



"Vier!" he said softly
—and the German ace
whirled menacingly.



BADMOUTH reports that 50% of Wauseon fandom has left for a two month stay in Northern Ireland. Gary Zachrich left Saturday (Oct. 24) for Londonderry, N. Ireland, where he will be giving his expert opinions on running the Essex International plant located there. Gary, as you might know, is the superintendent of our plant here in Wauseon.

I thought it was quite an honor that out of all our Essex plants, that Gary was chosen as the expert to be sent over. Fandom comes through again. If he isn't **TOO** busy, he will letter me in a diary form that I can use in Badmouth.

I imagine at this moment he is sitting in one of the local pubs, drinking that fine Harp Beer and thinking wise and funny thoughts to put down for posterity in Badmouth's pages. The only thing bad about this is that I will have to try and find a drinking and pool-playing buddy fill-in for two months, and they just don't come any better than Zach.

Had a fine time at Cinecon 6 in Dearborn, Michigan. It was held at the Dearborn Inn, Dearborn, Michigan with the daytime screening at the Henry Ford Museum Theatre at Greenfield Village and evening screenings at the Dearborn Inn. Finally got to meet Sam Rubin and Mac MacGregor in person which was quite a treat for me. My favorites of the films screened were: "Oranges and Lemons" (Hal Roach, 1923) with Stan Laurel, "Flesh and the Devil" (MGM, 1927) with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, "The Bangville Police" (Mack Sennett, 1914) and "The Pool Shark" (Mutual-Gaumont, 1915) with W.C. Fields. A great time!!

The Thanksgiving party we held here in Wauseon was quite a ball, running from 1:30 Saturday afternoon until 6:00 Sunday night. About 70 people from 4 states attended. Included in the group were: T.L. Sherred, Dale Tarr, Bill Mallardi & wife, Fred & Jackie Cook, Gordon Huber, Roger & Pat Sims, George & Lorraine Young, Ray Beam, Danny Plachta, Jack Promo, Fred Proffit, Larry Smith & wife, Bob Gaines, Peter & Ellenor Baan, Norm & Cathy Masters, and most everyone from the area.

George Young and Fred Proffit should have been short order cooks the way they handled breakfast for the group. George making his special omelets and Fred handling the bacon and eggs. Many thanks to both of them for their yeomans work.

Danny Plachta called from Detroit and Peter Baan from Maryland to apologise for the bad things they knew they had done. Neither could believe that they had been perfect guests. Fans **ARE** nice people! Tom Sherred came close to switching me to good Irish whiskey, but I still prefer my old standbys -- Jack Daniels and Wild Turkey. All in all a **FINE** party!!

I normally save pages 3 and 4 until last for a little bit of late news that might come in. Page 3 was typed months ago. Things happened. Badmouth was lain aside along with The Pulp Era and little work was done on them. Now I'm enthused again and with more time coming up this summer for me to spend on my hobby, I will do much more publishing. At any rate, Gary is back from Ireland with many mad tales of Irish pubs if I can just get him to write them up, we've been playing pool again and its still a pretty good standoff between us. (And we still clean out the bar when we shoot partners.)

Gave a talk on the pulp magazines at Michigan State University that will be reported in more detail in The Pulp Era. Other fans giving talks on the same type of program were Fred Cook, Tom Claerson and Jack Williamson (well, I consider Jack a fan). Fred and I talked on the pulps on one program, and Tom and Jack talked on S-F on another. Since Fred and my talks were scheduled for Friday at 11:00, Fred called and said he would come over and pick me up Thursday evening and we'd have an evening together at his home in Jackson, Michigan and then drive in to East Lansing in the morning. This we did and I spent most of the evening marveling at Fred's collection which is a wonder. The next morning we drove to MSU and had a ball. We were scheduled for an hour but the interest seemed to be high and with the question and answer period that we had we ran about 45 minutes into the dinner hour. Rog and Patty Sims were then to pick me up and bring me home as they were coming down for the weekend, but of course we stayed for the S-F talk which followed ours. Had a lot of fun talking with Jack and Tom and altogether it was very enjoyable. Gordon Dickson was also supposed to be on the program but couldn't make it because of his guest appearance at the Peacon.

Was asked to give a talk at The Defiance College this week but due to some things that came up at the plant, I couldn't get away and had to decline. But -- Popular Culture and the pulps are getting to be of interest to Universities and Colleges. This is also shown by a large number of Universities subscribing to the Pulp Era during the past year. Even some schools that I didn't know existed have sent subscriptions in.

The Toledo Blade (Toledo, Ohio) newspaper ran a rather long article on Robert Bloch a few weeks ago. I got an extra copy and sent it to Bob in case the author didn't. It was a good thing I did as Bob wrote and said that he wouldn't have seen it otherwise. I hope now that he will forgive me for burning a hole in floor when I spilt my Jack Daniels.

Remember that the next issue will follow this soon.....Get your letters and badmouthings in as soon as possible. I can also use good cartoons for future issues.

CENSORSHIP

by Lisa Tuttle

For one adult to relinquish his freedom of personal choice, to let another decide what is good for him to read, seems rather odd to me. Perhaps I am too individualistic (or just stubborn) but I like to decide for myself. I don't like being dictated to. As I write this I am not yet 18. Here in Texas that means that I cannot legally see any movie labled "X", or any labled "R" unless accompanied by my parents. I saw "Woodstock" and "Easy Rider" because they weren't checking IDs. I was turned away at "Alice's Restaurant" and "Goodbye, Columbus". I doubt I sustained any moral or mental damage from "Woodstock" or "Easy Rider", and hope I'll get a chance to see the other two.

Because I have censorship like this imposed on me, it may be a little harder for me to be objective about movie ratings. But I do agree that there are movies (and books) that children are best kept away from. The problem is: what age will you set? No age will please everyone -- much like the voting age. I would set 16 as the age limit for seeing "R" or "X" movies, even though I can remember vividly how I felt at 15. I felt mature enough to decide what I would read and what I would see -- and perhaps I was. Any age limit will be arbitrary and far from perfect, but it is a start.

Most people will agree that adults, by right of their maturity, must protect children. There are movies and books that could frighten children -- a fear not quickly forgotten, but retained for years to come. There are also those that could give children a warped idea of sex, and those that cause other mental or social damage. Children are influenced by practically everything. It would be fatally easy for a child to get the idea that sex is something dirty -- to be shunned and hidden -- from certain books and movies. A parent's training might keep him from gaining these ideas regardless of the movies and books, but, unfortunately, many children have parents who either consciously or unconsciously instill the idea in their children that sex is taboo -- not to be talked about.

I can remember the late night slumber party conversations with my friends when we were 10 and 11. Even then some of their attitudes shocked me. One girl was of the

firm opinion that sex was filthy, and she couldn't believe that her parents actually "did it". However, since she herself was living proof that they had indeed "done it", she reasoned that their desire for a baby had overcome their natural distaste for the act...just that once. Her attitude wasn't particularly unusual among the girls I knew then.

Sex education in schools seems like a good idea. Unfortunately, the parents of the children who need it the most are often those who protest the loudest. This attitude is ridiculous. Unless sex is something dirty and horrible, why should its existence be hidden from children? If children could have all their questions answered at school -- from kindergarten on up -- attitudes would be vastly different. If questions about where babies come from weren't fended off, evaded, or answered with outright lies, a healthier general attitude towards sex would be developed. Sex education shouldn't be an isolated course, given to sixth graders in segregated classes -- sex is a normal part of life and children should receive sex education in the same way and at the same time as the rest of their education.

Being able to talk and learn about sex as freely as they are allowed to about American history, children will grow up with a healthy and liberated attitude towards sex. The arguments for keeping sex education a private, isolated and embarrassing ordeal at home are varied. I won't discuss the "Commie plot" argument. But why should sex education encourage promiscuity? Or cause a rise in illegitimate births? Illegitimate births and venereal diseases are the product of ignorance, not enlightenment. In addition to studies of birth control and other precautions, children and teenagers would study social and religious attitudes towards sex. A more intelligent morality would be involved than a puritanical one which is forced upon children and makes them feel guilty about natural urges.

But censoring things for children -- protecting them -- is one thing. "Protecting" adults is another. If censorship is accepted, then it is tacitly agreed that certain people or groups of people are the "protectors" of the common man. It is a step backwards, away from self-government towards a more paternalistic government. Censorship for adults is a hangover from our Puritan heritage, the feeling that sex is "dirty". A society of adults who have grown from childhood without feelings of guilt about sex would be far more able to decide whether it is necessary for one adult to choose the literature that another adult shall read...to "protect" him.

Today the bonds are being stretched as more and more books are legally sold and read that would once have been burned. But the misguided morality remains: the idea that there are things that are written or filmed that should not be seen or read by an adult populace. The strange idea

exists that the right of freedom of speech and of the press which extends to radical political philosophy does not extend to sex. This idea, this morality, will be changed when guilt is no longer imposed on children by parents, teachers, society and religion; when adults can consider the idea of freedom to choose for themselves what they will or will not read without the bondage of guilt.

TERRY JEEVES FOR TAFF!!!!

A fan who for many, many years has really meant something to fandom.

He's my choice -- I hope he is your choice too!!

Well, I guess I'm out of OMPA again. I thought I had some money paid in ahead, but apparently it wasn't enough as I'm out for non-payment of dues. However, since there is a waiting almost non-existent, I am sending some more monies and will join for the 3rd time. I will also post-mail (or pre-mail, whichever it is) this issue to all the members in the hopes that I will be back in at once.

OMPA has always been a favorite of mine, but I see that I must pay closer attention to the O.O. and not rely on memory to pay my dues on time.

You will note an absence of artwork this issue. It wasn't that I had originally planned it that way, but with my time being so short the past few months, I just didn't have the time to put any on master nor the monies to have some plated. This issues cover was taken from an old Fighting Aces magazine and is by Frederick Blakeslee. The next issue will return to running artwork, and Gary Zacherich is already hard at work at the drawing board working up some cartoons. Jay Kinney and Terry Jeeves will also be represented and Plato Jones has promised for some years to start doing some work again. However, he is as big a putter-offer as I am and as undependable. Fie on him!

TERRY JEEVES FOR TAFF

TERRY JEEVES FOR TAFF

YES -- YES

VOTE!!

THINGS HAPPEN TO ME

by Liz Fishman

Things happen to me, things just happen to me; no matter what I do things happen to me that happen to no one else -- anywhere, anytime. I suppose that having things happen to you demands a specific and intensely unique talent, and I am apparently abundantly blessed. And for brevity's sake, I'll relate but one of the happenings that stands large in my cluttered memory.

I remember my first date. It was his first date, too. It was the eighth grade prom and the tall dark basketball player I loved passionately asked me -- after Harry asked. Short, very short, obnoxious little Harry. Harry, who sat in back of me and drank ink from his fountain pen; Harry, who chewed up pencils til they were nothing but a pile of splinters; Harry, who'd run a needle and thread through his fingertips ---- stupid asinine Harry! I told the idiot I would be sick that night and he giggled and said that I couldn't go to the prom unless I went with him because he asked first, and my mother agreed with that. Besides, she felt sorry for Harry because he wasn't popular, he had no friends, he was so lonely -- and she couldn't really see why, unless it was because of his four-foot stature; I often wondered if she thought his blue tongue was just a birth mark.

So, dressed in my first gown, my first heels, and my broken-heart and churning stomach, I opened the door to a tuxedoed Harry, a tuxedo with visible safety pins shortening the pants and coat cuffs. And a catsup stain on the label from the half-eaten hamburger (with onion) clutched in one hand. And in the other was a mixed bouquet of three wilting roses and one tiger lily; my corsage! All I could do was stare at it in disbelief as he held it out for me to take. "Picked it myself from the lady next door. And she didn't catch me either, so you won't get in trouble."

Seeing that I was going to say exactly what I thought, my mother took the flowers and said, "Well, why don't I tie these together and that way you can carry them, dear?" The fury I felt must have been telling because she added hurriedly, "But then, the flowers are a little bulky to carry all evening. I'll put them in water and take them to your room. Alright?"

I thought putting them in water was a fine idea, but water you could flush.

Harry's father, who was driving us, blared his horn impatiently. Harry stuffed the last of the hamburger in

his blue mouth and I had to stand there for six minutes while he chewed, gulped and finally choked on a wad his skinny throat kept pushing back. My mother rescued him with a glass of water (she never lets well enough alone), and we waited some more while he dried his face and coat and blew his long bony nose several times. Then he turned, opened the door, and walked to the car, leaving me behind. I quickly shut the door and locked it and said, "I'm not going. You can't make me. I hate him! Mom handed my purse to me and unlocked the door. "Now, Liz, he just doesn't know how to act around girls."

"He doesn't know how to act around humans."

"Oh, come on. He's probably a very nice boy if you take the time to know him."

"If I know him any better I'll probably throw up."

The blast of a car horn again sounded. My misguided mother kissed me, told me to have a wonderful time, and shoved me out the door. Sullenly, I walked to the car where sat Harry and his father, both in the front seat. Fuming, yet grateful the idiot wanted to sit with his father, I opened the back door and slid in. And I was also grateful for the unbroken silence from parent and unfortunate progeny; I was in a better frame of mind by the time we reached the school, but this was quickly obliterated when I went to open the door. It wouldn't open, and neither would the opposite one. Harry stood outside the car and watched me struggle, and his father sat at the wheel doing just about the same thing. Finally I said, "Alright, either of you may tell me how to open the doors." There was silence. "Well, both don't talk at once." Harry's father shifted his gum and drawled, "Doors don't open once they're shut tight. You should have let the one you opened hang like it was when you opened it. Otherwise it stays shut and I have to pry it open with a screwdriver."

Determined to be calm, I quietly asked, "Do you happen to have a screwdriver?"

"No."

Ready to cry, and ruin my first mascara, I tried again. "Then how do I get out, climb over the seat?"

"Yes."

Choking with fury I hurled my purse out the open front door and clamored into the unoccupied half of the front seat, Harry's father not budging an inch to help or give me room. Finally out, I picked up my now filthy white purse and stalked to the gymnasium entrance, Harry running to catch up, and as I opened the door he ran in ahead of me, knocking my purse from my hand. I again picked it up, then went in, heading in the opposite direction from Harry, whose nearing pattering feet told me that he wasn't going to let me get away. Beside me now, he panted, "Come on, let's get some orange drink. There's a machine back there."

"Get away from me, you creep."

"I will not; you're my date."

"I'm going to belt you, Harry, and I'll mash you flat."

With hands on his hips, he looked up at me and whined, "I'm going to tell your mother on you."

Backing away from his onion breath, I told him, "OK, Harry, run home and tell my mother." The creep, with hands still on his slight hips, tightened his lips and breathed deeply for a few speechless moments, then said prissily, "Well, I don't care if you die of thirst anyway."

"Fine, creep. Now I'm going into the dance and you go find some ink to drink. Maybe there's a machine somewhere." And with that I walked off to the dance floor, not looking back to see what Harry would do. But those pitty-pat sounds his feet made soon announced his intentions, and I sped ahead to lose myself in the crowd and decorations. And for awhile I did lose him, and four dances later my dance-partner, Chuck, took me over to the punch machine -- there was Harry.

"I'm really going to tell your mother on you. You're supposed to dance with me, not him."

Chuck leaned toweringly over Harry and asked quietly, "Why don't you get lost, you little queer, before I lock you in the girl's restroom?" Harry clenched his fists and waved them in Chuck's face. "I'm going to beat you up, so you better get out of here, Chuck Vaughn, you just better!" Unbelieving, the crowd of us stood around the orange punch machine and watched Harry circle Chuck, his fists waving in small circles and jabs. Chuck, his arms crossed, circled with Harry, then said in a reasoning tone, "Harry, you fairy ass, you better leave right now, or the next red stain on your coat will be your blood."

Harry stopped circling and unclenched his fists, staring up into Chuck's stony face for a few quiet moments. "OK. But it's only because I don't want to tear my tuxedo. I'm not afraid of you."

Satisfied, Chuck turned away from Harry to get a paper-cupful of punch for himself and me, and as he was filling the first cup under the spout -- Harry suddenly hurtled forward and jumped on Chuck's back, both arms around his throat. Chuck fell forward against the machine, his body holding the lever down, and as he struggled and other people -- boys and girls both -- yanked at Harry, orange punch spouted in an unending stream, wet down Chuck's suit, splattered the crowd around him, flooded the floor and stained shoes. And Harry clung like a leech, til Chuck slipped and fell, rolling over on top of Harry, who lay in a river of punch, suffocating, making him undo his grip from Chuck's throat. Chuck quickly rose (he didn't know when to leave well enough alone either) and Harry lay gasping, his mouth opening and closing like a fish.

By this time the chaperones assigned to that end of the gymnasium had run to the scene, ready to oust the trouble-makers. But all three of them stopped short when they looked down, and their angry determination turned to resignation.

Shaking his head, Mr. Clemens sighed. "It's Harry again. Jumped on someone's back, didn't you?"

Harry, making no move to rise, just stared up at the three adults and whined, "It's Chuck's fault. He tried to kill me."

Mrs. Hayes looked over her ample bosom and demanded that Harry get up out of the punch, "Immediately, and I don't mean maybe!" Harry scampered up, bringing streams of punch with him, protesting, "Chuck started it. He called me names, and he tried to smother me."

"Not hard enough, you damned queer," rasped Chuck, gingerly rubbing his bruised throat.

Mr. Clemens told Chuck, "Alright, that's enough. I know how irritating Harry can be, but you should refrain from calling him names. Now take your date back to the dance floor and cool down. Alright?" Chuck agreed, took my arm, and turned to go when Harry yelled, "She's not his date. She's mine. I brought her and I gave her flowers too!"

This being too much for me to take silently, I turned back to confront Harry. "Listen, you little pink worm, how would you like to tell where you got those flowers, huh? How would you like that? Want me to tell? Want me to?"

He glared at me furiously, "I'm going to tell your mother! I'm going to tell her how you and Chuck tried to kill me!"

"Yeah, go ahead and tell her that, you fairy crumb! You dumb ass! You goddamned queer!"

Mrs. Hayes gasped, and thundered, "Elizabeth!" I turned to her, too angry to care anymore and yelled, "Well, how would you like it if some little crumb you didn't want to go with in the first place, but who asked first and your mother said it wouldn't be polite not to accept, what if he came in a dumb pinned-up tux, and eating a hamburger with onions and he gave you a bunch of dead flowers he stole from some ladies yard, and then he choked on the hamburger and blew his nose a hundred times into one tissue, and then he walked out ahead of you and sat in the front seat with his father, and you had to open the back door yourself, and then when you got to the dance you couldn't get out because the back doors won't open when you close them tight, and the dumb father didn't have a screwdriver and you had to climb over the front seat in your new dress while that little fairy and his father just watched you and what if ----!" (I don't remember exactly what I said but I know I related everything in sequence)

"My goodness, Harry did all that? And you had to climb over the seat?" Mrs. Hayes looked at Harry, who stood open-mouthed at my venomous wrath. "Harry, take your choice; stay with me the rest of the evening or go home."

After some deliberation Harry elected to stay with Mrs. Hayes, who sighed, "I should have known you would."

In issue #5 of HARPIES, Roger Sims reviewed Andy Porter's CONVENTION. Following is (1st), the letter sent back to Dick Schultz by Andy Porter and (2nd), Roger's answer to that letter.

Dick Schultz
19159 Helen
Detroit, Mich. 48234

Dear Dick:

Thank you for HARPIES #5, containing the "review" of CONVENTION by Roger Sims. At least I think I should say thank you, although I didn't receive a copy of the issue. I had the opportunity to read Arnie Katz's copy, in which the review appeared.

I'm really surprised. The review is, to coin a phrase, forced, stilted, and unpleasant. And it misses the point of CONVENTION completely.

I wonder, in fact, whether Roger even read the same fanzine I published. "Even the staples are crinkley." In a one-sheeter? I don't remember stapling the thing -- but then I was only its publisher...

My fanzine states "CONVENTION will be a forum for the problems that convention committees...encounter in running what are increasingly complex functions." That is, it is for people who already have conventions to run, or are interested in the problems of running them because they are connected with fannish conventions in some way. The fanzine will not feature exercises entitled "Dirty Fan Politics For Fun And Profit," as Roger seems to think. On the contrary, CONVENTION will merely be a forum.

I see that Roger found a copy at the Midwestcon. Now, as I brought some 30 copies of that first issue to the Midwestcon, and seeing as how many people engaged in the business of fan conventions were attending -- bidders for Boston, Minneapolis, DC, the St. LouisCon Committee, the LunaCon Committee -- not to mention the North American SF Convention Study Committee, which held a meeting at the con, it's pretty understandable why I did so. And, after giving copies to these people, several might have left their copies lying around, while they engaged in various fannish pursuits.

Alright, Roger found one. There's no great secret about CONVENTION's existence (Coulson reviewed it in Yandro); people and clubs who might want copies can send to me for them. But I do want to keep the fanzine circulating generally among con-type planners only, because I don't want to build up a really big circulation. I want to keep it small -- say, 50-70 copies of each issue.

Alright Roger, just because you haven't heard of the AtlantiCon doesn't mean that it didn't exist. I advertised the projected Atlanticon -- which would have been a Florida-based con -- in several years of worldcon and regional con program books: as well as in my own fanzine, ALGOL, which you don't get because, ghod knows, you aren't one of the

mainstays of fanzine fandom. And it's been mentioned in various other fanzines and at regional and worldcons (none of which you got around to).

To pass on to another point. "By convention time, it is to be earnestly hoped that the bidders already know what their job entails." Alright, fine; they know what's ahead. But do they know how to handle the details? Tell me, Roger, how do you handle registration at a con with 2,000 people? I'll tell you a secret: it's a bit different from that at a Midwestcon, or even at the Detention.

Detention had only 371 attendees; the last LunaCon had 610. And St. LouisCon was six (count 'em, 6!) times as large as that far-off convention in 1959. How do you handle 2,000 people? Well, suggestions as to what to do will be published in CONVENTION, along with instructions on signing contracts with hotels and banquet departments; handling banquet ticket sales; advance registration for voting for future consites; etc.

In 1966 or so George Scithers and Dick Eney published "The Con Committee Chairman's Guide." If they had thought that the Con Chairman, and the committee, would know all they had to before the convention had even begun, then I'm sure they wouldn't have bothered to publish what was an invaluable source of answers to questions they had encountered, problems they had confronted.

That's exactly what CONVENTION plans to do. The second issue, which you did not find lying around, contains information about hotel breakdowns for 1971 and 1972, as well as plans for producing a Progress Report that entails less work for the committee. It also contains letters from Richard Labonte (Montreal 74); Fred Patten (LA 72); George Scithers (DC63, Tricon 66, NYcon 67, etc); and Ethel Lindsay (London 65). These people seem to find the issue of some interest. If you didn't then I'm sure you won't mind not reading it in the future.

Sincerely,

Andy Porter

THE STRICKEN STRIKES BACK

Roger Sims

Of all the lessons that I have learned while in fandom, the one that has been most helpful in keeping me out of trouble is: Protect thyself at all times.

I'm sure that Mr. Andrew Porter had this in mind when he wrote his answer to my "Review" of ~~his fanzine~~ - pardon me! - CONVENTION. Realizing that Harpies was dying, he could really open the umbrella since I would not have a zine in which to print a reply.

But he miscalculated! A zine has been created! Not an ordinary one as you, the reader, already know. But one dedicated to the task of cutting down pomposity. Especially that pomposity that needs a large black Logo as a letter head to identify itself!

Not being a back bencher, or for that matter a believer in the axiom mentioned in paragraph one, I will ~~Attack~~ -uh- react to each paragraph.

1. Gee, Andy, why don't you thank Arnie. But, if it's not too late I'll send you a personally autographed copy.

2. Why are you surprised? Is it because only my review about CONVENTION is that way? Very interesting. Wonder whats in your background that makes you so very protective of your feces feck. (shit)

3. Now Andy baby, if you don't know who pub'ed it how in the world should I? But, what really bothers me is who wrote it and who put the staples in.

4. No comment at this time.

5. While I did not attend the meeting of the North American SF Convention Study Committee I did walk into the meeting room shortly after the meeting ended. The table next to the chair I sat in contained the pile of the item in question. Sending a general question to the fen in the room I received no reaction, good or bad. Like no one seemed to care about the "forum" one way or another. Andy concedes that "several might have left their copies lying around," but I contend that a pile of at least 30 is not "several".

6. See the preceeding paragraph.

7. I hereby issue a challenge! I contend that I have attended far more conventions, made more bidding speeches, and have been on more con committees than you have.

8. Thanks for the info!

9. This is how: Two or three days, or what ever the concomm decides, the fan in charge of registration the pre-registration pre-registrants into five groups. Each group would be handled by a separate line. Each line would be manned by two registration experts. In addition there should be two desks for new registrants. Now because fen do not arrive equally, a grand marshall is needed to keep things moving smoothly. To spell it out for you Andy, there would be six lines. Five for pre-registrants and one for on the spot registration. The grand marshall would direct the next in line of the on-the-spotters to the nearest empty line until all had been registered. The other thing that I would do, would be to begin registration the Wednesday before the con.

10. If it was such an "invaluable source of answers to questions they had encountered, problems they had confronted." Why is it not useful today? If it is, why did you use the word "was" and not is? And last but not least, why haven't I seen any quotes from this most valuable source of info in CONVENTION?

11. In paragraph four you state that CONVENTION will be a forum. In this paragraph you name names of fans who have written letters. Yet in the last two issues can I find any material that indicated that it was written by Andrew T. Porter? Indeed, Vol 2 No. 1 does not contain the name of any writer. Maybe it grew like topsey.

Roger Sims

he didn't like it.)) Where are you Bill? ((Who knows?)
Oh well,
no hard feelings to those of you I've badmouthed (Lynn...Bill?).
I still like you. It's just that if no one ever tells you what
they really think, you'll go on being schmucks.

G.M. Farley
P.O. Box 167
Williamsport, Md. 21795

If BADMOUTH can badmouth other people
and other things, then I would like to
badmouth BADMOUTH.

I see nothing wrong
with the title and the idea of this publication, but like so many
similar ideas it fell into immediate abuse. You note badmouthing
Bill Clark and giving others the privilege of badmouthing someone
against whom they have a gripe. I am tempted to badmouth, in the
sense just mentioned, a lot of people from lousy, careless, in-
competent, inconsiderate, incapable Greyhound Bus Lines who six
long weeks ago inadvertantly lost my luggage (suits, glasses,
rare books, an original oil painting from ZANE GREY WESTERN MAG-
AZINE and a lot of other valuable things), to some government
officials, but will desist... Ha!

There is a vast difference be-
tween badmouthing and foulmouthing. Your first issue gets a blue
ribbon for the latter/

Isn't there enough of this on TV, in the
movies, on radio, and in the streets without adding to it? Does
throwing a bucket of slop on top of a pile of trash help clean
up the garbage situation? I think BADMOUTH has no place in the
U.S. Mail -- that is, if it is going to continue to be like #1.
What kind of persons contribute cartoons filled with the lowest
forms of vulgarity? What kind of minds do they have? Their's
are the kinds of minds that are causing America to lose the
universal prestige, that drags the greatest of all Nations down
to the very throes of dissipation. Look at ancient Egypt.
Look at the great Roman Empire. This is happening to America,
and BADMOUTH is doing it's part by printing such trash from
caveman minds.

Why the 'unfunny' cartoon about God being dead?
Was it meant as a pun? It didn't strike me that way. What has
God done to those people that they have to mock and make fun of
him? These same people may even go to church and act sancti-
monious -- hypocrites.

I received my first copy of BADMOUTH with
a thrill. Your other publications had been such that I had been
proud to have them on my desk or anywhere else in the house.
When I read BADMOUTH I was ashamed to leave it lying around. I
have children, a boy and a girl at home. I had to keep this
piece of literary trash out of sight.

Why do people persist in
using profanity? Why must they indulge in the obscene?

Profanity
is a guage. You can tell a person's intelligence by it. Because
of a lack of vocabulary they must resort to profanity. The man
who must use profanity is a man of low intelligence -- without
exception/ Listen to President Nixon, or other statesmen make
a speech/ They do not use profanity, and they get their point
across very well. Men -- and women -- who must swear through
their communications place themselves in the lower classes of

society.

As for obscene language, it is merely reverting to adolescence. The little boy who just discovered why he is formed differently from the little girl becomes inquisitive. Next he makes a discovery or two, usually from a slightly older boy. He then sets out to show the world that he has a complete knowledge of sex. He makes a fool of himself, but he doesn't know it. Some adults have grown up in body only. They are like a ditch digger trying to impress a group of scientists of his intelligence and prowess.

So BADMOUTH has only contributed to the downward trend of humanity. It should be barred from the mails. Certain it is that it has no place in a home where there are children or persons of average intelligence. ((I'll let the readers answer this letter as I already have Lisa's article on censorship in this issue and G.M. and I have already discussed it lightly in correspondence and in person when he stopped by for a visit.)).

Ned Brooks
713 Paul Street
Newpoet News, VA. 23605

Much thanks for the BADMOUTH. I enjoyed it. Can't think of anything or anyone I want to badmouth though -- Spirocere Gagneux and JJ Piercing are all taken up by experts. Maybe someone will badmouth me, that's something to look forward to.

The 1926 vintage humor is a little difficult to comment on... I like the cartoon on page 8, the burglars frightened by the modernistic (or whatever it is) room. I like it myself, the room that is, its rather cosy. The idea is interesting though - could a house be designed so as to be effectively repellent to the type of man who burgles houses? Or a car to be utterly terrifying to car thieves? Perhaps a synthetic leather could be devised that a pickpocket could not bear to touch...

The Jay Lynch cartoons must be fairly old, ((yes they are)) his style has changed a lot. I noticed some of his work in the 'underground comics' that are just now becoming available in this cultural backwater.

Your drawing of ~~Audie Murphy~~ Jackie Cooper looks like him, which is no great advantage to anyone. Vicious looking character...

I don't know why you ran the 'American Books' thing ((I do)) - it is a little dated. ((only 67 years)) Note that, aside from Twain, most of the American authors mentioned are quite forgotten today, and probably with good reason. I can't see why the nameless author of the piece seems to rejoice that foreign markets could be found for junk that was popular here. The situation today with regard to TV is much the same, I suppose - a little good foreign (mostly BBC) programming reaches us, and great gobs of US garbage go all around the world, insulting the intelligence of men everywhere.

Gee, I got in some badmouthing after all... Guess I've been reading too much of Ellison's THE GLASS TEAT, a collection of TV commentary over the past couple of years. I don't particularly like Ellison's arrogant attitude or his style of criticism, but I find myself forced to agree with his opinion of current TV pro-

was all readable. ((In the near future the repro will improve greatly. However, I'll still be doing my own printing. Thats half the idea of putting out a fanzine.))

Bob George Received the issue of BADMOUTH which had 1816 Mepkin Apt. B5 to be forwarded up from Cuba. I am now Charleston, S.C. 29407 stationed in Charleston. It is nice to be able to read daily newspapers on day pubbed, watch TV shows on day scheduled, pick up telephone and call, etc. Really, the states seem to have changed a lot in the two years I was in Gitmo. The pace, even in Charleston, seems to be so much quicker; and, people seem to be enjoying themselves so much less. The Jamaicans enjoy a meal for its own intrinsic characteristics, while in America a meal is just a necessity which must be gotten out of the way as quickly as possible, i.e., Hardee's, McDonalds, and the other quick-in, quick-out instant meal factories. A great shock is the denseness of population, cars, new shopping centers, etc. On leave I traveled to St. Louis, Washington DC, and into the south - everywhere people are exploding. In Gitmo the population is stable and fluctuates very minutely, thus giving a real balance to a closed society. It really makes one wonder where everyone is coming from.

Another aspect that is not fully comprehensible overseas is the total disregard for law and order which is prevailing in America today. We read about it NEWSWEEK and TIME, but the actual situation did not sink in until seeing it in fact/ One of the sailors commented that we were safer on the footstep of a communist country than walking in a big city.

What kind of a dirty old man are you anyway? ((Rotten to the core)) Putting a comic cover on the front of a magazine filled with old worn-out jokes and nostalgia. Comic fandom unite...anyway I got a kick out of the old humor, especially the full page drawings. The article on 'American Books Now Read Abroad' was quite timely in light of the squabble over what books should go in our USA libraries overseas/ It's good to see a fanzine come out every so often which doesn't try to intellectuize or fool anybody - just let their minds wander and, perhaps, think.

Things were getting out of hand at The University of South Carolina when certain factions wanted to cease the playing of DIXIE at football games, etc. because it was degrading, etc. At first the USC officials were going to bend to the demand, but statewide opinion grew rapidly and the song was saved and will be played. ((If I were still living in Orangeburg and had known that, I would have clamored my opinion on it too)) How some people can clamor for Freedom of Speech and then shackle the playing of a beautiful and historic melody like DIXIE is beyond me.

Best of luck with BADMOUTH and THE PULP ERA.

Response to the first issue of BADMOUTH was very gratifying and the magazine will continue on a quarterly basis. Remember that this zine is going to be basicly a magazine of opinion and YOURS is welcomed.

Lynn Hickman

The latest OMPA mailing (#58) was a bit of a disappointment. Only 90 pages. I only had 5 in myself. The first zine I pulled out of the mailing was TYKKY-DEW 4 from Peter Roberts. Most of this issue is filled with comments on zines from APA 45. Really of little interest to me, since to be a member they would have to make it APA 26.

Next in line was SEAGULL 7 from Rosemary Pardoe. I disagree with your idea that you have to be brave to commit suicide. In most cases people who are contemplating suicide are mentally ill and I feel they (in most cases) have to be braver in NOT committing the act. I too am still having duplicator trouble. My model 1250 Multilith still needs a set of ink rollers (14 of them) and a new water roller. My model 75 has a broken gear plus a broken side plate. This is being typed directly on master and will be run off on the model 80 which is NOT the worlds finest press.

CYNIC 1. A.

Graham Boak. Liked the cover. I agree on your ideas re: faanish vs. sercon. I guess I'm some of both, at least I wouldn't attend all the conventions I do if all I could do was listen to a bunch of speeches on SF. I go to see some of my favorite people and to socialize AND I usually get a little unsober as the parties go into the wee hours. I don't agree that 'older' fen don't mix with the younger fen and that they don't talk sf and are not interested in present day fanac. I would have to be termed an older fan since I'm one of the founders of First Fandom, but I mix with everyone and anyone at a convention that is interesting. One evening at the Midwestcon in June this year I spent almost an entire evening with a group of teenage fans. Not because they were young or old but because they were fun to talk with and were interesting.

PABLO 8, Darroll

Pardoe. And #9 too, I see. Enjoyed reading them and about the trip, but really not much to comment on.

Les SPINGE #21, I note is an old one you put out while in the states. That is the format I will be going to with most of my zines next year except that I will not reduce the size of the type. A well presented and laid out zine.

LODBROG 1. John Bangsund. Lovely cover, best in the mailing. Interesting all the way through, John. I enjoy learning more of people, their tastes, etc.

GERB IS 21.

Gerald Bishop. Hmmm, if you lived in Ohio you could now legally get stinko on hard liquor or 7% beer instead of 3.2%.

A bunch of UL's from Norm Metcalf. I do wish you would put these things together in a form of fanzine instead of loose pages.

ERG #31.

Terry Jeeves. Excellent! Especially enjoyed Carry on Jeeves and Down Memory Bank Lane. I agree, Don't disband OMPA, let any dissatisfied members resign. I'm sorry I didn't have a zine in the last mailing. Mailed off the one that appeared in this one (58) but it didn't get there in time.

VAGARY 22.

Roberta Gray. I still have a goodly number of the old pulp western magazines from approx. 1920 on. No Wild West Weekly anymore, but I do remember the series you mentioned. Sonny

Tabor was one of my favorites. The pulp westerns I have left in my collection run as follows: Leading Western, Western Story Magazine, Texas Rangers, Double Action Western, Complete Cowboy Novel Magazine, Cowboy Stories, Quick Trigger Western, Two Gun Stories, Masked Rider Western, The Rio Kid Western, Popular Western, West, Giant Western, Thrilling Western, Exciting Western, Range Riders Western, All Western, Western Trails, Western Roundup, Frontier Stories, The Frontier, Indian Stories, Ranch Romances, Ace High Magazine, Ace High Western, 10 Story Western, Western Rangers, Complete Novel Magazine, Wild West Stories and Complete Novel Magazine, Dime Western, .44 Western, Crack Shot Western, Action Stories, Buck Jones Western, and Pete Rice. There may be a few other odd copies hidden around in the wrong stacks that I forgot. As a boy I guess I would have to say that my favorite westerns were Texas Rangers, Popular Western (for the Sheriff Blue Steele stories) and the few copies of Buck Jones Western that were published (Buck Jones and Ken Maynard were my two favorite western movie stars). Actually the best western stories that I read were published in the Argosy magazine. H. Bedford-Jones was a fine author who wrote for many of the pulps in all fields. He is best known for his adventure stories. Of course I collect pulps in all of the fields, not just science fiction or western. I didn't see Rosemary's Baby the first time around but Carolyn and I went to it this year when it showed up at the drive-in Theatre. The comedienne you remember from your childhood days was Patsy Kelly. Actually I don't go to a great amount of movies anymore, I don't think they are as good these days.

BOOKS

The champion badmouth of them all does an excellent job in The Glass Teat. From Ace Books (\$1.25) Harlan Ellison brings us a collection of his columns of television criticism that first appeared in the Los Angeles Free Press. You might not always agree with Harlan, but these columns are written in such a style that you will enjoy every badmouthing minute of them. Good Stuff!

Of Black America BLACK HISTORY: lost, stolen or strayed by Otto Lindenmeyer. Discus/Avon (\$1.25). I don't even know what to say or even stammer about this book. It is incredibly bad. The author here has reached so far out trying to prove a point or two that the book actually strikes you as silly rather than the history of black Americans. Don't waste your money on this one.

THE MIDDLE OF THE COUNTRY: The Events of May 4th as Seen by Students and Faculty at Kent State University. Avon Books (\$1.25) A hastily put together book to capitalize on the news of the time. It is not a very good one. From some of the observations made by students and faculty members I would not want my children taught at that school. For example the following statement was made by the Assistant Professor of American Literature. "Those

who took to the streets were the keepers of the national conscience. Their rage had no proper focus; the students, being moral rather than political creatures, had no way of knowing that smashing the windows of the Portage National Bank, a Revco Drug Store, and a shoe palace would not destroy the economic and social web that holds racism, war, and deliberate neglect!" A teacher (?) uttering such stupidity is beyond me.

New Black Playwrights edited by William Couch, jr., Bard/Avon (\$1.65) Interesting from a social standpoint, but not my dish.

Siege by Edwin Corley. Avon (\$1.25). A touch of fantasy here and/or prediction when the black/white conflict reaches the point of a militant black take-over of Manhattan. Recommended.

Had just started this column and then it was vacation time already. Went to the Fan Fair in Toronto and then toured Canada. Fine time. After that I went to the Triple Fan Fair in Detroit, and the Cinophile Con in Dearborn and the Octocon in Sandusky. Many more books I want to mention and/or review but since I want to get this issue mailed to England These will appear in the Pulp Era and/or the next issue of Badmouth.

Did pick up some pulps I wanted in Toronto and at Sandusky. The Lone Eagle, George Bruce's Squadron Magazine, Dr. Yen Sin and Golden Fleece.

Visitors since last issue include Bob Sampson, G.M. Farley, Bill Connor & wife, and Rog & Pat Sims.

Next issue will be put out quickly to get back on the quarterly schedule, so any letters of comment should be sent as soon as possible. Articles and/or artwork welcomed. Especially cartoons. In the next issue for sure: Gary Zachrich, Jay Kinney, and of course, me. Lets see you.

Lynn Hickman

PHANTOM

DETECTIVE

DEC.

10

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