

PC'd 6/75

DODIE OFFUTT
FUNNY FARM
HALDEMAN, KY. 40329

B S F A N T W O
A Bit Far Out

Official Organ of the Baltimore Science Fiction Society

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THE DAY I WAS STAPLED TO ITHICA.

My perfectly smooth ceramic BSFS medallion that my thumb seemed to enjoy stroking; setting up the print shop, drawing a map on the blackboard, eating at Ponderosa (twice).

Part of talk after piece of panel merging one into another into another; sitting at the bar with Leslie F. Stone, watching her eyes light up as Carl Kleiner told of electronic houses, and water fountains that activate when you bend over to drink.

Typing DAILY CRUDSHEET stencils, sipping Coors between runs, whilst on the other side of the closed door, in the next room, noyous joise and wall to wall people.

Emerging from the program room into deserted halls lined with littered benches; walking out of the hotel into a buffeting gale.

Savoring sumptuous Peking duck at the ornate Imperial Palace with Ted and Karen Pauls and two other nice persons whose names I have now /continued p. 13/

BALTICON.

Hurriedly sharpening hundreds of pencils for the film comments with 25¢ sharpeners supplemented by pocket knives; Don Leifert and Tony Malanowski downing a fifth of Thunderbird each, then wandering into a strange room and getting laid; Patia in the lobby at 6 A. M. Sunday sitting on the fireplace singing Red Army songs with Ed Slavinsky and other diehards; mixing tequila and Coca-Cola in various ratios (affectionately dubbed a "Balticoke"); the Vulcan Crystal guy selling non-stop, even at the dead dog party where I watched him talk business until 4 A. M.; a robot threatening to self-destruct in my jockey shorts; part of the print of "Things to Come" was spliced in upside down...

- Artemus

A lot of hard work--but worth it.

- Bill & Dona Simmons

All I could think of after it was over was that I really missed a great con! Next year I'm seriously considering quitting BSFS one week prior to Balticon and showing up as but one of the masses.

The entire weekend was a whirlwind of making sure programs went as scheduled, enlisting pros and BNFs for panels, helping with THE DAILY CRUDSHEET, the end result being a burned out cyclone. An example of my mental state before things really got hectic: On my one brief trek through the huckster room, a smiling Al Schuster, whom I did not know, said to me, "Ah, you must be Judy Kurman." How did he know? He said he had been told that if he saw a girl with long brown hair and a frustrated expression, that would be me. I wasn't thrilled. (I realized later that I was wearing my BSFS medallion upon which my (first) name was prominently inscribed.)

Interesting that a lot of people were concerned that we had planned so many non-sf programs, yet the sf programs were generally much more poorly attended than the film contest, Overton & Sullivan, the biofeedback demo, etc. Perhaps con attendees like a little variety. And our taboo evening programming also seemed to work well, with programs, films, and parties all attracting their particular devotees.

I was impressed by the robots (though very annoyed when they turned their sirens on outside the program room); Overton & Sullivan, who did a great half hour comedy routine; the Amazing Philippe, a fantastic magician; our Easter Wakeup Party--I'm still amazed so many people were awake 10:30 Sunday morning, to create a spirited atmosphere of DAILY CRUDSHEET readers, donut munchers and coffee sippers, and a few together filksingers.

Please stop telling me how great "Grog" and "Comicbook" were.

A message to the guy who ran a videocamera Sunday afternoon in the main program room: Please destroy the ten minutes of footage you shot of me taking 6 chairs off the stage immediately followed by me putting 6 chairs back on the stage again.

- Judy Kurman

Very strange; impossibly intimate for 800 people.

- Mark Owings

Everyone knows that New Year's resolutions are made to be broken, but my Easter resolution will stand forever. Resolved: I will never be both parties chair-being and registration desk sitter (doesn't Artemus know the real reason why the attendance figures refuse to jibe?). Being a staff member of a con is analogous to being a foot soldier in the middle of a war: you are only aware of the scattered skirmishes taking place around you. "Well, I gave my three dollars to this guy with red hair who said he would give it to Larry Kenton who was going to give it to Ted Pauls who'd give it..."

Other than registration dramas, one of the few things I remember is the three drunks who monopolized the bar stools in the Boardroom (what they call the space we occupied Saturday night). Then there was the dramatic entrance of our beloved Chair and the resulting sudden vacuum caused by the abrupt removal of all femme fans in his vicinity...

- Sue Wheeler

The faces... Dick Eney catching souls with his camera; Stu Tait down from Canada; Norman Schwarz perusing the files; Dave Phillips smiling with his Easter Rabbit; Filthy Pierre singing and playing; pros in a row: GoH Hal Clement, Leslie F. Stone, Fred Saberhagen, Ted White, Gardner Dozois, Tom Monteleone, Dave Hartwell; and smiles at the Easter Wakeup Party, starting at 10:17 1/2, where 29 dozen donuts were consumed along with coffee, tea, Pepsi, and 7-Up.

- Steve Miller

A revolution in convention throwing.

- Pat Kelly

I told Ted Pauls he would make it to the hotel by noon if I picked him up. But does he have faith in me? I arrived at his place at maybe 11:30 to find that he had loaded self and books into a taxi a few minutes before. I was there by 12. Oh, well. (I had to do penance by going back for his suitcase and serving time at his tables.)

It is a tribute to the organization of the Baltimore group that I did not get drafted for anything else. It was quite a luxury to relax at the synthesizer demonstration or attend a film special effects workshop while all that work was getting done.

A further tribute was the variety of the programming. I'm a fairly sercon fellow and I like a good program. Being only semi-literate, I require great concentration to read, and I can seldom concentrate at a con; so if I have nothing to watch I begin to meep and twitch. This was no problem at Balticon: films, NASA rep, Isis, Mankind Research, Overton & Sullivan, lots to see.

But Pikesville? Great galaxies, I had to drive three miles to buy film...

- Simon

A good con... and a really great drunk too!

- Rick Neff

Lights! Turn out the lights! What do you mean the projector bulb blew? We've got another thirteen films to judge. If I see one more vampire I'll scream. Little kids smiling at the camera while they run from the monster...the real monster was melodrama and I don't mean mellow. This film had no soundtrack; how do I score in that category? And yet...there were good films--great actors, dynamite special effects. Thanks, Dave, for that tuna fish sub you got me. It tasted better to me than it smelled to the audience.

Even the would-be burglars were bombed out at Balticon as one beautiful Patia S. Von Sternberg left one beautiful diamond ring sitting near the lobby fireplace through Saturday night where it refused to sprout legs or find its way into some passerty's pocket. Early Sunday morn witnessed a joyful reunion of Finger and Friend.

Sunday evening, the last dozen fans gathered in the heart of Happy Hilton for a final night of hard-core dead dogging. Tapes of Ravi Shankar and Hawkwind filled the night and the last of some fine French wine filled our bellies (an admirable effort also was made to consume the last bathtub-chilled beer and soda). Convention legalities were discussed and you know how endless conversation can be. Fade out occurred at approximately 4:30 A. M. ; a few hours sleep and this fool was at work by 9.

Anyone attend a Sciency Fantasy Conference in Baltimore last Easter weekend?
- Rich Dixon

:::::

BALTICON REGISTRATION BREAKDOWN BY STATES.

WI 2		ONT 1		MA 2
	IL 3		NY 48	CT 1
		OH 1	PA 34	NJ 18
	MO 3		MD 513	DE 8
			DC 10	
	TX 1		VA 100	
			NC 1	
CA 1		GA 2		
		FL 1		

Total corrected registration: 754

Represented were 18 states, D. C. , and Ontario.

No address: 3

Maryland- Baltimore metro area: 348, elsewhere: 165

Estimates of the number of non-paid attendees range from a handful to 40-50. The true count is probably closer to the latter figure.

:::::

A BIT Far Out Stories, Vol. I, No. 5, July 1943. Perfect condition. \$150 or best offer. A. Smith, 13 Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, Md. 21298.

POSITION wanted. Honest, hard working, quick learner. Experienced in turning lights on and off, opening and closing garage doors. Joseph Coleus, Green House, National Arboretum, Washington, D. C. 20000.

BALTICON 9 AMATEUR FANTASY FILM CONTEST RESULTS.

<u>Place</u>	<u>Film Title</u>	<u>Filmmaker</u>	<u>Score</u>
1.	The Cure	Phil Preston	72.7
2.	Attack from Outer Space	Dennis & Robert Skotak	72.0
3.	Incredible Invasion	David V. Gregory	70.0
4.	Fire Frost	Kevin Danzey	68.0
5.	Monster from Below	Daniel Karlok	66.7
6.	The Web	Phil Preston	65.3
7.	Masque	Keith Bowsza	61.3
8.	Chessmen	Joe Boyd	59.3
9.	Doorway	Britt McDonough	58.0
	Possessed	Phil Preston	58.0
	The Prehistoric World	Nick D'Alesandro	58.0
12.	The Logos Machine	Britt McDonough	57.3
13.	Dog Catcher Marvin	Andy Mosier	56.7
14.	Disciple of Dracula	Steve Polwort/Jeff Rinehart	54.7
	The Mortal God	Robert Aucutt	54.7
16.	Night Ride	Keith Bowsza	53.3
17.	The Room	Steve Polwort/Jeff Rinehart	51.3
18.	Danger: No Trespassing	Nick D'Alesandro	50.7
19.	Live and Learn	Steve Polwort/Jeff Rinehart	49.3
20.	The Hike	Nick D'Alesandro	48.0
21.	Backfire	Britt McDonough	47.3
22.	The Voodoo Doll	David V. Gregory	46.7
23.	Pay to the Piper	Steve Polwort/Jeff Rinehart	45.3
24.	The Monster	Nick D'Alesandro	44.7
25.	MTX	Kevin Danzey	39.0

AWARDS.

1st Place: The Cure (Phil Preston) - \$35.00 and a Certificate of Award
 2nd Place: Attack from Outer Space (Skotaks) - \$15.00 and a Certificate
 3rd Place: Incredible Invasion (Dave Gregory) - \$10.00 and a Certificate
 Incredible Invasion - Special Award for Special Effects
 The Logos Machine - Special Award for Special Effects
 Monster from Below - Special Award for Most Popular Monster
 Possessed - The John Waters Award for delightful perversion

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TOTAL LUNAR ECLIPSE DURING DISCLAVE.

One of 1975's two lunar eclipses will occur during Disclave. This total eclipse of the full moon will be visible from Washington, beginning at precisely midnight EDT Saturday night, May 24. The earth's shadow totally darkens the moon at 1:03 Sunday morning; moon again begins to become visible at 2:33. It's all over at 3:36. Anybody know of a good roof?

"I WOULDN'T PUT IT IN A CLASS WITH STAR TREK..."
Artemus and Don Dohler

At Balticon 9's Amateur Fantasy Film Festival, the 8mm contest on Friday and Saturday nights ran a total of six hours. About 300 people viewed the 25 films, and we cajoled this diehard audience into writing comments on cards we provided, so that the filmmakers, particularly those who won no awards, would have something to show for their entries (and an indication of where improvements might be made). Some of the comments, however, probably deserve awards of their own:

INCREDIBLE INVASION

"A little bit heavy on use of stock footage but cheaper than hiring the army."

"Fascist, chauvinist, and not too bad."

FIREFROST

"Set was great but that model has got to go."

"Frozen dead. Film should be burned."

MONSTER FROM BELOW

"Profound and meaningful comment on our times."

THE WEB

"A worse psychological hodgepodge of the collected works of Hermann Hesse has not yet come my way."

"I liked the ending but it was a long time coming."

DOORWAY

"You were real cute at 11."

POSSESSED

"Poor acting by the doll."

"Phenomenal! It's a hit! Best thing since 2001!"

THE LOGOS MACHINE

"I really liked the monster with the teeth."

DOG CATCHER MARVIN

"Cliche ridden neo-classical Tom & Jerry rehash. I loved it."

THE MORTAL GOD

"It's difficult to come down hard on a project so obviously involving a lot of work--but I can manage. This is terrible, in both story and production."

NIGHT RIDE

"There's a thought here but it escapes me."

LIVE AND LEARN

"Sound horrible. Best music I've heard all weekend."

THE VODOO DOLL

"I'm tired."

THE MONSTER

"Yea Kiddies! Boo Mommy and Daddy!"

Then there were those who, rather than naming the films, numbered them..,
"Film #11 - Just as bad as Film #6."

...or gave descriptions of them..

"Movie with Space - I wouldn't put it in a class with Star Trek.."

* FEARS AND HOPES. *
* Bernice C. Millar *
* * *

The long, sweet curve of light
Starts from before the dawn
Of man's awakening
And reaches far beyond
This planetary ring.

Sweeping back the night
It shows the teeming flow
Of life through all of space,
And in this golden glow
Man holds a humble place.

And though he fears he might
Be swept away, and leave
Traces on the sands of time
To show that here, indeed,
Dreamed once the human mind

He also hopes he might
Somehow find a way
To send his spaceships far.
Then he'll mark each day
He seeds a distant star.
* * *

LAUNCHCON. BSFS invites you to Orlando July 14-16 for a relaxacon centered around the last Apollo launch. Passes to the Cape, one hour away, will be available for all who register before June 10. Hotel is the Howard Johnson's Downtown. For info contact Pat Kelly, 5323 Columbia Pike #312, Arlington, Va. 22204, (703) 931-7158.

BALTICON 10, Easter weekend, April 16-18, 1976. GoH Philip Jose Farmer, fan GoH Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Thompkins. Hunt Valley Inn, Hunt Valley (Cockeysville), Md.

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Baltimore takes on the World!

BALTIMORE IN 80.

WHO: The Baltimore Science Fiction Society, 40 members strong.

WHAT: A Worldcon!

WHEN: Labor Day weekend, 1980.

WHERE: Baltimore... Charm City, U.S.A.

Executive Committee - Artemus, Don Dohler, Judy Kurman, Mike Kurman, Steve Miller, Bill Simmons, Sue Wheeler

LUNACON.

Lunacon, April 18-20, 1975. I'd been to two conventions previously in the Commodore, both disasters. I'd begun to develop this idea about N'York in general and the Commodore Door in particular. I thought of it as the Curse of the Commodore. Well, that specter is now dispersed. You can have a good con in fun city. Lunacon, marked by the usual assortment of odd New York personalities, went very smoothly, and I didn't pick up too many bored vibes. A lot of credit must go to Jack Chalker, one of our most experienced con chairmen, who put together a package that made good use of the hotel facilities.

A factor that must be considered in explaining the exceptional success of this con was the proximity in time of the SFWA awards banquet. As this event was to take place the next week in the same city there were an unusual number of stars in evidence. I sat in the coffee shop fairly early Sunday morning and watched Brian Aldiss and Norman Spinrad come in while Isaac Asimov stood in conversation outside and Fred Pohl strolled by. In addition, I counted in attendance Alfred Bester, Lin Carter, Hal Clement, L. Sprague de Camp, George Alec Effinger, Ron Goulart, Barry Malzberg, C. L. Plauger, George O. Smith, Gene Snyder, Darko Suvin, William Jon Watkins, and Ted White.

Brian Aldiss, attending his first American sf con, was GoH. I thought his speech a bit dry, and, although I saw him here and there in the halls, he never had a crowd around him. This was surprising to me, as I thought it was quite an event to have him there.

Alfie Bester tried gamely to moderate an overwhelming panel consisting of Aldiss, Goulart, Malzberg, Spinrad, and Suvin.

John Norman, author of the Gor books, was a surprise. It was only by circumstance that I happened to be in the convention hall when he spoke, and I was prepared for some commercial hack. He introduced himself as a teacher of philosophy, and proceeded to talk exactly the way you would expect a philosophy teacher to speak. When he began getting excited about some banal point, I thought seriously of leaving. Then he came out with a hilarious line without changing his tone, and I cracked up. The rest of the talk went the same way: it was pedantic, yet challenging, and broken up by his humorous way of making examples. The subject was alien and artificial intelligence. I thought his treatment was exhaustive and well done, but I heard a lot of people say they didn't like it. I think they were either prejudiced against his books or else they didn't keep up with him.

Overton & Sullivan, the comedy team that performed at Balticon, this time kept going for well over an hour. Their improvisations on sf themes suggested by the audience went over especially well.

The New York bidding party was magnificent. They had the Presidential Suite--about four large rooms and a couple of small ones, looking out on the Chrysler Building across the street. A huge bowl of apples (symbol of the city?) went quickly.

The huckster room seemed busy, and the art show was small but nice. I saw some amazing sculptures. You can now buy glass bottles coated with a substance which contains holographic images. An ordinary high intensity lamp is sufficient to

create the illusion that there's something in the bottle.

Let it be noted that Lunacon was the scene of the first public announcement of Baltimore's bid for the 1980 Worldcon.

- Simon

I was awakened Sunday by a phone call and found myself on a strange floor. Apparently I had sipped too much on a bottle labeled "One Quart". Rich Dale says it was bourbon. They tell me I was fondling one femmefan and calling her someone else. I vaguely remember being dumped into a bathtub full of ice and enjoying it. (I'm not sure I believe everything they say...)

Otherwise, Lunacon was very pleasant. The only program items-I saw were Westworld and the last part of Overton & Sullivan. Hit a hole-in-the-wall pizza joint in Queens where the owner actually dug what he was doing! Lunacon was so good I could tolerate being in New York for the entire weekend.

- Artemus

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BSFS NEWS.

At the April 26 meeting, the club voted to participate in this year's Celebration of the Arts (formerly Fall Literature Festival), sponsored by the Baltimore County Public Library. The office of Minister of Propaganda was created. The Minister will be responsible for public relations and promotion of BSFS. Steve Miller was elected the first MOP. Funding was authorized for BSFAN #2. Elections for Chair of Balticon 10, and for a new Parliamentarian, were scheduled for the next meeting, which was...

May 10. Artemus was elected Chair of Balticon 10. Mark Owings was elected Parliamentarian; at the party following the meeting attempts to levitate Mark ended in failure. There will be a BSFS party at Disclave. Next meeting was scheduled for Saturday, June 14, 8 P. M., at Levering Hall, Johns Hopkins University; anyone interested in BSFS is invited.

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A CON?

Rich Dixon

Burned, I say! Too many people burned, smells. Which is to simply say that a lot of conventions tend to rely on unknowing walk-ins for some heavy bread. They pay full price but many stay only a few hours or can make only one day and/or night of a con. Much programming cannot be finalized until the last minute, making public details impossible. Some innocent jerk hears about Star Trek bloopers and wanders into the con, shelling out green for an entire weekend. He is then handed a program which informs him that the bloopers or other entertainment he sought was on last night or will be too late tonight for this working man to dig. The robots are recharging and the projector is rewinding and the speaker won't be here until tomorrow. Poor sap. Little can be done to notify him of program details before the

con, but... If, as an example, the at-the-door charge is \$5 for the weekend, why not a one day/night fee of \$2? If he gets hooked he might end up paying six, but why not offer the option? A different colored \$2 badge could be issued each day, with still another color for the entire weekend; more work but more justice.

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PLASTERED BASTARD AND OTHER SINGULARITIES. Steve Miller

In the "Hospitality Suite" Damon Knight said to me, "Try this: I say a phrase, say, 'inebriated love-child,' and the answer is...plastered bastard. So when I say, 'large mug of beer on the moon,' the answer is..."

I alertly put my drink down. "Plastered bastard?"

Damon roared with laughter. "No, see, this is a game we used to play in the Futurians. I say a phrase, and then you have to come back with a rhyming two word phrase that means the same thing. So if you have to come back on 'large mug of beer on the moon,' the answer is what?"

Of course it was "lunar schooner", which I should have known in spite of the partying that went on at the Maryland Library Association Spring Conference at Ocean City; however, I'll just use the plastered bastard excuse and move on.

I knew this was going to be a different kind of convention for me. The State of Maryland was paying my way so that UMBC could display items from the Science Fiction Collection (as well as from the photographic collection).

The trip down to O. C. was uneventful; the hotel, the Sheraton Fountainbleau, was only forty-five blocks from the convention hall. Most of the time from seven to ten-fifty that night was spent at the airport waiting for Damon Knight to arrive. Binnie Braunstein was charged with seeing that Damon was properly greeted, and I'd been appointed chief driver and assistant greeter. Since I didn't know what Damon looked like we spent from ten o'clock on trying to figure out which gray haired man might be the right one. Most of the men arriving were gray haired; but most of them looked like accountants--which they were, since there was a CPA meeting in the hotel at the same time. Finally two men walked in together, one with slick brown hair of medium length and an accountancy air about him, the other with a full gray beard, lots of matching hair, and sandals. With no hesitation we introduced ourselves and welcomed the next day's keynote speaker.

Since the hotel restaurant closed at eleven, we went to the nearest Wolfies for some food and beer for our guest, who all the while was offering his More cigarettes to anyone who smoked with the recommendation, "If you stop puffing on them they'll just go out, and they last a long time."

In the morning I walked around the exhibits at the convention center. The exhibitors had paid the going rate of \$75 for a booth for the two days. The UMBC and Music Library Association displays were the only non-commercial exhibits there.

After lunch the program book promised "A Knight at Noon", but the schedule was a little backed up, and Damon began his rambling, anecdotal talk at 1:30 or so. When he spoke of sf he saw it not as prophecy, but as improbability and in many instances impossibility. In a short and very strong section of his speech he

discussed the future as he thought it would actually come about. Calling attention to the natural results of overpopulation, Damon painted a bleak picture of a collapse - within twenty or thirty years. He quickly moved on to other subjects more in keeping with the light tone of most of the talk, but the short, serious digression had been quite effective.

Later in the afternoon Damon toured the exhibits. While fascinated by a microfiche record system capable of holding 3000 pages of information on a 6X8" card, he thought it ironic that the exhibitor would have "left at the office" his hand held reader and information on the system's cost.

The rest of the convention went fast, with parties following a performance by the magnificent Margot Barnett, whose show "Black is a Beautiful Woman" was a high point. We saw Damon off on his trip back to Florida; he was extremely excited by his visit with the MLA librarians, and asked for information on how to be invited to more library conventions.

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NOVA LOCS (No Bones to Pick).

WAYNE W. MARTIN
4623 E. Inyo, Apt. E
Fresno, Calif. 93702

The mail of a few days back brought BSFAN into my range of vision. I am thus made aware of the Baltimore SFS (whose zine editor happens to live in Timonium--appropriate, I suppose. From what I've observed, few fanclubs named for cities have the bulk of membership from within the city itself. Suburbia and nearby-urbia are taking over).

Tell me, was there really supposed to be an odor on that little panel on p. 6, or are you guys sitting there hee-hawing at all the simpletons who tried to smell something?

I enjoyed the issue very much and it seems a shame that after receiving such enjoyment that I've done a nasty thing like put you good people on my mailing list; but dishonorable as I am, you shall shortly be receiving a copy of the second issue of my zine...

I particularly found the tidbit on A BIT FAR OUT STORIES to be of interest. Of course you realize that that article has put a writer's career in serious danger. Now everyone knows about his dishonorable actions and it's too late for him to buy up all of the copies. Tsk, tsk, shame on you people.

How much is the July '43 issue going for?

TONY CVETKO
29415 Parkwood Dr.
Wickliffe, Ohio 44092

I received BSFAN #1 yesterday and it has been duly read and recorded. To be perfectly honest (which I'm sure you would prefer over the alternative of blatant dishonesty) it wasn't all that great, but it wasn't all that bad either. The most striking fault is its visual appearance. I'm pretty clumsy when it comes to graphics, but I still manage to maintain a certain level of visual appeal in DIEHARD. You've got a pubbing committee of 8 members, yet, visually, BSFAN is inept as compared to other clubzines I've seen. It's a very neish effort for a bunch of established fen.

This first issue does get a somewhat higher mark in readability. The first three items served as a decent introduction to the BSFS, and the Tyrone Schulse and Louting items were pretty good. //After BSFAN #1 came out, I heard that on a Cheech & Chong record (I haven't seen it) the song "Basketball Jones" is sung by one Tyrone Shoelaces. If this be true, I must apologize to Cheech & Chong, who thought of the pun before I did. // A BIT FAR OUT STORIES? That would make a great title for your zine. It has a certain amount of aesthetic appeal.

"Don Dohler? Who He?" could have been retitled "Don Dohler? Who Cares?" Don Dohler could be the nicest guy in the world, but I've never heard of him before so why should I be interested in his fannish history? If I read something by him then I'll decide whether I should interest myself or not. As for the rest of the issue, it was standard filler material, quickly read, mildly interesting, quickly forgotten.

Needless to say, this first issue was a bit disappointing, yet I'm confident of improvement since you've got an entire club behind you. Spend a little time on the next issue, get rid of the "thrown together" look, get some lengthy articles to hold the reader's interest, and you'll improve all right...

//Sue Wheeler, BSFS President, asked for space to comment: "The majority of the current members of BSFS are involved in fanac for the first time in their lives. Actual work on BSFAN was done by a group which included one person who has had fanzine experience. He last published in 1962, which means of course that all reproduction equipment disappeared long ago. As to the article on Don Dohler, Don was in charge of the film contest at Balticon, and I am sure that if no one else cares those filmmakers who entered wanted to know about him. It seems to me that if you are only interested in learning about writers, your particular cage is even smaller than that of the starriest of the Trekkies. I certainly hope that the printed page is not the only means of creating science fiction you acknowledge. However, putting aside your illfounded assumptions about BSFS, I am sure the contributors to BSFAN appreciate and will try to gain from your criticisms."//

JOHN ROBINSON
1-101st Street
Troy, N. Y. 12180

What took you guys so long to pub your first fanzine?
Keep up the good work... Jack Chalker, Ted
Pauls, Owings, and Haldeman I've heard of but the
rest of you are new to me so keep pubbing...

Was it UMBC that did the kamikaze bidding on artwork at Discon II? I seem to recall some ridiculously high bids (\$350 even) from some Maryland college during the art auction. And who wants 11,000 fanzines? (Some say such collections may tend to cause de facto censorship as faneds will tone down contents as readership becomes wider and more uncertain in character; does the CIA read BSFAN at UMBC library?)

//I asked Steve Miller if he would like to comment: "Well, yes. That is, UMBC did bid on artwork at Discon, and we came away with a painting by Kelly Freas and one by Aldo Spadoni; we bid what we felt the artwork was worth, and no more. The 11,000 (now 12,000) fanzines are not only fun to read, but useful as well, especially for bibliographic research. Do you really feel that faneds would be cowed by the thought of some English professor staying up late at night

analyzing sentence structure of faanish articles? So far the fanzines have been used mostly by fans and for fan-related research (the earliest filksongs, confirmation of early FAPA indexes, etc.). Next time you come to Bawlamer, stop in. "//

JODIE OFFUTT
Funny Farm
Haldeman, Ky. 40329

Re instructions p. 7: Is BSFAN to be the fanzine that folded itself?

Although it is quite common, involvement in a club and pubbing a fanzine seem...too much? (I don't know.) I see fanzines as a substitute for club activities and also as a contact between cons. Which means if I went to cons every week I'd not read fanzines. I wouldn't have time! Anyway...good luck to you all.

ARTEMUS
4221 White Ave.
Baltimore, Md. 21206

How come in the list of current officers of BSFS on the front page I'm not included? I'll have you know that my election to the position of Club Lout was unanimous! Any more oversights like that and I'll

get Rick Neff's Dundalk friends over there to straighten you out. They'll make you sit through three showings of 8mm amateur fantasy films after which Ed Litzinger will turn you into a human avocado... //Yes, I do seem to recall voting for you... However, the Constitution enumerates five regular officers, and the post you fill ain't one of them (neither is MOP). Still, I regret the oversight (my sight must have been set too high). //

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ITHICA /from p. 1/

forgotten; the dead dog party, where hassles with the hotel were muddled and muddled.

And discovering, weeks later, that on one day prior to the con my attendance card had been stapled to the back of the card of a fan from Ithica.

This should probably be re-subtitled "Balticon 9 Reminiscences" (others by others begin on p. 2). The con was, after all, a big thing for us who worked on it. Anyway, this is BSFAN #2, MAY 1975; I'm Mike Kurman, and the Publications Committee is also Steve Miller, Simon, Artemus, Rich Dixon, Judy Kurman, and Sue Wheeler. Projected circulation for #2 is 250 (#1 ran 585); a number of copies will be distributed at Disclave. BSFAN is available for LoCs and trade.

Hopefully repro will improve this issue. For #1 we bought the wrong type of paper; the wrong ink; the typer I used, while producing good looking copy, hadn't the heart to cut deep enough wounds in the stencils to allow sufficient ink through; the mimeo printed in more places than we had intended; the second mimeo stopped feeding while cranking out p. 7 (obviously jealous of CINEMAGIC). Excuses, excuses. Well, we try again.

(And to start this off right, the store we went to didn't carry the type of stencils we used last time, so we bought another kind which had to fit the machine because they had four holes on top...need I continue? Fortunately we were refunded all but 25¢ for one dead stencil.)

Special thanks to Dick Svehla, Gary Svehla, and Lee Smoire for their help in

running off #1. Thanks also to Sally Albaugh and Norman Schwarz for their assistance.

Happy anniversary to BSFS. In April we were one. A good summer to one, and all.

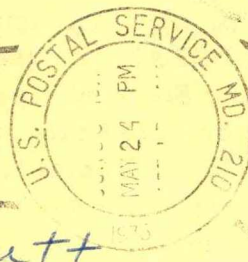
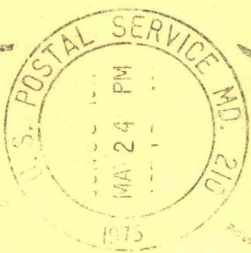
FLASH! "Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe", a 12 part serial, will be shown on six consecutive Monday nights, along with award winning shorts, from June 23 to July 28, at the Cockeysville branch of the Baltimore County Public Library, 10757 York Rd., 666-0447. Programs begin at 7:30; admission is free.

BSFS wishes NORMAN SCHWARZ a fast recovery from his operation. We missed you at the last meeting.

CONCAVE CURE, by Comier O'Nare - Part Two
The story to this point:

During their exploration by buggy of the area surrounding their landing site on Rokreek Planet, Victor is injured in a fall. John and Sheri are driving him back to base when they spot a huge concave metal object lying on the ground. "How much do you think it weighs, Sher?" "A ton." "Park next to it." They get out for a closer look. Engraved in the object is the word "Doctor". John is fascinated. "What a strange disc." "Lay Victor on it," suggests Sheri. They do so, and immediately an eerie glow fills the air. Victor stands up, completely recovered. They return to camp, but find it under attack by Baltimorons, as Part Two begins.

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~~PRINTED MATTER~~

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