

FOWLER.

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FOUR

F O U L E R  
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FOUR

Edited and Produced by GREG PICKERSGILL  
and ROY KETTLE

C O N T E N T S  
.....

PEMBROKE GREEN	Pickersgill&Kettle
TRAVEL	John Hall
CONCRETE POEM	Roy Kettle
CONCRETE PUMA	Roy Kettle
SAY IT TO ME	F.G. Sma&lmount
JULIA	Brian Wegenheim
LONDON POEM	Ian Williams
CONVENTIONAL CONVERSATION	Bryn Fortey
MARINER	Roy Kettle
A FABLE FOR IAN	Roy Kettle
STROKER	Rob Holdtstock
A SUNDERLAND ODYSSEY	Ian Williams
EYEBALL	Greg Pickersgill
HEAP	Various People
&	
THE BLINDING PILLAR OF	Steve Carrigan
INCANDESCENCE AWARD	
SCORIA	Pickersgill&Kettle

.....

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or CONTRIBUTION.

MAIN EDITORIAL ADDRESS : : : :

"THE PINES", HAYLETT LANE,  
MERLINS BRIDGE, HAVERFORDWEST,  
PEMBROKESHIRE, U.K.

.....

THIS IS F O U L E R FOUR DATED DECEMBER 1970.

ALL MATERIAL APPERTAINING TO F O U L E R FIVE  
SHOULD BE IN HAND BY 7 - 1 - 1971

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greg pickersgill

roy kettle

#### IMPASEE ADHESIVE

The cold girl behind the counter threw a pair of nylons at him. "That's for Free Wales!" she shrieked, blood dripping from her nose. The price tag caught on the front of his trousers. IO/II'd a pair. He plucked it off and thrust it into his pocket. It would remind him to come back after he had rejoined the Milford Haven guerillas. He stepped out into the street just as three blue helicopters clattered over at rooftop height, and he skipped back quickly out of sight, squinting upwards trying to recognise the machines. They had CYMRU AM BYTH scrawled across their sides in green, and one was leaking fuel. Ah, he thought.

Things weren't going to plan. He sighed and leaned against the wall.

"Brian...." said a touch at his shoulder. He turned. It was Miss Moorcock again.

#### THE CHROMIUM IGLOO

She was bursting out of her gilt-buttoned uniform. He stared at her in astonishment. She'd been crying he noticed. That was a bad sign.

"But It thought...." he began.

"They're going to get me Brian!" Wildly, grabbing his shoulders.

"I know," he said resignedly. There was no point in getting worked-up. He prodded her stomach experimentally. It was very hard.

"It can't be mine."

"It's a bloody monster! A robot! I've got a robot inside me!"

"Balls," he said, inserting two fingers into her jacket and looking through the gap. An eye looked back at him.

"Jesus, " he muttered, shaken. "I'm reflecting off you!"

#### THE HAND OF MAN HAS NEVER SET FOOT

He put an arm around her and guided her into a nearby K-Ration Kafe. They sat down at a table by the window. He bought a mug of warm water and sipped it thoughtfully.

"You weren't fucked by a robot?" he asked after a while.

She twitched nervously. "Not since you," she said, then paused, gazing out of the grubby window. "They returned my virginity, you know."

He nodded knowingly, although he was secretly astonished.

"Look," he said, standing up and fumbling a card from his bag. "Ring this number or call. It's the Integration Bureau. Tell them



you're an English immigrant. They won't be so surprised then. And remember, keep away from the Democrats. And Ballard."

"Thanks," she said wistfully, gazing up at him. He softened a little.

"Look, I'll call around at the Bureau in a few weeks and see how you are. OK?" He moved to the door, then turned back. She had rapped her head down onto the table. His shoulders were shaking, but from that angle he couldn't tell whether she was laughing or crying.

"Hey," he called, just before leaving, "if you've got to oil the little bastard remember to use 3-in-1. It would be best considering."

Her reply was lost in the roar of a passing jet, and he walked off quickly.

Before he had gone six yards along the road a man jumped out of a ground floor window in front of him.

BUT I DIDN'T VOTE, SAID ASHE

Brian recognised him as the Israeli agent from the meeting at the castle. He stood patiently.

"I heard you mention oil," said Ashe.

Brian smiled. "Did you vote?" he asked obscurely.

Ashe was visibly taken aback. He stared at Brian open-mouthed. "No," he said tentatively.

Brian grinned. "I don't suppose you knew Fortey then?"

Ashe squirmed with delight. "He was my father actually!"

Brian laughed aloud, pulled out his pistol and shot Ashe three times through the throat.

"Nothing personal," he muttered, as the agent slumped backwards onto the rubble, blood spurting everywhere, "just a matter of bad blood." He thrust the gun back into his pocket and made off quickly towards the town center.

MIDNIGHT AT NOON

When he got to the cinema he stuck his hand behind the rotten 'coming Attractions' board and pulled out the message. It was signed by Miss Moorcock. Puzzled, he shoved it into his boot. He was getting the strangest feeling about Miss Moorcock. He was sorry he had left her back there, but it was too late now. Can't have everything and live too, he decided.

Before going on he jumped up onto the parapet of the bridge and looked back up the road. Miss Moorcock was standing in the middle of the street, staring down at her feet. She looked very small, he thought. From this distance. He rubbed his throat. There was no sign of Ashe, which was odd.

But there was no time to waste. He jumped down, twisting his ankle painfully. No time for self pity, he thought, limping along the littered pavement. Then a flight of Draken fighter-bombers warped overhead. Brian looked up at them and sneered.

"Not long now, bastards, not long at all!"

But he didn't really feel that confident, and his foot was hurting.



T R A V E L

by

j o h n h a l l

Foggy morning on the Bayswater Road - a fitfully sleeping hippy  
snores against the park railings, wet with soggy dew of the London  
morning. Notting Hill tube station is closed - the gates stretched across  
the pavement mouths of its entrances like giant lattice windows, and my  
mind wanders.

Yes, it's been a good year  
True, we didn't do a lot of things we wanted to  
And things haven't been simple  
But the sun shone on us both - that's enough for me.  
And I made you laugh.

On the M4 there's a stretch of road before you hit the Severn  
Bridge that's straight, like a path into the sky, the piers of the  
bridge pointing heavenwards

Yes, it's been a good year.  
Well, anything after a nine-months layoff like you'd had  
Would have been something  
But you were appreciative - that's enough for me.  
And I made you cry.

Great feeling of elation as the train pulls out of the station,  
its diesels throbbing, picking up speed, the whirr of the welded rails beneath.

Yes, it's been a good year.  
Great - we've laughed all the way really  
And you were good  
And maybe this is all somewhat pretentious  
But I'll remember.

CONCRETE POEM

for  
a good  
long  
hard-on  
eat  
a pebble  
a teaspoon  
of sand  
a teaspoon  
of cement  
and  
a teaspoon  
of water  
every day

ROY KETTLE  
+++++



C O N C R E T E  
P U M A

by

r o y k e t t l e

In my back garden just behind the wax model of Ghandi picking his nose and in front of the scale model compost heap there is a concrete puma. How it got there not even Old Clompers the sister grinder who comes every Thursday knows and he's been in our neighbourhood for neigh on as long as anyone knows. But McGaffrey's kids (the queer ones) come and play on it Tuesdays and the other days without wondering how it got there, what quim on the part of the Almighty was responsible for its arrival in our backgarden behind the wax model of Ghandi (picking his nose).

Now that I think about it I'm not too sure how Ghandi got there either. He was never one of my favorite people. Can't say I go a bomb on pums either, but at least McGaffrey's Queer Kids (their house name) get something out of my concrete one even if it is only scratches and bruises on some parts during their Tuesdays and other days when they play. They tried playing on the wax model of Ghandi but bent his arm. It was a Tuesday I think (or one of those other days) and I was up all night and half way into some longer time before I managed to straighten the old fellow out and replace all the maggots the McGaffrey kids had scared off.

I once tried to play on the concrete puma (like McGaffrey's kids do (the queer ones) on Tuesdays and elsewhen) but all I got was a severe pain in my balls from sitting on its rough pebbly back. The compost heap is quite nice though. Built it to scale myself I did and it's certainly got more to it than the puma (concrete, just in front of the compost heap and behind the wax model of Ghandi (picking his nose)) and the wax model of the old man digging deep into his nasal cavities (picking his nose) (Ghandi).

Though now I think about it that wax model might be a wax model of my old man. My old man used to pick his nose like that (allowing for the differences which occurred when the McGaffrey Kids played on it). This leads me to think that the scale model of the compost heap might not be a scale model but a scale real thing. And the puma. Might be a pumice model of concrete. It's fangs are certainly sharp and I'm sure I've seen it move on Tuesdays and some other days too. In fact if my memory serves me well McGaffrey was complaining about the number of his kids that lose arms or legs or noses or heads or themselves down here. Its funny that, and it's not nice for anybody. Least of all the puma.

Hear that pumice concrete? I shan't let them play here any more. Are you listening? I shan't let them play here any more. I shan't.

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i cannot thig of a peom at the momen  
i cannot thig of another rime either  
if i dont thig of somethink soon  
by the laird harry  
i shall hap un wan fat to lohc loment

Gess Whu.

.....



say it to me  
\*\*\*\*\*

This time, let's try to make it different.  
Don't look at me, smile, say one thing  
But mean another.  
It might not be much,  
But it would do for a start.  
If not, then we are left with  
Nothing, but the time hardened rituals  
Which lead only to oblivion.  
Not much to look forward to.  
This time, I think it could last,  
So don't just think a thing,  
Say it to me.

F.G. SMALLMOUNT  
.....

julia  
shaking the sand  
from my gumboots  
making my bed  
rubbing my head  
where are you now  
julia

searching over sand and sea  
why did you go away from me  
its just your face I want to see  
julia

julia lying in my bed

until you return  
I'll lie in bed  
awake and masturbate  
thinking of you  
in bed with  
someone else

brian wegenheim  
.....

LONDON POEM

.....

A kiss before dying  
and a smile before the morning  
comes lingering across my empty bed...

The buses roar  
torrential noise on withering eardrums  
of a hiding heart  
in the lonely crannies and alleys  
of the empty city

Silence should shout aloud its name  
so that the deaf could hear  
the vacant bedsits  
of the lonely...

Ashen dawn staggers  
its way towards the raining clouded morning  
and the smile is aborted  
pale  
and frightened

day is here  
sparrows twitter at the gardens and coalhouse tops  
bare of crusts  
and a dead old man is carried away...

Let there be the light of musty offices  
dimmed by the drab people within  
uncaring and unsharing  
wasting  
tasting bitter coffee

Digging his grave  
men crave for solace  
in the beer and heady wine  
of affluence...

The poem lingers a little  
but caring too deeply  
drowns itself  
and is carried away by the stinking Thames  
to the loveless sea.

IAN WILLIAMS

+++++



C O N V E N T I O N A L

C O N V E R S A T I O N

by

number 2

BRYN FORTEY

+++++

- A: Hey, over there - holding court, Mary and Chas. Better go over and say hello.
- B: I suppose so... Mary! Hi! When can we look forward to the next CRAB? It's the only event capable of breathing life into fandom these days.
- A: You're looking great Chas. What's happened to FREEWHEELIN'? Surely you can't let a great zine like that die!

- 
- A: Nice couple, Mary and Chas. Only got two failings between them.
- B: Don't tell me - their bloody awful fanzines!
- A: Right.....well, well, Arthur Graham Boak himself! I wish he'd do us all a favor and forget about CYNIC.
- B: You're telling me!
- A: Hi, Gray, glad to see you again. When's CYNIC going to achieve a regular mailing?
- B: Don't keep us waiting too long Gray. If you want any material, well, you know my address!

- 
- A: Oh Jesus, the other way, quick! There's Pickersgill and Kettle over there!
- B: Too late... they've seen us. If he asks me for a contribution for that shit sheet of his, he can go and take a run. A bloody insult to fandom... Roy! Greg! Hey, everyone sure has made it this Easter!
- A: I've got to say it, fellers, congratulations on FOULER. Just the thing for fandom, a real shot-in-the-arm.
- B: True, very true. It takes real guts to stand up and talk straight.

- 
- B: Cheeky pair of bastards!
- A: Who?
- B: Pickersgill and Kettle.
- A: Oh. Too insignificant to think about. And talking of insignificant
- B: God, Bryn Fortey!
- A: Bryn, old buddy, how's it going?
- B: When are you going to get another fanzine going? I heard you were co-editing with Jack Marse. No? Too bad.

- 
- A: Thank christ for small mercies. I thought he was going to say yes for a minute. You know, it seems everyone you meet these days is trying to put out some kind of crudzine.



B: Here's another one - groovy John Hall.  
A: Johnny baby! Have you ditched the rag ZINE yet?  
B: Worst bloody fanzine I've ever seen. Absolute crud! Yeah, okay, thanks,  
we'd love to come to the party! Greg's room is it? Right.

---

A: You know, there's one thing about Hall.  
B: Hmm.  
A: You can always tell him exactly what you think about him.  
B: And that's only because he doesn't believe you. What an ego!  
A: Quick, up here, hurry! Good... dodged him!  
B: Who this time?  
A: Peter Roberts. The EGG man. Now that's a good fanzine, but I'm damned if  
I'm going to tell him so!

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m a r i n e r  
\*\*\*\*\*

In accents brown he shouted "Shit"  
And strained to hear the answer.  
And when it came he hated it,  
"That's not shit it's cancer."

He downed his guinness in one draught  
And circumcised the vicar,  
"What is the cure?" he asked and laffed.  
They said "Drink no more likker."

Well he would sooner would have died  
Than leave his nightly ale  
(And twenty whiskies on the side,  
But that's another tale.)

So he contrived a subtle plan  
To beat this foul disease,  
Rather than give up likker,  
He gave up toasted cheese.

But subtlety doesn't always work  
He died a painful death,  
And as the doctor with a smirk  
Said "Toasted cheese might have cured the silly bugger", he breathed his last  
short breath.

L.R.A. Kettle

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=====

A FABLE FOR IAN

=====

In Several upon a time there lived a king of great shortness. His arse was but inches above the ground and the rest of him was proportionately minute. Like a fly bloomed fresh from the greasy pod he had neither growed nor shrunked in all his life born days. This had meant a great saving in vestements for his families and an ease upon birthdays for all his little kingdom knew him to be a one and a half size in codpieces. But whatever benefits could be drawn from his dwarfish aspect there were also sorrows. His love life was not the one of most complete fulfillment in Several, not one of the easiest. Oh, pleasures he got too true, but not altogether. He had to crawl from one part of his queenling's body to another, whereas a man of more normal stature could have touched upon all these parts with but the slightest of stretches. But that was not his saddest problem. Not indeed was the Royal Cat pissing in his face on Sundays, when cats can get away with several things. Not in all honesty was his having to use a matchbox as a loo since his nicest and rough-toughest uncle had appropriated his lovely solid gold bedpan for use as an eyebath. No, none of these things was the one which caused him greatest anguish. He was fairly happy concerning these particular events. The thing that really got up his nose was that people would keep writing fables about him.

roy kettle

.....

STROKER

\*\*\*\*\*

Wankers of the world unite  
Many others share Your plight:  
If you suffer from aching wrist  
Go out and buy an AUTO\*TWIST  
Adjust the pressure to suit your taste  
Alter the speed to 'ease' or 'haste'  
It's guarranteed to never rust  
It satiates the strongest lust  
And if your name is Edward Heath  
We have a model equipped with teeth.

ROBERT HOLDSTOCK

.....



## A SUNDERLAND ODYSSEY

.....

In the smoke filled room, you said  
Where did you go and what did you do?  
I wrote a poem that was worthwhile and I travelled  
on a bus that took me past shipyards as mad architecture  
past people and houses and down to the sea  
where the myriad biped ants jabbered and crawled  
and I walked along the old sea wall  
by rusty green railings and futile fishermen  
flinging lines into a polluted waste  
that washed its detritus up onto the shore.  
My feet sank into the diarrheic sand  
as barking dogs plunged into one another,  
I climbed the steep sterile path to the roadway  
and wandered its curves past towering slums  
and dirty children played in rotting grass  
by the neglected Saxon church.  
Onto the cast iron bridge, as nearby a train blasts past  
and into the town where men wait on the corners  
for the pubs to open and the beer to flow like urine.  
And my way took me here  
to a drink and a seat.  
But which way is that, you asked.  
There is only one way and one instant for each step  
which leads you where it will;  
to stinking shore or solitary hill,  
a people-packed town where you're always alone  
or a place to rest in one moment of time.

IAN WILLIAMS

+++++

## FLASH !!

I WAS RAPED BY A TYPEWRITER by a junior reporter  
Godfrey Shevlin, amateur author and dabbler in  
profundities, awoke last Sunday from a fitful sleep to discover  
he was being sexually assaulted by his Smith Corona. The keys  
were scratching wildly at his back, and the platen, one end  
disengaged from the body of the machine, was fully erect and  
probing around his bum. As it made the searched for penetration  
Godfrey leapt into action and flung the diseased machine from  
him into a corner, where it lay quietly masturbating. He discovered  
the words LOVE and SC LOVES GS imprinted on his stomach and arms.  
The machine is now held at Kensington Police Station awaiting  
trial. In a statement to the press it said "Godfrey was my type."



\* E  
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 \* B fanzine reviews  
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 \* greg pickersgill

As expected, fanzines haven't exactly been flooding into this corner of barbaria. Anyone would think that no-one wanted their magazines reviewed here, or something aimless like that. Maybe it's just slipped your minds or something. I'm sure all you great and truly wonderful people out there who edit fanzines would be pleased and honored to send in your magazines, if not for review, then for the knowledge of the little thrills of pleasure we'd get from every line. Yes, must have slipped your minds. Make a note now, underlined three times in brightest red ink. (You too Darroll baby). Done it? Great people. Knew you would. Fans all the way through.

Before progressing, a brief statement of intent. We want to review every British fanzine, in some semblance of detail and with a high degree of honesty. To our knowledge no-one else is doing this, and no matter how inept you may find our efforts, they're better than nothing.

THE WIREY GUMBOOT THAT WASN'T ON QUITE STRAIGHT: AN ESERCISE IN ANTI-HELL PART ONE. from Steve Carrigan, 158 Sutton Common Road, Sutton, Surrey. 2pp. Free for the asking.

I'm almost afraid to say anything at all about this tiny pamphlet, because sure as shit someone will feel the need to accuse me of being deliberately nasty. However, not being one to suffer barbs and pillories of outrageous nonentities I shall proceed undaunted.

It's a bit of a pity, this thing. Like VIRIDIANA (reviewed last month) and, I suppose, FOULER, it's merely an attempt to attract attention without actually saying anything of consequence. Its mostly imitative of PRIVATE EYE (a character called Peter Pressdram-Strobes, for christ's sake), with jokes about E. Heath, Princess Margaret, the Pope, all the usual EYE targets. And all treated with a lack of eptitude that even the EYE itself rarely descends to of late. Ther's even one item which reads suspiciously like a direct reprint of an EYE notice, but I havn't checked. Still. What else? Some purple prose that shades rapidly right off into the ultra-violent, to coin a sterling old cliché, the word pseud repeated ten times for no apparent effect, some pseudo- philosophy, and a lack of applied intellect.

Its neither use nor ornament, this crap. Neither funny nor serious, informative or honestly, originally comic. Its nothing, merely words for words sake. I can't help wondering just what he expected to gain from issuing this.

Still, I imagine that once he'd got over the shock of puberty he'll produce something of real worth.



WADEZINE 57 from AUDREY WALTON, 25 Yesdale Crescent, Coventry,  
2Opp foolscap Warwickshire. CV 2FF  
Contribution, trade, LoC.

WADEZINE is a pretty bad fanzine. Not only is the presentation of a very low standard, but the material is as bad if not worse. It's never published anything of lasting interest, and I venture to say that it never will (No, I tell a lie, there was a good LoC from Bryn Forzey about three issues back), and that is possibly its only real saving grace - the likelihood that it will bleed off good material from other fanzines is slight in the extreme.

Still, for all my foul words I must admit I find WADEZINE interesting (which isn't so much, all fanzines fascinate me).

Take this issue. The art, as usual, is quite reasonable. Audrey Walton has a weird style I've never seen the like of before, and whilst it isn't quite in the Vaughn Bode class I like it. There's an appalling story by Gayle Wade. That man who kills off the rest of the world gets his usual paranoid fantasy all over again. A remarkably bad 'poem' by Kjell Borgstrom, which doubtless suffers from translation into English, but as I recall Swedish is one of those languages unsuited to poetic use, so it may well have been lousy to start with. It's merely a short prose fantasy broken down to look like a poem. An article by one Gerald Taylor on the BSFA Tape Unit, which shouldn't be in this magazine at all. Material like this should be in a "Lesser VECTOR", but the likelihood of that ever appearing recedes with great rapidity. The usual BSFA lethargy at work. The last article per se in this issue is a competent précis of some aspects of Norse Mythology. This isn't at all bad. Best thing in the issue, in fact.

The letters, as might be expected, are not exactly fascinating. The correspondents are so restrained it's almost tangible.

Still, it's just inoffensively bad. Audrey probably enjoys doing it, and I rather enjoy reading it for a few minutes.

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SCOTTISHE 56 from ETHEL LINDSAY, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.  
3/- per copy, trade, LoC.

SCOT. as has been said by better men than I, is definitely an acquired taste. One which I hadn't acquired from the half-dozen or so issues I'd seen, so I was quite surprised to find that I rather enjoyed reading this issue.

The things that caught my attention was a rather neat article by Robert Coulson (and how often do you see names like that in British fanzines these days?). Normally I've no time for articles derived from history texts or encyclopaedias, but this one would almost make up for all those turgid drones about Celts and unicorns if there weren't so many of them. It's a well written account of a massacre by Indians of an American army some 80+ years before the Little Big Horn. I'd never heard of this before, and it was quite a revelation. Very well written, with illustrations from a contemporary ballad,

Another kind of article I generally detest is



the one which gives potted reviews of books. Ethel has the exception to the rule here with a number of reviews of Ace pbs old and new, which I admit fascinated me, and I even re-read it several times.

The letter column is definately the best in any British fanzine (other than SPECULATION, which is a different bag altogether). Minds definately working in high gear. Very interesting, and a number of points I'd like to comment on had I the wit.

I can't say I went a bomb on Ethel's report of the Heicon. A little too serious for my taste, I think.

In fact, the only thing I can really find wrong with this is that there aren't enough ATOM illustrations.

\*\*\*\*\*

BLACK KNIGHT I from Philip Spencer, 65 Southdown Road, Portslade,  
Brighton, Sussex. BN4 2HL  
Contribution, LoC, trade, interest.

This is an Event, no less. The first British fanzine with the avowed intention of representing the various forms of modern music (rock/blues/folk/electronic, et bloody cetera). This is definately a worthy venture, fulfilling a real need, and I applaud Philip's attempt wholeheartedly.

Though, however much I'd like to, I find I can't praise this first issue. If I said that it was something like a balloon, a thin layer of substance surrounding a vacant space, then I'd be being very very hard, but not too inaccurate. I shall attempt to explain, but first a word for the presentation. It's a real return to trufan tradition, this greay ink, and whilst I don't go a bomb on spirit dupered zines this is quite competently done, with only a few illegible bits. Some nice illustrations alleviate the rather nonexistent layout.

Now, the hard part. I know in myself why this magazine is a failure, but I doubt my ability to articulate exactly why. Therefore I apologise in advance for any idocy that I'll commit henceforth.

Taking the actual record reviews themselves, as I'd suspected they're not very good. They're hard things to write, I know, many people, even the greatest enthusiasts, find it difficult to express just what they do like about most forms of music. These reviews are pretty shallow for the most part, the only difference between them and the ones usually found in the professional music weeklies is length. This at least shows that the reviewers are interested enough to make a genuine effort, but alas the effort isn't quite enough. There's a general air of earnest ineptitude about almost everything in the magazine. I don't doubt that the writers are sincerely interested in their subject, but they lack the elementary skill to project that interest in an arresting way. Trotting out cliches and lists of instruments played by band-members isn't exactly going to grab every rock fans attention.

Still, it's only a first issue, I'm glad to see it, and it's comforting to know that it can only improve. But here the question arises of support. Are there sufficient music fans who are vocal enough to keep the magazine going? I wouldn't like to say either way, but I suspect not. Anyway, any fans interested in this branch of modern art have almost a duty to support this magazine.



PSYWAR I from Keith Walker, 49 Thornton Road, Childwall, Liverpool I6  
Opp foolscap for I/6d, trade, LoC, contribution.  
To pp quarto

"The most unusual fanzine ever published," it sez here, and looking at it hard I'm almost inclined to agree. The presentation is appalling. The mixture of page-sizes isn't intrinsically bad, handled correctly it could be impressive, but it certainly isn't here. The foolscap pages are dupered in what I surmise to be dilute blood. Very dilute blood too, I can hardly read them. The quarto pages, however, are well, if plainly, reproduced. A lot of pretty bad artwork and too much writing straight onto stencil doesn't improve the visual aspect either.

Still, this being FOULER I suppose I shouldn't carry on too long about such things. However. Its devoted to the paranormal - UFOs, cheiromancy, astrology, supernatural, things in that field, and has the intention of being the first serious fanzine in that area. Well. I'm certainly not an expert on any of those things, but it seems that Kieth's writings on many of those topics herein are quite valid, and I'm prepared to accept he knows what he's doing.

This magazine, I think, falls into much the same category as BLACK KNIGHT, in that it caters for a specialised interest that demands a reasonably high degree of knowledge and involvement on the part of its readers. Without that both magazines are foredoomed. Anyhow, I venture to say that PSYWAR has a greater potentiality for success than B.K., as a great number of fans have quite a large amount of interest in the paranormal. Whether they're articulate enough to validate the magazine is something else. I haven't seen too many PSYWAR (or, far all that BLACK KNIGHT) type articles in fanzines, and this leads me to suspect that there isn't much interest in these fields. This is, of course, based on the assumption that people with sufficient interest will have written articles for fanzines. So, how the future of these two magazines will pan out I know not. I wonder if Keith has thought to use his astrological knowledge to discover for himself?

To return to the actual text, it's pretty interesting. all written on a sort of general knowledge level, and doesn't demand a high degree of special knowledge to follow (Yes, I know I've contradicted myself, sod off) but unless PSYWAR gets away from presenting digests of routine texts and works out some original and useful material of its own then it's a dead loss. The same can be said for BLACK KNIGHT.

Still, if the paranormal is your bag, support this mag, you probably won't learn anything new, but things may alter for the better.

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HAVERINGS 46 from ETHEL LINDSAY address as before.  
8/- for six issues.

I used to detest HAVER. Those brief and usually erroneous comments on fanzines irritated me no end. Especially when I wasn't mentioned when I appeared in a zine reviewed. Cheated, I felt. So I was more than somewhat amazed to find that this issue, the first I've seen for months was quite informative. The comments seem less throwaway, more considered, and sometimes give a good picture of the magazines.

Still, it's no replacement for a real reviewzine (and doesn't claim to be, obviously), but is an excellent guide to current issues.

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MAYA I from IAN WILLIAMS, 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Road, Sunderland,  
34pp quarto. Co. Durham. SR4 7RD  
For Trade, 2/- (6/- for 3), 10C.

My, I thought to myself, huddled in the sweaty sheets at 8-20 in the morning, perring at MAYA in the guttering light of a brace of clapped out Ever\*Readers, this is a damn good fanzine. So I fell back into the arms of Morpheus, and in the fullness of time, at 1p.m. and in the blinding reality of sunlight, I looked again, and slap me if I hadn't been reasonably right first time.

This is a bloody good first issue, is what I'm trying to say in that last pseudo-lyrical paragraph. The best since MORFARCH ONE, in fact, and you all remember that one don't you? (?) This is without a doubt the most interesting fanzine I've seen for a long time, it's packed with the most incredible things, good, bad, and plain lousy, but all very, very interesting. It's a weird kind of cross between the 'normal' type of first issue, in that it has a lot of 'unknowns' and a lot of material by Ian himself, but it's also got a very mature feel to it, probably due to A. Graham Boak's column, and the fact that Ian has been around the fan thing for a while before, and knows where it's at.

Still, to more detailed comments. It's a fairly smart magazine, marred only by an excess of faintness of repro, and a little cramping here and there. Too many of the shorter items are seemingly carelessly bunged together, and it's too easy to get them confused. There're a number of reasonable illos, mostly Harry Bell reprints, but one absolutely superb one of an arm flushing itself down a bog, which I shall doubtless steal for RATFANDOM badges if I can.

Anyway.

The actual contents, wordwise, are a bit odd. I mean, a review of DANGEROUS VISIONS was all very well eighteen months ago, but now it's a bit of an anachronism. Still, Brian Stableford manages to say absolutely nothing new very well indeed. Similarly, Mailer's AMERICAN DREAM wasn't exactly published yesterday, but I found this a rather pleasing inclusion in a fanzine, particularly as the review was quite exceptionally well done, although some of Ritchie Smith's conclusions seemed a bit flip and suspect to me.

Ian gets in everywhere, projecting a very reasonable image of himself as professional intellectual and part-time dwarf, and it's a bet that he's going to be a major fanwriter in a very short time. Here he's mostly concerned with 'science fiction' itself, and has some impossibly individual opinions to pass on. Myself, I disagree with him almost entirely, especially where he fliply puts down Philip Dick as 'an introspective, irrelevant, bore', and dismisses the Jerry Cornelius stories without so much as a wasted sneer. This is nothing but crass oafishness to me, and I had difficulty in not setting fire to the damn fanzine at those points. Still, it's all good controversial stuff (tho' I'm not suggesting deliberately so - not in so many words, anyway) and he has got a damn good article on R.A. Lafferty, a much under-exposed author, and he has realised the true worthlessness of Harlan Ellison as Fictionalizer, so there's hope yet.

And by god there's more. Boak's column, as you'd expect, is nauseatingly good, if typical Boak. A severe change from normal fan-politics



here as the man says just what he thinks, not what he ought to, about fandom. I don't entirely agree, obviously, when he says that a fanzine with typed heads, no artwork, etc, is a cop-out, but that's a purely personal approach. FOULER was planned in that way, the outcome of the toss up between a very flash fanzine appearing twice a year, or a neatly produced plain one once every month or so. If we at FOULER had the money to do it, we'd make it prettier, but we haven't so we don't. And I'm not saying we save any cash the way things run now, it's just that we produce more per penny than otherwise. Anyway, suffice to say that Boak's column is the best of it's kind I've yet seen in a modern fanzine. He's got a fine sense of fandom, coupled with a tough intelligence, and provided he doesn't sell out he'll be well worth reading. The only complain I've got about him here is that he doesn't give the good British fanzines enough boost, and gives too much to a piece of generally worthless ephemera like SEAGULL by mentioning it at all.

What's left is mostly smallness, both in size and significance. Newcomer Tom Penman contributes nothing much that fills some 4pp, including one of those terrible school-magazine type 'news reports' - "The new DEW-line designer is called Heimdall." Wow. This is plain packing, and it's a pity Ian had to use it. (Oddly, I've got a quite good thing by Tom Penman upcoming in F. FIVE).

Then there's the characteristic vaguely interesting trivia from Mary Reed-Legg, which always seems to me to be manufactured rather than written; and a remarkably trite comic strip by Jim Marshall and Ian Penman - "I do not eat children, said the stone monster, I love them" - no it's not paedophilia in Comicsland, unfortunately, the infant screams "Don't love me" and the spurned granite-face stomps off into the ocean "...crying for those who reject love." O god. It's not even particularly well drawn, and has absolutely no merit whatsoever.

Which leaves, more or less, the poetry. Hmm. I was somewhat amazed to find that the one I liked best, by David Barry, was meant to be a hype. I thought it was bloody excellent, a lament in the vein of the Liverpool Poets, and it all illustrates that what, in the field of art, is hype to one is dead straight to another. (See comments on last issues UNICORN story in this HEAP, for more illustration of that.) Anyway. Ritchie Smith's offering here shows him to be a far better critic than poet, probably because he seems, to me, too selfconsciously lyrical - especially in his verbalisations of a THIRD EAR BAND album, which vein of achievement isn't exactly the most successful at the best of times. Still, it's pretty good stuff, even if I don't particularly care for it myself. I'd just like to see more before committing myself. Ian himself shows commendable restraint (or maybe cowardice, or plain good sense) in including only one of his own poems. Called THE RUNNING MAN, it's vaguely in the same idiom as LONDON POEM in this magazine, and as I'm particularly susceptible to what someone (merfyn Roberts, if I remember) called 'maudlin introverted selfpitying bullshit' I personally found it terrific.

And that, fundamentally, is about all. That's a reasonable precis of the actual contents, but it can't communicate the real and particular atmosphere of MAYA, an undefinable presence which marks out the truly interesting and potentially successful fanzines out from the crap. There's an amazing proportion of crud to good in this issue so the excellent overall effect can't really be analysed. Maybe it's just the sheer burning potential for the future steaming through.







fucking first.

Obviously, this is all a matter of taste - I myself don't like the kind of 'humor that keeps doing ~~this/sort/of/thing~~ - but that's my problem. You either like it or not.

I don't know much about Kettle, but although my tender nineteen years may seem juvenile to some, it's a long time since I got any kind of kick from looking up the dictionary definition of 'intercourse, so I think we can safely rule out the childish exhibitionism bit.

As far as aimless inconsequentiality goes, if the FOULER readership can't see beyond the first 'crudity', 'obscenity' or 'four letter word' and prejudge everything else on the strength of that, then we're pedalling the wrong bike here. There's nothing to say to people like that other than 'Fuck off'.

Backing to this age business, I don't know what that's got to do with it unless you mean to imply (and I don't think you do) that the younger one is, the more likely to use a less restrained, more alive, idiom.

Myself, I use words like 'shit' and 'fuck' as simple colloquialisms in place of length polysyllables. Sure, I don't always use 'fuck' in the right context, but that's just habit. It normal speech pattern, nothing more. If you don't like it, tough. Actually, I'm somewhat amazed by the number of people who objected to our choice of words. For a group that often prodes itself on it's pretensions to freedom of expression and open mindedness fandom usually reveals itself to be obscenely hidebound and conservative.

Now, the PABLO bit, with D. Pardoe in attendance. Obviously I sent him a copy of THREE. I had no intention of heeding his statement of non-participation, and even if I had he'd get every FOULER that mentioned him at all. Equally obviously I can't prove I sent him one, but I know I did and that's enough for my conscience. Me, I like to think he's either hidden it or thrown it away, but the prospect it was lost in the post does loom unfortunately large. However, it's a pity you 'suspected' I'd not sent him one. It more or less shows you accept this kind of back-stabbing intrigue as normal in fandom, and, more important, that you don't credit me with any bloody elementary common sense. Now, I know I don't project quite the right image via FOULER, but I hadn't realised I was coming across as bloody stupid as all that.

Incidentally, Darroll has yet to tender any reason as to why he didn't send me a copy of PABLO II, which discussed a small and facetious part of FOULER TWO at length with an entirely undue high level of seriousness. As far as this reprint crap goes, if I did truly want to reprint that dismal mass of injured innocence I'd have asked permission, but whatever the reply I'd have gone ahead and sod the consequences (how's that for heroism?).

Some people, including A. Graham Boak, may wonder why I haven't gone to greater length to refute Darroll's assault, but I've heard from an informant that Darroll's inclined to shoot his mouth off without the benefit of consultation with his brain, and I'm not going to run myself ragged replying to shit manufactured on that level.)))

I haven't seen enough of the new faanzines to take issue with your praise of EGG. I would argue that so far it falls short of HYPHEN, TRIODE, APE and ORION, to mention a few 'golden age'



zines that spring to mind. In your review of ZINE 2 you make a valid point about mixing good and bad material...to some extent. However, one must remember that temptation to use all available material is strong for a variety of reasons. Off hand - the hope that a contributor may send in something better next time : the fear that rejection will put him off : and, of course, that what's crap to one is good to another. Anyway, if this is the second only zine he's done he's plenty of time to improve.

(( ( I'm sure Johnny will be greatly heartened. On EGG, I didn't say it did approach 'golden age' zines. It can't, possibly. That era is dead and gone forever, and it's futile and idiotic to compare modern fanzines of any kind with them. The entire outlook of fandom has changed (for better or worse, I'll say not) since those halcyon days. On the packing 'controversy' - the only valid reason you put up is the last, but that's negated by the first simple rule of fan editing - A Fanzine is edited first and foremost for the benefit of its Editor. Each individual editor must be satisfied with his creation. He must be able to believe that he's done his best with the material and plan open to him. Thus, no matter what shit is slung from the outside, he can take solace in the fact that he did the best he could. This is the way FOULER operates, and the reason why we've rejected so much (comparatively) material. So far only one idiot has been screwed by the rejection, and it's doubtful whether he'd ever have got in anyway. I believe that if people are attracted to a particular fanzine, they'll submit stuff anyway, they don't need the carrot of inevitable acceptance to move them. I can't see that faneds ought to be bloody grateful for what ever they're gracefully given, you see. )))

I'm afraid that I (and Darroll) had to chuckle rather hysterically at your description of him as 'BNF' extraordinaire'...the old ghods must be rolling in their graves...

(( ( Obviously the subtle sneer isn't quite obvious enough. I called him that as he seems to be 'famous' without actually having done anything significant. If he'd really been a 'BNF' I'd probably have said 'neo fake-fan'. It's all a bit mindless, and I don't know why I bothered writing this. )))

At one time the US and UK fans were pretty close.. I recall that half the UK lettercols and other contents were by our US cousins. I think the new wave, starting around the time of Charles Platt or a little later, is mainly to blame for the present state of non-contact. The newer fans seemed (seem?) to be actually anti-American..for no good reason, merely from doubtful principles, in the way that mundane youths seem to be unthinkingly against anything it's US based-originated.

(( ( I can't see how you devised that. I've noticed no anti-Americanism in 'new wave' fanzines. Myself, I have great respect for American fandom, and I usually don't oppose anything - except censorship - in the general way you propose. )))

To Gray Boak's remarks last issue about the daftness of innovation for its own sake, let me add that I hate these people who indulge in 'controversial' things for its own sake. When I see in some



neo's zine the intent to present controversial issues I wince. wince.  
It usually means unthought out mudslinging.

(( Boom bloody boom. ))

BRYN FORTEY, 90 Caerleon Road, Newport, Monmouthshire NPT 7BY

THREE was a vast disappointment.

EYEBALL, for all its stated intentions, was mainly standard fanzine reviews of the type grumbled at in the reviews. If this column is to achieve anything I suggest you get Peter Roberts to write it for you.

Kettle's CON DESCENT can be likened only to an excessive evacuation of fluid faeces.

THE UNICORN was pure ugh, REVENGE IS MINE a fifteen line space filler, THE AGILE TURD was an unfunny joke. Greg finds it hard to relate the flesh and blood Roberts and Weston to their fanzines: I find it harder to relate the author of these three worthless items with the person who wrote SMALLEST DRAGON for TWO.

Hall's FUNNY THING HAPPENED was one of the few things that merited rereading.

MY UNCLE HAS DIED was at least an attempt at saying something, and the fact that it failed for me is as much my fault as the authors, it's a purely personal thing.

I suppose that next issue Kettle will say that everyone offended by GOB missed its symbolic pisstake intentions. Well, to complete my criticism of his total output for THREE, I'll say that I felt my intelligence insulted by having such utter childishness presented for my perusal.

HEAP was predictable, though Hall's letter was a beauty, and Boak's full of sense. HEAP was, without much in the way of competition, the most readable thing in the magazine.

At least you presented the magazine properly this time. What a shame you couldn't have continued - contents wise - along the lines of the issue before.

((Fortey is here making a feeble attempt to write a letter in the vein that FOULERS slightly clotted blood has been running. He uses hysteria, childishness, and useless criticism in just about the right proportions. Good man, Fortey.

Whilst a defence seems called for in the light of such hard and correctly spelled words, it seems pointless as this letter has only the seriousness of someone adopting a mask for the occasion. So I'll just mention one or two points.

I don't know what fanzines you've been reading lately but few of them have reviews (and I hesitate to say this for obvious reasons) as good as those in EYEBALL, despite the low standard of those. If we cop out and get Roberts to do them then there'll still only be one good reviewer. But if we ourselves try to achieve a similar standard, starting as low as you like, then we're at least trying to improve and put life into fandom, so up yours.

THE UNICORN was 'pure ugh' because it was meant to be, and if that seems



like backing out, read the words next to the title again and wonder what they mean.

GOB was an interlude that I hoped some might find amusing, and that I'm quite proud of. It wasn't intended to offend anyone. I can't conceive that anyone other than an idiot could possibly think it was, or that it had any 'symbolic piss-take intentions'.

All this is written as if for Foster's benefit, but is in fact for anyone who honestly believes any of the piss Fortey leaked onto the paper.))

(( (For the benefit of new readers, and the stupid, the last EYEBALL mentioned fanzine reviews twice, and in fairly favorable terms. It would be nice, as Fortey suggests to run a poetry and prose fanzine, but we aren't exactly inundated with material we can use (as opposed to material that's useless), so that's all a bit academic anyway.)))

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ROB HOLDSTOCK.....Somewhere in London.

I'm not afraid of my own bad language. I'm not ashamed that I use four and seventeen letter dirty words in real life, and as FOULER is base, crass, and foul, not to mention entertainment of a value one seldom sees, I'm not afraid to talk natural in letters, poems, articles, stories, and rewrites from the Bible. So don't label MY letter as the product of Kettle's drunken, woman-filled, debauched, and juvenile excuse for a mind.

THREE gave me pruritis when I used it in the little room, so print the next on cabbage leaves. I don't like cabbage, so there's no danger from gastric cramps or any other symptom of pregnancy. Roy's UNICORN was good enough to appear in a fanzine.. why don't you suggest that he does so? The ending was too obvious for words (I hate these stories that propose that mankind was actually destroyed by Noah being sunk by a Unicorn and therefore where did we come from.. hate them! I've read so many!). The poetry was of an unusually high standard. THE AGILE TURD was amusing. The poetry was amusing. Poetry is the zines strongest point.

WATFANDOM? Never do better than SHAGGAWITCH fandom which is going great bums in Kent.

CONDESCENDENT pissed me off. I wasn't mentioned. I wouldn't be as Kettle managed to arouse my wrath to the point of pulling his intestines out. I would have done too, but the tweezers wouldn't go in his ear.

I've noticed something, tho, as I sit here and read the letters. There's a lot of enthusiasms, and also much hatred. I detect toes trodden upon, and testicles gently, if excruciatingly, tweaked. This is good. If everyone wrote frankly, uncensored, and honestly, albeit hateingly, what a superb view-airing zine FOULER could become. I'd like to see every letter written from the black heart of the readers, with an anatomical reference on every other line. I would like freshly severed ears stapled to the centre pages, I would like nude spreads of Graham Greene shortly after being skinned, I would like...O God, I feel sick.. sick..SICK..I feel a fetish coming on...cobwebs, cobwebs.. I MUST MAKE LOVE TO A COBWEB.....

(( (Exit pursued by a Black Widow, maybe. In fact, your small vision



of FOULER-future is a good one, which I'd thought of years ago (natch). However pleasant it may be, I don't think it's got a chance, as fandom has too long a tradition of hypocrisy, back-biting, and clandestine character assassination carried out in the darkened urinals of a certain seedy London pub. There are shining examples that stand proud from this, of course, (not mentioning any names right here, only alluding to them) but the majority of fans tend to want to keep their true opinions about other fans secret. Whether from cowardice or from a misguided sense of loyalty, or both (probably both, I'll not say. Me, I think that an opinion honestly given, with no overstatement of personal difference (this in connection with opinions of fanzines, or writing obviously) can't possibly give offence. Yet there are those who say things like 'Well, it's not a bad fanzine, but not really my type' when what they mean is 'It's a lot of crap.' This is shit and deludes and demeans everyone associated with it. Then there's the personal side, which is often highly entertaining and stimulating, and that's all I'll say about that right now. However, the offer's now open. Rob's at last vocalised something worthwhile. FOULER will print anything.)))

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KEN EADIE, 44 Melverton Avenue, Bushbury, Wolverhampton, Staffs. WV10 9HN

Well, it's a run of the mill fanzine. I don't really go for fanzines that resort to obscene words to be funny. ((Neither do we, that's why we don't do it.)))

Roy's CONDESCENT and UNICORN were ok, but he can do better.

EYEBALL was frank and pulled no punches. This is what I like. There are too many so-called fanzines about that fill out their pages with crap and expect us to pay for their bad editing.

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IAN WILLIAMS, 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Road, Sunderland, Co. Durham. RD  
SR4 7

I greatly like THREE. Kettle ranting on about the con was amusing, if a bit one-sided, but then there wasn't any other way to look at that con was there?

It's good to see detailed fanzine reviews. You put me off VIRIDIANA, and I agree on CYPHER, it's a competently written uninteresting bore that says nothing new. We don't need another SPECULATION, and CYOBER certainly couldn't be it. ZINE I thought was in-group crud. Gray Boak needs all the encouragement he can get. He's got a lot of sense and could produce a superb fanzine given the right enthusiasts and interest. I found CYNIC I a little dull, though, but 2 with the lettercol should be a great improvement.

I didn't like the poems much, but that's a very personal reaction, as taste in poetry is a highly individual thing. Jim Linwood hated mine in WADZINE.

John Hall, in print, strikes me as an idiot, although in person he seemed innocuous enough. HEAP had a lot of people talking sense, but little imagination. What the hell happened to



idealism?

((Lost in a roomparty at people's first Con, in most cases.)))

If you want to produce an insulting fanzine, insulting enough to annoy people into writing to you, fair enough. But I get tired of seeing in print language that should be kept to private conversation and purely male gatherings. You can be offensive without being crude.

((I don't quite catch the meaning of the last sentence, but anyway, down in this part of Barbaria we use 'crudities' as normal conversation (see earlier comments), and in mixed gatherings too, whenever the need arises. Of course, there are those who'd say we've no business talking about fucking in mixed gatherings, but the hell with them.)))

One idea I had for an attempt to improve fanzines was to try to organise a meeting of faneds at the next con to discuss problems of layout, material, aims, etc, and hope something could come of it. Is this worthwhile, or just a neofaned spouting drivel?

((The Crass Goblin's comments on using words like 'shit' and 'fuck' are rather puerile. I don't know what his fanzine's going to be like, but unless it's vastly hypocritical (like many fanzines I can name) it will be true to his character and ideals. In the case of FOULER its honesty (no matter how warped and stupid you may think the outcome) is its only virtue. Incredible as it may seem, we both 'swear' in real life (the big world) and why stop now?))

((The idea of the meeting is a worthy one, but probably useless. Even if it could be arranged (it would have to be at night, when everyone's usually pissed) it would either be a nauseating mutual wank session, or (more interesting) a vicious free for all with blood flesh and shattered psyches splattered all over the wallpaper. However, neither of these are much use in improving fanzines. It's difficult to suggest just what could be done at a meeting like this. I support the idea, and I'd like to see it happen, even if just out of curiosity to see what transpires. See further FOULERS or MAYAs for more information.)))

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CHARLES PLATT, 70 Ledbury Road, London W.II

I was a little less impressed by THREE than TWO, largely because the latest issue is more verbose. The earlier one was crisper, more cryptic, less laborious. FOULER still has its heart in the right place and I like it, but a short sharp epithet always hits harder than a laborious dissertation.

Another point against it is the letter column. Who really wants to read these pedestrian analyses of something which succeeds because of its ephemeral, transitory nature? Your letter column is like a gaggle of mental defectives meeting each month at the local Wimpy bar and discussing in halting English the greasy shit they ate at the same place four weeks earlier. Darrol Pardoe's letter was good, since at least he kept to the point, but when someone such as A. Mercer (Bristol) prefaces his comments with 'the literary section... interests me not one bit' it seems pointless to read on. IT's



sometimes interesting to read fans liking and disliking each other's work, but when they make it clear they're plain not interested it tends to be dull.

I personally have a vision of FOULER as a badly produced, mis-collated organ, appearing erratically and pissing and shitting all over the readership with a total lack of discrimination. There should be a 'literary section (to use A. Mercer's term) as well, of course, to prove that you care and have taste. The present issue rather tends to be constipated, and the result is a bit tedious here and there, and not nearly as messy.

RATFANDOM is an excellent idea, and 'Put the shit into the fan' a perfect slogan. I hope to see lapel badges and quote cards carrying it at the next convention. Not really being a fan any more I fear I am unable to join, but perhaps you could issue some kind of an honorary membership for writers who believe in the spirit of the thing. I think you might find more honorary members than you'd expect.

Once more on the subject of shit, alas, I can't help commenting on Leroy Kettle's nice little poem on page twelve. I enjoyed that, especially since I usually read your fanzine whilst on the lavatory. It is a very pleasant experience, and convenient, in that each time I finish a page I can wipe my arse on it. I wonder if any other of your readers have the same experience, as they say in PENTHOUSE.

I'd appreciate it, however, if you'd use softer paper in future. This is nothing to do with skin sensitivity: it's purely a matter of avoiding blocking up the toilet drain. I'd be extremely embarrassed if I had to call a plumber and he should discover the nature of the blockage. I would, of course, deny all knowledge of it, and pretend that a friend, who read that kind of thing had been staying here, but the suspicion would inevitably be that it was none other than myself who had been indulging in fanzine reading.

(( ( Other frugal souls who have hoard their FOULER collection in the bog should take note that the danger isn't so much from blockage, or even from acne of the arsehole, but it's that the ink tends to come off on the testicles. Darroll Pardoe might thus be able to take some solace in the fact that he isn't the only person to be blackballed by FOULER. )))

I hope you manage to keep FOULER going a while longer. Your concern for the standards of fandom is reminiscent of how I used to feel: perhaps you will arrive at the same kind of disillusionment and move on to fields more worthy of your talents. (Unfortunately, I have not yet managed to do this myself). I remember writing something to the effect that it is pointless to complain about standards in fandom or try to do something about it, because it is an amateur field wholeheartedly dedicated to being amateurish. I'm sure Mr Mercer (Bristol) will bear me out.

(( Plattie bores right down into the hearts of several matters here. Whilst the vision of FOULER shitting and pissing the the way you describe is very pleasant I don't think there would be any readership left after a short time and FOULER would become a shit in the dark.

Darroll Pardoe's letter would have indeed been good had he not taken time and effort to heap shit on FOULER in a rather sneaky way in his OMPazine. Whilst fandom is indeed an amateur organisation dedicated to amateurishness



there must be some people capable of raising the standards. I think these are the people who move on to pro. writing, and they're often lost to the big world before they're appreciated (if ever) and there are too few of them anyway. The trouble with fandom is that people are too easily satisfied with amateur standards. They put out a mag like FOULER or worse and think it's su-bloody-perb. We know FOULERS crap but we won't improve by sitting around waiting. We're pushing the mag to show we mean something, and hope the right people respond. As soon as we achieve anything worthwhile we'll change the name to FOUL. We didn't start off with FOULEST because we knew it wasn't. Still, this whole standards bit is the responsibility of each editor individually. If shit is the result you stop reading the fanzine, unless you want a cheap cackle. Probably someone somewhere likes it but so what. In fact shit is the yardstick by which FOULER is judged. If all the crudzines disappeared no-one would appreciate the quality herein. Fanzines can't be compared with prozines, they've no 'duty' to the readership, as they're merely 'fun things' done by amateurs for amateurs and their quality is and always will be on a level substantially below the professional productions. ))

((This whole question of 'quality' and standards is a convoluted one, with each to his own, and I got to say I don't believe in most of the shit that stupid asshole Kettle has layed out above. Though he is wight when he says that 'quality' is a subjective thing. Myself, I find EGG (for instance) of an immeasurably higher subjective quality than ANALOG, because I enjoy it more. This is basically a cop-out, of course, as it denies that there are such things as standard measures of quality within certain fields, but I'll ignore that for now, as it doesn't have much to do with this.

I think it's pointless to attempt to compare fanzines and prozines, they totally different (in most cases) and each present their own totally unique brand of thing. What this is leading to in a roundabout way is that I think that fanzines should present material that can't possibly appear professionally, generally for reasons other than the level of writing or thought. This means short unclassifiable prose, poetry, articles and writing on fandom, and plain soppboxing. All this should include stuff that just falls short of pro. standards and is sufficiently interesting in some other way as to deserve publication. I rather see fanzines (some of them) as a brand of little-little-magazines, with much the same aims but without the pretence, with each magazine operating entirely on the standard of its editor. Obviously ther's still room for the epgamera, lots of people find these of great interest (I do myself) and they're harmless enough.

Returning to the definition of quality, a swift and facile answer is that which gives the most pleasure or satisfaction to the greatest number of readers, but that only operates on a certain level again - the James Bond books (hardy perennial example) for instance. Dire writing and thought but fantastically popular.

In fact I've written myself into a corner which I can't get out of just now. Screwed with a multitude of levels of definition, and a plethora of dead ends, I'll copout with the excuse of lazy-mindedness, though I'd like to see what anyone else may offer.)))



THE  
BLINDING  
PILLAR  
OF  
INCANDESCENCE

an award for idiot of the issue  
this month's winner

STEVE CARRIGAN, 158 Sutton Common Road, Sutton, Surrey.

(( ( THE FOLLOWING TWO LETTERS ARE REPRINTED ENTIRELY. )))

Dear Greg,

I don't know why you sent me that fucking awful zine that you did, but being one of better mind I now embark on my plan of FOULER improvement by enclosing a thing. It's not the exact thing I was going to send but that's out at the moment and I haven't a copy of it. Anyway, you'll just have to make do with the meagre example enclosed....or, most unthinkably (word, yeah word, do you exist?) or all - send it back.

Yen mentioned mention of a rocking and rolling and twisting and turning zine, did ye not? Relevance : I've got reviews of the Spooky Tooth/Pierre Henry thing CEREMONY (an electronic mass) and the Black Sabbath album PARANOID - both over 500 words - ya' wan' em'?

(( (No.)))

Back to that other thing I was gonna send - I think it's about three or four thousand words - it's pornographic (depending on frame of mind I know but in Cyril Black terms - it is) anti-religious, trippy, and all other things unnice (Cyril Black Terms again.) IT's also a great work of literature and your bound to love it but you might also refuse it or maybe you'll....

....and if you're very lucky I might even adorn your poetry section with some truly magnificent poems which, while they make your eues tremble and your arms unfold, you might also refuse. Host of hosts.

Back to the FOULER things in life, number three contains truly idiotic Gob's which is truly insane and that doesn't excuse its poor quality. The Con-descent of it was just about readable, even quite enjoyable but best of all was the bit of prose by Roy, not bad at all. The mag goes on and I disliked a lot of it, but then - going beneath it, I got a clearer view and began to find that I also liked some of it - not a lot thought.....

..... which is why I'm sending my beautiful work. The letter column leads me to believe that '2' had more prose and verse in it, I wan' one, I wan' one. A thousand gold pieces for the foulest, most bestial of all.

Yours mostly

steve carrigan.

(( If I'd written a letter like this I wouldn't want it in a letter column, so we're putting it in this one.))

(( ( Well, anyway, it was a letter, odd, but a letter, and all was simple



for a while at least. Indeed, Steven did enclose a piece of fiction, called DEATH IS WHEN THE HEART STOPS BEATING. Unfortunately that was the best line. Me, I think it was the product of a young and highly impressionable mind which had been leaned upon too heavily by Ballard (in his more pyrotechnic era) and Burroughs. Now, this isn't intrinsically bad, handled by someone with a good grasp of English as she is writ to start with, but when someone who can't write properly in the first instance tries it disaster results. I know this from personal experience. So, in the fullness of time, taking advantage of his several invitations to reject it, I did so. Now, I'll admit that I could have been a little more tactful - phrases like 'the kind of crap I wrote two years ago' and 'learn to write before you try to experiment' aren't exactly calculated to sooth the ruffled ego. I anticipated this, and was fairly friendly and made a point that I'd like to see more of Steve's work, and had nothing against him etc etc. Still, this wasn't quite enough, it seems, for soon after the following little missive barged through the letterbox....

PICKINGSTILL - I read with great amusement your words to me, which could only have been written for one of the following reasons :

1) To start a feud. Thus your fading words - 'I dare you' - definately in character. Childish.

2) You are a complete idiot. This, I would've suspected anyway, and if this is not the major cause it certainly accounts for part of it.

3) Jealousy. Again, at least part of the cause. It is obvious to the most mundane of minds that your work is of absolutely no consequence and could not under any circumstances be compared with my own. Thus, if I were to believe your statement to the effect that you were producing stuff as good as my own several years ago I would also have to assume that your standards have decreased incredibly.

4) You are a bugged chimpanzee, Of this, I have photographic proof (I am unable to recognise the human with you at the time) which will be sent to your nearest anti-natal clinic should you continue along your present course.

Well, Grog, I hope that you will recover soon and that it doesn't worry you too much - about being a laughing stock I mean (I had a word with Archie Mercer who was most unkind, well at least he makes an attempt to preserve your feelings in his letters to you). I had a hard time stopping George and in the end I just couldn't stop myself either. Arch said to humour you - but personally I'm of the mind that if no-one tells you you won't be able to put things right. Like BO.

About FOULER, you seem to think that you can hide poor quality behind the matted cloak of ambiguity, well you might - IF you were a bit cleverer but your not so don't - You really can't, your incapable of bringing it off. Either that or get someone who knows where they're at to help you and if you can't find anybody - fold the zine, it really would be best.

I honestly hope my words won't hurt your fragile feelings too much, but I am only telling you these things for your own good, so that you may fade away quietly and manage to save some, if not very much, face. I realise that it can't be a very nice experience to learn that one is a public laughing stock but it is also a necessity to learn before it becomes too late - at the moment people are treating you with tolerance



and understanding but that will soon drop and you will be subjected to the most unkind forms of ridicule.

yours

(steve carrigan)

(steve carrigan)

((First a word from our Mr. Kettle)))

(( This is apparently the product of a young and unformed mind that seems to think that Pickersgill or myself could be in any way affected by derision from the creatures of obviously low intelligence that move in the same small circles as itself. Far from making us repent it merely serves as encouragement for us to continue our evil ways in the hope of bringing some happiness into otherwise drab and aimless lives.

Taking up a dual role of idiot gossipmonger and rubber walking-stick Carrigan not only puts several feet into his mouth, but tramples around on his tongue, and then, as a climax, bites himself neatly in several pieces. The whole bit of fannish hypocrisy and back-stabbing is very nicely illustrated in these two letters, but I won't say any more as I really shouldn't be nasty to the silly boy or his idiot friends.

P.S. I'm a little pissed off with everyone thinking that FOULER is purely Pickersgill's creation. If it wasn't for me it would never have appeared, and I demand at least half the credit.

P.P.S. Mr Carrigan, sir, 'your' as you've used it several times is usually spelled "you're" as it is short for "you are." If you need any further assistance (grammatical, psychiatric...) then feel free to communicate at your convenience. And try not to flush your head down.))

(((( Well, I must admit, I thought it was a joke at first. It seemed inconcievable that anyone could be trying to put over a reasonable point and yet include sub-juvenilities like 'Grog Pickingstill' and most of the first few paragraphs. Then the full and true artery of impossibly vicious malice and genuine hatred became obvious. It's still a joke, though, an inconcievable cock-up perpetrated by an idiot of small intelligence, and I'm inclined to ~~shit on it and forget it~~, but as Carrigan's presented me with a fine example of fannish duplicity in all its vile necrotic glory, for which I am truly grateful, I'm going to string along and answer him point for point. Probably the most amazing thing about these letters is the complete reversal of attitude - from aimiable idiocy in the first to slashing hatred in the second. I can't concieve of his reason for this, unless mayhap it is the rejection of his piece. (!) Obviously it's a drag to be rejected from anything, especially a fanzine (and some say that rejection from FOULER is the highest form of insult) but there's no need to get as wild as this. I'm unsure as to which facet of Carrigan is the real one, not that it matters much either way. If the second letter is merely the ravings of a small mind driven beyond the bounds of reason by a supposed insult, then he's simply a fool. If it is a true revelation of his feelings for me and/or FOULER then he's a hypocritical idiot. He can't win either way. He's shit on himself quite accurately from several levels and it's really overkill for me to say anything more,



but I will.

Before I answer his first four points, I'd just like to ask anyone who might know why it's so totally inconceivable that I wrote what I did because I meant it in all honesty and without malice?

Still.

1). Ok, I admit it, I did say 'I dare you'. It's an expression I sometimes use in a sneering fashion in the sort of 'Go on, prove the Earth is round - I dare you' context. This is pretty feeble repartee, and, I concede, pretty childish, but Steven and anyone else might be assured that should I want to enter into anything as totally futile and time consuming as a 'feud' I'd use somewhat stronger and more explicit terms. In fact, the only thing that troubles me about this bit is his assessment of my character. I'm not saying he's wrong, but his ability to assess character with almost no knowledge of the person concerned is awe-inspiring to say the least.

2). Matter of opinion, this, ain't it sunshine? Me, I don't think you must be a very nice little boy either.

3). Oh my. I'll spell it out in detail. The example of Carrigan's work he sent I found to be totally without merit. It was derivative in the most blatantly unimaginative way, the use of language was inept and pitiful to behold, reminiscent of any fifth-rate 'psychedelic' hack, and the central concept was merely ludicrous. I told him I thought it was very similar to material I produced some years back - some of which appeared in various fanzines and got quite nice words from some - and that I thought that my efforts had been better than his (Ego-tripping, I admit). I've got very little respect for most of that early stuff now, and I didn't claim to have improved at all since. I said quite clearly that I was trying to learn to write before twisting the form to suit my own method of expression. It's pointless stealing from a number of authors, and then not even assembling the bits well, as Carrigan did. It's a cheap cop-out an insult to the people who derived those styles in the first place. I was rather sad to see Steven working the same dismal old vein I'd passed through myself, and I'd hoped he could benefit from advice. Well...

4). There's not much that can be said here, is there?.

Hoom. A. Mercer (Bristol) and the 'public laughing stock.'

Well, Archie Mercer and I have disliked each other in a vague and disinterested way ever since our first meeting. I've tried to get into his way of life, but I just can't take it, he's simply the kind of person I can't stand for more than two or three seconds at a time. I just don't like what he does and how he does it. Thus, his opinion of me is more or less irrelevant, whether he chooses to inform me of it or not. I must admit I was a little (thought not much) surprised at his newly revealed hypocrisy, I'd always thought him quite straight in his own small way. I also have to admit that I'm more or less sinking to Carrigan's level here, as without this letter I'd never have bothered to make my dislike for Mercer known (other than to close henchmen), just like a dozen or so other fans I could mention without undue thought, but I'm not carrying any damn placards for them, they can throw their own shit.

I think young Steven rather overassesses my position in fandom when



He claims people are treating me with 'tolerance and understanding'. I don't think that FOULER and/or myself has that much impact on random fandom just at this time. And just how all these faceless names are supposed to treat someone they genuinely know almost nothing about with any level of understanding is just completely beyond me.

I was for a small moment a bit saddened by the fact that fandom had apparently got a ready sharpened stake for my unsuspecting back, and a fleeting thought of immolating myself on the steps of the GLOBE did speed through my mind, but was closely followed by a surly 'So fucking what?'

The prospect of being a 'public laughing stock' within the fabric of fandom is so impossibly ludicrous and totally inconceivable in real terms that I won't say anything further. Similarly, I don't know what kind of psychological havoc 'the most unkind forms of ridicule' are supposed to wreak, when they're so easily evaded and probably perpetrated by people of no importance at all. I imagine the situation would be different if people I respected or whose opinion and/or approval I valued were to turn against me, but there aren't many of them in fandom just now, and I think they're pretty straight. (For gods sake don't any idiot run away with the idea that that's a blanket fart in the face of all fandom - it merely means that people I don't know well are generally of no relevance to me. I'm not claiming that even if I did know them well they'd matter either, but that's neither here nor there, is it?). Obviously, I'm not saying that approval from random fandom isn't important. It's always nice to be appreciated, by no matter who, and lack of appreciation does usually point to personal failure, but the point I'm ineptly hovering around is that Fandom Is Just A Ghoddam Hobby, and failure in it isn't that much of a cosmic catastrophe. I'd like FOULER to succeed, and have a following, sure, but if it doesn't, well, I can always go back to masturbating, which is a far cheaper, and basically more rewarding method of passing the time.

Endings. Anyway, after getting the second letter I wrote to Carrigan making most of the points set out above. I didn't back down, obviously, but I was pretty conciliatory, and offered to see more of his writing, even to try my best to say just what it was about his first offering that repelled me, and also offered to send in some of my old mss. for his criticism. That was some six weeks ago, and since then nothing.. Some might think that I've complimented Carrigan too highly by spending this much time and space replying to his ill-concieved words, and I'm inclined to agree, but I hope all this will be interesting or amusing to some, and maybe Carrigan's folly help prevent anyone else being as stupid. Another thing that I wonder about is what the second letter would have been like if I'd accepted his piece with whimpers of awe and congratulation. Quite different, I imagine, and more stupid, which would have been a pity as I'd have been really stuck for an example of foul, small-minded hypocrisy in fandom.

Anyway - a partial explanation. Something to read. If Carrigan feels he has anything to say, then FOULERS ready and open. I only hope he turns up at the next Convention, he seems one of the few totally obnoxious people in fandom and if I ever meet him I'll fuck him rigid. )))



SCORIA SCORIA SCORIA  
SCORIA SCORIA SCORIA  
odds and bits

letters, notes, cards, and curses came from AUDRAY WALTON, TERRY JEEVES, ALASTAIR NOYLE, MERFYN ROBERTS, and BRIAN WEGENHEIM, all of whom are genuinely thanked, and it's only because of space, and the fact that none of them said anything worth publishing that they're not included.

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Funny thing about THE UNICORN in the last FOULER. So far the score is five likes, one dislike and three don't know. As I wrote it as a parody and the people who liked it liked it not as a parody but on its own terms, it seems I made a right cock up, didn't I.

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Another funny thing about the last FOULER was that no-one wondered if the words SPECIAL 'FANZINE' ISSUE scrawled on it had any special significance. Not even Darroll Pardoe, whose idea it all was.

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Better make it obvious that although some people have been nastily assaulted in HEAP there's nothing personal in this, just that if anyone writes something that is crapheaded we're not going to leave it lie. For all I know Ken Cheslin, Darroll Pardoe, etc are real shit-anywhere great fellers. But it isn't always obvious.

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Also better say that letters in HEAP are mutilated, cut, altered, and generally arsed about to make best use of everything.

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We're still at the stage where we've got to ask for material, unfortunately. We get a lot, but it's not all good. Almost anything is FOULER material until it's been rejected, so send it in. Needn't necessarily be dirty or about sex, but that helps. Also public apologies to

TOM PENMAN, RITCHIE SMITH, ALASTAIR NOYLE

all of whom have contributed some time ago but haven't had a communication from FOULER since. Also apologies to any other good people who haven't had a letter from me for a while. A variety of rather unique cock-ups are to blame, which sounds like a cheap excuse but is true.

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FOULER, from issue 5 on, will run on a monthly basis. FOULER FIVE will appear in mid-January, and all material appertaining to it should be in as soon as possible.

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

Whilst this is the first 'real' FOULER - both preceding issues have been hypes in one way or another - it still isn't as superb as it should be. Lots of it is screwed, and there's no apology for this. Bear with us, Charles Platt and John Hall, and we'll get it all together soon. Even so, FOULERS a bloody sight better than any one of a dozen crudzines.

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Castigation this issue goes to JOHN HALL, for writing a lousy column, to Greg Pickersgill, for rejecting R\*O\*Y K\*E\*T\*T\*L\*E 's column, and to ROY KETTLE for thinking I'd bother running off crap like that.

.....





AUDREY WALTON  
 25 YEWDALE CRESCENT  
 COVENTRY  
 WARKS.

CV 2 2 FF