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BIKEL No 4, being the product of one Alva Rogers residing at 5267  
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In a way I'm sorry I was unable to get anything in the 124th (August) mailing. Six years ago on that date I became a member of the waiting list, #60, in FA 100, August, 1962. There were times when I despaired of ever making it, but perseverance eventually paid off, and here I am at last, for better or worse.

In casting about for a title for my Fapazine I eventually settled on my old CIRAazine title, BIKEL in order to give it continuity now that CIRA is, if not actually dead, extremely moribund. Actually, BIKEL only went through CIRA twice, No. 1 in September, '62 and No. 2 in December '62; No 3 was put through FAPA by Tom Metcalf in 1965.

### BAYCON

As I write this the convention has been over for one month and I've had time to reflect on it, discuss it with a few people, and read a few early con reports. My personal opinion is that it was a good con, in spite of a few flaws. Of course, as one of the co-chairmen of the con who was at least one-third responsible for whatever was good or bad about it, my impressions and reactions are naturally colored by that fact.

A couple of mailings back Helen Wesson had some interesting comments on MyCon3 and science fiction convention in general. She was curious as to what motivates a fan into voluntarily taking on the task of putting on a large convention. Having helped put on three conventions in the last five years, I sometimes wonder myself. Lord knows, for the time and labor expended the material reward is laughable. Why, then, do we do it?

One reason Bill and Ben and I do it is for the sheer hell of it. In spite of the work it's fun, in a perverted sorta way. Initially there's the fun of the chase, the leaping of hurdles, the avoidance of hazards, the final suspense of running the quarry to ground at the business meeting.

In regards to BayCon it was particularly gratifying to the ego to win out against the odds. Regardless of the subsequent rationalizations and explanations as to why we won, the fact that we won, when the experts were sure we wouldn't, was satisfaction enough. I must confess that I was genuinely surprised at the bitterness in some quarters over our win. As far as I'm concerned everything up to the final voting is Game Playing, and anyone who takes it all that seriously is not Playing the Game. Naturally Monday morning quarterbacking is in order to try to determine what was done right or wrong on either side. Hopefully, the bitter passions aroused in the breasts of the losers at MyCon3 was an isolated phenomenon and not indicative of a trend toward total involvement in con bidding.

As I started to say, the pre-con bidding is largely fun-and-games with really not too much actual work involved; it's only after winning the bid, with the necessity of actually putting on a convention, that it becomes work.

Almost immediately after winning the bid we knew we were going to have a much larger con on our hands than we had anticipated, which meant proportionately more work on our part. Consequently we held committee meetings virtually every Sunday from shortly after MyCon3 until the week before the con, with an occasional meeting on a mid-week evening, and several meetings with the hotel staff. Having had previous experience we knew just what had to be done at each meeting, and with which degree of priority. Regardless of anything else, the first priority was setting out the ingredients for Irish coffee with which we gained nourishment and stimulation through many a long committee meeting. After that our first order of business, no matter what else was on the agenda, was to process the week's influx of new members. This was always completed before going on to anything else. Next we divided the correspondence between us and got that out of the way (we each had our typers at the meeting). It was our firm resolve to answer all letters requiring an answer within a week of receipt, and with few exceptions we managed to follow through. After this, other business just sort of naturally fell into place.

manner.

Every convention committee operates in a different/ Bill and Ben and I have found, through many years of close association, that we work well together with a minimum of friction or ego clashes. In putting on a con we like to take care of 90% of the detail work ourselves; this way we know at all times what has been done and what needs doing. Certain necessary jobs are delegated, of course, but everything is done subject to our approval, which naturally means we take full responsibility for everything, good, bad, or indifferent.

But enough of this for the moment. On to a few mailing comments:

Horizons - Warner: Thoroughly enjoyable, as always. I sat on the waiting list for six long years, and in that time observed with generally amused interest the various agonies suffered by some members over the "problem" of the waiting list. What problem? Other than the additional work and expense involved in running off and mailing FA's to the waiting listers, I can't see any reason for the membership to concern themselves at all with the waiting list. The waiting list is just that -- a place where a fan interested in joining FAPA patiently waits his turn to be invited in. The basic rules that have governed the waiting list and eventual admission into FAPA are fair and equitable, and have the saving virtue of simplicity and nondiscrimination... You have a good point about on site bidding, but I've already had my say on this on the preceding page. ... Your VOM article was most welcome. I still get a charge out of reading VOM, and VOM was one of my prime sources of historical material I incorporated in my Fan Guest of Honor speech at the '62 Westercon... In your excerpting you no doubt deliberately neglected to reprint anything from one of the more reliable letterheads to VOM, the Hermit of Hagerstown, So, herewith is part of a letter appearing in the October '44 issue, #36: By now, the news is probably all over fandom that the Hermit of Hagerstown emerged one August Sunday and spent the day in both Baltimore and Philadelphia. I was unable to visit personally any fans in either place, and for that matter, didn't even get to a telephone in Baltimore until very late in the evening, too late to risk a call to Kummer or Sykora. Trustingly, though, I acted on S. Mason's VOM suggestion and phoned this Jean Bogert, who is apparently the only Philly fan rich enough to have a telephone. The conversation was either ludicrous or tragic; I can't be quite sure which. Answering my ring was what sounded like a young voice. I asked for Miss Jean Bogert, and was told to wait a minute. On came a very

deep but unmistakably fougine voice. "Miss Jean Bogert?" Wait a minute, was the response. The third time, I hit the jackpot, and got Miss Jean Bogert. But it turned out not to be worth the effort. Her share of the two-minute conversation was devoted to alternating "I think so" and "I don't think so" as replies to my desperate attempts to speak as one fan to another. I finally gave up when she replied to my desperate question on whether she was connected with the Philly Futurians, "I think so." After that experience, I gave up all intentions of actually visiting anyone, though I would have liked to see Ossie Train. Charley McNutt is in the doghouse because of the way he tried to bluff out of the charge of plagiarism against "Intolerance", yet I like his paragraph on Nancy's habit of getting all worked up over an entirely trivial point. Remember that one, Larry? Speaking of Nutt/McNutt/Beaumont, do you explain in your Fan History how Charley acquired the name "Beaumont"? Or the significance of "Intolerance" in his name Game? ... Your comments about the letter from William F. Temple you were unable to find intrigued me, so I dug around, and I believe this is the one you had reference to. It also was in issue #16, October 1944. It is so good I'm printing it uncut:

Dear He/ I've just re-read the April VOH, which means reading it for the first time properly. My first "reading" was a hasty skim through in the press of other business, a business dealing with bangs of varying intensities. But now I've been stranded with no reading material other than this VOH. So I re-read & re-re-read it, & your contributors would be flattered to know just how much consideration I gave to their every point. And there were plenty of points. But the only ones I'll comment on now is this business of making the final break with fandom.

I guess most fans who have kept it up for 10 years or more must often have come to the point of impatience where fandom is felt to be an incubus from which one must free oneself. Consider: the average fan has many other interests: music, poetry, philosophy, some branch of practical science, active politics, active sex, beer, baseball, sleep, for instance, & the time he can give to them is limited firstly by his bread 'n butter job & secondly by fandom. And the greatest of these is fandom. Oh, the big, big, big bundle of long, long letters always to answer; the articles demanded by far-away editors; the stacks of not-so-good fan-mags to decode from near-illegibility, the endless (illegible adjective, he) arguments about religion, the storms in tea-cups over nudes, the vaporings about the New World by children who don't even understand the character of the Old, the feuds & bickerings of "he said that I said that they said...& who paid off it all in the end? I leave it to your imagination" style, & the strain to keep abreast of current gags & Stan Plans & follow "Hls y-Hilsey "epeling" (no one wishes to keep abreast of current stf. these days -- does anyone read it at all?) & be patient with cartoon jokes about robots!

My old flat-mate, Ego Clarke (Arthur C.), once the most enthusiastic fan I knew, I notice has finally stepped from under with characteristic decision, using a logic-tight argument against VOH nudes as his lever. I cannot but agree with the argument. If you cannot employ Varga or Turner don't give us these appalling substitutes. Even sarcasm needs a certain flair to be brought off successfully, & none of these show it - not even the flock of rump-brand'd little girls belonging to the K-Ranch. Taste is what is lacking (especially in that infantile conception, the circus freak, with tripod legs & udder things too). I'm not pretending no nudes is good news, but please think of academy walls rather than latrine walls. But a break with fandom is not just a break with these rather wearisome things I have listed above. It is a break with a whole world, a whole structure of romantic associations inhabited by old, known friends of af-



finitive outlook. And they are a rare group, these friends: I have travelled over 12,000 miles recently & met hundreds of new people, but I have met no one else who had that outlook or would not be lost and bewildered if put amid the group. This is not to say that I haven't made friends -- lifelong friends, I believe, in some cases -- of many witty, amusing & intelligent & knowledgeable people. I have only to read "Alert" (←The Ft. MacArthur Alert, the camp newspaper edited by Forry during the war→) to see that you have made alert (sic) of new friends too, & perhaps are becoming conscious for the first time of the world existing outside stf. These people outside call that "reality." It is the place we are supposed to be hiding from with our heads in the sands of stf. When we come up against the hard "realities" of life our stf. nonsense is supposed to be knocked out of us, & we put away childish things and become men. "I have grown out of fandom..." Actually in most cases these words mean the fellow has grown out of the more juvenile aspects of fandom: all the above list, & the badges & fancy-dress caps at conventions & sich. I'm sorry for he who really has grown out of -- which means grown away from -- the fan outlook. There's nothing in that hard, real outer-world that is not enhanced & rose-lit & made wondrous by the cosmic view: every sunset may be made more significant when thoughts are aroused about Martian & Venusian sunsets or "The Further Vision" in Wells' "Time Machine"; every new discovery of science means so much more when the practiced eye sees also the possibilities arising from it; the moon is not just a lantern in the night sky: it is a challenge; the stars are not pin-pricks on paintings: they are parts of the key to the whole universe if they can only be examined and fitted together; music is not a pastime: it is a wordless, universal language; the greatest novels, e.g. "War & Peace", are not something apart: they are attempts to see mankind whole, to classify it, to put it in relation with Time Past & Time to Come; even sitting in our little family groups around the fire, we are not just Pop & Mom & the kids: we are fellow travellers & explorers through Time & Space & the mysteries therein.

Do I sound out of touch with reality? I have known reality. Once I lived on bread & jam alone because I could afford nothing else, & walked miles to save car fares. I worked for 10 years at the Stock Exchange & saw the ways of wealth. I have been in the richest & poorest houses. In the Army I have grown intimate with all types of people from miners, laborers, slaughterhouse-men to professional soldiers, musicians, college men & boxers. I have watched these men in peril of death & I have seen them die, not always pleasantly or easily. I have been near enough to death myself more times than I can remember. I have known life at its greatest discomfort in water-logged fox-holes for months at Anzio, soaked in the unceasing rain with no hope of drying, hungry, freezing, & constantly shelled, bombed, machine-gunned & mortared for make-weight. In these conditions I have striven to write books & lost them. And re-written them painfully & lost them again. I have known utter loneliness & also the heart-warming comfort of gatherings of friends. I know what love, marriage, & parenthood is like, & what it is like to be separated from these things year after year, & what it is like to lose a son. I've crossed all the seas except the so-called Pacific, lived with Arabs, studied the teaming life in the very sower of civilization, the Nile Valley, gazed & wondered at the Sphinx & the Pyramids, crossed the western desert, fought through Tunisia, lived in Sicilian farmhouses on the slopes of Mtna, travelled far & wide in Italy, seeing Naples & not dying & witnessing Vesuvius in no pleasant mood, wandered the streets of dead Pompei, seen the Grandeur That Was Rome,

the Grandeur That Is St. Peter's, the anyth-but-Grandeur that is the Italian peasant's home. Consider one evening not so long ago. I had just seen the Noel Coward film "This Happy Breed." It was London in the raw, an actual slice of the real London I knew so well. I carried this environment into the Rome Opera House with me. There I saw an Italian opera with a largely Italian audience. My view passed from the Cockney's eyes to the dark brown Italian ones. I saw as they. After the opera the orchestra played Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique" Symphony. Now I saw Life & Death through the eyes of that great sentimental Russian. After that I got into intimate conversation with the fellow next to me. A lively talkative Hawaiian from Honolulu. He described his home-life so well & with such imagination that I spent the next half-hour in Honolulu. Join the Army & See the World!

All this sounds a bit melodramatic. I only want to prove that stf. is not just a bolthole for people escaping from life. I have live a fair amount, & stf. has lost none of its essential meaning through that experience. To me the imagination is somewhere nearer the heart of things than "reality." Said Flecker: "Without vision, the people perish..." The fan outlook is my idea of vision. I want to keep in contact with fans. Without strings of 4e puns, Bob Tucker's inspired lunacy, the keen analysis of Speer, the good nature of the hardworking Morojo, the Rabeleisian (?) jocularly of Les Croutch, the immensely readable efforts of the Daugherty's & Widners and many others -- Lord, how ordinary life would become!

As one who several times nearly went with last lingering, longing looks, & would no doubt have soon done so had it not been for this evening alone with VoM & the meditation arising from same, I swear to you, 4e, who yourself are standing with one foot in Fort MacArthur & the other roughly in the direction of the LASFS -- I am separating from the Separist Movement!

Yep, Vom was quite a fanzine in its day.

Rubber Frog #1 -- Eklund: Finish the goddam story, Gordon, don't just leave Remington standing there on the sidewalk; at least let us in on what takes place at a BVFG meeting. THE GOLD CON MAN WHO COULDN'T was a little gem.

Null-F 45 -- White: Ted White without a beard was a sight to behold. At first sight at the BayCon, you will recall, I didn't at first recognize you. It was primarily due to the fact that Robin was hanging on your arm that I deduced you were you. Once the initial shock was over, though, it wasn't so bad.

I've never been a great one for cultivating my neighbors, either. The mere fact that someone lives next door to me or on the same street doesn't automatically make them someone I particularly want to know well. I have nothing against them, it's just that most of my friends and people I enjoy knowing live elsewhere. Even living in a detached house in the suburbs, as I do, and separated by yards from my neighbors, I still value my privacy and always resent uninvited intrusions on same by neighborly neighbors.

I wonder why it is that so many fans seem to accept it as a matter of fact that con committees rig the Lugo counts? There is really no reason for

a con committee to mess with the Hugo votes -- nothing is gained in return for the effort. A number of fans have assumed that the tie between Anne McCaffrey and Phil Farmer in the novella category at the BayCon was rigged by the committee. There are two variants to this charge: one is that Anne really won, but we arbitrarily called it a tie in order to make our Guest of Honor "look good" by having him win a Hugo; the other is that Phil really won, but we rigged the tie so a popular female contender could receive a Hugo. The first argument is arrant nonsense. I'll confess that we thought it would be nice if our Guest of Honor received a Hugo, but Phil doesn't need a Hugo in order to look good, to us he looked good whether or not he won a Hugo; the fact that he did win one, even in a tie, was just lagniappe for both Phil and the committee. And if it was such a keen thing to have the Goff win a Hugo, why dilute the "honor" by awarding a rigged tie? No, both Phil and Anne won their Hugos honestly. From the very beginning of the ballot counting they led the field, and after all had been eliminated save them, they went down to the wire neck and neck, with never more than five votes separating them. With the final count there was a three difference between them. The committee then exercised its prerogative and cast its three votes until then held in abeyance to make it a tie. This might be construed by some as rigging, but it's the time honored right of a con committee to hold its votes in reserve and then use it as they see fit. We felt that after better than 500 ballots a difference of three votes still constituted a tie -- our three additional votes simply cinched it.

I also am of pure Anglo-Saxon heritage, as is Sid and we have always been staunch partisans and admirers of Jews as individuals and as a people. At the BayCon Silverberg made Sid an honorary Jew. Sid was lookingx admiringly at Bob and Barbara and then remarked that she would give anything if she were Jewish. Bob then said he'd make her an honorary Jew, that anyone who talked as much as she did had to have Jewish blood somewhere in her background.

Judy-Lynn Benjamin told me that every time van Vogt's name appears on the cover of one of their magazines (regardless of the quality of the story) the circulation figures for that issue s hoot up astronomically. The same thing applies to Heinlein and (b\_e fore he died) to Doc Smith.

Warhoon 24 -- Bergeron: You out-pooped yourself on this one, Richard, and I'm inclined to think it's the best issue yet of Whn. I particularly enjoyed Harry's lovingly detailed "A Wealth of Fable" and look forward to the succeeding installment (installments?). But then, all the articles, editorial natterings, reviews, comments, and letters were enjoyable. Maybe I was just in a reseptive and responsive mood, but I don't think so: it was a damn fine issue.

After all the above I'm going to limit my comments to Ted White's letter. I agree with Ted in that I think the present design of the Hugo rocketship is classic in its clean simple lines and represents the idealization of a rocketship.

Ted is in total error, though, when he says the BayCon committee intended to give plastic Hugos until Donaho offended the man who makes them. Never for a moment did we consider using plastic Hugos. Many months before the con we arranged for the manufacture of the rocketships. I borrowed Poul



Anderson's Beacon Hugo and took it to an art foundry. Using Poul's rocketship they made a pattern and then cast the requested number of trophies in Tenzalloy, an aluminum-zinc alloy which takes a high permanent polish and doesn't require plating. The pattern is on permanent file at the foundry and can be used to cast trophies from now on. The big expense involved was the pattern which was handcrafted in wood, the cost of the trophies themselves, plus their polishing, is quite nominal. It is now possible for future concons to obtain at cost plus shipping charges all the rocketships they need for their Hugos, thus relieving them of a major problem committees in the past have had. Ray Fisher has already ordered the rocketships from us for the St. Louiscon, and was delighted to be able to do so.

Moonshot -- Hoffatts: The survey on consite voting was interesting, if a little one-sided. However, it now looks as if the idea of consite voting by mail is pretty much academic, doesn't it?

Personally I favor the traditional method of site selection. I still don't buy the argument that voting should be limited to those fans who intend (or say they intend) to attend the next con, or even give an earnest of their intentions by plunking down two bucks to the site of their choice. I doubt very much if the rule passed at BayCon is going to solve the problem of site selection, if a problem it truly is. I'm a firm believer in the right of every single attending member of a convention to participate on an equal basis with every other attending member in every official function of the convention, and that includes the right to exercise his voting privileges at the official business meeting of the convention to which he has paid his attending dues. This right shouldn't be abrogated or restricted.

A big hue and cry was raised following the HyCon business meeting over walk-in fans with little or no knowledge of fannish facts unfairly affecting the final outcome of the consite voting. Ted White has quite capably exposed this "phantom" walk-in vote as just that. The casual or just curious attendee isn't all that interested in the business meeting. The contest between St. Louis and Cleveland got pretty hot towards the end, and there was a lot of politicking by both sides at the BayCon, yet the business meeting had an attendance of roughly 530 out of a total attendance of over 1300. It would seem obvious that the business meeting attracted only those attendees genuinely interested in the issues involved, those who had a general idea of what was going on. St Louis promises to be an even bigger con than BayCon was, yet I doubt whether-or-not the consite business meetings (two of them, remember, one for 1970 and one for 1971!) will proportionally have any greater attendance than at the BayCon -- and maybe even less with the money requirement for voting.

By the way, you people out there who voted for this idiotic requirement to pay for the right to vote, did you at any time give consideration to the increased headaches and work you've saddled the St. Louisconcom, and the succeeding concons, with? Believe me, I don't envy them.

While I'm at it I'd like to register my disagreement with the revised rotation plan, as voted on at BayCon. I'm with Busby: this mania for constant rule changing is getting out of hand and beginning to border on the totally ridiculous.

Len brings up the problem of handling the Hugo Awards and proposes that they be handled seperately from the Worldcon committee, "...that the Worldcon committee should not be saddled with the responsibility of running the Hugo Awards balloting, etc." Sorry, Len, but this is a basic responsibility of a Worldcon committee. I'll go along with considering revising the method of contenders for the awards, but not with any move to relieve a duly elected concon from its responsibility of overall management of all aspects of the awards.

Esdacoyos #17 -- Cox: Your nostalgia got to me, Ed, and inspired me to dig out my copy of the Pacificon program book -- Pacificon 1946, that is, the first con I attended. This was the 4th Worldcon, a two day affair held on July 4th and 5th, and meeting in the Park View Manor, a convention hall overlooking MacArthur Park (or, as us oldtimers persist in calling it, Westlake Park).

The program book was a beautiful thing designed by Lou Goldstone. The first blank page inside is covered with autographs: Bob Tucker, Mari Beth Wheeler, Robert Bloch, Dale Hart, "Rusty" (hi, ol' Red Barron), Don Grant, Bill Crawford, Earle Korshak, Ray Bradbury, A.H. van Vogt, Ralph Rayburn Phillips, Lou Goldstone, Ross Rocklynn, Art Widner, Abby Lu Ashley. Further on is an ad from the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, one from E.E. Evans' The Timebinder, Gerry de la Ree, and one from Charles Lucas. A little further on we find full page ads from Edgar Rice Burroughs, Brian House, Sergeant Saturn, Madley Books, Slanshack, Astounding. There were also full page ads from the Argus Book Shop, Art Joquel's FUTUREsearch, NFFF, Julius Unger, LASFS, VOM, Henry Kuttner, Trover Hall, Amazing. There were quarter-page and half-page ads from Fritz Lang, Ron Maddox, Gus Willmorth & Fantasy Advertiser, Lilly Ley, The Ol' Foo, Emrys Evans, Tigrina, J. Masso, Jr., J. Harvey Haggard, Dunkleberger, David H. Keller, Salt Liebscher, Andy Anderson, Bob Bradford.

Memory plays strange tricks on one. This was a four day con, not two day. As I recall the program was very loose, with most of the daytime sessions devoted to business of one sort or the other: the first day, from 10-12, was an informal gathering at the Convention Hall, registration, and distribution of the program book and memory book, exhibits of sf and fantasy material, acceptance of resolution petitions. The con was formally opened at 1:00 by Russ Hodgkins, Director of LASFS and the instalment of the permanent chairman (either Tucker or Bloch, I forget which), and a speech by the permanent chairman. Van Vogt gave his Guest of Honor speech that afternoon, and later on there was a session between Forry and Fran Laney. The evening session started at 8:00 and featured a transcription of a Bob Bloch episode of the radio program "Stay Tuned to Terror," followed by an auction. The second day started with an open house at Ackerman's from 9-12, followed by an afternoon of business, and a weird session in the evening presided over by Fran. The third day started with relaxation in Westlake park in the morning, with business meeting in the afternoon and some short speeches by prominent fans and pros. In the evening we had the masquerade ball and impromptu entertainment. The last day started with an open house at Alan Shack. The afternoon featured a talk by Don Day on "The History of Science Fiction," and then bidding and voting on the site of the '47 con. The Panquet was held that evening, door prizes awarded, and records played and films shown.

As I remember, it was one helluva good con.