

THREE

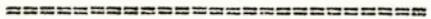
F O U L E R

THREE

This issue edited and produced by
LEROY KETTLE
with some small assistance from
GREG PICKERSGILL

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THIS IS F O U L E R THREE, DATED OCTOBER 1970.

HI THERE FANS,
THIS HERE'S

G O B

You out there take heed. I am the Voice.

For all of you who burned FOULER TWO here is FOULER THREE to brighten your small lives. As I write this I have no idea of what content this issue has between its technicolor covers, but I know it will be good because this issue is being produced by

"CHANCE"

Yes, chance. I'm sticking pins into the dwarfs Oxford Dictionary until we have sufficient words to fill a FOULER, and then we shall arrange them into suitably vaguely correct grammatical strings and after dipping them in the VERY BEST INK we will drag them over many sheets of paper. That worked well enough for previous issues and by ghod we've learned enuff to make as bad a job over FOULER THREE.

But gems there will be.

On the shakespeareian monkey principle once in a while a good word will appear and as such you are to recognize it instantly and LEARN it. For FOULER is the Educational Fanzine.

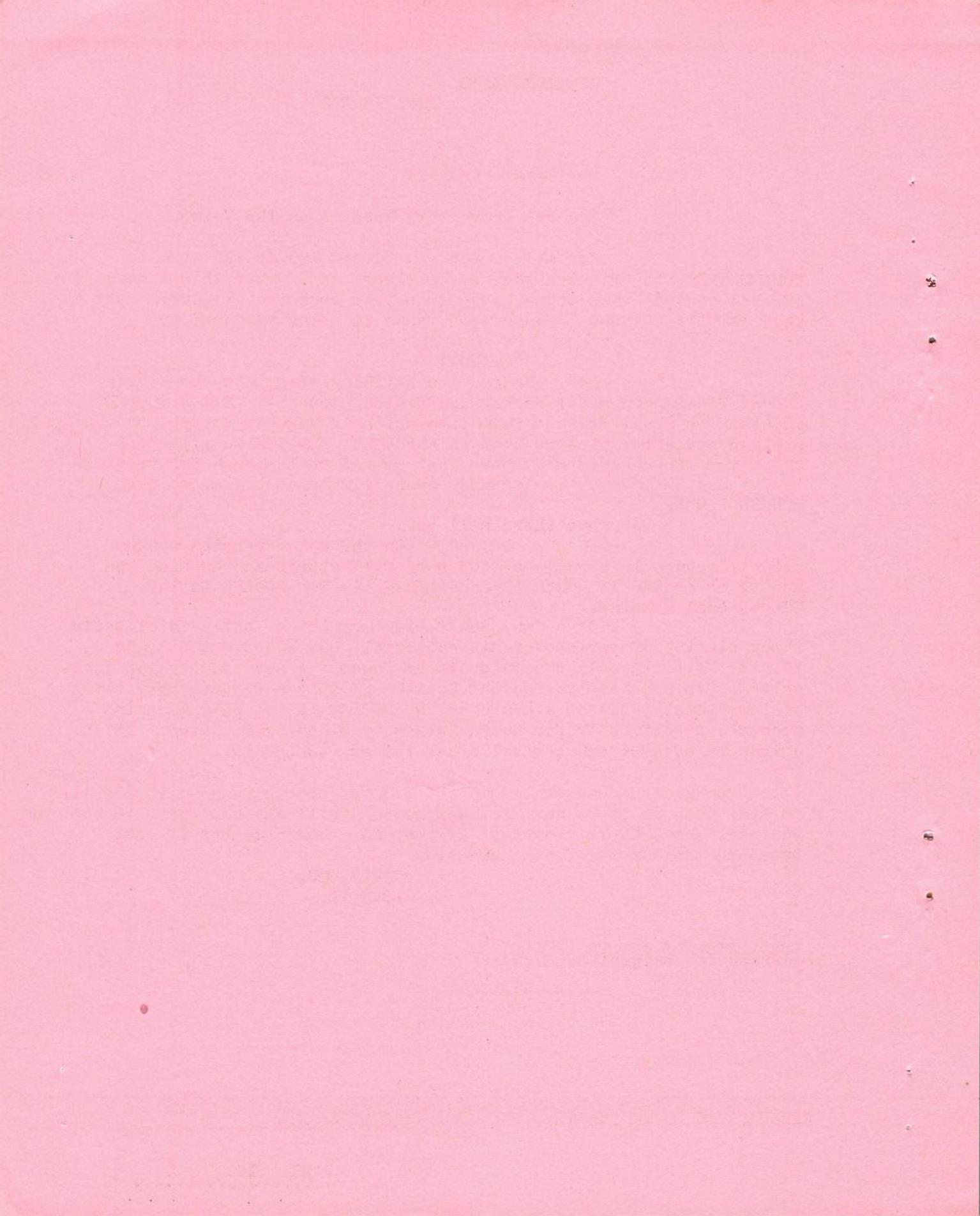
O you may scoff. You may think, silly idiot, let's throw plaster of paris over his editorial, but YOU are the silly idiots. Worth is only recognizable by those who have some value themselves. How much are you worth? Not the \$1.98 you may probably think of immediately, but as a human being. FOULER is the only magazine produced specifically for human beings by other human beings. It is unique in concept and several other things. FOULER is.

Once a long time ago, a person said something to me. I have never forgotten it and it's as true then as it is now. Perhaps someone will say something to one of you morons out there someday. If they do, then remember it. But treasure the moment of communication.

FOULER IS.
LOVE IT.

LEROY RICHARD ARTHUR KETTLE

MY NATURAL CYNICISM IS JUST LIKE A GREAT BIG DUREX PROTECTING ME FROM FANDOM. OR MAYBE ITS THEM FROM ME. I'M NOT SURE.



* C O M - D E S C E N T *
* a report found in an empty skull *
* by *
* LEROY RICHARD ARTHUR KETTLE *

THEY SAY I AM MAD, BUT I AM NOT MAD. YOU MUST READ MY
TALK AND DECIDE FOR YOURSELVES

The trouble is I seem to
remember going to a Convention last Easter.

Not so much a hotel, more a
corridor with washbasins.

I was penniless from the start. Scottie (of
whom more later) informed me at the desk that cheques would not be taken
unless backed with either a Barclaycard or a murderous gleam in the eyes.
I had neither tucked behind my glasses, and not wishing to make a
spectacle of myself I was forced to part with most of my meagre supply
of cash, and experienced the most prevalent of contemporary ills,
instant poverty.

And what had I bought? A Royal Box.

Still, it was only
Thursday, and after collecting my pet Pickersgill and giving him an
emergency transfusion of rum&coke we set out to find a cosy pub in which
to while away the night. Five miles and many dirty looks later we found
one which would actually serve us without slopping half the drink onto
the floor and spitting in it so we couldn't lick it up. The night
progressed pleasantly. I shall merely skim over the incident of the Two
Young Sailor who attached themselves to me, and merely mention the
incredible disappearing Cockney Pride, which by some incredible trickery
was always on the other side of Piccadilly Circus to the one we were on
no matter how fast we ran. Suffice it to say, then, that even though we
were thrown out of the Real Wimpy Bar at midnight Thursday was a good
day.

It was also the best, sadly.

Then it was morning. In the vestibule
we sat, projecting dirty thoughts at the receptionists and awaiting random
fandom. The projection may well have worked, for before too long clumps
of evil-looking porters were eyeing us with undisguised hatred. And there,
of course, was Scottie, a grotesque looking would-you-believe-it Scottish
female with whom the equally grotesque and mentally defective Pickersgill
fell instantly in love. But did nothing.

Eventually George Hay arrived
mouthing aimlessly, and left Christie Hay on guard surrounded by
nauseating signs saying Scicon '70 This Way. This prompted us to
pretend we were nothing to do with the convention, which worked for a
while, but Boak recognised us eventually.

Brunner arrived. I believe,

but I'm not sure as everyone leaped to their feet shouting Master Master and strewing the floor with palm leaves and I couldn't see.

Fans came, all refused to recognise us, and we had trouble with them:

'Was that Brian Hampton. he didn't look like that last year.'

"Did who look like what?"

'Brian Hampton. Like that.'

"Jesus?"

Fans are queer.

So we scuttled off and hid and drank a lot more and finally ventured forth and were confronted by John Hall, Graham Boak, Ian Williams, and a small boy who masqueraded as Bob Rickard noted wit, critic, and space merchant. Insults passed gaily back and forth, and everything started to go funny.

Parlez-vous Martian, shouted someone with childish wit which could only have come out of the mouths of babes and Dave Womack. Viridiana indeed.

And Ken Eadie - he was there. Oh yes. You like Scottie, he said to Greg who was cowering behind me in his minute Welsh way. Then I'll go and introduce you to her. Off he went and returned to inform the Pickersgill that he had made a date for him. No-one has ever fallen and beaten so futilely to the floor than Greg who swore he only wanted her to wash his hair and all would have been perfect and now that fool had destroyed it all and etc etc etc.

Maslock and Crut balling Gingers. Son Rosenblum, R. Idwal Gilbert and other strange and unwieldy beings kept hurling Mah-Jong pieces to the floor in tempers.

I was chased along the street by a buxom Swedish female who swore I hadn't paid my bill.

And Gunther. Sly old Gunther, Swedish fiend who connived with Eadie a strange and ineffectual liason between two more than pleasant Swedish femals, Greg, and myself. We were never avenged for those moments of horror whilst Boak and Roberts sniggered foully.

And Moorcock, auctioneering. A beautiful and flamboyant creature who finished by signing a whisky bottle which I had my hand on to take when overcome by the childishness of it all I left it in the ruin of the Con Hall, where it may remain, priceless and unclaimed, to this very day

Yes, the best of all was the confrontation between Perry Chapdelaine and the Scientologist.

Yes, the worst item was Brunner cutting that short so he could get his few hours of egoboo in.

Things To Come was a pleasant surprise, but there were few others.

Eadie eats everything with alternate spoonfuls of tomato ketchup and mustard. A grotesque habit mitigated only by his stimulating conversation.

*

*CON-DESCENT

FOULLER

And we met Alan Chorley by blind coincidence in darkest Soho when broke and did a cheque-cashing deal in an alleyway watched by a suspicious policeman who kept muttering into a communicator.

Chasing through London seconds before closing time in search of drink and getting a half-bottle of white wine, no corkscrew, stitch, but no relief.

And evil, talkative Roberts, aardvarking about trailing Guinness fumes.

Watching David Redd take a banana from his pocket at the bar, peel it, take a bite then offer it around.

Wondering what Gray Hall said when he refused the banana.

Talking to Thors Hammer until the early hours and playing orange boxes for lack of anything less intellectual. Three books he's had published. Three.

We walked over a minute person and on looking at his label badge to find out which inconsequential fan this was discovered it was James Blish.

Portey told us once how he had bought Frank Herbery drinks thinking it was THE but it wasn't, so we didn't buy Blish a drink but it was THE all the same.

Eddie Jones superb paintings and desire for same, but penniless.

A strange woman who talked about flying saucers until Tubb came and to our relief took her away - to a rendezvous with the Venusian Space Force, doubtless.

People keep sending me kinky stories, said Phil Harbottle. All about cannibalism. Of course. I've bought yours first so I had to reject the rest.

Brian Burgess bidding for next Con. Would have been some con., though never worse than this. Weston has probably learnt a lot from Hay's mistakes, so roll on Worcester.

There were wild reports of Eadie propositioning chambermaids in the stairwells.

John Hall must have done something notable, or was that Jack Marsh?

Tried to beat Pickersgill to death with by key one night whilst drunk, but failed as I could not decide which one of him to hit.

Dear little Dave Womack begging Greg for a taste of his rum&coke, and incredibly, getting some.

Beryl Mercer deep in conversation with John Hall. Don't mock him, she castigated the drunken Pickersgill, he's got something here.

And the hellish minutes long wait to get vital supplies of booze from the miniscule after hours bar, where liquor was measured out by hand and triple-entered in a vast accounts book. Stupid bloody idea, said the bartender, and I agreed volubly, but he didn't give me any more.

Oh. there was lots more. of course, fun and games, sobs and sorrows both, but these are just droppings, the stuff that fell out when it shook.

+ E
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 + E
 + B fanzine reviews
 + A by
 + L
 + L GREG PICKERSGILL
 + *****

As probably noted in SCORIA we're going to institute a series of depth reviews of fanzines, principally British, with the highly idealistic and completely unrealistic hope that it will be of some assistance in raising the standards of British fanediting.

The fanzines reviewed here are all in the main pretty old issues, mainly because we don't get, for one reason or another, every Brit Fanzine as it appears. It may well be that newer issues of the magazines reviewed have since appeared, and if we get hold of them reviews will appear in due course. In future, every British general distribution fanzine, and many OMPazines etc which are also available generally, will be reviewed, and whenever space or contents deem it necessary. Non-Merican or other extraneous publications will be included.

I'm not going to say anything about the standards I'll be using, they'll appear within the reviews, other than to underline the fact that its purely my idea of what a good fan publication should be, be it sercon, faanish, or whatever.

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The following reviews are a lot bittier than they ought to be, as most of the publications are so comparatively old. This ought to be rectified in the future.

:::

ZINE NO. 2, from JOHN N. HALL, I24 PUNCHCROFT, NEW ASH GREEN. DARTFORD, KENT.

ZINE is a mag with a hell of a lot of wasted potential. suffering from the most prominent malaise of Brit fanzines, the urge to make up the size of an issue with crap, thus swamping the small amount of worthy material within. This makes for a very impressive looking wad, but in the long run its detrimental to everyone, as most fans tend to remember the crap rather than the good stuff.

Examples of really impressive things herein are Hall's poetry- he has a considerable if erratic talent producing much dire rubbish intermixed with truly shining gems, here you have examples of both. DORSET REMEMBRANCES being good, and the INTRO an example of simplistic derivation. The other very good thing is again by Hall, FANTASIA 1989. a genuine piece of futurian reportage which attempts to transfer lots of spoken and visual information to print, and succeeds astonishingly well. Its worth reading.

There's a lot of fiction, too, mostly refugees from the old C.C.P., and consequently all a bit lousy. Ordinarily I'd make an attempt to criticise this properly, in the hope of aiding the writers in some way, but in this case its futile as most of the pieces are several years old, and if the writers haven't learnt better themselves by now there's no hope for them. So suffice it to say that the pice by Bryn Fortey, though primitive in execution, is entertaining, and the others, by Muldowney, Kettle, are pretty worthless.

This mag, in both issues so far, has tried to put across a bit of

the old controversy, bumbling wildly over individual liberties of dress and behaviour. Nothing significant is said, and the points brought up so manifestly banal that they do not even serve as a reminder or sparking point. The fundamental trouble is in trying to be controversial about things so commonplace that people have had their fill of them: and there's no way out save that of soapboxing about uncommon things that even the writers know little about, a practice which brings either derision or complete lack of interest.

Anyway, what else? A non report of the 1969 Convention, a piece of trivia under the apparently unrelated title 'Space - we have arrived', some amazingly bad illustrations and a complete lack of editorial personality.

ZINE is well produced, with a smart but unnecessary printed cover, and is worth getting for Hall's poetry and FANTASIA.

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VIRIDIANA, Issue I from DAVE WOMACK, 132 Albany Rd. Hornchurch Essex.

THE archetypal crddzine. No other words apply. A complete innocence of layout, typing, duplication, and intelligence is manifest throughout.

Its packed with worthless, unreadable (on two counts, bad repro only being one of them) poetry, most of it by the misguided editor, and at least four pieces of short fiction, again from C.C.P., dire in the extreme, but I must admit to not reading them because the last few lines of each were missing off the bottom of the pages.

What is a mag like this for? I can't believe that Womack actually enjoyed producing this crap, and if all he wanted was to have his name noised abroad he could have picked a more suitable and rewarding way of doing it, a nude double page spread in the next issue of ZINE, for example. The sheer innocence of this child amazes me, for this snotty little pamphlet he expects trades, LoCs, adverts, god only knows what. Wonder if he got any? I must admit I send him a LoC, pointing out very gently and encouragingly the faults with this mag, but that was before I found out he'd been in deep with comics fandom and ought to have picked up the rudiments of fanediting. Jesus Christ I'm reading this bloody thing right now and I can't believe it. Its worthless. It gets Brit fandom a bad name it hardly deserves, bad as it is. Every copy ought to be sought out and burned, with Womack securely roped down in the middle of them. My fury knows no bounds.

And to compound the horror, there's a good thing in it by Sam Long, a bit of fannish balladry to the tune of 'Waltzing Matilda' which is nice, but lost amidst this sea of shit.

My fury has now exceeded whatever bounds it formerly had. 'fanzine of fiction and fun' indeed!

+++++

SPECULATION, No. 27. Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton.

Birmingham 31.

The absolute antithesis to the above. Same, controlled, beautiful. It gives me a constant sense of inferiority, because although I can manage to follow all the stuff with the aid of 'The Big Book of Lit. Crit. for Little Minds' I am always totally unable to contribute anything of worth, other than awed gasps of approval. Its a great magazine, it should be dealt with by someone of greater ability than I, so I shall say no more

other than mention briefly that it always astonishes me that someone who looks like a provincial bank clerk should produce anything so good.

This is the only British fan-produced magazine of consistent quality.

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REMEMBER, THEY LAUGHED AT WILLIS AT FIRST!

CYPHER, No 1, from James Goddard, I Sharvells Rd. Milford on Sea. Lymington, Hants.

Rather the poor mans SPECULATION I'm afraid, it shares SPEC's serious interest in speculative fiction, and its very neat layout and high standard of reproduction, but there the resemblance ends. The reviews are short, rather shallow, tending to rely on prefabricated preconceptions rather than saying anything with bite and originality. Very much the standard of reviews found in any normal fanzine in fact, and I wonder whether this venture will be successful. Also included is Frank Arnold's FIRST THURSDAY OF EVERY MONTH, first of a projected series which covers the history of early British sf and fandom in a spare, precis-like fashion. Its been done admirably by Walt Gillings in VISION OF TOMORROW, and Arnold contributes nothing new.

This is yet another case of founding on the sand. There can't be two SPECULATIONS, so CYPHER cannot hope to attain that standard, or anything near it. All they can do is publish what is in effect a collected version of average fanzine book reviews and review articles, with the accent on review meaning a short explanatory burst of facts. Myself, I don't think there's any need for it, other fanzines, such as Mike Ashley's group, cover this admirably and I'M afraid that CYPHER is just another half-thought, misguided idea that will disappear.

A pity, but inevitable.

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CYNIC, No 1, from GRAY BOAK, Ryde Lands, Nuthurst, Cranleigh, Surrey.

One of the new wave of faanish fanzines spearheaded by Prestige Roberts and EGG, it doesn't quite measure up to its illustrious henchman, but is entertaining and shows considerable promise as one of the point-men of what I hope will be a revival of faandom leading to a revival of Brit Fandom as a whole. Its unfortunate in that the editorial personality is a bit diffuse, an absolutely wrong thing in a faanzine. Its necessary to know just who is pushing the show for the thing to work. For me this issue is marred only by a surfeit of Archæe Mercer (though I must admit that anything over two syllables is a surfeit of this person for me) who spins the tale of a vehicle called the Tribester and its impact, or lack of it, on fandom. Of no interest at all, the mediocre subject matter matched only by singular lack of humor in the writing. There's a rather interesting article by Prestige Roberts aimed at introducing the fan at large to modern 'popular' music, but again its too short and lacks emphasis, but is well done nevertheless. I can but agree with his denigration of jazz, a futile and wasteful mode obsessed with its own intricacies and lacking appeal for many. His determination to bring out the 'fantasy' element in modern blues/rock/folk is a trifle disturbing, however. Smacks of narrow horizons to me. Some short and acerbic fanzine reviews from Linwood, pity he doesn't have more to say.

Also some half good -- half bad poetry by Mike Scantlebury, well worth examination, inoffensively meaningless chatter from Terry Jaeves, and good use made of the foolscap format. Few manage this successfully. Gray does. Perhaps the variation in typefaces helps. Illustrations on a higher than average standard too.

Nice mag. Get it. Often. Recommended. Sense of Fandom.

EGG, from PETER ROBERTS, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol BS 4 5 DZ

Unchallenged in the forefront of Brit fanzines, and also, as though by accident rather than design, the best British fanzine of any kind (barring SPECULATION, of course.) I don't know how he does it. Superb layout, good illustrations, good reproduction, even, chodhelpus, a very high standard of material and response from the readership. Peter's personality is in itself interesting, either he takes great care over what he says in print or he really does think in a seemingly faultless manner. I've searched my stock of Restormel Publications but try as I might I can't find anything in the least fuggheaded.

Anyway, like all good fanzines the best thing is the lettercolumn, the nearest thing I've seen yet to the peculiar combination of flipness and intellect usually found only in Golden Age Brit fanzines or any American ones. Totally different to the usual torrents of crud found in many contemporary lettercolumns. Whether this is because Peter's publications just naturally elicit a higher standard of response, or is merely the result of clever editing is yet to be revealed. Nevertheless, the result is always interesting and often stimulating.

One of the curious things about this mag is that the overall impression is so good that when one comes to examine individual bits they're often a little disappointing. Gray Boak's column, for instance. Interesting, well written, but somehow lacking that indefinable thing that would make it Something Else. Paul Screeton on the UFO/SF interface, again, neat, well written, but where Gray's bit of personal tribulation seemed in keeping with the spirit of the magazine, this didn't. A pity, but I'm glad to have read it, all the same. Then Prestige's own CHECKPOINT fanzine reviews, pale shadows of their former selves, but still the best extant this side of the Atlantic. His British Fanzine Checklist makes the scene seem rosier than it is, though. Many of the mags listed are in abeyance, and have been for a long time, and several others are OMPazines of rather limited interest. Also many of them are shitty, but that's another story.

There's also a picture page of the 1970 LonCon, which is recommended for a series of truly horrific portraits of 'well-known fans' including an altogether alien one of John H Hall imitating Hermann Goering. Hall obviously harking back to his youthful days.

Well, anyway I've at last decided what makes this fanzine so good. By process of elimination it can only be the curious personality of Prestige Roberts himself, which seems to enter into full flower only on duplicator stencil. Unless, of course, there are two of them, for I can hardly believe that the character who drifts alternately bemused and pissed through conventions can truly be the driving force behind this exceptional magazine.

Highly recommended, in case you hadn't noticed.

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WOW. That's the end of EYEBALL for this issue. Varying between the pompous, the lunatic, and the downright drear, it's only a faint progenitor of what is hoped to be achieved in future issues.

A reminder once again, we want to review all British fanzines here. We can't do it unless you send them in. Reviews may well be of use to you as editors, and if that's no encouragement to you egoridden bastards, think of your contributors. They may benefit.

THE
UNICORN

a story for
people who like
Seagulls

by
ROY
KETTLE

The ragged unicorn paused beneath a tree. It rubbed its flank against the rough bark, giving ease to the itch which had been there of recent days. Then it looked around reflectively. Something was in the air. It could sense disturbance all about.

It snorted and shook its head, the wild white mane whipping the low leaves and wetting with early evening moisture. The goodness in life was there still, but a lingering scent of imminent despondency clung in its flaring nostrils. This was no place to stay. Perhaps by moving it could relieve this strange sensation, run and leave it amongst the trees where it had now begun to hang heavy. It would find its mate and they would race along the golden plains to find a better home.

Its powerful muscles rippled into action as it moved gracefully through the leaf-brown pathways, sniffing the cool air for its mate. Soon, for they were never far apart, the two nuzzled each other, licking windblown coats. Then, into the night they trotted, with no backwards glance at the forest that had been their home for many years gone. The plain was a lonely expanse save for the speeding, loving, warm spot they were, the darkness was not there for them. But when eventually they stopped for breath, for sleep, for food, they felt the same strangeness was still around them, and even stringer. They resigned themselves to its presence, and slept.

When they awoke in the fresh light of a new day they looked northwards and saw a strange sight. A huge shape bulking against the horizon, surrounded by a thousand milling creatures. What could it be? They approached and saw on top of it an old man picking certain of the animals, pairs of male and female, and letting them inside. The despair of the rejected was such that the unicorns thought it wise that they too should try to get within, considering the sense of impending doom now weighing heavily on them.

They joined the crowd and jostled with the rest. But as they did the ragged unicorn caught his horn in a crack in the structure. He pulled, and his mate pushed, but he could not move. Then the huge jumbling crowd heaved mightily and with a snap the horn broke. The unicorn screamed and leaned panting, sobbing deeply, against the structure. Luckily the fracture had been within the horn, and not injured the flesh, and apart from a hollowness within he soon felt well enough to fight to the fore of the crowd.

When there the old man peered at them, and allowed the ragged unicorn's mate through, then looking closely at the other said "A horse. We have horses." And slammed the gate. Behind him.

There was silence for a moment as the old man

did not reappear, and then all the creatures began wailing and weeping but none louder than the unicorn without, whose cries were answered pitifully by his mate within.

And as the animals beat against the side the large rain drops began to fall, faster and faster. Soon a stream of water began to move across the plain, and the structure shifted a little. Then more water. And one by one the crying beasts were swept away in the growing torrent until only the ragged unicorn and the structure remained. The unicorn swam, and cried, and swam, and beat its hornless head against the side until its wet mane became bloody and the water around was streaked with red.

Then it too slipped beneath the waters, long before the rain had stopped. Its mate inside, sensing this, ran its horn hard into the side, and through it. The horn pulled free, and a jet of water shot into the craft, and no efforts on the part of the beasts could stop it. And the men did not notice until it was too late.

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MY UNCLE HAS DIED

white, fragrant, frolicking smoke
rising heavenward to disappear
pyre of flickering stories
stank of death
while fears never ceased.

black clothes and vacant faces
shimmering veils and colder smiles
wander away from death to hell
while the vicar grins
and takes his chestnuts from the fire.

MEFYN ROBERTS

easily passed
tho never last
it travelled on

the agile turd
was twenty-third
at the s-bend
but by the sewer
there were fewer
to its fore
bear in mind
it came from behind
and so it won.

ROY KETTLE

S C O R I A

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S C O R I A

by

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GREG PICKERSGILL
and fiends.

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FOULER's HEAP this issue doesn't contain any LoCs from the US or Canada, as you'll have noticed. This isn't evidence of anti-NorMerican sentiment, but is merely because this issue has followed so hard on the heels of the last that people in the States and Canada will not have had time to respond yet. Assuming they're going/want to, that is.

Anyway, FOULER will appear on a roughly bi-monthly schedule in the future, and the publication date will be brought forward whenever the stock of worthy material is enough to make an issue worthwhile. However, the kind of material we get is more or less up to You(ghod hep us), and let it be known now that nothing will be rejected unless it is either crudly written or has evidence out out and out fugghead thot. This means that no matter how repellent the subject matter may be, whether its an ineveitably useless attempt to convince me of the existence of a bluesband better than CANNED HEAT, or a paean of praise for the skinhead faction, as long as it is well written, intelligently presented, it has a very high chance of seeing genuine duper ink.

Whilst still on the subject of future issues, I'd like to mention two departments we have a mind to run. A FANZINE REVIEW column, of a depth ~~xxx~~ unheard of in the annals of fandom since the demise of Pete Roberts's CHECKPOINT and only previously encountered in that greatest fanzine of them all, AMAZING STORIES. We consider it vital that there should be a viable well known column of in depth fanzine reviews. It should not only help to weed the crud out of British fanzines (all three of them) but give praise wherever its due to individual writers, especially of poetry and fiction, areas ignored by many LoCers as evidenced by the comments on the last issue of FOULER. Anyway, we'd like to recieve all new fanzines for potential review, well within deadline time whenever possible.

The other project is BACKSPACE, a reprint section of small items from the fabulous fanzines of days past, such as HYPHEN (which ran a singularly successful column of this type itself, upon which BACKSPACE is unashamedly modelled) BASTION and many others. This unit will be wide open to guest editing, so if you know of any Golden Oldie which will show the modern fan what he's missing, then by all means send it in.

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YOU WANT TO BE CAREFUL OF HIM. HE'S ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH JOHN HALL

As some of you people and Nubile Roy Kettle will know I'm currently an unemployed degenerate, scrabbling, conniving and hustling to obtain money for booze and fanning with a peculiar mixture of deceit, trickery and outright theft that is probably harder than any job I'm ever likely to get, but is somewhat more amenable.

Anyway, my destitution isn't entirely through choice, I don't mind working, at the right job, and indeed I've applied for two since leaving school in July.

One was a superbly comfortable, decently paid job in a local library, which had the added advantage of being only fifteen seconds run from my favorite pub. I don't know why I didn't get this job, really I don't. Possibly it's something to do with the fact that the other four applicants all wore micro-skirts and had two A levels apiece. I'm sure it wasn't my appearance, anyway. I had my hair neatly pinned back when I went for the interview, and I'm positive that the freak lighting conditions needed to see my beard were totally absent. In any event, the interview progressed quite happily until I mentioned science fiction, when all three interviewers suddenly lost their air of bonhomie, gave each other strange little sidelong glances, scribbled on notepads which were passed around rapidly, and fifteen seconds later I was back out in the waiting room. Hmmm.

Anyway, by the time I went up for the next interview I'd decided I didn't want the job, a miserable type of tea-boy-with-knowledge-of-alphabet-for-filing kind of thing paying about seven and six a week. So I thought I'd blow it quickly and launched into a spiel about sf as soon as I got in. The horror of it was that the interviewer seemed quite pleased about this, and burred knowledgeably on about Brian Aldiss whilst I writhed in torment. Anyway, ghod smiled on me that day, and I didn't get that job either.

So I'm still unemployed, scanning with glee the local paper, but although I could have a great career as a relief cowman there's not much in my line.

THE WORST THING ABOUT THAT BASTARD IS THAT THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WORST THING

God only knows what FOULER's going to turn out like in the end. This issue is entirely different from the last, our first feeble attempt at a pfabulous pfannish pfanzine. and let me tell you it's bloody hard being fannish when you aren't within the closed coterie of fandom. Anyway, we do what we can, a lick and a prayer, and we hope that one or two people will be amused or stimulated. Ghod only knows what the next issue will contain, whether this curious fannish ethic will survive, or whether we'll get all serious about things, or even if we'll produce anything more than a shit-hurling broadsheet ever again.

In any event, you can be well advised to keep an eye on FOULER. It's a damn sight more liekl to do something stimulating than any other fanzine. And if that reads like a lot of fugghead bullshit, then you're dead right. Without an ego of colossal proportions, dear reader, no fan can survive.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS WHEN FANS WERE FANS - NOT JUST PRETTENTIOUS FUGGHEADS

It may seem curious to you that Kettle's presence in HEAP peters out after only a few lines. This amazed me as well, I must admit. It's a pity in a way, as his unique style could have done much to alleviate my own rather pedestrian comments. No' er mind, first go and all that crap and I hope there're some decent letters to attempt comment on next issue. Anyway, back to Kettle. Apparently he's having such a great time boozing and leching in the Metropolis he's too idle/tired/disinterested to do anything. Good fucking luck to him. Did, however, get this short piece before his typing finger wilted altogether.

"Owing to recurring laziness on the part of half of your editors there will, in general, be but one comment following the letters in HEAP. Greg I am sure will try his hardest to be foul and provocative but should he fail forget not that he is yet a child, and foolish. Slight unintended humor on his part may be the result of his pitting his puny wits against the mighty brains of fandom on parade herein, but pray do not laugh too loud. Lurking somewhere behind the feeble intellect and pubescent beard there is a talent which one day may grow and blossom if nurtured by your tender praise. Shower him with the sweet drops of encouragement. Pack the manure of egoboo about his youthful roots. Treat him well.

And so I must bid you farewell. For one so lazy as I there is little place in a high class fanzine. I feel shame burning my flesh. And as a penance I beg that although you will wish to give all the praise to me for the few gems contained inside this issue please do not. Again I say young Gregory of the fair hair and the blue eyes deserves the praise due to me if only because he will not get any for himself. Give generously."

He wrote at least half of that all on his own. I swear!

He also wrote, not specifically for publication:

"Anyway fuckface, I want a good con issue. That issue is going to have nothing in unless we both say so. Currently you're almost having a free hand, which is pissing me off a great deal. After my brilliant editing of TWO I fear the worst for the issue in your hands."

So fear not dear readers, rich American homosexuals and Charles Platt notwithstanding, Nubile Roy has not deserted you.

(/)(/)(/)(/)(/)(/)(/)(/)(/)(/)

A while ago I got a sample OMPA mailing. No. 59. Good thing too, for unless I'd happened to get it I may well have never seen a curious bit of comment on FOULER TWO. It was in a pamphlet called PABLO II, pushed by good old Darrol Pardoe, BNF extraordinaire, who leads off our HEAP this issue. One or two things significant about this sheet. First being Pardoe's reluctance to let me see a copy. By internal evidence it must have been produced around mid September, and I didn't get it (in the mailing) until the second week of October. Funny how he didn't send me a copy personally. Especially considering he was somewhat less than lavish with his comments in his LoC. Still, not to worry about it. Maybe the lad's naturally secretive. I'd have got a copy sooner or later from one of my henchmen anyway. The next sad thing about it is that he seemed to take every damn thing mentioned in FOULER TWO as deadly serious, and go to some trouble in a rather pathetic injured-innocence way to prove me wrong. All this in the face of a mass of contradiction, facetiousness, hype, and bullshit that screamed HOAX, PISSTAKE to everyone else.

And it isn't true to say that he didn't notice the deliberate contradictions. He even quotes one himself. He either thinks I am extraordinarily thick, or he knows no better himself.

Well, even that's not too important. If he wants to look at fandom through rosecolored glasses and think all's well and wine and roses that's his tough shit. I even envy him in a way. It's nice to have such faith in something to defend it like that, even if you don't bother sending a copy of the rebuttal to the misguided fool he thinks me to be. (Very very strange that. Can hardly get over it. Especially as he spends much wordage in offering paternal advice as to how I should proceed in fandom).

The worst thing, however, is the elaborate fabric of outright lies, misconstructions, omissions, and misrepresentations that he uses to describe FOULER TWO. I could hardly recognize the magazine myself, and I made a copy of the pamphlet, with obvious clues deleted, and gave it to a henchman who'd read FOULER TWO, and stap me if he couldn't recognize it either. Mind you, I'm not heaping shit on Pardoe's head. Far from it. PABLO II is a piece of journalism that would do credit to the experienced fact-benders of the PEOPLE or SUN. Quite superb in its little way.

I'm joining OMPA, by the way, and a full rebuttal of PABLO II will be in the next mailing unless I can think of anything better to do. Anyone who wants a copy (which will reprint PABLO II) gets one. Good stuff.

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Apologies for the drab PADS-type FOULER, but lack of money required full use of stencils. Better next, hopefully.

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How often do British fans appear in American fanzines? Other than as Locers or in reviews and stuff like that, I mean. A damn sight less than five-ten years ago, I'll bet, and even that was less than the ten years back previous. How come? Two scenarios present themselves. Either British fans are incapable of presenting anything the Americans want to use (I hardly imagine they'd give to a British fanzine if they could make it in the US), or that American fandom has progressed to the stage at which it is almost completely self sufficient, and can fulfill practically all its needs from within its own ranks. I'm pretty sure that the latter is true. British fanzine fandom is in such a dire state that it can't keep more than three decent fanzines going regularly, much less contribute material equal to the American standard. If you think I'm wrong, just let me know who the equivalent to Piers Anthony (in his fanning hat) is, or almost any other prominent American. Come on. Tell me. I defy you.

And whilst we're on that anyone noticed how many British pros have contributed to British fanzines recently? Not too damn many if you discount SPECULATION. Yet they're often seen in American fanzines. As, obviously, are American pros, such as the aforementioned genius (and robbed Hugo winner) Anthony, Dean Koontz, Ted White, etc etc etc.

Doesn't anyone think there's something a bit wrong with this? I mean, just because American fanzines are bigger, better, neater, cleaner, with larger print runs, better distribution, and editing with intelligence surely there's no call for our pros to desert us like that. Is there?

One of the several things not in this issue is a truly unique bit of faanish reportage concerning the Adventures of Kettle in Wonderland, with several asides which, among other things, provide an almost complete explanation of the genesis of FOULER TWO, a campaign report of The Great Spider War, Life and Times With the Pembrokeshire Police, and How We Stormed the Ice Queen's House of Ill-Repute. Alas, for several reasons, including one almost believable one, it isn't here. Which is unfortunate as there are a number of allusions to the FOULER TWO part elsewhere in the mag. Ne'er mind. All shall be revealed in good time. Next issue, hopefully. If Kettle can drag himself out of bed long enough.

In the furor surrounding the demise of J. Hendrix the death of another young musician went almost unnoticed, but to a number of people his loss has been, and will be felt very deeply.

ALAN WILSON wasn't exactly a household name in the way Hendrix was, but was as highly valued (if not more) by the small number of people who knew his work. He worked with the American electric blues band CANNED HEAT, turning out brilliant rhythm guitar and slide guitar work, as well as exceptional harmonica playing, and a totally unique singing style. He also contributed many of the Heat's most brilliant songs, such as TIME WAS, GOING UP THE COUNTRY, and ON THE ROAD AGAIN, and I don't think there's much doubt that he was the most talented member of the band.

I always have a great affinity for his music, and had a great feeling of kinship with him as a person, engendered from what I had heard and read about him. His death was a terrific shock to me, as if someone very close to me had died. I'm bitterly sorry that I'll now never have a chance to see him work in person, and show my great appreciation.

I had one chance once, at the Blues Festival last June. The Heat were supposed to be on around midnight, but they were hours overdue and I went back to my tent. Later, at around six-thirty, I woke and heard Al Wilson's voice drifting up from the stage. I wondered whether to take the hike down and catch the show, but decided against it. Just turned back over and went to sleep. Always be another chance, I thought. Alas, there wasn't.

(")(")(")(")(")(")(")(")

Whilst on the subject of contemporary music, I'd like to run a notice of another small magazine I'd like to try. Devoted almost totally to writings on the rock/folk/blues/whatever scene, with record reviews, articles, opinions, notes on concerts seen etc. I've got a small amount of material already collected, including reviews of new albums by Canned Heat (superb), Rolling Stones (pedestrian), a long article on the last Wight Festival, and a marass of idiosyncratic opinion. Any contributions invited, in as soon as possible, please.

One thing I'd particularly like would be a nice handy portmanteau expression to cover the entire blues/rock/folk/blues@rock/folk-rock/ etc etc etc field in one fell swoop. I've beat my brains over this for quite a while, all to no avail. 'Contemporary music' is useless as it is too limited temporally. Something better needed.

A F U N N Y T H I N G H A P P E N E D

A funny thing happened -

a flying ballet shoe just burst through my plate grall window smashing and ripping the blind. stood on it's heel, and announced that it was General De Gaulle and all the rest were merely cardboard replicas.....

a funny thing happened -

a forest of burning fit trees were blowing in the wind while cowboys with 'Win With Wallace' t-shirts danced around a flagpole screaming 'All the way with LBJ!'

a funny thing happened -

as I slipped the ring on her finger the sound of chains and manacles echoed all around, and I realised too late that politics is all irrelevant anyway.

JOHN N. HALL
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R E V E N G E I S M I N E

The apple looked so luscious in the hand of my beloved that I reached out and took it from her without a second thought, totally disregarding orders to the contrary. I looked around furtively, half expecting to see Him in one of His many manifestations, but He didn't seem to be around. I was about to take a bite when a puny looking worm thrust its way through the skin and faced me. It stared for a moment and then spoke in a reedy little voice.

"I am God," it piped, "and if you eat this apple I will chastise you most severely."

I looked it right in the eye for a moment, and decided it was time I stood up for myself. I took a huge mouthful of apple, worm and all. It was my first meat ever, and Eve was as jealous as hell, but I told he she'd already had a spare rib and she shut up.

Anyway, that night I had a terrific stomach ache. I'm not entirely sure what caused it, but I can bet that it wasn't the apple.

ROY KETTLE
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AARDVAK FANDOM LIES GROVELLING IN THE GUTTER.

WOMBAT FANDOM NEVER ROSE FROM IT.

ARE YOU EMBARRASSED BY THE SELFCONSCIOUS TRIVIA OF AARDVARKS?

ARE YOU SICKENED BY THE BANALITY & JUVENILITY OF WOMBATS?

DO YOU SNEEK TO UPHOLD THE TRUE FANNISH TRADITIONS OF

B O O Z I N G and L E C H E R Y ????????

DOES DRINKING, PERVERSION, SEX, AND SELF-INDULGENCE ATTRACT YOU
MORE THAN COMMUNITY SINGING OR WEAK MINDIED INTELLECTUALISM?????????

IF IT DOES THEN YOU ARE A POTENTIAL

* R A T F A N *

AND YOU CAN JOIN THE NEW BREED OF THING RARING TO PUT THE SHIT
BACK INTO THE FAN. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS;

know how to pick your nose in the eirth-nine different positions
delineated in 'The Perfumed Nostril':
know and love the site of every VD clinic in Britain:
to have had at least one real or imaginary sexual catastrophe
resulting from alcoholic excess;
and to know at least three jokes depending on totally unbelievable
physical abnormalities for their value.

THAT ALL THERE IS TO IT!!!!!!!

IF YOU MEASURE UP TO ANY OF THOSE, OR LIE
EFFECTIVELY ENOUGH TO CONVINCCE US YOU DO, THEN YOU TOO CAN BE A
R A T F A N.

JOIN NOW! SEEK SAFETY IN NUMBERS! SOON WE
SHALL SCUTTLE OUT OF THE URINALS AND BACK ALLEYS TO SLAUGHTER
SPINELESS AARDVARKS AND WOMBATS WHERE THEY LIE, NO MATTER HOW
THEY HIDE. NO PLASTIC FACADE OF DRUNKENNESS OR PERVERSION WILL
SHIELD THEM. WE SHALL MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR ALL R A T F A N S!

KING RAT.

::::::::::::

SPECIAL! Join now and at no extra cost you will recieve a
cardboard replica of the Marquis de Sade's bathwater, a genuine
lump of Dylan Thomas' vomit, a flesh replica of a phallic
symbol, and something else too obscene to mention! JOIN NOW.
DETAILS TO KING RAT KETTLE, 21 CRANLEY GDNS, LONDON S.W.7

and here's

H E A P

+++++

One of the smaller difficulties of a co-edited magazine is that both of us want to do the comments on LoCs recieved. This is possible, naturally, but may make the column a trifle unwieldy, not to say schizophrenic. Also there's the temptation of the half that does the actual stencilling to comment on comments by the other one, a dangerous urge denied only by the horrific prospect of the zine metamorphosing into a kind of super-CRABAPPLE. Anyway, note well that our opinions on LoCs do not necessarily agree because there is comment from one and not the other. Roy may deign to comment on things I don't bother with, and vice versa.

Anyway, I shall say no more, it's getting too complex for me as it is.

By the way, comments in double brackets '(())' are by Kettle(LRAK), and those in triple brackets '((()))' are mine (GFP).

And now right on to our first ever, first recieved, first printed, LoC of the Decade, from

DARROLL PARDGE, 15 Selkirk Ct. Whitley Rd. London N 17 6 RF

Please do not send me any further issues of your fanzine.

((Dear God, Please do not send me any further issues of Darroll Pardoe.)
LRAK))

(((Gosh. Wow. Sense of Wonder. GFP)))

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E. ANTHONY WILSON, 64 Auckland Ave. Faverdale, Darlington, Co. Durham.

Thanks for FOULER 2, whilst I couldn't say it was the best fanzine I'd ever read - it was interesting. Hackneyed tho it may be, I still enjoy old fashioned style mags with book reviews, profiles, bibliographies, mag. listings, etc, as opposed to poetry (in the widest sense!) etc.

((As I don't know you from Anthony Wilson its a bit hard for me to be as witty or crtical as I'd like, especially as your letter was pretty well ille-ible (though you dot your 'i's beautifully). Anyway, re. your request for profiles:

GREG PICKERSGILL is a very small Welsh child of no brains at all who finds it difficult to aim both eyes in the same direction at once (especially on Saturdays) and spells 'idiot' with two d's.

LEROY KETTLE spells talent with everything he does.

Hope this makes this issue of FOULER more enjoyable and enlightening.
LRAK))

(((Well it would be nice to provide all the wonderous sercon things you like, but SPECULATION and Mike Ashley Productions don't do to badly at that kind of thing already, and we don't want to make them feel small and foolish by entering the field ourselves, with all our usual success. GFP)))

*

For some reason you have seen fit to send me a copy of FOULER TWO after having ignored me when mailing the first issue. (((You can fool some of the people some of the time - at least...GFP)))

It could be after the poor letter response to your first issue I came to mind as someone likely to respond. If so, good thinking, since that's what I'm now doing.

It strikes me you are attempting to produce a fanzine version of Michael Butterworth's CONCENTRATE magazine that came out two years ago. This in itself is not a bad aim. Indeed the whole conception is more suited to amateur rather than professional endeavour. A fact born out by FOULER's possible continuation and CONCENTRATE's failure.

I personally hope that your threat to adopt a more conventional framework will not be carried out. The only changes I will concede as needed consist of better stapling to allow for easier handling and reading, and for a proper contents list, which would both benefit the reader and provide a more pleasing featured mention for your unpaid contributors. These are practical changes, and are easily stated, and implemented by you if you so wish. My other - and main - criticism involves outlook, which is an entirely different question. But this will emerge later.

Much of the material featured in FOULER TWO was extremely worthwhile. Kettle's "Smallest Dragon" was probably the best. Full of beauty, simplicity, and very effective, a wonderful example of the sort of delicately shaded word-picture a talented author can create when in sensitive sympathy with his intentions. Running it a close second was your own "Man With Technicolor Eyes."...

As is normal when dealing with such strongly emotional biased material, you included some items that were - for me - of absolutely no merit whatsoever. For instance, the oft-repeated four lines boasting many titles. This was nothing more than an oft-repeated mistake!

Anyway, even the failures failed whilst attempting a genuine communication. As previously indicated, I have no complaints in respect of what you are trying to do as regards subject matter. It's just a pity that the contents had to be sandwiched between the infantile crap you have substituted for genuine editorial comment!

It's a shame that for many people your fanzine will be judged not on its printed contributions but on your personal ravings. This is very wrong, but will nevertheless be the case in many instances.

Let me make it quite clear that I'm not attempting to defend fandom. Many of your accusations are justified, but not your vitriolic terms of denouncement.

Fandom, by its very nature, can be nothing more than a loose and fragmentary collection of cliques. Only in its young, emergent days can it boast any semblance to total unity in aims and ideals, and even then it's no more than skin deep at best. And British fandom is no longer young and emergent as is your Australian example.

The trouble with young militants like yourself is that you cannot accept that others do not share your burning zeal. You seem totally unable to realise that for the majority fandom is only fun, and that most fanzine editors produce their publications as a hobby. It costs time and money and effort, so most involve themselves only in things they find of personal interest and without the altruistic purpose and missionary zeal you belittle them for lacking. So okay, you find this sad and think it wrong, and you have a perfect right to your opinion. But don't just sit there

handing out the old do-as-I-say-not-as-I-do syndrome. You beamoan the lack of superb British fanzines then admit that you lack sufficient interest in the whole stupid concept. Well, either get out because you think its stupid or produce the sort of fanzine we are currently lacking. You'll get nowhere by mouthing childish abuse under an easily seen through guise of trying to stimulate action in others.

Fandom cannot help but be fragmentary. You are drawn to it by initial interest in s.f., for a while you wander trying all that it has to offer, then you either find a part that suits you personally or you drift away. After a few years as a fairly active fan I've now settled into a corner I find worthwhile and stimulating because it consists of people with a shared interest. For me, this is it, I don't have much to do any longer with the main body of fandom. This is the end result, you just dive in at the deep end and find the depth you're most happy at.

Still, why should I bother myself over your rudeness! Many people have grumbled over fandom's famous apathy. I doubt that your ill chosen words will cause any more of a ripple than anyone elses!

So, into a final plea: keep FOULER going, please, but without the editorial bad-temper!

(((Nice LoC this. Only one to pay more than cursory attention to the main content of FOULER TWO. Alas, most fans do tend to ignore poetry etc. It would indeed be nice to run a parallel to CONCENTRATE, but no such material was available, and as you see this issue has scant resemblance to the last. I'd like to run more short prose and poetry, but I just don't get anything good enough. I won't say anything about the genesis of most of the editorial comment, its explained elsewhere, just that fans are either remarkably sensitive to criticism or very easily fooled. As to the enthusiasm of fandom varying in inverse proportion to its age, I need only point to American fandom, older than British, yet at a very high level of activity and talent. They matured whereas Brit fandom became senescent.)))

*

ROGER WADDINGTON, 4 Commercial St. Norton, Malton, Yorkshire.

I'd say I liked some poems, those I understood. Though of little brain I think I can safely say that some of them were of too personal a vision to come through clearly; though it that the fault of the poet or audience? Likewise the fiction pieces.

As for fans, fanzines, and the BSFA; some of mt best friends are fans, so I don't know where I stand... but I'd say that the only sign that the BSFA is alive is the Bulletin; notes and comments there at least give the impression; and though VECTOR is professionally produced it's become more of a monument, in which the occasional gem is preserved like a fly in amber, and though it looks and handles most prestigiously it's dead.... I think the comments on a lesser Vector might be an answer, though only if the apathy unwinds enough from about its corpse to bring it to life again. Though, come to think of it I haven't seen any requests yet for comment on Bulletin items apart from 'lesser Vector'. Might prove another part of the answer, if people could be induced to LoC the Bulletin as any other zine - or fail to LoC it... but here I plead as guilty as the rest. It'll be worth 30/- a year if you can feel you belong to a live organization, one that's going somewhere, but the

BSFA at present seems in a state of stasis. I'd like to see it return to its former glory.

The prime function of fanzines, I read, is to produce egoboo; and as they say, one man's meat is another man's poison: to which some develop an immunity, so keep on reading fanzines if you can stand it: and how many pints of milk make one pint of cream? All of which proves that crudzines become topzines by a process similar to straining; that different zines suit different people; and some people, strange as it may seem, prefer to wallow in the mire. If you're thinking of educating fans to appreciate the higher things of life, you're in for a long hard struggle. ((Half agree with you about the poetry question. But some image/s should come through regardless. For example, my feelings of THINKING OF CHURCH DAYS and the writer's were almost diametrically opposed, but each of us was quite happy and fulfilled with them. Can but echo all you say of the BSFA. The projected lesser Vector could be the saving of it, as long as someone takes action fast instead of hanging fire until its forgotten about.

Fanzines. Right again. For various reasons I can't make a vast output of material to other zines, so the best thing to do was push one of my own. I've been hovering over this for years, and whilst FOULER has little relation to what I originally planned, it's succeeded after a fashion. Its often seemed to me that many fans have a great appreciation of 'the higher things in life', but alas few work in fanzines, and those that do don't tend to let their abilities show through. With significant and obvious exceptions. GFP)))

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ALISTAIR NOYLE, 17 Belvedere Close, Kittle, Swansae SA 3 3LA

I suppose I could react in three different ways to the editorial comments; 1/ Otraged Fan - whine, bleat, groan, curse; 2/ More in sorrow than in anger - silence, apathy; 3/ For what it's worth - a few comments.

You'll make one section of fandom happy at least; those that think you're just reacting normally - they'd be dead worried if you didn't go on a bit. I'm not bothered myself - I'm not a true fan, lacking the dedication, and there are too many distractions for this would-be writer to be any good as a reliable contributor.

Nothing to be gained by railing at fans. The entrenched won't be won over by abuse, and contrary to a large mail response you're more likely to get cold silence which is probably more damaging.

Anyway, the hell with what other people may think!

To more particular points: why not concentrate more on poetry? Far as I know there's no regular outlet for it. A reputation could be built in this field and a service rendered to aspiring writers.

I thought 'Spin' was quite beautiful, and 'Man With Technicolor Eyes' excellent. Can't say why, clearly, it was a matter of images. Other good stuff was 'Seagulls Scream', 'In his own Imago', and 'Requiescat'. Other stuff was not to my taste. It's a pity you don't run illustrations, the idea of a poetry and art review would be very acceptable.

Also agree entirely with your opinion of Peter Roberts. (((Well, as I've said before, I'd like to run poetry, but none comes in. Also fans don't take to it with any great interest, which is basically irrelevant but negative feedback is useless to aspiring writers. Must say, without malice, your comments weren't exactly over-useful to the writers either, but thanks. No illustrations for same reason FOULER is so drab. The little money I have I prefer to spend over a bar rather than on electrostencils and all the crap. GFP))

*

GRAY BOAK, 3 Ryde Lands, Nuthurst, Cranleigh, Surrey.

Due to contradictions within FOULER TWO it's difficult to take anything said therein seriously(((Thank christ someone noticed!GFP))) however some of your opinions are sufficiently near soem of mine to warrant a little comment.

The idea of separating authors from their work is sad, it separates egoboo from its rightful recipient. Fans often like to know who they are reading, not just what. Personal comment is all-important.

I didn't recieve FOULER ONE. Neither, apparently, did Peter Roberts, or it would have appeared in his British Fanzine list in EGG. Therefore it was either badly distributed, or it never appeared at all.

So you recieved no response to ads in the Bulletin. Surprise surprise. Fandom does not necessarily have anything to do with the BSFA.

As for the comment 'send fanzines to interested parties', I can only speak for myself. I've always snet a current issue to anyone who expressed interest in it. But as I produce fanzines for the amusement of friends and acquaintances I don't have indefinate numbers to send to uncertain adressed, Fandom is a social organism: it's necessary for a newcomer to make an effort to join in - if only because of the admitted apathy pervading British fandom.

Who produced superb British fanzines a few years ago and now produce crud? A few years ago the only superb fanzines were SCOTTISHE and SPECULATION, and both continue at much the same standard. A decade ago there were good British fanzines; HYPHEN, APPHORETA, ORION, spring to mind, but the people responsible no longer do any fanac, so they can't be who you mean. Who do you mean?

Who wrote that LoC, you or Roy? Anyway you were dead right about production. There's no point in doing peculiar backtofront, upside-down stapled efforts if the 'innovations' are merely there for their own sake.

MORFARCH was a very good fanzine, but hardly in the same league as HYPHEN. HYPHEN was a Focal Point fanzine, something British fandom hasn't had for a long time. MORFARCH was too limited anyway. EGG could be something else altogether, given a chance and another year or so publication.

You are right that the BSFA should adveryise its own services and projects more. A simple statement in each Bulletin could be sufficient, with a report each year given out at the AGM and sent to the entire membership afterwards. But there's no point in suggesting that here, as you don't run the BSFA any more than I do.

British fandom is not dead, merely very sick. As opposed to British science fiction, which is thriving, as con-attendances show. The understanding of this apparent contradiction lies in the abysmal quality of most British fanzines. I agree that there are too many: but there are too few good ones. I, for one, am convinced that my mag is definately above average, and have no intention of dropping it to ease the crush. What is needed is more effort by editors to increase the quality by a/ awakening dormant fans: b/ contacting wider audiences: c/ turning down bad material: d/ paying a little more attention to their reproduction. British fanzines are tatty!

I know the reasons why none of those are done. British fandom would be better if no-one with less than two years actifanning

were to put out fanzines, and even then only if they had been published in at least three other fanzines, at least one non-UK and if they had read copies of HYPHEN, APPHORETTA, SHAGGY, CRY, PSYCHOTIC, WARHOON, SCOTTISHE, SPECULATION, S.F.R., M.R.U., even MORFARCH, CRABAPPLE and GRIMWAB. I'm only dreaming of Fantopia of course. The ideal apprenticeship would include subs. to LOCUS, EGG, and EGOBOO, and contacts in the US, Australia, and Germany as a minimum requisite.

Coming back to earth, you have already cottoned on to one improvement; Gray's First Law of Fanzines - if you can't afford to produce a fanzine yourself, combine, rather than produce crud alone, work in couples or groups. If nothing else this would reduce the crud if not raise the level of quality. Something two or more people like is often better than something only one approves.

However. The main lack is a Focal Point fanzine. A good magazine that is Where Fan Things Happen. Spec. is too sercon, SCOTT. too restricted. Which is why Peter and I began EGG and CYNIC.

"Pretentious ambition is the only way to get things done!" -Graham Charnock.

All things aside, and hastily absolving Peter of my last comment - that's only my interpretation of his motives - since getting CYNIC I out I'm tending towards the opinion that it's going to be my fanzine, and British Fandom can continue its journey to hell in its own handbasket without care from me. But you just may have set the fire burning again.

Ostracise faneds? Never. Educate them. Band together behind the few good fanzines that do exist - support them with subs, contribs, and LoCs. I haven't seen either of you two in EGG. You haven't sent me a LoC on CYNIC I, or a contribution to encourage 2. Maybe you didn't like EGG or CYNIC, ok, but you haven't written to say so. Practice what you preach. Put your ability where your motuh is. You are just as apathetic as the rest. So get off your arses and prive me wrong!
(((Humm. Well. Gosh. Seems out little booze-blurred bleatings did stir one or two things up after all. Atch, I had some misgivings about a more than usually subtle piss-take in this letter, especuallly that crypto-fascist bit about faned qualificatiosn. However, to echo Gray, enough of this is close to my own opinions to warrent publishing. If it is all a hype, consider me fooled.

Unfortunately very few fans are BSFA members. I'm not sure whether that's bad or not, but the BSFA could do with the subs. at any fate. Truly, we do need a Focal Point fanzine, as said in EYEBALL, EGG and CYNIC (+ FOULER, mayhap) may prvide this in some fashion. I find I agree almost entirely with everything you say, couldn't have said it better etc. Indeed, my true feeling about Brit fandom is as yours, FOULER TWO notwithstanding. If they're so blind as to fail to see their own folly, fuck them. I'll just play Press Baron all the same thanks. Hopefully someone will be entertained enough to make it worthwhile. GFP)))

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JOHN N HALL, 124 Punchcroft, New Ash Green, Dartford, Kent.

A VERT STRANGE THING HAS HAPPENED. It happened one Saturday lunchtime as I was having breakfast. The Pony Express dropped this piece of dupered paper through my door. On examination it proved to be a thing called FOULER TWO. Thus giving the impression that there had been a FOULER ONE at some time.

The existence of this pamphlet was previously unknown to me and my fellow clique-y fandom compatriots. I read this bog-roll and found many things to comment on - but it was still only 1 o'clock, I wasn't even dressed. So, hastily washing up, dressing impeccably, and stuffing some suitably violent music on the hifi I poured a vicious slug of coke and began to write this to them.

"Them?" I hear you ask. "Leroy Kettle and Greg Pickersgill" I reply. Yes, that's right. Greg Pickersgill - reputedly the most disliked person in fandom. Even more hated than Brunner, or Rog Peyton, or Graham Hall because he wants to be. Anyway, back to shit-paper - FOULER TWO that is. Its poetry/prose was alternately good and bad, but the main things were the attacks on fandom, the BSFA, and fanzines.

"A fart in the collective face of fandom" he says. How right he is. How right he is about it all.

Yes, my friends, the dire, sad, truth is that fandom is everything he says it is. But we like it this way, don't we? We know we have many failings, but why should we be doing anything about them - it's all so boring. So if he doesn't like it why doesn't he fuck off?

Nevertheless, I'm sending him four brilliant poems, free and gratis, which is used judiciously will last him four issues should the miserable shit wiper last that long. He could of course reject them, though, couldn't he?

Yes. Louder. YES. Louder. Y E S!!

That's better. And do you know, darlings, in a way I wish he would - it would lend more power to my elbow after all, wouldn't it?

Yes. Louder! Y E S!!

The tragedy is - he'll take all this seriously, poor sod, and feel even more unloved than he already is. John Brunner, Graham Hall, Rog Peyton - there's hope for you yet.

((((ITs only in fandom I could hope to read such an inspired piece of prose as that. One of the few benefits of being a fan. Ah, Groovy John, you've got my secret, better to be hated than ignored. Insult, spit, desecrate, destroy, just to make them know you're there, just so they'll hit back and restore faith in the failing ego. Foiled again.

O yeah, in case anyone cares, I rejected the poems. Crap. Utterly. However, FOULER will soon publish I WAS COLIN JORDAN'S BLUE EYED ARYAN BOY, reminiscense by John of his days in the Partei. GFP)))

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GORDON JOHNSON, 60 Overdale, Eastfield, Scarborough.

What made you think I'd actually read it, being an old-wave nutcase rather than new-wave pseudo-intelluctual bum? Was much surprised by the layout, but it roused my ite enough so that I worked my way through. Why not have it read from bottom to top? Why not try getting all zine activists to produce one regular mag, edited and produced by whoever's available at the deadline. Shortage of material wouldn't be so acute, it might even be worth reading in parts, and possibly prove nearly economic.

To FOULER itself. One or two good things, such as DIALOG FOR ONE PERSON, and the intermittent editorials were stimulating if nothing else. But the poetry, ...no thanks.

((((Your idea on fanzines is remarkably similar to one of my own, alas in this world's fandom (Brit end anyway) cooperation is a dirty

word. Nice fantasy though. On your remarks, or lack of them, about the poetry. I seem to remember from the Oxcon you were more than usually lucid and interested in poetry, and indeed I'd hoped for a bit of good comment from you about it. (If I remember wrong, of course, this is basically useless.) Even bad poetry is usually a genuine attempt to communicate a feeling or thought, and if someone with special knowledge can make comment on it it is bound to be for the better. It's useless saying 'I didn't like it' or, to a lesser extent 'I liked it'. A person can usually tell what's good about a piece of his own writing, but finding out what's bad is often very hard, more so with poetry. Thus, it's a disservice to people who offer their material in good faith, expecting some kind of useful reaction, to dismiss it like this. I'm not just getting at Gordon, but at most fans. It's easy enough to make trivial paragraphs of irrelevance, but it takes some consideration and effort to be of genuine use to aspiring writers and poets. I'm quite sure that if FOULER TWO had contained only the prose and poetry plus editorial etc. the response would have been near nil. I won't continue on that tack - of fans and fanzine-fiction/poetry now, as there's probably an article on it coming in the next issue. (GFP)))

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TERRY JEEVES, 230 Bannerdale Road, Sheffield S11 9FE

You have obviously set out to get people on the prod and in a mood to write stinking letters...most of the opinions are just too extreme or provocative to be anything other than deliberate. Nevertheless, I'll rise to the bait.

I note that your policy states you have no taboos whatsoever...I have a string suspicion I could write a few pieces you wouldn't print. Most of us have pet hates and we don't always know they're there until we suddenly say 'I'm not going to publish that'...why not? If the reason is bad writing, OK, but if because you disagree.... I don't know you, so how would you react to articles on

1/ Praise of the police, their excellent behaviour when confronted by long haired nits, students, hippies, or yobbos hurling petrol bombs etc.

2/ Anti-new-wave sf as exemplified by NW.

3/ That fandom today is no longer as active, or as efficient as in the old days, fanzines are poorer and cons as bad.

((Certainly would appreciate article on idea 3, if nothing else. Atch would like to run a column of old-time-fan reminiscences by someone who was active in the Golden Age of Britfandom. Anyway. Any volunteers? GFP)))

*

ROB HOLDSTOCK, Somewhere In Britain. (((At least, Kettle says it's Holdstock, I have doubts. GFP)))

I think FOULER was very good. I think everything in it was ~~excellent~~ very good and stimulated me to think deeply about sex and related subjects such as arseholes and rear entry.

The fiction included two or three very moving pieces, of the type that are sold to NW and similar crap mags by the million words. As pieces of prose a few hundred words long they are enjoyable, positive and stirring. Especially 'Smallest Dragon', which is distinct shade of Leroy, and the piece about the man with technicolor eyes which was very reminiscent of Ballard but without his pseudosymbolism riddling every phallic phrase.

Editorially your ramblings became so hysterical that I turned against you. This is the typical reaction of a superior human idjit of my caliber..the more you insult me, the more I hate you. Get fucked you bad tempered cock sucker. You have relevant points, but when I first came to fandom some three-four years ago Doreen Parker, the then Sec. complained far more rationally and convincingly (and stirringly) that fandom was at an all time apathetic low. It hasn't changed since as you point out. Apparently my arrival didn't have the impact I'd hoped. Shit, what more can a man do but write to fifty people (which I did) and wait for the one or two replies...

It is evident to a man of my intelligence that FOULER ONE is a hoax and Hammond is Roy and yourself trying to inject some controversy into a zine that should first concentrate on presenting itself reasonably in terms of layout, and sensibly in terms of editorial.

((Well, I dunno. Maybe it is Holdstock. Nothing's impossible. What a feller. Anyway, to clarify. FOULER WILL NEVER NEVER HAVE ILLOES, LEFRASET HEADINGS OR ANY OTHER OF THAT EXPENSIVE CRAP unless I either go on the wagon, someone else gives the money (and catches me before I get to the offlicence) or those services are given for free. Right? Editorial. Explained elsewhere. Provocative hype but with real basis in fact. GFP)))

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ARCHIE MERCER, 10 Lower Church Lane, St Michaels, Bristol BS2 8BA

The literary section - prose and verse - interests me not one bit. Possibly its brilliant, but not my sort of brilliance.

The editorial section is interesting - though not, it may be, expressed as coherently as it might have been. I think your mind's on the need to scream loudly instead on on the precise content of the scream. (If I was to read it through again I might modify my snap judgement somewhat.) You certainly have every right to scream, and what you have to say appears to be, essentially, fair comments. I don't think that many people will take much notice, you're altogether too shrill to encourage people to listen.

((Glad you were able to summon up enough interest and energy to have a quick skim through. GFP)))

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HARTLEY PATTERSON, "Finches" 7 Cambridge Road, Beaconfield, Bucks.

FOULER TWO divides sharply between fiction and nonfiction. To dispose of the former first (unfortunate phrase). In general I disliked the prose, apart from 'Smallest Dragon' which I managed to read first time and even came back to. I don't like this stuff for the same reason I don't like coconut or boiled cabbage - its not something I can explain. Poetry. Some of it was reasonable. 'Spin' and 'Seagulls Scream' for special commendation. For contributors to remain anon was probably a good thing here.

Now the nasty bits.

ON FANZINES. I've seen less than a dozen British mags, you make the total about 40 so that puts me at a disadvantage to start. However, what I read in fanzine reviews leads me to believe I've already seen the best. I think I can pinpoint the cause for the mass of crudzines in British fandom. The only way to be a wellknown fan (one step

down from BNF) is to be a faned. Writing in fanzines isn't enough. There are, of course, some BNFs who aren't faneds, but they gained their status in previous fandoms. Exceptions to prove the rule. So, most neofans wanting to get on rush into printing their own thing.

I've encountered similar apathy regarding circulation. I put an ad in a place where faneds were bound to come across it, I too received one solitary fanzine in reply. This particular one has used a couple of my contribs so I presume the editor found it worthwhile. Your references to the BSFA Fanzine Distribution Dept, or rather its non-existence, just points up the fact that fanzines in general are just not interested in increasing circulation. Which is another reason for the increase in the number of zines - for every influx of new fans a new zine must begin.

The remedy for this could be, as you suggest, to try to concentrate all the good stuff in the better zines and leave the cruds to print for their small circle of friends. As we all know fans will not do anything in unison, so forget it. It won't work.

ON THE BSFA. Its much healthier than it used to be. Four years ago it almost died, and there's little danger of that happening now. On the other hand it's still got many problems. Money, or lack of it, looms large, and the enormous increase in postal charges the Tories propose will swell this aspect. As I understand it the chief worry at the moment is that the costs of the printed VECTOR are uncertain. If VECOTR can sell outside the Association, and if it can persuade publishers etc. to advertise it will become less of a burden. If.

One point you make stands out. "Members should be well informed of all the doings of the Association." That this takes time and money I will dispute; all it needs is for the various depts. of the BSFA and instigators of other projects to keep the Bulletin properly informed.

At the last AGM the Vice Chairman gave a very good speech outlining various projects in the pipeline, and the difficulties the BSFA faced. Circulated to the membership it would have gone a long way to bolster confidence, but many months have passed, and nothing.

The BSFA is no longer a fan organisation, 'fan' being fanzine and convention type fans. Many fans don't read sf, and that's what the BSFA is all about. On the other hand most of the membership are not fans, they are sf readers who came in because of sf and not fandom. They are not used to societies where everyone is expected to contribute (apathy in fandom is nothing compared to apathy elsewhere, where the term is 'not getting involved'). So the average member on whom the Association depends for its income sees only the regular publications; Vector, Bulletin, etc.

Your complaint about the Bulletin stems from the fact that Archie Mercer is a fan and slants his writing towards a fan-type audience. Personally I think that BSFA members who insist on cutting out the funnies and sticking to news are wrong. The BSFA is for everyone. Some people want a fanzine type publication, and why not? Might encourage the fans, on whom the BSFA depends for active support, to come out of their cliques and join in.

In my opinion the BSFA has gone as far as it can with its current 200-250 membership. There are a number of excellent departments for those who are active, and four excellent publications for those who aren't. The membership must grow, more money must be given to whoever is publication officer these days.

I remember Mike Kenward was once, but I don't think he is now. There are a number of fans keen to help the BSFA, it seems, and not getting very much encouragement or help. I myself did three displays in local libraries, and so far gained the BSFA three members.

So. If the BSFA is a fan organisation publicity is irrelevant and pointless, since recruiting from fandom should be easy. I believe it isn't, and must put its members first and fans (the minority) second. More members costs more cuts costs per head of present activities. If the membership knew this, if they were persuaded to do something about it, then the BSFA will improve.

Remember PERTINENCE? Good ideas beneath the piles of wordage and muddled thinking. How much of it got into VECTOR? (Except the stuff on Cons, something for fans, not the majority of members.)

At Heicon the BSFA came up twice in conversation. Both people thought the BSFA was either dead or dying. Both joined (or rather, wanted to) when I convinced them otherwise.

Finally, maybe something akin to PERTINENCE, but run by someone not involved in BSFA running might prove valuable.

((Well, several points. First, it wasn't my count that gave 40 current Brit fanzines. It was Peter Roberts in EGG 3. Otherwise agree wholeheartedly with your thoughts on fans/fanzines.

Now the BSFA. A number of points, not taken in the order you rose them. I don't happen to think that the current BSFA publications really do either the sf membership or the fans any justice. VECTOR has a small proportion of admittedly good material, but is too infrequent. When I joined originally I'd envisaged something like SPECULATION turned out to be. I've been rather disappointed with the BSFA ever since. By the by, what happened about the sample SPEC send to BSFA members a while ago? Any new subbers. come up? A very good experiment that was never heard of again. Maybe PWeston can enlighten us. I've always been of the opinion that the BSFA should buy SPEC for every member. The rest of the BSFA publications are pretty much a jumble of notes, no longer even attractively presented. Fans don't give much of a damn about them as there's nothing in them they can't get elsewhere if they're interested.

Conventions. I think that Cons are getting more towards the focal point of British sf than ever. Lots of people attend out of interest in sf. My experience is that fandom takes something of a back seat. I have a secret longing for the oldstyle brash and boozy con of Golden Age Britfandom. Or was that just a myth birthed in the pages of HYPHEN? True, the BSFA doesn't seem to be enthusiastic about new ideas. Things are too often 'left open for discussion' forgotten about, and the man with the bright idea retires muttering grimly about fuggheaded bureaucrats.

I found the BSFA useful only as a signpost to fandom, which I now putter along the fringes of in my own curious fashion. I never did, and certainly don't now, look to it to find out what's on in the sf world. Still, no matter what, I keep shelling out the sub. In the hope. Must be raving mad. 30/- is 3 $\frac{2}{3}$ double rum&cokes!

End of that. Not too bad. Not too good. Ineptitude on both sides of the paper I fear. Up to you now. Next issue. Deadline I - I - 7I.

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Special Fanzine / Issue!