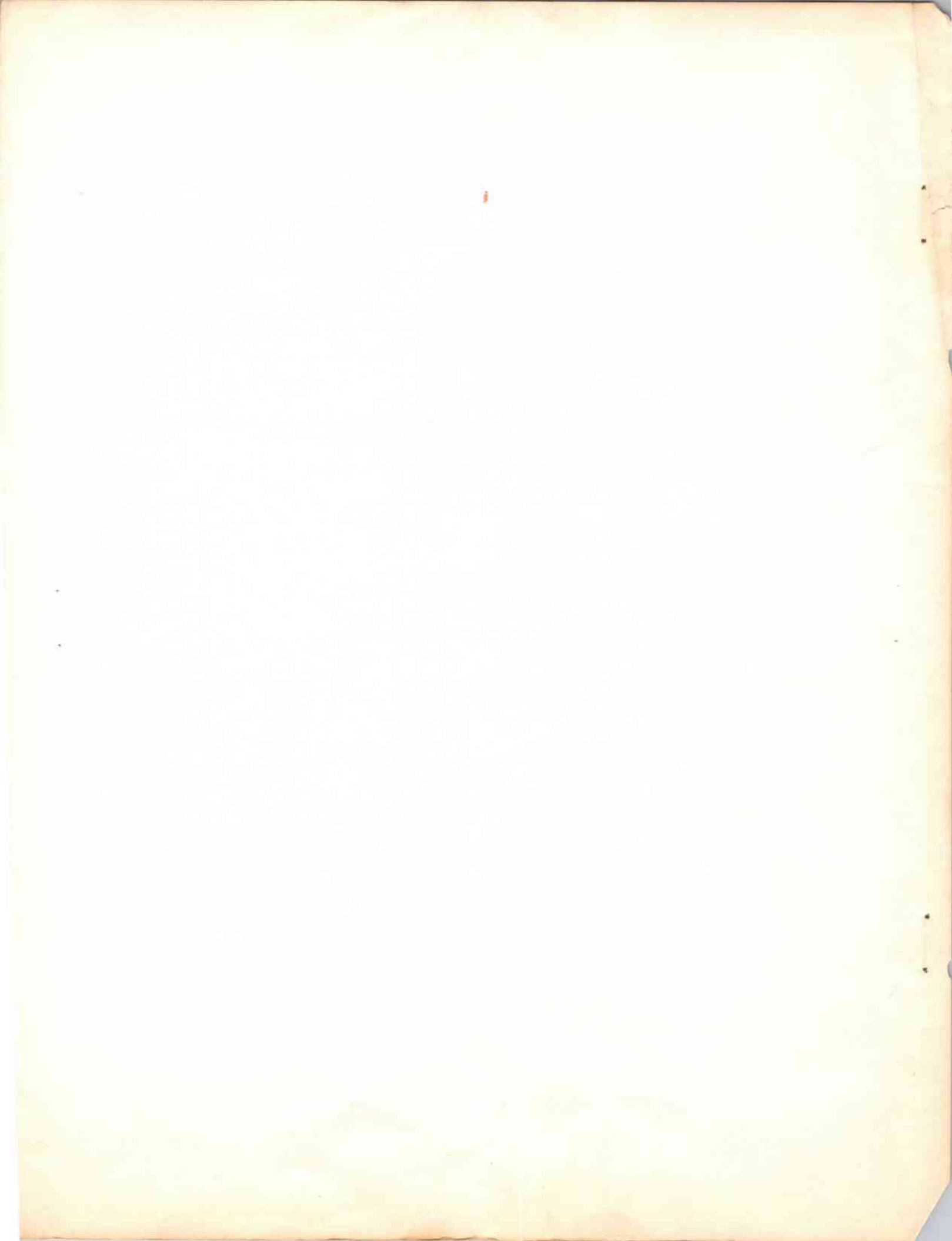




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# BADMOUTH

## # 3

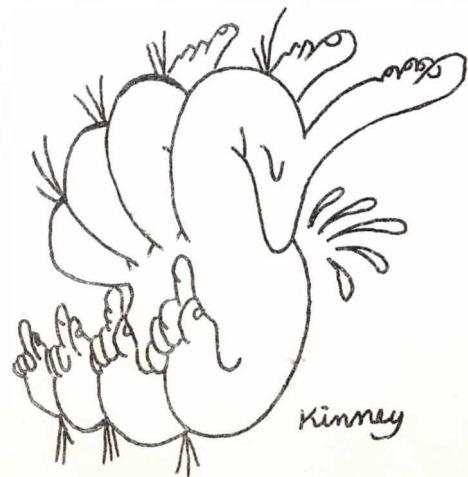
SUMMER ISSUE

1971

Badmouth is published quarterly by Lynn Hickman at 413 Ottokee Street in Wauseon, Ohio 43567 for OMPA. Others may obtain copies in the following ways: 4 issues for \$1.25, letter of comment, contributions of artwork or written material, or by trading your zine.

This is issue number 3 for Summer 1971.

If there is an X below, you must fulfill one of the above conditions or this will be your last issue.



# B A D M O U T H   n u m b e r   t h r e e

Summer-Fall issue 1971

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Back cover by Irene Beck

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## Artwork as follows:

Wm Rotsler	pages 3 - 9 - 11
Jay Kinney	" 3 - 10 - 14 - 16
Gary Zachrich	" 8 - 12
Terry Jeeves	" 11
Jackie Franke	" 13

This issue is intended for the 64th OMPA mailing.

Late message: This issue is being finished November the 15th and has been redated Summer-Fall 1971. The #4 issue will be the Winter 1971-72 issue for mailing #65. It will contain my comments on mailing #63 and some comments on my favorite zines from previous mailings that I had not commented on. It will also contain general material since the basic premise of the zine is comment on matters of all character. So far, it seems to be liked better by non-Ompans than by Ompans.

As you can tell, I'm still having press troubles and have had to tear the model 80 down to try and get it rolling again. I'm afraid it is beyond help without expensive repairs. I hope to have the model 1250 going again by the time I have the next issue on master, so keep your fingers crossed.

Didn't go to the con in Boston, but vacationed in Canada instead. Did attend the Octocon in Sandusky as usual and as usual had a wonderful time.

Lynn Hickman

Try to be in every mailing and OMPA will thrive.

# SUBURBAN GARDENS

*by Gary Zachrich*

You ever try to grow a garden? It's not the goddamn weeds that get me, its the Chomp bugs and the Rot Blight. But I'm not knocking natures own, just the results. Let me tell you about my gardening while I take a good stiff one. Good Kentucky Bourbon.

There comes a day every spring when you walk out the door and get a good whiff of warm weather to come and you think of gentle rain and the good smell of growing things and the fellowship of your neighbor (who detests you all through the fall and winter because of your detestable personal habits and the time you came home after one too many and drove around his house at three ack enna and accidentally knocked down his clothesline) who will observe you humping weeds in the garden and say "Mighty fine looking row of Truncheon Beans you got there" and I'll say thank you and he'll turn away and pat himself on the back for being so fair minded and all because he knows he has the best Truncheon Beans in the area. Then I'll say asshole under my breath but my wife will hear me and mark me down for a lecture on common decency that night.

Remember that the above only takes a fervent moment as I walk to my car. While driving to work, I determine not to grow a garden. I remember all the failures and the Chomp Bugs. The Rot Blight never bothers me until it strikes. That night things happen.

Meat and potatoes and red gravy and home baked apple pie with milk in a bowl. The wife slipped up and bought a sixpack of premium beer at the supermarket. With a belly full and a couple of the best topping it off and the news out of the way, the kids come romping into the living room with Optimans Catalogue of Guaranteed Seeds in full color. Pages flick and smiles abound while I'm deluged with phrases like "Hugest, fattest radishes ever grown, not a pith in a parcel" "Junkers Golden Hybrid Early Maturing Full Kerneled Sweet Corn" "Conundrums Famous Porksteak Tomatoes, with only one seed per fruit under optimum conditions". Pictures of mouth watering goodies over each ad make me teeter. I can taste those fresh boiled ears of corn and feel the pride welling in my bosom as I stand over the ripening tomatoes as big as muskmelons. Then while I'm teetering the most, comes the final blow. "Just think dad, us kids will do all the weed-ing and that will be a lot less lawn to mow."

The fiasco begins

April 20th. You don't stop at the bar, you go right home, change clothes and hump dirt in the "garden". Three

days later you give up and borrow the neighbor's garden tiller.

April 26th. A whole lot of seeds are planted. The neighbors beam at you because they think you are doing something worthwhile. That evening you find that you have spent eleven dollars for seed and eight fifty for fertilizer. You drink a lot of beer and are cheered by the wife who quotes winter prices on tomatoes and corn and beans and predicts that we will come out more than even. Somewhat relaxed you have another beer. The weeds haven't started growing yet.

April 27th, 28th and the next seven days it rains. A scummy green pool covers the garden. You stop at the bar every night and cuss while you wipe the mud from your shoes.

May 11th. The "garden" is dry enough to walk on without losing your shoes in the mire. You check each row of lovingly planted seeds and find that only a few corns have started, none of the beans, nothing else at all in fact, except one single muskmelon plant. There are a lot of weeds though, but being small you ignore them. You get back in the car and go to the bar to shoot pool. That night the wife convinces you to replant to recover your fertilizer cost. Which, by the way, is about eight times per pound as much as farmers pay in addition to price supports on crops.

May 12th. You replant. Another seven dollars something worth of seeds that say "harmful if swallowed" on account of they were treated with something to prevent something and make them grow. Yes, I have considered eating the seeds instead of sticking them in the ground to rot. The weeds seem to be more prolific.

May 13th. It doesn't rain for another nine days. The few things that grew before shrivel up and the new things don't do a damn thing.

May 23rd. You come home early from work, string the garden hose and fasten on the newly purchased length of sprinkle hose to water the "garden". You take a few half hearted swipes at the weeds that don't seem to need water, with a dull hoe and retire to a summer rerun of an Andy Hardy movie. You allow yourself a few belts from the Jack Daniels bottle while your in a good mood and retire. That night a terrible thunderstorm breaks and it rains in barrels. An insidious bellyache keeps you awake the rest of the night and you don't amount to a crap the next day. Once in awhile you wonder if the original herbivores ate weeds in the dawn of time.

May 25th. Golf season has started and sunshine seems to be the rule. This eliminates one night a week and the dumpling children who pushed the one year program have yet to pull a weed. The weeds are gaining. The wife pulls a few and gives me a lecture on the amount of time I spend in the bar.

June 1st. My favorite bar is closed for remodeling but I don't tell my wife. I work like hell and get almost all the weeds while my neighbors beam. The garden looks good without them and if you don't look at the size of the neighbor's tomatoes you feel pretty good. The wife is nice and feeds me good and acts like a heifer in the spring when I'm too tired to untie my pajama strings. Some of the fellows at the shop remark about my unusually clear eyes

and wonder if I've been sick.

June 11th. The bar is open again and I participate in the grand opening. The sun has set the hour before I get home and I do nothing. The next night is golf night. My friend and I golf and play pool 'till one in the morning. The next night I am too tired to do anything and retire early. As I lay my head down I wonder how the family is doing and forget about the garden. The following day I notice the yard is much higher than the neighbors. As I cut it I wonder where they get the time to keep it so neatly trimmed.

June 17th. I stop at the bar and moan to my friends how much time it takes to have a garden and how the weeds keep getting ahead of me. I get a lot of good advice. Later I go look at the garden and sharpen my hoe.

July 1st. I am outraged to find that my wife has offered to give the kids 10¢ per box for weeds. There must be five hundred dollars worth out there. To prove I am dedicated I weed the whole garden in the next two days while the neighbors beam. I drink a coke in the garden in full view of the neighbors. The wife comments that this is a shallow ploy and won't change my image. She stomps off in disgust.

July 20th. A pattern has set. Either the lawn needs mowed or the garden needs weeding. The kids still haven't pulled a weed, but my handicap in golf has gone down and I'm fixing to turn over a new leaf. The wife mutters while she cultivates her flowers which put the garden to shame. Undaunted, I pluck a few weeds by hand and retire to a good book. I have things under control.

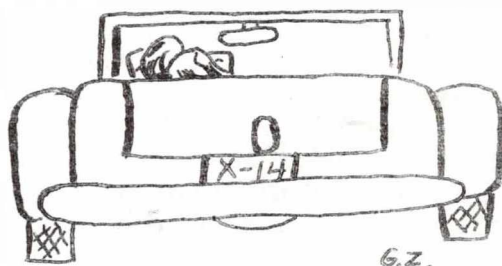
August 3rd. With a little coaxing I have weeded the whole garden and it seems to be thriving. As I finish my neighbor stopped by and commented on my Truncheon Beans. To his retreating back I muttered asshole just as my wife was bringing me a cold beer as a reward for the sweat staining my shorts. Somewhat coldly she handed me the beer and marked me down for a lecture on common decency that night. I take a good gurgle and idly flick a chomp bug from my arm. The point of this doesn't strike me until I go to bed. I wonder if I can't sleep because of the warm weather.

August 11th. I'm late to the bar meeting because I stopped and bought a couple of dollars worth of Chomp Bug powder. The boys note the package and wonder. I tell them I have a Chomp Bug problem and get a lot of advice. That night I put on the powder and notice that the Rot Blight has struck the tomatoes. Before coming in the house I pick a few roasting ears and husk them in the garden. My neighbor, who is watching, tells me that the reason the ears are not full is because I planted them in a poor pollination pattern. I smile and agree. Then as I walk into the house I mutter "Asshole" under my breath and the wife doesn't catch me. Somewhat mollified by this victory I enjoy my supper while the wife says the corn would have cost seventy eight cents if we'd had to buy it. That night the neighbor kids steal my only ripening mushmellons. The Chomp Bugs get most of the rest.

August 28th. I give up on the garden. My wife takes over and nurses the tomatoes out of the Rot Blight. They taste good on hamburgers and she comments that they would have cost nineteen cents a pound if we had to buy them. I agree and vow never to try to grow a garden again.

Gary Zachrich

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"YOU SAY YOU'RE BROADMINDED, WITH DEFINATE GOALS, AND RECEPTIVE TO THE OPPOSITE VIEW, BUT I'M TELLING YOU, YOU ARE TOO FAR TO THE RIGHT."  
"THATS FUNNY, I THOUGHT I HAD MY HAND RIGHT ON IT!"

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# COMMENTS FROM THE READERS

G. M. CARR 5319 Ballard Ave. N.W. Seattle, Washington 98107

BADMOUTH rec'd, for which thank you. It starts right out with Lisa Tuttle's article on censorship, and when I read articles on censorship by not-yet-18-year olds, I am overwhelmed with a feeling of, 'Hey ho, here we go again...'

But I will say for Lisa that she presents a well arranged and logical set of misconceptions and, indeed, the only fault I find with it is that her opinions ARE based on misconceptions. The misconception that previous generations considered talk about sex taboo because it is 'dirty'.... It wasn't taboo because sex is dirty, but because illicit sex was *forbidden*. The general taboo was part of the *forbidden*, and in my opinion, at least, the *dirty* connotation arose from the general distastefulness of an act of love necessarily performed without love. Unfortunately, the history of civilization shows that property has more often been the basis of marriage than affection has been, and, as a result, human beings (especially those of importance in the world) have been mated only with regard to money, property, politics, etc., in sufficient numbers to have created an overall social pattern where love has been excluded as a necessary concomitant to the sex act. And that IS *dirty*.

But it does not follow, as Lisa seems to imply, that lack of any restrictions on the sex act will therefore remove the *dirty* and improve the moral quality of society. Lisa says, and I quote:

*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.*

Among the primitive societies found by explorers who discovered the Hawaiian Islands and others of the South Seas, there was a very complete system of sex education in so far as the children were well aware of the so-called 'facts of life' from infancy on... But this was no protection against venereal disease nor illegitimacy... (Incidentally, a much less serious matter among a culture where a woman is not accepted in marriage until she has shown her capacity to conceive a child, and the identity of the father is not of particular importance until after the marriage.)

Lisa shows an awareness of the problem when she says...*There are movies and books that could frighten children... could give a warped idea of sex, ...and could... cause other mental and social damage...* CHILDREN are influenced by practically everything.

Is it only CHILDREN that are influenced by *practically everything*?

I recently read that there was a sudden rise in respiratory fatalities which, when autopsied, showed the presence in the lung of asbestos particles. Some of them had been present for 20 or 30 years -- ever since the person had, as a child, romped and played on a garbage dump where powdered asbestos had been thrown. But other fatalities were in adults who had worked with asbestos and inhaled the dust after they were fully grown. Should legal restriction on the disposal of asbestos dust be concerned only with the *children* who might breathe it?

True, it is not possible to autopsy a human soul to discover the embedded contaminants that destroyed it. We cannot cut it open to discover just which were the words that caused atrophy of the faculties of decency, loyalty, faithfulness, or honor. We can only observe that in some people, these characteristics do not exist. They DO exist in other people. What are the environmental influences to which the former have been exposed, but not the latter, which caused the difference? Could it be the type of mental garbage dump on which they have been allowed to romp? Or the type of psychic pollution to which they have been exposed *as adults*?

It should be so obvious as not to require mentioning, that one cannot know what is in a book until one has read it -- *but by that time, it is too late!* Once the book is read, the damage is done. The idea is implanted and cannot be removed. It is too late, then, to say -- as Lisa says -- they can *consider the idea of freedom to choose for themselves what they will or will not read...* They have already read it. Having done so, they may regret it as bitterly as the unwitting victim of asbestos regrets taking the job in the building industry that caused him to inhale the dust from the sawn platerboard he worked with. The fact that neither of them knew what he was getting into does not prevent the damage that was done. One was possible death to the body, the other possible death to the soul.

Is the merchant's *right* to purvey unsafe wallboard, greater than the carpenter's right to contaminated lungs? Is the putative author's *right* to free speech greater than the unwary reader's right to a clean mind?

I think Lisa should think this through a little deeper. Right now she resents not being allowed to wallow on the mental garbage dump. Not because it is a garbage dump, but because she feels she is a big girl now and should be allowed to choose for herself. But what is it she wants to *choose*? The delightful pleasure of breathing something that will rot out her soul 20 or 30 years from now? Or the delightful pleasure of sampling *forbidden* pleasures that may destroy her capacity for innocence?

A person's character is as important to his personality as his physical body is. Shouldn't one at least be warned of possible danger instead of having to stumble accidentally into it without warning and the 'choose for oneself'?

I wonder how many kids really do *choose for themselves* to become drug addicts with a \$25 to \$50 a day habit? Or to become acid heads, so rum-dum they can't carry on a coherent conversation? Or to become syphilitic prostitutes, slaving for some indifferent pimp? How did they reach such a choice? Voluntarily? Or did they stumble into it without warning and then find themselves unable to *choose* any other way of life?



I agree with Lisa that *A more intelligent morality...that a puritanical one which is forced upon children and makes them feel guilty about natural urges...* is desirable. But I do not think a complete absence of moral restraints is the answer. There may be some schoolroom sex education classes which are healthy both for mind and body. I don't know because I'm not a kid in school anymore, neither do I have any children in school so I haven't had any first hand observation by which to judge. But in my opinion two wrongs do not make a right, and sex education in schools which does not have a high ethical content as well as the customary *humanplumbing* information, could well do as much or more damage than the lack of it has done in the past.

Well, Lynn, two pages of comment on the very first article ought to be enough. Otherwise, if I commented at length on everything in BADMOUTH, I'd have to issue my own fanzine to contain it all. Liz Fishman's story (?) anecdote (?) was cute... Lettercol so-so. Review, interesting.

Incidentally, Lynn, I'm selling off my collection of sf and fantasy. *Weird Tales*, *Astoundings*, a complete set of *UNKNOWN*s, ditto *London Mystery Magazine*, the first few years of *Galaxy* (including most of the *Galaxy Novels*) Mag. of *F&SF*, etc. Also a lot of Arkham House hardcovers. Here's a chance to pick up a lot of stuff from the Forties and Fifties... However, please note I'm *selling* them, not giving them away for nothing.

(Editors note: Anyone interested in the above magazines write directly to G.M. CARR, not Badmouth and make your offers. In reference to classroom sex education, Jim Goodrich send me the following clipping from a British newspaper: *IT'S JUST A SAMPLE OF BRIT. UNDERSTATEMENT* London, May 4.

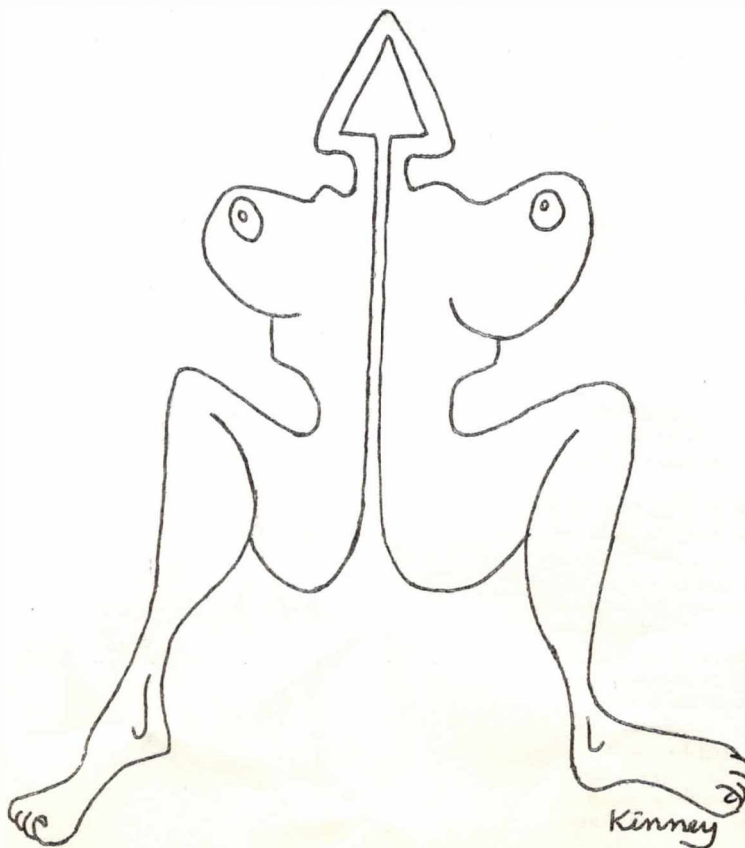
*The hottest film in Britain, or at least the one making the big splash in the press, isn't even a commercial attraction. It's a new classroom sex education pic in which a young femme schoolteacher, in the buff, masturbates.*

*The teacher has been suspended and the man who made the film, a university lecturer, is the new 'heavy' for the local comstocks. Latter are mobilized and ever more vigilant in combat against the new permissiveness. The film, by the way, is on the shelf pending education authority investigations. No prosecution so far. LH)*

NANCY HALOUSKA 1406 Juanita Boise, Idaho 83706

Sat down and read Badmouth just as soon as I got it. Really enjoyed that story by Liz Fishman. Made me think of one of my first dances when I got stuck with a real pig and Mom wouldn't let me out of it. Couldn't agree very much with Lisa Turtle. Don't think any 15 year old is mature enough to make decisions to be seeing X or R movies. Certainly do agree tho, that a child's idea of sex is definately influenced by the parents. If the parents give the impression that it is dirty nothing much will change that idea when the child is older. Sorry but I don't agree that sex education in the schools is a good idea. As far as the *Commie plot*, its very evident that she doesn't know a damn thing about it. Through the schools and the young people is one place the *Commies* are really gaining, and fast, a hold in America. Most people don't realize what is happening because your news media is so far to the left its not even funny.

That first letter in Badmouthing Badmouth really made me mad. Who the hell does David Anthony Kraft think he is? Am seriously thinking about writing a letter to him and telling him off.





ANDREW PORTER 55 Pineapple St. Brooklyn, NY 11201

Thanks for the issue of Badmouth. I read it today, after getting back from my vacation. I did see Roger Sims at the Midwestcon (two years after he picked up that issue of Convention...) and he asked me whether I'd seen Badmouth. I told him no, and he just smirked. I can see why now.

Frankly, the whole thing is rather boring and I don't want to get into anything more deeply than this letter. I am rather tired of the 'controversy'. The last issue of Convention will probably be published this fall. Response has been less than satisfying. I do have my own ideas of what a convention magazine should be like and tried to publish what I thought that should be. Response other than subscriptions has, after the initial replies, been less than satisfactory, especially from the professional advertisers. I suppose the recession is partly to blame. I do know that my time has been very limited lately, even my own ALGOL has been languishing. I've been dividing my time between the Northeastcon and the Toronto bid, and many things have been falling by the wayside.

Roger's ideas of how to handle registration fail to answer the how of the system. He shows the way people would be directed into lines but fails to make clear how to organize the records to keep banquet tickets, supporting memberships, attending memberships, etc. separate and also accessible at all times.

Personally, I didn't want to use the Scithers/Eney guides information as it is copyrighted and rather than simply reprinting I felt that new information to cope with large conventions was needed. I have my own sources for this information and used them: all uncredited material was editor written, a point which I thought I made clear.

For what it's worth, here's a list of conventions I've attended, and all that sort of stuff. If you want to simply pass it on to Roger, feel free. *Balticons*, 67, 68, 70.// *Open ESFA*, 62, 63, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69.// *Lunacon*, 62, 63, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71.// *Disclave*, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71.// *Midwestcon*, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71.// *Westercon*, 66.// *Worldcon*, 63, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71.// *Phillycon*, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70.// *Boskone*, 66, 69, 70.// *Secondary Universe*, 70.// *Comicons*, 64, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70.// *Pgblange*, 70.// *Mondocon*, 71. Leaving out Apas I've been a member of, Clubs I've been a member of, I've been USAgent for the 1968 and 1971 British SF Conventions, on the committee of the 1966 NY Comicon, Secretary of the 1967 Worldcon, Program Book Ad Manager for the 1967, 1969, 1970, 1971 and 1972 Worldcons; been ad manager for the 1967 Lunacon, USAgent for Ethel Lindsay and John Bangsund, USAgent for Australia in 1975 and on the committee of the Toronto in 1973 bid. That makes 59 conventions. I don't know how many conventions I've been a part of, and publisher of over 350 fanzines, including SFWeekly (230 plus issues).

Just for what it's worth...Sometimes I look back and think about all the fannish things I've done and wonder where I ever found the time. I think that the next time I see Roger Sims I'll pour a glass of Jack Daniels over him and Melt Him to Death.

(Editors note: I really don't know how many conventions Roger has attended. But I guess I've seen him at 2 or 3 a year for over 20 years. LH)

JACKIE FRANKE Box 51-A RR2 Beecher, Ill. 60401

Rescanned the two issues of Badmouth to refresh my memory...see now that you just had to be bombed when you assembled the first ish. Sure 1926 must have been a great year and all that, but not being a nostalgia fan, can't say that the reprints from JUDGE magazine did anything for me. (In fact, to display my total ignorance...what the dickens was JUDGE? Anything like LIBERTY? ((another zine I've heard of, but never seen)) ) (*Judge* and the original *Life* were THE humour magazines of the 20s and 30s. *Liberty* was more like *Colliers* and the *SatEvPost*. Incidentally, *Liberty* is being published again as a nostalgia magazine at 75¢. The *SatEvPost* is also back at \$1.00 a copy. Both are well worth buying. LH) Also the whole issue seemed quite disorganized, and made me wonder if even veteran fans put our lousy fanz just as some of the more untalented Neo-zine's I've seen.

Then the second ish...AHA! Improvement! Most likely you were cold sober when you put out that one! (I am never cold sober when I put out a fanzine. That would take half the fun out of it. LH) Things Happen To Me by Liz was up to her usual standards. You compared her to Harry Golden, which in a way, I agree with, but really think that she's in a class all by herself. The censorship article didn't do much for me, as it seemed to be mere grousing by an under-age teenager than the coverage of the pros and cons of censorship itself. I know that when I was 17, I was just as positive that the entire world had it in for kids...not letting us see this, not letting us read that...but we all survived. There are a heck of a lot of years to live after eighteen and I really can't feel all that sorry for her. Few films/books/etc. totally disappear, and once majority is reached, she'll be able to see what she wants. Those that fall by the wayside are usually garbage anyway, so she really isn't missing all that much. In fact, with the general failure of the movie rating system, about all that she can't see nowadays (not last year) are the out-and-out porno flicks. Her main complaint seems to be that censor-



ship should not be applied to adults (which I agree with), but she seems to consider herself an adult at seventeen. Well, if that is so, and she does agree that children should be 'protected' from certain films...just where do you draw the line? 16? 15? Each age-group usually thinks that they are 'all grown up', but those that are a few years older usually don't agree. If a line has to be drawn, 18 is a fairly good compromise. Unless we use psychological maturity tests as a yardstick, which would bring about a host of even worse abuses, birthdates will have to suffice. What else would she suggest?

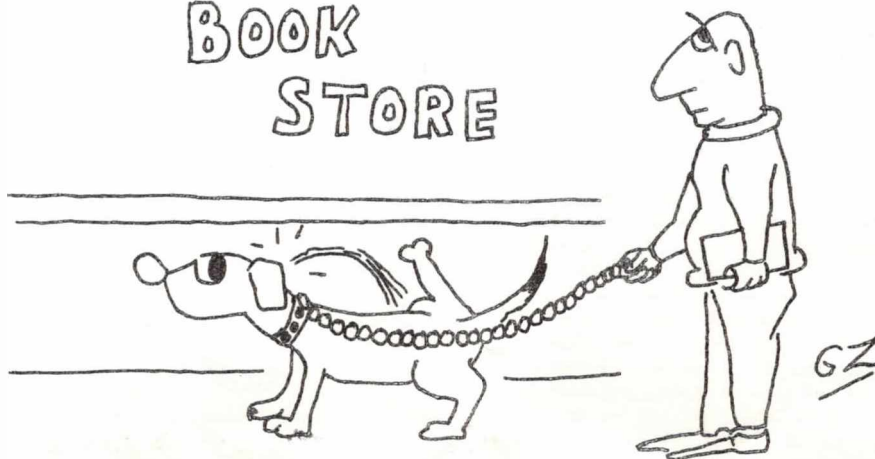
The letters were interesting and certainly showed what a widely varying group forms fandom. G.M. Farley seemed more than a bit uptight, as the 1st ish of Badmouth didn't seem foul or dirty-mouthed to me, but I do believe in live and let live. Too bad G.M. doesn't. I assume his main gripe was the BEARD cartoon, and I didn't care for it either, but that's one of the nice things about reading a zine...you can skip what has no appeal to you. Turning a page is a simple maneuver and takes little time. A highly recommended method of self-censorship.

Bob George's reactions to returning to the States after living in a militaristic, closed society like G.M. intrigued me. He complained about the furor over what books and such should be sent to overseas libraries, and sounded wistful about the peaceful, orderly life he enjoyed 'on the footsteps of a communist country'. You can't have both. *AN A LAW & ORDER society is peaceful, Repressed, totalitarian, censored...but peaceful. Does he maintain that the entire country should be run like a military base? This country hasn't begun to find all the answers yet, on how to control...or prevent in the first place...crime and violence. But we are trying. As long as the Law and Order nuts can be restrained from turning the nation into a police state, there's a chance that solutions may be found. Otherwise we'll wind up being led by the beat of marching jack-boots. And that, to me, is even more repulsive.*

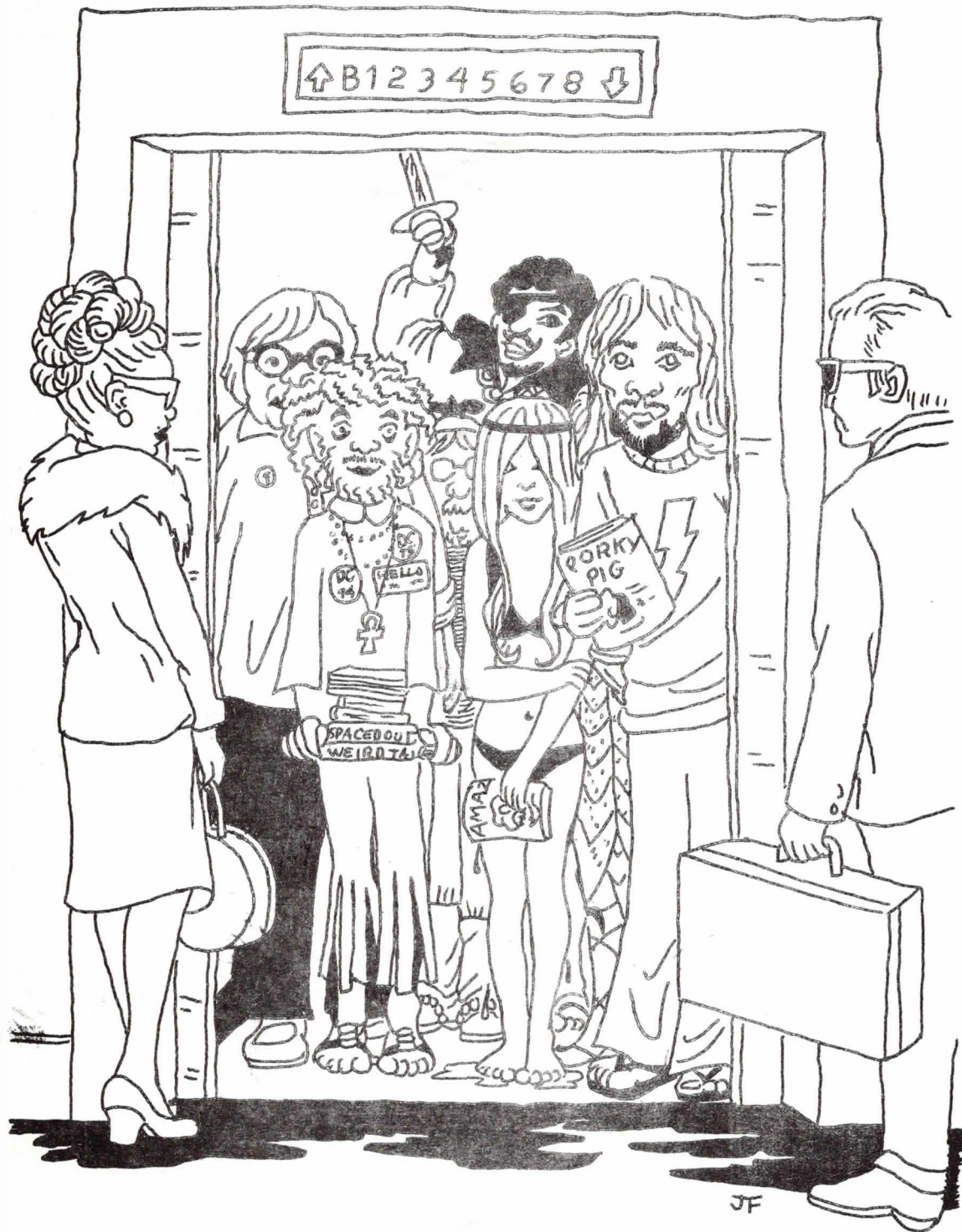
The only thing that I can badmouth about Badmouth is this habit that so many of you various apa members have of reviewing other apazines...and then releasing the zine to the nonapa fans. We feel we are being used in some fashion...as if you are using the general fmz to fulfill your apa publishing commitments. If Badmouth is meant for general fandom, keep it that way. *(Badmouth was started as an OMPA zine and still is. However while i am running off the copies to send to OMPA, it is an easy matter to run off extras to send to friends and general fandom. You can always use your self-censorship and not read the apaparis. HOWEVER, Badmouth is seemingly becoming more popular in general fandom than in OMPA and I may well make it into a complete general zine in the foreseeable future. LHL. Also, the trait of referring the reader to another fmz put out by the same publisher is unfair. No fan can afford to get All fmz, and reading that this point is covered in another zine is highly infuriating if the other zine is not on hand. Otherwise, can't think of anything in the way of gripes worth mentioning. Oh wait!! How about a little more artwork? Ghod knows there's plenty of competent fan-artists around. Gives a lot more eye appeal to the zine...so lets have more, huh? (I thought I had explained the art situation. I usually use a lot of artwork in a zine. Is this issue better? I'm sure you will find future issues full of artwork, in fact in the past, I've been badmouthed for using TOO much artwork in my zines. LH)*

Was nice meeting you at the Midwestcon...Buck was right in his opinion that you're one of the nicer fans around. *(While I thank Buck for saying that, the truth of the matter is - I'm rotten to the core and proud of it. LH)* I still keep hearing from NEOS that the older fans are a stuffy, clannish lot, but couldn't disagree more. Do wonder where they got the notion from...perhaps they just don't try to talk to any of them. If they had, they'd soon find out that their ideas are way off. Standing on the sidelines and then complaining that 'No one wants to talk to Neo-fans is more than just silly, it's simple minded.

## MODERN BOOK STORE

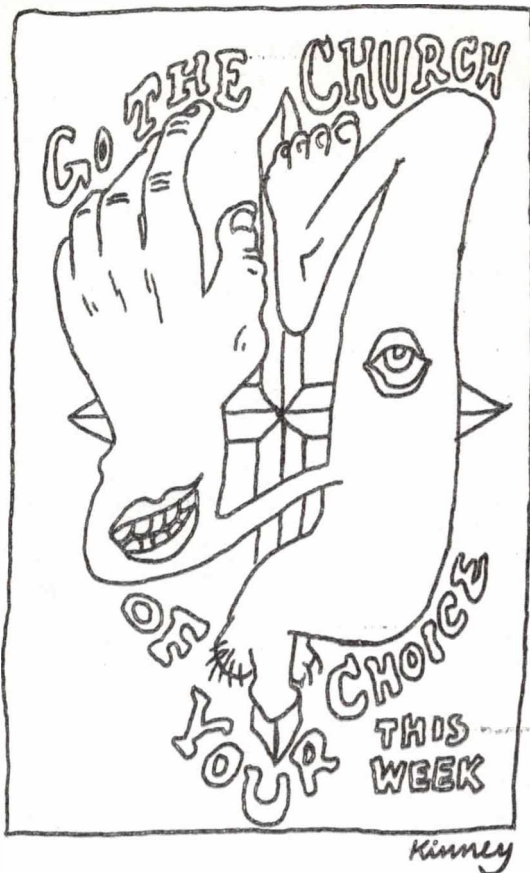


THE PULP COLLECTOR



"LET'S WAIT FRED - THESE PEOPLE JUST  
DON'T LOOK LIKE 'OUR' SORT....."

JAMES GOODRICH 5 Ulster Rd. New Paltz, N.Y. 12561



Reading about your Thanksgiving bash makes me wonder what you do on New Year's Eve -- invite the girls from the local bordello? (Jim, you know we don't have things like that in good old bedrock Republican Wauseon. Of course a few years back we did have an amateur (undoubtable a Democrat) who infected 25 of the local gentry before it was discovered. I wonder if they were put up for trial for cohabiting with a Democrat? LH) Most pleased to learn that you plan to be active pubbing wise this summer. TPE remains one of my favorites despite the eccentricities of its founder. The reports on the MSU affair should be delightful. One of the Education profs and Helen are working on a sf seminar for the fall at a beautiful mountain resort outside of New Paltz. Helen and I recommended mysteries as a sub since we consider sf as being overdiscussed; however the prof is hung up on modern sf and won't change. Ike Asimov was first to be unavailable. I'll be damned if I would walk across the street to hear Harlan.

Who are your female contributors? Both write very well; of course, Liz is an adult. Found her reminiscences more enjoyable than some of the mens I have encountered in various zines. More please. Afraid I can't get excited over the Sims-Porter debate. That kind of badmouthing is more objectionable to me than what disturbs our mutual friend G.M. Farley. Do have to agree with G.M. on profanity. Vulgarity and sexual obscenity are natural; profanity usually indicates ignorance or some warped religious upbringing. Nixon is an example of profanity incarnate. That ought to offend both you and GM (Oh you Damocrats) As for Dixie, love the melody but wish the South would secede from the Union (What - again?) or stop fighting the War of the Rebellion. Wonder if we could learn anything from the darn Commies about crime in the streets? Bet Castro would put organized crime out out of existence faster than the grand old man, J. Edgar. (To me, Castro IS a crime. LH)

WILKIE CONNER 1514 Poston Circle Gastonia, N.C. 28052

I received the current Badmouth and I must say that I am delighted to have it in my possession. It is a delightful magazine. I will say this and mean every word of it: if you would slant it toward a general audience, that is, remove the *fannish* connotation, you could very well make a commercial magazine from it and make a little money.

I especially enjoyed Lisa Tuttle's article on censorship. The girl has expressed herself well and has given a most mature outlook to the situation for one so young. I wish I could have written as well when I was seventeen. Hell, I wish I could write as well today and I'm somewhat past seventeen. If we are to have censorship, it should originate with the individual. That is, everyone is his own best censor. At the moment, we have no obscenity laws in North Carolina. However, beginning July 1st, we will have. The legislature has passed a law against obscene books and movies that might close all the adult newsstands and forbid X-rated movies. I hated to see it come. One of my best friends owns an adult newsstand. I enjoy X-rated movies. Seriously, I think that the President's commission on pornography hit the nail on the head when it said that nothing could be found that pointed to the fact that anyone was adversely affected by reading pornography!

I enjoyed G.M. Farley's letter on profanity. I disagree with him, but I enjoyed it. Like all others who can't take a little profanity, he says that the users of profanity are limited in intelligence and vocabulary. That's like saying all Marines are stupid. In the Marine Corps we used the term 'fucking' to describe almost everything. It was 'fucking good', 'fucking bad', 'get the fuck away from here, get your fucking chow, and we said goddamned to almost everything. Yes, profanity has its place in the language. Funny thing: I can speak into a radio microphone many hours each day and never use a profane word and just as soon as the mike is off, I cuss.

ED SMITH Route 2, Box 151-C Matthews, N.C. 28105

Almost a year ago, you sent me a copy of Badmouth 1. For months I wondered how I was going to loc such a strange fanzine. There were no articles on the year's hugo nominees, no nasty letter from J.J. Pierce, no con reports, nothing one expects in the modern fanzine. There wasn't even a Harry Warner loc. (Oh well, you can be forgiven, since it was a first issue.) Just loads of strange cartoons. I knew if I waited long enough to loc even you would come out with a 2bd issue, and sure enough, here it is. Now I have another problem -- how to comment on Badmouth 2.

Lisa Tuttle's article said nothing new, but I do think she did a good job of summarizing why fans disapprove of censorship. The idea of having someone else decide what one is to read goes against the fannish idea of independence.

I see you've gotten a YANDRO-type column from Liz Fishman, the discovery of the decade. I was afraid there for a while that mean old Buck Coulson was keeping her locked up in his basement, allowing her to write only for Yandro. If so, he must have let her out, since I can't imagine otherwise that he would let this fantastic piece of writing slip through his hands. (I wouldn't mind having Liz locked in my basement. But don't tell my wife. She doesn't know that I'm so completely rotten.) THINGS HAPPEN TO ME, Liz says, but the question is WHY? The answer is (obviously) that she's standing in the focal point between the various universes and things from various universes naturally gravitate toward this rip in space. Hopefully she won't come unstruck from the fabric of space and will continue writing her columns for years to come.

At first I thought G.M. Farley's letter was a hoax. Then I read your serious reply and the fact that you've talked to him about it. I still can't believe that anyone in fandom could be so narrowminded. Oh well, I suppose some of those old magazine and book collectors really are living 30-40 years ago. No offense, Lynn. Why, some of my best friends.... You say the press you're doing Badmouth on is not the world's best, but my copy looks very good.

TEDD TRIMBATH 1186 Colerain Pike, Martins Ferry, Ohio 43935

Your zine received a rather unusual review in Locus 87; "a magazine to be nasty in"? That's quite a statement. I am thoroughly interested and would like to see a copy.

((I'm afraid Charley Brown misled you a bit in his review of Badmouth. True, it is a zine in which everyone has a chance to 'badmouth' what they don't like, - but that doesn't mean they have to be 'nasty'. I am sending you a copy of number two and you can draw your own conclusions. Letters and articles are welcomed. If they are good, I use them. LH))

DARRELL SCHWEITZER 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford, Pa. 19087

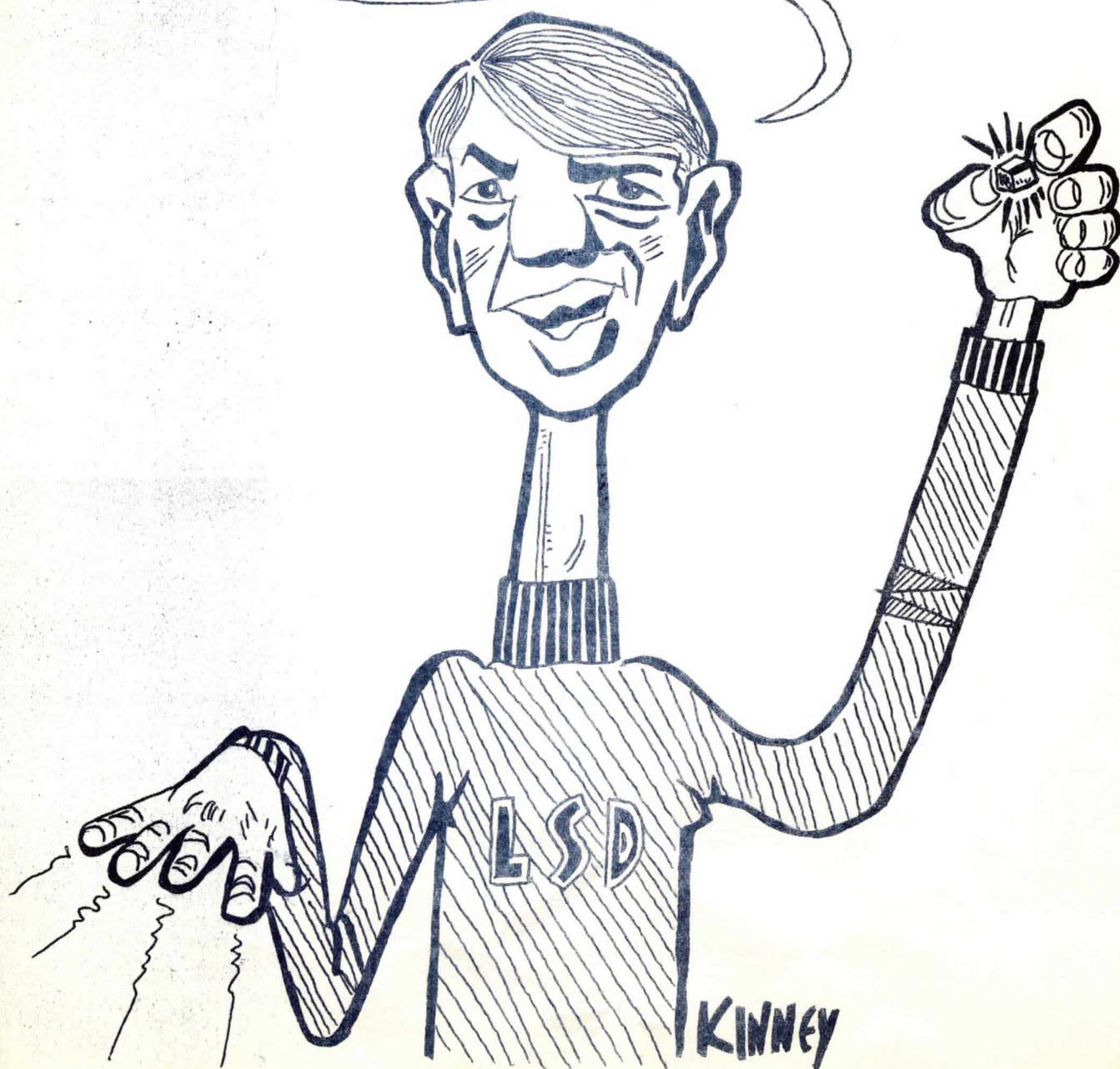
Thank you for Badmouth 2. I shall review it in my next PEGUSUS column, but I'm afraid I won't be all that favourable. I very much detest the whole concept behind the zine, and reading your trumped up controversys hasn't been all that pleasant an experience. I can't really see why you want to edit a zine full of (your phrase) badmouthings and other unpleasanties. ((That isn't my phrase)) unless you are some inexperienced neo who thinks that's what fanzines are made of and are trying to produce another monstrosity like SEABOHEMA was about a year ago. (BAB, by the way, has since grown up and become a far better zine). But then it seems that you are not a neo, so I really have no explanation for it unless this is a totally cynical attempt at fame and a Hugo. Well it didn't work for Lunney and he had many professional contributions, for the simple reason that a bunch of people calling other people names isn't much fun to read. (And I believe there was at least one attempted lawsuit resulting from BAB's lettercol.) ((I have already been nominated for Hugos in the past and am well enough known. Are you sure you read the zine?))

I recommend that you change the name of the zine and the policy at once. Even a zine of real gripes would be perhaps legitimage, ((?)) but this deliberate striving for nasty things to say will never do. For example, the exchange of letters between Dick Shultz and Andy Porter has nothing to do with anything, and is obviously a very cheap attempt at a little controversy. I refuse to comment on it. ((Are you sure you really read the zine? It appears you just skimmed over it and are commenting on things that aren't really there. For example, the above was not an exchange of letters but an answer by Roger Sims to a letter sent by Porter to Shultz.))

As for G.M. Farley's letter, well I haven't seen your first issue ((The first issue was sent to you when it was published but you didn't comment on it.)) so I don't know if I would consider the cartoons in question to be offensive, but as an opponent of censorship, I cannot agree with him on the issue of banning Badmouth from the mails. You have a perfect right to mail out shit if you feel like it. Farley is right that you have mistaken foulmouthing for badmouthing and concentrated on it. Or you've tried to anyway.

Fortunately your contributors don't cooperate ((I have thought that cooperated beautifully and came through with articles I wanted.)) and I sincerely hope they never do and you

ACID IS A GROOVE!  
ALL US PLEDGES  
TURN ON ...



won't be able to actually assemble the kind of feudzine you seem to want. As a matter of fact I was very much enjoying the issue until I got to the lettercol, where your intentions became clear. The zine is a terrific letdown at the end.

Liz Fishman's article was delightful. I'm surprised I've never seen her work, even if she is on the Hugo ballot (because of the obscurity of her work, she obviously cannot win). ((YANDRO is obscure?)) The piece is also a good look at certain social delicacies that are often eased by a good polite lie. All she had to do to get out of the tight situation was tell Harry that she wouldn't go with him, then tell her mother the other guy asked first. But then we know 8th grade girls aren't that devious.

As for Lisa Tuttle's argument, I've heard this one many times before. True, some children have to be 'protected' from getting the wrong ideas about sex, such as the misconception that it is filthy, dirty, unspeakable, immoral, taboo, horrible, etc., but what they really need protection from, if you don't want those ideas to get into their impressionable little ears, is their parents, priests, teachers, nuns, etc. (Especially if you are a Catholic). Anyone who goes through a religiously-oriented gradeschool will come out with the idea that sex is evil. Yet, the "pornographic" films seldom convey this idea (they take it as being everyday). Really, the films and books which convey the wrong attitude about sex are the "pure" ones.

I know one person who is trying to correct this by letting his daughter page through mildly sexual things like PLAYBOY, so that she won't think it is anything forbidden or nasty. (His daughter is about 7)

As for "pornographic" writings, Ron Smith wrote on this in INSIDE at the height of the McCarthy era censorship waves, and put it better than anyone else:

Would you want your kid to read  
The Wizard of Oz until he is 16 and then come upon The Naked And The Dead completely unprepared?

Well that's it for now. BADMOUTH could be a good zine, and it is reasonably good in spite of your efforts to make it otherwise. Now all you have to do is change your editorial policy and continue to get things like the two articles this time, and get rid of the false controversy. ((Amazing!! This is the first time I've put out a reasonably good zine in spite of my efforts to make it otherwise. Oh well, thats the way the ball bounces.))

MAE STRELKOV Casilla de Correo 55, Jesus Maria, Cordoba, Argentina

Thanks for Badmouth 2. Now I am curious about the first issue since G.M. Farley says it should be banned from the mails.. No, honest? No. 2 (no double meaning intended there is certainly innocuous enough. Were you cowed? ((No)) What obscene language did you use in One? ((If I can find an extra copy, I'll send it to you))

Lisa Tuttle is a great girl, writing sense and charmingly so. I do like to see teen-agers thinking things out seriously the way they do, nowadays. And I find that I agree with what she says, though of course actual age-levels do differ so much one can't form definite opinions. Quechuan children learned the facts

of life from Life in pre-Columbian days and these Indians down here (as per a thorough study I've made, taking years, and including all the tribes from Peru and Paraguay down to Tierra del Fuego), were marvelous. Away and above, the superiors of their blood-thirsty, gold-greedy, fanatical conquerors (who only disgraced their Christ to be sure.)

I liked Lisa Tuttle's saying "It would be fatally easy for a child to get the idea that sex is something dirty -- from certain books and magazines." Still, I'd not make them taboo to a child ... if he came across such stuff, a word in time would save nine words of explanation at a subsequent date. Children reared to take things naturally don't have silly phobias and taboos. Before they're sexually mature, they're so busy having fun being children ((so right)) (I watch our eleven-year-old boy as I write this kicking his football till time for school to beat all the kids at the game) and such children aren't "spoiled", because nastiness simply bores them. It's the prurient parents who produce simpering, evil-minded kids. We at home bandy honest jokes even if they are a little off-color, provided they're witty. We don't whisper them only when the little boy and his two teen-aged sisters aren't home. They collect jokes and bring them home too. And our daughters know how to hold their own anywhere and nobody can say either that they aren't ladies in the real old sense of the term (not early-Victorian). So censorship is for the birds, I guess. The true censorship should take place in our hearts and minds, and not be inflicted on us by smart-guys who feel they know and are better than the rest of us, somehow.

I liked Liz Fishman's story of Harry too. Gosh, yes, that is the type of bloke who grows up to be our censor. Muddying the clear waters for the rest of us with his bile and pus.

HARRY WARNER 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740

Lisa Tuttle is probably right in her contention that the minimum age for X-rated movies should be lowered. I am not altogether sure that the entire system of ratings could be retained if the nation's 14-year-olds pooled their pennies and hired the right attorneys and fought it in the courts. In theory I feel that parents should have the controlling voice over what films their children shall see, not the movie industry. In practice I suppose this is the only way to do it. But I wonder if it isn't a case of putting a Band-Aid on a severed artery. In Hagerstown, for instance, the sidewalk around the courthouse has become the loafing place for a couple of dozen mean-type alcoholics, dope addicts, panhandlers, and cheap chippies. I've never heard of a parent forbidding a child the right to walk past the courthouse and I challenge any child the ability to walk up and down that sidewalk a half-dozen times without seeing and hearing things equivilant to those in any X-rated movie.

But parents are quite naive about such things. Another local example: someone has just opened a sex shop in the town's Public Square, selling nothing but books, films, and peeps at a peepshow whose subjects are sex and pornography. He is not permitting anyone under 18 to come in, he has no window display and has covered the window so kids can't see what's inside, and he issued a newspaper statement to the effect that most people who patronize such stores are badly frustrated sexually. The police

are giving him no trouble because of the manner of his doing business but the public is screaming in a deafening way. And yet just a half-block away a store that specializes in books and newspapers has had a sex book section for years and I've never seen youngsters chased away from the racks with the sex books despite a sign that limits inspection to adults. The public never says a word about this, apparently feeling that it's all right since it's just one small portion of the entire store operation.

Things Happen To Me was magnificent. I don't get to see much of Liz Fishman's writing and I raised three or four eyebrows over her Hugo nomination. Now I understand completely and the eyebrows which were at half-mast have been run down altogether and it would have been between her and Terry Carr for my vote if I'd voted, I suppose. I'm not sure how much of this narration is based on actual memory and how much was added in the form of artistic elaboration. But there's the ring of truth to the whole thing and just as much quality as in the writings of people like Sally Benson or Cornelia Otis Skinner.

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Thanks to the rest that wrote and weren't included. I had hoped to print the majority of letters that came in and started the letter column using the Vari-typer and one of my small types. However, after typing a number of pages, I began to wonder how they would come out, and after running them I found that a number of the letters, periods, etc. just did not print well as they cut too deeply into the master. So in the future I will try to use the Vari-typer for preparing things that I intend to run photo-offset and this old Royal Electric for things I intend to type directly on master.

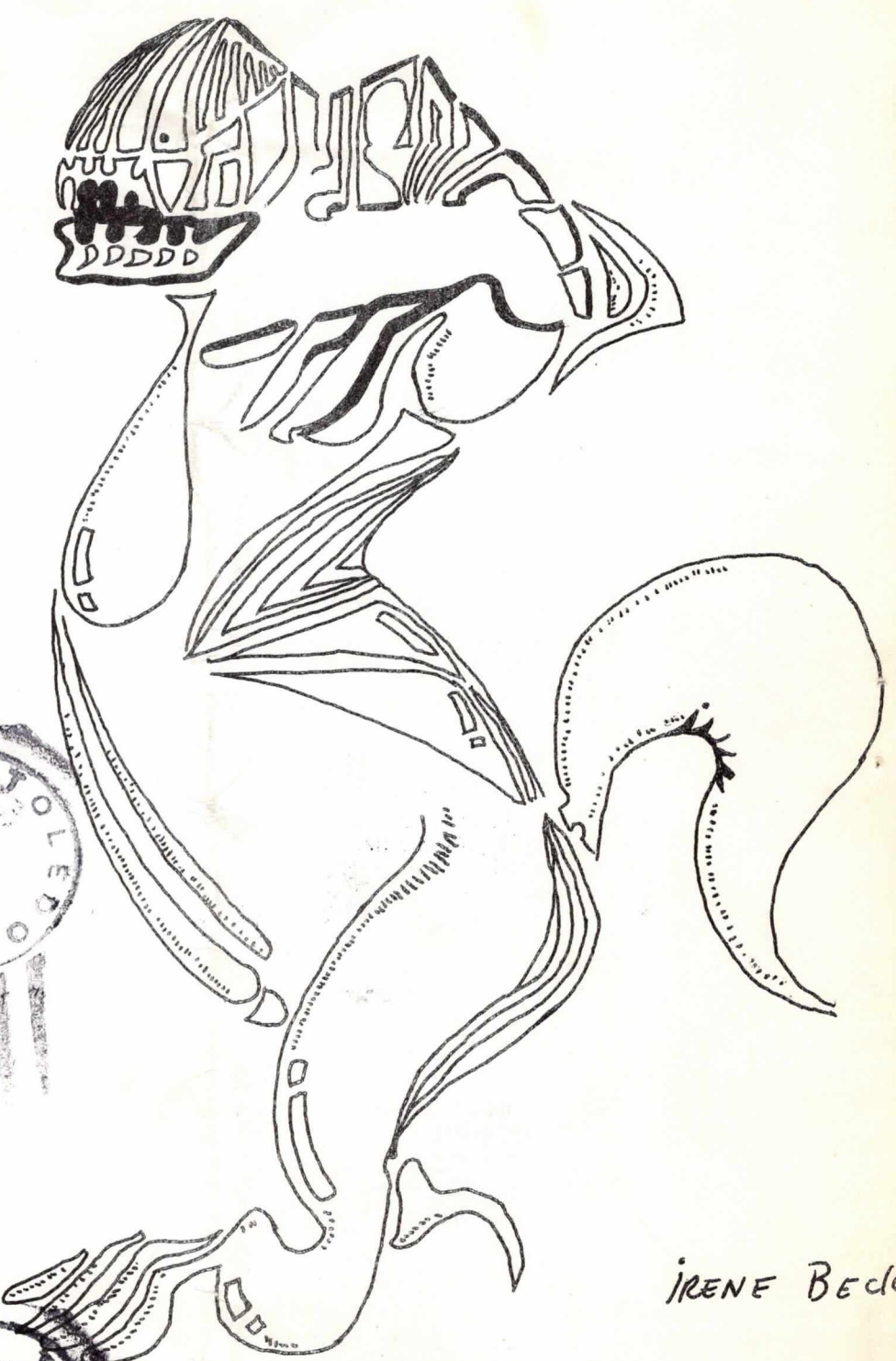
The next issue of The Pulp Era (#76) will be offset as will be all issues after that. I haven't yet made up my mind about Badmouth, but with its' much smaller circulation, and print run, I imagine that I will continue typing it directly on paper plates at least for the foreseeable future. --If I could only afford my own plate camera --

Get your articles, letters, artwork, etc. in. I will start work on the fall issue as soon as I run off The Pulp Era 76. By the way, you can still sub to the Pulp Era at 10 copies or issues for \$4.00 until October 15th. After that the price shoots up to \$7.00 to pay for the increased costs of reproduction, postage, etc. So if you want to read about the old pulps and their authors, artists, etc. by such writers as E. Hoffman Price, Robert Lowndes, Bob Sampson, Nick Carr, Mac McGregor and others, send your sub in now while the price is right.

My OMPA mailings have just arrived, so there will not be room nor will I have time to comment on them in this issue. I will however, either comment on them in issue 4 or put out a separate zine for comments on all the mailings that came in. Will decide on that as I start typing the comments and see the amount of space they will take.

Lynn Hickman

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