in August. Both were collections of their short stories, which had been published in SF Magazine mostly. But each book contained one story which had been published in Uchujin, especially Komatsu's title story, "Peace on Earth" which was sent to SF Magazine in 1961 and not published. Komatsu rewrote it by my advice, and I published it in Uchujin, where it was greatly praised by readers and is considered as one of Komatsu's masterpieces.

In May, I recommended Kazumasa Hirai to a juvenile weekly magazine, where he began writing stories for the comic "Eighthman", which was soon sold to TV production and began telecasting as an animated film. SF adventure in TV animation comics was just beginning to flood on most networks, and young SF writers were getting busier at the end of this year. But, I wonder if this phenomenon was good for young developing writers. It was quite profitable to them, but it was apt to prevent their progress in writing good SF stories for adults.

In SF Magazine, a serial report of interviews, "Men Who Brought Up SF" by Shōji Ohtomo started in May. (I hear that Fukushima and Mori had an altercation on whether I were to be included, and afterwards Fukushima yielded to Mori). A serial introduction of books, "SF Detector" by Kyōji Ishikawa began in June, which introduced books of other publishers also; this meant that Hayakawa-Shobō had gotten a self confidence to be the leader of the SF field in Japan. Kōichirō Noda began to introduce classic SF heroes in space-operas in series titled "A Group of Heroes in SF" in August. Norio Itoh began to introduce current magazines in US under title of "SF Scanner" at the end of the year.

A Japanese version of Alfred Hitchcock Mystery Magazine failed in July. This magazine had been a good customer of fan-writers, reprinting short stories from Uchujin. Shōzō Tokura and Tadashi Hirose who had been writing here were brought up in Uchujin. Hōseki (meaning "Jewels") a conventional detective story magazine from the same publisher, published a special issue of SF in October, inviting writers from Uchujin also. Hōseki published a special issue of SF again in March of 1964 where Yōko Mitsunami wrote a short story, "A Golden Coral." Then in May Hōseki-Sha went bankrupt.

The good news that Shin'ichi Hoshi's "Bokko-Chan" had been translated into English and reprinted in F&SF came. This was the first case that a Japanese SF story was sold being translated into a foreign language.

In fandom itself, Tadashi Taka went abroad to Italy invited by Guido Durante, an Italian pressman who had visited Japan in 1962 and attended the meeting of SFM Fan Club. Taka had some business to do with him, and stayed in Italy about one year before returning.

The first anniversary meeting of SFM Fan Club was held on May 26 in Tokyo, with about 60 attendees. Yasutaka Tsutui attended from Osaka.

The fifth anniversary meeting of Uchujin was held in Tokyo on June 21, which gathered about 70, containing most big name writers and fans in the SF field. Komatsu, Maumura, Tsutui and three others attended from Osaka. I think Uchujin was just in its day this year. We carried out "Project 15 Months a Year" to publish three double-size issues this year, holding stories by star writers and gathering short essays by eminent people in various fields who were interested in SF. These were the largest programs that an amateur publication in Japan could carry out.

On the 29th of the same month, the third anniversary meeting of Null Club was held in Osaka, and Osamu Tezuka, Aritsune Toyoda and I attended from Tokyo. Toyoda and I went to Nagoya-city on the 30th and attended the foundation meeting of "Mutants Club." Den Yoshimitsu, the representative, had been collecting members since August of the year before when six Tokyo fans visited Gifu-city (near Nagoya), and he had appointed this day, June 30, 1963, to be the day of establishment of his club. He published a clubzine, "Mutants," on a pace of three issues a year with a policy of "the most fanzine-like fanzine."

In October, a fanzine dedicated to horror stories, "The Horror," was started by Shōji Ohtomo and Jun'ichiro Kida, which folded in '65 after six issues.

The 2nd Japan Science Fiction Convention was held on October 26-27, 1963, in twice the scale of the year before, with a commemorative-party, lodging together, and a movie show. This was promoted by Uchujin, SFM Fan Club, and SF Art Club, and backed by Null Club, Mutants Club, Mushi-Production (animation film producer led by Osamu Tezuka), Hayakawa-Shobō, Hōseki-Sha and Toto-Shobō. This scale showed the great growth of our fandom compared with the rather childish proceedings of the last convention, but it seemed that this scale was too big for us to handle at that time, and it resulted in some lack of attention for the content and substance of the convention. Such was the real limit of power of our fandom at that day (This convention was named "Tokon" by advice of Roy Tackett).

We had the commemorative party at a restaurant "Takae" at Ikeburo in Tokyo on the evening of the 26th, which gathered about 60 attendees, including 10 from Osaka and 4 from Nagoya and Gifu. Udaru Ohshita, Masami Fukushima and many big names addressed their congratulations. Aritsune Toyoda was the toastmaster of the party. Osamu Tezuka showed his animated film of Astroboy as an attraction.

The lodging of that night was planned for the convenience of out-of-town fans who came to Tokyo to attend Tokon, but it was named "Tokon Seminar," and some of the 26 fans who attended kept discussing almost all night. We had not determined any theme of discussion, which was attacked by a few attendants from other districts. Kōji Sanda (b. 1945, who co-operated with Shoko Uhara to establish Time Patrol Club afterwards) appeared at this convention, and showed a sleight of hand as an amateur magician for attraction of the lodging.

The "Main Meeting" which was a movie show, art show, and stall sales of SF books, was held on the 27th (it was my birthday) at Mainichi Hall. We had prepared Time Machine (MGM) and Journey to the Center of the Earth

(Fox) for our movie show, which was greatly welcomed by young fans, but attendance at this main meeting was less than 300, which was quite less than we had expected. The little "boom" of science fiction was already passing into stabilization at that time. We, as promoters of our fandom, got many lessons here, which was the second significance of the convention, ranking next to the publicizing effect of SF to the general public.

I had asked SFM Fan Club and SF Art Club to be the co-promoters of the convention, and this formal co-promotion was attended with a good result, though the most part of the convention was led and treated by Uchujin members. Kōichirō Noda, Tadashi Hirose, and Hiroshi Sasaki were the best officers leading young fans and assisting me.

About 20 days after the convention, A. Toyoda, N. Itoh, and Yumiko Nakayama (b. 1938; femme-fan; one of the establishers of SFM Fan Club) visited Osaka, and saw Tsutsui, Uhara and Sanda, etc. This practice of going and coming of fans in various cities was rapidly getting frequent.

Japanese fandom of 1964 was awakened by the first direct visit of US fans. Stephen F. Schultheis and his wife, librarians on the ship "University of the Seven Seas," visited Japan at Yokohama Harbour with the ship, and called on me. On January 19, they attended the new year meeting of Uchujin held at my house. On the 20th, K. Noda and Kōichi Awazu, a young fan, good in English conversation, guided them around Tokyo, and the next day they attended the 1st day meeting of SFM Fan Club. Steve looked to be a very mild man, and said as the first voice at Uchujin meeting, "Science fiction fans easily make friends with each other even when they are complete strangers," which was accepted with perfect sympathy by Japanese fans.

On February 4, Robert P. Brown, a wireless engineer of a ship, came to Yokohama and phoned Toshio Ogawa. Ogawa phoned me asking to gather SF fans, and K. Noda, Yū Mori, Hideo Tsuchiya joined us and went to Yokohama to see him. Mr. Brown was an old fan and his rapid talking of English was quite difficult for me to hear. He invited us to a Chinese restaurant.

One more news in fandom at the beginning of this year was the publication of a special issue of Null which was the 10th issue. This was a very fine magazine which will remain as the most luxurious one in past and future that Japanese SF fans have published. It contained 10 stories, mostly by pro writers, among whom was Akira Hori. But this issue was the last issue of Null as a matter of fact. Tsutsui published the report of the 3rd Japan SF Convention as an 11th or additional issue, in October of this year, and Null folded for good.

On May 31, the second anniversary meeting of SFM Fan Club was held in Tokyo and collected about 60. Tsutsui attended from Osaka again. And then, the 3rd Japan Science Fiction Convention came on July 25 and 26 in Osaka.

At the beginning of 1964, I had consulted with Yasutaka Tsutsui asking him to promote the convention, promising to help him as much as I could. I had a plan to hold yearly conventions promoted by various fan clubs in turn, as in US fandom, or at least alternately by Tokyo groups and local groups, and Null club looked to be a very suitable group in ability and history to begin this plan with. This plan was found to be not suitable to Japanese fandom which was too young yet, and the 3rd convention was promoted only by Tsutsui himself as a result, for Null Club had no good assistant to help Tsutsui, nor could I help him from Tokyo, though ~~Fantasy~~ printed on the

program book that it was "co-promoted by Null and Uchujin." He named this convention "Daicon."

The commemorative party was held in the evening of the 25th at "Restaurant Sapphire," in Osaka, and gathered about 50 attendees, half of which were fans from outside Osaka-district, mainly from Tokyo. This time, SF Art Club did their best in displaying the room, co-operating with Null Club. After addresses of congratulation by representatives of backing groups such as Japan Detective Story Writers' Association and Japan SF Writers' Club (established in March '63 by Hayakawa-Shobō, collecting writers and translators writing mainly for Hayakawa only), Jun'ichi Takanashi showed his paper-slide-picture-drama which was a parody of my fanacs, and Noda and I showed our 8mm film with special effects, "Camera; the Queen of Monsters," both as attractions.

About 30 attended the lodging that night, and some of them talked all night as usual. We discussed mainly which would win if Osaka and Tokyo made war!

The main meeting of the convention was held in the afternoon of the 26th, at Osaka Kodei Hall, gathering about 150 attendees. Some animation films were shown first, then, after the opening speech by Tsutsui, I made a short speech on the history of Japanese fandom, and introduced the chairmen of the main SF groups, calling them up to the stage, and introducing writers who attended to the audience. Sakyō Komatsu made a lecture on science fiction as a new way to cognize human beings. Then two young female fans read SF poems translated in SF Magazine.

It was very hot in Osaka, but the favour of the fans overcame it. I think this convention catered to fandom itself rather than the general public, and resulted in the great success of Tokon II the next year.

In prodom of 1964, Sakyō Komatsu was most active, publishing two novels and one collection in this year, all of which were greatly welcomed by general readers, not only those in fandom. His second novel, The Day of Resurrection was the first book of the Japan Science Fiction Series, started in August by Hayakawa-Shobō. This series continued, publishing The Return in the Dusk by Ryu Mitsuse, and A Target of Nightmare by Shin'ichi Hoshi. By 1967 there were 10 books in the series.

In June, Morihiro Saitō published his first book, Science-Nonfiction, by Hayakawa-Shobō, which was a collection of his non-fiction pieces published in series in SF Magazine.

Shin'ichi Hoshi and Sakyō Komatsu were already writing for common literature magazines very often, and Taku Mayumura began writing this year. In SF Magazine, A. Toyoda and Y. Tsutsui and Ichirō Kanō appeared in '63, and in '64 appeared Tadashi Hirose and Kōichi Yamano (b. 1939; joined Uchujin in '63 and wrote "take the X-Train," which was soon bought by SF Magazine).

Thus, the so-called "SF Boom" reached its stabilization and new steps forward were beginning to be taken both in prodom and fandom.

--Takumi Shibano



STELLAR HAIKU

by Bob Vardeman

mighty Orion
trailed by his faithful canine -
stalking night's shadows

Saturn, ringed giant
glorious icy splendor
chilling human souls

serpentine Draco
snorting fiery tongues of flame -
showing a dim lair

Mars, bloody war god
mysterious and haughty -
pitiless to man

Pluto, lonely god
seeking lost Persephone
in frigid darkness

Venus, in hiding
behind enigmatic cloak
tempting man onward



SHIBANO SAN & OKUSAN KARA TEGAMI WO MORAIMASHITA

We are glad to get a letter from you. Thanks for your kind advice. I'm first time for write a letter to foreigner. I'll be happy if you understand this letter.

Takumi is very glad you and American SF fans invited him to America. He has wanted to visit America since 10 years ago. We are having happiest time of our lives until next summer. I just study English conversation and reading travel-guide.

I like Kimono very much, but in summer is very hot -- I like more in winter time. When we go to America, of course, I'll wear Kimono.

American foods imported into Japan; department store or supermarkets sell it. We are used to Del Monte, Campbell's, Hotel and restaurant prepared western-style dishes. After war, Japanese foods are changing to western-style. He & I like western cooking very much. I'll show you my family's menu:

Breakfast -- Coffee or black tea, bread, eggs, vegetable-salad.

Lunch -- Japanese soup, rice, buttered fish, pickles.

Supper -- Cream soup, rice, fried pork, vegetable, salad.

Our daughters like sandwiches and hamburger steak. If we go to America, perhaps we will not be home-sick.

Our daughter names: Miho, 12 years old, and Minae, 9 years old.

Sincerely,

Sachiko Shibano

Here in Japan, too, Koichiro Noda began to invite subscription money for me! He says he hopes to gather about \$300. A few fans said to me that he is going to raise a campaign to "obstruct Takumi from visiting US" in joke, which looks as if showing their envy and forlornness at 1968 convention.

Masami Fukushima, the editor of SF Magazine (only prozine in Japan) first replied to Noda's invitation and gave \$13 for me. He had been in US for about 2 weeks lately and had seen Mr. Campbell, and phoned to me that Mr. Campbell suggested the PanPacificon II for 1970 when the World Exposition will be held in Japan. I agreed with him, and I hope that you also agree with the idea. (It may be that Mr. Campbell said to hold Worldcon in Japan for a few writers may visit Japan for Expo-70.) Anyway, Campbell and Fukushima are going to write to Forrest Ackerman to discuss the matter, and please tell this news to your committee members of PanPacificon I, and write me your opinion about the matter.

Sachiko agreed with me to visit the US by airplane. First we preferred sea to air partly because ship is convenient to take large packages for auction, etc., but your letter told us that those packages should be sent several weeks before our expected arrival date, and this reason for ship disappeared. I hope that we shall arrive at the beginning of August, and will be under care of you for long time--if it is not troublesome to you--anyway, we cannot determine the date itself yet.

(CONT. PAGE 15)

JOHN MANSFIELD CANADIAN FAN....

SOUTHERN (CALIFORNIA) HOSPITALITY

Suddenly realizing one morning that TAFF did not stand for Trans-America Fan Fund, I decided that if I ever wanted to see the world of fandom, I would have to do it on my own. I was introduced to fandom at the Tricon, and found that being a fan can become sort of habit-forming.

After deciding to utilize my leave-time from Her Majesty's Armed Forces to meet fans, my first problem was where to go. Since at the time it was the middle of February in my own country, Canada, I decided to go as far away as possible so that I could be warm again; California seemed to fit all my needs and also had a lot of fans in it.

To get there was no special problem, as I was able to get a ride (or "flip" in local military parlance) on a plane out of Toronto to Winnipeg, where it was 40° below with no snow, just lots of ice. When we went on to Victoria, it was 40° above; talk about great weather! I then proceeded to Seattle where I was lucky enough to get a flip to Los Alamitos Naval Air Station, near Los Angeles.

In Toronto, I managed to meet and talk to a beautiful young lady who came to California also, and accompanied me on some of my fan-visits. Ida and I were met in Long Beach by Lois Lavender, who invited us to stay with her family while we were visiting the area. Since Lois was not in school that week, she volunteered to drive us around and show us the area. We gratefully accepted the offer of hospitality.

The following days were just great; we were shown all the sights, from surfing at Huntington Beach (in February!!) to all the local tourist spots like Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm and so on.

On Thursday night I went to a meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, and was duly impressed. I was asked to talk about Canadian fandom (which is just starting), and invited them all up to EXPO 67. I mentioned that our club, the Ontario Science-Fiction Club, would be only too happy to help anyone coming to Canada for a visit.

We were invited to a wine and cheese party by Bruce Pelz, so the night of the party, Ida, Lois and I made our way to the Pelz house through a thick fog that seemed to swirl only a few blocks around their house. I was worried as this would be my first fan party and it seemed that with all the BIFs that would be there, I would be out of my league.

We arrived early, yet the party was in full swing with the bar filled with several wines. I was quite surprised that with all the wines present, (at least 20), there were no two the same. Within minutes Ida had been whisked away into a corner by some LASFSian, and Lois had been taken away by Ron Ellik.

"So this is LA fandom," I thought, as I stood there with nothing but Bruce's original Marvel Comics to read. Later while going to replenish

my drink, I came upon the FAPA mailing that was the reason for this bash. I plunged into this with vigour and even found some goings-on by some Canadian fans in the mailing. Six or seven drinks later, I found the Japanese pinball machine that Bruce had on his wall. Immediately, I became hooked on this thing, and continued to play it until it ran out of balls. Simple things entertain simple minds, but I never could get that stupid thing to pay off. My only real problem of the evening was having to watch my step as I went to get more drinks, or I'd have fallen over another fan.

Around midnith I was interrupted half-way through a fanzine by Lois saying that the girls had to leave as their pumpkins had arrived, but that I could stay and Ron would see me home. A few minutes later, Ron tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I wanted to join the poker game in the rumpus room. I told him I would come as soon as I finished the article I was reading. He told me it was the room where all the noise was coming from. Ten minutes later, I walked into the room where all the noise was coming from, turned around after realizing why the lights were out, and walked into the next room where the game was going on. We played some of the craziest versions of poker I ever saw, until about 4 am. I lost only 20¢, luckily.



Ron Ellick invited us all out to see Brecht's "A MAN'S A MAN"; a good play which I thoroughly enjoyed. The theatre was small and added greatly to the effect. There was a champagne party afterward, and because Ron is a play reviewer for a local newspaper, we attended and got a chance to talk to the actors.

Ida had to leave for base, as she did not have as many days leave as I had, but fandom may see her again.

Lois took me to see Forry's house, which is a truly remarkable mansion, and I was thunderstruck. Unfortunately, Forry was apprehensive about letting strangers see all of his stuff, since he had just had some trouble with trusting his collection to someone he thought he could trust. But Lois promised to keep an eye on me - nice girl that - and so I got to see it all. Or as much as one ever sees of Forry's fabulous place.

Then we went to see Universal City Studios and had a real ball; even saw the original fire engine from Centigrade 233. ((That's "Fahrenheit 451" in our language...editor))

Since I know the people here in Canada who are connected with Desilu Studios, I was able to get a chance to visit the studio and see Star Trek being shot. Lois and I talked Forry into coming and while there he had a chance to see King Kong at last. But first I managed to get the address wrong, and we arrived ten minutes late, but I had phoned ahead and the man in charge was waiting for us.

We first went and saw the filming of "MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE" and "LARADO", and then suddenly through a small side door I came upon the bridge of the ENTERPRISE; I was home!! There stood Kirk, Lt. Uhura, Sulu and Dr. McCoy. I heard an "excuse me" as someone brushed by me; the back of the neck wasn't familiar, but those pointed ears were - it was Spock, the alien himself. They were in the middle of shooting "Operation Annihilation", and there were we, on the bridge of the ENTERPRISE, watching a ship burn into the sun. It took six tries to get a single scene. One take went like this:

KIRK: That Nervion ship plunged into the sun! WHY?

UHURA: coughs, thus throwing the whole take out.

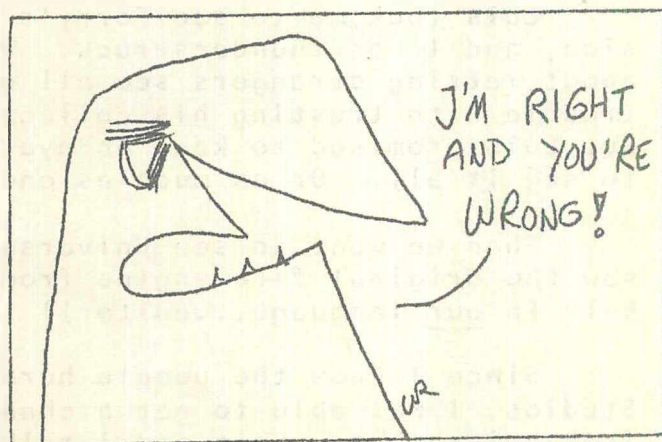
McCOY: Maybe they had a cold.

In the middle of the next take, Kirk broke up over that joke, and another shot went down the drain.

Surrounded as I was by all the equipment, I couldn't resist jumping into the teleporter while Lois was going over the controls. Actually the floor of the teleporter is red carpet and thick light lenses while above are two 60-watt light bulbs surrounded by a cardboard shield. All that happens during "teleportation" is the outside lights dim while the interior light brighten and then the negative is handed to the special effects department along with \$600.00 and presto: teleportation!

I had to fight a mad desire to run up and talk to the stars but our guide saw me, and stood close by. After dragging me out of there, we went down to special effects and there Forry met the original King Kong. He just stood there in awe in Fan Position #1: mouth open yet not speaking (the same position a neo-fan gets in when he meets his favourite author for the first time. Fan Position #2 is the same thing except you have a drink in your hand. We then had to drag Forry out of there as he also found the dinosaur collection. The whole visit was great! I felt like I had beheld Mecca; an SF fan aboard the ENTERPRISE - think of it!

With a few more days left, I got another flip to San Francisco and checked into quarters in Alameda Naval Air Station, where I phoned Bjo. Although she was seven months pregnant, Bjo volunteered to show me the town the next day. They picked me up in their cute little red VW and we went across the bay to The City, where we rode a San Francisco cable car. We rode up one side and down the other of the famous hills, and along the way picked up some other members of the local SF group who had arranged to meet us. They explained to me that the cable car could go no faster than 9.5 miles an hour; that's great but it certainly



can lean, as I found out as we took a corner. We went from the cable car to a nice shopping center of imported goods, and then to Fisherman's Wharf. There I had some crab, a delicacy we do not have here in the middle of Canada.

That afternoon we went out to Palo Alto to meet Felice Rolfe, who is co-editor of 'Meikas'. Bjo had to get some of the fanzine covers done to advertise TOFF, so I fell into a pile of fanzines which I read quietly until Johnny Chambers dropped in. Chambers is one of my favourite fan artists, and here he was. I was pleasantly surprised to find him a student about my age. His in-group Little Green Dinosaur cartoons have always been fun for me, and I got a kick out of his explanation that he couldn't turn into an LGD for me because the zipper was stuck on his disguise. I also saw some of his work that he was preparing for the art show, and it was great. I only hope it is for sale.

At MAYHEM HOUSE, the Rolfe homestead, I was able to see true fandom in action as everyone soon began to put a fanzine together. I was also able to talk Bjo and Johnny into combining talents and putting out a cartoon for me. I shall always treasure it. But soon the Tribbles had to leave, so I stayed the night at MAYHEM HOUSE, talking about all manner of things until the early hours. Felice is a very nice girl in her early 20's, who next morning drove me to the base. As we travelled down the freeway, Felice was stricken with a migraine headache, so being in the back seat, I started to massage the back of her neck as she drove. I shall never forget the look on the face of another driver as she passed us.

I do not know how I am ever going to thank everyone for the great hospitality that they showed Ida and me. I had a wonderful time.

---John Mansfield---

THE SHIBANOS WRITE (CONT'D)

May I send you the third part of my "History of Japanese Fandom" after I receive MANEKI-NEKO #3, which will hold part 2? If you send me the pages of part 2 by air mail, I shall be able to write the part 3 at once; here I have no copy of part 2.

Now we are busy in preparation of Tokon III, and about 30 official staffs gathered yesterday, where a reporter and an announcer of a radio station had us speak about future society for their radio program, and this was the first chance to make PR for the convention.

About all this time.

Sincerely yours,

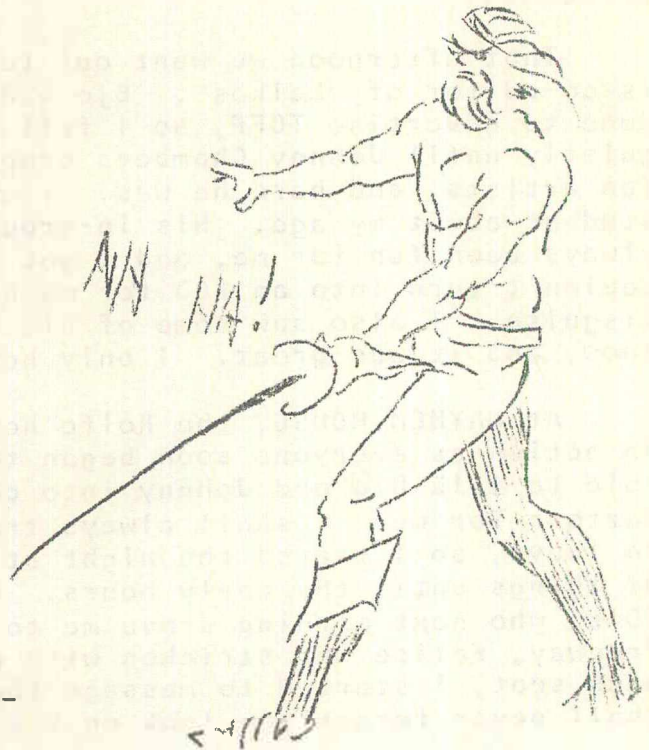
Takumi Shibano

(TITLE: I Have Received a Letter From Mr. Shibano & His Wife.)

ARIGATO OSEWA SAMA DESHITA!

[Thank you for the assistance!]

The publishers of MANEKI-NEKO owe thanks to so many people for helping in so many ways to make this publication possible, therefore making the TOFFund itself possible. Luise Petti, in merely keeping the children dry-diapered and amused, has contributed to getting this issue of M-N out before Christmas! And the lovely assortment of typefaces in this issue are due to Jerry Jack's generous loan of his fancy IBM Selectric typer [which we gave back only because we couldn't stand the sobbing and pitiful whimpering when he phoned each day to find out if we were ever going to return it.] Many other such kind acts have been responsible for getting M-N into your eager hands [you see, we don't want all the responsibility!].



Most especially, we'd like thanks to go to the Society for Creative Anachronism, the "tournament crowd" that got so much attention at the recent Westcon XX. These Bay area fans are devoted more to the Middle Ages than future ages, and indulge in costumes, revels, tourneys, and all the attendant fun. Amazingly, such people as Poul Anderson and John Trimble have shown willingness to get into costume for a tournament, when both have been reluctant to participate in costume balls, though John doesn't show any inclination to try his hand at swordplay.

These occasions usually include picnics [the last one had a white-robed monkish-looking type handing out freshly-baked loaves of bread, freely] and watching the battles. Archery, playlets, and such like take up the daylight hours, along with the combatants bashing each other. Evenings contain "brawls" [that's a dance, but it's easy to see how it came to mean a fight, too], poetry readings, more plays, and other dances, besides just listening to the Antiquum Consortium.

Last issue of M-N, John and I stayed home from a tournament to get it mimeed, and then looked despondently at the huge pile of uncollated pages. Some of the Society people came by early in the evening to say that they were too tired from the day's events to help collate, and they left. John muttered things about doing all that work mañana, and started for bed, when the cobbler's brownies showed up! At least, that is what they might as well have been; in full Medieval costume, complete with capes and swords, fatigued from the day's work/play, but ready to help us collate M-N and get it ready to mail: Dave & Marynel Thewlis, David Bradley, Paul Zimmer, Don Studebaker, Diana Paxson, Kerry Drew, Richard Barnhardt, a pretty girl whose name I've lost [sorry!], Ken deMaiffe, Mary Reed. T*H*A*N*X!! [Tournaments Illuminated, the Society fanzine, is available for \$1.50 from Dave Thewlis, 2953 Linden, Berkeley, Calif.]. Without people like this throwing themselves wholeheartedly into assisting us, M-N would be impossible to put out.

And thanks also to Bill Donaho, without whose electric Gestetner & slip-sheeter, this Giant issue might never be mimeed at all; arigato gozaimasu!

WESTERCON

A MORE or LESS
COORDINATED
EFFORT BY: AL LEWIS,
JOHN & BJO TRIMBLE
with a comment by
LUISE PETTI
ILLO'D BY BJO



AL LEWIS: IN THE BEGINNING...

It is said that a convention begins when the first arrivals come to town. If that is so, then the twentieth Westercon began when Charlie and Marsha Brown flew in from New York via the Midwescon. Unfortunately I had not been warned ahead of time, and so had signed myself up for a school course the four mornings preceding the con, which prevented me from providing the wheels that proper Southern California hospitality demands. The Browns had been met at the airport and were staying with Ron Ellik, noted drama critic of the *Santa Ana Register* and sometime Squirrel-about-town. Wednesday morning, Ron had dropped them at Smith's Acres of Books in Long Beach, and arranged for me to pick them up that afternoon after class.

Smith's Acres of Books is a small shop about a hundred feet wide and a block long, crammed floor to ceiling with used books. I wended my way through several hundred feet of stacks crammed with distractions for the avid book-lover on every hand, and through a small wooden door which leads to the barn--that is the only apt description, I think--which houses the fiction section. There I found Marsha who greeted me with an enthusiastic hug and kiss, and Charlie, who didn't.

The Browns had embarked on a project of buying out all the used book stores in the United States, and had already made a promising start on this one. After arranging for a railroad car to carry their purchases home in, we piled in my car and headed for lunch and Orange County. I had a date with the mimeograph at Fred Patten's, and an appointment to pick up the Art Show hangings out of Ron's garage. Betwixt the work that had to be done, we had a pleasant afternoon of conversation catching up on past events in that way peculiar to fans who see each other only at the annual convention. Eventually I left Fred to conduct the Browns to dinner at Knott's Berry Farm, while I headed into town to pick up a display case at the International Plastic Modellers' Society Meeting. Somehow I had managed to commit myself to setting up the display for the Van Nuys Air Show, thus missing the first day of the convention. It is not that I am an indispensable man; it is just that I own an indispensable van.

LASFS meeting Thursday was buzzing. The big news was the coup: the Westercon committee had deposed its chairman and publicity man for non-feasance, a job that should have been done months earlier or not at all. The decision was reached after a long night of working on the program book, and the committee may be pardoned if they got a bit annoyed at the absence of said concom members about 5:30 of the AM.

The last Thursday was also the usual night for elections of officers for the next six months, and the first meeting in LA fandom's new Slan Shack, "The Hill". After four years of meeting at Silverlake Playground, the latest park director had decided to get rid of the kooks and make his job a bit easier. Now we were back in a home, in the most pleasant surroundings the club has had since the old "Fan Hilton".

The party spirit was in the air, and Ted Johnstone was taking his deposition with remarkable equanimity. He could have raised a real ruckus; instead he put the welfare of the Westercon ahead of pride, and a potential feud became a comic-opera flap.

About midnight, Fred Patten, Earl Thompson and I went to leave off the Art Show hangings in the hotel basement, and I went home; I still had a paper to write before my final class session in the morning.

BJO: FRIDAY'S CHILD...

After a hot, sticky drive down the great Central Valley of California, where the temperature reached 104°, we got to the Sheraton West about 11 PM, where John and the bellhops started off all wrong from the start. They watched calmly while John struggled with luggage, diaper bags, and art materials, and were rather hurt when, offering their assistance in carrying things to the car at the end of the con, John told them to get lost. But the suite put John in better temper; having run out of the doubles we'd reserved, the hotel gave us a suite for the same price. This gave us room enough to have both children in our bedroom, while Luise Peitl used one of the couches in the sitting room.

Earl Thompson wanted to show me the art that had come in, so we went down to see it. Some wonderful people had already erected the Cynthia Goldstone special exhibit, but the rest of the hangings had not been put up. However, lining the walls, just leaning there, was some of the most fantastic art imaginable. Louis Drake, who was trying to break into Hollywood art departments, was the artist; Forry Ackerman and Ray Bradbury suggested to him that he enter the art show, and if anyone important came to the Westercon, I was sure to show the art to them. Drake had over 20 peices, most of them too large for our hangings, but I was too tired from the long day's trip to worry about it then.

All during the evening, people would come to me, saying, "Have you seen the fantastic art by that Drake...?" Fans seemed just as intrigued by his race as his art; we don't seem to have many Negroes in fandom, and he is the first one to enter the art show. (This would be a fine subject to explore, sometime; I've been curious about it, myself). Lou's work is on a grand scale, something like 4 x 6 feet, and rather like Frank R. Paul in his planetary scenes. We found the next morning that the work was also florescent, but things worked out quite well for that, since we had a small room readily available for black light effects.

JOHN TRIMBLE: CONSERVATIVE...

The Friday night party was pretty swinging by the time we got to it; the drive of 450 miles had been exhausting and we had to settle into our room, clean up and put the kids to bed before we could join the fun. So most fans were well ahead of us in drinks before I held my first convention beer in my hand.

A lot of old friends were gathered in the room; Len Moffatt occupied Ron Ellik's usual place on the bed, surrounded by girls, while Ron himself sat in a nearby chair, tickling girls who strayed within reach. Charlie and Marsha Brown looked up from their respective snogging partners to call 'hello', and Ted Johnstone busied himself taking pictures of the whole scene.

I went back to snag a beer, and found myself surrounded by Bill Donaho, and Ed Clinton & The Girl. Donaho had obviously had more'n a few drinks -- Bill holds his liquor pretty well -- but he was busily engaged in holding up one wall of the entry hall.

"I've come to the conclusion," he said, beaming and weaving, "After a lot of thought on the matter, that people like you and Alva Rogers -- you conservatives -- are a lot more flexible than us liberals -- people like me and Ed Clinton." A funny look crossed Ed's face at that; the subject was evidently a new one to him; or possibly it was something The Girl said in his ear...

I made some small noise against being put into anyone's bag like that, and then said, "Well, I've always tried to maintain a pretty pragmatic point of view."

"Tha's mostly what I meant," Bill continued; "even when I have disagreed with your opinions or your conclusions or your actions, I've had to admit that you were honestly convinced that you were right. And you are more willing to admit when you're wrong, and to change your opinions than we liberals are..."

BJO:

Upon entering the party room that night, I was behind two other fans; Sally Crayne and a young man I didn't recognize. As we squeezed our way down the crowded entry hall, I saw a hand reach out of the bathroom, grab Sally's arm, and pull her into the room. The door closed firmly, and we all heard Earl Thompson's voice saying:

"I'm the welcoming committee, my dear, kiss me 27 times and you are an official member of the Westercon!"

The young man stared at the door for a second, before commenting loudly, "I don't know about anyone else, but I'm not going anywhere near that bathroom door!"

The next morning started the usual scramble to get the art show up for the Westercon, and I never did get out for breakfast. Some kind souls brought me coffee and sweet rolls, and it was late in the afternoon

before I finally got my first real meal of the day. Katwen, however, suffered no problems on this; she was always being taken out to eat by friendly fans. In fact, I recall one time when I was very busy at the art show desk, and someone asked me if they could take Katwen out to breakfast. "No," I said, "she's just had breakfast." There was a pause, and then:

"Well, may we take Katwen to lunch, then?"

"Sure" I said, busy with my work, "She hasn't had lunch yet."

Only later, after they'd gone, with my bottomless pit of a child, did I realize what had been going on.

JOHN:

When we got into the Art Show room Saturday morning, we found that while the Cynthia Goldstone Special Exhibit had been put up, the rest of the hangings were still in their cases, lying about the room. I put several able-bodied fans to work erecting the frames, and began to sort out the various and sundry items which hold the artwork on the hangings.

My erectors were purring along at their work, but mine was getting considerably complicated due to almost constant interruptions by people asking questions, inquiring if they could help (instead of pitching in helping with the obvious work or looking about them for jobs which needed doing without bugging me about it). Even after Bjo tried to clear the room, the casual sight-seers were slowing us down, and after shooing the same fans out of the room half-a-dozen times, I decided that something drastic needed to be done.

Putting my best parade-ground voice into action, I thundered something on the order of, "THIS DAMN' ART SHOW ISN'T OPEN YET; WILL EVERYONE WHO ISN'T WORKING KINDLY GET THE HELL OUT AND COME BACK THIS AFTERNOON!" It worked; appreciably, and we began to get some actual work done. I guess I overdid it a bit, for people who'd been around the corner past the elevator later remarked that I sure must've been mad that morning. Actually, while I was a trifle irritated, it was more of a case of seeing that something had to be done....and doing it.



We were further delayed in opening the show by the fact that a number of artists had brought unmattd artwork, and had to go out for matboard and then learn to run the matting machine. I was painfully struggling with the thing when Rod Baird asked if he could take over and I gratefully surrendered the job to him; the danged machine is right-handed, of course.

BJO:

Finally, though we were still falling over one artist who had his stuff scattered over the floor, we let people in. Each year the art show gathers more and more intense interest, and in a way it is rather frightening. The "mob scene" outside the doors, whenever we close down for judging, or to set up the show, can be somewhat unnerving. Since there is no lack of things to do at a con, it would seem that shows are just as interesting to other fans as they are to me.

Louis Drake, of course, caused the most comment; his versatility is amazing, and the assortment of abstracts, sculptures, designs and astronomical art was a fine addition to the show. His work filled the walls and one small room where he put colored, moving lights and black-light to good effect on his florescent paintings. Price tags on the art were in the thousands of dollars, so he did not expect to sell anything at this show, but a simple "Not For Sale" on each piece might have been less distracting to the viewers.

The new showcase bought with money donated by the 24th Worldcon, was introduced, and housed some of the smaller or more fragile pieces of work. Paul Herkart sold his 35mm sets of former art shows, and prints by ATom, Rod Baird, and Luise Petti seemed to go over well. Though the sales went slowly, Cynthia's work sold well, as usual.

Something new was added to the art show this year in what we came to call "The Craft Corner". Last year we let Hilda Hoffman use a table in the art show room to make her jewelry, but didn't give the idea much further thought until Hilda and another jewelry-maker wanted to have a table again this year. Then the Goldsmiths, who hand-paint huge buttons on order, also wanted to have their table in the art show room, which they felt had more "prestige" than the hucksters room. So suddenly we had a crafts corner. This idea seemed to work out well, and so long as we do not have any extra problems with them, we will probably do it again.

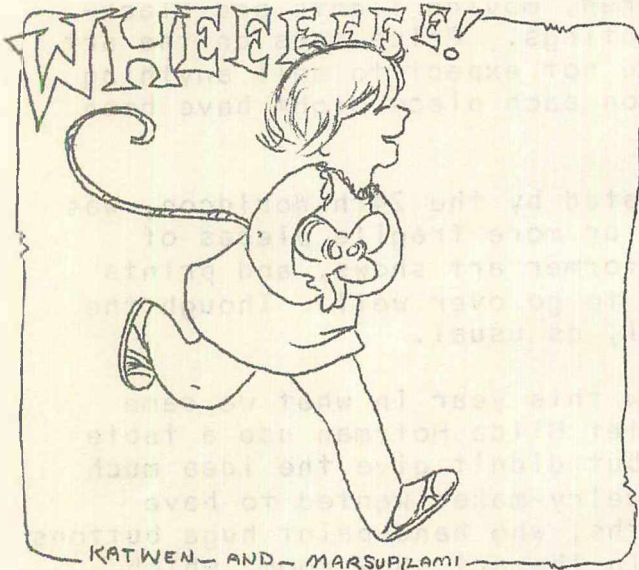
With practically no program, it was difficult to know when we'd get a large influx of fans into the room. The lack of program seemed strange, though nothing was done by the many people who could have offered some advice to the inexperienced concom. It was a shame to waste all the great talent which appeared at this convention; it would seem that impromptu panels of discussions of some sort could have been worked up. Fans were milling around all day, and quite a few of them could have been gathered on very short notice to hear Fritz Leiber, Kris Neville, Philip Jose Farmer, or any of the others who were present. However, these authors must have enjoyed their freedom from obligations to appear on a program, too.



Earl Thompson was still running around, keeping his cool, helping out everywhere, worrying, and in general doing what he'd been doing all year; almost single-handedly keeping the Westercon going.

While John took over the art show, I got to see "Captain Future Meets Gilbert & Sullivan", which was lots of fun. It was a pleasure to see the operetta finally performed, since it had been planned many years ago, when Steve Schultheis first wrote it. At one time, I was to play "Little Asteroid", but moving out of the LA area made attending rehearsals difficult. Sally Crayne played the part very well, and in fact did a better job than I would have; adding some nice bits of business and some

funny mugging. Sally was also much more..ah...outstanding in her costume than I would have been. Everyone in the audience enjoyed the show, even Harlan, who kept muttering, "After this, Los Angeles should be declared a disaster area!" and such like, but I noticed that he stayed for the whole show, in spite of the grumbling.



Sometime the next morning, about 2:30, I ended up at Tiny Naylor's for some deep-dish boysenberry pie, and a discussion with other night-owl fans. The main theme was Is Fandom a Normal Hobby? and it was quite a serious talk until we noticed the hour and broke up hilariously.

AL LEWIS: THE DISPLAYS...

This was a remarkably good Westercon in terms of displays, and a remarkably poor one in terms of sales. Ben Stark has a theory to account for this. He attributed it to lack of program: when there is a good program, people will stay in the hotel for fear of missing the items they want to hear. The mill around in the Huckster rooms and then, of course, they buy.

Westercon XX had a very thin program, and people wandered out of the hotel. This was particularly true the afternoon of the tournament, when hardly anyone was in the hotel. Hucksters, Art Show, and auction all felt the lack of buying, though the money was there, as was shown when the Star Trek objects went up for auction for the benefit of TOFF.

Outstanding among the displays was the comic book room managed by Fred Patten. Outstanding, because it was mature, informative, and an interesting display. Fred had gone to great pains to see that each object or group of objects on display illustrated some facet of the comic book industry. There were panels of original art, with breakdowns of color rendition, some from Fred's own collection and some, courtesy of Bernie Zuber, from Dell; a nice selection of foreign items was on hand, particularly from Fred's extensive collection of French-language comics.

There were also the dolls. Marsupilami immediately took Katwen's eye; she snatched it from the table and was half-way out the door before Fred could catch her. This display showed that comic fandom need not operate at the goshwow level limited to superhero-indentifiers; that is is, in fact, a legitimate field for study and collection.

Walt Daugherty had a room to himself with a fine display of photographs. Walt has been interested in photography for many years; for the last several his work has been of professional quality in every respect, and it gets constantly better.

BJO: RAFFLES...

Before the convention, I'd written to Gene Roddenberry to ask if they had any li'l old thing to contribute to the TOFF auction, expecting at very best to get some photos and publicity posters or some such stuff. STAR TREK sent a box containing two tunics actually worn on the show, scripts, film clips from 18 shows, a record by Nimoy, a model of the Enterprise, and a pair of ears actually worn by Mr. Spock. We had permission to auction these items off at the Westercon.



So, at the con, as I was walking down the hall to see how the STAR TREK auction was going, I met Earl Thompson going the other way. He carried a huge roll of raffle tickets, which he handed to me as he passed, saying, "Here, sell these!"

"Sell them?" I said stupidly, taking the tickets automatically, "how.. or what..??? Who...?"

"Just sell them, dear heart," Earl's voice came back down the hall.

So I stopped the first fan I met, and said, "Hey, how would you like to buy some tickets for only ten cents each on a surprise raffle?"

"What's the surprise?" inquired the fan, fishing out his change.

"If I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise, would it?"

"Yeah, that's right," said the fan, handing me his money, "I'll take two tickets."

This seemed incredible to me, so I tried it several times more, and by golly, I'd collected over \$4.00 without ever telling anyone what the mythical surprise raffle was going to be! Several years ago, someone was supposed to have collected a few thousand dollars by running an ad in a newspaper saying merely, "Positively your last chance to send \$1.00 to PO Box ----"; I didn't quite believe this story until I sold all these tickets. I chanced upon Karen Anderson at the auction, and asked her if she wished to buy a raffle ticket, but she was cagey. "I'd like to have a chance on Mr. Spock's ears," said Karen wistfully, "but I've no money to spend on auctions." And pure inspiration hit me.

"How would you like to buy some chances on Mr. Spock's ears?" I said, rising to the occasion. We finally collected about \$30.00 by the time Forry Ackerman (of all people) won the ears on the final day of the con.

AL LEWIS: THE BANQUET...

The banquet was buffet-style, and the food was excellent; certainly one of the better banquet meals I have had. This is the second time to my knowledge that the banquet has been served buffet-style and the defect was the same; it took much too long to get everyone served. The fans would seem to prefer the traditional style of service. There were about 150 present at the banquet; for a worldcon the drawback would be even more noticeable. Earl Thompson comes as close to being an omnipresent trouble-shooter of anyone I have ever seen. He came along the line to see that everyone had tickets to the banquet, and upon discovering that Fan Guest of Honor Lon Atkins hadn't been given one, promptly handed Lon his own, and then went tearing off to straighten up some mixup about Robert Bloch's ticket.



I found a seat next to Astrid Anderson and Dorothy Jones, who were deeply engrossed in discussing Time Tunnel or The Invaders or some such thing, and turned to the fellow on my left. I read his name tag. "Are you the Charles Schneeman?" I asked.

"I am," he said. I introduced myself and we started talking. He is one of the all-time greats of the science fiction art field. He and Hubert Rogers, more than any others, had given Astounding its characteristic appearance in the Golden Age. He was here to receive the Invisible Little Man, awarded each year by the Elves', Gnomes' and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder & Marching Society of Berkeley. Schneeman has had little contact with the SF field in recent years; his most frequent contacts being Leland Sapiro and Arthur Jean Cox, and I had to fill him in on some of the most recent notables as they were introduced. We got

off onto a multitude of topics, and he told me about illustrating for Campbell in the old days, and of his belief in flying saucers and how evolution was wrong -- a most interesting conversation.

Just before he was called up to receive his award, he handed me his camera and asked me to shoot some pictures for him. I am a fairly good photographer, but it takes more than 40 seconds for me to learn a strange camera. I shot four hasty pictures.

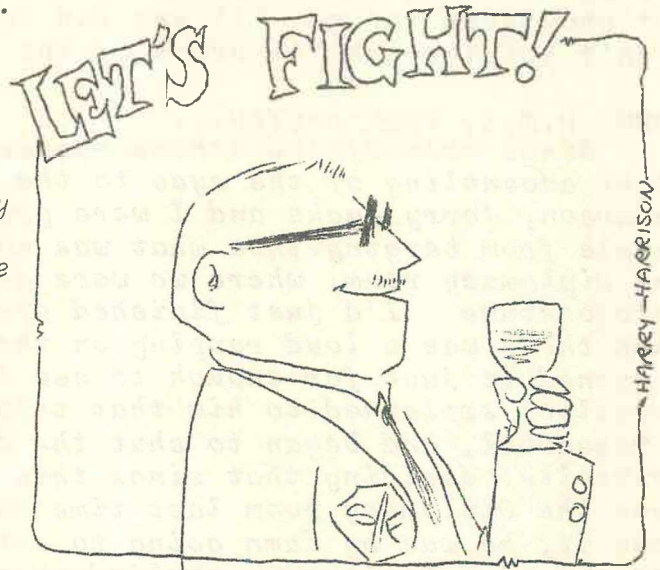
JOHN: THE BANQUET...

Ron Ellik and I were together in the line, joking as we wound our way toward the food about Ron's lederhosen. Ron had sensibly decided, that hot LA



afternoon, that while the occasion did call for a tie and coat, a buffet-style banquet wasn't formal enough to require dress trousers. Bjo called to him, once, in a loud stage whisper-shout that he'd forgotten his pants. Whereupon Ron convulsed everyone watching by snatching off his jacket to wrap it around him, looking mortified.

Even the kidding around didn't go far to allieviate the long wait in line or the sign proclaiming in the baldest tone that no seconds would be served. A certain amount of diplomacy in the wording would have avoided the hard feelings the sign caused, but the rudeness of the wording, coupled with the usual "giggle-snicker" from Bill Ellern got several people ticked off. Ellern, who wishes to get complete credit for arranging the banquet, was cruising about the room, looking smug and creating hard feelings that Earl Thompson had to smooth over.



After some harsh words with the catering manager, who took umbrage at some of Ron's and my remarks, we were still fairly het up by the time we went back to our table. Harry Harrison seemed only too willing to accomodate our feelings, asking Ron, "Want to start a fight with the management, Ron? How about the concom? Or how about just starting a fight?" We cracked up at that, and relaxed to make comments about it all.

BJO: THE BANQUET...

Our table was for members of the Knights of St. Fantony, and their families; Lois Lavender, with her folks, Roy & Deedee, Rick Sneary, Ron, Harry Harrison, Fritz Leiber, Dottie Faulkner, John and me, all enjoying each others' company, if not the banquet itself. During some of the speeches, Harry's remarks were worth the banquet price, but the one I remeber best came during Marion's speech wherein she said that authors should write for the love of it, not for money. Harry mumbled, "All I want to do is make a living at it; not really strike it rich, you know.... just make as much as, say, my typewriter repairman.-."

"Or possibly as much as a plumber?" I asked.

"Well, now," said Harrison, "I'm not looking for exotic wages!"

In the general melee of waiting in line, Fritz Lang of "Metropolis" fame, came and ate his dinner, only to leave before the proceeding finally started. Harlan made a grandstand play, obviously one more move in the running fight between him and the concom, and only Robert Bloch's superb mastery of the ceremonies kept the banquet in check. Having passed the word to all the banqueteers, we gave Earl Thompson a standing ovation when he was introduced, which seemed to startle and please him.

After the banquet, the fashion show was presented, which had a Zodiac theme. Jimmy Doohan, who plays "Scotty" on STAR TREK, did the announcing, and Jané Lamont, who had turned out the whole show almost

single-handedly, was muttering, "Never again!". Marjii Ellers, who is quite a costume-designer herself, commented to me that it was a quite exciting show. I got to see the show only because Marynel Thewlis, who couldn't move around easily because of a sprained ankle, took over the art show desk for me. It was fun to watch the fashion show, though I didn't get through the press of the crowd to tell Jane how nice it was.

JOHN: H.M.S. TREK-A-STAR...

Since most of the others required make-up of some sort, ranging from light accenting of the eyes to the complete jobs of Karen and Astrid Anderson, Jerry Jacks and I were pressed into running errands and keeping people from barging into what was normally the Diplomacy room, where we were getting into costume. I'd just finished dressing when there was a loud rapping on the door. I opened it just far enough to see Jerry Pournelle, explained to him that this was a rehearsal, and began to shut the door. Pournelle, deciding that since this had been the Diplomacy room last time he'd seen it, he was by damn going to enter now and play Diplomacy, applied pressure to force the door open. I redoubled my efforts to close it, and being an "Enterprising man", soon won out, and slammed the door shut, whereupon it received a hefty kick from the outside.



Shortly, when running my final errand before going onstage, Earl Thompson and a couple of others stopped me to say that Pournelle was madder'n blazes at me, and had threatened to get his pistol and "get me". I told Earl not to worry, that it was an idiot threat, but if he really wanted to do something about it, to tell Pournelle to put up or shut up. I don't know if Earl passed the word, because Pournelle and I had no contact with each other for the rest of the convention.

I'm told that our performance wowed 'em, and I'll have to admit that it went over better than any of the rehearsals we'd had. While I'd had to be dragooned into it in the first place, I wound up quite literally enjoying myself completely.

BJO: MORE TREK-A-STAR...

The show was greeted with cheers and applause after the opening song, and Jerry Jacks turned to me in surprise and glee, "We're a hit!" he said, "they aren't going to throw things at us, after all!" Real pleasure then grew in our performance, as people laughed in all the right places and responded to our efforts. Karen in her "Spock" make-up and Dorothy Jones' lyrical soprano really "made" the show.

The only sour note was a couple of kids in front of the stage who considered it "cute" to make smart-ass remarks during the performance. One of these kids, a sub-teen, surely should know better than to make

himself so unpopular, and one hopes he'll outgrow it. The smaller child, Mark Turner, was extremely distracting, and should have been curbed by his parents, but it again fell to Earl Thompson's lot to smooth things over by silencing the child so others could enjoy the show.

JOHN: PANEL ON WESTERCONS...

Getting out of the blue sweatshirt that had served as my costume, I wandered back into the Regency Room to find that the panel on "Is STF Dull and Unimaginative?" had given way to one on the future of the Westercon. Bill Ellern was holding forth when I came in, and his theme seemed to be that all stf cons were getting bigger, and that if we didn't start running them with an eye to making them as large and display-filled as possible, "someone else" would take them over and run them that way. When anyone questioned him on this, he shot back that the audience were "stupid dolts" if we didn't see this, and went on to cite Westcons and other big, industry-supported show-type conventions as examples of the sort of thing we should aim for. The idea was, it seemed, to have in-group things for us "old pros" of fandom, while taking the "marks" for everything they were worth. A faster way of choking off a good source of new blood, and therefore killing fandom, I can hardly imagine.

Al Lewis and Ed Wood demurred against Ellern's position, scoring telling points against his arguments. Walt Daugherty took a middle ground, proposing a "board" of older, more experienced fans to advise future Westercon committees, and to hold any surplus funds for possible bail-outs, or special extra-cost features in connection with future Westercons.

The argument passed back and forth, and a few fans formulated the idea of proposing that each Westercon business meeting consider bids for the next two conferences. This seems a needless complication, which will not insure anything, since Westercons have gone in the hole before and the succeeding conventions have seemed to do quite well. And, knowing how independent-minded most fans are, it would seem that holding a concom together for three years instead of two, as it is now (one year prior to the bid, and then the year of the bid) is more than ridiculous.

BJO: MORE RAFFLES...

On the way to the party that night, I sold \$3.00 worth of raffle tickets just waiting for the terribly slow elevators. On entering the party, one of the first people I met was Jimmy Doohan, and I asked him if he wanted to buy some tickets for TOFF. Explaining that this was a fund for a Japanese fan, I was interrupted with the information that he knew all about it. He pulled out a handful of change, asking me to take some, since his other hand was busy with a drink and a girl, so I took a dollar's worth of change and handed him the tickets.

"By the way," he says, looking at the handful of tickets dubiously, "what's the prize?"

"A pair of ears once worn by Mr. Spock," says I.

"Oh, hell!" he said, with a disgusted look, "I can get all the sweaty old used Spock ears I want! What am I going to do with these tickets?"

"Give them to a worthy charity," I suggested, noting that Dorothy Jones, STAR TREK Fan #1, was hanging on his arm by now. So Mr. Doohan gave the tickets to Dorothy, who glowed happily, probably planning to frame them when she got home. As I left the party, someone who had been witness to the transaction suggested that I could make a neat living selling ice-boxes to Eskimos, should I set my mind to it.

The elevators seemed to contain their own parties; every time a door opened, there were crowds of people, shouting and enjoying themselves. The security men finally had to ask them to be quiet, which calmed down everyone but one particularly loud female in the back of one elevator, who simply would not cool it. No amount of shushing would convince her that everyone aboard had already noted the information she was shrieking at the top of her voice concerning a party in room whatever. I couldn't see who it was, in the crush of people, and when finally Bill Donaho tried to join the party, I fought my way out of the elevator and took to the stairs, instead. I heard that the elevators remained crowded all night.

John and I fell in with Harlan, his girlfriend, and Norman Spinrad, and after going to dinner with them at Tiny Naylor's (where John bought Harlan's dinner because this plebeian restaurant didn't accept credit cards!). Back at the hotel, Harlan matched our mood in wanting to stay up all night and talk, so the girlfriend and finally Norman went home, leaving Harlan at Larry Niven's party, talking. When the party became so quiet it was almost asleep, we left to take Harlan home. On the way out of the hotel, we were intercepted by a young fan who attached himself to us. Normally, I would have firmly told such a person to unattach himself immediately, but he somehow gave me the impression that John had invited him along. Only later did we discover that he'd also given John the opposite impression. So much for being nice to neofans.

Harlan was unhappy with me for being "mentally raped" by Roddenberry, as he put it, to which I had some rather salty comments. He claimed that in giving us a few pieces of "junk" to auction off for TOFF, we'd given them thousands of dollars worth of free advertising. I pointed out that we had a certain goal to reach, and if Harlan wanted to match what we were getting off the STAR TREK material, I would be happy to give him several thousand dollars worth of free advertising, also, to which he did not answer.

Here I must mention the aborted party that caused so many hurt feelings all around. Harlan had offered, at the San Diego Westercon, to throw a fabulous party; the general impression was that it would be for all attendees of Westercon XX, although Harlan now denies this. While still chairman of Westercon XX, Ted Johnstone (without telling or consulting anyone else on the concom) agreed to pay half the expenses of said party. Perhaps he didn't know that over 300 people were



going to show up at the con, but for some reason, Harlan then backed out of the deal on his part, and announced that the party would be invitational, and that only 150 people would be invited. This caused much bad feeling, some amusement, and quite a few schemes to get invited to the party, plus some worry by the current concom that they would get censured for giving out convention funds for something which was not open to all members. In this, I agreed fully, for it seemed to be a case of everyone overstepping themselves on all sides, with resultant misunderstandings to confuse things.

After seeing Harlan's home, it was clear that even the modified party of 150 "selected" fans would have been a disaster; the house is very expensive, with brand new carpeting and many lovely art items around. I had mental visions of liquor spilt on hand-rubbed furniture, precious manuscripts rummaged into, and handy pocket-sized bits of art disappearing right and left. In spite of Harlan's obvious desire to show off his fine house, it was all for the best that there was no party.

We were given a tour of the place, and settled finally in the hobby room, where there was a magnificent gameboard of natural wood, called "skittles". The idea of the game is to knock over some tenpins with a spinning top. I'm told that only Larry Niven has until now been able to launch his top into orbit, but I matched his trick. I also managed to score some points after launching my top up-side-down, which shook Harlan considerable. He had to admit that I was decidedly one of the most unorthodox skittles players he'd ever seen. However, John shook Harlan even more by winning the game, though he'd never played it before. Harlan claims it must be John's Welsh ancestry, since the game is likely of that origin. At any rate, the sun was turning the foggy world a pale blue-grey before Harlan decided it was time he went to bed, and we left.



John and I bade good morning to the attached neofan, and went in search of breakfast. We got about 3 hours sleep, but luckily everyone else had partyed all night and so were as muzzy as we were, that day.

AL LEWIS:..

Bright and early Monday morning -- that is, just a little short of noon -- I arrived at the hotel to find Alva Rogers looking for a ride. The pictures I had shot of Schneeman the day before had not come out, and Schneeman had phoned Alva; Alva had phoned Walt Daughtery, and Walt had climbed out of bed to go down and process his own film. The plates had turned out as perfectly as one might expect from someone of Walt's caliber, so Alva and I headed for the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, where Schneeman works as staff artist. We found that we had made the deadline for the article to be run by the paper on the award given to their artist, and Schneeman was mightily pleased with Walt's photos. He then showed me the film that I had shot; two out of focus and two blanks. Just how I'd managed the latter neither he nor I could figure out. He showed us where he had been doing a couple of 11x14 prints, in the newspaper photo lab, of one of his old Astounding illos -- then presented Alva with the original, and autographed one of the prints for me! Has incompetent photography ever before been so nicely rewarded?

JOHN: HARLAN'S SPEECH...

Monday afternoon saw Harlan Ellison filling the "Guess Speaker" slot on the program, and giving the speech he'd supposedly not given at the banquet. Harlan had told us the night before that he'd not actually had his speech ready at the banquet and really had been undecided on whether or not to deliver it at all. He allowed himself to be persuaded, and turned in his usual electrifying performance.

The first half of the talk was devoted to taking back all the praise he'd heaped on Roddenberry and STAR TREK the year before, and detailing his reasons. It largely boiled down to the fact that Roddenberry had mishandled, modified, or completely rewritten one of Harlan's scripts, and a certain feeling of mistrust and ill-feeling had arisen between them. Harlan failed to convince his audience that he was Totally Right and that Roddenberry was a Total Villian, and left most of us with the impression that both parties had been a trifle rash, hasty, and not completely honest with one another. I doubt if the whole story will ever be known, nor am I sure that it's terribly important to outsiders, either way.

Harlan then urged us not to take crud when it was dished out on TV, merely because it was higher grade crud than the tube offered us as usual fare. He cited our power; some 70,000 letters are supposed to have resulted largely from our efforts to keep STAR TREK from being cancelled.



All this proved to be the lead-in to Harlan's main topic; How the Show-Biz Culture is Eating Up Science Fiction Writers. He called it "The Last of the Wizards," and warned that TV/movies are an insatiable monster that takes in good writers and turns them into fiction factories, largely because the industry can offer pots of money to writers who previously have not had it too good. He cited Matheson, Beaumont, and warned that the same thing was happening to Sturgeon.

BJO: DINNER WITH HARLAN...

Larry Niven invited us out to dinner, before the costume ball, and we were joined by Robert & Ellie Bloch, Poul & Karen Anderson, Larry's date Sherri Openheim, and Harlan. We went to the Seibu, a fancy Japanese place on Wilshire Blvd, where Harlan's date,

Grace Lee Whitney (formerly "Yeoman Rand" on STAR TREK) joined us, also. Dinner was interesting, because Harlan's tempura was soggy and greasy, so he ordered it back to the kitchen, and the waitress refused to do so. He then demanded that she call the manager to the table, and she refused to do that, until several rather firm requests cowed her into going to see the manager. She returned to announce to Harlan that the manager would see him in the office, to which Harlan replied, quite reasonably, that it was the manager's duty to come see his customer, not the reverse. The manager refused to come to our table, and the tempura sat in front of a

stubborn Harlan for the rest of the meal; he would not touch the plate. John's sukiyaki was pretty good, and he sent "care" tidbits of food down the table to Harlan, passed on gleefully by the charming and witty Grace. In the end, the waitress took that meal off the bill, although she'd first said that she would not do so. I have never seen a restaurant act this way, and certainly agreed with Harlan that it was something up with which he should not put.

Karen had to get back to the hotel to get into costume for the ball, but for once I was not going in anything more fanciful than the dinner dress I had on; a brilliant pink affair. I figured on a relaxed evening of watching the costumed participants and enjoying myself in mufti. This change from my normal interest in going in costume was mainly because of the heavy work-load I'd had just before the convention, in making up a costume for Marion Breen, putting out some material on the art show and for Pan-Pacificon ads for Nycon, plus trying to get some work done to sell at the art show. Along with all this, and the care of my house and kids, was the added job of helping put out a gigantic mailing of the 4th Western Progress Report to inform fandom that there actually was a con coming up. Due to the extreme laxity of advertising beforehand, the con had only 96 members by mid-May; the extra work on the 4th PR paid off, for by con-time, there were over 300 members signed up. However, all of this gave me no time to plan, much less make up a costume for myself. In any case, I was not heartbroken about it, planning to relax for the evening.

AL: THE COSTUME BALL...

The costume ball was one of the best balls ever. There have been more spectacular costumes (will anyone ever forget Karen Anderson's vampire bat at Solacon?) but the general level was quite high, and nearly every costume was accompanied by some sort of presentation, some of them quite elaborate. The result was a ball that topped all others for sheer entertainment value. I did the announcing - I have a large streak of ham in me - but the chief credit goes to Bernie Zuber and George Scithers. Dave Thewlis had prepared a tape by the Consortium Antiquum; Brandon Lamont and Ken Rudolph had prepared music for all entrances they'd been told about; Fred Hollander and a tall, pretty girl were ready to co-ordinate entrances....the only flaw in the proceedings was one which simply could not be helped; the judges took too long in their decisions. There were some very difficult choices but the selections were excellent, and the addition of a popular vote gives the audience a chance to second-guess the judges. Steve Thompson and Shep Mertz won the judges' vote for "Most Humorous" and the popular vote, also. The Guest of Honor, Marion Zimmer Bradley, along with husband Walter



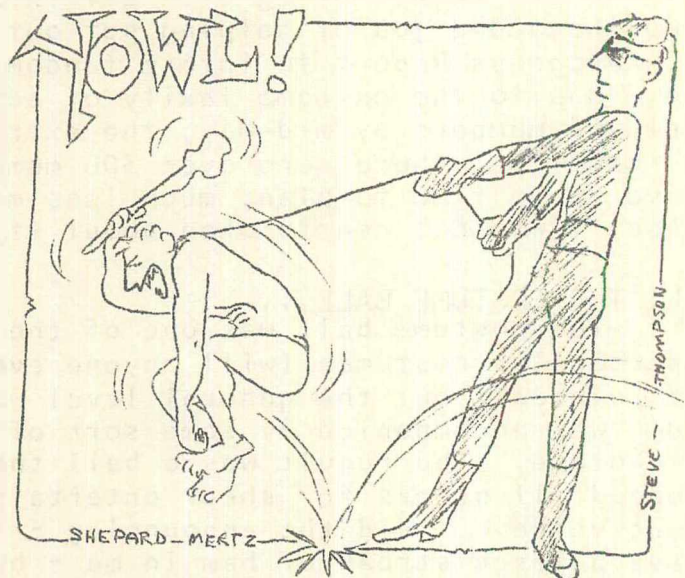
Breen, and brother Paul Zimmer, took a well-deserved "Best Group", and a brilliant inspiration of the judges choose a "Most Beautiful-White" in Dorothy Jones with her long white robe, blue velvet cape and blue-green headdress, and a "Most Beautiful-Black", Dian Pelz in her all-black (including body make-up) costume. Bruce Pelz easily topped an outstanding field of performers for "Best Presentation" while Chuck Crayne's rendition of Vance's "The Meracle Workers" won the prize as "Most Authentic". Last, but not least, Karen (who else?) Anderson's "A C.L. Moore Character In Search of a Story" won "Most Creative".

By actual report, over \$300.00 worth of liquor flowed at the costume ball, and the dancing went on until the AM. Dancing? At an SF con? Harlan Ellison and partner, of course; Luise Petti and Diana Paxson showing their talents; but...but...Earl Thompson? Ross Rocklynnne? Lou Goldstone? Bjo??? Truly, a memorable costume ball; one of the great ones!

JOHN: MORE COSTUME BALL...

Earl and Bernie had asked me to be the photographer for prizes for the costume ball. They were reviving the idea, last done at Westercon 18, of awarding an enlargement of a Polaroid picture to each of the winners. I was very pleased with the photos we got at Long Beach, and apparently so were the recipients, for at least two of them were repeat winners this time, and were enthusiastic about the prizes.

Unfortunately, Bernie had rung in some "entertainment"; a trick that the Pacificon 2 conglom learned was a bad idea back in '64. This time it wasn't Indians, but some middle-aged "starlet" with a phoney Hungarian-type accent. She did something approximately a dance, to electronic music, under colored lights, and sang what was announced as the first "Space Ballad". Robert Heinlein did 104% better with "Green Hills of Earth".



BJO: RELAXING AT THE BALL...

I had no sooner entered the ballroom, when Louis Drake approached me, saying that he'd gotten permission to take Ray Bradbury in to see his art, and the colored lights were missing. Since I was supposed to have the only key to the room, I got a mite upset by this news, and looked for Earl to find out what was going on. By the time Earl was located, I had started on a good case of hysterics and Louis had found his lights, which had been "borrowed" from the art show room to use for the costume ball "entertainment". It seems that Brandon Lamont had obtained a pass key from the hotel manager and helped himself to Drake's lights. To say I was peeved, upset, and disturbed might be an understatement; the art show is my own private domain, and since it is I who will hang for anything missing from it, I don't feel I'm being too unreasonable to demand that the show not be touched by anyone else, unless they want to take over full and complete responsibility for it, entirely.

Even had the lights belonged to the art show, I'd have been very unhappy about their being taken; that the lights belonged to someone else made the thing even worse. Nothing else was missing from the show, tho others had been allowed into the room, which mollified me somewhat, but it would have shaken me just as much to find Benjie Rolfe's \$1.00 painting missing as to have one of Louis' \$15,000.00 works stolen - the value is not nearly as important as having something taken from the art show. So all during the costume parade, I was dashing back and forth between the art show and the ballroom, trying to locate Brandon to tack his hide to the art show door, and Earl, nearly in tears, was trying to placate me and convince me not to call off all future Westercon art shows. So much for my relaxed evening at the costume ball; I saw perhaps one-third of it.

On one of my trips between the Regency room and the art show room, I saw William Shatner (Captain Kirk of STAR TREK) walking toward me. I did what I now consider a strange thing; meaning to stop and say something nice about my enjoyment of his acting or some such thing, I reacted instead, being still quite upset, by stopping only long enough to shake hands with him, saying, "Mr. Shatner, I'm Bjo Trimble." I dashed off again, and only the next day wondered if he was startled by someone merely introducing herself to him with no further embroidery to the encounter.

Meanwhile, back in the ballroom, Gene Roddenberry and Majel Barrett (Nurse Christine Chapel of ST) had arrived, and Louis Drake wanted to show them his art, of course. So back once more to the room, where Louis showed his work and told of his former experiences in the art field. After they had admired the work, I pointed to one of Drake's paintings, saying, "That's the one I want as commission if you get the job". While the men were discussing Louis' art, I admired a ring of Miss Barrett's, and found that Roddenberry had made it. "Are you a lapidary, Gene?" I asked in surprise, interrupting their conversation. Suddenly we were involved in a discussion of rockhounding and the joys of cutting and polishing gems.



Luise wore to the costume ball the "playsuit" the Robin White wore in the Tricon "Galaxy of Fashion" show; an extreme design of flashing metallic green which, on a well-endowed young lady, is spectacular. Luise was introduced to Gene Roddenberry, who, as did every other red-blooded man in the room, wondered how she stayed in the bra. "You should have been around the studio today," said Gene, his admiring glances straying downward, "we were shooting a sequence where we used dancing girls..."

"Now you tell me," muttered Luise, "well, that's life in the Big City..."

LUISE PETTI:..

Contrary to popular rumor, I did not at any time fall out of my costume. Not even for the producer of STAR TREK. Roddenberry seemed worried about this, however, and even went so far as to ask, "Young lady, are you sure you won't fall out of that outfit?"

"Oh, I'm positive," said I, demonstrating by jumping up and down a couple of times.

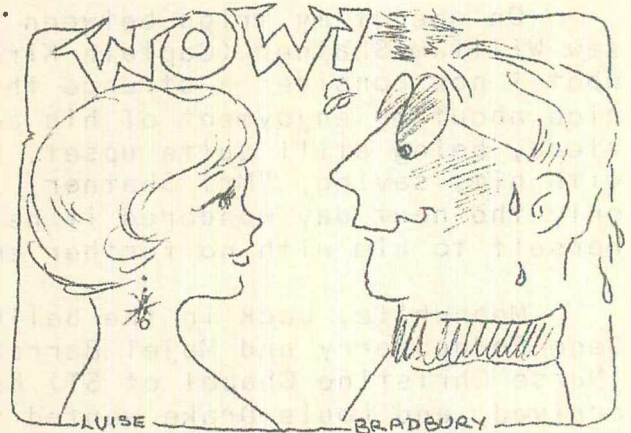
"Please, young lady," said Roddenberry, "I'm a married man....and besides that, I'm not very strong. He then turned away, overcome no doubt. Oh well, so much for my debut in TV biz.

BJO...

Later, on seeing Ray Bradbury standing in the ballroom foyer, waiting for some people, I took Luise to meet him. Ray was looking at the floor when I said, "I'd like you-to meet one of your most outstanding fans..."

Bradbury looked up as he said, automatically, "Very glad to meet...WOW!!!!...er...that is..wow!" Luise curtsied, which is just as unnerving as seeing her jump up and down, and Ray glanced my way to ask, "Is my face red? I can feel the steam rising, now!"

It's nice to know that these big authors retain their sense of wonder.



At a post-costume-ball party, one eager young male approached me with the all-important question: "Is it true that Luise fell out of her costume?"

"Well, it's highly unlikely," I said.

"Someone claims he saw..."

"She was glued in," I said, "Sorry to spoil a good story."

"See," bellowed the fan to his companion, "it was all a lie..dammit!" It seemed a shame to lay waste to such creative wishful thinking.

Shy fans who would have liked to meet Gene Roddenberry and tell him how much they have enjoyed STAR TREK were quite often blocked by Karen & Astrid Anderson, and Dorothy Jones. Since Karen at least had already had her chance to lionize him at Tricon, it didn't seem unfair to break up the little group now and then to introduce Roddenberry to another of his fans; so I found myself running interference for some fans who were working up their nerve.

The Pollards decided to come to the costume ball in Japanese dress, as "TOFF representatives" and borrowed our Maneki-Neko bank to carry with them for the evening. They collected some \$11.00 in the course of the ball, mostly after Harlan donated his pocket change to the amount of 18¢, and the Pollards told everyone how much he'd given. Subsequent donations were always at least a penny over that, and Roddenberry carefully doubled the amount from his pocket change, to the delight of bystanders.

I happened to be in the room when Astrid Anderson walked across the stage in her scanty ERB costume, and watched Pippin watch Astrid. "She's only twelve," I heartlessly reminded him.

"My god," muttered Pippin, "Twelve! Well, I hope I'm still around when she hits sixteen!"

By this time, my general hysteria over the art show business had calmed down a bit, aided and abetted by several vodka collins. I even relaxed so far as to join the dancers on the ballroom floor, which was evidently a shock to several people who didn't know I could dance (I did not know it, either, but the bouncing music, several drinks, and the previous tension combined to make me a willing if not very expert participant to the festivities). The impromptu belly-dancing contest between Diana Paxson and Luise Petti was viewed with interest by everyone, also.

Robin Russell, a young neo of 13 years, was quite the darling of the convention, which turned his head considerably. In all, he was a good kid, not trying anything of which he knew we would disapprove, since we had promised his mother to sort of keep an eye on him. Pretending to be drunk at one party convinced more than one person that he actually had been imbibing, but he hastily assured me that he'd not been more than tasting Sherri's beer, and I was satisfied that this was the truth. He made somewhat of a pest of himself with Harlan and Grace Whitney, but did have the good sense to cool it when told to calm down. Grace gave him her address, which was kind of her, and he waved that around proudly, not aware that she has a son only four years younger than Robin himself. In a conversation about the new generation of fans coming up, someone commented on Robin's ingenuous ways with the opposite sex, and compared it to the amazing physical maturity of Astrid.

"There would be an interesting match," suggested Steve Perrin, "we could start a super race..."

"A super race of what?" Johnny Chambers wanted to know.

"Sex fiends, perhaps," volunteered Paul Moslander, drily.,

Early the next morning, the phone rang, and the voice at the other end started off, without preamble, with this non sequiter: "Hello, Bjo, I called to discuss why KMPC didn't show up at the costume ball last night..." KMPC? Was ist das KMPC? Discuss..what's to discuss???

"mumble, mumble, mumble," I said gaily, "who the hell is this?"

"This is Ann Chamberlain," said the voice, "and I called to discuss why KMPC didn't come to the..."

"What time is it?" I said with deadly calm.

"Oh, it's about 8..."

"Why," I asked, in what I considered a perfectly reasonable tone of shout, "are you calling me at this unghodly time of morning to damn-cuss why the whoeverwhatzit didn't come to the lousy costume ball? Do you know what time it is? Do you know how late I went to sleep?"

There were placating sounds being made, and during them, I got a wonderful idea. "Ann, dear," I said quietly, "I am not the person with whom you wish to start a discussion group, this morning."

"You aren't?"

"no," I said, with visions of a happily sleeping convention chairman rose in my mind; a convention chairman who had invaded my art show...

"why don't you call Brandon Lamont and discuss with him why your whatever didn't whoever with the whatzit?"

"Why KMPC didn't come to the costume ball," said innocent Ann.

"Right," I said encouragingly, "and you should phone Brandon right now, and tell him about it; he'll be delighted to hear from you!"

"OK, I'll do it," said Ann happily, hanging up. I rolled over and went back to sleep, with the deep, human hope that some revenge was being exacted upon Brandon. I never did find out if she actually called, tho.

AL: THE LAST DAY...

The last day of the convention is usually dedicated to disassembling the art show, and Tuesday was no exception. Bidders came in to pick up their purchases, and John began to close the books while others of us gathered paintings and drawings to return to the exhibitors, and to take down the hangings. Lon Atkins, Criss Stevens and I did most of the pulling down, then Fred Patten, John and I loaded them all aboard the van. It sounds easy, but it took about six hours, and as usual we missed most of the last day's program; I regretfully missed the tournament.

BJO: THE TOURNAMENT...

By the last day, I was pretty tired, and gave the general effect of wading waist-deep through molasses, so John finally sent me off for some lunch while other kind souls took down the art show. Coming back, we stopped at the park to see the last part of the tournament. The color and dash of the costumed people had attracted many people, whose opinions of the whole affair seemed divided between the ideas that we were (a) a new type of hippie love-in (with swords?) or (b) actors on location, or (c) just a bunch of nuts. The latter opinion seemed to prevail, but it didn't bother anyone in costume.

Harlan, with no training in these matters, had gamely tried his hand at swordplay, complaining the while that he was being given the biggest, tallest and fiercest warriors to battle. This was all done in good humor, however, and the tournament crowd later said that with a bit of practice, Harlan could probably give good account of himself, and they seemed in agreement that Harlan would be a welcome challenger.

Not so complimentary were they with Jerry Pournelle, who went on the field to prove his theory that the rapier could beat a broadsword. He lost, and was a poor loser at that, carrying on and nit-picking with the judges. Jerry's lack of both sportsmanship and technique with his own chosen weapon did not make him particularly popular, especially with a group of people who consider the rules of chivalrous combat very seriously; the latter lapse could have been forgiven, but not the former.

Henrick the Dane won the championship over all comers, and carried home the trophy; a huge stein handpainted by me, and donated to the tourney by Baycon II. He seemed happy with his prize, which pleased me.

I went back to the art show to find that people had managed quite well without me (something I've long suspected) and most of the show had been torn down and packed away.

JOHN:...

I also missed the tournament, for we were closing up the art show and if there's ever a time when the treasurer has to be there, that's it. Actually, I was about to fall on my a-double-q and merely sitting at the art show desk making entries was about all I could do by that time of the con. At least I didn't have to concentrate on standing up, too.

We got all the artwork down, and at one point Charlie Brown said to me, "I knew we were back on the West Coast when I saw these big, heavy boxes, and got drafted into helping move them!" Charlie's done yeoman

service in that respect for several occasions, and I don't know what I'd have done in Long Beach but for him. Marsha, too, has done more than her share in helping both set up and take down the show, although her share may be more in the line of enticing healthy young men in to carry all those boxes that she, poor helpless li'l thing, can't lift, of course!

At one point, Fred came in to ask me if I wanted to attend the Business Meeting. "Business Meeting?" I said, "But we gave the next Westercon to Berkeley by acclamation at the banquet."

"Yes," he answered, "but they're going to consider the motion to select two Westercons in a row at next year's business meeting." I said that I couldn't possibly leave the deak now, and besides, it didn't really matter what was decided at this meeting; Alva Rogers and Ben Stark would do what they figured was right, regardless of the results of this meeting.

AL: THE BUSINESS MEETING...

I didn't miss the off-again, on-again, off-again, and finally on-again business meeting. Most of the con attendees had already drifted elsewhere when about 50 die-hards gathered to hear a last-minute motion that Bruce Pelz had come up with to choose Westercon committees two years in advance. Brandon Lamont called the meeting to order and introduced Bruce, who made his proposal. Without waiting for a second, Brandon took the floor to speak against the motion. There were several remarks from the floor, and finally I attracted the chairman's attention. "I move the motion be tabled," I said.

"OK," said Brandon, "but first is there anyone who would like to speak against the motion?"

"Point of order," I said.

"What's that?" asked Brandon, who obviously had not read his Roberts. After consulting his Parliamentarian who explained at length that this was a privileged motion and had to be voted on immediately, and also required a two-thirds vote. Brandon called again for more discussion.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" said Bruce, taking the gavel away from Brandon. "All those in favor..." A number of hands went up. "All those opposed..." A handful. "The ayes have it," said Bruce, "the motion is tabled."

"Why did you do that?" said George, apparently genuinely baffled.

"Thanks, Al," said Alva Rogers.

BJO: MORE ON STAR TREK ETC...

When we got the whole art show down, Louis Drake still had not shown to take his work home, so we locked up and went to our room to rest. Later, he came back, and loaded all his equipment and art by himself in a pickup truck, and we met him leaving as we went out for some dinner. He seemed hopeful that he would finally get in the door at Desilu and we all wished him good luck. About a week after the con, I got a letter from Gene Roddenberry and he mentioned in passing that he was willing to use Louis' work in one of the shows to at least give him Hollywood credits, which will be useful to get him in other doors, at least. This is a good deal more than most busy producers are willing to do, and we hope it works out for Louis, as he really wants to work on special art effects for TV.

At the costume ball, Roddenberry had asked me if we needed any more STAR TREK stuff for the TOFF auction at Nycon, and I accepted with glad cries of joy. It was interesting to note that everyone we met from ST had some notion of TOFF, even if they weren't quite clear as to its precise meaning. I think that this shows much more personal interest in us than the "milking" that Harlan accuses them of trying to pull. Even two women from the staff, attending the Westercon to see "HMS Trek-a-Star" knew of it. Dorothy Fontana, a script consultant (she has also written for ST under "D.C. Fontana") asked me how the auction was going to bring the Japanese fan over here, and surprised the daylights out of me. Nancy Criss, from the art department, placed some sketches on the art show sketch table, and told me that the money was to go to TOFF. If it is a put-on, it is a very elaborate one, and all it needs is to have Mr. Spock send his love and kisses for TOFF to cap it off!

Seriously, until Westercon weekend, we had been rather discouraged by the whole TOFF project. We had something over \$200 in the fund, but it had taken us many months to get it all, and at that rate we just might not make it at all. With the STAR TREK material and the wonderful cooperation of the Westercon committee, who did not charge us a percentage of the take, and most especially with Walt Daugherty's fine handling of the auction itself, we went over the half-way mark that weekend for the fund. This is not to disparage the pennies put in the Maneki-Neko bank or the other efforts in button sales and so on; every bit of change helped to add up to that healthy bank account we now have for TOFF, and everyone who helped aid this cause has but to read the letter from the Shibanos, in this issue of M-N to appreciate how worthwhile this fund really is!

That evening, John went in to put the babies to bed and didn't return to the living room of the suite, where several young fans were helping me relax and watch the fireworks from our window. Finally, I checked in the bedroom to find John flaked out on the bed, sound asleep.

AL: THE HILL PARTY...

By the time I got back from storing the art show hangings in the Hulan's garage, the party at the Hill was going very well. Snogging was going on in the dining room; the erudite conversation was underway in the kitchen where the liquor was close to hand; the poker game was proceeding merrily in the back room and the rest of the party occupied the living room. The mimeograph was cranking away, and after a time I settled down on the staircase with Alva Rogers and FM Busby to talk Convention and roast hare-brained schemes for bidding two years ahead of time. We agreed that this Westercon had been one of the fun ones, and realized with a great deal of pleasure that one of the curious and unexpected results of this con was the burial of the Breen scene. No one had backed down; no one had apologized, and not everyone was speaking to each other yet - but somewhere in those four days of good fellowship, the constraint was gone and the feud was part of history. It had ceased to be a prime mover of emotions, and the wounds would heal; perhaps not for all, and perhaps not all the way, but the issue was dead.

In the meantime, the party was getting drunker, and when a party gets just drunk enough, it is time for a Kris Neville sermon. Kris was born in the Bible Belt, and when he is in the mood, no one can sound quite so

MANEKI-NEKO #3 is edited by
John & Bjo Trimble,
243 Santa Rosa Ave.
Oakland, Cal. 94610 USofA,

and published for the benefit of
the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund; send
all monies and donations of material to:

TOFF/PanPacificon
P. O. Box 422
Tarzana, California 91356, USofA.

August, 1967

CONTENTS:

Cover by Bjo: Maneki-Neko admiring the
PanPacificon design by Luise Petti,
& saying "Oh, How Beautiful!"

p 2.....TOFFund Report.

p 3.....History of Japanese Fandom, Pt. 2,
by Takumi Shibano
[illo: Larry Ware]

p 10.....Stellar Haiku, by Bob Vardeman
[illos: Mervyn Peake]

p 11.....Letters from the Shibanos

p 12.....Southern (Calif.) Hospitality,
by John Mansfield
[cartoons: Rotsler]

p 16.....Thanks &c
[illo: Doug Lovenstein]

p 17.....Westercon XX Report, by Al Lewis,
Bjo & John Trimble, & Luise Petti
[illos: Bjo]

YOU ARE GETTING THIS ISSUE BECAUSE:

- [1] You subscribed
- [2] You donated something
- [3] You are those crazy Pollards
- [4] Your name is mentioned*

AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW FOR SURE WHICH OF
THESE REASONS HAS MADE YOU ELIGIBLE FOR
THIS ISSUE OF MANEKI-NEKO, WHO DOES?

*If your name has been mentioned favor-
ably, send a donation to TOFF, and a letter
of comment, OK? If your name is mentioned
unfavorably, send something to TOFF anyway;
we're broadminded.

MANEKI-NEKO #3
from:
TOFF/PanPacificon
P. O. Box 422
Tarzana, Cal. 91356

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

RETURN REQUESTED