
 T W L L - D D U is published quarterly, Placet time, by Dave Langford (22 Northumb-
 erland Avenue, Reading, Berks, RG2 7PW, UK) and printed by Reading University or pos-
 sibly Keith Freeman. This, the fourth issue, is being distributed to all members of
 the BSFA as an example of a typical personalzine. Print run: 3000. Not generally av-
 ailable... Following on from Little Gem Guide and Cyclotron, the next BSFA production
 will be Presford's Convention Primer. We anticipate that our membership, already cram-
 med with expertise on fan and pro writing/publishing, will be launching a minimum of
 400 bids for the '78 Eastercon. Greg Pickersgill will be nationalised and the BSFA
 will RULE. You have been warned. We are taking over! All neos are swayed by our prop-
 HALTPROGRAMME ERROR***INITIATE SUBROUTINE 'DOUBLE COLUMNS'***NORMAL SERVICE****

"Why have I got a mould-patch on top of my stamens?" said Hazel.

I didn't know what to think.

"Someone once won the John W. Camp-
 bell award for Beyond Apollen," I coun-
 tered. "Say it again. A-mould-patch-on-
 top-of-your-stamens... Good grief."

Hazel was dumbstruck. "Where do you
 suppose I keep my stamens?" she said won-
 deringly.

"Well---" I am the soul of tact. But
 then I saw the mole wrench (Ship Through
 Newport Home Of The) lying on top of the
 kitchen scales, and it all came together.
 Reality is so depressing. And my wife
 says that my imagination needs cleaning.

(Later: "Why have I got a mole wrench
 on top of my spice-jars?"

"Less chance of a misunderstanding,
 me dear.")

Communication gaps: they follow me
 around. Ever since I failed to achieve
 a meaningful dialogue with the motor-
 bike that came at me, I've been without
 a hearing-aid, which doesn't help: and
 the little card the hospital gave me is
 very depressing. REPORT BACK TO US OR
 SEE YOUR OWN DOCTOR IF YOU DEVELOP HEAD-
 ACHE, VOMITTING OR IF YOU FEEL DROWSY. In
 this weather I'm permanently sleepy and
 prone to headaches---

"Hello? The hospital? I have this
 dreadful drowsy feeling. It's been get-
 ting worse for hours. No, the card says
 nothing about it being all right at 5am.
 Oh."

Communication gap, see?

It was shortly after Hazel had tipped
 half a pound of sultanas into the tool-
 box that the phone call came. "The police

have found Cedric and Clarissa!" my fat-
 her whispered darkly. The fear rose in
 me, then, like an ebony tidal wave, and
 did a lurching polka in my guts. (Imag-
 ery courtesy of R.Zelazny.)

Cedric and Clarissa were skulls, the
 detritus of long-dead medical students,
 acquired by myself at Oxford and pain-
 stakingly cleansed (of dust, only dust)
 with Flesh-destroyer, the current name
 for Sunlight Lemon Liquid, cheapest and
 nastiest detergent on the market. Clar-
 issa, being in a woefully trepanned
 state, had occasionally done duty---lin-
 ed with aluminium foil---as a peanut-
 bowl; while Cedric's foramen magnum was
 just large enough to take a low bulb, so
 it was the work of half an hour to arran-
 ge that his eye-sockets should flash a
 sinister red...

Since Mother didn't much fancy them,
 they were boarded out with my good aunt
 Louise until I could find a happy home
 for the little dears. Then Louise moved,
 cleverly leaving both Clarissa and Ced-
 ric hanging in a plastic bag from the
 roof of the garage.

"I put them there," she explained,
 "so they wouldn't frighten the kids."

The person they did frighten, I dis-
 covered, was the policeman who'd bought
 the house... Human remains in the gar-
 age? Instant suspicion! Worse, the gen-
 tleman with whom Louise had been living
 was nowhere to be found...

"Naturally she could dispose of the
other bones, sergeant; but a skull is
 less inconspicuous."

"Amazing, Mr Fairweather!"
 "Elementary," said he.

 Hello, everybody! I'm an Ian Williams style page number. Much more fun than a boring
 old figure at the top. Or at the bottom. Mind you, I do go on a bit. God, I'm preten-
 tious. I have amnesia too. Why don't you count the pages for yourself? This seems like
 a good place to say thanks to Hazel, without whom etc. Thanks. I don't have to be all
 serious here, you see: it's just a page number. And---the number of this page is, er,

In the Cwmbran police station, my /2/ aunt's story was scoffed at, and press releases were lovingly polished. In Reading, a Monty Pythonesque duo of crime-fighters burst in on me.

"We'd like to ask you a few questions about some... skulls," said the John Cleese figure, waiting for the blood to drain from my face and gurgle into my socks. "The skulls that I brought from Oxford and left in the keeping of my good aunt Louise?" I quipped. He permitted no emotion to soften his cruel features. "Mind if we come in?"

The other arm of the law was broken--- a passable Terry Jones in a large sling ---I was expecting something like "When I found them skulls I fell over with the shock and did this to myself and I'll settle out of court for £5000"; but he said nothing and continued to say it for the duration of the visit. His big friend extracted a statement from me with practiced and agrammatic ease (I always have to correct policemen's grammar when they take statements... h'mm, what a giveaway). A sense of anticlimax began to be felt, as I regaled him with details of the cellar where the skulls turned up, with a dead cat on the floor; or the naming of not only the relics he knew, but Cholmondley (fragmentary, painstakingly labelled, location unknown) too and even the unspeakable Cecil (Hazel's special delight, a complete mummified head).

"Let's not bother with them," he said despairingly, refusing cup after cup of tea. "Let's stick to the point."

So I signed on the dotted line and they went away. We are not likely (they said, with some relief) to be troubled again. The tool-box was still full of sultanas; I dismissed skulls from my mind.

An hour later, our hero was retrieving some impedimenta---love that word--- from his nice new car. Across the road, a police-car slid to a halt in that furtive way they have---the driver shouted to me---this was it! I shuffled across to discover what he was saying...

"What's the number of your house?"

"Twenty-two."

"Thanks." He drove away.

I think it's the standard procedure with Nuisances: if you can't prosecute, hit 'em with a few lightning shafts of fear to teach 'em the error of their ways. What next? Who knows?

* * * * *

Later that day, Hazel underwent a sort of mystical experience. Thus... "Something very nasty happened to me in the loo," she said.

"The cistern didn't explode again?"

"No, it was a moth."

"?"

"It flew round and round inside when I was using the loo. It sort of... bounced."

My basic insensitivity revealed itself in the form of mild shrieks. Hazel strove to make me appreciate the serious nature of the matter: "It was a big one with yellow wings!"

"Did it emerge when you'd finished?" I gasped.

"It emerged before I finished," she said darkly. There was a pause, broken by undignified sounds forced from myself, as she brooded. "I hope it was a female," Hazel finally said.

On the whole, I hope so too.

then there was the baronet who was so miserably introverted that not even earls and viscounts could cheer him up until he drank a glass of lager which refreshes the Barts. that other peers cannot reach.....oh well.

There follows a lot of mixed stuff. Pamela Boal and Martin and Liese and Lord St.Davids all gave parties...the Tun happened twice...

At the last Tun I seemed to spend much of the evening listening to Kev Easthope explaining how he'd come all the way from Birmingham to ignore Greg: "He doesn't know I'm ignoring him if I do it at home." Another fearful aspect of that night was the recurrent image of a beardless Rob Holdstock---strong men wept, women turned away in horror, it couldn't be true, there must have been something in the beer. I was still reeling when George Hay confided that he now works for the Inland Revenue. Next year, microdot tax assessments will be fired into space.

Pamela's lavish affair had one recurring conversation (principals, Gray Boak and Dave Rowe) and one subject: That Award. So serious was the debate that the word "serfan" was instantly coined.

((This is not the place for more discussion of the N*v* Award. Ruthlessly have I suppressed the comments of Gr*y B**k to the effect that the only 1976 contenders are *gg, Shr*w and M*y*.

Never would I consider spreading further the rumour (thank you, L*r*y) that P*t Ch*rn*ck says "if nominated I will not stand..."; nor would I dwell on the thought that should two issues indeed be required in the year, *gg is probably out of the running; and as for suggesting that one might consider St*p Br**k*ng D*wn---! This was a contribution to the Bring Aposiopesis Back To Fanzines movement. Give generously.))

"You can't eat just one peanut," said someone. Kevin Smith took this as a challenge; eager to set new records, he masticated a half-peanut and emerged triumphant. Later, bestial appetites broke loose---beard atremble with gluttony, the weakling snatched and gobbled a second half-peanut. (With an eye to the dwindling space, your editor now has recourse to the technique disliked by Dave Rowe: "quoting a lot of quotes". Sorry.)

Coral: "I'm no good at cards...I even lose at strip snap." Pandora: "Which outcome would you call losing?" Gray Boak: "At Mancon, none of the Rats would talk to me." Mike Meara: "Fred Hemmings is a sadist."

the pope's got crabs! (pause) oh, i always say that when there's a pause in the conversation.....jim linwood

Martin's party was no more coherent. The empty glitter of fandom...Boris fingered Mr Poole's latest fanzine and said "I thought it was called SCROTUM." Someone called Chris related an encounter with the law after speeding---"Can I blow up a breathalyser?" "Why?" "I've never done it before." "Gerroff, I've only got three left---" "

"These matzos," said someone else, "look like book-covers." Obviously Coral had planted this line---the words were hardly out when she cried "Readers Digest!". Everyone laughed, which shows the state we were in. Dai Price told of the customer at his bank who opened: "Er, I want to change my date of birth." After lecturing me for ten minutes on Satire in the Early Sixties, Joseph Nicholas became indiscreet with Helen Eling and almost immediately was carried upstairs to be deposited in the very room where Mauler and Janice were to sleep...

("Janice was frightened of this object on the floor," smirked Ian. "I had to keep saying 'don't worry, I'll protect

you---!")
Laurence Miller made a statement. Attend, now: "Since Stan and Helen Eling are supporting SKYCON, the Birmingham Group will have to remain neutral." Oh.

Meanwhile, Dave Staves, (wearing a David E. Bridges badge which fooled me for whole seconds) collapsed on the lawn. Mrs Staves vanished soon after, none knows whither. Paul Thompson collapsed on the lawn. Ames said goodbye to everyone, disappeared with Coral for twenty minutes and then said goodbye again. Dai collapsed on the lawn. Gra Poole impaled himself on nails sticking out of the stairs: he withdrew to the floor, where I trod on him. (I did promise afterwards to publish a public apology and to write letters to dozens of fanzines explaining my guilt---) Ed Phipps collapsed on the lawn.

Recovering, Dave Staves tottered around the house. "Jean's pissed off with Easthope again," he snarled. Taking the air with Martin, I noted from the contents of the Easterhopemobile that this theory was substantially correct. Before Brian Hampton could fetch his camera, Dave himself discovered the car... Paul moved indoors (he said, changing the subject in haste) and sat for hours upon the stairs, moaning. Dai locked himself in the bog.

As we eventually drove home, a curious peek into the Easthope vehicle revealed a mass of sleeping bodies. Well, well.

so the biowarfare researcher challenged his colleague to a duel and it was..... pustules at dawn. now read on.

THE INERT VIEW

in which our fearless investigator CONFRONTS the boy who may be Britain's youngest fan.

TD: By the way, Boris, Jim Linwood curses you. (see letters)

BORIS: I must think up some scandal about Jim.

TD: As Britain's youngest fan except perhaps for some of the others, have you any message for all of us?

BORIS: According to his wife, Jim invents a really juicy insult and writes it down. Then he looks at it and thinks "Who can I say that about?"

TD: When did you first discover sf?

/4/ BORIS: He says that whenever he writes a bad review of someone, they ask him to review for them. So he's going to write this crushing review of Maya and displace Malcolm Edwards.

T-D: The existential significance of the critical oeuvre of Malcolm Edwards---

BORIS: Did you know Jim Linwood was once a pavement artist? In Paris yet.

T-D: Turning now to the vexed question of science-fiction art---

BORIS (meditatively): I once knew a bloke who put custard on his chips.

MARTIN HOARE (interposing): Where was it that they offered a bottle of Scotch to the first girl who danced topless?

BORIS: For a bottle of Scotch I would have danced topless.

MARTIN: You haven't any, er... (he gestures vaguely)

BORIS: I could always pretend. (To the interviewer and his four-colour pen---) Why are you writing in different colours?

T-D: Differing levels of cultural value.

BORIS: Oh. Which is the highest?

T-D: I'll decide later.

BORIS: Did you know that Jim Linwood is Sp--- (PAUSE) I don't dare say anything scandalous about Jim...he'll kill me.

T-D: Thank you Boris, for your full and frank answers.

(Serve him right for not sending a Loc.)

have you noticed that fans' addresses often have a q in the postcode? i think the computer is watching us.....bob shaw

(more)

LETTERS

** More, that is, than last time. More than I can print, I think: but let's have a look---

D.WEST:

"I note that my name appears somewhere or other in every issue of TD, a distinction shared by few others outside your immediate circle. This letter is simply a precautionary measure supplied to make sure you don't run out of pretexts for maintaining the sequence. For

another device of the same sort I have reviewed you exhaustively in the forthcoming issue of DRY ROT. ("Langford is... genuinely witty... and... original...") Of course, Kettle will probably cut the good bits. But it's the thought that counts.

"Most of the people you mention are outside my acquaintance. I don't think I've met your present wife (though I seem to have met Liese Hoare---amazingly polite she was, too) but it seems we have interests in common. Snails are indeed preferable to children in many ways, being quieter and less expensive. Their only defects are that they show little affection, have no conversation and in the present economic climate are unlikely to be able to support you in your old age. However, selective breeding may eventually lead to a more socially aware snail capable of making the strenuous efforts necessary to overcome these limitations. Research goes on...

"And meantime, of course, there is the continued pleasure of watching my charges at their gay frolics. In these times of stress few spectacles can be more soothing than the sight of the even-tempered Limnaea stagnalis pursuing its own affairs with a calm and unruffled certitude. Only spectating at a cricket match half an hour after the pubs shut---or picking up the latest Langford-edited fanzine---can have a similarly anaesthetic effect, and regrettably such anodynes as these are not always available."

** Hum. I shall try to provide this surcease for you as often as I may. Not too often, though---look at this---

TERRY HUGHES:

"Damn it all, Langford, what are you trying to do? ...I was going to write at great length about how much I enjoyed your shotgun-style convention report. The letter was going to contain words of praise for the effective humor of your writing style which used such effective short paragraphs. Even the shiny little staples would have been mentioned in the fourteen page letter of comment. But rather than patiently wait for the l.o.c. that would come eventually, you impudently put out another issue. Well that letter is never going to be written. You blew it, baby."

** I'm too modest to print such long letters of praise. (Would I lie to you?)

"Your enjoyable account of the way your description of the decor in your new dining room caused the eavesdropping woman to quickly move away, put me in mind of a stunt Jim Turner used to practice. Jim was a member of Columbia, Missouri, fandom just as I was and has become something of a legend to those of us who know him. He made a fine art of making easily overheard comments designed to shock. One of his favourites was to walk along a poorly lit street and if any other people were walking within earshot of him, he would loudly whisper to a companion, 'When you swing the chain, remember to aim for the eyes...' Most of the time the other people would turn and walk in the opposite direction, or sometimes run."

** Which takes me back to the Oxford U group, returning from the pub in slow procession. I would wear my doctored sunglasses with red glowing pinpoints at the centre of each lens (at Tynecon the sight stopped Bob Shaw halfway through a pint); Hazel at my side gazed blankly into space, the lady whose mind has been unhinged by the Nameless Horror; in front there shambled tiny, goblin-like Mike Damesick, hamming it up as Igor; behind loomed hugely grinning zombies---V. Frankenstein Products Giant Family Size (Dermot and Mike Cule); the rest, in the character of A Crowd Of Peasants Without Torches, merely joined in the OUSEFG wolf-cry whenever a victim drew near. People would cross the street, or flee, or stand paralysed with terror as the Mob passed by...

** Severe in-growing nostalgia, the doctor says. I'm to take a lot of whisky and relax. Which brings us to

MIKE GLICKSOHN:

"I don't think I've ever heard of a fan who turned down a free drink because he or she didn't know the person making the offer! Simone may well have earned a footnote in Harry's history of the 70s with that gesture. (Anyway, I suspect it's a ploy by Picky who's beaten her until she agrees not to accept free drinks, so that fans who can't afford to buy two people drinks will still offer Greg a gratis grog. Cunning little hairy things, these Rats.)"

** Offer Greg a gratis grog, gregagrogis, grogagratis---aargh. My tongue gets twisted round the keys. Mike arrived in stereo, here he is again:

161 "Your apparent surprise at the number of people who attended your party reminds me of the essential difference between English and North American attitudes toward travel and distance. I know that on the occasions I've met London fans, they've given me the impression that a trip up to, say, Manchester, is still considered a major undertaking. This reflects the attitude that was prevalent when I was a youngster living in Romford, when a hundred mile trip to Portsmouth was a trip to be planned for weeks and undertaken only once or twice a year. Despite the increased mobility of the modern Englishman (and hence Englishfan) it seems this basic awe of distance and travel still exists."

** And we make our own beer to avoid the awesome trip to the pub...

"A drive of three hundred miles would take a London fan to just about any fan center in England but the mere idea of such a trek seems alien to most Englishmen. It's an interesting example of cultural differences. (But from your description, the party that lies at the end of that trek sounds much the same whether it be in Beecher, Illinois or Stockport! Some things, it's nice to know, are universal; drinking, snogging, throwing up, talking, spilling, arguing, and losing one's way are common to us all.)"

** Economic difference, not cultural. Rail fares and petrol are absurdly expensive. Fans tend to be paranthetical, i.e. they live in lower income brackets. QED.

"I'm surprised Leroy worries so much about his deformed hairline. It's the one part of his grotesquely repellent physiognomy that few people will notice, so nauseated are they by the other more disgustingly freakish aspects of his physique. It's like Quasimodo worrying about an ingrown toenail.

"My glass is empty and I can't listen to any more of Gerald Ford while still this sober. Excuse me while I drink myself into a stupor..."

** Still time to get this page back across the Atlantic. Get rowing, Phil.

PHIL STEPHENSON-PAYNE:

"Be careful you don't start a new trend... Conreports will become old hat and Wedreports will be the in-thing. One can just imagine: 'From Co-editing to Respectability' by Andrew Stephenson and Lisa

Conesa, or 'I'm only researching for my next story' by Chris Morgan and ... Well, you get the picture. Mind you I think it was extremely rash of you to admit responsibility for the derelict Dave Rowe on Reading Station. Last I heard the police were still looking for a strange young man who, on that night, 'was reported asking all the young ladies in sight if they'd like to come and see his friend's Black Hole'. Perhaps they won't press charges."

** He still seems to be on the loose---

DAVE ROWE:

"Twill-ddu (did I spell it write this time) seems to be progressing (or regressing) into a vast collection of great one-liners, strung together with the minimum of plot, rather like any comedy film series or a Langford & fandom laugh-in. Trouble is a sole diet of alphabet soup can get rather laborious.

"Yes I enjoyed it, but..."

** Running out of criticisms, Dave goes on to copy out all the Hugo nominees in longhand. The boy has determination...

** I'm buying one of Chris Morgan's old plots for TD5. Just you wait.

JIM LINWOOD:

"The Welsh origin of the title having finally seeped through my thick skull I asked a wise one of Celtic ancestry (me missus) what it means and she told me: 'Oh, Fuck Off You English Bastards or something.' Such gratitude from the land of the long-bow and Pickersgill. I like your frenetic time jumping style; like Kettle on heat or Rowe having taken a course of intelligence pills, although I'm afraid you are still on the short list of the 'fnz reviewers guild'---tell that Fowler guy Linwood has no buddies. Curse Boris for blowing my scoop for my muck raking Drinkglass column, although he missed the point entirely; the ManCon committee are deliberately withholding £7000 from the University authorities so as to collect the $\frac{1}{2}$ yearly interest. There's my Cynic review up the spout---all about corruption in high places---me and Boak, the Woodward and Bernstein of fandom both.

"This week has been, for me, the most sociable fanwise since NovaCon 74 (after which I escaped into wargaming fandom)---Greg and Simone live practically up the road from me so some time back I made

several enquiries as to whether I was in Greg's good books and was told he wasn't very receptive to visitors, meanwhile Greg was asking the same about me from the same persons and getting a similar reply, so for months the great meeting of minds never came to fruition. However, I got a letter from Greg saying he was going to the Richmond Orange Tree meeting (a boring monthly affair in which several fen of Kittenish tendencies sit around the Hampton as he holds forth on all he can remember of the previous ish of New Scientist) and would I be there? So I overcame my apathy and ventured forth---and a good time was had by all (to murder a cliché)---despite the disgusting Maule exposing himself and extolling the pleasures of fucking all of Gerry Webb's pekes. Then back to my place with Simone, Greg, pissed Ian and Dave Griffin (a nice bloke who drooled over my first ish of Unknown) for coffee and natters and invites to Greg's place next week, all leaving me with a feeling that all is well with the world...Jesus, so euphoric I am that I will be saying nice things about Rowe and Jeeves next!

"This Staves woman must be vastly overrated if the Goblin wasn't laid at ManCon. Maule a Ratfan? I was running down Kitten Fandom recently as is my wont and Mauler sez: 'Hey, watch it'. 'I didn't know you were a Kitten, Ian' sez I. 'Well,' replied Ian, 'I don't really know what I am'."

** Jean Staves? Well, reading between the loins...

KEVIN SMITH:

"The Beer Incident. Really, Dave, after so kindly crediting me with the reporting of it, and after my explaining it so very carefully to you, the least you could have done was get it right. Dermot did not explain that Leroy has pushed him into Simone. Dermot explained that Leroy pushed Simone into him. This still differs from Greg's version, though. It only goes to prove you got your alternatives in a twist, young Langford. My, my! The vital issues discussed in personalzines!

** By now (he said, changing the subject with an obvious wrench) people may be worrying about the lack of addresses. Elucidation comes from

PAMELA BOAL:

"I'm glad you have the same habit as Dave Rowe," (no, never, not that!) "that

of giving useful addresses on a separate sheet so that I can build up my fannish address book instead of trying to fit people into my overflowing non-fan books."

** If there isn't a flyer this time, I probably forgot. Quick now, to our Grand Finale---

JOSEPH NICHOLAS:

"While I type this in the heat of my fanzine-strewn room, my parents' dog dozes on the bed, slap in the middle of my typing paper; truly, long-haired miniature dachshunds find odd places to keep cool. So if you detect small black hairs attached to any part of this loc, remember---they are not mine! No, I write fully clothed...

"Wimbledon commentary surrounds me, percolating throughout the house---from the TV that my father is watching, the radio that my mother is listening to as she irons in the kitchen, from another radio that my brother listens to as he sprawls on the lawn. Do I listen, do I care? Who, me? The only sport I ever followed was motor sport, when I was much younger and predictably fascinated with things mechanical. Now I'm older and wish I could even drive---the only time I ever sat behind the steering wheel of a car was when I'd seen Goldfinger at about the age of ten or thereabouts; I used to sneak out to the garage, pretend our then-very-new Cortina Estate was an Aston Martin and utter vaguely engine-like noises as I wrenched at the wheel with one hand and fired off my toy pistol with the other. The Good Old Days, ha ha. Fanzine loccols should be retitled 'True Confessions'; suddenly, everyone would be reading them. No-one would understand them, though; just like conreps offered to the BSFA. And the BSFA was once supposed to be the driving force behind the organisation of cons; now look at it. On second thoughts, don't look; apathy might be contagious. I'm even a member, by God; but I've rendered my membership card even more valuable than the two pounds I paid for it by getting Harlan Ellison to sign his name on the back. It was all I had available at the time."

** He signed a TD3 flyer too...seemed a nicer guy than I expected...talked to Hazel a lot. She came to me after and said "Harlan Ellison just tweaked my nose." So naturally I cried "Gad! shall the honour of my wife be sullied thus?" and---in the friendliest poss-

ible way, you understand---returned /7/
the compliment to H.E. --

Then Hazel made some joke about "now you can tell everyone you've tweaked HE's nose": the Man apparently took this as serious, not believing that anyone could commit such lese-majeste lightheartedly. So in the Vector interview there's a highly coloured version of it all (perhaps HE was a bit on edge, with Chris Fowler gazing implacably down the microphone sights) which really Shows Me Up. Yeah... I tipped beer over Bob Shaw once ...I kicked Arthur Clarke in the gut...

Ah well. I've patted my ego nearly back into shape, now.

Remember that copy of Astounding that was floating round at Mancon? With a cover which mentioned the story OVERSHOOT by Bob Shaw---in 1944? Bob explains:

"I had completely forgotten the 1944 ASTOUNDING cover caper, and when people mentioned having seen it at Mancon I thought at first that it was some kind of hoax. The story behind it is that when I met up with Irish Fandom in 1950 I began reading Walt Willis's ASF collection at a great rate, and promptly discovered (that verb seems inappropriate, somehow) that one of them had no cover. I was keen on illustrating at that time so I invented and drew a one-off cover and put it on the magazine. Walt later sold it off with other magazines and it went into limbo, to be picked up two decades later in a second-hand bookshop by George Locke. Seeing it again after a lapse of 26 years was a real time trip for me."

* * * * *

SHORTS...or...lots...of...dots...

Andy Darlington: "Never quite know how to react/respond to personalzines except vaguely Kantian musings about the 'sense of never-ending wonder at the moral law within and the starryheavens above'"......Tom Jones: "Well up to your usual standards, whatever they might be".....Ray Harrison: "Roy Kettle's loc was good, damn good, bloody good, bloody damn good, bloody damn bloody good".....Leroy Kettle: "No loc this time".....Dave Griffin: "It's always strange to get a fanzine from one of these 'mythical' fans".....Dave Cockfield: "Remind me to kiss your boots next time we meet".....Tom Jones: "We've decided not to let Chris produce any more VECTORS until the

Arts Council grant comes through"..... /8/
Eric Batard: "My typewriter does NOT keep
on failing to typespaces :I do because I'm
a silly typist"..... Jim Linwood: "Pete
Roberts has been accepted by the trekkies
cos he recognised a photo of Spock's dad-
die in some sort of initiation ceremony"
..... Ray Harrison: "If Kevin Smith pubs
his own zine please pass my name etc. on.
Otherwise I will only write to him anyway"

Also mug enough to waste a stamp were:
Stan Eling, Chris Evans, John Harvey,
Richard McMahon, Mike Skelding, Ken Slo-
ter, Adrian Smith, Steve Sneyd, and others
who are mentioned below.....

BRITAIN IS FINE IN '79 * SKYCON IS GREAT
IN '78 * and similar slogans...

I've separated mail concerning the SKY-
CON bid, to form this exciting black-col-
oured don't-pull-out supplement. For any-
one who's only just come in, SKYCON is a
bid for the '78 British Eastercon, invol-
ving a host of glittering talent and also
me.

ROB JACKSON:
"Previously I expressed (lukewarm)
support for the Harveys, but now your bid
has come along, and Skycon seems much
stronger, both in terms of fannish exper-
ience and sheer numbers. I gather your
hotel is near Heathrow Airport... (a lit-
tle birdie told me) ...as long as it's
near one of the residential areas close
by, so people can get at cheap eateries,
everything will be go for large volumes
of support for your bid. Certainly Gann-
etfandom is on your side."

** Heathrow is right, but at the edge.
(Don't worry, the double-glazing is
most efficient.) Cheap eateries...from
the hotel you can see two pubs, both
of which serve food, and a small snack
bar. We'll look round a bit more.

PETE WILDE:
"To put it in words of officialdom:
'The Nottingham Group is withdrawing its
bid in favour of SKYCON'. That suit you?"

"The feeling here is that we will be
getting a good con in 78, and that's what
counts. (The Harveys we never took seri-
ously, anyway.) It will probably help you
to state your support in the next SKYCON
flyer, but that's up to you."

** Thanks, Pete: we're very grateful. We
will keep everyone posted about our
bid through TD etc for now... Maybe
Notts will be back in 1980?

JAN HOWARD FINDER:

"...As to 78, I have a personal thing
going. Bring WILSON 'BOB' TUCKER over as
either GoH or FGoH. He will make your
con. I know of 15 or so British fen who
will fight to get him over... He is fan-
tastic!"

** Jan also sent a copy of the "Really
Incomplete Bob Tucker", very much
appreciated. But I don't know: it's
so early for us to make commitments
of this scale. Opinions, readers?

D.WEST:

"You can rely on my support, if only
because I will then be able to write a
conreport in which you figure prominent-
ly, thus returning the favour of all the
mentions you have given my own name."

RAY HARRISON (again...):

"I'll have to hear more about this
other con you mention before I decide
which way to cast my lot (though I must
say, it sounds like you have a good
thing going). I want to see which way
the BNF's go as well. Do you print a
list of supporters?"

** BNF's? Wouldn't trust one of those,
would you? How about Rob? The list:
we have letters of support from:
JOSEPH (Newest Ratfan) NICHOLAS, GEORGE
(Inland Revenue) HAY, DAVE (After The
Flood) GRIFFIN, COLIN (SF Foundation)
LESTER and DAI (lives in the same town as
Bryn Fortey) PRICE. Moreover---

ERIC BATARD:

"MMMh... sounds nice."

** Amazingly, he's talking about SKYCON.

DARROLL PARDOE:

"The only thing you don't mention ab-
out SKYCON is where it's going to be."

** Ah, but we've narrowed it down, now.

TOM JONES would like to support the bid,
but is acutely conscious of his vast re-
sponsibility to the BSFA and wants to be
sure first. So all the bits of his lett-
er dealing with SKYCON were labelled DNG
BY ORDER OF THE BSFA. Maybe next time...

this issue of t-d was finished on bank
holiday monday while all the rotten rich
fans were getting drunk at silicon. i do
hate such vulgar ostentation. peeve.

SKYCON STOP PRESS! BORIS HAS BOUGHT A
PRE-SUPPORTING MEMBERSHIP! GET YOURS NOW
---ONLY 50p TO MARTIN & LIESE! the end