



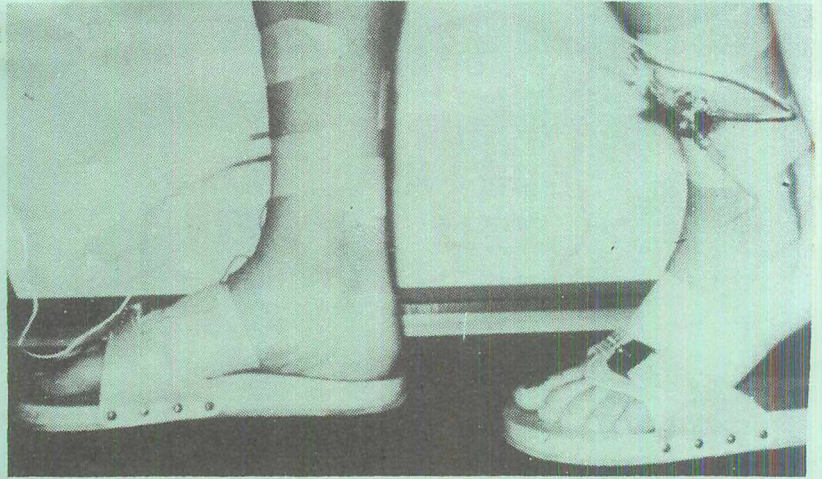
TWYLL-DDU, DAMMIT!!
A RYOSE BY ANY
OTHER NYAME WOULD
SMELL AS SWEYET!!

TWLL
TWYLL
DDU

**Former workers fear emissions may
spread disease – MP to query**

TWILL DDU

Virginity tests at Heathrow



By our Correspondent

It's a problem which causes daily distress to a great many people.

I only wish that most of them weren't too shy or embarrassed to ask their doctor for advice because lots can be done to help.

One man only just reaching middle age, whom I knew well, told me during the financial depression of a year ago that he was taking tranquillisers because he was so worried.

I begged him not to, but within three months he was shaking so terribly that his hands appeared to have an ague. He finally collapsed and was taken to hospital.

In the 10,000 letters I answer every year on health, I am appalled at the pernicious habit which has become habitual in this country for foolish people who feel they cannot face life without their support.

Unfortunately, it is a very dangerous habit because, as I have said over and over again, this must make you worse, rot the brain and where a woman is concerned, make her look hideous.

The brain to me is so precious that it should be protected and fed. The

operation can be done on the National Health under certain circumstances when the problem is causing mammoth distress, and is usually performed by a plastic surgeon. Most large hospitals have a plastic surgery unit, but you'd have to get in touch via your GP, and the trouble is often in finding an understanding one.

Admittedly though, a lot can be done before turning to the knife.

As the smell does seem to seep in everywhere given half a chance, all shoes should be wiped over internally with surgical spirit, then fitted with something like a charcoal 'Odor Eater' insole. Made by Comb International, for 75p at most chemists, these contain activated charcoal which absorbs the smell over a week or so, and a pair should last two to three months according to the acuteness of your problem. One woman wrote to me only a month ago and told me that her legs felt 'wobbly'. On investigating, I was astonished she could stand at all!

It seems incredible. Another thing to remember is that sweaty skin is soft skin, and an aggressive toenail

can pierce through very easily. Real leather is the only answer. An expensive one I know, but an absolute must of an investment. I know. In fact if you play around with any and every synthetic product you're asking for trouble. Dr Jackson will confirm stimulants cease to have any result unless they are increased and increased. It's no good wearing rubber.

The right to know

**Who are the persons
organising this particular
abomination?**

**Isn't it time we knew the
names and addresses, that
they were published so that
public could bring to bear
the full force of their
anger?**

**At the very least, it's impor-
tant to warn people so that
they do not have the dreadful
shock of being called in by
their employers. . . . These
people will have organised
their whole lives around the
expectation of earning for
several more years.**

THE STORY SO FAR: A series of brutal and unprovoked acts of fannishness has left amateur investigator DAVE LANGFORD baffled. In his secret office (22 Northumberland Avenue, Reading, Berks. RG2 7PW, UK) he broods, distraught, as fresh dossiers of evidence fall daily on the doormat. But now, shrewd questioning along lines suggested by MIKE GLICKSOHN has broken down the cover-story of lovely JIM BARKER (see cover), and the ghastly picture painted by this new knowledge (see cover), when interpreted in the light of evidence already collected (see last issue's cover), can mean only one thing...

CHAPTER 15: THE VILLAIN UNMASKED!

By a cunning subterfuge remembered from Sunday night at Skycon, Langford gathered all 250 suspects in the bar.

"I have gathered you here," said he as he locked the door, "to unravel the most baffling and complex case of my career. It has been a three-pint problem."

"Praise be," murmured his sidekick Hazel. "It's usually nearer seven."

"First," said Langford, "we have the curious incident of the bouncing cheque."

"The cheque didn't bounce!" shrieked Holdstock.

"That was the curious incident, considering that you made it out for 'three prunes'."

"It was a joke, a joke, I meant to write you another. It's all Angus Wells's fault, he wrote this cheque once and his writing was so bad that the bank thought he'd put 'prunes' instead of 'pounds', and that's where I got the idea..."

"Be very careful in future, Robert. This time you got away with it. The bank did cash the cheque, and you have your copy of *The Necronomicon*... which brings me to George Hay! Perhaps Mr Hay would like to explain his relationship with Margaret Thatcher."

"She turned me down," snarled Hay. "I only asked her to tell me the Tory Party's plans for space colonization, but she wouldn't even come to look at my Pulsar covers."

From a hitherto unnoticed secret passage peered two mysterious identical twin Chinamen, clutching bottles of a poison unknown to science---but such was the intensity of the scene that nobody noticed.

"And there we have it," said the great

detective, meditatively injecting a few cc of The Glenlivet into his femoral artery. "The case is complete; the facts all hang together. Now let me summarize the problems... Why did Harry Bell keep hitting his head on 7a Lawrence Road? As an explanation, the admittedly tremendous reaction-force developed by his digestive system is just not good enough. Why did Chris Atkinson want a new, cream-coloured carpet? Only the shallowest intellect would insist this is but an excuse for holding no more drunken, fannish parties. By what means did John Brosnan (of all people) get a good review in *New Scientist*; who said that debonair Graham England would never be invited to a PickersWalsh party; and how does this tie in with the fact of Alun 'Iconoclast' Harries's exclusion from Welshfandom gatherings on the flimsy excuse that 'he's a cretin'? And why did Dai Price move away from Newport at about this time? Why did Tom Jones maintain that Joe Nicholas wasn't a BSFA member? You see how the pattern begins to emerge?"

Glances of shock, amazement, incomprehension, apathy and disgust were exchanged among the suspects. Greg Pickersgill and Simone Walsh turned a variety of colours; R.I. Barycz looked strangely shrunken; Keith Walker's expression was unreadable.

"I'm still trying to work out the Coptic for unemployment benefit," murmured Hazel.*

"But there are other questions which must be asked," Langford declared, "and luckily one minor villain has turned Queen's Evidence to tell us what they are." Under heavy guard, D. West entered; the brutal police interrogation had destroyed his sense of balance, and he was unable to stand upright.

"The questions about the Yorcon book?" Langford snapped.

"Why is the chairman's address signed with a skull?" droned West. "Why do the portraits of the committee include someone with his head in a bag? What does the article by Ian Williams mean? (And how come it gets printed at all, considering the way he gets insulted in the introduction?) What are the MEASURES which the Astral League will take if

*for completists: TBKc NTMNTaTp gwb.

readers do not immediately pay 50p for their FREE memberships? And who is this obscene person Gonad the Barbarian?"

"Answer those questions and the case is finished," the detective said, drawing a few piercing notes from the portable typewriter which aided his meditations.

"Well, at least it's more interesting than the Mancon programme book," West whined as he was led away.

"But wait!" John Collick wailed. "What are mulligrubs?" A copy of the Shorter Oxford Dictionary was flung at his ignorant head, and eagerly he riffled through it---only to find page 1370 missing. The Fiend of Fasset Road, Kingston had struck again!

Langford hiccuped. "The witness Holdstock will now reveal the full truth about the 'est' consciousness-boggling course for which he and Sheila each paid £150."

"Oh. it was really great," said the rising young author without looking up from the two novels he was writing. "There was this session where we imagined ourselves climbing up inside 400 foot high daisies, and another where we appreciated fruit and learnt to savour it. God yes, I remember this woman going to the microphone afterwards and saying how she'd violated this grape with her tongue and thrust herself inside it, pretending her tongue was a penis you see, and she said 'Now I know what it feels like to be a man.' And afterwards Sheila found she could visualize the structure of her toast at breakfast, and it was so fascinating she couldn't bear to eat it. And I got up in front of the microphone, and I was really embarrassed, but I related to my embarrassment you see, and---"

"The final piece of the puzzle I must supply myself," said Langford hastily. "We've heard a lot about various Americans propositioning Peter Roberts and [even] Graham England (who claims his temptress was a groupie obeying the orders of hospitable Mike Glicksohn). But what of Joyce Scrivner's alleged attempt on Rob Jackson while he was lying helpless in bed and they were 'discussing fannish politics'? The details are obscure, but my informant claims Ms Scrivner was heard to say: 'Doesn't Rob recognize a pass when he sees one?'"

"Personally, I find it helps to tell Rob these things in writing," murmured Coral. "Even then, you have to choose your

[4] postmark very carefully."

Meanwhile, Leroy Kettle fell over in a guilty fashion; a voice unknown remarked, "I only divorced you because you were so clumsy."

"So," said Langford remorselessly, "the puzzle is complete. This vast mass of evidence can point only one way. Another triumph for Langford! The person responsible is one so innocuous that nobody believed him capable of the least outrage: I refer, of course, to Ian M---"

"Just a moment, Langford," said gruff old Dr Jackson in a heavy voice. "I happen to know that speaking of oneself in the third person---even in a fanzine---is a common symptom of mental illness."

"And I happen to know that this Langford has just completed a book on---flying saucers!" said the man from the David & Charles Detective Agency, in brutal tones.

"I can't believe it!" Pickersgill gasped.

"You can prove nothing," cried the white-faced Langford.

"Oh no?" The BSFA Company Secretary smiled satanically. "When I discovered how you'd tried to implicate me in Jim Barker's 'Captive' racket, I started checking up on you. I have here a certified copy of the cheque you wrote to Messrs. Bombast & Fustian Ltd (Gilders of Refined Gold, Lilies Painted While You Wait). The place where you bought the polysyllables!"

As the crushing import of these words sank in, Langford dived for the window, only to trip over the still unconscious and fantastically decorated form of Joe Nicholas. Crashing through the glass, he fell fourteen floors and was horribly impaled upon Alan Dorey.

Mind how you go.

oo

GROVELLING & CRINGING DEPT.

A quick obeisance to Keith Freeman (paper), Eve Harvey (electrostencils, though not for TD), Greg Pickersgill and Simone Walsh for hospitality and things, Leigh Edmonds as TD's Australian agent, Jim Barker for the cover and D. West for the bit inside the cover which is nothing to do with me, dunno how it got there boss.

Cryptozoic

Sitting here on the eve of *TD*'s fifteenth outbreak, I feel this great wave of nostalgia, which I believe is Greek for 'pain in the nostrils'. (Which reminds me of how pleased Chris Priest said he was upon discovering the word 'proctalgia'. I wonder why.) Perhaps it's just the whisky talking, but I reckon anyone idiot enough to reach issue 15 (the first *TD* was handed out at Mancon) might as well go mad and declare a special nostalgic issue---and besides, a cunning re-use of older stuff would mean so much less material to write.

My search through the files started with *Vole*, an 'underground' school magazine concocted by myself, Dai Price and a few cretins. (Yes, that wretched ecology rag stole our title without permission.) Thanks to the weird atmosphere of school life, comments which would barely keep *TD* readers awake turned out to be dynamite in *Vole*: the school held three staff meetings in as many days to decide whether *Vole*'s wicked editors should be cast out or merely flogged to death. (For some reason we got away with it and produced a second issue; but moral cowardice prevented its distribution.) I looked through *Vole* just now and found some quite good things in it... none of them by D.Langford.

At Oxford, I palmed off a humorous bit on the OUSFG magazine *Sfinx* (as misspelt in all the best Octopus SF Encyclopaedias and also in *Black Hole* 16---where someone believes the acronym for Ministry of Defence is U.K.A.E.A.). I knew the jokes were OK; most of them had been ripped off from Marty Feldman's TV shows. I still have a sneaking affection for this piece, because when I first met a younger and more impressionable Hazel, she recalled that *Sfinx* and said: "Not the Dave Langford?"

"How about if we get married?" I replied (admittedly several months later).

Then came *SF Weekly*, Martin and Liese Hoare's amazing conceptual fanzine. I predicted several years ago that this parody of *SFM* would carry a Seacon report in its first issue---however, this underestimated the Hoares' lethargy. But while *SFM* still festered and pullulated on the literary scene, I wrote the Hoares a version of its dire "Query Box" column---and now, sadist that I am, will freely dispense extracts from what was my First Fannish Article! Fasten your sick-bags, readers...

"Is it right that all the letters in this column are written by the editors?"

[Julie Davis]

You guessed it. By way of balance, though, all the answers are sent in by ignorant readers.

"I see that both Larry Niven and Robert Silverberg have beards. Is this true of any other great SF writers?"

[Robert P Holdstock]

We understand that *Ursula Le Guin* is quite clean-shaven.

"I have just read *Foundation and Empire* (having mistaken it for *Gibbon's Decline and Fall*) and thought it quite good. Could you tell me whether or not Asimov is planning a sequel? Has he written any other books?"

[P Roberts]

The 1940s editions of *Astounding*, in which *Gibbon's Decline and Fall* first appeared, are now fantastically expensive and rare, far beyond the means of such insignificant persons as you. So there.

"Common themes seem to run through SF writers' universes: for example, Anderson, Asimov, Clarke and Heinlein have all referred to places called Vega and Betelgeuse and Alpha Centauri. Is this some sort of in-joke---or if not, what's the inside story?"

[J Cornelius]

Dunno; life is full of oddities. I'm still trying to work out why all the letters I get have the same address on the outside...

#

Take heart, the worst is over now. The Nostalgia Express zooms forward to 1977, when precocious Richard McMahon demanded an article, then produced a couple of personalzines mentioning how I had not been forgotten, then vanished. Probably this was the result of over-exposure to the ills of the Langford car (remember *TD12*??): now it's your turn, as the piece creeps back to its rightful home...

The Hole In Reality

AND HOW TO COVER IT UP

Inexorable as dandruff, the Red Death had spread far and wide, a foul blot on smooth whiteness, a horror to be described only in rich Lovecraftian prose, each

syllable adrip with slime...

[6]

them forget the "No Cheques" sign and take two quid in exchange for yards of matting, a vast plastic bottle of resin and a tiny one of hardening catalyst (*DANGER! DO NOT BREATHE FUMES! DO NOT SPILL ON SKIN! DISPOSAL: BURY BENEATH AT LEAST FOUR FEET OF EARTH!*), all decanted from their Bulk Purchase carboys.

"That," said George reverently, "is the first kit we've sold." They took turns to finger the cheque. At that moment, I suppose, I should have felt a quiver of nameless dread. Instead I wandered home; while the entrepreneurs, no doubt, broke out a bottle of champagne.

Now this resin has a highly penetrating smell, more pungent yet than Brian Burgess's well-aged milk---rather too strong to live with. It reminded me of Shakespeare: this has little connection with literary criticism ("The Olfactory School: F.R. Leavis sniffs the parts of D.H. Lawrence which other critics cannot reach"), but a great deal with the Quatercentenary Exhibition at Stratford, whose fibreglass exhibits diffused the same resinous stench---which forms my sole memory of the celebrations. (I was a rather nauseating schoolboy at the time.) Hazel didn't like it either, and the plastic bottle was banned from the house. In keeping with my image of virile dynamism, I did nothing for another week, by which time the bottle was found to have collapsed. A limp, Dali-esque "soft bottle" remained, a blobsome object resembling that gentleman of Ray Bardbury's who mislaid his skeleton and subsided into something like a cowpat. It was no longer a bottle, it was a ruddy plastic bag.

This will be fun for George & Co., I thought while decanting the resin---whose adventures had unaccountably turned it pink---into old coffee jars. An evil smile contorted my lips as I recalled their other bulk buy: hundreds of those resin-soluble bottles. Shelf upon shelf of sagging plastic, dripping corrosively over the customers. And what of the super-toxic, ultra-nasty, utterly obnoxious hardening substance?

---Which was standing in its tiny plastic phial upon the fridge. A fear-crazed Langford ran to seize it... no, nothing wrong there. I went away very thoughtfully, to brutalize the helpless car.

"It is a bit rusty," Hazel understated. I poked the car's left wing and found I could push my finger through, approximately to the elbow. This explained the car's social problem; I'd noticed lately that while other vehicles occasionally left little dribblets of oil when they drove away, ours was wont to deposit a sprinkling of red dust and what looked like shrapnel.

It was time for action: any further erosion and the headlights would slide forth to point introspectively at the bumpers. Thus, five weeks later, I ran to the local motor-parts shop in search of those little fibreglass repair kits. (Once I rebuilt large portions of my mother's old Morris with these materials, after the painful incident when another motorist flung his car sideways at the Morris and struck it forcibly on the front. I could have pulled my mother's leg about this for years if I hadn't been driving her car at the time.)

"Hey George, here's someone after fibreglass!" shouted the spare-parts man. There came a distant crashing in the recesses of the shop: George was stumbling towards his prey.

"You know how much those little kits cost?" said the first man meanwhile, pointing contemptuously at a shelf of small body-repair kits. It seemed a strange sales technique. I peered at the price-tags and said, "About one pound forty-five pence, I suppose."

"And what d'you get? *Nothing!*"

"Nothing at all," confirmed George, now moving to encircle me.

"Paying for fancy packaging and such, that's what you're doing."

"Bloody waste of money," George chanted antiphonally, like a Greek chorus telling Oedipus what a sucker he was and how the heavy boys had it in for him.

"You have a cheaper kit?" I suggested.

"Well---"

"We haven't got into production yet---"

"But we could make one up for you---"

"Much better value, you get twice as much---"

"More!"

George lurched away, returning with about an acre of fibreglass mat; the other man produced and wildly waved a bottle labelled *POISON*. I cringed and lost my sales resistance; their eagerness made

Heinlein's 'Competent Men' no doubt have a clear notion of how to handle rusty cars; I didn't, and simply attacked all ravaged surfaces with wire brushes, chisels, fingernails and teeth. Further skirmishes with electric drill attachments removed many square feet of rust-cracked paint, many square inches of skin, and my remaining illusions of competence. Having ground away all the diseased portions of the car (and developed in the process, incredible though it may seem, a certain sympathy for dentists), I was now able to look upon an expanse of shining metal surrounding a larger expanse of hole. This was it! Any fool can destroy, but now it was time to create! Full of stern purpose, Langford the Maker strode back indoors, poured a large drink and sat quaking for half an hour.

Time passed. After much complex arithmetic, I calibrated a British Standard Yoghurt Container to measure the odorous resin. I found a syringe to dispense the 2% admixture of hardener required by the rules. I sliced up pieces of fibreglass mat to cover up the horrid truth. I reached portentously for the tiny plastic bottle, and as I picked it up, it dripped. Aagh. The vile, insidious stuff had bided its time, had somehow contrived to crack its wretched bottle---a star of fine, radiating cracks in the base---unleashed, it dribbled voraciously across everything to hand, removing the surface of whatever it touched. After uttering a few ritual remarks which further scorched the surfaces, I transferred the lethal toxin to a glass jar and rededicated myself to the ideals of Botch-It-Yourself...

One slaps the goo onto the metal. One adds a piece of fibreglass mat. One repeats the not really over-exciting process until: (a) the goo runs out; (b) the goo hardens in the yoghurt container and more must be brewed; (c) the goo eats through the bottom of said container and starts on some convenient pair of trousers; (d) one collapses from the fumes; (e) one is immobilized by fibreglass strands clinging tenaciously to the fingers.

This last hazard would go down a treat on *Dr Who*, as well as being ideally suited to the BBC budget.

"Argh! Urrgh! Mnnng! Help!"

"No, Doctor! don't go near! The Spores have got to him---see! He has the *Fungoid Fingers!*" Zoom in on horribly overgrown

[7] hands, skin sticky and mucous, inhuman white strands sprouting from the ravaged flesh, dramatic crescendo of 76 radio-
phonic workshops and fade to credits---

In the end I used a Brillo pad. Ouch.

So the stuff hardens and there comes the fierce joy of grinding it all off again in an attempt to produce surface contours vaguely resembling the car's original shape. (Those who accidentally create new holes at this stage will never again complain of lacking a rich emotional life.) Mere weeks later, one can spray on paint and survey the work with honest pride. Less smooth and symmetrical than the original metal, perhaps, or than the lunar surface, but surely it is better than rust. Even the nagging suspicion that I could have done a cheaper job by gluing on pound notes does not lessen my pride. I am now collecting appropriate sedatives for the time when, all the metal around them having rotted away, my incorruptible fibreglass patches will fall off.

(Originally not printed in Richard McMahon's *Inverted Ear Trumpet*, 1977.)

#

Now: a giant leap forward into the many wonders of the present day, with what Ian Maule has called:

That Justly Famous WAHF Column

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK: "Frankly, I am overwhelmed. I've been sending auction stuff to various TAFF, DUFF etc. etc. funds and by damn this is the first time in over a year that any of the fans organizing the funds have bothered to acknowledge!!!" [Again GUFF leads the way; let this be a lesson to other funds.]; RICHARD BAKER; JIM BARKER: "Thanks for the kind words on my TD cover... My only reservation is that Harry and I were planning to share a room at Yorcon and I hope he doesn't change his mind after seeing it..."; PAUL BARNETT [see *Helen Joy Hibbert*]; R.I. BARYCZ: "You have a life sub to Ycz..."; HARRY BELL; PAMELA BOAL; JOHN BRUNNER: "A fanzine that mentions my name outside the review column! I'm not forgotten after all! ...I didn't bring my fine shirt to Milford---I'm too fat for it now..."; ROB CARTER: "I read it with considerable interest..."; and the next name you read will be---

JOHN COLLUCK; *The Goosewell Gallery,*
Westbourne Drive, Menston, Ilkley,
Yorks.:

"I cannot believe that you were responsible for Paul Ryan's gafiation (he's back!) and the total disappearance of such people as Richard McMahon. No! there is a darker influence at work, the Astral League is extending its tentacles throughout fandom. Merf Adamson has not been seen since D. West cornered him and insisted on searching his skull for nodes. And even Steev Higgins was dismayed when D. went to sleep hanging by his feet from the shower rail!

"Thank you for putting me up on Thursday... even if I don't eventually go to Reading University it was worth it all when I held, in my hands for the first time, a Hugo award! Just imagine, the one I lovingly fondled may eventually end up on Doctor Jackson's mantelpiece, or propping up Peter Weston's copy of *Mein Kampf*. Such is fate.

"For some reason Robin Hughes has stopped talking to me."

Don't do it, John. Go to university and you are reviled by incredibly influential fans such as Katy Davies; even Alan Dorey will be rude to you (remember his article in your own zine?)---but then, what's new. Meanwhile...

ANDY DARLINGTON;

BOB DAY, 154 Sandbed Lane, Belper,
Derbyshire, DE5 0SN:

"Mention of Roy Kettle reminds me that I have a little something to address to him, in the form of a gentle boot in the ribs to the Well-Known Fan Who Directed Me To A Non-Existent Room Party At Novacon Because He Thought I Was Eavesdropping On The Latter Part Of A Conversation Held In The Foyer Concerning A Person I Do Not Know And Could Not Communicate Any Gossip About To That Person's Enemies (Or Those Who Would Welcome What May Or May Not Have Been A Choice Piece Of Gossip: I Don't Know Which It Was, And I Couldn't Care Less). Consider yourself booted, Mr Kettle."

ALAN DOREY, 20 Hermitage Woods Crescent,
St. John's, WOKING, Surrey, GU21 1UE:

"That's right! Hit a man when he's down... knee him in the groin! Make him sweat for ten nights in a row trying to think of a suitable retort to the superb TD#14...

[8]

disembowel him with the sheer magnificence of Doreyspeak (Huh! I bet you were expecting some long, tedious, dreary LoC reduced down to 3 lines by this patented discovery... well you're wrong boss... you'll have to suffer like me and read all of this LoC); castrate him with the best Silicon rep. I've seen (though I didn't promise to buy you a pint...)

"Right, since I now lie in several parts scattered untidily across the deep-pile (so deep it gives Ian Williams vertigo and some people have been trying to escape from it for years), I can't really go on...but summoning up the magic powers of NOVA, I will continue!!

"TD stands for Tedious Dross and GE, Garbage Equivalent, which I think are great fanzine titles. Secretly I believe that these titles are secret internal BSFA code for their two more widely distributed journals; certainly makes a change from those bloody awful mathematical titles---hence Mike Dickinson calling his fanzine *Adsum*, the only maths he ever understood."

CAROLYN DOYLE; LEIGH EDMONDS; STAN ELING; CHRIS EVANS: "I applaud your efforts to edify and enlighten your readership, and in this spirit I would like to offer you an article of my own entitled 'The Role of Fandom in Cognitive Estrangement'. Together, I am confident that we can raise the collective consciousness of the entire sf world."; JAN HOWARD FINDER; RUNE FORSGREN; BRIAN HAMPTON;

MIKE GLICKSOHN, 141 High Park Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario, M6P 2S3, CANADA:

"Harry Bell has a lot of nerve creating a cover that makes innuendos about the efficacy of your ears when his own cover proves that his eyes are no great shakes either. It's long been accepted that no one knows the 'why' of *Twll-Ddu* but apparently Harry's ocular organs are too filled with someone else's form of late to note the proper spelling. Perhaps you ought to do a cover showing eyeballs falling around Harry and letter y's cluttering up his cartoons..."

What a good idea; and what a pity that I can't draw, so that your brilliant cover conception can never come into being---unlike SETH GOLDBERG; ALUN HARRIES: "You probably do not remember me...";

GEORGE HAY: "What is the matter with Peter Weston? I used to think it was just me, but obviously not so---"; STEEV HIGGINS: "WHAT'S WRONG WITH GARBUTT THEN? He must be nice at heart, at Novacon he told me he liked my stories..."; HELEN JOY HIBBERT: "I will tell you my mother's comment, before going on to my own. She says, 'How did he get a proper piece of David & Charles letterheaded paper. They're respectable publishers.'---Stop the presses! David & Charles (Holdings) Ltd would like a word with Ms Hibbert..."

"Dear Sir,

"We are distressed to hear that many of your readers doubt the authenticity of the letter from us which appeared in issue 14 of your 'magazine'. We were especially concerned about the reader whose mother was, as you put it, 'actively hurt' at the suggestion that a respectable company such as D&C could emit such correspondence, and who suspected a Langfordian forgery.

"If you could be kind enough to supply us with the names and addresses of the readers concerned (and, where relevant, of their mothers), we will take the matter from there.

"Yours faithfully: *Clyde Puffer*

"Enforcement Officer.

"PS: WAR IN 2080 is to be the lead Spring title for our Westbridge imprint..."

The original of this letter, on D&C headed paper, may be inspected by appointment at our Reading office; also letters from IRWIN HIRSH;

TERRY HUGHES, 4739 Washington Blvd, Arlington, Virginia 22205, USA:

"Hot shit! That Jonathan Palfrey really has his finger on it. I mean, there is considerable merit to his suggestion that you merge *Twll-Ddu* with *Driljkis*, but he does not quite have the proper combination. No doubt that merger would help put starships into *Twll-Ddu* and end all this silly froth about people's actions, but there are far better choices than *Driljkis*. I think the optimum would have to be merging *Twll-Ddu* with *Matrix*. The writing styles are not all that dissimilar, after all.

"Oh dear. I am afraid that I have got off on the wrong foot once more. That's not at all the way I should have begun this note. I really should have opened with a profound comment like 'Fold first at notches' and then worked my way up to an amusing anecdote about the time I made

[9] a lethal laser by carefully reassembling parts from a child's tricycle, a pocket-size radio, an atomic detonating device and a stolen CIA weapon. However, my chance is now gone, just like the fourteen people on whom I tested the laser.

"In your fourteenth issue there seemed to be a totally uncalled-for amount of discussion about some pulp trash called WAR IN 2080. I mean really now! The author, obviously cannot even come up with a good title. Wouldn't you rather read such a book if it was titled WAR IN SPACE? Of course you would. Or another solid title would be WAR:2080---this might even be sold to ITV and made into a series starring Barbara Bain and Leonid Brezhnev. No, this author chose WAR IN 2080 when it might have been titled THE FOREVER WAR. Tsk, tsk.

"What's all this silly business about worries that some reported comments about resemblances between Joyce Scrivner and myself might lead people to think that we are related? If it is necessary, I can put all this to rest by firmly stating that Joyce and I are not related (unless you count our marriage, which has been kept secret since 1954 due to the silly American taboo about incest between brother and sister.)"

It's because of people like Terry that D&C have raised the price of WAR IN 2080 to £5.95 a copy, despite last issue's letter. "We hope to make this book too expensive for certain classes of reader," said the Enforcement Officer. And now: LINDA HUTCHINSON [who complained that there are no references to cats in TD. Linda hasn't yet learnt the fannish codewords denoting such creatures---eg. 'Novacon Banquet'.]; TERRY JEEVES; ALAN JOWETT; GARRY KILWORTH, now at 155 Church Road, Shoeburyness, Essex, SS3 9EZ; PAUL KINCAID: "Ear, ear.";

CHRISTIAN LEHMANN, 27 Avenue du Onze Novembre, 92190 MEUDON-BELLEVUE, France: "Act three, last scene: bar sequence.

"The lady, who shall remain nameless, has repeatedly invited me to come up to her room to get some aspirins... Leroy Kettle, who's overheard the conversation, leers at me and says 'Go on man, take it!' 'We're just talking about aspirin,' I reply, half convinced... 'Come on, man, she's all tits and ass, take her!' as he goes into what looks like a perverted

epileptic fit. 'Stop it, Leroy, do you want her?' 'Me?' he stutters, "You must be joking." 'Well, I don't either...' 'Aha,' he booms, 'we've got that in common, we could form a club...' 'Go to a singles-bar and meet someone nice,' I cut in. Mr Kettle looks at me strangely: 'That's not nice, stealing my lines, that's definitely not done!'"

Ah...I remember the time when Leroy could quip all night and still retain enough lines to fill a fanzine. Being a Guest of Honour weakened him. But let us not forget MARY LONG; IAN MAULE: "...hopefully get my name into that justly famous WAHF column."; ERIC MAYER: "Maya has a circulation of 500 and costs \$1.00. Simulacrum has a circulation of half that and costs \$2.50. (So I'm told. The day I pay \$2.50 for a fanzine is the day something so extraordinary happens that I can't even imagine a suitable example offhand.) But maybe there's logic here. If fanzines are works of art the smaller edition is worth more. So if I put out a fanzine with a circulation of fifty it ought to be worth at least ten times what Maya's worth..."; STEVE McDONALD: "I must say, non-critically of course, that Joseph Nicholas is an unmitigated brass arsehole with trimmings around the edges."; JUDY MORTIWHATSI: "Why is it no-one can ever remember my name? Ah well, I suppose I have my uses. I fall out of low-cut dresses with amazing ease and panache."; JOSEPH NICHOLAS: "What is wrong with my spelling of 'vacuumn'? Or is it 'vacuum'? Or 'vacumn'?" MARC ORTLIEB; JONATHAN PALFREY: "No, I haven't read Colin Wilson's *The Outsider*."; DAVID PENN; ED PHIPPS; DAVE PIPER; DAI PRICE, now at 23 Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol 7: "I consider the use of the words 'Rob Hansen' and 'brain damage' in close proximity constitutes tautology." [Why did you move out of Newport, Daio?]; CHRIS PRIEST, oops, Chris Priest; PAUL RYAN: "O'Ryan '6 is in heavy preparation for an end of November [1978] publication..."; RON SALOMON; JOYCE SCRIVNER; CYRIL SIMSA; ADRIAN SMITH; KEVIN SMITH [who enclosed a labyrinthine Form Of Nomination To The BSFA Council, devised by himself]: "This power politics is fun, isn't it? Already Tom Jones has tried to say Joe Nicholas isn't a BSFA member, but I think we've managed to prove he is.";

ANDREW STEPHENSON, 19 Du Pre Walk, Wooburn Green, High Wycombe, Bucks., HP10 0QJ: "With the stygian night drawing in, and

[10] ghastly cries re-echoing from the forlorn keeps of the ruined castles that abound in this land, I write this last despairing testimony, that the world shall know the Truth and act before all is undone and the elder gods reclaim their ancient dominion from the lesser races that have come to infest the Earth. Know you, all who read, that TWLL-DDU, the Name That May Not Be Pronounced, has been made manifest again, in a fourteenth and more terrible avatar than any which has gone before. Yea, the very seriousness died within my soul as I pored over its dread pages, insane laughter bubbling from my throat, torn thence by the unholy wit. If there are powers for good in heaven or earth, let them speak now, let them still this resurgence of the fannish spirit, let them restore the Old Ways, the old Speculations and Cyphers and other touchstones of mundanity..."

And the same goes for PAUL STEVENS: "A close look at the name *Twyll Ddu* makes it obvious that several vowels have been missed out somewhere." [Wrong!] "I'd also watch what you say about Joyce Scrivner; her beloved, the tall handsome, distinguished, suave and savagely murderous-when-aroused Denny Lein (he's an american version of me, lucky devil) will very likely come over to England and skull your grummetts whilst nurdling your crossetts for daring to poke fun at Joyce's dimensions." [Mr Lien should have no trouble spotting me: I'm portly, shambling, taciturn, 5' 8" tall, with thick glasses and generous helpings of hair and beard.]; TARAL [who would like me to run more fan-fiction and poetry]; LINDA THOMAS; CHRIS TRINGHAM: "Not all of us Dippy fans are like Plafrey."; VICTORIA VAYNE: "If I went to Britain, I would have reservations about visiting someone like Dave Wingrove, who is gently laughed at in every fannish British zine that I've liked..."; ROD WEBSTER [who wants to have Drilkjis in a display of Reading's 'local culture', such as it is]; and, last as always, the Lean Leaner of Bingley...

D.WEST, 48 Norman Street, Bingley, West Yorkshire, BD16 4JT:

"As you may have heard, I've been dragged back onto the Leeds con committee. Largely because they were getting nervous about spreading the blame. (Though it seems unnecessary to go looking for scapegoats when you already have Ian

Williams.) They're still trying to think of some suitable title for the position I occupy...

"Oh, lots of jolly fun in store for you at this convention... A floating pilgrimage by barge along the Leeds-Liverpool Canal to the Holy Places of Bingley. (That's when Ian Williams has a nasty accident and falls overboard. I suppose you've seen a copy of *Mad Scientist's Digest*.) Then there's the Chairman's Opening Speech, which will doubtless consist of much fascinating medical detail on suppurating wounds, oozing pus etc. Our respected Chief (well, not really Chief--- it's more a sort of Junta) Mike Dickinson turned out to have something worse than Parker's Disease. TB in fact. (I told him he should develop an interesting cough and start writing poetry, but he didn't seem to think much of the idea.) Now he has a big hole in the leg and has to lie around the place a lot. A District Nurse comes and gropes him every day. Sickly lot, these fans."

D begs me to support Starcon ("I did briefly consider calling it D-CON, but decided that was pushing the Cult of Personality bit so far that people might start to notice."). This is the Eastercon bid for Leeds again in 1980, with the attraction of a convention just like Yorcon only (says D) better. Jim Barker would prefer that I support Glasgow's Albacon (planned for a hotel with 58 double rooms costing from £37/night, according to D's research; presumably some slight discount will be offered); its attraction is the possibility of Jim as fan guest of honour. No comment till I've experienced Yorcon...

Vivat Regina

A great wave of patriotism is surging about behind the AWRE security fence: the Queen is dropping in this summer to open a new building devoted to lasers. At once I saw how moving this opening ceremony could be made, with Her Majesty pressing a button to activate the laser and zap a cardboard replica of Mr Brezhnev which symbolically blocks the entrance. Or they could use the laser beam itself as the ceremonial barrier; instead of attacking a (doubtless red) tape with scissors, the entire Royal Family could push a massive leaden screen to block off the beam and allow everybody to enter the building without fear of bisection. In fact the

[11] official word is that the Queen will be pressing a button to operate this wonder of public spending; my spies, however, inform me that the secret masters of the MOD have no intention of trusting her with the real controls. (Foreign blood, y'know... security risk.) When the regal finger comes down, it will merely sound a buzzer in the hidden control room, where some wretched commoner will actually trigger the laser.

"Is anything going to happen, Direct- or? Should I be pressing harder?"

"It's happened, your Majesty. Didn't you see the flash of light through that tinted window behind the bars on the other side of the safety barrier over there where I'm pointing?"

When the excitement has died down, the royal entourage will view displays of AWRE's wonders: the new improved Gatling gun which can cut down rebellious natives by the score, the radioactive caltrops to deter cavalry charges, the nuclear arsenal capable of knocking out anything Hitler could send against us. Also on show will be my letter saying: *Dear Mr Langford, The estimate of plutonium in the lungs resulting from the whole body monitor tests at AERE Harwell is minus thirty-nine nanocuries... (That's right: minus.) There will even be a working model of a pulsed reactor: since reactors tend not to do anything photogenic, a series of red lights are being included...*

"That burst of red light, your Majesty, represented a power peak of 20,000 megawatts accompanied by a lethal burst of neutrons and gamma rays!"

The Queen swoons. Prince Philip dives behind a nearby equerry, and characteristically murmurs "Bloody hell." Before the AWRE Director can explain that this reactor is but a model, he is politely escorted to the Tower.

Meanwhile, our Court Correspondent can now reveal that Lord St Davids (aka Baron Strange of Knokin) is quite willing to open Seacon and to make a speech of any required length. Can Peter Weston afford to miss this opportunity of bogging the Americans?

Literary Corner

Paul Barnett of D&C sent along the letter

from an aspiring author which follows; he added some unkind comments which included the words 'trying to pull my leg' and 'fabrication' and 'Try again, Langford'. I happen to be innocent just this once, but TD readers (mistrustful sods) will no doubt wish to judge that for themselves...

"...May I have your opinion on this suggestion for a non-fiction book which would be both learned and humorous. I have already written the first 5000 words if you wish to read them. The theme is as follows:--- To take the lesser-considered parts of the body, like the nose, ears, navel, knees, buttocks, toes... parts that never seem to get the limelight in poetry, prose and song; like the heart and lips and eyes and hair. I am researching these 'forgotten' parts from libraries, reference books, quotations, and have already amassed much material. So far I'm working on the nose, and writing up all relevant issues... unusual beaks like that of Cyrano de Bergerac and Bardolph; snuff, scent, handkerchiefs; the nose in myths, tribal customs, history... many aspects of the feature.

"Then I shall go on to other parts of the body.

"A likely title is:---

HANDS... KNEES... AND BUMS AMAZE ME !

A Tour Round Your Torso

"I am a free-lance author with stories published in the Confession magazines... I am adept with words; and specialize in humour."

#

AMAZING BUT MORE OR LESS TRUE

ROB JACKSON'S WEDDING UNCOVERED IN TD... searing 500 word description of Rob's and Coral's nuptials hijacked by Harry Bell for purpose unknown... PAUL BEGG MARRIED TOO... the SFBC hitman, encouraged by ex-fiancée Judy, spent much of his reception explaining how his D&C book INTO THIN AIR was going to be a best-seller, unlike WAR IN 2080... fans in attendance included Andrew Stephenson (official TD chauffeur), Martin Hoare, the dread Gerbish and Bob & Sadie Shaw with a bottle of whisky whose existence TD's reporter was unable to verify... JOHN ALDERSON INFLECTS CHAOS ON UK... his fanzine CHAO now available from me for 50p/\$1 in aid of GUFF... ARNOLD THARG FOR BEST SHORT STORY HUGO, gibbers D.West... END OF PAGE SHOCK HORROR REVELATION... TD15 GOES TO PRESS... 4-79

LAST WORD... You have about a 50% chance of having a decent copy of page 7. The duplicator fell apart at this point and took three hours to mend---with brilliant improvisation of a missing part. I hope Uncle Peter won't mind; but I think I may have the only duplicator in fandom which incorporates a piece of a Hugo award...



Ron Salomon
1014 Concord Street
Framingham
MA 01701

U.S.A

By air mail
Par avion

PRINTED MATTER

T W L L - D D U 1 5

From Dave Langford
22 Northumberland Avenue
READING
Berkshire
RG2 7PW
UNITED KINGDOM

Only available for good reason
---or a GUFF contribution.