

Edited and Produced by
Greg Pickersgill and
Leroy Kettle

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F O U L E R is available for : : : : : TRADE : LETTER OF
COMMENT : CONTRIBUTION :
MONEY (10p each - 50p = 6)

EDITORIAL ADDRESS : : : : : "THE PINES", HAYLETT LANE,
MELING BRIDGE, HAVINGORNDIST,
PENNOROKSHIRE, U.K.

This is F O U L E R S I X dated JUNE 1971

Material intended for F O U L E R S E V E N
should be sent in by JUNE 30 1971

Special appearance of George Hammond herein courtesy of Ghob

management to gripe whilst thigs are happening, but when they get to count the takings it's a different story altogether.

Despite all that crap the con was superb. Wellknown famous writer Chris Priest said it's the only one he's ever wanted to go on for a few more days, and whilst Ken Bulmer said it was very good he claimed you didn't have to go back further than Oxford to better it. Well, Oxford was my first con, so it has a nostalgic glow it may not deserve, but Worcs. was right up there with it for me. The bias to sf and fandom was pleasant after last year's scientifiasco and there were some good programme items. Some great films, including my first chance to see a real Frankenstein, and the discussions, whilst never brilliant, were uniformly good - even Brunner's if you forgot about the delivery and concentrated on the words. The programme could have been bettered in theory, but probably not in practice. Good on you Pete for that

Two real faults were the attitude of the Gifford to con-members who were non residents (which probably lost them considerable money in the bar), and the fact that there was no alternative entertainment for those too poor or too late to get into the banquet.

Still, next year it's Blackpool. And the shock is that the concom aren't going to allow married couples to sleep together. "Dirty nasty things like that aren't going to get fandom a bad name," said a spokesman, as he put on his St Fantasy costume and picked up his wooden sword, "we have appearances to keep up."

.....
LEROY KETTLE
.....

So the perpetrators of the notoriously unsuccessful Thirdmancon are giving us Blackpool next year. I wasn't at the meeting that decided that, so I can't comment on the devious means used the warp the minds of fandom to such an unpresedented degree, but I'll say that the choice of Blackppo0 as a con-venue is just a little more than comic. Mind you, not to be hasty, Blackpool may yet disclose attractions missed from such as Buxton or Worcester (or maybe not Worcs if certain tales were true). Anyway, my suspicion of this concom seems to be supported by the fact their hotel has an indoor pool. Nothing's more likely to wreck fan-management relations than a pool that's three-parts piss with it's bottom littered with bottles and glasses, it's top obscured by inches of refuse, and with the rotting bodies of various drowned fans drifting with the tide.

That apart, it seems a bit ludicrous to hold a con in a seaside resort that will be eyeball-deep in trippers from one end of Easter to the other. That won't affect the con site, but it's going to make it fucking difficult to get cheap and decent food outside the hotel as most people do. Another thing that pisses me off is that Blackpool is nearer Ian fucking Williams in Sunderland than even London, much less Pembrokeshire.

Still, not to prejudge, tho the fuse is well and truly lit, all I hope is that these boys have come on a bit since those shambolic days of '68.

.....
GREG PICKERSGILL
.....

AND ALL UNSUSPECTING IN HE WENT

.....
a conventional tale of lost innocence

by

* BRYN FORTEY *

And so it was that Mike Jaggermouth took a ticket to ride to Worcester, accompanied by the tiredly cynical Quaranta.

"This had better be good," he babbled. "I've turned down a weekend camping trip with longhaired drugtaking hippies to go on this thing."

Quaranta smiled knowingly, but kept his peace. He knew that before the Easter was past young Jaggermouth would have camped on various floors and mixed with many longhaired drugtaking hippies. The mechanical steed passed on, gobbling down the miles of mundanity, and finally disgorged them to complete their journey, on foot, to the Gifford, magic con castle of 1971. The quest was about to begin. Fairies, dragons, ogres, goblins, dwarves, wizards, and jesters were soon to be met, nurtured, condescended to, ignored, or rejected - each according to their individual worth.

For the child Jaggermouth it was a novel and kaleidoscopic merrygoround - a rainbow lucky-dip of hazily remembered faces and events, some of which were to be imprinted upon his memory for evermore.....

Kid Grog, also variously known as Midget Moorcock or the Welsh Dwarf - master of many a pissless bog performance, he swilled back treble rums and sat in state whilst his Ratfandom cavorted. And none cavorted better than Giovanni, the Groovy Prince. Bare belly undulating to the nonstop gurgle of coke, he rolled on the hallowed lounge carpets until such was his state he could not tell Marge from Brunner! - a quip uttered by another but claimed as original by Ramine King. Ramino, in between offering solace to the sex-starved, matched even Kid Grog in the obscene insult stakes. These three, fellow cell-sharers for two out of three nights (and the third is a fable in itself) gave rise to whispers of fantastic perversions - especially following Giovanni's Friday bout of drunken fall-about hilarity.

From rodents to birds - rats to gannets. Another neo, though not in the same degree of utter newness Jaggermouth basked in, was Tombola Pencilboy, who talked of fansigns instead of fanzines, and tried to take on the combined triviality of the massed Ratfannidiots. Insults flashed bright as the established nonentites swapped phrases with this Northumbrian nobody, amazed at both his accent and the words he chose to say in it. But, like wine, Pencilboy improved, and by the end of the week could be seen without even a copy of the Book of Ecclesiastes upon his person, and showed promise of becoming as big a rat as he is a gannet. Leader of Tombola's geographical contingent was the faaaaanishly faaaaamous Offwite Bhoke - Northumbrian fandom in exile, (which is where those still domiciled there hope he will remain). After remonstrating the fannish inactivity of Quaranta, who had failed to LoC the last fifty issues

of TRANSPLANT/CYNIC, he titillated the assembled Gannets (and bored the world-weary Rats) with enigmatic mentions of Maddalena and Maria before indulging in a boringly verbal discussion of lettercol vitriol with the Groovy Prince. The third Northern element was the cardboard cutout Crass Goblin, who dispensed almost intelligible English and copies of a crudzine with amenable abandon. Goblin, (in company, let it be said, with several other hot-blooded hard men of fandom) had arrived with the notion he had a high chance of having his small and evil way with one Barefoot Conesa. Thwarted, like so many others, he resorted to Juliana Rock, a one time 'good friend' of such as C. Plattitude esq. Despite their collective lunacies the Gannets proved worthy men to stand next to at the bar.

From birds to balls...gannets to globes.

Along with Ramino and Giovanni, Ratfans who also graced the sinking ship of Hatton Garden, there came other Globe booze-brothers. J.J. Miasma, a thoughtful provider of floor, mattresses, and sleeping bags to Quaranta and Jaggermouth (who were shown the door when his wifely July hit the scene on Sunday), arrived replete with a false mustache affixed with grade-A glue. No amount of tugging would remove it, though several swore it shifted a little off center. Miasma lost much status when refused service by a bearded pimp of a barman - thus showing that in appearance he was not in line with the general run of longhaired drugtaking hippy-type con member. He regained some valuable trufan status when he revealed he was chairman of the Kent SF Group, which is fortunately nonexistent. A noted twosome were Piller Holdstill, of Orbital notoriety, and Gene Dorsalnee. The post-shaped Piller was fortunate (and envied) to be accompanied by the wondrous Gene, though it was often far from obvious that he was accompanying her! Holdstill was another with collaborative ambitions towards Barefoot Conesa, ambitions which to his disappointment (and others' delight) came to nothing. As one of the current batch of pseudo-pros - along with such as Quaranta and King - recent sales had reduced Piller to a quivering aspen of potential sale success, in anticipation of which he wasted no opportunity to ingratiate himself with potential buyers. It was a truly fearsome sight to see these three closing in at bootlicking height on vaguely wandering pro-editors. Other spherical nonentities included Hampton Wick (who almost won the Fancy Dress in his 'normal' clothes) and slow-drawling wideboy Howie Lilybum.

From balls to singles - globes to individuals.

Prestige Eggman, the only surviving Bristol Baddie, was a kindly provider of floor when Quaranta and Jaggermouth were homeless. Unlike Miasma Prestige looked the part of a genuine fan and had no trouble being served, albeit with sarcastic remarks. Another fine companion was antipodean Cobber Busman, a traveller in worn-out shoes. On the opposite end of the popularity poll lurked such creatures as Idwal, a wellknown fannish mouth and reputed sexual explorer of some standing. His barbed wit was always to the fore - he took mere minutes to utter 'Knife' when asked to say something cutting - it proved no avail against massed Rat chants of "Superego" which led to disorganised retreat. Not the best of cons for the newly elected BSFA Council member - a fitting appointment as Idwal has often been described as a member of quite fantastic proportions. Also seen by the unlucky was Tricky Vixen Mallet, who dispensed deadly threats, maudlin sentiment, and unwanted mss. with abandon. An up and coming fan with a BNF complex was Kennedy, who noted with amazing speed that Holdstill's socialising left lovely Gene apparently alone and unprotected. He elevated her to the position

of being the only girl he'd ever missed Star Trek for, an honour which strangely did not move her to bestow favour in his direction. Kennedy, in the footsteps of his illustrious namesake, has presidential ambitions. He aims to take the BSFA by storm and is in the process of making a name. At the AGM shambles he seconded every motion, including one which proposed a different seconder. He is also a sadist, attacking both King and Giovanni with a metal-tipped comicbook. Definately a fan to watch, he is quite capable of engineering a new BSFA crisis in order to emerge as the strongman to save the situation. Kennedy left the convention having made quite a name for himself, only it wasn't quite the one he was probably after.

So these were those that young Jaggermouth gaped at in innocent amazement. Sense of fandom blurred his eyes, fuzzed his ears, and packed his navel with fluff. It was almost too much - but there was more, for not only did these creatures exist, but they did things!

With a swagger and a flourish along came Tricky Vixen, and lurched to a halt besides the assembled Rats and Gannets.

"Which way to the ballroom?" he boomed.

"Through there," directed King, cocking a thumb towards the Gents. Unsuppressed laughter accompanied Mallet to the door and back.

"Which way?" asked the simple soul again.

This time Ramino sent him toddling towards the Ladies.

Enough was enough!! Mallet adopted a threatening pose, fearless of the evil might of Rats and Gannets which surrounded him.

"Don't trifle with an ex-marine," he grated, "any trouble and over my back with a broken arm you'll go. I've been trained to kill at a glance!"

Instead of inspiring grovelling awe this reduced all to floorrolling bouts of hilarity.

Much later he wandered by again, only to be accosted by Kid Grog from his usual position outside the Gents. "Hey, Quaranta, the famous writer and one-time soldier, wishes to speak with you."

Mallet searched out Quaranta. "Were you tarined to kill?"

"No, to cure, a medic, me. You break the arms and I'll set them."

Miasma sat near, inseparable as always from his henchman Quaranta. He held out an arm. "ere," he said to Mallet, break it!"

But Tricky declined. "We who have been trained in the deadly arts of destruction must keep ourselves in strict check or pure mayhem would result."

"What you forget," said J.J., "is that others have recieved marine training since your ancient day."

From this Mallet surprised Miasma was a fellow ex-marine. (In fact J.J. is even now still scraping the brylcreem from the caverns of his ears.) He immediately launched into his brothers-in-adversity spiel. "I'm just a bit of dirt cast aside from the trowel," he sobbed. They killed me when I was invalided out! The things I suffered - the heat, the cold, the wounds....." Moaning, he staggered away. Jaggermouth was heard to mutter "Christ, what a strange old bastard!"

Kennedy's assaults on King came when Ramino remarks led a certain female to remove Kennedy's sweaty palms from various parts of her body. He'd thought he'd had it made.

"You queered my pitch!" he screamed.

"You pinched my queer," cracked back King, thus prompting the assault which spread to Giovanni also. With typical lack of sophistication Kennedy was baffled by their pretended enjoyment of the beating and fell back in confusion. Jaggermouth was heard to remark "What a bad-tempered bastard!"

On the Saturday night a number of fans were found either stoned or asleep on the corridor floors, and were summarily ejected. On Sunday the same thing happened to a group who sat on the floor of the lounge - despite the fact that there were no empty chairs!

On the Sunday also, whilst on the way to the Kid's room, a game was invented (by the Dwarf himself) which consisted of hurling people from the lift at any floor other than the one they wanted.

Quaranta and Jaggermouth finally disembarked in the company of Prestige, and went to his room. A little later Giovanni broke in, muttering about the Dwarf having finally spaced out once and for all.

It later transpired that after being caught in the lift, Ramino and Tombola had been thrown to wander the dark streets. Later they had espied the Kid lurking in a hollow between a grove of phone boxes, and Ramino had approached him, whereupon he had drawn a weapon from within his clothing. Ramino felt something hard and pointed being thrust into him. Deciding it was either a penknife or a penis, and not wanting to be penetrated by either in the street, he had retreated. On hearing this tale, Jaggermouth was heard to say "Christ, weekend camping was never like this!"

And so the '71 con came to a rivertrip end, and the Worcester police returned to normal duties. Having tasted of the fannish fruit Jaggermouth talks now of saving for Blackpool in '72. As for the old and tired Quaranta, well, he might be there too - providing his name isn't on the fabled Black List!

C Science Fiction has the HUGO
I The B.S.F.A. has the DOC WEIR
L NOW RATFANDOM INTRODUCES THE
GILBERT
B Awarded in the following categories -
E A/. FOOT IN MOUTH GUMSHIELD - for Biggest Oral Fart.
R B/. PLASTIC PENIS SHEATH - for Greatest Sexual Lie.
T C/. SUPEREGO ARCLIGHT - for pseuding beyond the call of conceit.
f D/. THE GREEN GILBERT - for Roje Gilbert for existing despite.

Nominations in all seriousness for these awards are earnestly solicited. Needn't be true as long as they're funny or obscene. Nominators and nominees of the best will receive prizes beyond comprehension.

SEE NEXT ISSUE FOR STARTLING RESULTS!

M E M O I R

many a true word spoken in jest

by:

LEROY KETTLE

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO ME ON THE WAY TO THE THEATRE

I've got a lousy line in anecdotes. In fact I'm reasonably certain that they don't happen to me. Listening to anyone from Ustinov right down to Pickersgill they've all got neatly rounded tales with wry amusing ending, chockablock with irony and fallabout laffs. Admittedly, even in my little existence the occasional slightly humorous event condescends to happen, but never as a ready made custom finished sell-it-to-the-Readers-Digest type anecdote. It sort of trails off at the end like a half-hearted fart, and has less impact. People just give me funny looks and walk away. Perhaps it's because I try to tell too much and never find the right place to end the story. Or do people invent the punchlines? Obviously anecdotes are embellished but there's no point at all in having a totally invented punchline. Where are all the punchlines missing from my life? Do I have to work for them? Is there some kind of unconscious attitude towards events that will bring them to the right conclusion? Perhaps my whole existence is going to culminate in one tremendous punchline, one great bellylaff which people will savour for decades. What worries me is will I be able to come up with that epoch-making line on cue. Will someone please tell me how to put an end to my life?

AND EVEN WHEN I'M IN THE THEATRE IT'S NOT TOO GOOD

I should have been a contortionist. I go into a show and sit where things look good, and then some tall idiots distribute themselves in my way as though they had worked out all the positions in advance so that I'd be virtually blinded. And what do I do? Do I get up and move somewhere else? No. I shit out of doing something that would attract no attention and let me see what I've paid to see and instead I bob my head about, stretch my neck painfully, lean and waver spastically, get a very occasional glimpse of the goods, and attract an incredible amount of attention. The only saving is that I'm too busy craning to see the people staring at me. I think I get a lot of masochistic enjoyment from this kind of thing, and I've sometimes found myself sitting behind people in ten-gallon hats or boa feathers quite deliberately. It's all part of a massive self-pity exercise, I'm sure. But being self-pitying about something I could easily prevent is as bad as inventing punchlines. Though I must admit I have a real fear that if I did get up and move to a free and unobstructed vantage-point half the audience would rise as well and take the seats in front of me. That's the kind of suspicion you don't want to test for truth. We all know what happens to people who ditch the script and ad-lib. I don't want to be in the papers as

"Theatre-goer Strangled With Plastic Straw. Police Suspect Foul Play."

keeping on

.....

Is there a shadow on the sun?
This earth is turning : fingers
of cold light around.
This earth is burning : I invoke
doomsday...death...the highway...
life. No darkness now.

I must go.

This town, these faces : they
are not enough for me.
And I must leave.
This is the season,
the time of leave-taking,
and the echo of laughter and guitars.

The midnight pall.

In the arms of shroud-handed night
the faces fade,
fall into concrete,
fall into sun,
fall into silence,
long after laughing's done.

I see no distance.

All things are close : the iron, the stone,
are all at hand. Even
the pale dead walk by. And I must go -
go so the sun
may know
of my existence.

The city, the steel!

The sea. Mirror of uncertainty
and life. The old voice, still
calling, calling, calling.

But I must run.

I have no home

And I must go.

Ritchie Smith

I had a terrible nightmare.

I dreamed I was awake.

george hammond

STRAWBELLY FEELS FOR ELLEN

Joachim Strawbelly only spoke three times in the whole of his life. The first time was when he was born. He said "Here we go again!"

After several years of quietude he married a deaf-and-dumb girl called Ellen. He loved her and screwed her very tenderly. They had four kids and a rabbit by the time he spoke again.

"I haven't been entirely honest with you," he said to her deaf ears, but it was a lie anyway. Then after the kids and the rabbit had grown up they decided to die quietly. As it happened Ellen died first, which wasn't any fun for Strawbelly. The eldest son came to comfort him, but even with lots of rabbit stew

he died. As he did the eldest son thought he heard a tiny wailing and the words "Here we go again." He could have been wrong though. I mean, Strawbelly loved Ellen okay, it's in the book, but hardly that much.

ANTHONY DEAN

here i sit
broken hearted
paid a penny
only farted

george hammond

RUPERT AND THE HOLE

One day Rupert and his good friend Piggy were strolling through the wood. "Oh what a lovely day!" exclaimed Rupert. "The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and I'm so very happy!"

Piggy gave a little grin and a squeal, and they trotted off hand-in-hand.

As they wandered they came upon a pit. Rupert peered into the darkness and said he could just make out the forms of lots of wooden things inside, glistening in the cool darkness.

"Shall we investigate?" he asked.

"I don't mind," said Piggy with a shy grin, "but you must go first."

"Alright," said Rupert brightly, "you help me down." Piggy grinned, and running up to Rupert pushed him over the edge. Rupert gave a ghastly scream as the sharp stakes crunched through his head and groin.

Piggy ran home. Grinning.

MERFYN ROBERTS

+		=
+	E	=
+	Y	=
+	E	=
+	B	=
+	A	=
+	L	=
+	L	=
+		=
+		=
+		=

Greg
Pickersgill

Despite the tragic and confidence-sapping experience of seeing SEAGULL run through it's entire existence without ever being sent a copy, EYEBALL rocks on. Supported by a certain vocal minority, the long reviews reign again - with several shorter mentions which will complete the chronicle of every fanzine recieved, stolen, or otherwise obtained since the last issue.....

MAYA 2 from IAN WILLIAMS, 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Road, Sunderland,
46 pp 1/4 to for Trade, IOp, LoC, contribtion. SR4 7RD, Co. Durham.

Behind a somewhat grotesque but eyecatching cover lurks a travesty of duplication. Honest to christ, Mite, if you HAD to dilute the ink why not use simple ordinary water and not piss? I know it means getting off your arse and finding a tap but it works out better in the end. It's a real waste of time pushing illegible pages, no matter how good the material. And good material it is too, even though Mite's obviously determined to fuck it up with typos and even spacing errors (Is this the magazine which is going to replace FOULER??). Rambling vaguely within, we light upon:-

A.G. 'Superfan' Boak's column which has one paragraph on p.6 which makes the whole magazine worthwhile. Otherwise he continues to comment literately and sensibly on fandom. The fact I can't see anymore isn't a denigration, or even, in this case, my own stupidity, just that he says all there is so bloody right. Though I might quarrel over the fact that it's at all possible to improve OMPA without wholesale expulsions.

Mary Legg with personal impressions of fandom that come through from the mid-sixties and the heyday of 'newwave' fandom. Fine fannish history, ten Ratpoints to Mite for securing this and promises of more. More of this might well serve to give fandom a greater sense of identity and, gosh wow, bring about a revival of hardcore faaaandom.

The lettercolumn - best I've seen for a long time. A rather depressing fixation on 'science fiction', though, from which Holdstock stands out. An addition to his tirade against serconism is the fact that what-ever Mite and his henchmen intend to do with MAYA they'd be well advised to forget about sf entirely, leave it to QUICKSILVER and SPECULATION, where it can be handled properly. MAYA isn't going to say anything new, interesting, or at all influential to the course of sf, whereas it could contribute all three to fandom. They're fans, part of the scene which they can build, chronicle, make the difference to that they sure as shit won't make to the sf world. Sf will go on and on and on ad bloody nauseam without them, and whilst fandom probably would too they're at least in a position to make some kind of

whose cretinous and direly unfunny article about keeping a fan in a barrel may well be what casts a dark shadow over the whole magazine. It's juvenile, unfunny, contrived, and if Superfan had't anything better he'd have been better advised to leave empty space.

The lettercolumn is mostly given over to a righteous destruction of Peter Roberts' article on rock/folk/etc and s.f. in the previous issue. Roberts, a man whose boyish charm is marred only by a distressing tendency towards outstandingly inane general statements of categorization and convention such as 'White men can't sing the blues' deserves all he gets here from the massed musical minds of fandom. This lettercol also marks the return to letterhacking of Pete Weston, the revelation that Jack Marsh is a secret Pink Floyd fan, and several other things too sordid to mention in such as FOULER.

And now (hee hee) to the fanzine reviews, a clutch apiece from Jhihm Lhihnhwhohohd and Joe Patrizio. The former is as accurate, perceptive, even (dread the word) thought provoking as usual, the latter astoundingly inaccurate, superficial and lacking in elementary perception or even an ability to disguise plagiarised ideas as his own. Naturally, what's jammed in my nasal passages is a dismal (both senses) review of FOULER TWO. (Straight off, let's admit TWO was a shit issue, but with a purpose. Apparently SPECIAL FANZINE' ISSUE meany nothing to pal Joey either.) Now, if he didn't like it, fair enough, but it pisses me off to see shit like this masquerading as a straightahead fanzine review. He lifts statements from the magazine and passes them off as his own, he flings out cock like 'lots of four letter words will show them how big and grown up we are' in reference to FOULER (can even this patronising cur actually believe anyone capable of telling a warm turd from a sausage would actually think that?), and generally fucks up the whole scene. The only reason I can find for Superfan using this balls is that by putting it next to Lhihnhwhohohd's reviews (which he's ofetn claimed are the best in fandom) he can make them look better than they actually are.

Balls, shit, gripe, and bitter, bitter gall.

Anyway, anyway, anyway. CYNIC's got good layout and repro (though I preferred the mixture of typefaces in previous issues) and only one or two illoes less than very good. It's still desperate for a stronger statement of theme, a bit blunt, hardly even cynical at all, a bit bland and wooly. The reality is in there somewhere, and it's going to come out, and the Superfan zine will be genuinely superb.

EGG 4 from Peter Roberts, The Hawthornes, Keele, Staffs.
36 pp 4to for trade, LoC, 15p, contribution. (NEW ADDRESS)

The first of the new wave of British hardcore fanzines, but with curious touches of sf here and there. Strange as Peter is a very rare adventurer into the genre. EGG shares with CYNIC the virtue of being commendable by appearance alone, but where the latter's layout is individual and unique, EGG's is conventional, but vastly improved by care and the wondrous artwork of John Richardson and Alistair Noyle, whose aardvark cartoons are the only saving grace of that noisome aspect of fandom. Pity the contents are below the standard of production. Especially bad this issue, with the real fanzine review section replaced by a painful parody of WEIRD TALES which Roberts (who is probably the unsigned perpetrator) has been threatening to publish for some time. Would have

preferred the reviews in any form to this tedious jest.

Much of this EGG is dated by several long months, and it shows (no glowing references to FOULER, for instance). A report of the HEICON is vaguely memorable but hardly stirred me to great excesses of empathy or amusement, though Peter's photos taken there are interesting - amazing how many fans need glasses, and how strangely lacking in hair many American fans seem to be. This photo-feature also continues its record of fannish (?) grotesques with a picture of John Brunner in typical pose.

Boak's column here isn't as vastly fascinating as his one in MAYA. Possibly because it's sooooo oooold, and not so directly concerned with fandom, though a bit on response to fanzines prompts a small and insignificant mention that FOULER has, on average, a 40% response to each issue. 60% counting reviews etc. (How many LoCs you say you got, Malcolm?)

The lettercol has the previously mentioned odd involvement with sf and HUGO awards, but has some superb lines - "we readers of the New Wave" (Ken Eadie!), "I don't agree fandom is declining - ...BSFA statistics...over 300 members!" (Audrey Walton, and what weird equation makes fandom and the BSFA one and the same??), and at least another which I can't be bothered to find.

EGG's a strange case, hovering between fannishness and serconism. It does the latter better than, for instance, 4M, or CYPHER, simply because it isn't so damn solemn and portentous about it, and I can't help but feel that Robert's is going to lose his avowed aim of reviving fandom if he isn't bloody careful.

!!

QUICKSILVER 2
46 pp $\frac{1}{2}$ to

from Malcolm Edwards, 236 Kings College, Cambridge,
for trade, IOP (50p = 6)

CB2 1ST

I haven't got a hell of a lot to say about the specific contents of QUICK. because most of it seems to fall into the "Yeah that's what I thought (but never had the intelligence to verbalise)" or the obvious-when-it's-pointed-out category. Not a sneer, that, as I see QUICK. as a valuable addition to the sercon fold. Too many fanzines are either too esoteric (SPEC.) or paddlingly shallow (4M, CYPHER, MAYA) and it's a good one that can be simultaneously intellectual and entertaining as this is. I don't quite despise QUICK for being sercon in the way I shit on MAYA's pisspot aspirations, because Little Malcolm manages to do it all properly with fine articles (albeit secondhand) from Disch & Blish, and will doubtless gain more and more fame for his efforts which will be admired, if not wholly enjoyed, by me. This is a fanzine I'd like to edit, just because of that. It's positive, constructive, intelligent, the whole bit. Though what gives me back my self respect is the knowledge that it will all be forgotten, probably even before FOULER is. Only the fannish fanzines live on - sercon zines are superseded, the same things said better, the old concepts torn down and rebuilt, and what is one decade's incisive criticism is the next's laughable and archaic reviewing. It's fandom that lasts (can you remember a sercon fanzine of 20 years ago? Were there any?). An example - how many dozen remember Charnock's PHILE editorial PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR... on his fandom experiences, and how many remember any of the sercon articles from the same issue? Fandom's a self-perpetuating myth and the writing that lasts will be closely allied to fandom and all this stuff forgotten. Hee hee.

Anyway, down to the specific things that interested me. Charlie Platt on the FACES was a strange essay. Though I suppose it's typical that someone who has often been justly accused of superficiality would enjoy this band so much. I can't understand their vast popularity myself,, and I particularly dislike their outstandingly mannered vocalist Rod Stewart - though Ronnie Lane (bassman) has come on with some good bluesy stuff. Competent and knowledgeable article, tho.

Monkee-fan Charnook rocks on with a number of sharply aimed shots at pop culture (for want of a better description). An accurate shit on those inane buffoons with their 'Woodstock Nation' concept is included. I greatly admire this article. It's precisely the kind of thing I'd like to have written myself. It's a bit overblown and clever-clever in spots (I'LL LET YOU BE IN MY DREAM...) and straightout ludicrous in others (BLUEPRINT FOR A REVOLUTION, which reads "1/ Turn on your tv : 2/ Watch it." Really? It would be a remarkable mind able to escape total anaesthesia.) But still fine, woderfully subjective stuff. Rock on PHILE.

There's a pathetic piece of fiction by Dick Harrington. On first reading it seemed to include virtually every psychological cliché used in speculative fiction in the last decade in a story of such amazing pointlessness I reread it three times in search of a crucial phrase I might of missed - without benefit.

Had a quick flick through the sf part, but was unmoved. Nice clean fanzine. No shit. Pity no Howett, though.

4 M I from 7 Weller Place, High Elms Road, Downe, Orpington, Kent.
20 pp A4 for 5p

Now here's a surprise, and something of a puzzle. What, do you imagine, do Jack Rivers, D.F. Burke, George Townsend, Trevor Jones, Roger Jones, B.K. Lascher, Thorne Wood, Sam Jeffers, and H.S. Logan have in common? All involved in 4M, and not one of them ever heard of in this wee corner of Pembs. ever before. A mean mind leads me to suspect that at least half of them are Jack Marsh in false heads, but I'll go along with the gag this once. Anyway, what newly revealed Starship Trooper fandom has done is push out a new 'fanzine' devoted to science fiction, just as if it was what we'd all been waiting for. Wowie. Anyway, it's interesting for a first issue, as much for the curious attitudes and ideas of fandom revealed as for one or two pretty good articles.

Best articles are by Rivers on AMAZING & FANTASTIC, and Burke on VISION OF TOMORROW. Opinion articles of some depth and consideration, they said nothing startlingly new but were readable and memorable nonetheless. There's a short and unpretentious (rightly so) review section, the best bit of which is Sam Jeffers on the BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE lp, as much for Jeffers' bitter and twisted cynicism as for his wholly correct evaluation of the record's worthlessness. Jeffers will be a fine asset to 4M (and FOULER if we can get him) as long as he can keep up a good head of hate and not get bogged down in reason and sympathy. Not so George Townsend, who has certain similar characteristics but lacks genuine venom and can't make up for it with wit or humour. His crap and babble column is a waste of effort. (Must admit anyone who dislikes both Philip Dick AND Jerry Cornelius evokes my instant hatred.)

There's a bit of fiction by Lascher - reasonable ability wasted on banal letter-home-from-the-stars theme, and poems by Wood, which I admit I found unreadably naive in concept and delivery.

Well okay. 4M (and what a fucking ludicrous unwieldy title!) has some strange strains of both the childish and childlike. The former is exemplified by an incredible fake lettercol which reminds me of nothing more than the equally pitiful real lettercol of the prewar BSFA magazine. This is pretty heinous stuff with reports of Martian cons, shit about a 'J.G. Ballard Memorial', and tiny bits of weird fannishness. If this made valid points, was really insulting, or bellylaff comic, then okay. As it is it hardly reaches off-day FOULER standard. The childlike? Well, try the editorial. It's the kind of bland near-pretention I was almost famous for a few years back. Apart from the bland optimism there's a sort of 'here it is, hope you like it' attitude instead of the 'here, like it or fuck off back to FOULER where you belong' which is the only way to be in this man's fandom.

Something else is that they don't seem at all aware of British fanzine fandom - amply enough shown by their try o float yet another seroon zine. And the gentle amazement that some people think fanzines are about fans (and their desperate vow never to sink that low.), and the many references to such as BEABOHEMA, Ted White, JJ Pierce, etc - bits of determined fannishness that could only come from poor souls primarily concerned with sf and virtually ignorant of the great glowing sphere of fandom. Not that being outside of fandom is necessarily bad (if you'll excuse the magnanimity), it's just that all their shit with paid adverts etc points towards an obsession with professionalism which has been oft proven absolutely futile.

There's a likelihood that if 4M's homegrown clique of contributors runs dry or gets pissed off whit what could be a futile venture, it'll fade rapidly. What with QUICK and CYPHER it doesn't seem likely they'll grasp sufficient audience and involved talent to enable them to continue. They're pretty determinedly 'oldwave' in outlook, and I wonder if there are any other 'oldwavers' about who're capable of grunting out sufficient broken phrases to keep this show on the road.

The last thing 4M brings to mind is the whole firstissue bit. A cardinal rule is never ever to use anything that wouldn't fit in with the intended scheme of the mag, either as padding or anything else, and never ever to use anything that's at all substandard. The firstissue might not necessarily set the trend for the magazine itself, but it very definately dees so for the readers - see the virtual failure of the well-intentioned BLACK KNIGHT due to a crap firstissue packed with desperation choices. It's a bad scene reminiscent of the Angels' complaint "When we do right no-one remembers, when we do wrong no-one forgets".

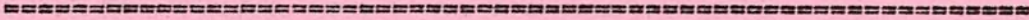
Anyway and finally, despite it's very stark but damn neat photolitho aspect, I really liked and enjoyed 4M, funnily enough. I really hope it gets it on, as it's got a unique character in these strange times, and with all it's faults it has some fine things and considerable promise. I don't think I'd exaggerate too much by saying it's the fanzine I've enjoyed most recently, Straightahead.

Other heavy shit there's no room for :
the decaying FREE ORBIT, fascinating SCOTTISHE, incredible OMPA COMBOZINE,
warm-but-prickly ERG, and invaluable CHECKPOINT.

so much for all that

Letters & stuff

GREG PICKERSGILL	((()))
LEROY KETTLE	(())



JOHN DENNIS NEILSEN HALL - New Ash Green.

Readers, aren't we lucky we are not Pickersgill or Kettle. O, 'tis true we may wish for their wit and audacity, but thank the Almighty we don't have their complexes and problems. In FOULER FIVE we behold them in all their paranoiac personages.

In GOB we witness KETTLE at his most witty and masterful. Heaping down tons of shit on all his enemies, he paralyses us with helpless mirth, but on the following page, his alter ego, PICKERSHIT, observes yet another ritual those very enemies KETCHUP has shat on would applaud. The announcement of a CON issue.

PECKERSWILL, however, shows great editorial taste in his acceptance for publication of master humourist MIDGET MOUNTAIN FORTEY's piece, whose decimalised bog wall tale delighted us so, parodying, as he does, all us well known BNF's !!!!!

LEE ROY PIDDLE's next piece is based solidly on his own experiences, and is a living example of his mental state, his mind revolving as it does round phallic symbols and women named.....but soft, do not arouse the lad!

Ritchie Smith has obviously much talent but it is better left unsaid.

After this minor interruption POPPLE carries on with a parody of the KNIGHT ERRANT, prompting furious leafing through all two back issues of ZINE.

HOLDCOCK, as he only knows how to be....crude, tasteless and devoid of thought. A pity for we know him as a person of much good sense in real life, when he chooses to live in that medium.

CHARLES SONOFPLANETOFTHEVOLES PLATTHas, in a different time and place as PIGSWILL pointed out, shat upon all poetic muse not conforming to the disciplines of rhyme and metre. One would think him then, informed of the fact that such endeavours require time and thought, neither of which virtues he has indulged in his poem.

A grave horror of unmitigated proportions then assails us in the shape of PISSATWILL & RIPPLE collaborating. This turd from the rectum of despair is neither amusing nor aesthetically meritorious.

Tom Penman has a great sense of the surreal, if only this prolix correspondent knew what that meant.

There follows a piece credited to my name, but assuredly was never the product of my 4p BIC. I remember once writing something similar but never with the inclusion of the words KING and RAT. In truth not one third of the sentences are the fruit of my primitive thought patterns.

Then follows a veritable dung heap of inept comment on fanzines, which brandishes my name fore&aft like a charm to ward off evil comment. Dragging fanzines of some small merit like QWERT, through the mire, it lauds, praises, and all but falls prostrate in front of the most boring publication since SPECULATION, QUICKSILVER. PRICKASWELL in a last ditch paranoid attempt at being part of the OLD FANDOM SET weeps for the death of HYPHEN and prays that QUICKSILVER will replace it in the annals of wondrous fanzines. (((BALLS! Read it again.)))

Then Ratfandoms band of hope gathers for mutual masturbation, myself included. Lo and behold MARY LEGG has something nice to say about all this! Someone I had regarded as part of the old school speaks naught but sense!!!

A truly noble hatchet job is performed on R. IDWAL CUNTBERT by TATTLE worthy of much praise.

And then's the end of the round of schizophrenia for the fourth, theoretically fifth, time. I beg you, readers, forgive these children and myself for this marginal improbement on previous attempts to literacy. Do not believe a single word offered in it on any subject, and get up a petition to get this LoC in the BLINDING PILLAR of INCANDESCENCE.

" ((Hall seems to have a certain insight into FOULER and its staff yet clothes his ideas in rubbishy prose and attempts to be funny
" even more childish than my own.))
(((Well, I thought it was funny anyway.)))

BRYN FORTEY - The Self-Grip Wrench.

While fanzines in general, and FOULER in particular, are renowned for spelling errors, and are usually accepted with a shrug (Idwal apart), I'm afraid I must take umbrage (((sic))) over one on FIVE. In the THE F.etc EFFECT you repeatedly used the name ramine whereas it should have been RaminO. This may not seem important but it is significant to anyone who knew what the hell was going on. Ramine means nothing, but Ramino is Italian for 'kettle'.

Ah, sweet memories of yesteryear! FIVE's D.P.I. provided a magic-carpet ride back to the rosy days of '67 when I was a fledgling neofan and the lettercolumn of PROTEUS was filled with some of the most boring verbal ejaculation ever perpetrated...yes, indeed, you have it.....the Gilbert/Stableford fan-feud!

I bowed in on a wave of Roje Dilbert performing his now-famous animosity soliloquy - how well I remember the XERON lettercol in which Roje mistook a pseudonymous Stableford for a delectable-sounding chick, and tried a bit of written chatting-up - and the thought that FOULER may tempt him to rise from the ashes of his own burnt bile to issue a new series of offerings to the glory and gratification of his own warped ego makes me wonder if this wouldn't be a good time to bow out.

Having been less than kind about recent Kettle contributions, I found it a welcome change to praise YOU WAKE UP ONE MORNING, his best since THE SMALLEST DRAGON.

MOURNING AFTER lacked originality, but was worthwhile: Ritchie Smith said nothing quite beautifully.

FOULER continues along its own personal path. Can you continue to shock and offend, or will you become an accepted and

expected part of the scene? Will HEAP shrink to minimal proportions when your correspondents can think of no further argument for and against your mode of expression? Only the future can tell. The Platt letter summed it all up and said all. I like FOULER too, but I can't help but wonder for how long.

" ((The fear of BIG rising again seems unfounded as he has reserved his acerbic wit to four choice words, making the shortest letter we've received since good old Darroll's gem.
" Lot of truth in your last para. but I think we'll survive. We're planning new and vital changes. The art editor is being replaced by a paraplegic gibbon; we're using paper specially made for us and watermarked JEYES for your convenience, dear reader: we will try to average more sides per sheet of paper, and the use of zero spacing on the micro-typer will mean lots more words per issue. Our amalgamation with PLAYBOY isn't doing well, though.
" PLAYBOY doesn't want to know. Still, we've got a bid in for the MAIL and hope to be featuring a plastic foldout of Snoopy's genitalia soon. All these changes will be instituted so subtly you won't even notice them.))
" (((Look, if FOULER shocks and offends, that's purely incidental. The main purpose is to entertain, and maybe sow a bit of fandom around at the same time, and, maybe, irritate the deserving enough to let them know they're not having it all their own way. HEAP is somewhat narcissistic, though - mainly to boost the magazine to itself - and we could do with more broadspectrum comment on things, people, and fandom as a hole. Pretty obviously, FOULER will only be as good as it's contributions.)))

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

A bit of a comedown after FOUR, but still, unlike most of phandom, still worth reading. Originally thought the Fottrey EFFECT best in the issue, but not so on reflection. I disagree with this phaanfic but no decent fiction policy most of FOULER at fandom seems to swear by and with, despite the juvenile crap probably unleashed in this same ish.

" ((No such policy, we publish 'decent fiction' if and when we get it. Like the aged eunuch, it just doesn't come. Excepting our own self-penned gems, naturally.))

But then we come to Kettle's Post Office Tower piece. Like the Concrete Puma it's hardly bellylaff stuff, but all the same very witty. Subtle: probably the most worthwhile thing in FOULER, Kettle's bits. It's obvious he's an almost professional wit - a professional half-wit, perhaps? (((Arthur Kettle is better than none?))) The Amess Bourke epic is not short of brilliant.

Encourage whoever Anthony Dean is to do anything. Don't matter what, just more. DEAR NOBODY - just too much.

Holdcock's obscenity not as good as the last, which is to be expected maybe. No LoC from same either, how disappointing. (((Yeah.))) Speaking of letters, Platt does it again. Great, great. Entertainment of real value. (How come he used to read a mental patient's phanzine is a question that crosses my mind.) Big hand (((Superfluous))) for the Mad Goblin: it's not often you see a LoC on MAYA in a FOULER HEAP.

SCORIA - my infantile sense of humour, maybe, but great stuff. Paid advert? Lying sod. (((Okay, so I paid you, what odds? No good tho)))

CHRIS PRIEST, I Ortygia House, 6 Lower Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

It strikes me I'm a perfect fall-guy for FOULER. Jolly knockabouts have never been my style. I can just see the BLINDING PILLAR OF INCANDESCENCE looming over my letter. (Christ, if that ever was a deterrent to would-be LoC writers.....)

One thing I find a bit odd about FOULER is that unlike most other fanzines its lettercolumn is the weakest part. Your correspondents just don't have the ability to descend to the bloody rude with the same panache as the editors.

The raging controversy over whether you should or should not use dirty words like fuck is as boring as it is everywhere else. Trouble with you young blokes is that you don't remember the great pioneering days of NEW WORLDS, when Mike Moorcock was buying stories with dirty words in, then changing all the vowels to asterisks. I mean, how the hell are we supposed to pronounce cunt, for instance? In my ignorance I used to think it was some kind of symbolism. At least these days the skin mags have glimpses of pubic hair. That's something to think about. ((Was there ever anything else??)) For a time, - a long time, about 15 years, I think - the girls in PLAYBOY always used to have soap-bubbles covering their cunts. Great field for thought, that. Think what American men must have. I used to have this big grudge against PLAYBOY and actually managed to get my own back on it once. Though nobody new what the hell I was on about. Ever see the one and only edition of THUD-F? A masterpiece of satire that failed totally, simply because I seemed to be the only person at the time who hated PLAYBOY. One fan (probably Archie Mercer) complained about the missing page.

" ((I always wondered what THUD-F was supposed to be ripping the piss out of. Thank for the revelation of your fiendish subtlety.)))

Archie's no friend of mine, either. He once spoiled a perfectly good puking session by standing motionless and watching for about five minutes, then muttering some godawful pun.

As Platt says, fandom is an amateur organization for amateurs. Fanzines which aspire to higher levels just ain't fanzines anymore: that basically is why FOULER is a fanzine and a good one. People talk a lot of crap about 'professionalism' in fanzines, and often cite something like SPECULATION as being nearly pro. But when did you last see a pro magazine that looked or read anything like SPEC? It's a fanzine, and none the worse for that. The definition of a fanzine, as I see it, is rather like a definition of folk music: for us by us. To my mind, the fanzine art is at its best when the fanzine is typed on stolen stencils with an old-fashioned portable, adorned with line illos scraped shakily onto stencil with an old biro, and with typed or scratched heads. The most ludicrous fanzine in the world is Tom Reamy's TRUMPET, which is four-colour litho on glossy paper, and typeset. But the editorial page gives it away at once: 'Free to subbers, locers, trades etc.' Shit man.

About the only thing I don't like about FOULER is that you go on spelling receive receive, and you think the past tense of shit is shit and not shat.

" ((A strangely subdued letter. Maybe jolly knockabouts aren't your style. Actually the genuine full-bloomed fart from the heart of people like Carrigan and Gilbert (bless his little cotton brain) is hard to come by. BPI is reserved for the genuinely needy. Most people find HEAP the strongest bit of FOULER, but of course for one with professionalisms sparking from his electric typer

" whenever he so much as looks at it the weak amateur efforts of
 us fen must seem a little weak.
 " Folk has much in common with fandom in the atmosphere and overall
 " dedication of the artist. I was going to ramble at length here but
 " I think most people have heard my amazing comparision of folk and
 " fandom and those who haven't will find this intriguing mention
 " much better than the full reality.
 " I genuinely like this kind of letter. Says nothing in particular
 " but is amusing and has several aesthetically pleasing four-letter
 " words. People probably wonder why I'm not so rude to famous
 " pro Christopher Priest as to A.N. Other - well the forreasonwhy
 " is that he can write a letter worth printing and not put any feet
 " in either mouth. Being unfairly rude is OK, but being really
 " unfairly rude isn't playing the game. Maybe Chris shits out of
 " any genuine comment, but with his hysteric fear of being nailed
 " to the BPI it's understandable.
 " (((Howcome I'm always stuck with the tedious serious bits? Why
 " can't I be funny like him? What's wrong with me? Who's stealing
 " all my hilarious gems in the gap between brain and typer? Fuck.
 " Anyway, re 'professionalism' lets not forget the gap in simple
 " ability to weild words as shown between such as SPEC and WADEZINE.
 " For professionalism read literacy, a quality anywhere.)))

JOHN PIGGOT, 17 Monmouth Road, Oxford, OXI 4TD

FIVE is the best yet, and well worth waiting for.

GOB was readable, though predictable. I didn't like the rest of Kettle's bits in the yellow section, however, and respectfully suggest that KingRat confine himself to comments in HEAP hereafter.

Forety's piece was great, and I laughed long and loud. Forety is your best contributor.

I don't usually like fanzine poetry, and rather to my surprise I enjoyed some this time around. Penman's poem had a hackneyed theme, but was enjoyable for all that, and Hall's effort was a beauty. I didn't understand "George Hammond's" bit. Isn't he the guy who sent a pseudonymous LoC on FOULER ONE? And didn't you promise to disregard anon. contribs in future?

As for Charles Platt's load of crap, words almost fail me. I can't see why you printed it. I can't even see why he wrote it in the first place, even. If the EYEBALL remarks on his opinions on poetry are true, then even Platt must know this poem as hopeless crud. I find it totally impossible to read, except as prose. And that's all it is. It's just a para. of prose with the words printed so as to slightly resemble a poem when viewed from afar. The mindless idiocy of the execution of this poem is matched only by the supremely boring subject matter. I'm totally disinterested in Platt or the dog. I just couldn't give a bloody damn what happens to any of them. God Pickersgill, why waste space on this crap? If I didn't know better I might think that you included it just to show the readers "gosh wow, look, I got a contribution from a pro!"

Jesus, I'm reading this bloody poem right now and I can't believe it. It's worthless. It gets Brit fandom a bad name it hardly deserves, bad as it is. Every copy ought to be torn out and burned with Platt securely roped down in the middle of them. My fury knows no bounds. I can only say it's a bloody good thing it's on yellow paper. If people

see a fanzine part of which is the colour of pale puke then at least they have an idea of what to expect.

Now to the good things, and a chatter about fanzine reviews, of which EYEBALL is a better than average example. There seems a glut (comparatively) of good fanzine reviews at present, with long reviews in both CYNIC and MAYA. Both these were slightly better than EYEBALL: yours are still fairly good, however. I find them interesting even though I might not have seen the zine reviewed, which I reckon is the mark of a good review. I certainly think they should continue. In addition FOULER is still the only fairly frequent source of good reviews here. MAYA hasn't been at it long enough for us to see if it can establish a regular schedule, and we can discount CYNIC; unless Boak changes his habits drastically it doesn't look as if it will be more than an annual. Roberts seems to have slipped too, though the new CHECKPOINT may be something else altogether,

HEAP was fairly interesting, mostly for the editorial presence in it. I couldn't fathom Hall's letter, and doubt it's a worthy contender for the BPI. Platt's letter was a beauty, and shows he's capable of writing worthwhile stuff on at least one occasion.

I used to think artwork a prerequisite of a good fanzine. After FOULER I'm not so sure. I'll join Boak and Penman in saying FOULERS one of my favourite fanzines. I keep wanting to go back and re-read bits of it, as I do (for example) with STR or SPEC. On the other hand there're people like Darroll who hate the magazine. I can't think of another fanzine with such extremes amongst its readers, and it's a pity that those who hate it should have stopped communicating. It might make HEAP even more interesting than it is already.

" ((There are elements of BPIsm here. If you make wishy-washy
" comments like Priest you're pretty safe, but anyone as forceful
" as this is really chancing his short arm. For one thing anyone
" who makes any adverse critical (and I use the word in
" it's loosest sense) comment on my work must have syphilis of the
" cortex.
" Re Hammond, I was going to say that you can fool some people
" some of the time and John Piggott all the time, but I decided not
" to in case he figured out something about Hammond from it.
" Funnily enuff Platt's pome (like several other's we're not using)
" was hated by me also. But Platties name helped raise the circ.
" from 29 to 31 as he bought two copies. Think money, lad, think money:
" Strange mumbling about burning Platt in a heap of FOULERS. Is
" almost an exact copy of a sentence from an earlier issue in a
" letter from John NevercomesosoonaswhenIreadFOULER Hall. In fact
" some other phrasing is also very Nielseny. Another king of the
" dragstrips in the making?))
" (((Funny, that sentence reminds me of a rather good fanzine
" review I read a while back. A fannish legend in the making? Keep
" having the hideous feeling I'm the only one who enjoyed that pome.
" MAYA, incidentally, goes annual next year when Mite goes into
" hospital to have a foot grafted on.)))

KEN EADIE, 44 Melverton Ave, Busbury, Wolves, Staffs.

You think that if you put enough shit in it
be interesting. Well your wrong it might get more oddballs to read FOULER
but the less said the better. I know you only do it for fun but with your
I.Q. you can do it much better.

" (((Gosh, Ken old buddy, you really get right down to the true heart of it in a few words of unparralleted depth. Incidentally, old mate, old buddy, friend-of-mine, how about the 50p you owe me???)

IAN R. WILLIAMS, Santa Claus' Workshop.

Bored stiff on a Sunday afternoon I may as well LoC FOULER in preference to QUICKSILVER or CYPHER, both of which would require mental effort.

I never realised Brynley had a sense of humour. EFFECT was a beautiful in-joke, very funny except the lousy last paragraph.

AMESS BOURKE was a scream. I love stuff that mucks about with words and Roy had some superb lines. The untitled crap from Holdstock was typical, arum up the shoulder in shit. I was upset to find you'd virtually rewritten CRANLEY GARDENS BLOOZ. I thought that I'd actually liked something by Hall for the first time ever.

I find I don't have much to say about FOULER after all.

The HEAP raises few points and those there are seem to be dealt with fairly well. The reply to Roje was acidic, funny, and rather unfair. I agree that fandom is fanzines. A fangroup is a very nice affair as nothing is more important than personal contact and talk. I'm not contradicting myself for there are two levels. Fanzines are the concrete aspect of fandom, a focal point linking groups and individuals up and down the country. A fangroup is simply a means of meeting people who have a common interest, a social thing. I feel sorry for people like Keith Walker who has yet to meet another fan (unless of course he's got a great social life amongst non-fans, but if he did I suspect he wouldn't be producing a fanzine). Who was it said all fan were misfits one way or another? I suspect that statement is rather close to the truth.

I get more pleasure, in the sense of pure enjoyment entertainment, from FOULER than any other zine, though others may be more interesting. I sit and exhude gales of laughter belly-rippling laughter reading the thing. It's a glorious joke.

" ((There it is. Right in the Goblin's first paragraph. The appeal of FOULER. No mental effort required to follow even the highbrow stuff herein. Or at least I could take it as meaning that but for the aura of condescension which pervades the rest of the letter. I didn't like his "I didn't know Brynley had a sense of humour" comment, not the "untitled crap..Holdstock, typical" bit. Whilst there's an element of rattish vomit about these statements I think Goblin is either not trying hard enough or he is being genuinely turdish. But then again in the same letter he produces such brilliant, penetrating, and accurate critical analyses such as "Amess Bourke was a scream...had some beautiful lines." How can anyone with such insight be all bad?

" Goblin waffles on a lot about fans, saying lots of things that are bloody obvious and making no original constructive statements worth a fart in a tempest. Every fan is a misfit someway. What a trite shite comment. Something else that riled me was him saying the reply to Idwal was unfair and not erecting a reason why.))

" (((Indeed, the attraction of FOULER. Any idiot can write any kind of shit LoC and send it in without the slightest twinge of conscience.)))

"

After everyone's boasting about the number of LoCs they got I decided to check up on mine. A total of eight excluding replies from publishers and a few comments in a letter from Dick Howett. These divided into two halves : four from fanzine editors and four from writers. Thank you, great mass of British fandom, for your show of enthusiasm.

The letters in GOB were probably better than those in HEAP. This could start a new fashion and give faneds a novel thrill of anticipation as they send out each new issue. Who, they'll think excitedly, am I not going to get a letter from this time? Think of the All-Star issues you could put together on that basis.

I seem the only person in this little corner of fandom who doesn't like Ritchie Smith's poetry. I thought his thing in CYNIC 2 was fucking awful (((Right.))) and while AS IF MORNING NEVER CAME wasn't offensively bad it wasn't much good either. I agree with Greg's praise of the lines "Some of us die a little sometimes, / Like Icarus we fall." but there's still a definite déjà-vu about them. Otherwise it's the kind of thing that presupposes that as long as you write "Gull-wheeling" rather than "Wheeling like a gull" then, by God, it's poetry. Like, too much man.

Platt got a bit of a laugh with "This dog. I'd seen it shit (it's name was Rover)" but otherwise proved that Charles ain't no poet. Hall's bit was terrible, but Fortey made me laugh two or three times. Fanzine reviews? Why not do what you want and screw the rest? I thought that's what FOULER was all about. I liked the longer reviews, and they're a lot better than any I've seen in other British fanzines.

HEAP seems to be developing a long and fucking boring debate about the use or overuse in FOULER of a lot of fucking four-letter words. I can visualise several of your inestimable fucking correspondents earnestly scratching their dandruffy heads and fucking wondering to themselves "Well, when would I consider any of the fucking four-letter words artistically viable?" And then they sit and fucking write to you and inform you what they think. And then you go and fucking print it. If you're perceptive you'll have noticed my absolutely fucking brilliant alternative. A dual purpose fanzine. Needs a lot of fucking ingenuity, but if you persevere it can be done, thanks to old faithful fucking non-linearity. Ordinary readers get the FOULER that they expect and fucking want, and the more tender egos can Whitehouse all the offensive fucking four-letter words out, just by scissoring down one side of the fucking page. They get a narrower, but cleaner fanzine.

I reserved a self-satisfied smile for your comment after Ritchie Smith's letter. Nothing I want to do more than a fanzine which people will want to re-read.

- " (((The point about EYEBAIL is that as it's supposed to be functional as much as anything else it would be a right waste
- " of fucking time pushing it if it were universally shat (OK Chris) upon. As it is pleasure-terror pans out about fifty-fifty.
- " OK, much of Smith's poetry is dire, but some, a significant enough
- " proportion to make him worth watching, is good. It sometimes has genuine depth and does indeed improve with several readings.

" He's nowhere near as good as a lot of idiots claim he is, even
" tho his boast of being the best poet in fandom is pretty fairly
" founded. But considering the negligible competition that's no
" great magic at all. Anyway, he's a mere boy, and he's got plenty
" of time to improve. (Though I remember Bryn Fortey said that about
" me once, and look what happened there.) Never mind, Ritchie son, you
" have your moments, as in KEEPING ON, in fact.))
" ((The reason I don't write long incisive LoCs to the many zines
" other than LES SPINCE which come my way is that I'm
" always too busy fighting off the apathy and women to do anything
" other than put out FOULER regularly now and again.
" Your letter is full of none-too-subtle putdowns which are great
" & welcome & terriff & super as long as they keep away from the
" editors. The awesome phallus of the BPE will be rearing in your
" direction if you're not careful Edwards. Watch it.))

LITTLE LEMON PETER BLIND BLUESBOY ROBERTS -- Ole Miss .

Recieved today GRANFALLOON, FOCAL POINT, and FOULER.
Three Ratstars for guessing the most entertaining...

Platt might see FOULER as putting the shit back
into fandom by 'inanity, onanity, and anality' but this strikes me a overp
blunt. What Ratfandom needs is insidiousness - creep under fandom's tea -
cosy and piss in the tea. You've wrecked the image now, of course, but it
might have been interesting to produce a few issues of an innocently fan-
nish zine and then fart in people's faces. As it is, FOULER is a canker,
but one that can be removed (by them as wish) by simple dismissal and
refusal to rise to the bait.

Enjoyed Fortey's piece and HEAP. The Dwarf of the
Norf shouldn't be discouraged by lack of response to MAYA - he cites EGG
as generating a lot of interest, but EGG 3 drew only 25 locs on 200
copies - not many - and the first issue brought only eight publishable
locs from 250 copies sent out.

" (((Strikes me some people have been doing a little surgery
already - Cheslin, Pardoe, Carrigan, to name only one.)))

ROBERT HOLDSTOCK --

At a recent con a certain dwarf-shaped creature
with a pointed head was heard to remark "That Holdstock fellow is shit-
orientated.". I have therefore resolved to avoid using any words relating
to solid excretory material. Which leaves me at a loss as to how to
describe FOULER FIVE. However, except for its annoying habit of labelling
crap (sorry) awful poems with my name, it was fairly reasonable. It's
about time T-for-Tit Thomas P-for Puppymind Penman wrote something with
some meaning. The day of the obscure poet is past, they've all become
bank-clerks. Bryn...what can one say about a piece of brilliance by the
master of the cynical-punnical-humourical masterpiece of fanwit? You might
find you get inspiration by poking your nose up your exit, Bryn, but I'll
take it back is you explain why I'm "Pillar" Holdstill,

Basically, however, FOULER has moved beyond interest
into the realm of indifference. After this who knows? Broadway? Unless
something radical happens I'm afraid the joke is on you. Dead, flat,

played out. As Hall would say, "Christ, you're such a pseud." As Eadie would say, "I second that - can I be president of the BSFA please?" As Greg would say, "It's a knife evening." As Kettle would say, "I need a woman, but I can't even master up a good bate."

P.S. Your fanzine reviews are more interesting than many of the fanzines mentioned.

P.P.S. If Hitler were reincarnated as a moron, would his first words be "Id wal" ?

- " ((CRAP))
" (((Strange schizophrenic thing with some truth. Watch out for new improved warped and twisted FOULER coming soon.
" Never fails to amaze me that some people's apparent indifference to FOULER is as strong as others' apparent enthusiasm.
" Never mind anyway, enjoy it while it lasts.)))

GRAHAM BOAK -- Festung FIAWOL

FOULER gets better and better, but please don't apologise for it beforehand, let the poor reader find out for himself. (((????????)))

Forety was a scream. Why the blazes wasn't he writing like that in the BAD days of yore, when I used to visit Mole-town to see his wife?

John Nixon Hall's poem was much as many similar - Basically quite true but overlain with sickening sneer. I'm so much better than you, he says. I know that FOULER makes no claim about intelligent editing, but even so! Nosepicker (and I hate attacking the mentally handicapped) is somewhat of a cross between what you don't like about D.P. and R.I.G., and what most people don't like about shit-coloured things scuttling in dark corners.

Let's face it, the Third Reich was very fond of pretty clothes and noisy chromed machinery masquerading as sport, but at least they had style. Don't let him put you off fanzine reviewing. Nothing the Pinball Wizard dislikes can be all bad. But I must admit I greatly approve of fanzine reviews, which could be because I greatly approve of fanzines. If Brian Williams doesn't like fandom the way it is, let him stick around and try to change it. Obviously it wasn't idyllic enough.

FANS are lazy and inadequate?????????
Talking of lazy and inadequate fans, I have similar comment to make to

Ritchie and Thom's poems struck me as being by far the best in this issue, but then perhaps it's because I'm proud to admit membership of the Gannet Drinking Assoc. Mind you, I don't recall being around when Rumpelstiltskin was proposed for DOC WEIR. It must have been a good night. Nor can I claim responsibility for the "h in Thom's campaign. Ritchie's distinction between old-fashioned and trendy modern porn intrigues me. You're a little harsh in answer to Tom. "Fandom offers an almost idyllic ersatz existence for people too lazy or inadequate to take on the big world as it stands." Putting it another way: fandom offers a place for the semi-talented creative introvert to express himself - in fanzines. Real talent will always find its way in the world - true inadequacy will be as obvious in fandom as outside it. The creative extrovert will fake his way - perhaps collecting some real success as he goes. The introvert

the Pinball Wizard:if he doesn't like OMPA - JOIN IN AND IMPROVE IT! Peter and I could do with some help. To start another British APA when the one we've got is at death's door is not merely destructive,it's the act of a bloody maniac. Totally in character,I must admit. Although,on second thoughts,OMPA and fandom would probably be better off without anyone who'd join in any of the Wizard's madcap schemes.

with talent but without genius will,if interested in sf,find a niche in fandom,and/or the BSFA. As for such words as 'idyllic' and 'ersatz'. Idyllic? Don't make me laugh. As for ersatz - fandom is a part of the real world,you know. It is merely a number of people with similar interests - a specialisation. No more separate from the real world than the Royal Aeronautical Society,the Automobile Association,or the Conservative and Unionist Party. (Hmm,on second thoughts better omit that last one)

Perhaps you'll call it GAP-T, or ZED-BEND,or whatever,John.

As for sex-surrogate,some people don't do badly by both.

- " ((A bad letter,a rubbish letter,a ludicrous letter. I don't mind Pickersgill not being mentioned,but me!?!?))
- " (((According to Bo-ak there's a deep and meaningful relationship
- " between the two columns. According to Boak.
- " Amongst the schoolgirl slang there's some things - - fandom is
- " separate from reality in as much as it's possible to live two
- " entirely separate lives,one in each mode. Or something.
- " All this nonsense about Hall's apa comes from a pathetic lying
- " one-shüt I put out months ago. Though it's a reasonable enough
- " idea theoretically,and would offer some relief from the compound
- " horror of John Coombe and Ken Cheslin in OMPA in practice.)))

MARY LEGG --- Oxford

One thing about FOULER - you may not always agree with its contents (and you may not ever) but it does exert a mesmerism on the reader.

May I protest about the appearance of Archie Mercer in 'Letters we have not Recieved'? The others have at least done something to earn such castigation in your eyes:I don't think he has,except possibly the third-hand report of the comment he's supposed to have made. And since no-one has any proof either way - well,it seems a bit hard really. Besides which,I don't really believe he made the comment,even though I can't see why the third party should make that particular lie. Ah well. Later you mention not having heard from Archie. Well,I think sometimes it takes more gumption not to answer an accusation.

Your lettercol spreads further each ish, it seems. Leroy said recently he wasn't keen on the lettercol in CRAB, which only goes to show that one fan's lettercol is another's poison. I wouldn't expect to see a HEAP in CRAB,mind,but its liveliness commends itself,particularly as it shows that fandom isn't so moribund as is often said.

I was interested to see Roje's letter. You may not think much of his fairly long letter,but I think you'll find him a rather interesting opponent. And I do think that his comment about people taking the trouble to write is shrewd,you know.

" ((Regarding finding Gilbert an interesting opponent, the
 " possibility was there, of course, except for his unbelievably
 " inane cop-out. So much for Supercritic.
 " It's not the shape of the CRAPBATTLE lettercol I don't like,
 " it's the actual insipid contents.))
 " (((If someone had attributed such cretin
 " stupidity to me, and it was untrue, I'd have made something of
 " an effort to straighten things out. Funny how Archie had such
 " little regard for whatever good name he's supposed to have had.
 " And whilst that name is on the tip of the typer.....)))

ARCHIE MERCER ---

Far from the Madding Crowd.

I've just recieved, and briefly glanced over, FOULER FIVE, and would like to point out that (A) I'd have been more likely to reply to the earlier one had I been more sure which of its perpetrators was speaking, and (B) ditto had I some better idea of what I was supposed to have said and/or done. I looked diligently through the Mercer/Carrigan correspondence, but could find nothing therein remotely incriminating, so am forced to the conclusion that whatever I'm supposed to have said must have been on a postcard - of which, of course, I don't keep copies.

Apart from this resounding tinkle of personalities, I'd have been unlikely to reply to any recent issue of FOULER anyway, for the simple reason that it's interests and mine seem to have virtually nothing in common. Possibly your own brand of the avant-garde should be of absorbing interest to me: the fact remains that it isn't. I think our minds are mutually receding at the speed of light or thereabouts.

I speak for myself, not for Beryl: she didn't want me to take the trouble to reply at all.

" ((Depends on what you mean by incriminating. Anyway, ta for
 " letter Arch. Good try.))
 " ((((A) Convenient you don't keep copies of postcards, ain't it?
 " (B) It's strange that everyone else, without exception, is
 " fully aware of the case, but that you, one of the main protagonists,
 " didn't bother to read the relevant words.
 " (C) It is in any case irrelevant who was making the charges.
 " (D) Anyone who's had any amicable correspondence with master
 " Carrigan is automatically suspect.
 " (E) The avant-garde (?) FOULER is indeed of absorbing
 " interest. Judicious use could slash your toilet-paper bill by half.
 " (F) All in all it really looks like it's going to have to
 " be Sunderland for the hols after all, instead of sunny Helston.)))

ROJE I. GILBERT' ---

Dweller in the Mirage

EVERYTHING WORKED! MANY THANKS.

" (((This either means " Har har I have you in my power", or
 " "Oh shit, now I'd better think fast". Considering Gilbert's
 " pathetic performance when faced with Ratfandom at the con (which
 " prompted Kettle to an orgy of remorse for his foul words) the
 " latter seems very much more than likely. "Call me Superego"
 " indeed! Poof.)))

S C O R I A

at the con
in the heap
up the close
down the stair

W.A.H.F. - IAN MAULE (" Who cares if you say fuck every second word?"): RITCHIE SMITH (" I quite liked my poem."); ALISTAIR NOYLE, GERALD TAYLOR, ED CONNOR, : thank pals.....how much rumour and how much truth in the tale that one STEVEN C. CARRIGAN, well-known chicken's breast and sometime fan, is to receive a visit from the Silent Men of the BSFA for non-return of scores of library books and tapes.....KEN EADIE, a Wolverhampton stallholder of little repute, owes money again.....the more perceptive have noted the nonappearance of the BPI herein. Too much of a good thing etc - tho there's more to the fact that the MERCER & GILBERT missives occupy BPI position than the coincidence FOULER 'STOP THIS HYPOCRISY NOW!!!' SECTION - "Only included it for big-name value. I really hated it." admits egotistical editor Edwards in reference to a BRIAN ALDISS fiction in QUICKSILVER I.....piss off Rickard.....For a con that began with a handshake and almost ended with justifiable homicide, WORCON was superb. A genuinely epic con, for all its various ups and downs. FOULER fucked up the reporting, of course. We'd tried to line up the full, accurate, exhaustive stuff it deserved, but all we got was the good lightweight FORTEY herein, and a bit of pointless shit from IAN WILLIAMS. It would have been a waste of time me trying to write it up, and KETTLE wasn't bothered. So WORCON goes by virtually unmarked by FOULER. Only hope CYNIC, MAYA, etc can remedy our failure..... JOHN BROSAN probably started the wild rumours of junkie fandom with his covert gulps from a concealed bottle of what looked like dextromathorphan coff syrup.....something that pissed me off was whenever WESTON said anything derogatory about FOULER it was "Greg Pickersgill's fanzine", and if it was good it was "Leroy Kettle's FOULER." And it was my blood-shot EYEBALL he was praising.....one measure of the impact made on fellow fans is seeing how many people you talked to at night when they were drunk will even look twice at you in the morning.....

.....
JOHN D. BERRY, far from being the gangling crewcut loudmouth extrovert JOHN HALL-type we'd expected, turned out a large ursine person, seemingly very withdrawn. I wish I could decide whether he wouldn't talk to me out of inversion or because I wasn't worth bothering with..... anyone know where I can buy a switchblade with a ten-inch blade..... 't ain't the only goddamn fanzine to rewrite LOCs until they're publishable..... actually, this HEAP seems the best so far - maybe it's something due to my conspicuous relegation..... does JOHN BRUNNER suffer from a hacking cough..... henceforth GOB is open to anyone with anything to fartmouth about things, people, or events in fandom. No restrictions. ALSO NEEDED fiction up to 3000 words, and other yellowpage stuff for which FOULER is justly notorious..... povert-stricken fane will exchange new Yankee pbs for fanzines - send lists & wants..... some hope that WESTON'S VIGILANTES will be forgotten in principle but not in memory..... I'm damn tempted to carry on lengthily about the Vigilantes, the attitude of the hotel's hired hands, and stuff like that, and it's only the encroaching end of the page that saves you from a fate worse than thought..... MALCOLM EDWARDS turned out (unfortunately) not to be LISA CONESA after all hey there, is that the sound of an era ending????????????????????????????????????

at the door
in the hall
up the close
down the stairs

W.A.H.E. - THE MAUIE ("Who cares if you say that every second word")
MIRIAM BERRY ("I quite liked my poem") ALISTAIR NOBLE, GERALD TAYLOR
ED GONNOR : "Thank you... how much more and how much truth in
the fact that one STEVEN O. CARLSON, well-known chicken's breast and
sometimes fails to receive a visit from the Silent Men of the BETA for
non-return of notes of literary books and papers..... KEN MADIE,
Wolverhampton member of little league, was money again..... the
more progressive have noted the non-appearance of the BETA member &
of a good thing etc - the there's more to the fact that the MEMBER &
GILBERT missives occupy EPI position than the guidance
FOUR STOP THIS HYPOCRISY NOW!! SECTION - "Only included it for
big-name value. I really hated it." admits egotistical editor Howard
in volume to a BRIAN ALDIS fiction in QUICKSILVER I..... plus off
Richard..... For a son that began with a handshake and almost ended
with justified handshake, MURPHY was angry. A genuinely ego con, for
all his various ego and drama, MURPHY tried up the reputation of comedy.
He'd tried to find a better balance, expansive staff it covered,
but all we got was the good-friendship FORTNEY never, and a bit of point-
less bit from TAN WILLIAMS. It would have been a waste of time me trying
to write it up, and KATIE wasn't bothered. So WONGOR goes up virtually
named by FORTNER. Only hope YUIE, MAYA, etc can remedy our failure.....
JOHN BROOKMAN probably started the wild rumors of Jack's random with his
sneaky trips from a concealed bottle of what looked like detromethorphan
soft syrup..... something that pissed me off was whenever WESTON said
anything derogatory about FORTNER. It was "Dear Brookman's 'a feeling"
and it was good it was "Lexy Kettle's FORTNER". And it was my blood-
shot eyeball he was praising..... one measure of the impact made on
fellow fans is seeing how many people you talked to at night when they
were drunk will even look twice at you in the morning.....

JOHN D. BERRY, far from being the genial, erudite, Londonish extrovert
JOHN BAIL-type we'd expected, turned out a large, ruddy person, seemingly
very withdrawn. I wish I could decide whether he would talk to me out
of invitation or because I wasn't worth bothering with..... anyone
know where I can buy a withdrawal with a fountain blade.....
the only problem remains to rewrite logs until they're publishable.....
actually, this YEAR seems the best so far - maybe it's something due to
my conspicuous rejection..... does JOHN BERRY suffer from a lack of
self-reliance..... however, DOB is open to anyone with anything to contribute
about things, people, or events in random. No restrictions. ALSO HERBERT
fiction up to 3000 words, and other yellow-page stuff for which TOWER is
mainly notorious..... however, attention turned will exchange new Yankee
gas for gasoline - send lists & words..... some hope that HERBERT'S
VIGILANTES will be forgotten in principle but not in memory..... I'm
somewhat tempted to carry on tonight about the Vigilantes, the attitude of
the hotel's bitter hand-picked staff like that, and it's only the encouragement
end of the page that a was you from a late word than thought.....
MARCUS EDWARDS failed out (unintentionally) not to be LISA CORNIA effort
..... they there, in the sound of an era ending.....