

Our ARMY at COMBAT



"THE TRAP"-- AVERAGE AMERICAN G.I. CONRAD COMMIEKILL RETURNS TO TELL ABOUT THE FLESH WOUND HE GOT WHEN ATTACKED BY 400 VIET-CONG... AND HOW HE KILLED THEM ALL WITH A MAIL-ORDER 1933 GERMAN LUGER.

HA! HA! You jokers thought this was a comic book but it's the first issue of BADMOUTH instead. Read on and see why Wilfred J. Shnort says this is the 'freshest' thing he has seen in ages. Wilfred is the critical reviewer of such books as *SEX ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS LAWN* and *YEH, I'M FROM BOSTON*.



BADMOUTH Vol. 1 No. 1. Badmouth is published 4 times per year by The Badmouth Publishing Company of Wauseon, Ohio. While Badmouth is published primarily to badmouth all the members of OMPA, there is also a way for YOU to receive it. Send an article, artwork, or a letter of comment (they must be printed for you to receive a free copy), trade YOUR zine, or send \$1.25 to Lynn A. Hickman, 413 Ottokee Street, Wauseon, Ohio 43567.

BADMOUTH. . . .a new fanzine by an old editor. Badmouth will be an opinionated fanzines answer to the yellowsheets. All the news that is fit to print and probably some that isn't. In issues to come, we want your opinion and articles on any and all subjects. This is your chance to Badmouth that pet hate and get some discussion going on it, this is your chance to write that article that you've always wanted to but figured noone would ever publish it. This is Your chance to be heard.

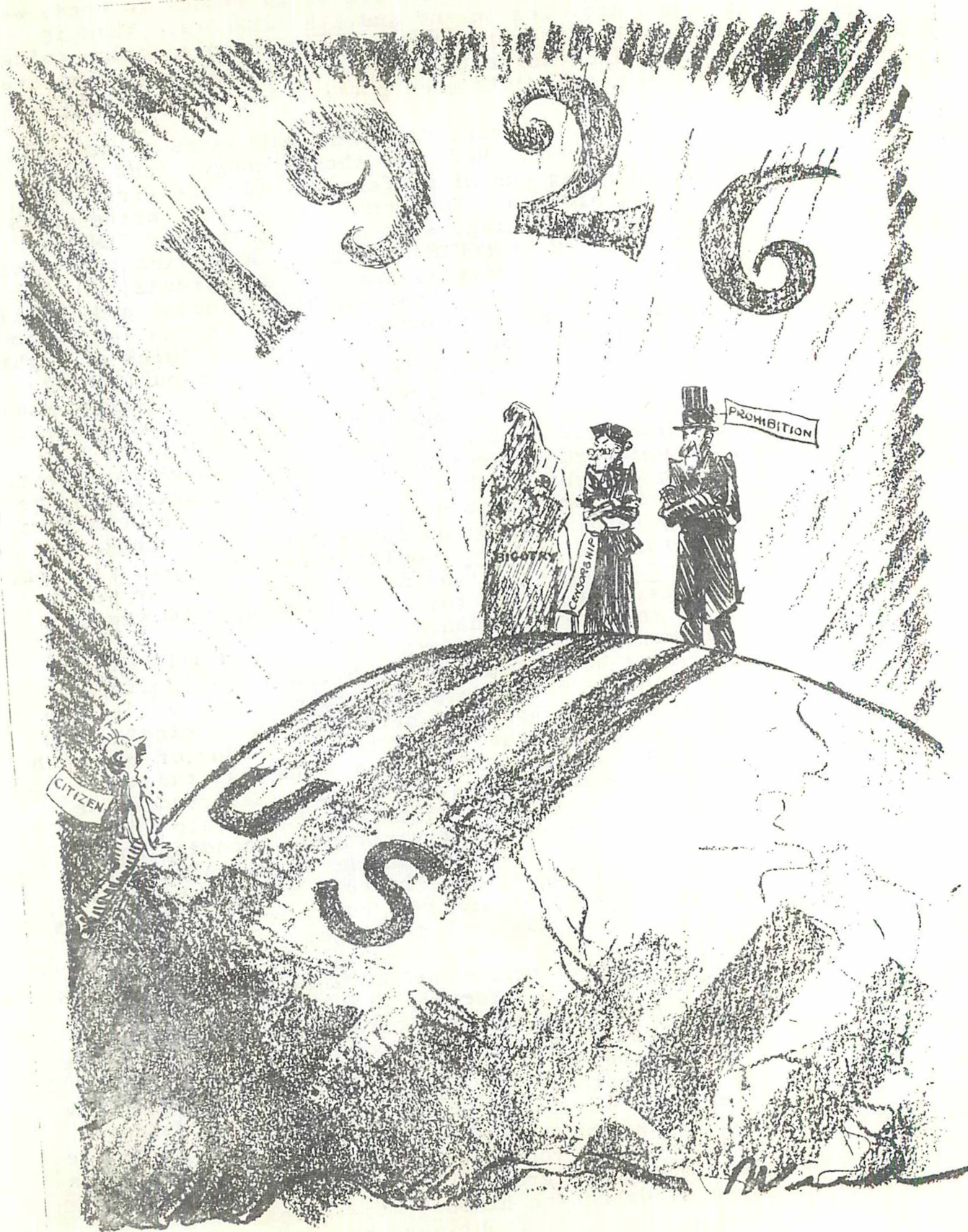
We will use articles, fiction, cartoons, all types of artwork, in fact, anything ~~that~~ I like. Me? For those younger fans that don't know me or are getting one of my fanzines for the first time, I'm Lynn Hickman, tired old fan. Publishing this new fanzine marks my 20th year of fanzine publishing, starting with the old TLMA up through The Pulp Era and now BADMOUTH. Some of the titles published have been, TLMA, The Little Corpucle, Argassy, Stf Trends, JD, The Bullfrog Bugle, Scurvy, JD-Argassy, Conversation, Piddin' and Diddlin', The Halfshot, OB, The Huckleberry Finnzine, Caught in the Act, From Nowhere, Troat, and probably some others that I can't think of right now. At the present time in addition to Badmouth I am publishing The Pulp Era, Caught in the Act, From Nowhere, and First Fandom Magazine. You can receive these other magazines in the following ways: The Pulp Era by sending \$2.25 for a years sub. Caught in the Act and From Nowhere by whispering sweet nothings and blowing in my ear. Oh yes, you must also comment on them. First Fandom Magazine by being a member of First Fandom if you are eligible. You can continue receiving Badmouth by sending me \$1.25 for a years sub, sending in a letter of comment that is printed, contributing articles, fiction, artwork, etc., or by trading your fanzine. If you can't or won't do any of those things, you are in for a badmouthing. Oh yes, you get an issue free if you are badmouthed in it.

I guess the badmouth for this month should go to Bill Clark who generously said that he was going to publish a new fanzine, The Faust Collector, that I could help him, gave me \$10.00, let me print the first issue for him and then never sent me a single copy since then. Anyone out there want to do the next issue of Badmouth for me on the same deal? He also compiled a wonderful index of Frank Gruber's works. I had a negative made of some artwork for the cover of the special issue I was planning of The Pulp Era to feature this, had a good portion of it varityped, spending many many hours on it and then advertised it in the Pulp Era when I received a card from him saying that he hoped I wasn't planning to print it in The Pulp Era as he had just published it himself as a booklet. Many thanks Bill, you're a great guy. Come and stay with me again sometime.

Even with that, I have to recommend the Gruber Index. It was a great job. But you'll have to order it from Bill.

1926 was a great year. Amazing was born. Many good things happened that year. I was also born. The first Pontiac was built which eventually led to the death of the Oakland. My dad bought his first Moon and Diana automobiles. My mother quit driving. My brother was 3 and enjoyed being an only child. Life and Judge were the top humour magazines in the nation. You didn't go to the liquor store, you just called your favorite bootlegger. The pulps were in there heyday and still growing stronger. Wollheim and Tucker were children studying the history of staples.

(continued on page 20)



"CAME THE DAWN"

EPILAUGHS

Here lies some unassorted scraps,
Of our butcher, Hank Van Shays.
The neighbors lynched him, for they
claim,
He wouldn't mend his "weighs."

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

Patents Pending

TELEPHONE loudspeaker. This is attached to receiver and amplifies conversation of party at other end so that all in room can listen in on gossip of the day.

Ready-threaded needles for cross-eyed seamstresses. Great time-savers.

Repeating water pistol. Amuse your friends by squirting water in their faces. The pistol repeats, but you won't—we can vouch for that.

Safety first cigar holder. For your office desk. Holds cigars so firmly that nobody can swipe 'em.

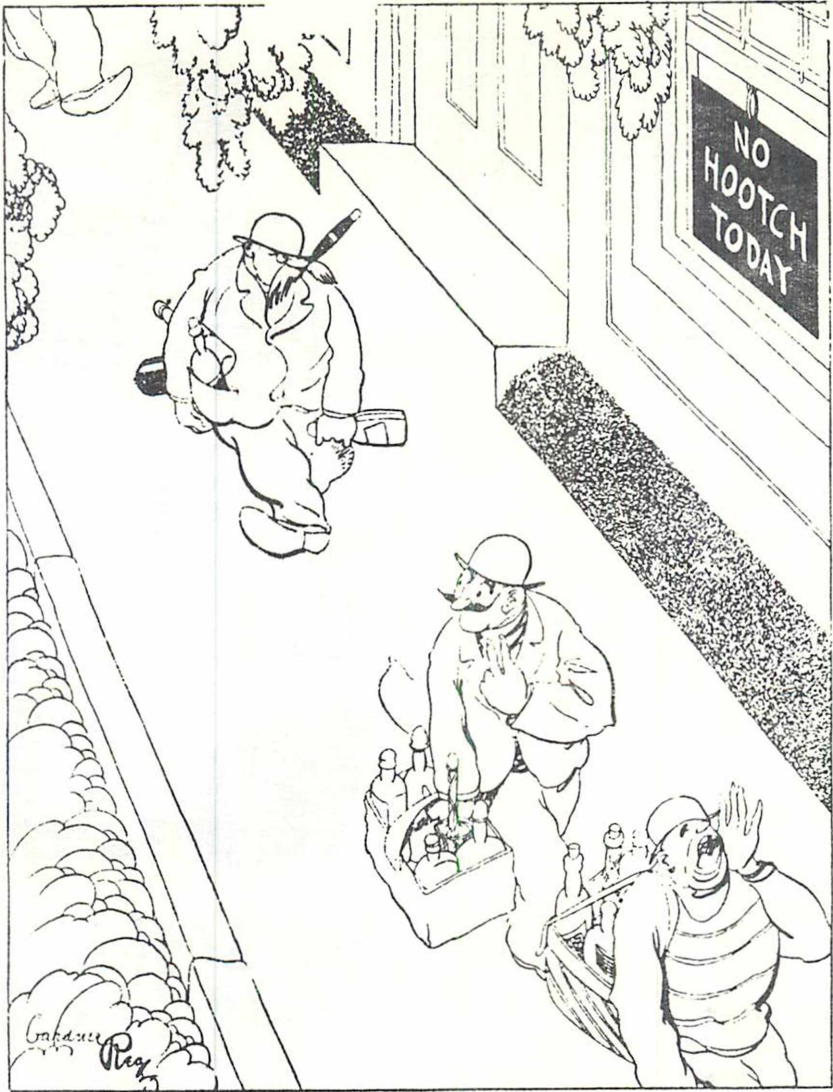
Padded pocketbook. Your credit is good when you display this.

Elaborate parlor mantlepiece. For collecting dust. Housemaids go wild about it. R. C. O'Brien

Funnybones

When radio comes in the door,
sleep flies out the window.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



A SIGN OF THE TIMES

If liquor gets much more plentiful we may have to take a tip from the ice company.



"I'm a girl!"

True to Type

Wife—What induced him to become a free-thinker?

Hubby—Couldn't help it—he's a Scotchman.

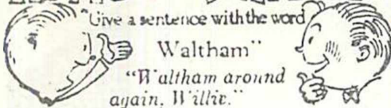
...

The only way a man can escape criminals nowadays is to get himself locked up.

KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word
Window"
"Window we
eat?"

KRAZY WRACKS



Waltham
"Waltham around
again, Willie."

The Chief Support

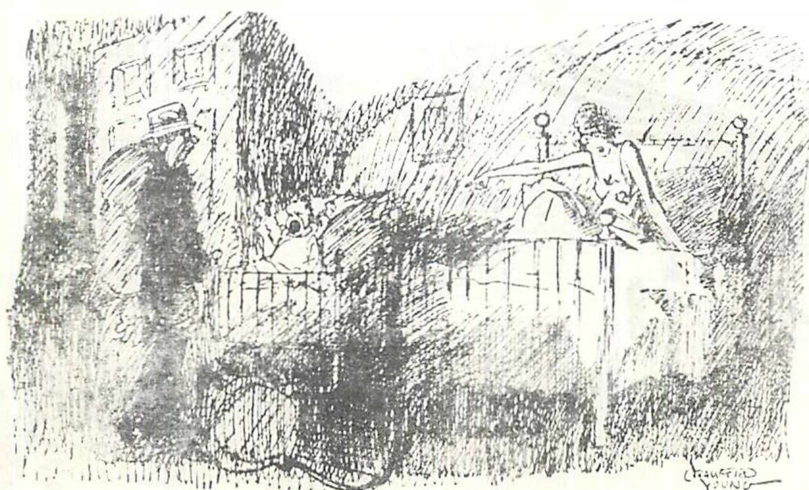
MOST musical comedies are similar to articles like this one. They say little or nothing from start to finish, and if it were not for a matter of form, in the majority of cases they, like an article of this sort, wouldn't have a leg to stand on. A show with a good bunch of these, how - ever, is usually good for a long, profitable

r u n



THE SCORE IS FORTY "LOVE" SAID FRANK MEANINGLY

"Most of the action of my story takes place in a cemetery," an author is reported to have told a fair friend of his. "Well," said the demure girl, throwing him a roguish glance, "isn't that the best possible place for a plot?" Both of them had a good laugh at this, and linking arms, they adjourned to the bar.



WIFE—No wonder you ain't a successful burglar! Come stumbling in like an amateur and wake up your own wife and kid!

DIZZY LABELS

"They call her Pianola."
"You can't 'play' her
without a roll."

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed.

The Parting Guest

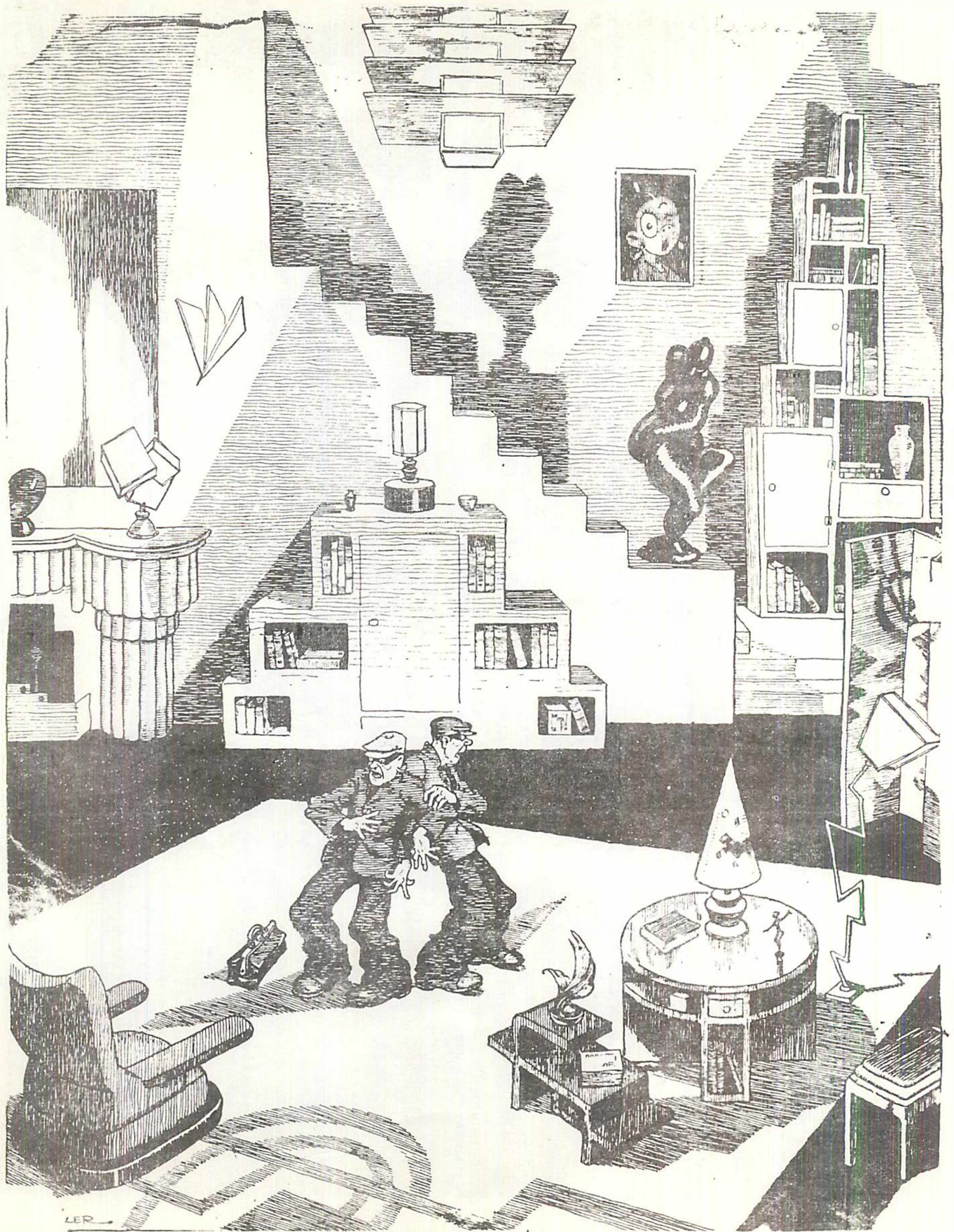
Show him the way to go home,
But don't just stop at showing.
In fact, you'd better take him home.
He don't know where he's going.

R. C. O'Brien

You can usually tell a big butter
and egg man from the vest.



MOTORIST—But where can I turn around?
"Ye can't, Mister—ye have to back up."





THE MAN WHO USED THE WRONG SPOON

the old man and the television set

by MIKE DECKINGER



Once there was an old man who spent all his time, perched in a cushiony, plush chair, seated in front of a television set. He would awake at seven each morning, dress quickly, make breakfast, and while he was eating he would switch on the tv set, settle himself down, and manage to catch the opening credits of Hugh Downs And His Commercials. After this, he relaxed through two and a half hours of old YOUNG DR. MALONE reruns, climaxed by the always thrilling QUEEN FOR A MONTH.

As the day wore on, the old man would become more and more engrossed in what he saw. He shook in excitement as the cowboy hero galloped across the plains in pursuit of the villain, he roared in

laughter over the latest fun filled reruns of MY LITTLE MARGIE, and his stomach muscles always quivered in anticipatory delight whenever he caught a new laxative commercial.

Living alone, as he did, he was not troubled by any objections. He ate when he desired, dressed when he desired, and watched TV when he desired. All the time.

Then one day the old man had a caller. His nephew Frederick, a young cultured, college educated lad, who planned to be married after his graduation the following month, decided to call on his Uncle and see how the old man was facing life. Being a cultured, educated lad, with seven-eighths of a degree, he never found time to spare for such diversions as television, which he personally considered a bore; though he was well aware of his uncle's fondness for it. He secretly pitied the old man.

When Frederick entered the house, letting himself in with a key his Uncle had once entrusted unto him, he found himself greeted by stony silence, punctuated every few moments by peals of laughter. He hurried into his uncle's room, to find him on his favorite chair, viewing a favorite comedy, and rocking in laughter.

Because Frederick was his nephew, and because he did have a liking for the boy, the old man lowered the sound when another commercial came on, even though he regretted missing them. He greeted the boy sternly and inquired of his studies, keeping one ear attuned to the sound from the TV set. Frederick quickly described his days, going over his future plans quickly so as not to rob the old man from that which he desired most. Suddenly the commercials were completed and the show resumed. The old man darted back to turn up the set and fling himself to his chair at a speed surprising for a man his age, and was soon almost a part of the show.

"But uncle," Frederick persisted in dismay, "aren't you..."

"Hush boy," the old man said.

"But I want to talk to you."

"Write me a letter, boy"

After another request, the old man insisted even more strongly on a letter. He asked Frederick if he had ever watched Red Skelton, and the boy had to admit that he did once when he was sick at home with the flu.

"Then seat yourself, boy," the old man urged generously, "I could stand with some company to watch with me." He spoke out the corner of his mouth, keeping his head pointed at the set. Frederick did as he was bidden. For several minutes he sat, staring ahead, thoroughly depressed by what he saw. Then he knelt down and began to sidle at an angle towards a location on the wall, several feet to the right of the set. The old man never saw him, so intent was his interest on the show. Frederick quietly slipped a pair of scissors from his pocket, lowered them, and in one quick motion severed the cord of the TV set from its plug. Instantly the set went dead.

The old man jumped to his feet howling as Frederick backed away, returning the scissors to his pocket. The old man was raging now, his features contorted into a fearsome mask of anger. His words were unintelligible but his meaning was clear enough. He leaped up and down like a man possessed, while his eyes rolled hideously. His skin became mottled and seemed to crawl. Rage transformed his complexion to a deep shade of red, distorting his voice. Frederick watched this all from a safe distance, amused and appalled at the same time, by what he saw. The old man hobbled over to the set, rage still marked all over him, and kicked it hard, shrieking a thousand curses. He kicked it once again, but suddenly ceased any motion at all. He swiveled around effortlessly, arms

flailing, and then sank into a small heap to the ground. Frederick hurried over and knelt by him. A quick examination showed the old man had died. Doubtlessly from heart failure; the old fool, practically hypnotized by that damn box.

Frederick went out into the street. As he approached the corner a woman he knew hurried up and he graciously tipped his hat, chatting pleasantly. She was walking with a young child; Frederick gave the tot a penny which was gratefully snatched. When he reached the corner there were no cars in sight. He waited for the light to turn green and crossed steadfastly within the white painted lines of the crosswalk; hesitating at a corner newsstand, where he bought an evening paper. As he stood pawing through it, a friend approached and they shook hands. Frederick asked the friend of his health, his job, and how the family was doing. He asked of the weather and the friend felt it wasn't the heat but the humidity. Frederick continued his stroll.

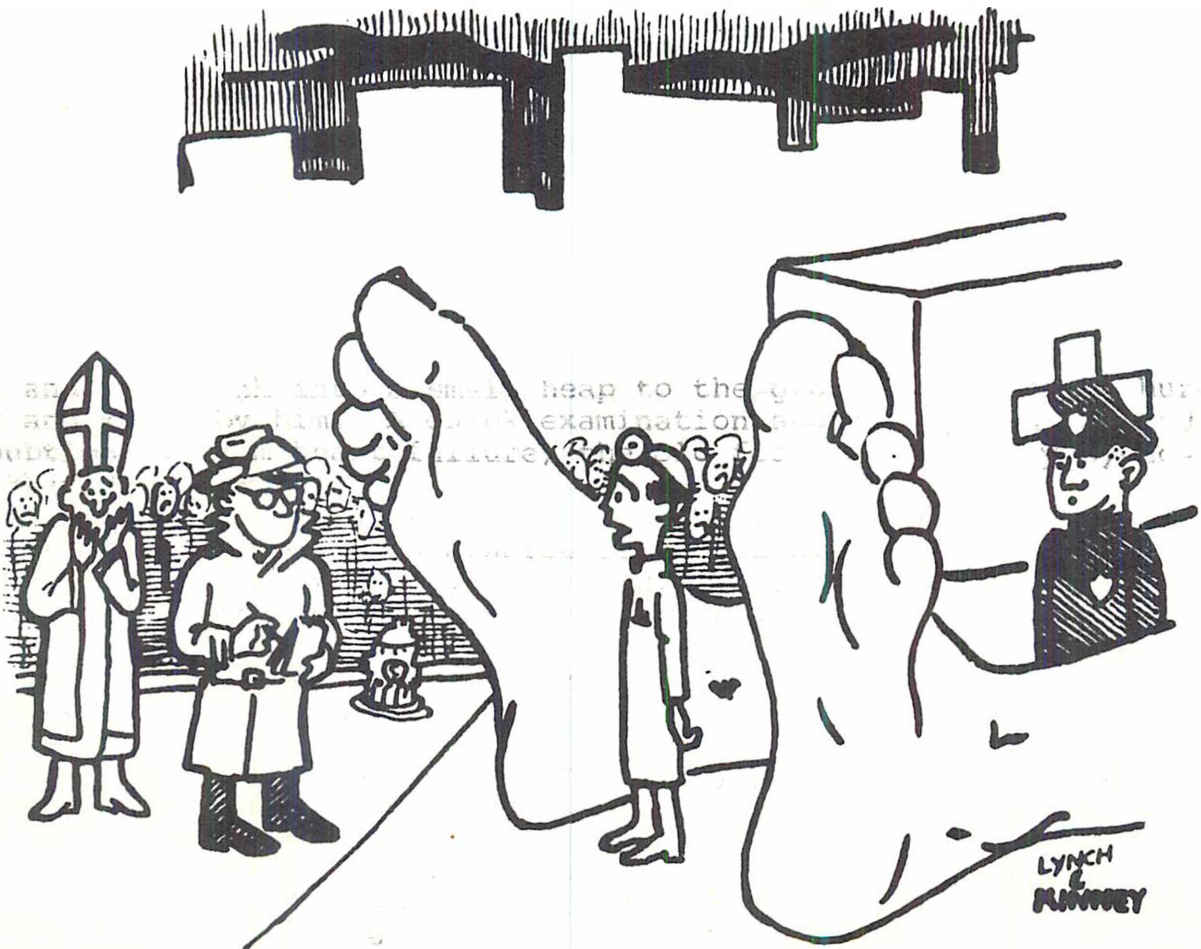
An old nurse pushing a baby carriage walked past him, and Frederick stopped to admire the baby, exclaiming what a beautiful child he was, to which the nurse readily agreed.

What a fool he was, Frederick thought contemptuously, to rely on television as if he owed an allegiance to it, keeping his mind chained to the dismal nonsense from the box. No individuality, that's what.

None at all, Frederick thought again, pulling the collar of his grey flannel suit together, as a small wind sprang up.

"Sheep!"

(Reprinted from JACK HIGH,
1963)



"God is dead!"

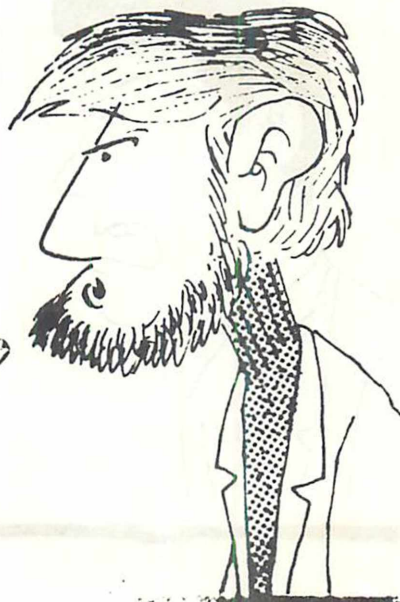


BEARD

j.lynch

'SCUSE ME BUD, BUT WHY DON'T YOU WISE UP AND SHAVE THAT DUMB LOOKING THING OFF YOUR STUPID ASS FACE?!

LOOK MAN—IT'S MY FACE—AND IF I CHOOSE TO HAVE HAIR ON IT, THEN BY GOD I'LL **HAVE** HAIR ON...



HMPH! COMPARING YOURSELF WITH LINCOLN ARE YOU?! DUMB BASTARD! I KNOW YOUR KIND INSIDE OUT! NEVER WORKED A DAY IN YOUR LIFE, BUT ALWAYS THE FIRST TO BITCH! YOU HAIRY ASSHOLE! YOU'RE CUT OUT OF THE SAME MOLD AS ALL THE OTHER BEARDED TROUBLEMAKERS! LENIN... MARX...

MATTER OF FACT I WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO WORK NOW. I'VE HAD THIS JOB FOR TWO YEARS, ALMOST—AND... LENIN? MARX? WELL WHAT ABOUT FREUD? AND SANTA CLAUSE? AND JESUS CHRIST? THEY HAD BEARDS TOO! AND LEONARDO DA VINCI! AND... AND AL HIRT!



I KNOW YOUR KIND!
MARIJUANA SMOKER!
DRAFT DODGER! ALL
YOU GODDAMN BEARDED
TROUBLEMAKERS ARE
ALIKE! BEATNICK DOG!

NOW LOOK— I DON'T SMOKE
POT— AND I'VE ALREADY
PUT IN FOUR BIG YEARS OF
MILITARY SERVICE. I MEAN,
JUST BECAUSE I HAVE A
BEARD DOESN'T MAKE ME
A BEATNICK. LINCOLN HAD
A BEARD. WAS LINCOLN A
BEATNICK? DID LINCOLN
SMOKE POT? DID---



THE DEVIL
HIMSELF HAS A
BEARD, MISTER!



ST. DOES
GOD.
SHITHEAD.

VIETNICK FAGGOT.
COMMIE PIG.
GODLESS ATHEIST!



AMERICAN BOOKS NOW READ ABROAD

"In the four quarters of the globe who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians and surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats or gowns? or sleeps in American blankets?"

—SYDNEY SMITH.

PRACTICALLY all successful American books are now republished in England—the rights sold to English publishers—and some are translated for Continental countries. The tourist finds Tauchnitz editions of the latest American "success" strewn about Europe—a French fellow-traveler, as in one case, wrinkling puzzled brows and nervously sputtering "La! la! la!" over the local dialect of "David Harum."

In a little Lincolnshire town is a club that meets weekly to read and talk about literature, chiefly the classics. When the time came, they read Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorne, Irving and Poe, just these five Americans. But they read them not as American writers at all: the books were regarded, in their proper perspective, as English classics. And this has been the typical English attitude. In the same town less cultivated folk were reading Will Carleton and James Whitcomb Riley, catching the minimum of local color and provincial spirit, the maximum of homely familiar sentiment; to all intents and purposes they were reading English verse. This again is typical. All these writers are read throughout Great Britain as freely as here—though by proportionately fewer readers—and Longfellow without doubt is one of the two most popular (many even say the most popular) of English poets, but there is so faint a hall-mark of Americanism on what is read that it is all regarded as English letters. There are people in England who believe Lowell to have been English. Our established American writers have been adopted.

A well-informed Englishman, not a literary man, was asked:

"Have you read our American writers?"

"Didn't fancy you had any, you know," said he.

"Mark Twain?"

"Of course."

And then his eyes opened wider as he confessed a knowledge of this list: Bancroft, Prescott, Parkman, Motley, Fiske, John Burroughs, Captain Mahan, Frank Stockton, and Mr. Howells. Bret Harte, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, Mr. Henry James, and Mrs. Atherton, he averred, were quasi-English through their residence in London. He confessed to having read "Helen's Babies," and "Two Years Before the Mast" with his "Crusoe," and Cooper with his Scott. He also reads Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and with commendable enthusiasm he said, "And who is this new man, Wister. That story of his"—he had read "The Virginian,"—"is the real gold of fine, clean, vigorous life in a book." His whole confession is an average sample of the English view—not the bookish or the university view, but the every-day benefit-of-clergy view—of American letters, though naturally among many men the lists would vary. These writers have a steady sale in English as in American book-stores.

Coming to contemporary novel reading, a sharp difference presents itself between the American and the foreign intellectual life, the diffused intellectual life. Here a million people eagerly await the next new novel and, when it appears, their onslaught is as of a school of mackerel on a school of minnows. Not so abroad. The mass of the English people, for example, do not have the reading habit: even American advertising methods could hardly wake them to it. A certain class of Americans read submerged stuff from E. P. Roe downward; the corresponding English class do not even read *Tit-bits* or *Answers*: readers matching those who there would read submerged stuff here read the latest novel and struggle with better things. American society just above the grammar school plane of intelligence is self-educating along the easy path of novel-reading; acquaintance with the "best-selling" book is taken for culture and sought for. In Great Britain, no. Thus

AMERICAN BOOKS NOW READ ABROAD

two-thirds of any edition of an English novel is sold in the United States, though our total population is no more than twice as great as the population of the United Kingdom.

But it is surprising to see how many recent American books of every sort are read abroad. Captain Mahan was actually "discovered" in England, and every English naval officer now owns his books. With German, French, and Japanese editions—every Japanese officer is supplied with "The Influence of Sea Power"—the volumes have affected the naval policy of the world. Mr. George Kennan's "Siberia and the Exiles," boasting German, French, and Danish translations, was read by the Czar, though it was black-listed in Russia, and it profoundly influenced European opinion. Mr. Booker T. Washington's human story, "Up from Slavery," eagerly read in England, has been translated into more languages, in all probability, than any other American book. And at present "Ben Hur" is sweeping Europe about as it swept the United States, for obvious reasons, but why so late it is hard to say.

Some of Dr. Van Dyke's work, a novel of Robert W. Chambers, and some tales of Mrs. Deland, who is popular in England, have been done into French, as has Mr. Roosevelt's "Cromwell," and Miss Wilkins and Mr. Howells are read in both French and German. There is a German edition of Edward Bellamy's "Equality." Mr. T. B. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" is a standard reading book in French schools—officially authorized.

Studying England, where all our books are accessible, it is chiefly interesting after a lustrum in the United States of a very fever of novel-reading, to see what recent American novels have been read. True, certain novels are well known here that are not known there because the "booming" of them did not reach so far, but what American publishers agree in admitting is that a good story well written is sure of an English sale, if the society presented is not too provincially American to be comprehended. For example, "J. Devlin: Boss," a really capable tale of American politics, was refused the imprint of a London publisher because English readers, he said, could not understand American politics. There was no such difficulty with "David Harum" and "Eben Holden," which were widely read in England—"Eben

Holden" to some extent in pirated editions. Here, in a way, was an American invasion, for the publishers of "Eben Holden" have been seeking a foreign market for only a year and a half, and yet added to "Eben Holden" five other books last season reprinted for English readers.

Mr. Hamlin Garland's stories and other Western tales, such as Mr. Hough's "Story of a Cowboy," have appealed to English readers as satisfying their preconception of American life, which not even their familiarity with Mr. Howells can correct. Mr. Frank Norris helped to strengthen it by "The Octopus," profoundly affecting critics with that splendid Western canvas. Miss Johnston's romances, feeding another desire, and likewise Mr. Churchill's stories sold readily in England, but with no such rush as they piled up editions at home. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's stories, Mr. Cable's "The Cavaliers," Mr. Chambers's "Cardigan," were well accepted—these books cited standing for a longer list of the sort of American novel that permeates to the English story-reading class. It is useless to mention the serious books that might be typified by the late Mr. Scudder's recent "Life of James Russell Lowell," or such essays as Lafcadio Hearn's as being read in England—they fall into the class of books that come to every cultivated man's table in English-speaking countries round the world: only the novels are salient on the point under consideration, and they show merely that English readers read much what Americans read—only less of it in proportion.

There are one or two odd details, however, that sometimes prevent an English success for an American book. In history and biography, for example, popular English prejudices object to the American view of such events as our Revolution and such characters as Napoleon. As a rule a book will not be widely read that runs counter to these prejudices. American text-books use a form of computation that the English do not understand: that excludes such books. American spelling condemns a book: the "u" in "honour" is as sacredly esteemed as the rights in Magna Charta, and one Englishman is noted who threw down in disgust one of the best novels recently written in America because he found "favor" so spelled. And "program" they will not endure.

This first issue is filled with things old, but things that I enjoyed. The cover and the cartoons by Lynch and Kinney were originally planned for publication in Phil Robert's CAVIL. When he folded that he sent me the material he had on hand. Pages 4 through 9 are from old Judge magazines. Mike Deckinger's story was originally published in JACK HIGH. The drawing on page 14 is from a painting I did of Jackie Cooper in 1945. The article "American Books Now Read Abroad" is from Workers of the World circa 1903. But next issue will have all kinds of new material in it by you. You will expound on subjects such as politics, books, authors, sex, anything you are interested in and think I will be too. And you'd be surprised. I'm interested in a hell of a lot of things.

I already have material promised by such stalwarts as Roger Sims, Gary Zachrich, Roger Sims, Gary Zachrich, and Roger Sims. If you don't come through boys, You get the badmouth!!!

Other fine people came through in the past. Notably Richard Geis and Arlene Zeigler, but since they were the only people who lived up to their original promises when I first planned Badmouth, their fine material became dated and I was forced to publish it in other fanzines such as Troat and Caught in the Act while it was still reasonably fresh. My apologies to them.

I expect great letters and/or articles on some of these subjects. Martha Beck - why does mother come first? Bill Mallardi and Bill Bowers - why is Double Bill now single Bill twice? Lisa Tuttle - the generation gap. Roger Sims - the life and struggles of a teddy bear. Wollheim and Tucker - why such a study of staples? Buck Coulson - love thy neighbor. Jim Goodrich - why I think comics should only run 8 pages. Patty Heilman and Carolyn Hickman on how to make a profit while losing money. Howard DeVore - How to deal with the Salvation Army. Fred Cook - 5 simple ways not to answer letters and still be a nice guy. The rest of you think of your own titles. One more. Lynn Hickman - How to badmouth people who don't comethroughwitharticlesand/orlettersandmakethemhateyouforit.

Arlene and Dick. Try again. Its started and I'll do better by you.

I had hoped to have some OMPA comments in this issue, but the mailing has not arrived and I want to get this issue in the mails. So, no badmouthing of OMPA this issue, that will appear in Caught in the Act.

I was pleased that the National Air and Space Museum, historical research center of the Smithsonian Institute requested a copy of War in the Air 1914-18 by Dave Prosser that I published last year and that had originally appeared in The Pulp Era. I wonder if this is the only fannish publication to be there?

Let me hear from all of you!

Lynn Hickman

The Pulp Era. \$2.25 per year from Lynn Hickman 413 Ottokee Street Wauseon, Ohio 43567. Current issue is January 1970 #74.

BADMOUTH Vol. 1 No. 1.

Spring 1970

Published for the Off-Trail Magazine Publishers Association 4 times per year. This issue is intended for the 57th mailing. Published in added quantities so that you too may get it. It will cost you non-Ompans \$1.25 per year or your zine in trade or an article, letter of comment, artwork, or maybe you'll just get it because you are a friend or you've been badmouthed.

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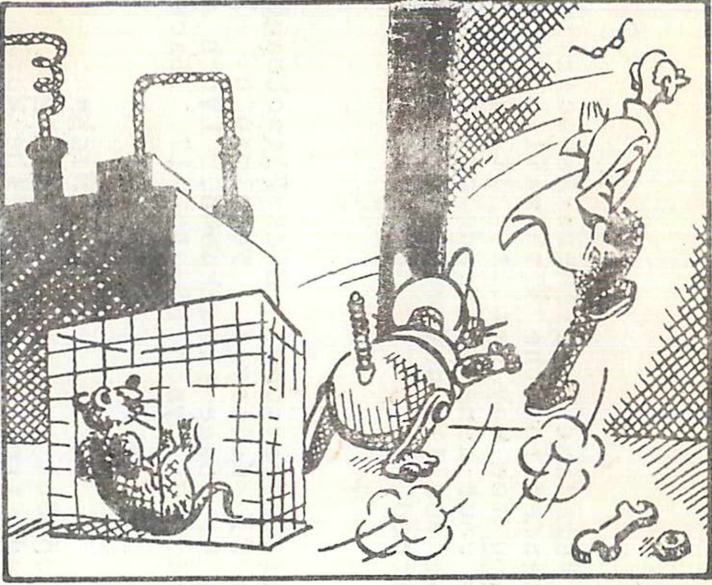
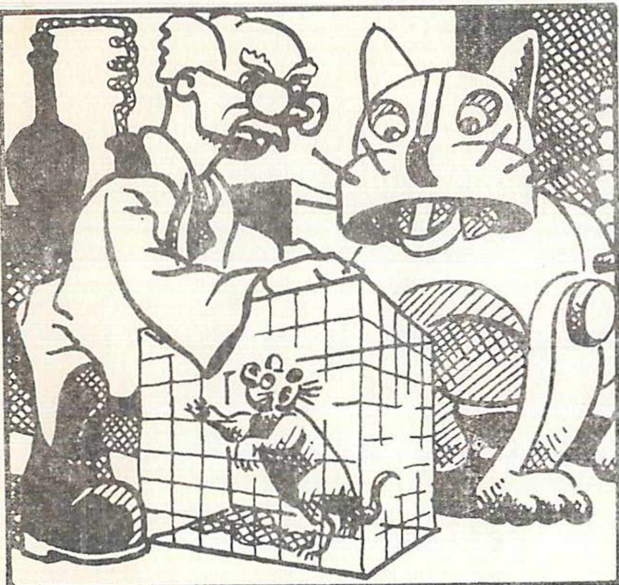
Cover by Harmer. Interior illustrations: Dick Flinchbaugh 2. page 4 unknown. Gardner Rea 5. Kelley 5. Perelman 6. Crawford Young 6. R. B. Fuller 7, 8, 9. page 11 unknown. Lynch and Kinney page 13. Lach page 14. J. Lynch 15, 16, 17. Back cover by Alan Hunter

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Printed on the Pulp Era Press

THE PROFESSOR AND HIS CAT

BY *OK*



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RR 2
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60401

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