

Edited & Produced by Jerry Kettling and Jerry Kettling

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THIS IS F O U R F I V E B - 600 MARCH 1971

Material for F O U R F I V E SIX should be in by APRIL 30 1971

the return of

 G O B

" GOB was away for dental treatment last issue, but it's
 " back now, though still a bit numb and rather paler than usual, so
 " instead of the usual humorous controversy this particular expectation
 " will be some controversial humor on the subject of Letters We Have
 " Not Recieved.....

" DARROL PARDOE.....
 " shows either considerable restraint
 " or unutterable idiocy in not sending this letter. Probably the latter.
 " Unprovokable except when someone likens LES SPINGE to FOULER he has not
 " risen to the subtle bait proffered in previous issues of this august
 " journal. Thus he has shown himself to be a stuck-up bum with childish
 " pretensions to being a BNF but lacking the sawtooth ability to actually
 " make it. Good Old Darroll(as his henchmen yell as they doff their
 " forelocks to him in the streets of Old London Town) could not even
 " write a reasonable letter to our first issue, but that did not restrain
 " him from writing lengthily and ignorantly about it elsewhere, and it
 " is thus expected that this current letter which we have not recieved
 " is not the epitome of wit and intellignet criticisms but merely a
 " number of words typed by a hairy forefinger in a small and meaningless
 " array.

" +--+
 " ARCHIBALD MERCER.....
 " has been known not to write to
 " fanzines before he had not recently written to FOULER. This letter is
 " full of pungent wit(Mr Mercer being a pun gent) and really rips the
 " lid right off several old jokes. So why have you not sent this letter
 " Mr Mercer? Is it lying forgotten at the bottom of one of the pockets
 " which surround your person, or did ALL the typer keys miss the paper?
 " Whilst we do not pretend to be the kindest fanzine aren't you looking
 " at the world a little through rose-scented dentures? Just heap on
 " the funnies as you have in the musing missive that is surely just
 " around the corner ; they're always boring and terrible but that's never
 " stopped anyone from being in FOULER.

" +--+
 " STEVEN C. CARRIGAN.....
 " in his current letter which
 " is surely just about to drop through the hole in the door at any

second has not offered any defence of himself against the nasties set forth in letters of fire this high in FOULER FOUR. Maybe, therefore, there was some truth in the evil and smallminded conclusions drawn from the strange letters we have as yet recieved from Mr Carrigan (or Stevie baby as his mum calls him). The non-existent letter we have at the moment only states in the weakest possible way that the previous letters were no fault of the authors and that he wishes his ago to be taken into consideration but on no account revealed. He's perfectly sure that we'd all grow to love him like our own little brother if only we got to know him better. Or, rather, he probably does claim that in the letter we have yet to recieve.

Oh, Mailman, Mailman, why so slow ?

LaRoi Richard Arthur Kettle

THREE MONTHS ON

the many and varied reasons for the lateness of this issue would be totally incomprehensible to our Average Reader so I won't relate them at tedious length - suffice to say that whilst we didn't quite intend being monthly, this is somewhat too infrequent. Tsk. This issue's a bit substandard - due to Circumstances Beyond MY Control, but all the usual gems inside, including usual runaway fartmouth editorial crapola in HEAP. For gems like that it's worth waiting.

MORE NOO NOOS It's slightly within possibility that a SPECIAL CONDOM ISSUE will be prepared for the upcoming convention - to aid this our loyal contributors (and that means YOU) are advised to dash off several thousand words of vaguely con-oriented, fannish shit and ensure it reaches us by APRIL 5 at the latest. Great once-in-a-lifetime chance to call R. Idwal Gilbert (or even anyone else) a boring moron to his face without even opening your mouth. Take heed. In any event, there will be a FOULER issued at the end of APRIL including a report of EASTERCON 22 as seen by RATFANDOM, also our Upcoming Gems File includes DAWID REDD, MIKE SCANTLEBURY, NED BROOKS, JOHN . HALL, L.R.A. KETTLE, RITCHIE SMITH, and a cast of thousands. Every syllable a winner, get you subscription in Now.

Finally, I just have to thank my great friends from the great North for putting me forward for the great DOCWEIR AWARD this year - even the remote possibility of being in the same ranks as such great old fans really makes me feel sorte humble, and all choked up, and kinda PROUD. Gosh, fellers, you've really made my year. I'm so glad to be part of this great and wonderful thing we call fandom. Gosh. Now. Gee. Sense of Wonder.

.....
A MARK HERE MEANS LAST FOULER UNLESS

THE

F.I.A.T.T.O.F.F.T.Y.H.

EFFECT

=====

BRYNLEY G. FORTEY

+++++

FAMOUS LAST GRAFFITI.....

Kid Grog slept with his antenna erect and the volume on maximum. His link with Ramine King who was hiding out in the hollow arm of Cranley Gallows. At any moment, night or day, the awaited message could arrive.

King slept too, but fitfully as he dreamed.... Giovanni, often dubbed the Groovy Prince, Pretender to the Saxon Throne, wore his crown at a jaunty angle... 'The new absorbent wall coverings have killed the art of the bog poet', he said. 'Originally intended for the instant removal of stains they also absorb anything written. The next generation will never know Kilroy!'

King awoke quickly. There was something important here, but he couldn't make out quite what. For a moment his fingers hovered over the keyboard, then he started to transmit.

Kid Grog read through the deciphered message.....

"There was a young man from Australia
who scented his arse like a dahlia.
He did bloody well at 2p a smell
But 5p a fuck was a failure."

.....It was definitely a message, there was no denying that. But it wasn't THE message. Kid Grog returned to his now cold bed. By now his antenna was sagging a little.

NIX SAID THE NEO.....

Piller Holdstill wondered whether his networked Orbitals would prove strong enough to meet the crisis without disintegrating J.J. Miasma had returned the offered contract unsigned, saying he was too busy. J.J. was masterminding the Father of the Chapel's camp campaign for election as Pope.

Piller's most recent signing was a newcomer named Tombola Pencilboy, but try as he might he couldn't persuade him to switch from 'Tombola' to 'Thombola' and without the 'h' Piller would lose the support of Offwite Bhoke.

Piller was a fighter to the last, but he nevertheless made secret preparations for possible gafiation. With a shrug he altered his Auto-Twist setting to 'ease'. After three goes at 'haste' he was feeling rather frayed.

LIMITED INTELLIGENCE.....

After taking the unnecessary but customary precaution of locking their women into chastity belts the Knights of St. Fantony scraped the rust from their broadswords and daggers. The sturdy oaken beams of the Royal Lodge shook as deep baritones belted out

"A-Jousting We Will Go" in 3/4 time.

The hideous threat would be met on every front. Whilst Holdstill organised his deadly Orbitals, Chrd Chubb, arch-fiend and brooker of no argument, bottled home brewed urine to stir the St Fantony furnaces to peak readiness. Militant bulletins issued from the depths of barbaric Cornwall. Even the B.S.F.A. shifted uneasily. Romor was rife that an issue of VECTOR was in preparation.

sneered Ramine King. "This situation could turn ugly!" "Holy Ratafn",

F.I.A.T.T.O.F.F.T.Y.H.....

King sweated out his vigil in the hollow arm of the Cranley Gallows. One slip and he'd get it in the neck.

Kid Grog tried to hold the flask still, but the dragon juice dribbles down his chin as his fingers twitched spastically. Suddenly his erect antenna trembled. "Ram," he whispered, "is this the message? Has word come through from the States?"

He stared at the decoded message. "F.I.A.T.T.O.F.F.T.Y.H." He gurgled horribly and slumped across the typer, battering out a fifty-six page SCORIA in which he accepted the Premiership of the B.S.F.A. It was all his now. All of it. Every last damn useless meaningless trivial stupid idiot unwanted morsel.

"F.I.A.T.T.O.F.F.T.Y.H!" sobbed Piller Holdstill brokenly. His dreadful Orbitals were obliterated, lost, without a single trace or memory. Gafiation was upon him. Real life loomed. Even the last minute backing of Offwite Bhoke hadn't saved him from a fate worse than death!

To a man the Knights of St. Fantony drowned themselves in Chubb's brew. To a woman their good ladies threw off the chastity belts and ran screaming towards the gamekeepers lodge.

A final bulletin appeared, written in blood.

MEMBERSHIP

Inland	-	0
Overseas	-	0
TOTAL	-	0

No VECTOR was ever heard of again.

"F.I.A.T.T.O.F.F.T.Y.H." burbled Ramine King as he staggered down the Cranley Gallows.

"Fouler is a ten to one favorite for this year's Hugo!" screamed Kid Grog triumphantly.

They'd done it. They'd finally put the shit into fandom. Hell yes, fandom had been well and truly shit upon okay!

Y O U

W A K E

U P

O N E

M O R N I N G

r o y
k e t t l e

and the Post Office Tower has disappeared. What do you do? You think about the situation for a moment. It doesn't seem to be misty - unless there is a new kind of selective mist that obscures the winking red lights of the Tower yet leaves more distant buildings visible - and the church tower that almost (but not quite) hides the Tower doesn't seem to have moved overnight, to have slipped by some subtle geological fault those few feet necessary to block the view. In any event, you must test the theories. You phone appropriately and are told

"No Sir there is no mist in London today Sir."

and you go to another window and you still cannot see the Tower behind the church. It seems that the Tower has indeed gone. You are disturbed by this, having a strange hate relationship with the Tower whose phallic permanency disturbs you and is the symbol of a lack which you sometimes feel will never be filled. Kensington Palace is still there. The Horse Barracks are still there. The Hilton - another powerful symbol, but you have never in all honesty aspired to it - is still there. So. You leave your room to walk the distance to the Tower. It is a long way but you notice neither the length or the strange ways you pass through as you are obsessed by the Tower. When you arrive at the correct place you discover a hole in the ground. A deep hole, as you see when you tentatively approach the edge. But no-one else seems to notice it. They wander by casually or fall into the hole and drop silently and uncaring. Occasionally people walk out of the hole, and as you stand and watch a long time you see that many of the people who walk in eventually walk out. Does the Tower therefore still exist but elsewhere, or does everyone still think it exists with such a conviction that it carries them through an impossible and unacceptable situation? If it finally dawns on them that the Tower has indeed gone will they fall screaming into the hole never to return, stand quivering and sweating on the edge, run terrified from the unknown, or merely set about dumping dirt into the hole and building another Tower?

What would you do if you were people?

You would walk into the Tower as though it were still there and see if the inside has any more reality than the exterior. Accordingly, you fall into step behind an official-looking personage and as he steps over the edge he falls quite happily and disappears from view. And as you step over and start to fall you begin to wonder if you are falling the right way. And when you've been falling for a long time you think "Did I do it right?". And when you've been falling for

a very long time you are more than reasonably certain that you have probably taken the wrong entrance. Then you fall helplessly past signs saying

DO NOT FALL PAST THIS POINT

and

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

and you

have a certain feeling of fear, and you wish you'd never got up this morning, but get up you did and fall you must. But you did reach the bottom eventually. And things haven't been going your way since. Maybe you should have paid at the door. You'll probably never find out what happened to the Tower now. You begin to wish you were a cat, after all curiosity only killed them and look what it's done to you. You wait and hope that someone else will realise that the Tower has disappeared and will end up down here with you. At least you'll have someone to talk to then, and maybe you can figure it out between you. But there's one thing that worries you. A small thing really, that nags and nags, and you wouldn't be able to sleep even if you could lie down. What, you wonder, what happens if they find the Tower, and put it back?

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

AS IF MORNING NEVER CAME

.

My two winged men, as you ride the wind
Clouds feather the dusky horizon,
Twilight descends, tranquility comes,
And ribbons of nightward veils.

Icarus, this scattering, hesitant rain
Is not your blood ; not in this existence,
This time. Clenched clouds, also,
And Daedalus, gull-wheeling.

"Why, he is such a distant figure; transfixed by dawn,
Falling! And yet is still my son..."

Knossos, roofless, gapes.
Breughel paints.

Some of us die a little, sometimes.
Like Icarus, we fall.
It is as if the morning never came,
And the rivers, ever flowing.

RITCHIE SMITH

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L E G E N D E S
 O F
 A D V E R S I T Y

* *

S t o r y o f *

* A M E S S B O U R K E *

Amess Bourke, Messican of no fixed adobe, was a thirstier engendering screwdent. He was of coarse of a mucomical turd of mine, thus - he was bored as a jung booboo and like most sawed his grunt-mother's pigleg in smell pisses. Gruntmother fell and broke. Amess was bewilfred by

this. Rye had she tippled? Equestrian that was to nag him till his dying neigh. Midwife, he divided his attention shoulder be on leaning how to salve this puplime. Aunt this brings us avuncularly (after leaven pus, old evils and ale evils) to the Adversity.

Ass said, he was thirstier and poured through many engendering sexbooks and egg sample pupas. Howevil, laughter fun week he seized. Why? He was the lonely prison studying. Host screwdents had orgies and sharey parties. Densed, drenk, vicitd the udder sex. Lectures all. All-knight, greavy parties with grails in Holes. Amess stood aloo, one weak only. After that his orge to study demolished and graduately he became like all screwdents.

Whan the exhumes rose he nude naught on engendering and fooled. But the Voice Chaneller aloud him to stray.

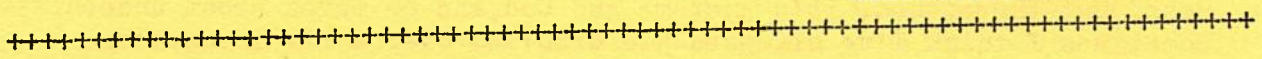
Stay he did. And his socond beer was slake his thirst - object fooldyer. Yeti goon the Chaneller crept him on.

Amess did batter but not munch. His marx improvised a bit, but his bound made a booboo. Wean this happened the Voice Chaneller waxed mud. Goo, he shited, git the hens.

Sow, with board and booboo Amess was ejaculated from Adversity. The holy job he could get was Mumble of Palophone. Rot a crumbdown. He agued quackly and died, Prime Misery, of a venerable decease. Rye his gruntmother tippled remained anever misery.

So sod.

L.R.A. Kettle
 =====



High on a cloud
 in a black cat shroud
 sits Uncle Id
 with his brown bum bare

his fingers raised
 his farts in phase
 his big black turds
 playing hell with the birds

as they drop with perfumed passage to the shitty streets below.

ROBERT P. HOLDSTOCK

= THE DOG THAT SHAT =
 = IN MY GARDEN =
 = =

One sunny morning, I went out to buy
 A pint of milk, some Frosties, and a Beano.
 I saw a yellow-eyed, black mongrel lie
 Upon the pavement. Back turned, it could see no
 Sign of my slow approach. I didn't like
 This dog. I'd seen it shit (it's name was Rover)
 In my front garden. While riding my bike
 The previous week I'd tried to run it over.
 And so, that day, when I crept up on it,
 I stepped with all my weight upon its tail!
 The wretched creature yelped and turned and bit
 Me on the leg! It's owener saw, but failed
 To realise I had provoked it :he then kicked his
 Dog, and apologised to me.

A true tale by CHARLES PLATT.

+++++

J u s t M e & H i m O u t T h e r e , O n M a i n s t r e e t ,
 A l l A l o n e

They switch off the city around midnight.
 A darkness like no other city knows hangs heavy around the occasional
 burning window or headlight. I come down from the sky and pass among
 the people : no thoughts in me as I walk the hanging streets on soft
 autumn pavements. In the dark I rustle along the walls, close in and
 quiet, all the thoughts stacked up on one side of my mind like
 rubbish in those neat plastic sacks, still there, perhaps, but avoided,
 denied. Just like the people. There are no people, only the big sacks
 like heaped corpses or gigantic turds. Maybe that's what they are,
 when I come down. There is one reality, and another.

I take the dark and move in it, my fear of
 what walks at other times overrides my hate of claustrophobic black-
 ness. Out there, then, it's just me and God, and he moves about unseen.
 Sometimes I think I've glimpsed him drooling over a fix in corners
 where the houses meet, or heard him fucking behind drawn curtains. I've
 smelt his puke and piss in the gutters, I've heard his footfall fast
 behind me, his alleyway snigger, he's even called to me at times. He's
 trying to get me out of my streets into the warm bed I haven't got.
 Sometimes I can see his point of view. Even God wants a time for
 himself, I suppose, but I'm not lettang the greedy bastard have my
 night.

Leroy Kettle & Greg Pickersgill.

DEAR NOBODY ,

I rarely write a letter to myself but in this case I feel it is of some importance to me. I realise that I am not even a small fish in a large pond, I realise that no-one is interested in me, or ever could be ; I have realised all this, and I do not resent it and will do nothing about it. The reason for my inaction is that I have at last realised that everyone else is in my position. They are all of equal non-importance. I know. But do all the others? They know it of me, but do they know it of themselves? I have nothing else to say, for what is the use. Nobody ever listens to a nobody, and unfortunately, nobody knows.

yours sincerely,

ANTHONY DEAN

.....

George Bernard Shaw

MOURNING AFTER

=====

The morning after will be a strange one.
After the eternal present finally clocks off,
And gets its anachronistic gold watch
Which doesn't work ;
The morning after the wild party
Will be a painful one.
Maybe then,
There'll be some straight answers
If there are any ;
Or maybe then
The sky will hinge away
God will glance down,
Yawn once,
And reach for the correcting fluid.
And maybe, this time,
There will be no Noah.

THOM S. PENMAN.

+++++

George Bernard Shaw

.....
C R A N L E Y G A R D E N S B L O O Z
.....

Sitting in his bedsit,
amongst the concrete towers,
there's a lonely bankclerk,
whining away the hours.
He hasn't got a woman,
claims he wants one too,
but when you try to get him one
he runs off in the blue.

Sitting on his windowledge,
wanking into space,
a look of hopeless apathy
fixed across his face.

Oh for god's sake KingRat,
life ain't all that bad,
brooding on your troubles
will only drive you mad

Now for christ's sake KingRat,
get up off your arse,
she may not be worth it,
but at least try a pass.
The ratio of women
in this randy manic world,
is strongly in your favor,
don't be a silly turd.

You're just a dismal bastard,
lurking in the shade.
There's a city full of women,
all waiting to be laid!

You give such a strong impression,
and it's really pretty bad,
that instead of loving living,
you love to be sad.

JOHN NEVERLIKETHISINMYDAY HALL

an pone

i ig how mulchen grip my kows
in durkel thim my morsen bows
but meffy the woeur that
killen sees
for impronturgiously eflees

george hammond

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fanzine reviews

Greg Pickersgill

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Damn, here it is March and only four new fanzines for review. Bloody funny - or maybe there's a recession I haven't heard about. Not that it matters a damn anyway.....

JOHN N.

HALL, better known for his idæe boast of having masturbated three times a day since he was eight than for any outstanding critical skill, has passed a deal of disparaging comment on fanzine reviews, and on EYEBALL in particular, and it's his comment, together with a general feeling of pissed-offedness that has put this column in a condition akin to jeopardy, for although ROGER WADDINGTON seems to think I enjoy doing it I actually don't very much at all.

review EYEBALL was- is, rather - a melange of every type of fanzine. It's simultaneously an obligatory few lines of comment assuring editors that their offerings don't go totally unnoticed (saving the dreadful grind of thinking out an intelligent LoG) a lot of pretentious bullshit which actually attempted to say something interesting and possibly relevant, and an expanded spacefiller to pad out the magazine with the added advantage of being superficially meaningful. A number of people seemed to like it, incredibly enough, but it remains to be seen whether they like it enough to cause it to burst forth once again it all it's technicolor putrescence.

Anyway, four

zines to comment on - shortly.....

NEOIL 5 from 42 Highland Road, Amersham, Bucks.
I2pp qto. for I/- or interest.

CHARLES PLATT, who one would imagine knew better, once said that all poetry not adgering to strict rules of metre, rhyme, etc was pointless crud. Now I disagree, and not entirle because I'm totally innocent of such things. Most 'amateur' poetry - as typified by NEOIL - written by people with necessarily limited skills, is by far better than they simply try to convey an image/experience vividly and with economy rather than bind themselves down with 'artificial' constraints. The poetry isn't necessarily better, just less rigid and mechanistic. And with that pointlëss bit of crap wound up, to NEOIL, which isn't a fanzine but is to AMBIT what FOULER is to PRIVATE EYE. Simply it's a miniscule magazine of poetry, and as such a review that pretends only to give one man's reaction is futile. Read it yourself.

Myself, I found it by turn and turn, naive, gauche, contrived, gimmicky, and even slightly uplifting in at least one part. It's okay, it's not repellent or nauseous or anything, and it's nice to see people having a showcase for their work, even if it is as revoltingly badly produced as this is. Why can't they learn that it's hard enough getting people to take 'amateur' (means anything not published in the LISTENER) poetry seriously without making it almost impossible to read. Still, all things being equal, it's not a bad read. Awopbopalooobop Alopbamboom.

+++++

QWERTYUIOP 4 from SAM LONG, Box 401 RAF Croughton, Brackley, Northants.
46 pp qto. for interest - IOp appreciated.

Why? What's the reason? Simply, because everyone else does. Sammy obviously prefers the simple person-to-person socialising of fandom (and why not?) and only issues his zines because a lot of his freinds do, and to extend his personality to them a bit more, and to make sure he gets the new fanzines, and, hell, maybe he even enjoys doing it even. But still why? It's a nothing zine, as can be seen from the lettercolumn, lots of LoCs, sure, but saying nothing. No-one cares, no-ones going to be stirred to either enthusiasm or virulent hatred, it's just there, contrived schoolboy humour, blindly inaccurate fanzine reviews (ALAN WILSON was a BLUES singer, Sammy), pointless book mentions, and hideous poetry and all. It passes right over, a lukewarm tide that hardly even gives the memory of it's passing. 'A low key, basically light fanzine' he calls it, and, shit, that's what it is, no messing. Real editorial discretion and determination went into keeping that statement pristine, virgin, and straight true. No-one's going to get worked up about this fanzine, by god.

Actually, it's not that repellent, it's quite pleasnat in a tepid fashion and it all helps to while away the time between tracks. I'm quite embarrassed (after the above) to admit I rather enjoyed it. Sam's a reasonably interesting writer himself, and with just a little tiny transplant of balls QWERT. could become quite worth reading. If he only wasn't so bloody determined to be trivial.

+++++

QUICKSILVER I from MALCOLM EDWARDS, 236 King's College, Cambridge CB21st.
44 pp qto for IOp -- 50p for six.

From nowhere almost unheralded, PHILE reborn from the burnt out Wembley fandom. And if you don't know what PHILE was it don't matter 'cause you can read Q. and it's as near as dammit right before your eyes. A fine magazine, with all the old PHILE firm turning out the good stuff we used to look forward to so much in years gone by. The columns by Chris Priest and Graham Charnock are good, elevated with being incomprehensible to the average fan, or even pretentious, and are, moreover, very, very, well written. Not often the phrase 'joy to read' can be used but here's a time. Good stuff ranging over Brautigan (illuminating on wellknown but obscure writer), and Mailer's FIRE ON THE MOON. Actual book reviews, of sf books, for christ's sake, are somewhat disappointing. Too much of 'this is wrong' instead of 'this is wrong--here's why'. Fine humour section by Dick Howett, sometime fan, and possibly only real humourist to write in fandom right now. Uncontrived, unlaboured, easy and flwoing, he has the skill of

writing about events that probably actually occurred to him, and without strain or warping gives them immense humour and great charm. A far cry from the tortured boffos of QWERTYUIOP and it's tedious ilk. Nearest thing to BoSh in HYPHEN extant, in fact.

Curiouser 'n' curiouser, a one third of a page of album reviews that says more of relevance with greater literacy than the entire first issue of BLACK KNIGHT, Britain's rock fanzine. Also a strange event, a (presumably) previously unpublished Aldiss story with only peripheral mention of wanking, but which is still good, economical of style and pointed (an old ms, perhaps) (can't be, considering the subject matter, Russo-Chinese conflict - Demansky Island), which conveys a statement which if true is both reassuring and depressing.

Actually (and I seem to have said this before) it's better than that. The straight reviews are the best outside some in SPECULATION and include a masterful destruction of Heinlein's masturbatory fantasy I SHALL FEAR NO EVIL, Malcolm Edwards is almost as good a humorous writer as Howett when he wants to be, and the production is clean, tidy and eminently readable. Good stuff, this, all you bastards out there make sure it continues.

+++++

TRANSPLANT from Graham Boak, 3 Ryde Lands, Nuthurst, Cranleigh, Surrey.
6 pp foolscap. for interest.

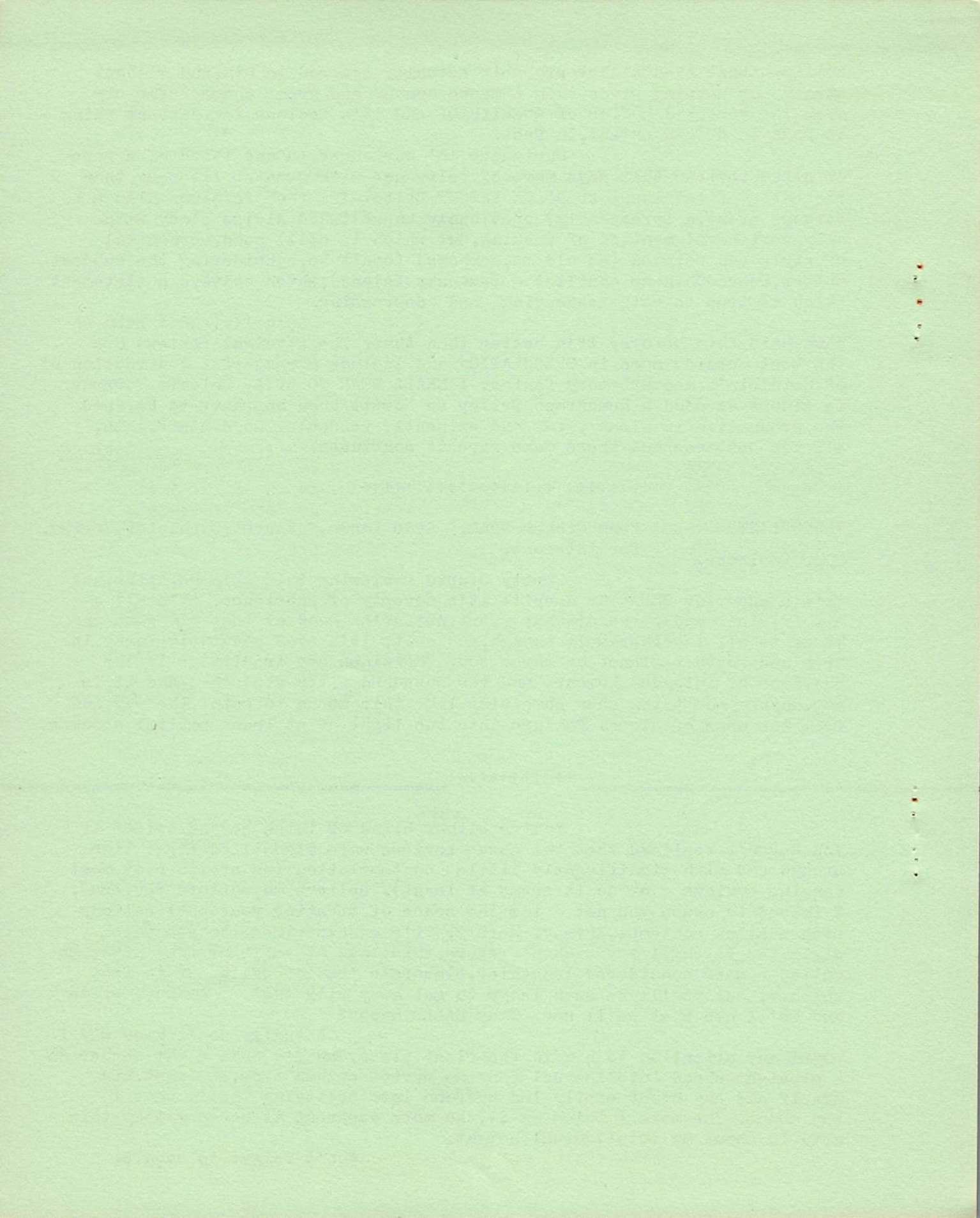
Pretty stupid reviewing this thin OMPazine, but it's a superior OMPazine despite it's poverty of substance. It's all a bit trivial and personal-chatty, but Arthur's good at that old game and keeps it all together well enough, and shit, it's even genuinely funny in bits and worth a glance or three too. OMPazines are traditionally the bastions of intended humour and the supposed witty riposte and it is a genuine good thing when something like this seems to point the way out from the mass of dismal failure into the light of at least partial success.

+++++

You're either blind or thick beyond belief if you haven't realised that the above reviews were stencilled first time around and with significantly little contemplation (as are, in fact, most fanzine reviews - or so it seems at least). Believe me, editors reviewed, I intend to abuse you not - in the sense of treating your publications with shallow contempt, anyway. Merely, it's an experiment to see which style the faithful readership prefers, this load of balls or what might be called a more considered, lengthier, elaborate load of balls. Or, in fact neither, but you'll be damn lucky to get away with that. Anyway, write and we'll see what we'll see. Okay HALL? Happy?

Actually don't know why I paid any attention to him in the first place, as I'd damn sight rather do a straight-ahead intellectual fanzine review column: or, at least, kid myself and any other easily led buffoon into believing that's what I was about. The more I think on it, the more apparent it becomes that this crud is about my intellectual height.

don't forget to boogie.



letters & stuff

GREG PICKERSGILL ((()))

ROY KETTLE (())

H E A P

+++++

+ + + + +

JOHN NEUROSIS HALL , 2 Knights Croft, New Ash Green, Dartford, Kent.

Well, Pickersgill, I'm trying to be serious and constructive about FOUR. Basically it's still the best thing to happen for fandom in many a year - still the champion of the fart of change, despite its observance of meaningless rituals like fanzine reviews, letter columns, and contents lists.

Whatever PEMBROKE GREEN was about it wasn't about me, so I pass on.

I'm also going to be honest as well as serious and constructive - half the appeal of FOULER for me is the chrome-and-flared-trousers image of me you present in passing.

Kettle and Holdstock are soon to form a double act - CRUDITY INC.

I like 'Smallmounts' poem, not 'Wegenheims'. Ian Williams presents too black a picture of Universe City, but it is a very good poem, despite the fact that I don't like it.

If Bryn really thinks I have an ego of incredible durability he's wrong. I believe everyone without question all the time - my downfall.

Your review of BLACK KNIGHT was the only bit of EYEBALL of any value, and only because you made people aware of its existence. What a fucking pile of rubbish EYEBALL is.

Carrigan requires just such a spread as you've given him, you fool.

It's very difficult to be serious or constructive about FOULER. Unless you do something better with FIVE than you have with THREE or FOUR you'll be overtaken by your own ideas by someone else in a better package. I'm very serious and constructive about that.

" ((We were going to put this in as BLINDING PILLAR OF INCANDESCENCE for this issue, awarded for most revealing letter. Then Idwal's came along.))

" (((I can't honestly think of anything at all to say about this letter.

" Even so, this letter has great potential, and could go far if made into a paper dart.)))

"

PRESTIGE ROBERTS - Here & There

I see the two of you have coagulated into the pastel colored FOULER, contradicting yourselves madly and producing one of the more entertaining fanzines around at the moment. After knifing fandom in the crutch in previous issues, god knows why you like EGG, which is modelled conscientiously on the staid fannish trivia of yore. Though, admittedly, if you didn't like it more than ANALOG I'd pack the whole thing in.

There are two objections to the use of 'fucking', 'shit' et al ; 1/. In most cases they're not in context, and are both superfluous and meaningless , 2/. Some people don't like it. The second point is of no great consequence - I wouldn't bounce up to my grandparents (forinstance) and greet them with a cheery "Hello youse fuckers!", although that phrase is part of my vocabulary when accosting friends - this is fairly sane and entirely obvious, and has little to do with FOULER unless you are worried about constantly goading a certain percentage of the readers, and I take it you're not.

'Fuck' and 'shit' in context are entirely ok and are far preferable to all the assorted euphemisms. Out of context they're as annoying as the word 'nice' : people have smiled at me on holiday and said things like " It's nice here when it's nice, but not when it's not so nice." This produces the same sort of mental grimace as "Fuck me it's fucking raining like piss!" IT's a reduction of vocabulary which lowers the ability of English to express thoughts and observations accurately and descriptively. Very occasionally, a constant stream of 'fuckings' can act as an arabesque to description - mock-Strine, or Tommy-in-the-trenches dialogue, for instance.

" (((You don't seemed to have grasped that I do use 'shit' in
" correct context on most occasions : it's used as a synonym for
" things dire, nasty, rubbishy, worthless, and generally beneath
" contempt or even extended literate comment. Praps not quite the
" Partridge definition, but a not unfitting one, don't you think?
" Another thing that's gone unnoticed is that FOULER is in fact a
" faanzine of the old type - though somewhat warped and twisted
" through transit - in that it's totally concerned with fans and
" fandom to the virtual exclusion of all else. I really enjoy
" good faanzines, much more than anything else, and it's a pity that
" there aren't any around right now. I have these curious daydreams
" of an eventual return to the glorious days of HYPHEN etc, you see...
" More comment on the vital and exhilarating subject of fucking and
" shitting after the next letter.....)))

JOHN PIGGOTT, 17 Monmouth Road, Oxford OXI 4TD

I use words like 'shit' and 'fuck' in normal conversation myself. In a fanzine, I think; they're permissible occasionally, and only the most narrow minded people will object. But when the 'shits' and 'fucks' are fired in an unmitigated barrage as in FOULER, it's not only offensive to a lot of

people, it's monotonous as well. If you've got something to say (and you have things well worth saying) then for god's sake say them without alienating half the readership and boring the rest. There isn't any point otherwise.

" (((Some very good points made in this letter and Prestige's
" preceding one, and I agree almost entirely with them. To the
" point of compromising myself, in fact, by cutting down on the
" less-indispensable 'obscities' and 'crudities' in FOULER. This
" is certainly not done for fear of offending people, it is simply
" because I think it's stylistically bad. What I had been trying
" to do (with significant lack of success) was reproduce a 'normal'
" conversational style, but in effect the occasional 'four letter
" words' normally unnoticed became obtrusive and seem to smash
" up the flow into a number of jaggedy blocks punctuated by a
" shit or fuck. Prestige is dead right about the overuse of this
" kind of verbal shorthand eventually denuding the vocabulary,
" I'm a walking testament to that.
" Though I still can't fathom the mind that thinks it ok to
" curse like the proverbial quarryman in the grubby confines of the
" Globe when surrounded by his henchmen, but flinches from
" reproducing his usual turn of phrase in duper ink.....)))

THOM PENMAN , 14 Winterbottom Street, South Shields, Co. Durham.

Holy shit Ratfan, it takes more than a three-FOULER pile to stop me...but to comment of FOUR.....

I may incriminate myself here, but I thought it was very good, the most entertaining fanzine I've come across, bar none. Somehow surprisingly you seem genuinely concerned about fandom, but with a right perspective, though. Gray Boak rarely opens his head without some kind of sense issuing forth, but his FIAWOL is an exception to that. Still, each to his own way..... This thing about shits and fucks I find rather ridiculous on both sides of the curtain. The Crass Goblin's comments are ever so slightly Victorian, but your use of obscenity is just a little overexcessive to ring true. Come, you're obviously sensation-mongering. Still, this going to town on swearing and the fear-not-favour policy is at least a nice blast of honesty.

EYEBALL is good, it's alright. Hell it's a fanzine review. Kepp it up (with teaspoons of sand etc..?) I don't think I had a serious disagreement with you, except you have no taste in artwork or poetry.

Really epic stuff in FOUR was MARINER, FABLE, PEMBROKE GREEN, and FLASH. I was reading these in a library and almost bust a gut trying to stop from laughing. I was chucked out in the end, though.

The Gess Whu thing made me laugh and ~~fold~~ daft since I don't know who it's alluding to, in my ignorance.

I'm still registering the fact that the Crass Goblin writes poetry occasionally, ... incidentally, you blame Ian Penman for the script on which the brilliantly drawn MAYA strip was based, well, wishing credit where credit due and not wishing the Penman name sullied more than usually, guess who wrote it? His initials are I.W. and he's almost five feet tall in a towering rage. Is Crass Goblin an original, by the way?

In HEAP I find my original impression of Rob Holdstock, ace Asimov-fan and literary hack as a boring moron totally inaccurate, though he's probably an idiot. Incidentally, RHob, "leptospiralis?" Incidentally rear entry is banned up here. You can see it in backstreets painted on the roads - NO REAR ENTRY". Hammond was a hoax, wasn't he?

Plattie's letter seemed to make good sense, it was probably the best in HEAP, though he seemed alternately dazzling and shirty (or is that too subtle?) Bog joke predictable - still funny. Is this thing about sex being replaced by wanking machines serious, by the way?

You want to see if S. Carrigan (Sutton) is going to the con. A possible punch-up there, you stoned on rum&coke and him a wiry infant. Ian Williams, pro. dwarf and part-time mixer is reported to be doing some secret match- and book-making. Tricky little devil. Emphasis on little. Speaking of little dwarfs and fables etc, I.W. (whose girlfriends sleep with a teddy bear... subtle????) says (gleefully) that Pickersgill is smaller than him. So mocks on both of you. Especially you. Or is it the kettle calling the saucepan black?

Lastly, I do think your demo job on Carrigan was overkill. Damn funny though. Who is this George personage he refers to? Don't hear of him myself, and I want to keep out of his way if he's anything connected with young master Carrigan.

" ((Greatstuff, at least one person appreciates FOULER as bellyleff mag. When have bellylaffs been two a penny, I ask? What a service.
" Who was Gess Whu alluding to? I dunno. Do you, Greg? Does anyone?
" These bloody allusive references. Someone still unsure as to the
" nonexistence of Hammond. Don't know myself. He hasn't contacted
" us since under that name so we're not sure. Might as well own
" up now George.
" Credit Where Credit Is Due Dept.. (though who gets credit for that
" title I can't recall). Crass Goblin is corruption of Jhihmh
" Lhinhwhohohdh's name for Ian ('scattered around Wadezine like a
" Glass Goblin') in a CYNIC fanzine review, which is in turn a take-off
" of a George Hammond story from COsmic Startling Stories November
" '33, called SHATTERED AROUND WADEZINE.))
" (((Don't really want to disappoint you or any other vampire eager
" for the sight of my blood smeared over the inside of the on-hotel,
" but I'll not be engaging in fisticuffs with S. Carrigan or anyone
" else. I wouldn't like to have anyone busted for G.B.H. on my account.
" FIAWOL - fandom is a way of life, for the ignorant. That's more or
" less my state right now, but then I haven't anything better to do.
" Though the point is, once you've fallen in deep with fandom it's
" awful difficult to throw it off again for several reasons. For one,
" fandom offeres an almost idyllic ersatz existence for people too
" lazy or inadequate to take on the big world as it stands. Only in
" fandom is it possible to become well known or even 'famous' by
" doing so impossibly little of worth or consequence. And I on no
" account exclude myself from that unhappy (?) band of refugees.
" Of course, fandom offers lots of things in varying degrees, and
" all in all I'd say that fandom is a damn sight better life than
" pushing peanuts up the Pennines with your penis.)))

Amazing! Never thought I'd see the day! Steve Carrigan deserves a special anthem of praise. I'd always thought it impossible that anyone able to write real words could be childishly stupid enough to make Pickersgill and Kettle appear adult in comparison. But it's happened. Don't let Carrigan get away, standing next to him gives you a mantle of wisdom. False it maybe, but that's more Carrigan's problem than yours.

Some good stuff in FOWLER FOUR. For instance, PEMBROKE GREEN, TRAVEL, SAY IT TO ME, FABLE FOR IAN, and best of all, the brilliant FLASH!! Also some rubbish, particularly the CONCRETE PUMA.

HEAP is as usual predictable, but is nevertheless amusing. On the whole, quite an improvement over THREE.

" ((This letter's so short it could almost have come from Ian Williams or even Pickersgill himself. Still, I wonder whether
" Fortey's the first to fall beneath the vituperative heap of
" FOULER.
" Misspelled FOULER will doubtless result in smashed face from
" R.I.G.
" No-one seemed to like PUMA. We are alone. Okay, Pick, I'm alone.))

ALASTAIR NOYLE, 17 Belvedere Close, Kittle, Swansea.

FOUR is a bit short on material, not that it suffered too much. I get a hell of a kick out of HEAP and I sometimes find EYEBALL more interesting than the fanzines themselves. Things I especially liked or enjoyed were PEMBROKE GREEN, the two poems by Ian Williams, CONVENTIONAL CONVERSATION, and, best of all, STROKER, funniest thing in the issue.

Your most curious exchange in the last pages - I didn't believe it at first, I thought it was a joke. Then I broke out in a cold sweat - if you wanted to illustrate the nature of pettiness you couldn't have done better. To tell the truth, though some people accuse you of being 'pornographic', this Carrigan's letters seemed like true filth. But I'm not sure you gained anything by printing it, or making your reactions known. All things considered, how can you take his opinion of Archie Mercer's opinion of you to have any truth? Best to leave it under it's rock and sprinkle a pinch of DDT over it. Don't pursue it - waste of space.

Finally, don't make the mistake of trying to hit a regularly monthly schedule come what may.

" ((Several people have criticised us for giving Carrigan space and
" listening to his claims about Mr Mercer. I agree with them to an
" extent (especially as smartass Pickersgill went on and on and on)
" but I'm convinced we were right in exposing such an arrant thing
" to public gaze.))
" (((The whole point of having a monthly schedule is not meeting it.
" We ain't menstruating, you know.)))

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

I'm surprised to see you automatically take Carrigan's word about Archie Mercer being secretly hostile to you. Carrigan has proven himself a thorough fugghead, so why believe him? It certainly doesn't seem like the Archie Mercer that I know.

To a certain extent (at least, speaking for myself) you were tolerated in fandom, Greg. For a long time you were all mouth and scowl but no action. Now of course there's FOULER - the first blossoming of a fine talent? (A very Fortean phrase that, I liked his bit.) FOULER has become one of my favorite fanzines, I greet it with almost as much pleasure as S.F.R. Almost as much. In a different way.

Jerry Cornelius was never as good as PEMBROKE GREEN - barring Spinrad's 'Golden Horde'.

I didn't think quite as much of MAYA as you seem to, maybe because I know them too well. Still, I couldn't find much to argue with in your review, so maybe I'm underestimating it. And as far as BLACK KNIGHT-type music articles in fanzines - did I hear mention of MORFARCH, or BADINAGE? As for Unicorns and such: I keep mentioning aircraft, and modern folk, Phil Cooper talks about progressive pop, Kieth Walker talks about the occult, you talk about shit - why shouldn't Ro talk about Unicorns?

Finally, a comment on the transatlantic rift. Ken Cheslin might well be correct when he says that the New Wave in fandom must accept some of the blame, it is the lack of activity by the older, established fans that is the main cause of the loss of contact. It seems that it is the older people, perhaps jealous of America's empire while crying after Britain's, who are most anti-American, and in a snobbishly snide way rather than any open detestation.

((Unicorns etc..look you - aircraft are real, folk and progressice pop are viable and valuable artforms, the occult has a large amount of interest and may have some basis in fact and some value, shit is everpresent. What's a Unicorn?))

((((KingRat's simple statement above is more or less right, but could do with some elaboration. First let's dissmis this illusion some people seem to have that I'm getting at Rosemary Pardoe in particular. I'm merely using Unicorns as a symbol for all the rubbishy trivial nonsense that is written about in fanzines. It so happened that the realisation of all this crap dawned on me whilst reading a copy of SEAGULL (as you might expect....) and the full horror of it has yet to leave me. The fact that Rosemary Pardoe has a curious obsession with legendary creatubes is totally coincidental. Of course. What I really hate about these Unicorn-type articles is that they're almost invariably stolen from encyclopaedias or established texts, and are usually about such esoteric subjects that anyone with the slightest interest in them would already know all that's said, or know where to get in in it's genuine form. Now, I may be being narrow minded, but I can't believe that Rosemary Pardoe (for instance)(honest) has done any original research, so it's

" pretty damn unlikely that she can offer anything that can't
 " be got better elsewhere. I don't begrudge her her odd interest
 " (I'm being very magnanimous about this) after all it's bound
 " to keep her out of trouble and off the streets, but it's just
 " a waste of time to put it in a fanzine. As far as all the
 " other things you mention go, well simply, they are all things
 " that involve people in a high degree - things where individual
 " opinions and discussion really matter and are of some considerable
 " worth to everyone involved. Whilst it is conceivable that some
 " people could discuss Unicorns it occurs to me that this kind
 " of discussion is like arguing whether to go round a circle
 " clockwise or anti-clockwise.
 " Archie Mercer. Well, I'd perhaps better redefine my position.
 " I don't dislike Archie, but then I don't like him either. The
 " reason I took Carrigan's errant words for truth (and still do,
 " in the absence of any contradiction from the vicinity of
 " Redruth) is that they co-related exactly with Information
 " Received from Tried and True Sources.
 " You're very probably right about the transatlantic rift. My
 " impression is that the New Wave fans were so concerned with setting
 " the local house in order that they neglected those over the
 " water, and when the established fans faded away there was a
 " complete breakdown of contact. What I've seen of British
 " fandom hasn't given the Americans much cause to rush into
 " contact with it, either, though there are a great many more
 " factors involved in it than appearances and the mass of British
 " fakefans alone. Myself, I think that the vital link between
 " the two fandoms was Irish Fandom, and when that glorious
 " institution broke down the end was only moments away.
 " All we really need is another Willis and another HYPHEN. That's
 " all. All we need are half a dozen witty, intelligent, faans
 " with a strong sense of unity and purpose. Like a bad dream,
 " isn't it?)))

RITCHIE SMITH, 70 Olive Street, South Shields, Co. Durham.

FOULER is a very entertaining and stimulating thing, a bit like old-fashioned pornography, or a nice fetish. It's sometimes very good, but FOUR rated only an impressive and amusing, though some stuff was hilarious, such as CONCRETE POEM. Hall's thing was almost as good, but not quite, but Brian Wegenheim and F.G. Smallmount can fuck off. Ian Williams' poems were surprisingly good, though both had excess material that could have been trimmed off.

EYEBALL, I think, was most interesting thing in the issue. Naturally, I disagreed with much of what you said. BLACK KNIGHT was better than you gave it credit for, and your words on MAYA cast suspicion on your critical skills: you seem to always over-react.

" (((In fact, on reassessment, I find both BLACK KNIGHT and MAYA to
 " be somewhat lesser magazines than I said they were in the last EYEBALL.
 " I did in fact, even at the time, overpraise both of them, for much

the same reasons. BLACK KNIGHT because it would be in any case difficult to fill a first issue with good material on such a subject, and because I think the venture is an excellent one: MAYA because it was a very interesting fanzine that seemed to have terrific real potential, though I must admit I haven't felt any desperate urge to go back and re-read much of it since then, as I do with SPECULATION or QUICKSILVER, for example. But that's of no consequence, really. In any event, I wish both magazines every success, and I'm only sorry I probably can't do more to help them.)))

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

FOULER keeps on improving. I enjoyed the yellow section enough to cause a number of smirks and even outright laughter on one occasion. But, as I've said before, it's very hard to say more than that. I was amused and entertained - full stop. A few things left me cold, and I disliked John Hall's TRAVEL. Nothing he writes about coincides with any emotions I've felt or things I've experienced - his thinking process just seems completely alien to me. This isn't, of course, either criticism or condemnation but is just a statement of fact. A couple of items reminded me very much of adolescent crudities recited during school break - MARINER, STROKER, FLASH, and CONCRETE POEM, but which were nevertheless funny.

I was delighted and elated with your long review of MAYA, it made the whole thing well worth taking the time and effort I spent over the magazine. There's a few things I'd like to say about MAYA, and, incidentally, the review.

I want MAYA to be a magazine with freedom of expression, I want people to write about things that are important to them and that they want to communicate to others, and communicate honestly. You might claim the fact I don't want fan-fiction contradicts this, but I don't think it does as nearly all the fan-fiction I've seen isn't worth a damn and communicates nothing. I include poetry because it can say something, and very often does, or are valuable in some other way. Ritchie Smith's poems, for instance, communicate nothing, but contain vivid images and an undercurrent of emotion and beauty that completely justifies their publication.

MAYA I was nothing like I hope it will grow into, and that will probably take a long time in happening, and possibly won't unless it generates the interest awarded to EGG or SPECULATION.

I disagreed with your review on a couple of points. One thing annoyed me was your quote out of context about Philip K. Dick. In reviewing and criticising sf, a double standard is used, i.e. when reviewing sf in comparison to itself and in comparison to mainstream. Thus, Dick, when using the latter standard (which you didn't point out) is indeed an introspective, irrelevant bore. Using the former, he is, I'll agree, one of the best writers in sf. That was the whole point I was trying to make.

The strip was in fact a rush job for reasons vaguely explained on the last page of MAYA. I did want a strip in to see what reaction it would get. Maybe my choice of my own children's story-poem was a bad one or maybe you have to be a Bode to pull it off successfully. I

don't know whether there'll be another, as the thought of spending a quid on something hardly anyone comments on rather puts me off.

To FOULER, again. I sincerely hope it's a success and becomes an established line, because you may even succeed in infusing fandom with a lot more sense and honesty. (But remember the difference between hypocrisy and tact!) It's good for people's ego to suffer once in a while, and when they say something stupid they deserve castigation. I totally agree with Rob Holdstock's idea of what FOULER could become, and the seed is certainly there and could grow into something really worthwhile provided you don't get too vehement. There's a certain balance, a sense of proportion, you haven't yet found - though that may be partly due to the material you've been getting. I suppose a mag. like FOULER is bound to attract people like Carrigan until they find that it and you aren't quite what they thought.

The letters in HEAP were few and unspectacular, but the editorial comments made what could have been a mundane lettercol something sddistically pleasurable, though I doubt the real idiots will have learnt anything.

(((Well, okay, sorry pardon about the review errors, but then I never read any of those crappy back page excuse-sheets or crud articles about 'science fiction' anyway. There is something I'd like to say - this double-standard seems evasive. I'd rather classify things as GOOD, INDIFFERENT, or BAD, judging each book purely on its own terms and whether it succeeds or fails on its own premises. Though this is in several ways a gross oversimplification. Specifically on Dick, I think he has the potential to fly in any circus of modern writers, but that he prefers the easy money of churning out half-thought (but still excellent) books to acclaim from The Literary World. (which is, really, as useless as it is imaginary..). Still, he's one of my favorite writers in any field.

Now, let's be quite clear. In advocating honesty and freedom from hypocrisy I'm not necessarily saying there isn't more than one way of telling a guy his feet smell. That's tact. My point was about putting over an honest opinion regarding what people say or do, either in person or in fanzines, etc. I think anyone who goes to trouble of presenting something for 'public' view automatically expects an honest evaluation of it. Such an evaluation, as free from the taint of personal difference as possible, can only be ultimately useful. Naturally, forthright adverse criticisms are painful (even the most trivial bring me down immensely) momentarily, but can be overcome. All you have to remember is that even if 99 out of 100 hated it, there's always one who loved it. Even if he can't write to tell you. The idea that by lying and saying 'nice' uncommitted, vaguely approving things you're helping, or preserving feelings is incredible. They'll only hate you for the deception when someone more forthright and honest comes around. I think a lot of the aversion to this honesty is because fanning is supposed to be 'a hobby' and 'done for fun' and thus sacrosanct from normal standards of literacy or thought. Not that the whole thing matter anyway, as I've yet to find any other fan who as much as gives a damn about what's said about his writing.)))

FOUR is the worst yet - to me, the magazine is beginning to fulfill its early promise, and to live up to its name. I enjoy the ravings, the puerile insults, the redundant prose, the cheap vulgarity, the poor grammar, bad spelling, weak jokes, overall 'fuck you' attitude, inanity, onanility, and anality (((FANTASTIC!!!))) much as I enjoy a John Russell Fearn story. I'm not being cynical, I appreciate these qualities for what they are. I was pleased to see that even in a subtle and accurate Cornelius parody you couldn't keep out bits of schoolboy humour. Great!

Fortey's piece was the only item with a measured tone, thoughtful writing, and a balanced mind. I liked it, but too much of this kind of thing will spoil FOULER - 2 or 3 pages an issue is quite enough. The 'Blinding Pillar of Incandescence' is a good, gloriously fannish feature. A wonderful spectacle of Pickersgill and Kettle matching Carrigan mis-spelling for mis-spelling, bad grammar for bad grammar, and, better still, accusation of bad grammar for accusation of bad grammar. Entertainment of real value.

I used to see a 'fanzine' produced by patients at Shenley Mental Hospital - prose, poems, articles - it was, strangely enough, rather dull, very balanced and carefully considered. Bland. I don't know what they'd make of FOULER. I really like it, and I'm sorry you rejected the poems I sent you.

(((Now why can't the rest of you do that? Plattie has, in typical circumspect fashion, discovered the real rationale of FOULER - pure entertainment. There are serious bits (or rather bits we'd like taken seriously) but they're fairly incidental all in all. It doesn't really matter a damn why people like FOULER, and as long as they do it will appear with sickening frequency. I think a lot of faneds would be pissed off at a LoC like Platt's, but the more I think on it the surer I am that he might be the only one who actually knows what FOULER is all about. Ah, so wot anyway.)))

BRIAN WILLIAMS , 42 Highland Road, Amersham, Bucks.

FOULER's an admirable demolition job and it's extreme badmouthing attitude should bring a breath of fresh air into the stunted fandom of the present. Present fandom's feuds and attitudes are silly and without bite, and I feel there must be some truth in the thory that fandom is a sex-surrogate. I'm slipping out of it because of it's limitations, and I feel no remorse in applauding you for your vile rag.

MARY REED , 20 Woodstock Close Flats , Oxford OX2 8DB

Fandom has advanced somewhat in recent years - I remember fanzines writing 'f---' if they wanted to use that particular word. The trouble with FOULER is that some people may neglect the contents (sometimes very worthy ones) to write vitriolic LoCs against the editors ; this would be a pity, especially for contributors. Was very surprised at some childish reactions in some LoCs in recent issues. (((I wasn't.)))

THE
BLINDING
PILLAR
OF
INCANDESCENCE

a notorious award for idiot of the issue

this issue's epic

from

ROJE I. GILBERT, University of Cambridge, Dept. Of Genetics,
Milton Road, Cambridge, CB 4 IXH

The other day I recieved a fanzine called MAYA from Tam Williams, and he recommended FOULER to me, so I wrote away for one. I recieved nos THREE & FOUR together, and I'm eternally grateful that they were unper plain wrapper. This will be a fairly long LoC, in which I hope to cover a number of points raised by both issues.

First of all, I'll apologise for going over things already covered by others, but in my way I hope to be a little more persuasive and better recieved by the editors. The general layout and tenor of FOULER is appalling. I agree with your general sentiment of sticking it up fandom, but you would engender greater success if your rantings were a little less frenetic. You state somewhere that you have no intention of tidying up your layout. I would suggest you double-space it for ease of reading and anyway, you'd only have to write half as much. A well presented fanzine, no matter what rubbish is therein, will be much better reviewed and appreciated. Your typos are too frequent - a little care would prevent this. And at least learn to spell properly. No one will think much of your professed intelligence if your orthography is terrible. Intelligence is needed to know where to look to find things out. In your particular case use your brains and look in a dictionary.

Also noted is a singular lack of subtlty. It is all very well to curse everyone roundly in anglo-saxon, but after a time the words become meaningless from overrepetition. Sarcasm usually kills people off more effectively. Vic Hallet and I once killed off Dear Old Darroll with a few well chosen sarcasms, and DM.S. and I used to be quite vitriolic towards each other without recourse to gutter talk. I myself swear quite often and in the wrong company, but that is usually when I am especially annoyed, or wish to show the company how impartial I am, but there is no necessity in smearing your pages with useless four-letter verbiage, since it gives emphasis to nothing. Also you will offend some people who recieve FOULER, the very people you are trying to reach. A large majority of fans object to obscenity, including me, surprisingly enough, and you do nothing to help your cause by indulging in it.

How come I didn't get THREE when I was mentioned in the CON-DESCENT? And I can't think why you wanted to go to the Cockney Pride, for the only thing Cockney about it is the name, and there's no pride in it. A lousy boozier. Although the Con Hotel and programme were lousy, the con itself, the meetin of minds (or what passes for minds) was not, and in the event, most enjoyable.

THREES fanzine reviews are excoriating. You leave the faneds with little hope. Surely the test of a faned is how much response he gets.

Remember also that your own readership is fairly wide, and to cater for all tastes, there must be all kinds of fanzines; a little human kindness in the reviews would be greatly appreciated. You say agt one point that fans rarely come out with the truth to each other. You want to change all this, come out with your thoughts, and up yours to everyone else. I thank humaneness that this attitude isn't more prevalent, as it would lead to instant anarchy. Not telling others what you think of them is called politeness, and makes for lasting peace. However, you said at another point that you had no wish to get into a fanfeud. Why on earth not? I enjoyed mine, and anyway you're both going the right way to start one, you against everyone else. Not advised.

You're also wrong about Brtfandm. This is because you defined fandom as fanzines, which although important, isn't the whole story. There's plenty of fanac going on which never appears in fanzines; for example the Cambridge sf Society and fan group, as good as the Globe, but we don't blare it over the printed page. I suppose you must be a bit out of the run of things in Barbaria, among the hairy Welshmen.

Dear Old Darroll's letter killed me off - I couldn't stop laughing for ten minutes. You see, I can imagine him saying it. But at least he was polite; he said "Please do not..." whereas your answers were rude. He didn't like your fanzine: I'm not surprised, it's not everyone's taste, and he said so. There is no need to set him up as a scapegoat of your frustration and pique at having been ignored.

Now to FOUR in detail. PEMBROKE GREEN, as a pastiche of Ballard, is an easy thing to do, but is nevertheless amusing. Goodonya. I don't read poetry unless it is out and out doggerel and funny. All the poetry in FOUR I read for a change, then I read more poetry, this time by recognized poets, both ancient and modern and in between. The poetry published in FOULER is hackneyed romantic rubbish. You would do better to leave it out entirely. Take for example Ian's LONDON POEM. First of all, it says nothing except that London is a dirty loveless city, and this has been said ad nauseam before, and anyway it's untrue. Secondly, I think it's purpose must be to create a picture. No picture, no chance - modern cliches poured out like warm urine (sic), and even some old ones, e.g. 'heady wine', 'ashen dawn'. Sorry Ian old buddy, but you must be a little more discriminating in your choice of words and subject.

An oddment: you say in reference to Steve Carrigan in EYEBALL "...once he's got over the shock of puberty...". Now if someone had written this about me, I'd kill 'em, or at least hurt 'em something horrible. The reason is that anything which questions a man's virility is bloody unfair. I hope Steve breaks your nose in, because you deserve it. One's manhood is often one's only pride, and to question that is the worst possible allusion. Don't try it again if you ever want to attend another convention and remain in one piece.

I'm glad you liked MAYA. For a first issue it's very good, but there has been little response, and most unfairly.

I notice how you rode up at Ken Chaslin (old fan joke; he wanted to rule the BSFA with an iron hand; sorry Ken, it's so old) when he suggested that you might be childish. This goes back to what I was saying in the para. above. There's nothing wrong in being

young, but if you wish to be mistaken for an adult, attempt to act like one.

Charles' letter was full of usual Plattitudes. You know, he doesn't even believe his stuff any more. Another fan to be thrown on the conservative junkpile.

I would and should have gone on, but you have had enough criticism from those more and less articulate than me. Your fanzine is bloody terrible, but the fact that a lot of good people have gone to the trouble to write long LoCs means that we think there is some possibility of scraping a reasonable Needlezine out of the putrescent rubbish.

Please send more copies of your fanzine. I have enjoyed destroying this one.

~~-----~~

FIRST IN

LEROY R.A. KETTLE.

" ((Idwal (as his fannish friends call him) is not a clever person
" so I mustn't say rude things about him. Not that I was going to,
" as this is a good letter, and very very long, and he tried hard
" with the big words. Perhaps I shouldn't be too nice though
" because Idwal (what a sweet name) is very modest and would
" probably withdraw into his shell a little more if I was.
" Anyway. You say one or two funny things (peculiar is
" too long a word to use). You seem to think that any clever
" people will love a fanzine more if there's a finger's width
" between the lines. Of course you would think this. Lots and lots
" of Ratpoints for thinking this, but many people don't mind what
" the box looks like, they're interested in the contents.
" Does your mummy let you play with the pretty lid with the roses
" on? And I'm sure that all the clever reviewers wouldn't let
" appearance (what it looks like, Idwal) cloud their judgement of
" such as FOULER.
" And now to two big big mistakes all in one little line. Don't
" be hurt Idwal, but I'm sure we never claimed to be intelligent
" (another word for clever). Nor is there any connection between
" intelligence and memory. Because you can remember how the big
" words are built up from all the little letters is doesn't mean
" you can use them like a grown-up (but you're coming on.).
" 'Subtlety' is this next paragraphs word. It means that someone
" tries to show how clever he is without saying things like
" "Vic Hallett and I killed off Dear Old Darroll with a few
" well chosen sarcasms." That is called being BLATANT, or another
" word might be CONCEITED. These are hard words, Idwal, but it's
" a hard world.
" Now, I'm not very clever either Idwal, but you say "the (swear)
" words become meaningless through overuse" If they are meaningless
" then how can people be offended? Oh, and if you say as you
" say our 'cause' is "sticking it up fandom" and we do nothing for
"

" our cause by indulging in offending fandom then what is going
" on?
" I'm sorry you didn't get a copy of THREE for your scrapbook earlier,
" but as your appearance in CONDESCENT was an accident we felt
" it best not to draw attention to it.
" What does pass for a mind in your case, Idwal? Write down one
" hundred times "The hotel AND the con were terrible."
" Politeness may well make for lasting peace, but would you let
" your sister marry one?
" I don't know whether you know about this, Idwal, but in the
" big country across the western sea there is lots and lots of
" printed fan activity and lots and lots of thriving sf groups as
" well. We have got a little bit of the latter. What's a small
" Welsh fan going to do for faneac (did you say?) if it's all
" happening (not that I believe it) in Cambridge (Massachusetts?).
" I think my small friend Gregory might have a word to say about
" your playmate Darroll (((Damn right.)))
" Clever old Idwal! Clever to see that PEMBROKE GREEN was a
" pastiche of Ballard when silly old everybody else thought it
" was a pastiche of Jerry Cornelius. We don't mind of course. See
" clever parody in THREE.
" Good stuff Idwal. If someone said you weren't all hairy and
" couldn't do big boy's things with women you would hit them
" and show all the people you could. Look at me, you would say,
" I have proven him a liar by knocking him down and stamping on his
" head. I am strong so I am right. Next time teacher says you
" have an answer wrong smash her face in and prove that two and
" two do make thirty-eight.
" Quote 1. "The test of a fanzine editor is how much response
" he gets."
" Quote 2. " For a first issue (MAYA) it's very good, but there has
" been little response and most unfairly."
" But the results of a test never do seem fair if they aren't
" the ones you want. Sorry, Id.
" It's funny what you imply about not swearing means you are
" acting like an adult. Some of the most mature (a word you
" probably think means old) people I know swear all the time. Odd?
" And the 'attack' on being called childish was not such but (as you
" may notice if you look again, unless the BEANO has you in
" its awesome thrall) a defence of swearing.
" That's a clever joke about Plattitudes, Id.
" Charley isn't a fan, by the way, and he might hit you to prove
" it too.
" I'm glad you enjoyed destroying FOULER. Was it teeth you used
" or the doctor's outfit you wanted for Christmas? Your letter
" was much sweeter and cleverer than any others we had. It's a
" pity you seem to have something against what's sometimes called
" 'mudslinging'. Playing with mud is fun. Wonder what you play
" with now. Mud doesn't make you blind. Worth thinking about.))

((In past years R. Idwal Gilbert has contrived for himself a cloud of individual and totally imaginary egoboo on which he squats complacent in the unfounded conviction that he is a Mixer of No Mean Repute. Now, having been absent from active fandom for a while (other than visits to conventions to acquaint random fandom with his latest sexual adventures) he probably feels it's time to reassert himself in his own small way. This means, that the veneer of seriousness and incredible length of this missive notwithstanding, I have a good idea that it's contrived especially as a B.P.I. contender, and if it hadn't been selected he'd have been most disgruntled indeed. Anyway, whether that was his intention or not (and who's to say it wasn't?) it was by far the most inane we got on FOUR.

The City Editor has done well enuff - but still..... Darrol Pardeo (ASIDE ; Dear Darrol I didn't want to drag you up again, but it seems there are those whose perception is even dimmer than your own. Sorry & things. Love, Greg.) Id, I would refer you to previous FOULERS, where this has been painstakingly explained before, but you missed it once already. Briefly, if Darrol don't appreciate the gems herein that's his small problem. What got up my nostril is the sly and clandestine fashion he went about criticising FOULER and myself - in his own magazines which he 'forgot' to send me copies of. I don't give a damn what he says, as long as he doesn't say it behind my back. I'd be only too pleased to get some letters from him, in fact. Anyway, that's enuff of that. unless the Fan Sans Pareil condescends to add anything himself.

Now, your friend and mine, Steve Carrigan, called in certain circles the new Darrol Pardoe, tho what that means I know not. Actually, I don't reckon the allusion to puberty is far of the mark, unless he's a very early developer. Anyway, puberty does Strange Things to a man, in body and mind, and all in all I think that it's probably the best excuse he's got for some of the bullshit he's been putting his name to of late. Also, in case no-one else thinks of it, in the 'when he gets over puberty' crack I wasn't casting doubt on his manhood, rather confirming he was entering into it. So wot anyway. I've never been worried about it myself, taking the hard with the soft, as it were, but I can appreciate how more insecure people might be worried about it. In any event, I can see how your 'manhood' could be your only recreation, but hardly your only pride.....

Quote..... "All the poetry in FOULER is hackneyed romantic rubbish." All of it? STROKER?? MARINER?? CONCRETE POEM???

Hardly. Rubbish or hackneyed, maybe, but 'romantic'? Better definition would be 'doggerel and funny'. Fucking idiot. Not even subtle enough to be ~~subversive~~, merely stupid.

Kidder, if I start taking care over FOULER, I'll start spending time over it, and soon I'll be spending money, and sod that for a game of pocket billiards. Anyway, any moron with a pocketful of sixpences can produce a flashzine - it takes real studied indifference to produce a FOULER.

Spelling errors? Can't see any not intentional or types. Americanisms maybe? (Place for Fortean joke about Welshfan for TAFF but maybe not) Anyway, you understood it ok (or maybe you didn't) so what odds? I've always been illiterate and ignorant and I'm not changing now.

him in slightly inebriated state and unfortunately confess who I am. He believes me not despite confirmation from Pardoe family. When he he realises he turns whiter shade of pale, disclaims the letter as a masterpiece of critical art it had been a half hour before and says he just wrote it to be controversial. Hmmm hmm hmmm hmm. Sure. Anyway, DARROL proved himself FOULER Hero by not revealing my identity earlier.

That probably proves something if nothing at all. Good Ol' Darrol, anyway. Nowall he's got to do is open trades with FOULER.....

+++++

S O R I A

.bits and farts.

GREAT NOO NOOS..BRENDA PIPER,fair hand with a typer and several other things,reputed involved in upcoming R. Idwal Gilbert fanzine. Might not be quite as boring and hideous as we first thought then.....all connection between Steven C. Carrigan and David Womack purely infantile.....Bob Rickard grows another foot....."Who is the Real Archie Mercer? What made Graham boke?" Answers to these and others in WORMBUSH,new fanzine of the grotesque and unbelievable from JOHN NOTUNTILHELLFREEZESOVER HALL,address in HEAP.....Ken 'Hotsy Totsy' Eadie on run from Kenneth F. Slater Robot Vengeance Army - uproar in mustard plantations.....wild rumur that Terry Jeeves or Pete Weston will win TAFF race - 'Hold Over Funds',says FOULER.....nationwide fan poll shows fandom as disinterested in state of relations between Mercer & Pickersgill as they are in each other - FOULER scorned in Western Reaches of England.....WE ALSO HEARD FROM, and are grateful to::: DAVID REDD ("mostly adolescent crap,but mild titter at thoughts of Brynley Fortey") - IAN TAYLOR("found it stimulating, amusing,and interesting until I discovered I was reading it upside down") - IAN MAULE (" read Ian Supermite's copy with little interest : here's 3/- for five more")(?) - MALCOLM EDWARDS (" FOUR was very much like a fanzine, is this wise?Actually enjoyed it.") - also LISA CONTESA,ED REED, DAVID MALONE,NED BROOKS, and WILLIAM THOMAS,,, thank you, all.....NOTA BENE NOTA BENE NOTA BENE ..things being what they are, and FOULER's staff being either unemployed & unemployable drunks or supporting ten-pound-a-week contraceptive habits, we can't dispense FOULER with quite our usual abandon = henceforth, only TRADERS, CONTRIBUTORS, and WRITERS of LETTERS OF COMMENT with some pretence to publishability will recieve FOULER 'free'. All others unable to seduce one or other editor in some fashion will have to pay real money. See Credits Page for new rates . Monetary contributions welcome from all.....FOULER rated 'zero' in YANDRO review - "questionable manners and less ability" opines 'Slasher' Coulson.....Roll on Easter, featuring RATFANDOM getting itself together in little country hotel room with JOHN NEBUCHANZZAR HALL - sponsored party : all FOULER readers and evil bastards welcome.....GREG PICKERSGILL FOR DOC WEIR AWARD (Paid Advert. Inserted by Gannet Fandom).....who's been spreading rumours about Bryn Fortey being involved in perversions greater than even the FOULER staff can contemplate unforteyfied by likker????????.....STOP DUPER - JOHN NEBISH HALL joins Death or Glory Hells Angel Kommando and fucks married woman on stage of National Theatre -- official! :::::

