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Edited and Produced

by Greg Pickersgill
and Leroy Kettle

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London W.14

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THIS IS F O U L E R SEVEN dated SEPTEMBER 1972

Material intended for F O U L E R EIGHT should be in hand by
OCTOBER 5 1972

The Don, cotton wool giving him fake jowls and pot belly, spoke with an incomprehensible mumble. In the background a duplicator was being worked over. A small, authoritative movement of the hand and the Don's children began tearing apart the head of the Conesa family with their battered typewriters.

Thus reopens the GODFOULER, back despite popular demand, with Gregory Pickersgill as the Don, Robert Pee Holdcock as the cotton wool, and John Hall in a dual role as the incomprehensible mumble and the betraying hunchman. The bloody feuds originated by the Don and his Capone-like front-man form the main part of the plot. The disinterest of the audience appears to be irrelevant. It's great animation.

Having been held responsible for various mishaps which occurred at the Charnock household on the occasion of their drunken soiree recently I will now publicly put the record straight. I didn't wreck the bike. That was Pickersgill. I didn't puke in the bath, that was the fat girl who lost a contact lens and licked it when she found it. Or it was her brother who arrived puking, left puking, and puked every time the bathroom was free and often when it was not. I didn't molest June Marsh (though she says it was too ineffective to be termed molesting), that was John Brosnan. It wasn't me who fell on Pickersgill's moll and was pulled down and attacked by the poor girl frustrated by her beau's inattention (even if I did keep a wary eye open for a chance knife or broken bottle should one be waved threateningly too near for comfort). The broken glass all over the dancing area area was Pickersgill (well, he did it. It wasn't actually him, fragile as he is.) Not once but twice, as I collected it up the first time, but he was not so much paralytic as epileptic by then, and contrived not only to knock it about once more but also to break the receptacle into which I had placed it. It wasn't me looking out from under a blanket with Pickersgill woman looking out from underneath me and seeing a group of interested faces staring down at us whilst Pickersgill gyrated with gay abandon elsewhere. Nor was it me when I put eggs in the drinks. I didn't do any of that stuff. But no one's going to believe me.

Anyway, FOULER is alive if not well in a room full of holes in Shepherd's Bush, and is about to burst like an overripe lemon on the fannish scene once more.

Actually, the FOULER scene may well need FOULER to bring together its once associates. I admit to seeing Brosnan and Pickersgill occasionally, Brosnan more so because we go out balling chicks together, whereas Pickersgill has got himself a piece of ass in Notting Hill (there's a rhyme there for budding dirty lyricists). Brosnan and I have balled more chicks accross more crowded rooms than you've had hot women, but after seeing THE GODFATHER we're not balling any more Sicilian chicks (or Polacks, mutters Gregory, darkly uncertain what would happen in an all-out fandetta). Holdstock is always either in Ireland or in Irish woman, and doesn't even touch his foreskin to me in the streets now, and John Hall is teaching his grandfather how to suck cocks.

How will FOULER be greeted out there then? Can our comments out-caust yours, or will the impact be that of the legendary wet fart? Will the familiar blank cover once more be lovingly misfiled, or will the issue be uncaringly incinerated? Will old feuds in Coventry and Idwal Gilbert's mind continue as tediously as ever, or will they be re-vitalised by new bad blood between Polack fandom (Lisa Conesa put the lack in Polack, Gregory might mutter darkly (and caustically)) and Rat-fandom of indifferent repute? Will Charles Plattie tell us how he gets his Beano in the States, and whether his ultimate effect on the consumer now that he's the manager of a baked bean factory is noticeably different from that when he wrote scientifiction? Will Greg Pickersgill continue to be mistaken for Greg Pickersgill, or will people (sit up Weston, I'm talking to you) realise he is really Roy Kettle? Will Robert Holdstock want to get to heaven, and will he hurry up? Is John Brosnan really afraid? Will anyone write letters, articles, exposes, ribald poetry, straight lines you wouldn't touch for a week in Wolverhampton, subscription cancellations, lies, cheques, fanzine reviews, editorials, or even come and do some duplicating whilst Pickersgill rests his turning arm to the detriment of other parts of his body? Will I even find a good last line, and so now, in the absence of one, I give you, in the brown corner wearing baggy underpants at nineteen, stoned, untimely torn from it's father's womb, Son of FOULER, the only genuine imitation avoid all others eighty pages don't take less see you next ish.

LEROEY RICHARD ARTHUR KETTLE

+++++

DYKHTBWDYRHTRAR

Well. Well. Lots of terrible shit has come down since the last issue of this journal graced your slimy doorsteps. Mostly truthful tales of recalcitrant or useless machinery, the idle fanned who discovered sex and ruined his typing finger, the impossibility of using two typers and a duper on a 12 inch square table, the cost of living, and other horrors could be told, but not here. Suffice to say here we go again. Whether we remain depends on the reaction. This issue has been incredibly difficult - the pain involved almost overriding my agonisingly real need to get into serious fanning again - and if it doesn't succeed the way I want it to I may close down the show for a long time indeed. Not that I expect much, but if I don't get the right responses from the right people I'll assume FOULER should be slotted back into whatever dim and distant recess of fannish legend it seems to occupy. I fear myself that FOULER has been superceded in some ways - I'll not give undue praise by naming names - and I wonder whether people will remember, and appreciate the old days come round again.

Anyway, enough of this mordant pessimism. Barring the adverse effects of wind, weather, the state of rock music, and dirty weekends in Notting Hill, FOULER should once again descend upon you with irritating frequency. It'll be indescribably difficult, but perhaps worth it. Actually, as the more perceptive of you realise, I can't think of anything to write about here. I could go on about Robert Holdstock's rather backward sexual proclivities, Robert Holdstock's prick, Robert Holdstock's abnormal height, John Brosnan's cowardice, Kettle's German competitor, but all to no avail. Anyway, there's no point anymore.

GREG PICKERSGILL

We were inside the house, eating a mild salad and wondering where They were at that point. As usual no-one was speaking. From along the alley came a sound which was left without comment until Pierre arose and looked through the window. He said there was no-one outside.

"The other alley," muttered Granger.

"Oh," said Pierre, and went to the opposite window, a lettuce leaf fluttering from the table in his wake. Gruman the dwarf went to the window as well. Pierre leaned against the wall and squinted through the smeary pane.

"They are knocking the rust off the railings," he said, "with aluminium crutches."

I looked at him and shrugged my shoulders. The salad was becoming dry, and there did not seem any immediate hurry.

The hall was very large, and although the roof was ancient cracked timber the walls were littered with chrome and plastic tiles. Everyone was talking, but their words - as their images - were blurred. The three of us had no difficulty in ignoring them. At intervals around the hall They were standing. They had things in Their mouths from which dripped red and viscous liquid, and They were smiling with all Their teeth.

As I took my pile of stiff money from my pocket I heard the disdainful murmuring of my comrades. I replaced the money - a good, thick-feeling wad - in the safe pocket of my suede coat and told them to piss off. There didn't seem any way I could help at all.

As I neared the door I saw Hergrot had been commandeered to check the cards. This would have been cheering, but some of Them were situated behind his shoulder making periodic checks. I glanced over my neighbour's shoulder and saw his card bore his photograph and many words and figures in a beautiful archaic script all on a red-whorled cream paper. I looked at my own card and saw that it was blank.

When I reached Hergrot I showed him my card. He turned and said something to Them, but nodded me on. I hurried away, but looked back to see three of Them hitting him over the head with shovels. He did not seem too pleased.

I was in a long shuffling queue of people and we stood around rather listlessly. I decided that at some point the break had to be made, and resolved to become more alert to my surroundings. They were standing around at random as usual. Their green uniforms were

streaked with red down the fronts. One carried a shovel, and another a wire basket filled with what might have been red aubergines. The rest of Them merely stood.

My queue was entering a door, and as I rounded a corner another queue came into view, entering an adjacent door. Both doors were blue. Neither line was particularly orderly so I casually left the one queue and joined the other. Nothing much changed and none of Them who were standing about made a move, so I wandered away from both queues. Suddenly my first queue reversed direction and people began streaming out of the door, whereupon the other door slammed shut. They started hitting people over the head with shovels which They took from glass cases which had been affixed to the walls. Probably for just such occasions. In the confusion I escaped with nothing more than a swollen ear. It wasn't so much.

In the corridor I found a door which opened into a small room. Inside was a flight of stairs against one wall and a young woman wearing a bottle-green shawl, who was weeping. As I watched another woman came down the stairs and walked straight past me into the restaurant. Her teeth were chattering and she clenched and unclenched her fists rapidly. No-one took any notice of her, and They just sat sipping Their frothy red drinks as I closed the door on Them. I pushed past the tearful woman and ascended the stairs. I saw they spiralled away from the wall and eventually reached a trapdoor in the roof. However, the top seven or eight steps were missing. I could feel moisture falling steadily on me, and it dripped from the stairs as well.

The place was cylindrical and roofless. The sky was very blue. I had a brief hope of having escaped. There was a jagged hole as if someone had smashed a door out, and as I moved beyond it I saw a little girl sitting running sand through her fingers. I went towards her, and as I did I saw that this tower was very high. Looking over the edge of the short expanse of sand I saw thousands of tiny figures milling about on the beach below. The sky and the sea were of the same colour.

"Where are we, Jane," I asked.

"Chateau de L'Oeuf," she replied. She threw a handful of sand over the side of the building and then jumped off after it. I realised I was in the highest chateau in the country. I felt a slight fear.

Sitting drinking coffee on the roof of the chateau we saw several of Them appear on the road driving a tall, slow-moving vehicle. As casually as possible we walked around the cafe and along the street, sipping our coffee as we went. After a while we turned and saw not the vehicle following us but a limping stranger. Not in uniform. He caught up with us and walked right past. Then he stopped and waited until we caught up with him. "Follow me," he said. We fell to discussing our situation with him and the problem of money came up. I showed him my fortune of stiff money, but he said quite flatly "What use is that."

And what use was it.

He himself drew from a pocket a wad of papers. They bore various legends. "OK in Belgium," he said. "Get's by in Afghanistan," he said. "This cannot be told from the real thing by Them," he said. He handed me a number of them and told me to put them away. Before I did I glanced at them and saw they were tickets to various strip-clubs and bordellos.

I could not be suspicious of one so generous, however.

They lay together afterwards and she said "My god,you're efficient aren't you."

"What," he asked, jerking his head around to look at her. He almost formed a question, but just stared at her ignoring him and thought awhile. It took a few moments to make sense of the sound but when he'd worked it out he frowned. That was new, he decided. Not one he could shrug off. A woman of great sexual involvement. "How many," he asked ingenuously.

"One after every meal," she replied, sighing. "I had hoped you wouldn't fall in love with me."

"But.....but I haven't."

That was a mistake. Very bad. Her eyes showed it.

"Shit," she said, rising, the sheets sliding from her as she reached for her clothes. "You want to be unique when you've got love. It's a symptom."

"You said I was good. You were happy. You....." What was the broken glass in a woman?

"Efficient." Slash. "But you don't exude." She was having trouble with her bra strap.

"Let me," he said. He fastened the nylon strands quickly and easily. She turned and looked at him.

"Very efficient," she said. He felt heat in his face and turned away, his nakedness and everything else going against him. She was soon gone.

.....'ANTHONY DEAN'.....
.....

NASTY VERSE

.....n:

MORE LINGS
.....

FREDA
.....

chin chin chinaman
hoping for a wank
hasn't got an AUTO-TWIST
can't afford a crank
puts his prick into a hole
turns it round and round
waiting for enjoyment
staring at the ground
happy ever after
walks off into the blue
and where his sperm alighted
baby chinese grew

Freda, shitting on my head,
Freda, bugging in my bed,
Freda, sucking at my prick,
Freda, making herself sick.

.....'IAN MAULE'.....
.....

YOU KNOW YOU'RE SOMEONE WHEN ;
+++++

YOU KNOW YOU'RE ROBERT HOLDSTOCK WHEN :
.....

- ...you're a big prick;
- ...you enter a room and make six faux pas before sitting down;
- ...you apply for a job with the Men from U.N.C.L.E.;
- ...the mention of Jean Finney brings on a distinct choking sensation.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE GREGORY PICKERSGILL WHEN :
.....

- ...any step downwards is a big one;
- ...your knees rub together when you walk;
- ...you're clinically insane;
- ...the mention of Jean Finney brings on a distinct choking sensation.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE LEROY KETTLE WHEN:
.....

- ...you're the life of the party but no-one notices;
- ...your nose is the most phallic object you possess;
- ...John Hall strokes your thigh at the movies;
- ...the mention of John Hall brings on a distinct choking sensation.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE JOHN HALL WHEN :
.....

- ...people keep laughing at your crotch;
- ...you turn into a limited company;
- ...you hit your head on a typewriter during an orgasm;
- ...the mention of Robert Holdstock brings on a distinct choking sensation.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE JOHN BROSAN WHEN :
.....

- ...your skin has a total of 186 moles and unidentified objects, 20% of which are liable to be cancerous;
- ...the Doomwatch team seal off your room;
- ...your gentle nature stops your writing really nasty things about your buddies in this article;
- ...the mention of George Cuthbertson brings on a distinct choking sensation.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE PETER ROBERTS WHEN :
.....

- ...you get begging letters from the Buttery Bar;
- ...people call you 'Butch';
- ...you never go outside in case you step on an ant;
- ...the mention of Greg Pickersgill, Leroy Kettle, John Hall, and Robert Holdstock brings on a feeling that this joke has worn out.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE MALCOLM EDWARDS WHEN :
.....

- ...you get begging letters from the Buttery Bar;
- ...people call you 'Butch';
- ...people confuse you with Peter Roberts;
- ...people think you're married to Peter Roberts.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A CRETIN WHEN :
.....

- ...you're Robert Holdstock.

''''''''JOHN BROSAN''''''''
.....

AFTER THE WEDDING
..... a fabel

The door was slightly ajar. In the room, on a bed in the corner, lay a girl. She was naked, her deeply tanned skin shine dully, and her large breasts stood plumply out from her chest, frequently heaving with the involuntary spasms that rippled through her stocky body. A light growth of brown hair showed in her armpits, and the thick tuft in her groin shone stickily damp.

A footfall sounded outside, and she stifled a sound and wriggled almost imperceptibly. Then the tip of a penis, proud and stiff, protruded around the edge of the door. Its invisible owner panted heavily, then grunted "Sheila, are you afraid."

She convulsed in a spasm of ecstasy. "No, I ain't afraid," she said huskily. Sliding from the bed she stepped quickly and quietly to the door, where she stood staring at the pulsating penis with dreadful fascination. It was thick and red, and even as she watched another four inches of it slid bulkily into the room. She swallowed, "No, Rob, I'm not afraid," she said.

She slammed the door.

She laughed.

Blood covered the carpet.

''''''''JOHN PIGGOTT''''''''
.....

=====

A JOKE ESPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR FOULER
+++++

John Hall once had a premature ejaculation and decided to kill himself. He hung a rope around a rafter, climbed onto a chair, then began to put the noose around his neck. Then he looked down, and screamed "oh No, not again!"

''''''''JOHN BROSAN''''''''
.....

+ THE

MYSTERY

a

OF

=

THE

'PEMBROKE GREEN'

OIL

adventure.

REFINERY

+

.....

.....

WHAT WAS THAT FABLE ABOUT THE BOY SCOUT AND THE HALLUCINOGENS

Haverfordwest Castle nestled in a pool of stagnant time. It had seen better days; nowadays it saw hardly any at all, and they were out of order. There was a dark of missing ages about it as Brian Wegenheim tapped the mug thoughtfully against the cast iron table which has a map of Sark engraved on it. It had been a week of surprises, the least of which was the fortnight compressed to half its normal length. There had been some condensing going on - or had time been diluted and was now returning to its normal state. He couldn't figure things, particularly since he hadn't eaten since Thursday breakfast, which had taken place at two in the afternoon on Tuesday. He released the mug and called the dwarf. He had spent some time learning Welsh only to discover she knew only a few words of that barbaric tongue. With difficulty he ordered jugged hare in cherry brandy and crepes suzettes with an irrationality which would have befitted a pregnant woman (he felt between his legs as some things weren't always sure these days). The dwarf returned with a boiled egg and a beef curry. Wegenheim kicked the dwarf and shrugged, then broke open the egg. There was nothing in it but a folded paper. George Hammond knew the answer. What did it mean, he wondered. The only Hammond he knew was a complete nonentity.

DRAKENS AND EAGLES

He was walking down the ruined street. It was more or less midday, and there were only a few seagulls over the river, and even they were silent. He stopped at the bridge and looked back. He was suddenly overcome by an inconsolable boredom, and gazed listlessly up, then down the street, then let his eyes drift aimlessly over the empty windows of the old General Accident building. He sighed and unzipped his trousers to squeeze his genitals softly. This reminded him of Miss Moorcock and he took out the note again. It wasn't any more meaningful now than it had been then, so he wadded it up and flipped it over the bridge. It fluttered and fell in to a drifting dinghy and scared a seagull. He spat down and missed the shaken bird, then strolled down the road towards the old war memorial. They had pulled it down long ago to make a new town center. He strolled into the plaza and spoke to Voight.

"I remember," he said, "I remember. A land fit for heroes." Voight merely looked at him.

"Remind me to tell you the story about me and the kangaroos someday," Wegenheim said, and went away leaving Voight staring with dead eyes right up into the misty gray sky.

DEATH BY LATEX, RAN THE HEADLINE

"Seven year old pushed Mother into vat of boiling rubber."

Wegenheim sighed. So it had come down to that. A combination Hitler Youth and fifth column. Things looked rugged for

Wales. He cut the item from the paper and stuck it into his scrapbook. A pattern was beginning to emerge. If he could only discover where his orders were coming from he might reveal it all. So far he had obeyed the mysterious commands which bissued from the phone facetiously disguised as a banana in a bowl of fruit, but he had no-one else in mind other than himself - or maybe Miss Moorcock, though it wasn't his kid.

He pushed back the dirty yellow sheets and leaped out of bed with a vigour suggesting exercises but due solely to the cold tiles. He dressed quickly. His watch which recorded now time, dilute time, and contracted time was always on, self-winding with every cough, screw, or meal. The little box in the cupboard was empty. But last night it was half full, he thought. Then he looked at the watch again. Oh shit, he thought, now what's happening. It was three days ago. The emerging pattern was now more kaleidoscopic. And now that he came to look for it his scrapbook was gone as well.

'SHIT' SAID THE KING

From the top of Haverfordwest castle Wegenheim could almost see CChina. It was a raw hot wound in Asia. There had been rumours that radioactive oil had been found there, and thus the Israeli monopoly on warp-bomber fuel was no longer such. He saw it would be China next. He'd feel a lot happier when the Bureau was sunk below ground. Miss Moorcock was getting very irritating and hadn't been in any mood to understand the situation when he'd last visited her. There was a blurr of sound. Had there been a wrong number or had anyone wanted to see if the castle was occupied. He tried to remember what Dangerfield would have done. Or was it O'Keefe. He knew there was some fictional character whose life seemed inextricably entwined with his. Miss Moorcock kept pointing out the resemblances.

WAS IT MANTOVANI?

Wegenheim pushed through the panicking crowds. There could be no mishaps this near the Bureau. Godalone knew (hesatiled at the unintended humour) what wouldshappen to Miss Moocock. He kicked accuratly at the knees of a black monk in his way, climbed over the writhing body and ran the last few yards to the bomb.

But even as he reached it and threw his body over the cold metal with a bravery he had never considered it exploded slowly, like a giant dandelion.

He passed out with music playing.

PUT TAB A INTO SLOT B.

Twelve heavily dressed menn crawled onto a deserted car park next to the river. They shook water off themselves and generated enough heat to evaporate the rest. They were left covered with a faint rime of salt. Each man took a piece of shaped metal froma mechanism from a pouch strapped to his chest. Their leader, a tall angry man, took a leaden box from his pouch. Then he started to give instructions to the rest.

+	E	=	
+	Y	=	
+	E	=	Greg
+	B	=	
+	A	=	Pickersgill
+	L	=	
+	L	=	*****
+		=	
	" "		" "

All you Westons and Piggotts who believed that this was the best fanzine review in Britain can read this and weep. I've a feeling that all the fucking and drinking I've been indulging in recently has sapped my critical faculty of its last vital fluid wit, telling observation, and acerbic sarcasm. I've struggled hard over the following, and to me things are maybe not what they used to be. Indeed, if it wasn't for plain old lust to see my stuff in print I wouldn't use them. Anyway.

" "

TURNING WORM 2 - from JOHN PIGGOTT, 17 Monmouth Road Oxford OX1 4TD
for trade, £0c, contribution, 40p per issue (!)

Despite the fact a new issue should appear almost simultaneously as this FOULER, I can't leave out the most impressive new fanzine I've seen for a fucking long time. It's the only fanzine, with the 'sometime exception of MAYA, that is consistently literate, witty, entertaining, well-produced, and means anything at all in these dismal days of left-handed farting about nothing whatsoever.

The best bit of WORM is that it has the most shit-hot fanzine reviews this side of FOULER SIX. Genuinely penetrating and, thankfully, funny analyses of British fanzines. All made better by the fact that they (as I'm sure J.P. would admit) owe more than somewhat to the EYEBALL itself, with some of its favorite phrases and snappy one-liners appearing all over. Seriously, it's quite a compliment to see someone I rather admire for his fannish work imitating and paying some small credit to my work in this way. It really does make the whole boogaloo worthwhile. Indeed, indeed, I find no fault with Piggott's reviews, as they echo my own thoughts with uncanny precision. Jesus.

There's a Chestercon report by Piggott (again! He writes most of the magazine, and I've a dread that the quality will decline abruptly if he starts using much of other's material) which covers most relevant bits with satisfactory drollery and reveals one or two of the more appalling things I did during my two-day drunk, & is great except he calls James Stewart Peter Campbell. Also in this report are a few bits that prove once again that Piggott is FOULER's greatest fan - little bits that show he actually does read his FOULERS and, incredibly, remember them! With this man on our side, how wrong can we go?

Atch, WORM even looks a bit FOULish, simply duped with typed heads, though whether that spartan appearance will survive the amazing tide of praise and fame that's swept John Piggott for this issue will be left for the future to show. As long as he doesn't get big ideas he'll be OK. Might even let him call it the FOULER Intellectual Section.

Also, and almost forgotten, there's a rather good letter column of reasonably intelligent comment on fanning and fanzines, marred only

by the appearance of one Gilbert who claims to be assailed by people not entirely unconnected with EYEBALL who are 'nonentities who only think they're something because of fandom'. The flaws and fallacies in this impossibly inane statement hardly need illuminating, and he compounds his total breakdown of common cunning by claiming (as usual) that he's totally unaffected by anything said about him in fanzines. If so he's a better man than any I know. Tho he does hint that if those near and dear to him piss over his boots he's slightly miffed. Well.

Anyway, great fanzine.

????????????????????

HELL 5 - from BRIAN ROBINSON, 9 Linwood Grove Manchester M12 4HQ
for contribution, LoC + 3p .

HELL is a fanzine I find very difficult to read, but I do, mainly in passing as I search its pages for my name and whatever vile accusation has been most recently attached to it. I'm unsure why I find it such an offputting publication; maybe it's the title with its aura of a weak semi-obscenity conjuring up visions of John Coombe or some similar cretin being very daring with an article on muck spreading with real human shit (gosh wow), or maybe it's the resemblance to FOULER itself, which I am assured is fancied, but is rock-bottom real to me anyway. The feeling of imitation gets to me, and, truthfully, I'd prefer the real thing. That's why I gave up the old loaf of wet bread method. Anyway, slice by glutinous slice, this mouldy bannock reveals :-

the fact there there are people who believe it was I who tore up a ZIMRI before it's editor - the man was Kettle. It was I who revealed the foul deed.

someone who believes, on the basis of a cynical and sarcastic comment of mine in CYNIC 4, that I actually think there's any hope whatsoever of making fandom intelligent.

a typically pretentious and totally unreadable poem by famed American wanker Cy Chauvin.

a lot of editorial ramble, which whilst it is more literate than in previous issues is just the same sort of crap I write and am embarrassed about seeing in print.

some documentary-type writing about fans that is too superficial to succeed. Really, the only person who can do this stuff with any success is Roy Kettle, and he usually errs by being too excessive. Still, this piece is possibly the most useful part of the magazine (along with the lettercolumn) as it does add somewhat to the widespread knowledge of fans and fandom, which is the main purpose of fanzines - not, incidentally, the publication of articles on the jazz guitar. One point I never tire of making is that fanzines should be about fans and fanzines, nought else. Unless, of course - concede concede - they are about science fiction. Or odd little bits of literature such as exemplified by FOULER's yellow section.

above average lettercolumn, saved by Boak and Piggott from Mercerization - the definition of which is obvious.

a great bacover, which almost removes the bad impression given by the silly silly sexless creature on the front, and the overall messy layout and duplicating, and the fucking awful repro of the photopages. HELL's better than it was, maybe, but I still find it trivial and forgettable. A fannish fanzine that doesn't involve, fails.

MAYA 4 - from IAN MAULE, 59 Windsor Terrace, South Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE3 1YL
for trade, LoC, contibution, 20p.

Along with WORM the best current British fanzine, sharing all the qualities of WORM, but not quite so consistently, or, sometimes, intelligently, but then it's altogether a lighter piece of stuff. This issue isn't necessarily the best - though I doubt Maule will ever produce a totally superb issue, he seems to have the same editorial block as many editors, a nagging need to put in something for everyone (a 'quality' exemplified by the defunct LES SPINGE under the editorship of one Pardoe). There's little common ground between the articles herein, and I have the feeling they could all have been published anywhere without any loss at all. A good, really individual fanzine should publish only material which could only appear in it and nowhere else, and MAYA fails by seeming to include anything that's spelled right and vaguely literate. Edit, Maule you fucker, edit! Still and all, he's refined the focus down from the days when Supermite Williams used to include all kinds of shit - even sf oriented - in MAYA, down to a nice fannish basis.

No doubt, MAYA's the prettiest fanzine. Stone perfect duplication and clean layout and nice heads etc. Made me so damn jealous I tried the same thing here, but didn't allow for the fucking duper. Anyway, that aside, the best thing here is - and how it stirs me to say so;

an article by John Dennis Neilsen Hall. His best piece of work yet - maybe he's picked up something else since he moved in with the Brunners besides clap and the crabs. Apart from the second para, which is a brief flash of his old excess, it's exceptionally well written, Hall having realised the true path of fannish documentary; pick the more extreme events, get the details and characteristics right, and then exaggerate only slightly. If Hall only moved in fannish circles he might well, on this showing, become a fine chronicler of events. This bit really brings it all back; it all actually happened just like that, and yes, we did used to talk like the second para on p.10. Wow.

Ex-editor Williams intrudes with a typically well-written piece, typically about nothing. If he only wrote about fandom he'd be superb, but then fandom might not be large enough to contain his huge talents. However, it's a deal more memorable than anything in HELL. Unlike Darrell Schweitzer's thing which I can't recall at all and looks far too tedious to re-read. Anyway, what's a damn Yankee here for? MAYA would be better advised to chronicle British fandom exclusively (except for letters) as no-one does this with any capability. Same for Piggott's reviews of US zines, which although well done are irrelevant to me. Piggott's also likely to burn himself out with these reviews, or at least appear too often for comfort. A pity Ian Williams' excellent fanzine reviewing wasn't kept on in MAYA. Change is as good as.

Lettercolumn filled with flak aimed at me. A somewhat jarring experience (I don't claim to be unpanicked by adverse comment) which makes me wish I'd been more explicit and detailed in my original letter, and not produced a typical printed scream. Naturally, I stand by whatever I said, and the whole thing was worthwhile to see the bits of comment on me and FOULER that appeared between the lines. Noted, buddies, noted. Most points made against me are wrong, incidentally, as I'll prove one day in an article or something.

This fanzine really does excite me to participate in it (tho idly as usual I haven't), because it's meaningful in a way HELL isn't. I sense that people care what goes on in it. Maule, for all his faults, is a good taking-care-of-business editor who has melded the good

parts of FOULER and EGG, I believe, and created something that will, in time, become better than either of them, if indeed it hasn't already. Or, I suppose, if Maule doesn't pay heed, the whole thing could go right down the drain, and what a total shitty pity that would be.

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EGG 6 - from PETER ROBERTS, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol BS4 5DZ.
for trade, LoC, contribution, 15p

I well remember the days when we all thought that from the suburban confines of West Town Lane there would issue a faaaaaanish fanzine fit to rival such as HYPHEN. Alas, it was not to be. Even though he convincingly captured the apparent ambience of the wonder mag itself, Roberts soon became locked into a total and seemingly irremediable stasis. EGG has retained the same quality (from shit to superb in each issue) and tone (so easy and mellow it amazes that the fanzine doesn't melt in your hand) throughout a fairly long life. I'm not sure whether this is good, as I'm not able to grasp my own reaction. I rather envy Roberts' ability to run the only genuinely popular (internationally) and reader involving magazines in Britain (a HYPHENian attribute which MAYA will soon rival), but look askance on a fanzine which I find so forgettable. Oh dear.

The only thing here is Brosnan's NOG, which is all a bit shitty. He tries hard to be cynical, cuttingly sarcastic, a total destroyer of egos with a few wellplaced barbed witticisms etc etc but just makes something of a tit of himself. He just lets his natural nastiness show through too much to be genuinely funny. This is all too exaggerated - believe me, the events themselves (portrayed basically truthfully) were funny enough without all this childish sneering. There are a few good lines, though, all real shafts of character study where Brosnan does not try to be funny.

OK, so the investigation of fannish careers is fannish, Mite, but the details, boy the details! Look you, you reckon the Civil Service isn't fannish, but the British Museum is - but B.M. employees are Civil Servants. Fuck up, son, bad one. Pretty trivial article. More of them.

Looking through I see Roberts' terrible taste in fillers. Shit by Sam Long and Jeeves could well have been replaced by Roberts' writing himself, which on the showing of the editorial is as good as ever.

Lettercolumn shows all the usuals, and appears to have many of them giving a certain Mr Gilbert a going over for something or other silly. All nicely readable, but a bit lacking. EGG is just too nice for my taste, I fear, and how it gets such popularity eludes me.

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ZIMRI 3 - from LISA CONESA, 54 Manley Road, Whalley Range, Manchester
ffor trade, LoC, contribution, 10p. M16 8HP

Inside this ZIMRI is a fanzine I might be proud to call my own, a potentially excellent fanzine - obscured almost beyond view by a glutinous mass of almost total garbage. This is the issue which shows Andrew (Hotlips) Stenvenson sharing the editorship with Lisa (who throughout spells her name 'lisa conesa' - an affectation that would be aggravating even if not covered before by her betters),

and I don't know who's responsible for what, but I have my suspicions.

Extremely, the good is good, the bad appalling. Jack Marsh's article is an old FOULER reject which attempts to prove fans are homosexual without mentioning any one of the probably queer fans I am sure you can all think of. Jack may be a great feller, but his writing is always so terribly stilted. The book review section is ABSOLUTELY awful - it contributes nothing to anything, merely reprinting the blurbs would have been better, at least it would have been more literate. But what do you expect from such as George Hay, hmmm? No Alan Burns article has ever been worth reading and his thing here is no exception. A silly jest perpetrated by Holdstock on Brian Aldiss, and participated in by Kettle, Conesa, and probably others by mail is reprinted in full. 8 pages of it, well laid out, but totally flat and unreadable. Even Holdstock admits that. THE GOURMET, by Boak and David Wilson is surely out of the darkest recess of the C.C.P. - an appalling piece of fanfiction.

Right. If the above had been dumped, the remains would have been a truly shit-hot fanzine, fit to rival MAYA, even.

A Chessmancon report by Robert Holdstock, over-written as usual but readable and even funnier because of that; a fairly serious intervention by Charles Partington on THE SLEEPER AWAKES which is good enough to make me want to read the book again; a totally fucking superb piece by Holdstock on the Globe, and in particular, ME, in which he proves he does indeed listen to me sometimes. This is superb stuff (not for the obvious reason) and is the essence of fanzines. It's worth a million pages of George Hay shit. Where else can you read people taking something as gloriously pointless and totally important as the Globe and myself seriously? Andy contributes fanzine reviews, but is rather like a Patrick Moore of fandom, a dilettante fan, and sometimes misses the point. But keep on lad, you've got it in you. There's a strange story by John Spinks which I don't understand entirely, so I reckon it must be worth something. It's a good story, and I'm surprised it wasn't in MACROCOSM.

At the end of it all there's an incredibly long LoC section which is truly the best I've read anywhere. Tremendous warm feeling of participation. It's full of lots of things I'd love to comment on, as this method of printing LoCs almost entire always impresses me more than that which extracts only parts applicable to the fanzine, as it shows more of what the person actually thinks of fannish things in general. Sample comment - Nick Shears no longer reads FOULER because he doesn't get sent it anymore. Ah me. Rave rave. Ego-fucking centrlicity. Stevenson contributes a tidy editorial of somewhat jollified wit, and a rather fair selection of bits by Conesa herself, including the first good poem I've ever seen from her. Goddamn.

I dunno. There's a lot of potential here, but it's all dissipated - again people trying to have something for aeveryone. This zine has more potential as an out and out general interest zine than EGG (which pretends towards that line) and could well succeed as it draws a pretty good selection of stuff together. But unless a bit more discrimination is exercised there'll be failure somewhere. Though if you can draw fifty pages of LoCs on half a success, who needs fame?

Though I wish I knew which erring editor was responsible for selecting all that crap I mention above. It really annoys and somehow disappoints me that they threw it all away. Fools, cretins, idiots.

Anyway, I look forward to future ZIMRIs, as I'm sure Stevenson (who I think responsible for most of the magazine) and Conesa (figurehead) will learn better in time.

MACROCOSM 3 - from ROBERT HOLDSTOCK, 15 Highbury Grange, London N5
for LoC, Contribution, 15p etc etc etc.

MACROCOSM. What can one say about it? How can mere mortals like myself dare comment on something so massive, so permanent, so huge in the annals of fandom that even now it pokes its stout snout around the door of prodom? Well, I dunno what really, as MAC isn't a fanzine I think about a great deal. I talk about it now and again to good old Rob (as we call him affectionately) but it never really stays in my mind. Of course, if it mentioned me or FOULER or something a bit more often things might be different, but all this serious writing bit is somewhere out there beyond my horizon.

Natch, there's some nicies. Brosnan the child-molester displays the good side of his writing talent with a funny play thing which is funny and is equalled only by the little cartoon of Brosnan by Holdstock on page 22 which makes me laugh out loud whenever I see it.

Fortey the Welshman disappoints with the kind of old bollox he was shoving at me for NEW PEMBROKESHIRE REVIEW years ago. Very daring stuff, full of cunts, and fucking, and pricks and stuff, but extreme in the extreme, flowing as well as a solid stream of shit, and altogether absolute fucking bullshit. Brings tears to me eyes. Robert, why do you do it to Brynley? Chris Morgan, Jack Marsh, and Robert Curran contribute literary cliches that share the sole virtue that they are short, forgettable, and not published professionally where I might be conned into paying money for them. What's the point of this shit? Surely these people aren't idiots enough not to recognise the faults of their work so they don't need reader-reaction to help them, and therefore why else is this stuff published. It's certainly not good, though 'pro-standard' it may be by ANALOG or PARADE criteria. Sometimes I don't know what Robert is up to.

The best parts are the editorial. Holdstock, when writing seriously about himself, is superb. Sometimes funny, sometimes laughable (the nature of the beast) but always worth reading. If he'd only knock off trying to be the next generation's Brunner or Priest and write a good autobiography he'd be famous. His story here is better than the issue's average, but still a bit worthless. Here he also contrives a Andrew Stephenson interview that is funny, a poem that has its points, and some film/tv reviews that are entirely ruined by his inevitable overwriting. No restraint, this boy. No wonder he's got three women moving at one time right now, and him supposed to be married to that nice Miss Finney too.

Oh shit. What's it all about, Robbie? You work hard - it's a fine looking fanzine with fucking great illustrations and things from Stephenson and others, and good layout, and not many typos, but what's it for? A handful of letters and a lot of irritating shitty mss. from this year's Steven C. Carrigan. Sometimes I think Holdstock should run a pure general interest fanzine similar to what ZIMRI should be, but more along FOULER precepts, with vast amounts of his own writing dominating the issue. Trouble is, he'd need a good editor to trim off all the wild excess of description and reaction, and I don't think I could take on the job right now, I've got my hands full. With what only Robert knows.

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ALSO SEEN but no room to shit over .. IDIOCY COUCHANT, VIEWPOINT, WADEZINE, FREE ORBIT, CYNIC, CYPHER, MADRGAL, FHTV, and ISEULT. Keep em comin. OK OK.

B R A Y
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B R A Y
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A
FOULER
PUBLIC SERVICE

lost news
and

interesting bits

One of the great mysteries of recent fannish times is the real story behind the obscurely obscured second page of WADEZINE number Nine, a magazine published by a certain Audrey Walton - the very same Audrey Walton reputed to be a large cog in the running of the BSFA Ltd, (an organisation reputed to have some effect on the course of 'science fiction' in Britain).

We at FOULER encountered this strange phenomenon in a typically roundabout way. First mention must be made of FREE ORBIT also published by Audrey Walton, in which certain people not entirely unconnected with the editorial board of this magazine were mentioned several times. Childish, derogatory, and inane as these comments were, and no matter how forcefully Robert Holdstock drew our attention to them, we managed to discard the issue entirely and forget it. Incidentally, we assume Audrey holds to the fannish tradition of never sending people copies of the fanzine they're run down in - a tradition not upheld by FOULER, by the way - as we didn't get copies ourselves. Until much later, after some prompting, anyway.

Anyway and anyway, much later we saw WADEZINE 9, or rather Robert Holdstock's copy thereof, and the one feature of fascination was a page on which the print had been obscured almost entirely with thick black feltpen scrawl. Much eyestrain brought the discovery of what appeared to be the names 'Kettle' and 'Pickersgill' therein, and naturally enough we asked about for to see untampered copies - none of which were in existence, it seems. Thus, faced with the dismal prospect of never discovering what had been said about us, and the even worse possibility that a piece of free publicity was forever lost to the wonderful world of fandom, we forgot all about it. Then, one sunny day in July, came this missive from the Man Hissself, JOHN PIGGOTT ; -

"Coming back from Tesco's this morning I found WADEZINE 9 in my pigeon-hole. The page inside the cover was obliterated (I assume all copies are the same) but with all my usual genius I managed to decipher all of it. For your edification a translation is enclosed. Looks like Audrey's finally flipped!"

Well, fans, the Official Piggott Translation appears overleaf, for the edification and interest of all those who recieved incomplete copies of the magazine. We at FOULER are not at all able to make any judgement on Piggott's guess that Audrey has 'finally flipped'. Quite apart from fearing righteous howls of bias, none of us is quite sure just what is going on.

""GREG PICKERSGILL""
.....

(((Here follows a transcript of the obliterated page of WADEZINE 9)))

QUOTED HERE IS THE LAST PARAGRAPH OF A LETTER RECIEVED BY ME FROM THE VERY NONCURABLE MR ROBERT HOLDSTOCK, LATE OF FREE ORBIT FAME.

"However I shall try not to let the Welsh Toad see FREE ORBIT in order to protect you from the sort of crucifixion that was administered to ROJE GILBERT, for example. Whatever he may say, the treatment he recieved (unfair, I agree) has left him permanently paranoid."

MY IMMEDIATE ACTION RECIEVING THIS WAS TO POST A COPY OF FREE ORBIT 3 TO MR GREG PICKERSGILL POSTE HASTE.

Can you imagine this group fawning on each other in the great metropolis? They are trying to run fandom on the same lines as the Chicago gangsters of the 1920's with ROY KETTLE as Al Capone and GREG PICKERSGILL as his front man.

I hope they do crucify me, I'm not afeard, I'll be only too proud to acknowledge Pickersgill as my murderer. After all Jesus Christ was crucified; and look what that has done for his image! Why he's now a superstar, top of the pops! WOW!

OH HOW I WEEP FOR MY HOME TOWN!

LONDON!

MY LONDON!

INFESTED AND DEFILED BY SUBMEN FROM THE PROVINCES!

LOOK OUT GREG PICKERSGILL IS WATCHING YOU!

LOOK OUT ROY KETTLE'S ABOUT!

EEEEEECH!

Easter is a good time for crucifixions (I'm only sorry I shan't be at Chester to die gracefully) but let's hope come Easter Monday I shall have a resurrection, because by this time those young men will have revealed themselves for what they truly are, a group of intellectual gangsters trying to intimidate fandom by a form of literary blackmail and threats.

They may smile and fawn upon you today and scratch your back obligingly, but they are merely marking out the spot where tomorrow's knife will be thrust. The Chinese have a name for them ---- RUNNING DOGS!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

AUDREY WALTON

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from WADEZINE 9.

(((This is a FOULER Public Service Reprint.)))

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((()) - Greg Pickersgill

(()) - Leroy Kettle

(((Obviously enough all the letters we have on file are something like a year old, but so as not to deprive this comeback issue of it's good part we've selected some of the more timeless gems - like the following two letters from Our Main Man in Fandom.....)))

JOHN PIGGOTT , 17 Monmouth Road, Oxford OXI 4TD

O gentle readers, I feel I must apologise for the brilliant wit and supreme intelligence which will undoubtedly pervade this letter. It is indeed well-nigh impossible to appear fug-headed and shallowminded all the time, as several previous correspondents to FOULER have noticed. Pickersgill and Kettle will surely make every effort to be foul and dastardly in their comments on this letter, but so small is their talent that they will be unable to disguise the true sagacity of my every word.

Pray be patient with me as I make my comments on FOULER SIX. Brynley G. Quaranta is witty and entertaining as ever in his four pages, as ever. Likewise Kettle, a person on whom in times past I have had cause to pour the shit of denigration, is here readable and intelligent in his MEMOIR, a piece which merits rereading often. Maule's MAULINGS show he lacks the experience of a Holdstock or Kettle, and these two little gems are all the more memorable. Ritchie Smith is once again readable without providing anything to think about, and George Hammond's two fillers I had heard before. They weren't funny the first time.

I didn't understand Anthony Dean's piece, and have read it three more times without reaping any benefit. RUPERT AND THE HOLE was fantastic until the last two paras which were obviously right out of the DAILY EXPRESS. Thorshammer's tale was amusing, but could have been a bit shorter, as the last half dragged on a bit. Best piece this issue was Kettle's FAECES FACTS; great bellylaff stuff that makes Holdstock look like a glass of pale weasel piss in comparison.

In times past Greg Pickersgill (whose fannish pseudonym, Steven C. Carrigan, has been receiving a great deal of criticism in various publications) has passed a deal of disparaging criticism on inaccurate fanzine reviews, so it is all the more surprising to see him writing one himself. Patrizio reviewed FOULER THREE in CYNIC, Pickersgill! What's the matter, can you not recognise your own magazine? In all fairness, however,, I must add I have no further criticism of Pickersgill's reviews.

HEAP contained much of interest. Hall's letter (on which this is unashamedly NOT modelled) was a laugh, though Priest's read like a wet blanket. I was particularly interested to read my own letter for the first time. Whatever happened to the one I sent you, Pickersgill? Though it must be said that the alterations made by Pickersgill were mostly improvements. Was very surprised that Carrigan did not make the same cop-out

Gilbert has, after his appearance in the BPI. Of course, it would not fool all us world-weary veterans.

And while we're on about the subject Pickersgill and Kettle propose a new award, the Gilbert. It is obvious that it can't succeed with a name like that, and in any case, why is there a need? FOULER already has a pretty good award, the BPI. Why not expand that to cover several categories per issue? It's true that the BPI has become a joke amongst FOULER readers, with overt canvassing by such as Hall, and rather more subtle award-seeking by Priest, Edwards, and Piggott; but a few well-chosen awards to the various offenders may stop that though. It's rather disappointing really; while it lasted BPI was the most fiendishly entertaining of all the items in FOULER, and it's a pity it became so debased. Maybe the Gilbert is a good idea after all.

((Much as I hate to say anything reasonable about anyone this letter isn't bad - even if it does ramble on about everything in rather a shallow fashion without really raising any reality-warping points. In fact all it does is fuck about other LoCs. Piggott also listed some Gilbert contenders, which in his cowardice he deleted by sticking masking tape over them. Being clever I removed the tape, which left a large, sticky, and still illegible patch that removed half the print from someone else's letter as well (not that it shows, Skelton) and generally caused more damage than the time I dropped an issue's LoCs in the bath. That latter only really did anything to Gilbert's postcurd, which effervesced like an AlkaSeltzer and turned the water green.))

((These days I find the idea that anything said about anyone in these pages would stop them doing anything (as you imply) slightly horrifying - but nonetheless true I suppose, in a way. Fans are such silly creatures, they all think they're in some way more real and relevant because of fandom, then turn all twitchy and paranoid when they start to get shat upon. The BPI fades for the reasons you note, though contenders abound - Mrs Walton's epic in this issue would be one, were I in more liverish humour.))

JOHN PIGGOTT (Again)

This late missive concerns the letter which R. Idwal Gilbert wrote to EGG, in which he described in some detail what occurred when he showed FOULER round CUSFS one time last year. Now CUSFS is a weird group. For one thing they all worship Idwal, and call him Roje, (something I shall never be able to do thanks to you), and I only recently managed to get them to admit that Id had no thought of winning the BPI when he penned his award-winning letter of many moons ago. And while I realised that Id had altered the conversations in his EGG letter from reality so as to make himself appear a bigger smartass than anyone else (and whether or not he succeeded in this aim is not for me to judge) I had thought this the limit of his manipulations.

I was wrong. Last night I took the complete run of FOULER and EGG 5 to the CUSFS meeting, and while they weren't overly enthusiastic, at least they were slightly interested. So I asked a few discreet questions...

It turns out that the CUSFS thing Id describes in his EGG letter was a complete and utter fabrication! Nothing like it ever occurred. "I believe you could prosecute.." indeed!

Since Idwal has gone and got married and exiled himself to Wales, he is not available for comment. But I can't help wondering what he intended to achieve in fandom by deceiving Roberts (and, presumably, a large proportion of fandom in general) by sending that letter. Maybe the shock of receiving the BPI pushed him over the edge...

(((In all truth I was never wildly impressed by any Gilbert writing, and, as you surmise, he has indeed entered into a whole new world of inanity and delusion since his brief face-to-face flurry with FOULER. I've yet to see anything of his that's not obscenely self-conscious, or shows any humour or wit, or any evidence at all of intelligence behind it. Naturally, I find all his stuff incredibly funny - his recent ZIMRI article being a real killer. Only Gilbert could have taken the idea of the EGG letter seriously; he probably believes it actually happened that way. Anyway, he gets enough stick in EGG 6, so I'll say nothing. I don't give a flying fuck about the tedious fool.))

CHARLES PLATT , 165 West 82 Street, New York, NY 10024 .

My name is not, and never has been, 'Plattie', any more than Archie Mercer is 'Mercie' or Pickersgill is 'Pickersgillie'. I hope that henceforth this nonsense will cease. Charlie I may be, among the less aesthetically discriminate among you, but 'Plattie' offends me.

I have no recollection of ever writing or saying any such clumsily incoherent fannish phrase as 'all poetry not adhering to strict rules of metre, rhyme, etc, is pointless crud' (as you quote me as saying). If you dragged this out of some ancient fanzine, it's not really fair play. We all have written and said things during extended periods of adolescence (and what might be called second adolescence, that which often occurs when one joins fandom, regardless of age) which we later come to look back on with embarrassment. I'm sure you're well aware of the kind of thing I mean. It is possible I might have expressed some kind of preference for formally structured poetry as opposed to very undisciplined verse with no sense of rhythm or structure, but either way, your quote is mis-quote and I can't help wonder where it came from.

At the same time I admire FOULER for presenting it so blandly, with such authority, in terms of 'Of course, we all know Platt said....' which gives it more weight than truth itself. It strikes me that this technique, of ludicrously misquoting people and then building far-reaching conclusions, could result in some interesting articles. For instance, you could begin with something like 'As Archie Mercer has often remarked, being a fan is a tacit admission of latent homosexuality and mental retardation.' Or; 'We are all aware of James Blish's interest in the work of Lewis Carroll, undoubtedly connected with his notorious love of pre-pubertal female children.' Just think what conclusions could be drawn from material like this. Onward, FOULER, in the cause of childish irresponsibility.

Too bad no-one liked my poem. Fans have different tastes in poetry compared to the editors of the Little Magazines of the outside world. The poem you published was printed in an American fairly-serious poetry magazine, and drew two letters from other magazine

editors asking for more of the same. I don't understand it, myself. It does seem, though, that fans prefer that which is serious, romantic, and significant, as opposed to that which is self-satirical.

" (((Odd you're so touchy about your name, a characteristic you share with our own Robert Holdcock, who doesn't like things like that either. What other similarities are they, I'd like to know. Do you, Charlie, have a fourteen-inch penis as well? Actually I was going to print that fateful quote, but luckily I've lost it. Sorry Chas.)))

LISA CONESA , 54 Manley Road , Whalley Range , Manchester M16 8HP

More or less honoured editors,
towers of bandom and four lettered Pied Pipers,
heard on the news the other day, that the four letters you use with such delight, are no longer punishable by death, looks like you'll have to find some other way to shock your readers.
Now that I'm actually here (complete with dictionary), I suppose I'd better think of something provocatively exciting to say ; trouble is, it's all been said before I got here, and you've not provided anything new to talk about. Rob Holdstock put his finger on it when he advised, Broadway or else.....I second that!
I see Bryn Fortey mentioned my name in his nonsensical ramblings about the con. Gosh! Could this mean I've actually arrived? Like, do you think I'm a fan proper now? Reading his confusing, tho non the less entertaining article, anyone would think he actually noticed me at the con; don't you believe it, I presented myself before him, all eager-beaver for that faanish brew he promised, only to be dismissed with a wave of his diplomatic hand. So much for empty words!
That you are a bunch of lunatics, there is no doubt; what amazes me, is how you can manage to be sensible, penetrating, far seeing even funny et cetera about some things, and so utterly boring about others. Didn't you know that, he who listens at keyholes never hears anything good about himself? Why Archie Mercer even bothered to justify himself, is beyond me! In his place, I should have been content to sit back and let you scream your silly head off. Geez, if I went around checking up on who said what about me, I'd have little time left for anything else....
How come you don't have any poetry in number six? And what on earth was D. Mallet (?) gripping about? Now that really went over my head ; perhaps I am, after all, still a neo.
I hope Reje Gilbert made you feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself. You tore him to shreds last issue, and look! HE's turning the other cheek, and thanks you even! A gentleman indeed.

" ((I find this letter somewhat confusing and not a little inane. I hesitate to comment on it. It seems to have been written by someone with only one leg and an ear in reality. While it's superficially superficially reasonable behind the facade lurks a terrible obscurity, a pitiful lack of understanding, and a horrifying fixation on erroneous trivia. None of which faults have been rectified since this letter was written a year ago. Good Grief.))

(((Like my man Kettle I'm somewhat reluctant to comment on this
bizarre missive. The hideous spectre of Miss Conesa's hard core
of admirers (Robert Holdcock being the hardest) scratching each
others' balls off in the rush to bust me and avenge the lady's
grubbied honour appalls even me. Therefore I dare not hint, even
ever so subtly (as always) that I find Miss Conesa's fanning
talent small indeed, and see the only reason for her success lies
in her gender. It's amazing how well women do in fandom (to
digress a moment) just by being women. The hopeless perennial
adolescents who comprise most of fandom (myself probably included)
will do anything for a female fan, no matter how much it goes
against their common sense. They'll do anything for a kind word
in a soft voice, coupled with a warm female smile, for a kind word
and a warm smile are all a poor fan needs to keep his favorite
hopeful fantasy alive. Not that I'm saying, of course, that that's
the reason for Lisa Conesa's success. No, not at all. All I'm
saying is that women go far in fandom, it's a fact. The fact that
this letter is inane and ridiculous is no reason to apply the
above to Lisa. Anyway, you got to be kind, goddammit (especially to
women) and as I really honestly beggingly genuinely want to
recieve forthcoming ZIMRIs I don't really mean any such thing at
all hardly.)))

GRAHAM CHARNOCK , 70 Ledbury Road , London W 11

Something very like coitus interruptus seems to be going on between me and FOULER. I've 'enjoyed' it several times (using the euphemisms of the tit and bum mags - do one confession and they're engrained into your vocabulary for all time)but I've never 'possessed' a copy. I leave them in Globes, or in friends' rooms when I'm free-loading and drug-taking at conventions, or they just vanish. Last night I was given a copy at the Globe. I got it home alright this time, but this morning I took it to work to read. Now, it's my habit on sunny days to take my lunch break in a deck chair on the office roof, a dizzying twentyfive feet above ground (it's a gay life in the civil service). I read the thing, but as soon as I put it down a gust of wind caught it, and I spent several hectic seconds making various kinds of a fool of myself in front of my colleagues (those who weren't asleep) trying to trap it, but it was no good. Another FOULER had got away. I last saw it flapping off in the direction of Willesden Junction. Some bloke's going to get a shock if he picks it up. I only hope for your sake he doesn't wear size fourteen boots and a pointy hat.

Not having a copy to hand is going to be a bit limiting (a good excuse that) but I'll do my best to LoC it from memory.

I can remember some kind of story by Tricky Foxy Mick. I can remember not making an effort to read it. It looked as though it would require one. An effort. (God, this tuna.)

As for the general reading experience - I can remember almost splitting my gut laughing at one point (or was that when I was reading Spike Milligan's new book?), I can remember a general mellow feeling stealing over me (or was that the sunshine and the sound of the sparrows farting?).

Actually I don't believe FOULER is going to appear again, so this is a waste of civil service time, but that's mostly irrelevant, from one servant of the crown to another.

Specifically, I can remember some stupid turd (I think it was Pickersgill - how convenient not to have a copy, I can let my prejudices go unchecked) getting very upset about Charles' poem. I can remember thinking that Charles would probably be very pleased with the reaction. I thought Charles' poem was great, as great as my own BLUEPRINT FOR A REVOLUTION (in QUICK. 2) which someone (now this was Pickersgill) seemed to have misunderstood just as completely. (God almighty, this tuna!)

Give Pickersgill his jew, I can remember him being very complimentary about me somewhere. Right on, Greg baby, you're really a groove. Anyone who tries to stab Leroy Kettle can't be all bad.

What else. I remember a good letter from Malcolm, and a half-hearted one from Chris (God bless him, he tries hard - don't we all. God, this tuna!) And I think I've remembered what it was almost made me split a gut laughing. Yes, it was Ken Eadie's superb letter! God, I wish that fanzine hadn't blown away.

" ((This letter is one which, to quote a now-retired fanzine reviewer in the first issue of her fanzine, 'says nothing'.
" I.E. it's not about the fanzine and goes on about things
" the reviewer isn't interested in despite the fact it's a
" good letter and a lot more amusing than anything I'm likely
" ever to read by Miss Conesa.
" Charnock invokes his deity a number of times, his dependence
" on him probably being the direct cause of the foul diseases
" which his person is well known to bear. I.E. failure, lack
" of success, inability to make a name for himself, and other
" ignominities. Jealous of Malcolm Edwards' pretty long hair
" Charnock has resorted to loosing fanzines for egoboo. Well,
" here goes. Wotafella Graham Charnock is. OK? OK.))
" (((Graham, kid, you're really far-out, outasite, a real human
" being. Right-fucking-on.
" Incidentally, it's Kettle's fault the bike broke. OK? OK.)))

PETER WESTON , 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30.

To me there seems a lot of good sense in FOULER SIX, particularly the Pickersgill reviews of QUICKSILVER and 4M (which I haven't seen), where I counted at least half a dozen original and quite perceptive comments on what fanzine fandom is all about.

But the pair of you seem so comically anxious to disguise your serious and constructive remarks under all that bluster! I know that 'sercon' is a mindless insult these days, but I honestly can't think of a better description for what you're trying to do - I think.

Which makes FOULER an oddity, but an entertaining one and something that must be read line by line in case there's something sensible, or maybe genuinely funny, amongst the juvenile rubbish. And that's not really a putdown, it's just the way I see it! There's a wry sense of humour lurking somewhere in the Pickersgill and Kettle outpourings.

I know Peter Roberts or Boak will have said this before, but have you seen HYPHEN, or one or two other fannish

fanzines such as White's VOID of the early '60s, or my personal favorite, Tom Perry's QUARK, which were tremendously entertaining without having to insult anyone (even in fun)? Somehow they were so much more mature than FOULER. But probably your fanzine is just what the British fanzine field needs to wake it up at the moment.

In the last six months I've come to feel that British fandom is coming alive again in a way that it hasn't for at least ten years - and no, I wasn't around then. The 1964 'New Wave' was a bit of a false start, I believe, and one in which, incidentally, Charles Platt also proved how easy it is to create what he called 'controversy' by getting people to hate each other. That wasn't a clever idea in the end because Platt was a far nastier and more malicious character than you two seem to be, and everyone ended up hating him.

But there are now several fannish type fanzines around, any one of which could conceivably grow into some sort of 'focal point' (don't laugh!), which is what we've needed so desperately. At the moment British fans of ability are dreadfully thin on the ground, as is painfully obvious from some of the contributions to FOULER, and as Chris Priest says, the letter column is probably the weakest part of the fanzine.

Incidentally, I'm sorry for the implied snub in not having either of you on the Worcester Fan Panel. Several reasons exist, the most truthful being that I forgot about you! But I wish now I'd asked at least Roy to come - he's certainly articulate enough, even though mad - and he would have livened things up considerably.

I had a rather egotistical little vision recently, which Graham Boak rather liked. I said I saw myself as a sort of Overlord, more technologically advanced, with a superior culture, and around since the year dot, looking after a bunch of nig-nog neofans until they produce their own Ultimate Fanzine and ascend into the Nirvana of Trufandom which I myself am forever unable to enter. You should be able to say something nasty about that!

It's a peculiar position I find myself in, you see, churning out SPECULATION when personally I prefer ultra-fannish zines like POTLATCH, EGOBOO, or FOCAL POINT. But there was a need for a sercon zine when I began ZENITH, and I'll be damned if I'll stop now!

By the way, I think John Berry probably is very shy, although he probably wouldn't want to talk to you anyway!

" ((Not that I'm saying we're crusading with FOULER, but a merely
" funny fanzine wouldn't stand a chance with fandom in its
" current state of apathy and lack of talent. People who knew
" they couldn't be funny wouldn't write for it, and people who
" thought they could would be rejected. And there isn't enough
" talent here at HQ to turn out more than one joke per issue. So
" by sticking together things anyone can do i.e. being rude,
" disgusting, degenerate, illiterate, and childish, we have something
" which while it doesn't quite rival Harold Robbins in any of
" those qualities is at least read by a smaller audience. And
" all those who shy away from the literary pretensions of HELL
" and WADEZINE can do their own thing in their own trivial way
" in the letter column of FOULER.))
" (((Appalling to note that Weston's letter above was written in
" June 1971, and as recently as the last SPECULATION he is
" saying the same thing, more or less, about Piggott's TURNING
" WORM. Piggy deserves the praise, OK, but there seems to have been
" a dreadful stasis locked onto British fandom.

Myself, I'm tremendously influenced by HYPHEN (not
" that it shows - mainly because the material needed
" to emulate that great mag is unavailable). Even EGG,
closest of all to HYPHEN in mood, can't reach it's
quality in material, lacking real humour and bite.)))

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

Getting LoCs is a great problem, and it
always seemed to me the more literate the zine the smaller proportion
LoCs received. Example; Little Miss Edwards QUICKSILVER providing an
excellent example. At Worcestercon he got rid of more copies of Q. than
I did MAYA, and he got less than an eighth the LoCs I got. I've no
suggestions on how to even this, other than we all turn out imitation
CRABAPPLES and convince neofans we're as nice as Mary Legg.

Greg, you're a reasonably good fanzine
reviewer who makes some excellent points and then goes on to bugger up
the review by drawing a conclusion inconsistent with the points you've
made. Take the 4M review, for example. The Rivers and Burke articles -
ok, they were reasonable and considered, but memorable, never. They're
simple amalgamations of facts and pieces from different sources (mainly
S.F.R.), they say nothing and present no opinion worthy of the name. It
seems incredible you didn't notice this. Apart from that, the only other
thing you admit to being vaguely original is the record review. Fine,
the conclusion to be drawn is that it's a mildly pleasant, innocuous,
unoriginal neozine; god only know how you conclude it has 'some fine
things and considerable promise 'because you certainly don't tell us.

Your observation of the Gannet egoboo chain
is pretty accurate, except I don't consider myself a Puppetmaster. Thom
has delusions of grandeur, convinced prodrom and universal recognition is
just around the corner. I just wish he'd shut up and prove it.

Hall's LoC I'll pass over, as you should have
done when compiling the issue. Amusing comment by Nobel Prize Winner
Penman on my previous LoC, accurate, too. You'll probably have a LoC from
John Piggottttt saying "I am very sensitive about how people spell my
name. It is Piggott not Piggot." Baby Face Malcolm's LoC is the best in
the issue, so I'll say no more. The bastard gets enough egoboo as it is.

I won't say FOULER's getting better, but
it's the most entertaining zine going, and I just hope you can keep your
enthusiasm alive.

" ((The trouble with LoCs like this is they have to be
" read alongside the commented-on issue to make sense.
" This has its uses in that it allows the reader to relive
" the ecstasies of first experiencing the immortal words
" but gets a bit tedious and makes the HEAP more a mound
" than it is already. I don't advocate the Green Goblin
" yet should reprint Hall's epistolary gems alongside his
" comments thereon, but he should be more explicit. LoCs,
" even short ones, should stand alone, albeit limply.))
" (((Atch, I fucked this up by editing out (and forgetting)
" Goblin's more esoteric asides, making Kettle's bit some-
" what nonsensical. Oh, shit. Still, refer to SIX anyway,
" that's what it all means. Ok. Ok.)))

It has long been noised about fandom that FOULER 7 is in a state of almost completion. We are informed that the stencils are completed and it is only the running off,or rather the lack of it,which has to date prevented your next issue from bursting upon shell-shocked fandom once more.

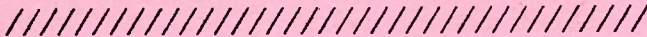
In the light of these circumstances I have a suggestion to make.....namely that whilst I have mimeoing facilities I don't have FOULER SEVEN on stencil. You will see from this that,in the interests of fandom in general,we could do with getting together.

Seriously,Greg,I have twisted Brian's arm and he has agreed that providing you pay for the paper and postage,and also providing I assist with the actual running off,he is willing to spend a few evenings using up Whitbread's ink,a substance extremely akin to their bheer,I'm told.

If you favour this proposition all you need do is write and tell us what colour paper you require and how many copies will need running off,send stencils,and sit back until we advise you on how much the transport back will be. As I see it your only alternative to this proposal is to write off FOULER SEVEN completely,unless you want to take a chance on buying another duper that could again turn out to be a dog. Some people are just lucky - Presford's Roneo turned out to be rather good. Damn him.

Please advise sooly,before we get tied up with the running off of Hell-6.

" (((I don't know what it is - maybe it's because I'm getting
" it regular these days - but when this missive arrived I was
" somewhat touched and impressed. Wow,I thought,they can't be
" such absolute cretins at all; only real human beings could
" make such magnanimous offers. Anyway,time passed,and I began
" to feel quite guilty about not writing back to say 'thanks but
" no thanks'. I'm very possessive about my fanzine,and if I won't
" let my buddy Robert run it off,no snotnose from Stockport gets
" his hands on it.
" Anyway,imagine my total astonishment and,let it be said,loss
" of faith in humanity,when I discovered via Trusty John Piggott
" (as usual) that it was all a fiendish hype. The gig was to run
" off three copies and ship me fucked-over stencils only.
" It's a damn good thing I didn't fall for this tricky piece of
" work,had I done it would have caused more than somewhat real
" and lasting nastiness. No-one fucks with a man's liquor,no-
" one fucks with a man's fanzine. Same piece of art. I don't at
" all apologise for coming on righteous,but this is extreme
" turdiness,and anyone who pulls this gag'successfully' on
" anyone deserves whatever appalling things will surely happen
" to him. Myself, I'm taking care that newly engendered mellow-
" ness does not entirely over-ride my remaining common-sense. ``
" On roughly the same subject,almost, I find the thing that most
" totally pisses me off with fandom is the bit where things are
" written about people behind their backs,so to speak. I know I
" complain about this often,but there you go,it's fucking pre-
" valence necessitates it. Apart from anything else it's so
" futile. What's the point ripping someone up if he never sees
" it? Eh,Skelton,Pardoe,one of you,tell me that?
" Jesus,even thinking about this Skelton ripoff annoys me now.
" But anyway,so what,fuck it out my mind. Hee hee. Hmmmmmmmm.)))
"



TERRY JEEVES ; who, apart from commenting on the use of obscenity, believes that the sooner everyone tramps on drug-takers with a dirty great boot, the better. Terry's shortsightedness sometimes appalls me.

RON CLARK ; who found the 'so-called verse putred' (sic).

PETER PRESFORD ; who thought we needed sympathy for turning out FOULER, but liked it and sent money anyway. Odd fellow, who, like the HELL 'people surprised me by not being a sixteen year old schoolboy after all, instead being the father of at least one child, and married too.

MARY REED ; who was unmoved by FAECES FACTS.

DAVID ROWE ; who wrote " I've tried twice to write an intelligent letter stating what I think of FOULER and why, but I haven't got the time and can't be bothered. So, with the exception of Fortey and EYEBALL, FOULER is a bumpht-up childish and/or senile crudzine." What can one say, I ask you, to that? Hmmm. Rowe also manages to spell 'Muskogee' as 'Winsocie'.

THOM PENMAN ; who liked the color-coding, Anthony Dean 'as usual', and mentions Civil Service fandom as a tangible entity.

BRYNLEY G. FORTEY ; who, before giving up virtually everything for something no-one excepts Robert Holdstock knows what is, managed to say "Boyo Gilbert produced a rave of a second letter. It seems unlikely now that a deluge of verbal refuse from his acidic ballpoint will force me out to Gafia Farm. Old age, maybe? Sad in a away. The famous mouth shields only gums, the teeth were extracted years ago." Bryn was also one of the few to realise that MY WORST MATCH - BAR NONE! was meant to be a straight-shot piece of shit.

PAUL SKELTON ; who, in a letter prior to the one reproduced elsewhere, made such a total fuck-up of things in a misconcieved attempt to make some kind of comparison - with scored points etcetera - between FOULER and ERG, that no-one here had the patience to read it all through. Better luck next time, my boy.

OTHERS WHO GRACED US WITH THEIR LINES WERE :::::

JACK J. MARSH ; GERRY ' ZOLTAN' TAYLOR ; TREVOR JONES ; GERD HALLENBERGER ; NICK SHEARS ; IAN MAULE ; ALISTAIR NOYLE ; GEOFF COWIE ; DEREK PICKLES . .

Thanx buddies, all of you, wherever you may be, given the space and better material by you next time you might find yourselves featured in the famed HEAP proper.



CRAPOUT CORNER

It distresses me deeply to have to write this, but chickenshit as I am, and aware of Miss Conesa's ability to get things entirely out of proportion as I equally am, I feel it somewhat necessary to point out in big letters that the frequent aspersions case on Miss Conesa's character are jokes, jests, and not to be taken seriously. OK, Lisa my child? OK.

+ F
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to start on my knees, sorry fokes, for the grubby appearance of bits of this fanzine. Still not got the fucking duplicator functioning consistently, and the appalling tendency I had to get absolutely burned to a total crumbling crisp by buying lousy useless stencils and colored bogpaper from RYMAN stationers before I realised what unmitigated ripoff artistes they are has helped not at all.....Jesus, now I think of it this issue is going to astonish the shit out of lots of people - hands up those who thought we'd gone forever.....some of you might be amazed to learn that the hand of LEROY KETTLE has intruded not at all during the production of this issue. It must be nice to get a fanzine produced (with your name on it) without doing any work, and then, by obscure and unnatural means, lie back and soak in all the credit. Gripe. Complain.GRAY BOAK wears a Wimpy round his neck - when he's after women, that is.....speaking of women, does 'Smiling' KEN EADIE know what a special place JEAN FINNEY holds for him in her heart.. ..PETER WESTON, despite a continuously irritating tendency to address KETTLE as editor, policymaker, driving-force, and fucking duplicator-cranker of FOULER, coupled with a similar proclivity to disregard me with awesome totality, is a reasonably jovial fellow; in fact we have on file a nice letter-extract from him concerning some happenings at the late Worcestercon (which includes the Weston's Vigilante's panic). I'm doubtful about publishing this almost two years on, but should enough people evince interest, it's in our next.....now, here's a question...who's Britain's most cowardly fan? Who writes nasty things about his buddies which he's afraid to let them see? Who gets panicky when an editorial alteration shows him alluding to JOHN N. HALL's fear of premature ejaculation? Who wants the editor of this magazine to print that he thinks Lisa Conesa uses her warm, pink, chewy Polack flesh (or, rather, the promised promise thereof) as the teaser to get a good fanzine put together, but absolutely chickenshits out when offered the chance to have it put under his own name? Who's the fan who just cops out when there's danger all about? Who's the fan, who's afraid, and rightly so, that I'm going to reveal all this? Yes fokes, it's that baaad motherfucker JOHN RAYMOND 'SPIDER' BROSANAN, Australian and one-time homosexual, that's who.....not that there's anything wrong with homosexual fans. Why, it's only a while ago whilst round at MALCOLM EDWARDS' place I was propositioned by well-known pro-writer ROBERT P. HOLDSTOCK B.Sc. M.Sc..... hmmm hmmmmy hmm - in case a note of hatred should creep in around mentions of JOHN N. HALL in these pages, a word of explanation. Six months ago he sold me ten rock albums for 50p each (he was desperate for money). Four months after, during the time he was destroying all Ratfandom contacts in the process of moving on to more pretentious things, he gained entrance to my room by devious means and eventually exited plus ten records. His tale is I paid him £5 for the privilege of borrowing them for a while. Wow. There's more to the tale, naturally, it's a sad and sickening affair which, I think, damaged me a great deal. One day FOULER will publish an account of HALL. Next issue assuming I write the fucking thing, a task which is as easy to think about as it is hard to accomplish..... no fans, all evidence to the contrary, this is not a Special Male Chauvinist Pig issue of FOULER - it's just that the ever-probing Ego-Arclight happens to light on common ground. No 'fence, sho' 'nuff..... thanks god not much more of this crap to go, ain't it a shit-shure pity there isn't a hack-writer who'll hire out to write stuff like this. A name does spring to mind, but I never did go for ecclesiastical jests..... anyway, that's it, hope the gems herein bring a laff or a tear - keep on breathing.

to want on my knees, sorry looked, for the wacky appearance of bits of this
 female. I still not got the feeling definitely but feeling consistently and
 the appealing tendency I had to get absolutely turned to a total crumbling
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 BEN HALLIE know what a special place JEAN FERRELL holds for him in her heart?
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 KIMBLE, coupled with a slight acidity to disregard us with awesome force
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 have it put under his own name? Who's the fan who just came out when there's
 danger all about? Who's the fan who's afraid, and rightly so, that I'm going
 to reveal all this too loose, it's that head motherfucker JOHN RAYMOND
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 that there's anything wrong with homosexual love, why, it's only a white eye
 which found at MARCOLOM EDWARDS' place I was propositioned by well-known pro-
 nator ROBERT P. HOBBS, Ed. Mar..... damn funny man - in case a
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 that's it, hope the game haven't bring a fall or a tear - keep on printing.