

THE QUALITY OF EARS  
IS NOT STRAIN'D,  
THEY DROPPETH AS  
THE FALLING RAIN  
AND LISTEN TO  
THE WORLD....

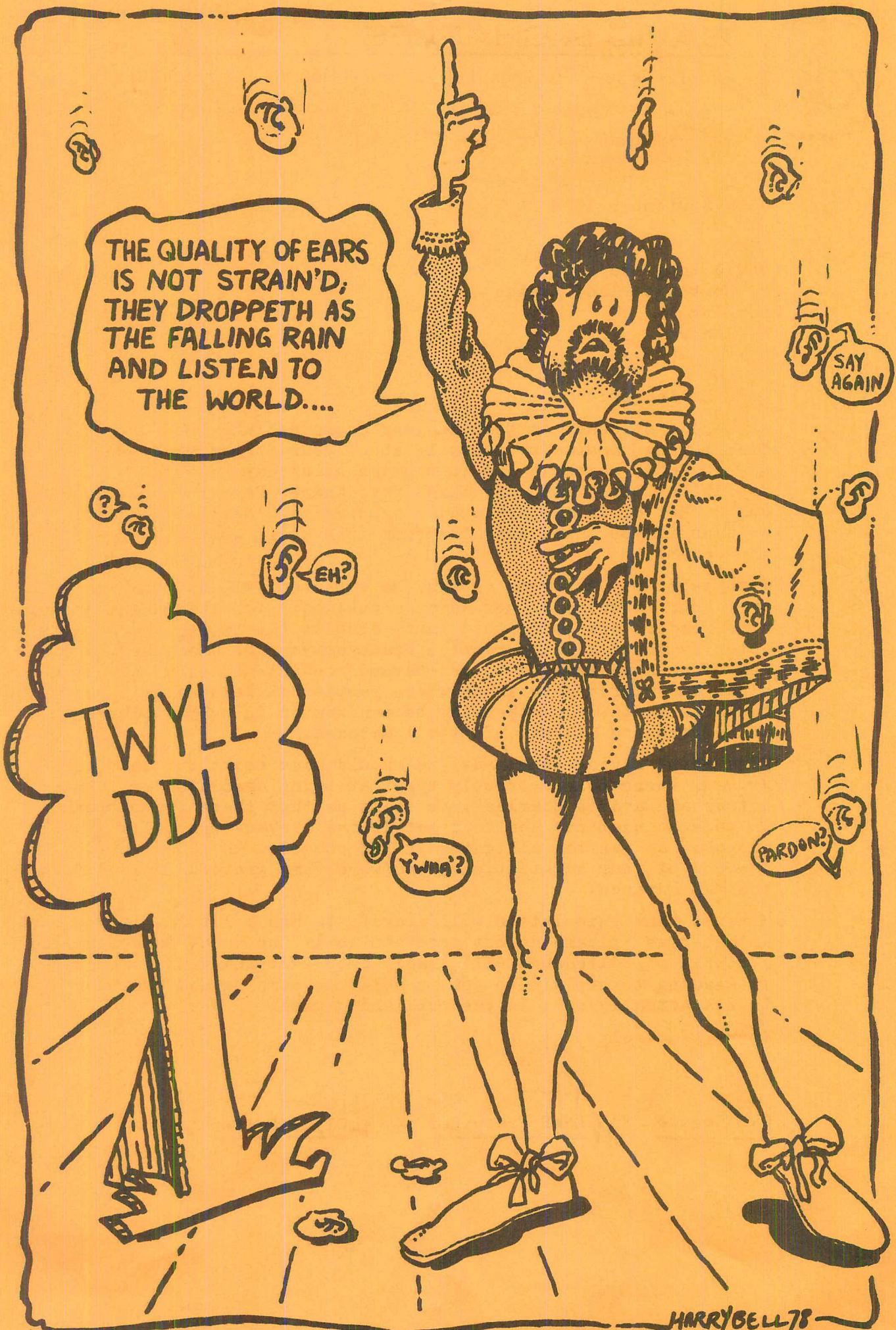
TWYLL  
DDU

SAY  
AGAIN

EH?

Ywng?

PARDON?







## DAVID & CHARLES

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Registered in England No. 840995

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15th September 1978

David Langford Esq.  
22 Northumberland Avenue  
Reading  
Berkshire

Dear Mr Langford

We were distressed to read in your magazine TWLL DDU further disparaging remarks by yourself about your forthcoming book, WAR IN 2080, which we are to publish under our Westbridge imprint at ONLY £4.95 (features free Andrew Farmer four-colour dustjacket of little spaceships zapping an O'Neill cylinder, so even if you throw away the book it's still worth £4.95 for the cover).

This is simply not good enough. We expected full cooperation from your magazine in our advance publicity for this book; instead your readers are being told that, despite the title, the book is actually about killing people. Whatever your book may say, and few of us have managed to get beyond the introduction, war is a clean and glorious business where people can release built-up tensions that would otherwise be manifested in ugly violence and aggression at, say, football matches.

That point having been made, we should also point out that our Mr Paul Barnett is extremely upset at being described as "senior hitman at David & Charles". He tells us that there is no truth in this accusation: the dead cat in the biryani was all a ghastly mistake, as was the alligator in the commode. He adds that, by the end of your negotiations, you were very grateful indeed for the £25 advance.

We trust that this letter will clarify things a little. If you have any queries, please do not hesitate to let us know. Ourselves and a couple of colleagues will gladly drop everything to come over to Reading to explain to you in a little more detail just how things actually work in the publishing game.

Yours sincerely

H GWR Castle

pp LNWR Precursor

pp Clyde Puffer



=====

OTOTOTOTO! Inexorable as a hangover, Twll-Ddu 14 has arrived in all its consciousness-raising splendour. Still available for trade, letter, whim or 25p+ (for GUFF), it trundles juggernaut-like across fannish cerebella, relentlessly marking time (A.Dorey) and savagely resting upon its laurels (J.Nicholas), with editor Dave Langford theoretically in control---though in fact unable to hear the victims' cries---from his massive nerve-centre at 22 Northumberland Avenue, Reading, Berks. RG2 7FW, UK. This issue's cover by kindly amnesiac HARRY "I never promised you a TD cover" BELL; this issue's date around Oct/Nov 1978.

=====

ANNOUNCER: Viewers are warned that the following programme contains a certain amount of content and also some dialogue, which may be offensive to some. Better to switch off quickly and read a good book---

[But already we are into the standard sf opening montage. An Apollo rocket boosts into the night... King Kong wobbles threateningly at it from the top of the Devil's Tower... a radiant Erich von Däniken slowly rises above Stonehenge... old Astounding covers show tentacular aliens ravishing Dave Kyle... the Phantom of the Opera hums a few bars from *Also Sprach The BBC Radiophonic Workshop*... Patrick Moore's eyebrows signal across interstellar space and Darth Vader eats the *USS Enterprise* in a telephone box.]

NARRATOR [through electronic warbles and "Woo Woo" noises]: This week *World Inaction* probes the phenomenon of science-fiction conventions such as Silicon 3. Are these events really a forum for literary discussion?

[Cut to MIKE DICKINSON studying *Big Isaac's SF Adventure Magazine*: he turns paler and paler, and faintly murmurs "Oh my God."]

Or are there stranger goings-on of which the general public knows nothing?

[Cut to Dave Cockfield bestowing a passionate kiss on Dave Cobbledick. Cut to Joseph Nicholas bestowing himself again on Helen Eling. Cut to the next day's *News of the World* with the headline MY 16-YEAR-OLD HUNK OF MAN, SAYS 33-YEAR-OLD HOUSEWIFE...]

NARRATOR: Some say that curious rituals take place at these secret meetings.

[Cut to Rog Peyton and Helen Eling in destructive frenzy on the dance floor. Cut to Rob Jackson uneasily fingering a water-filled balloon. Cut to Leroy Kettle

delivering great chandelier-rattling blows to those who have displeased him, with a whole fistful of balloons, as the manager stands aghast.\*]

Some say that mind and body alike can be endangered in the weird initiations of "fandom".

[Cut to Dave Cobbledick's missing finger. Cut to mounds of strange gastric produce dotted about the floor. Cut to Bob Day, who suddenly falls over and is dragged away. Cut to David Wingrove.]

NARRATOR: But what does the typical "fan" think of it all?

TYPICAL FAN [face in shadow]: Well basically it's, you know, a challenge, you sort of pit yourself against it all, I mean, I followed Rob Jackson's directions to the hotel and I felt I'd really, you know, achieved something when I got into an arrival situation only four hours late.

NARRATOR: Did you discuss sf then?

T.F.: Oh yes... there was a lot of that going on. [He shudders. Fade to crowded bar---]

IAN MAULE [casually]: Bought *Andromeda 3* in Newcastle today.

PETER WESTON: Bloody hell, have they published it?

[Closeup of *Andromeda 3*, showing long uncredited quotation from *Dot*. Sound of Kev Smith's teeth grinding in background.]

JOHN COLLICK [with an evil and ingratiating smile]: Hey Dave---how d'you kill someone with a laser?

---

\* Harry Bell's lucid explanation of this was: "An element of silliness crept in." The manager nodded silently, almost as though he understood.



DAVE LANGFORD [hereinafter "DRL"]: Well, you crank it up to immense power and turn it on and allow the searing beam of radiation to blast through the hapless victim's unprotected flesh...

JOHN: No, what I meant---

DRL: ...crisped and carbonised tissues, the intestines boiling and gouting forth their noxious effluvia---

JOHN: No, dave, I mean is it efficient, is it economical to kill someone with a laser?

DRL: Of course it bloody isn't.

NARRATOR: I have here a postcard sent by Collick to Langford... [Reads:] "Our little natter on Friday night was most informative, since then I've managed to kill at least 43 people and haven't been caught since." I think that speaks for itself.

HAZEL: John Collick does look more outwardly wholesome than D.West, but...  
[Fade back to bar.]

JOE NICHOLAS: Ah, you've got *Lord Foul's Bane*.

DRL: No, just a hangover.

JOE [withering contempt]: Don't know why you bothered; it's just another typical fantasy conflict between externalised good and externalised evil...

DRL: You've read it, then?

JOE: Not yet. Perhaps I will before I review it for *Vector*.

GREG PICKERSGILL: Look here Dave, your wife has been sitting there knitting and no-one's spoken to her for an hour and a half...

[DRL rushes to Hazel.]

DRL: Greg is worried about you, so I thought I'd come and talk to you. Nice weather, isn't it? What d'you think of the situation in the Middle East? Have you seen *Star Wars* yet?

HAZEL [eyes on knitting]: Don't want to talk to anyone.

[Meanwhile, a closeup:]

JOE NICHOLAS: We limp-wristed fans...

[Cut to Joe at breakfast, holding cut-

lery in limp-wristed mode. The suspense is agonising as he gradually saws through his bacon.]

NARRATOR: In attendance were outwardly respectable people such as Chartered Accountants and Civil Servants. What did they have to say about it all?

KEV SMITH: I think the neatest review of *Canopus* would go "Can of what?"

DRL: Gosh, that's clever. I wonder if I could make a joke about how Dave Wingrove's editorials are more to be pitied than censured?

HAZEL: No.

[The scene shifts to Dave Cobbledick and Graham England, who are devouring vile faggots from which spurt clouds of mephitic vapour. DRL, downwind, is talking to Darr-oll Pardoe...]

DRL: You know [sniff] there's something [sniff]...oh, I see. For a moment there I was afraid you had bad breath...

[They turn to survey the sulphurous faggots.]

MARTIN HOARE: Close encounters of the turd kind.

NARRATOR: Let us move very quickly to the serious programme item in which world-famous sf pundits Mike Dickinson, Evel Yn-Harvey and Kevins Williams and Smith will expound something or other. Another famed pundit, Greg Pickersgill, has chickened out and can be seen sitting halfway down the room.

DRL: [sotto voce, in front row of audience]: Glad I'm not up there, I'd only make a fool of myself---as, with luck, Kev is about to...

KEV [the rat]: ...But I think Dave Langford can tell us something about Isaac Asimov's *Rejection Slips Magazine*.

DRL: Bloody hell. Well, I've got this vast collection---they send you three or four big sheets of paper every time they reject something---you get a special envelope for subscribing to *IASFM*, and an essay on how to type manuscripts---good stuff that is, full of hints like putting in a ribbon and how it's essential to use symbols not found on British typewriters...

MIKE DICKINSON: I especially liked their



useful tip about stopping typing before you reach the bottom of the page.

DRL: The best thing is their essay on "Futility". It seems that all the readers are typical Americans with huge mortgages and acute depression who've just paid for expensive car repairs and whose wives don't sugar their coffee properly, so when they read *IASFM* they only wish to hear of rich future people whose space-ships run well and whose wives sugar the coffee properly, and stories where everything doesn't go right for the hero are called futile and get rejected.

LINDA WILLIAMS: Why don't they sugar their own coffee?

DRL [nonplussed]: What kind of wish-fulfilment fantasy is it where you have to sugar your own coffee? ...Anyway, *IASFM* also has special little slips for special cases. I sent this Frank Herbert parody which Joe Nicholas liked, so it can't be much good; it started with the quotation *Versatility is the ability to swim on unknown ground...*

[Baffled laughter; perceptive murmurs of "He's pissed."]

DRL: ...The rejection said *OPAQUE*, meaning they couldn't understand it at all. Maybe they'd never heard of Frank Herbert.

UNKNOWN VOICE IN AUDIENCE: Wish I'd never heard of Frank Herbert.

SIMONE WALSH: This is boring, let's talk about the BSFA.

[Confusion. Frenzy. Whetting of knives in background. Cries of "Silence for the BSFA!", "Death to the BSFA!", "What's the BSFA?", "I'm going for a drink," etc.]

MIKE DICKINSON: That's no good, we can't say rude things behind their backs when some of them are here.

NARRATOR [as fighting breaks out and chairs begin to fly]: This exemplifies the taboos of this strange folk. To utter the fatal name is (as John Dickson Carr put it) like whispering "Asbestos!" to a gang of pyromaniacs. Yes, the very mention of the BSFA---

[A weighted balloon strikes him and he falls unconscious.]

ROB JACKSON [sitting on floor at front]: No, wait, we've got some quite sensible

BSFA people here---there's Dave Cobhledick and Dave Wingrove, both of whom will listen to every criticism we have to make and will surely be as putty in our hands...

DRL [calling to Dave Wingrove at the back]: That's Rob Jackson talking about you, Dave, in case you were wondering.

DAVE W: Thanks, I recognised the voice.

DRL: Bland, isn't it?

[Slow fade to black. A message appears:]

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: THE ROLE OF DAVID LANGFORD IN THE EVENTS OF SILICON 3 HAS BEEN GROSSLY DISTORTED BY HIS INABILITY TO RECALL THE COUNTLESS BRILLIANT THINGS SAID BY OTHER PEOPLE. THIS SLANTED PRESENTATION CANNOT BE HELPED. DO NOT ADJUST YOUR SET. DO NOT ADJUST YOUR CLOTHING. DO NOT PASS GO---

NARRATOR [with bandaged head]: Well, what makes these sf fans tick? Their ways are strange: for example, after Isaac Asimov's *SF Adventure Magazine* had been denounced at length by the panel you have just seen, Roger Peyton's stocks thereof sold out at once. This is what psychologists have called the "nerd instinct". And anthropologists have still not fully analysed fans' curious rites, their perverse humour and warped ideals...

[To the bar---]

SIMONE: I still think there's *hope* for Ian Garbutt. I mean, he's only *sixteen* or something. Now there's no hope at *all* for Robin Hughes, he's *twenty-five*...

[A shudder runs through her at the mere thought of such age and decrepitude.]

...and he thinks Greg is some sort of barrier between him and fandom, he's *hardened* in his attitude and *despises* John Collick for being accepted in fandom... but Garbutt's practically *adolescent*, he can still *grow up* and become a real fan... surely...

[Silence]

[Silence]

[Silence]

JIM BARKER: I met Ian Garbutt at Faircon.

ALL: No! Good grief! What's he like?

JIM: Well, he's sort of...um...well, you know... Tell you what, I'll draw him.

[He draws him.]

ALL: No! Good grief! He can't be like *that*!

[Laughter]



DAVE WINGROVE: No, no, that's pretty flat-  
tering. [He rushes off to denounce Ian  
Garbutt to the BSFA High Praesidium.]

DRL [rapidly]: Make a good filler for TD,  
that picture---

ALAN DOREY [more rapidly]: I'll be publi-  
shing sooner than you!

DRL: Oh yeah?

ALAN: Have a pint.

DRL: The picture's yours.

JIM: Don't I get any say in this, then?

ALL: No.

[Little do they know that although the  
wretched Dorey will rush out a *Gross En-*  
*counters* within the month, he will utterly  
fail to include Jim's priceless artwork.  
Next time DRL will be less indulgent.

[Fade to charades, with well-known  
cretins miming other well-known cretins.  
Rog Peyton has just borrowed a comb with  
which he simulates a starkly rectangular  
moustache. He clicks his heels---raises  
a clenched fist---]

ALL: Peter Weston!!!

[In another part of the bar:]

DRL: Hey, Harry, remember that when you  
were pissed at our party you promised a  
TD cover?

HARRY BELL: No.

[Fade to Intellectual Quiz:]

QUIZMASTER COCKFIELD: And that picture  
came from the cover of Philip José Farm-  
er's *The Mad Goblin*!

[Tumultuous shouts of hysterical  
laughter from all present.]

NARRATOR: This quiz was largely about sf  
films, music, artwork and the like, caus-  
ing such authorities as Kev Smith to dis-  
miss it as a *sci-fi* quiz...

[As he speaks the fatal words a bound  
volume of *Tangent* strikes him down.

[Fade to an Indian restaurant filled  
exclusively with ravenous fans. A fear-  
crazed Rob Hansen flees to eat Chinese  
nosh with his fingers on a draughty pave-  
ment---]

HAZEL: Thank you---that was very nice  
food indeed.

INDIAN WAITER: Oooh...say that again!

HAZEL: Very nice food.

WAITER: I like the way you say that.

HAZEL [outside]: I suppose he doesn't  
hear many cultured southern voices up  
here.

[Fade to a damp and insalubrious park,  
where football is being played. Disapp-  
roving figures watch from nearby allot-  
ments. Dave Wingrove looks peculiarly  
fetching in a slinky football jersey which,  
totally concealing his shorts (if any)  
gives a mini-skirted appearance. John  
Collick falls over with unusual adroitness  
and frequency. Jim Barker hefts toilet-  
rolls, but has no notion of the subtle  
physics of actually throwing them, which  
is expounded at tedious length by a pass-  
ing *Twll-Ddu* editor. Eventually a direct  
hit is scored on Ian Maule, who unsporting-  
ly does not fall over. Limp wrists abound.

[The football game mercifully over,  
the Gannet Surprise is unveiled, Werner  
von Firth producing home-made plastic  
rockets which will symbolise the soaring  
intellectual power of sf as they zoom high  
over Newcastle. The second missile is the  
most successful, actually twitching whole  
millimetres into the air before it melts  
and droops obscenely. Certain fans leave  
in haste---]

SIMONE: It's disgusting. They could come  
down on anybody.

HAZEL: Dave thinks that if the police  
turn up they'll arrest him.

DRL: Well, one's practically bound to  
shoot through the window of a passing  
police-car if I'm in sight. And they al-  
ways *do* arrest me. Mind you, I think I  
know what's wrong with those rockets...  
the solid fuel's probably damp and needs  
to be dried out. Now if they put them in  
the hotel oven---

ALL: Shut up.

[Cut to Bar. Silicon is nearly done.  
Fans about to depart are studying photo-  
graphs from America with confused remarks:]

"Gosh, aren't they all huge."

"Look, that's Joyce Scrivner. Looks like.  
Pat Meara inflated with a bicycle-pump."

"And there's Terry Hughes. Christ, he  
looks like a male Joyce Scrivner!"

"Who's that other huge fellow?"

"Ssh, that's Rob Jackson."

DRL: What is Ian Garbutt like?

DAVE WINGROVE: Well, don't quote me, but

\*\*\* \*\* \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*

\*\*\*\* \*\* [etc\*t\*r\*, etc\*t\*r\*]

SIMONE [aside]: Wingrove is but a flea on the dog of humanity.

[Brief flash of the Narrator being wheeled off with concussion, culture-shock and alcoholic poisoning, before the credits begin to go up over Mike Dickinson's quintessentially fannish summary...]

MIKE DICKINSON: I've just woken from a dream of Ian Williams being whipped by marmosets.

#

ANNOUNCER: The next item will be a party political broadcast on behalf of the BSFA Committee.

SOUND HEARD IN LIVING-ROOM: \*click\*

### What The Critics Said

BOB DAY: Certainly, there was plenty of falling over; and that even before Roy Kettle arrived! Of that, the less said the better.

JOHN COLLICK: Did you know that in the trial flying bombs, that used test pilots, a break in the fuel lines during flight produced an acid or enzyme which totally dissolved the poor Luftpilot? Not a lot of people know that.

CYRIL "BOGMORTON" SIMSA: My best rejection slip came from Ian Garbutt. It said: "Tangent is not a market for crap writing or literary masturbation."

IAN GARBUTT: It was interesting to see you refer to me as Ian Grabbutt, such fannish humour, Mr Pongford, is seldom to be found in British fanzines...

DRL: My apologies, Ina---but surely the ironic tone must have hinted that I was wittily quoting Kev Smith?

JOE NICHOLAS: I enjoyed Silicon, although I have to confess that I didn't feel myself to be enjoying it as much as last

year. Why, I have no idea---perhaps it was because it was the second Silicon I'd been to, and a repeat of a particular convention is never the same as the first. And perhaps it was because I had less money to spend than last year, which is always something of an inhibition. It certainly didn't have anything to do with being parodied by Rob Hansen in the charades; I did, in fact, have a sneaking suspicion that I might be due for such treatment long beforehand. After all, anyone who wears crepe gorgette scarves, uses lip~~st~~salve and drinks Cinzano must be pretty fair game for that sort of thing. The only trouble was that I missed it! I went out to the bar to get drinks for myself and Paul Kincaid during the intermission, and the very first thing he said to me on my return was "We've just done you." \*Wordless snarl of rage\* Although I understand that somebody else's (was it Alan Dorey's) mime of Malcolm Edwards was at first mistaken for a mime of yours truly. Poot. I wish to state, quite categorically, that there is no resemblance whatever between myself and David Pringle. None! None! (Shrieks of limpwristed hysteria, and all that.)

DRL: Now that's odd about the con: I enjoyed it much more than Silicon 2. A really good weekend...

NUJ REPRESENTATIVE: Excuse me, Mr Langford, but this section is quite clearly for TD critics and correspondents. You are a mere editor and should know your place.

DRL: Sorry.

HARRY BELL: I still don't remember promising to do this cover...

### The Isotope Man

Solicitous correspondents have enquired about my part---if any---in the recent upsets at Aldermaston. (The problem, for the benefit of overseas readers, was the distressing tendency for plutonium workers to glow in the dark.) I was particularly moved by the gentleman who "hadn't previously thought Pu poisoning caused brain damage". Fortunately all is well. I have a highly hazardous and responsible job making tea for thousands of Aldermaston employees, but though this necessarily exposes me to risk I am protected by stringent safety precautions, such as not

drinking the tea. The Official Secrets Act forbids comment on the rumour (prevalent at Silicon) that I am followed everywhere by IRA men who studiously collect my turds in the hope that they may amass sufficient plutonium to construct a small doomsday weapon. They may have been misled by the following notice, which appeared in Aldermaston library one morning and within half an hour was removed by radiation-shielded workers using special tongs...

*In order to avoid assembling a critical mass, personnel are requested not to gather in groups of more than 5 and to stand at least 0.6m apart (1.2m if wet).*

I wish I'd said that.

### Letters Received

or: *The Demise of the WAHF Column.*

Graham Ashley, Jim Barker, Paul Barnett, R.I. Barycz, Harry "I still don't remember..." Bell, Judy Blish: "Twll-Ddu is ridiculous.", Pamela Boal [4], Pat Charnock [2], John Collick [3], Bob Day: "It seems that the menace of the Haldemen is spreading. Even within the mind of your good and gentle self, strange changes appear recently to have taken place. From the pen that brought masterpieces like 'A Fannish Tragedy' now comes a Haldemen-inspired book about disembowelling and other ~~pleasant~~ nasty things, *War in 2080*. Will there soon be a mass outbreak of Haldemen, armed to the teeth (or whatever Haldemen have) with their forward base in Reading?", Alan Dorey: "Dave Lewis lets it be known many times of late that there are only 3 more people earning more cash than him at his job in the whole of Suffolk---Good God! I didn't realise that being a professional cretin was so labour intensive.", Graham England [2], Jan Howard Finder: "Hazel has nothing to worry about. I'm a gentleman, thus I never go where not invited FIRST!!! I also don't act JUST upon lust...", Rune Forsgren, Ian Garbutt, Glenn Garrett, Mike Glicksohn [who is definitely not standing for TAFF. Damn, we'll have to vote for that Hughes person now.], Mike Gray: "It is easier for Brian Burgess to pass through a needle's eye than for a poor man to visit the Tun.", Paul Harris [whose letter filled with sickening grovelling was succeeded by one filled with foolhardy abuse. *The Secret Masters* will be looking

for Mr Harris at Novacon.], John Harvey, George Hay: "We have been here [in St. David's] for 1 week and no rain. I am bitterly resentful. Why no rain in Wales? What do they think I came for?", Helen Joy Hibbert [2], Steev Higgins: "I've had some strange enough letters from Jon. The man(?) has perfected what sf writers have been questing like some grail of philosopher's stone through a myriad impenetrable anti-novels: the multi-mixed-media gestalt sensory mindrape frenetic communication artform." [And as if to prove the point, who should come next in the mysteries of alphabetic order but the capitalistic---]

JON LANGFORD, 36 Cliff Road, Hyde Park, Leeds 6:

"...GOD THIS LETTER IS REALLY HARD WORK; JUST TRYING TO KEEP THE OLD PEN GOING WITH THE CONSTANT DISTRACTIONS OF WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR ADVERTS, GENE KELLY AND WORST OF ALL AN ITV SERIES CALLED THE CEDAR TREE WHICH IS A REAL ROOM CLEARER.

"THE TELEVISION IS TOTALLY FRENZIED AS WELL, I THINK YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT IDEA BANISHING THEM FROM YOUR LITTLE HOME. BUT THEY BREED YOU KNOW, IN YOUR DRAINS AND CUPBOARDS AND SPRING OUT BLARING NEWS BULLETINS AND PARTY POLITICAL CROSSROADS AND MRS AND PORNO ADVERTS FOR PORNO PRODUCT, SEXUALLY ADVANCED BEANS, NEW RECIPE CHUNKY DELIGHTS, MEATIER SMELL, MEATIER TASTE HENRYS APPROVAL, FONDANT TOPPING IN BLACK LEATHER, EXCEEDINGLY RECKLESS CAKES... NATURAL INGREDIENTS A NATURAL SAUCE, NATURALLY NATURAL, LIFTS AND SEPARATES, SPREADS EASILY, WHITER THAN WHITE, COOK IN THE FRIDGE, KNOW WHAT'S BEST, TIGHTS, THIGHS, HAVE A BREAK AND DON'T FORGET YOUR ARMPITS KEN.

"Days turn into weeks here in Leeds."

...I can't stand it any longer. Back to the list of such people as Christian Lehmann: "Oh dear, luminous, pert Hazel, my nights are but hours of insomnia when I lay tossing off and turning in my bed, thinking dark and wonderful perversities about your gracious body..." [Oops, this seems to be a private letter which I shouldn't be reading. Sorry!], David V Lewis: "Poor ole Garbutt, he is such an earnest fellow.", Mary Long [2], Ann Looker, Selina Lovett, and

CHRIS MORGAN (COA after Novacon):

"Allow me to congratulate you on the high quality of *War in 2080*, which I've recently obtained and read. (Don't ask



how: we reviewers have our secret channels.) It is a highly appropriate first book to appear from you, demonstrating your boundless erudition and your ability (indeed, your overwhelming eagerness) to make jokes about anything, including violent death. I enjoyed it immensely..."

There's been a leak at D&C, Mr Barnett. Bootleg copies of this precious work are already circulating the country, and only through sheer chance did this one fall into the hands of a scrupulously honest man with superb literary judgement. Excuse me while I read Chris's letter again...slowly... You, meanwhile, can contemplate the dismal spectacle of: Joseph Nicholas [but I think we've already had enough of Joe---no, wait a minute, restrain those cheers and cries of "Hear, hear!"---we've had enough of Joe in this issue. Why are you so silent...?], Andy Richards, Peter Roberts, Joyce Scrivner, Keith Seddon [who released a number of very strange truths about his wife Jocelyn and a gaggle of Irish navvies]...

TOM SHIPPEY, *St John's College, Oxford,*  
OX1 3JP:

"Thanks for the two copies of *Andromeda*. I didn't know you were working for *Futura* now. I was also just about set on a good solid curse of Peter Weston for not letting me have a free copy---it almost seems a pity to change my opinion just for a mere fact. I don't think PW is speaking to me, anyhow, or more likely isn't allowed to be detected speaking to me. Just because I gave his wife a friendly tap to indicate she was irritating me! Oh, people are so petty! Have you heard about PW going berserk and tearing up a five-pound note in the middle of the Church Hall of St Philip and St James, Oxford? I'm sure versions of it must be circulating, for you to print in your gossip column. I'd tell you myself, only if my name were to be found attached to it, Mrs Weston would attack me again and after the nagging I've had from all sides I don't think I'd have the resolution now to defend myself."

Is this a hoax? I don't work for *Futura* and haven't had my free copy of A3, let alone spare copies to send in profusion to dubious characters in Oxford. No answer as yet to my attempts to discover what on earth is going on... more next time, perhaps, but now we return to: Cyril Simsa, Steve Sneyd, Chris Southern

[who didn't much like my story in A3, so in the interests of impartiality I should print some of his letter---]: "If my shaky knowledge of German has not failed me, to like something is to like to eat it, anything else must be specified, viz. I like to read books. Thus: I like Chris Priest (boiled, fried etc.); I do not like to read Chris Priest's work", Wally Stoelting, Chris Tringham...

VICTORIA VAYNE, PO Box 156, Station D,  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada:

"I read the account in *Twll-Ddu* 12+ only a day after Alan Dorey's account of the same incident, the Kevin Smith/Kate Jeary "twilight zone" drive to the pizza place; and was struck with some thoughts on the differences between US and British fandom. (And despite some allusions from Americans to 'Commonwealth Humour' and somesuch about Canadian fans, I still think of myself more as part of US fandom than any such mythical---but perhaps currently coalescing---Canadian fandom.)

"The accounts---yours and Alan Dorey's both (it just happens that you're the one who gets the LoC, maybe because I've received at least three *Twll-Ddus* so far and only two *Gross Encounters*...)---anyway, the accounts are both fun, and since a good number of the names are familiar, of more than just impersonal interest. And this sort of multiple-viewpoints over several fanzines accounting is something I just don't see in American fanzines, however common it seems to be in Britain. The smaller size, overall, of British fandom doesn't exactly account for the difference---the subset of 'fannish fandom' here, which might be expected to do a bit of this kind of writing, is not essentially bigger and may be in as much touch with one another as in Britain.

"Personalzines I see from the US tend to consist much more of intense personal searching, intense personal revelations, and almost no humorous first-hand anecdotes, almost no lighthearted jabs at other people named by name, very little nick-naming. And even when a genzine runs a faanish item, it is more often a comparatively impersonal account than anything resembling the British personalzine rambblings. Only con reports come anywhere close, and then often by accident when two people who may have come across each other twice throughout the convention issue detailed reports---the reader will perhaps



spot those few moments of intersection. An entire incident, start to finish, reported by two participants at about the same time, is rare even in con reports.

"Well, other people---Taral, perhaps, who has been acquiring old fanzines and is noticing some trends and comparisons lately---have pointed out that in the States the general tenor of writing and zine orientation is far more serious than fanish these days; that the best zines here tend to be serious genzines (*Janus*, *Mythologies*) and when one tries to call to mind current top fanish titles, one thinks of *Mota* and a slew of British titles. And *Mota* is not that frequent at the moment. Personalzines here tend to be serious personalzines---introspections, opinions on politics, books, feminism, CE3K, perhaps a listing of who-I-saw-next-at-the-con...

"I'm not going to argue the merits of funny writing over serious writing---I think there's room for both---but I do notice the definite slew of funny writing tending to come from Britain and serious writing from the States, for the most part. Maybe someone would care to delve into speculations as to why this may be?"

*Now that's a serious letter for you... First allow me a small gloat over Rob Jackson. Rob, you see, also read of Kev and Kate in various zines---an unparalleled opportunity for him to revel in the multiple approach, the stereoscopic view of fans in the round. Instead he complained that TD was a bit boring: he'd read it all before. Twll-Ddu says to Rob Jackson, "Fie on you, sir!" Thanks, Victoria.*

*I don't seem to have any worthwhile thoughts on funny Britons and serious Americans... save that I often cringe when someone (usually American) begins again to Reveal All with a grim disregard for how much it Hurts. Plenty of agony lying round in real life without dragging it into fanzines. Doubtless I wouldn't have this frivolous attitude if I'd been properly brought up on True Confessions instead of Superman and The Beano. Meanwhile, back at the primal vaults of cosmic dread:*

*D.WEST, 48 Norman Street, Bingley, West Yorks., BD16 4JT*

"I see I am bracketed with Dave Lewis as likely to be annoyed by various pretentious bits. Really, the only annoyance we share is each other, and even that wears

off from time to time. Certainly I've no objection to people quoting Keats. Just so long as they don't make great play of how they practically own the author's right arm. "I was round at Fanny's and I'd just mentioned Percy's brilliant new poem. 'Ah yes,' said John. 'Of course, I always say that truth is beautiful or beauty is truthful. Or some such.' Later, I was reminded of our conversation by the lines..."

"Yes, I must admit that I feel peevish (not to say insanely jealous) towards David Wingrove at the recollection that I once stood next to Brian "Brian" (For it was he) Aldiss in the bar at Coventry for a whole two minutes and he *didn't say a single word to me.*

"Then there was the rejection I suffered when I begged John Brunner to sign my right armpit. He may have declined only because it was too far to bend over to where I was lying, but even so the snub was sufficiently crushing.

"After these humiliating experiences I began to lose my first faith on the god-like benevolence of Famous Authors. But some vestiges of that original innocence and purity remain even now: I'm still saving myself until, one day, the right man comes along. Meanwhile, I wish to state that I have no hard feelings at all towards Brian and John. We are all guilty..."

"Alan Dorey's letter was disturbing, since I have no recollection of having beer poured up my nostrils while lying outside the beer-tent at Acton Fair. I didn't even remember lying on the ground until Pat Charnock showed me a photograph and declared 'This proves it.' (Copyright Astral League 1977 Donot impinge copyright or the Astral League will take measures.) It did, too. Though I must point out I've laid myself down in other places. But if Dorey really did pour some of that vile CAMRA muck up my nose he deserves to have something nasty done to him."

*[Just time to visit the loo before the Second West Letter crawls from the ooze:]*

"And thereafter Langford talked with Smith, confessing that the appearance of these magic-workers troubled Langford. He had thought it, he said, an admirable thing to make images that lived, until he saw and considered the appearance of



these habitual makers of images. They were an ugly and rickety, short-tempered tribe, said Langford; they were shiftless, spiteful, untruthful, and in everyday affairs not far from imbecile; they plainly despised all persons who could not make images, and they apparently detested all those who could. With Langford they were particularly high and mighty, assuring him that he was only a prosperous and affected pseudo-magician, and that the harm done by the self-styled thaumaturgist was apt to be very great indeed. What sort of models, then, were these insane, mud-moulding solitary wasps for a tall lad to follow after? And if Langford acquired their arts (he asked in conclusion), would he acquire their traits?

"So much for Milford and J Brunner. Quotations and suchlike stuff are, of course, only enjoyable so long as one can identify the original and thereupon come back with some casual throwaway line demonstrating this profound and universal learning. If not, the whole business is just an aggravation. To rescue you from which, I give you the above as an easy one. Go right down to the very bottom of the class and sit next to Tom Jones if you don't know that one..."

*Fortunately I did know it, as would Joe Nicholas (wouldn't you, Joe?). With such inspiration to hand, and being willing to taste any drink once, I did for a while consider a Jurgen-style rendition of the 1978 Milford SF Writers' Conference. Jurgen himself, a monstrous clever fellow in a fine glittering shirt, would clearly be the proprietor of a small business (Poictesme Fact & Fiction Ltd).*

*"The magic-workers began severally to arrive, each accompanied by a pale retinue of pages. And Jurgen saw that each of these young pages was in some wise blemished; and though he strove to deal justly by them, the incontinent thaumaturgists without more ado fell upon one another's pages, and used them cruelly in a manner not convenient to record."*

*Well, D, you may be right; and certainly I cannot go so far as to say you are wrong; but still, at the same time---*

A FANZINE REVIEW I DARE NOT PRINT---

"I say, how come Gordon Blows?"

"Because Tardis sucks..." [Anon]

## Doreyspeak

Fans will remember that in *A Clockwork Orange* the reader was indoctrinated with a sort of Russian slang, ultimately emerging (or so Burgess claimed) with some rudimentary knowledge of that language. This approach has now been adopted by an as yet unsung hero of linguistics, through the unexpected medium of a fanzine...

*However indless and stupi evrything in Gross Enounters is though by inumerable BSFA chieftans, it poseses appreiators in the intelligencia. Arabid reviw-er intervied by TD said: "Only suare and unhygenic peopl call it stupi, thus losing thei creibility: non-appreiators have entred a state of rigamortis. Evertime on reads it---espeially in the evening after inumerable Guinesses for sustainness---on falls aroun laughin at the ver strange reviwing and evnts."*

Readers are invited to calculate how much more space would have been wasted if this sample passage had been printed without using Alan Dorey's admirable contractions (from his linguistic-reform tract, camouflaged as *Gross Encounters* 4). This is but the beginning: in *GE4*'s 77 neologisms we are privileged to glimpse the white-hot crucible of language in the making. Primordial forms appear, contractions as yet unevolved like *revi ws* and *su ely*. In such creative exuberance it's not surprising to find occasional retrograde steps---tha t, no where, what so ever---and bizarre mutant forms defying comprehension: *tazis, wnat, olf, ir, guve, fis, dort* and *holdtsock*.

Thus we begin to lose contact with English, drifting out into chaos. From the simple contractions and pleasing ambiguities (eg. *viscious* as applied to Ritchie Smith's stomach tackles) of elemental Doreyspeak, one is drawn into a maelstrom of half-understood concepts like *read* and *repsonse* and *Koe Nicholas*. On has thw feeling of being incesaantly watxhed, on's imformal converstaion id tunred to farn-tically corruscating indlessness... as evrything goes black, on optomistically feels on kight almost guve an interpretation of such words as *guve*...

Unfortuantely on can continue inces-  
santly in this dispicable veign.

[Ed.]



## The Chronicles of Jonathan Palfrey the Unbeliever

### PART TWO: THE TWLLDDU WAR

*WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:* Jonathan Palfrey is afflicted with the vile disease Diplomacy and thus shunned by all men until (in Part I, Lang Ford's Bane) he falls into a black hole and awakens to the strange fantasy land of fandom, which he totally disbelieves. Armed only with his golden Ring of Confidence, Palfrey strives to dispel the natives' delusions of purpose and identity... His struggle continues through the present volume to the third, The Power that Perverts.

Rather than give Jonathan pride of place in the letter column again (this merely amused him, he said. Damn! He should have been limp and overawed) I'll paraphrase vital points from his latest letters and, having thus weakened and distorted his arguments for *Twll-Ddu* reform, insert my bits.

Q: *Driljkis* contains more the sort of thing expected of sf fanzines, but is infrequent. Why not merge the zines, making *TD* more varied and interesting and *D* material and response more timely?

A: *TD* is the sort of fanzine I like to produce. *D* is the preference of that curious entity Kevinandme. The entity is very much lazier than its components... merger would mean an annual zine at best!

Q: There seems to be some contradiction between your advocacy of gossip and "mainstreamery" and your involvement with sf as fan and writer.

A: Not any more than between my advocacy of beer and my involvement with wine. The distinctions you offer are pretty pointless in any case: sf fandom is largely gossip, while I don't believe there's a real barrier between sf and mainstream.

Q: In *Twll-Ddu* you're concentrating on people's fairly mundane actions, while the things they think about are probably more interesting.

A: Good grief! When I have trained myself to detect fans' thoughts rather than their mundane sayings and actions, I shall let myself be guided by that comment.

And now that I've been grossly unfair

to Jonathan and have bored the rest of you to death, let us hear the sweet voice of reason, if such it can be called---

MIKE GLICKSOHN: One of the many things I gave up for Lent several years ago was trying to justify the existence of fan-nish fandom to people whose brains were obviously too used to rarefied atmosphere to understand the essential nature of a personalzine. Anyone who looks for a reason behind the publication of a fanzine is obviously too thick to be a fan so why waste precious drinking time trying to educate them? They're probably the same cretins who think fandom is elitist anyway...

HELEN JOY HIBBERT: The behaviour of people is the most fascinating subject, and when you consider that nearly all stories are written about people of some kind, this is even more true.

ANDY RICHARDS: Jon Palfrey is right but so what! *Foundation* and *Twll-Ddu* are not mutually exclusive...

JOYCE SCRIVNER: Just think what he must think of that magazine [*Scientific American*] which exists as a forum for scientific articles---and nothing else!

D.WEST: If people are literal-minded enough to think that Science Fiction is fiction all about science you'd expect them to have little enough difficulty grasping the notion that fanzines might be zines all about fans.

THE EDITOR: Ironically enough, Jonathan has Changed the Face of *Twll-Ddu* after all---since I've had to expand this issue in order to fit in this absurd controversy. Still, it was an excuse to work in my own rationale of this and that. "This correspondence is now closed", as they say, unless you have a really illuminating or snide comment---or unless you're Mr Palfrey himself, who has the Right to Reply. Remember: I'm the bloody editor!

-----  
DRL: Celia's ways are very strange...

CORAL: That's why Bruce is so tired. He had a good night's sleep for the first time in months when she went back to Cambridge.

KEV: And what's she doing?

CORAL: She's getting some sleep too.

DRL: How unedifying.



## Let's Hear It for the Deaf Man

As our cover artist has so subtly hinted, I have this slight hearing difficulty---one reason for the fragmentary reports commonly found in TD.

"Did you hear that, Dave?"

"Yes indeed, Kevin, your words are engraved in my memory upon tablets of imperishable crystal. I counted at least seven incriminating remarks and two choice Peter Weston insults. Also a rude but witty comment about one Dave Langford, which will be much improved by my mishearing of the name as 'Martin Hoare'."

"Don't you print any of it, Dave!"

"Sorry, Kev? Can't quite catch what you're saying? ---No, it's too late now, I've taken out the battery to check it. Yes, yes, I shall have to get a new one. See you in a few weeks---"

Naturally the omniscient Civil Service was quick to realise my problem and to make me secretary of a committee, with full responsibility for recording and writing up the thrilling minutes. I almost looked forward to the fantasies which could ensue when I'd misheard and the typists had (typically) mistyped the data: "unclear syntax in minutes" becoming "nuclear attacks on Munich", and so on. Fortunately we have evolved a compromise whereby the previous secretary takes notes and I write them up, inserting small jokes wherever inappropriate. The one remaining problem is staying awake, and here I have the assistance of the meeting---not the members' voices, which are low, boring and bored, but the clouds of choking smoke which they are kind enough to puff in my direction so that the sound of my own coughs will keep me alert and ready.

[I am developing an argument that it is safer to smoke at those meetings. If you breathe entirely through a cigarette or pipe, you suffer from your own smoke alone; without such a barrier between you and the environment, the fumes of nine or ten smokers will invade your lungs. But I digress.]

The brilliance of my minutes has now landed me in more trouble.

"Your minutes for VPEWP are pretty good," said a Higher-Up. "When the old secretary has expired from overwork, how would you like to do the same for HHSP?"

He had a fit of choking then (acronyms capable of being pronounced might lead to security problems, you see).

I quickly put my finger on the major difficulty: "If the old secretary has expired from overwork he will not be able to take surreptitious notes for me to write up. Also I joined the Ministry as a physicist, not a deleted secretary."

"You want your promotion, boy?"

"Yes, bwana. Anything you say."

At my first HHSP meeting I cunningly sat by the chairman and strained to record his opinion on everything. When he was not speaking I studied a fly on the window, but did not take down any of the noises it made. This approach led to terse and enigmatic minutes...

"ITEM FIVE: The chairman said. The chairman agreed. The chairman disagreed. The chairman said that X had made some good points, as indeed had Y, but on the whole the course of action suggested by Z seemed most appropriate."

[There were also some interesting pictures of flies, omitted for technical reasons.]

Whatever the meeting may have been talking about was mentioned only in hushed undertones at the far end of the table. Either it was secret, or X, Y and Z were afraid of being quoted in TD.

The chairman thought the minutes were jolly good; much more concise and to the point than those of the previous chap. I haven't dared show them to anyone else, yet...

Meanwhile, the readers of TD who have similar problems---the legions of dyslexic typists, diabetic chocolate-tasters, honest editors and blind proofreaders---you all have my sympathy. I know how it feels.

## The Black Spot

I am no Leroy Kettle. (The nose is a dead giveaway.) I have not the fabled ability to quip faster than the speed of comprehension, nor to fall over with Mr Kettle's peculiar grace and fluency...but I am developing his power to destroy magazines etc. with a single lethal submission. He's claimed credit for the suspended

animation of *New Writings*, but I was there too, and was closing in on SFM. NWQ succumbed to my parody of Michael Moorcock, a piece which proved especially baneful, for later it hastened the decline of *Vortex*. Rob Holdstock's anthology *Stories by my Friends* foundered also, despite an introduction wherein Jim Blish explained how he disliked or disagreed with much of the contents. And Peter Weston, realising that he'd barely survived two Langford pieces in *Andromeda*, broke into a cold sweat and forbade me to submit anything for his fourth volume.

It's the same with fans and fanzines. It was I, I tell you, who drove Dave Griffin from the joys of fandom to the cultivation of his garden and the sultry delights of a wife, or vice-versa, simply by yielding to his entreaties for an article. I forced Richard McMahon towards catatonia or emigration (I forget which), and tipped Paul Ryan over the brink into occult punk fantasy graphics fandom. Bryn Forsey's Welshfanzine I destroyed before its birth. *True Rat* has not appeared since Leroy ran my exposé of pins-in-wax-images fandom (the weedy purple thing seen at Skycon was *Not*, of course, *True Rat 10*). *Maya's* schedule has slipped since moonstruck Jack Robson was blackmailed into taking an article. Even *Stop Breaking Down* couldn't survive to print the first decent letter I'd sent. I'm continuously astounded by *TD's* seeming immunity.

And could the blight spread further? Since I signed up as chief layabout in charge of fixing the Hugos, the Seacon committee has been visibly shaken. Rog Peyton and Eve Harvey have resigned: they may offer glib excuses of overwork and Peter Weston, but might this be mere rationalization of the inexorable, occult forces---the Langfordian black spot---the cancer at work in the very heart of fandom?

Goodness knows; but recently a longish letter of mine appeared in *Matrix*. We shall see...

[Knowing the BSFA love of mathematical names, a new editor might abandon the doomed *Matrix* in favour of a trendier name: *Catastrophe*. And certain serious bits of *Vector* could be hived off under the title *Riemann Zeta Function*... no, that's not fair. There have been times when I almost understood zeta functions.]

STOP PRESS... 11th hour before publication... a flash from Graham England's party. Graham is very worried about any hint of a resemblance between Joyce Scrivner and Terry Hughes. People might think they are related and thus that Joyce is not at all impartial in her TAFF fund-raising... TWLL-DDU says "Good grief!" and hopes that fans will jump to no such silly conclusions. It will be Graham's fault if they do, now... (A Public Service Announcement)



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