

The TWLL-DDU 11 SUPPLEMENT is desperately typed on March 22nd, 1978, by a Dave Langford (still at 22 Northumberland Avenue, Reading, Berks, RG2 7FW, UK) who is trying very hard to calm his nerves before SKYCON occurs. Tomorrow I go to the hotel and await the slaughter... today I strive to give TD11 that illusion of topicality so unessential to British fanzines. "I thought---until I discovered Smirnoff."

TERRY HUGHES WRITES: Yes, yes, he is a fan of many talents...

"I am surprised and pleased that my letter did elicit a response from Hazel, who claims never to utter 'bloody Hell' and who wants to speak with me about attributing such remarks to her. \*oops\* That I find amazing. Do you mean to tell me, Hazel, that you have been married to Dave Langford for all these months, putting up with his fanatic, his nose-tweaking, and his Keith Walker Fan Club, and still you have not uttered a single 'Bloody Hell'. Now. You must truly have the patience of a saint. (Either that or you are uncertain as exactly how to pronounce 'Bloody Hell'.)"

---Terry is standing for TAFF. At which Hazel said "Soddit! Now we'll have to support him." She does say "Soddit!" and we certainly do support him.

AT LAST! THE REAL NAME OF JOSEPH X!  
---No, I can't have our loveliest Anglo-fan's secrets revealed to unworthy readers. (New! Editorial Restraint!) You'll just have to prove yourselves worthy by outbidding Mr Nicholas himself ---after which the secret could be yours.

DEWI WILLIAMS sent a letter in tripl-

icate (with two xerox copies) denying the truth of those stories about his sister Mari's curious relationship with Boris. He denies the tales Boris tells, at any rate. ("I lay there bound and helpless as her savage whip lashed again and again into my creamy, yielding flesh... --Boris)

EVEN LATER NEWS FROM SILICON: When Rob and Coral failed to come downstairs they missed a small tribute prepared by their admirers. Numbered cards had been written out, and these would have been held up (after the fashion of certain sporting events) when the happy couple re-entered. I am pleased to record that 9's and 10's predominated...

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT: The explanation of the TD10 cover should of course have read *from left to right, myself and (from right to left) Ettlek Yorel*!. OK?

SKYCON CHAIRMAN ON VAGRANCY CHARGE: Well, not yet, but our very own Kev Smith is being evicted in April. "The rules are quite clear," said his landlady. "No pets and no accountants." If you live nearby, hide the spare bed.

THE SUPPLEMENT DEVELOPS A BACK PAGE... yes, I'm adding this to such copies as go out after Skycon. It is now after Skycon. After a weekend of looking insanely confident and pissed, the reaction set in and on Monday night I was twitching; Tuesday I had a cold; Wednesday a series of fearful stomach disorders; Thursday and Friday a sore throat of the molten-lava variety... How did the con go, you ask? The committee is too shattered as yet to offer a reply. I hear Kev got a round of applause when he dropped in at Greg's and Simone's on Monday night; and I have a letter from Chris Priest, who liked it. That's all, folks. Leeds---YORCON---will be holding next year's Eastercon (no opposition appeared at Skycon). Greg Pickersgill won the Doc Weir Award. I ran out of Twll-Ddus and thus failed to give out some copies of no. 11 to faithful readers---sorry, folks. However, thanks too to anyone who helped me amass Money for GUFF (especially those who paid vast amounts for copies of THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOD'S MATHEMATICS OF THE ATOMIC ENERGY and the xerox typescript of A DREAM OF WESSEX---plus Graham England, who handed over £5 and didn't even want anything in return)... Example of Heathrow Hotel service: when my bed broke (as many did) I found that they provided a complete London Postal Area directory, just the right size to prop the bed up. Next morning I called Room Service and after scant hours discovered that they'd replaced the directories by the phone. Holding the bed up was a set of obsolete directories, provided with their compliments. I imagined these porters prowling about with a gigantic laundry-basket of tatty GPO remainders, speeding to the rescue wherever the crash of imploding beds is heard. Now wait for the unbiased conreports---I believe Kev will be producing one. Buy a copy of the NECRONOMICON (Neville Spearman, hardcover, £5.50, published May 10th). And watch Novacon 8 very carefully---Laurence has introduced the fascinating innovation that it costs more at the door. Nothing new in that, you say in puzzlement? Ah, but according to Novacon 8 PR2 it will also cost you more to convert from supporting to attending membership unless you do so before the con. Eh?

COA: The Charnox, 4 Fletcher Rd, Chiswick, London W4  
Dave & Alison Staves, 333 Millhouses Lane, Sheffield

Now, back to the sickbed. See you all in a few months' time, perhaps...