

BULGING LOBES

VOLUME THREE

CLIVE BRICKLEG, ADEL LEFDS.

IT WAS THE RULER
(HONFST!)



ALL THAT'S GREAT ABOUT SF ART!!!

Featuring Chris Floss with
+ Roger Bean

BULGING LOBES BRINGS TO YOU!

and

ALL THAT'S GREAT ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION, FICTION!!!

THE STARBURST SMASH GRAPWORM.
clutching the leg.
As chest pounded and stretched and
beat till he had faced him self from
his bondages what were tight around
his thrubling torso which pounded.
"gee!" screamed Creamola she
delightful as she gazed her soft hand
delighting ecstasy
-ultricate and
drip

lucky
short legs
slippery bel-
damp patch in
Pushed into position
Faygun of ionc pound-
resistance to nothingness in
"What an Omerette Creamola" said
Zurgen, his chest + torso pounding in
Rhythm with the
Kerwood Chef

What is a bloody
PICKERSGILL?
(some sort of mushroom
or trout or salmon or
cod or haddock or?)

Sorry. This is really—

TWILL * DDDU SIX

 * T W L L - D D U 6 (March 1977) comes from Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland
 * Avenue, Reading, Berks, RG2 7PW, United Kingdom. At last:
 * First Anniversary Issue! Since the vastly increased circulation of numbers 4
 * and 5, a number (well into single figures) of readers have flooded me with let-
 * ters, many of them arranged into words. Owing to such encouragements, the pres-
 * ent issue is marked by a spasm of Bigness unaccompanied by Betterness. Litho
 * cover by the fabulous Jon Langford! Free flyers (Vector and Maya) with the
 * first 3000 copies! Orange paper as used by veritable Pickersgills and Charnox!
 * And in every copy, the three count 'em three staples which have made TWLL-DDU
 * famous throughout Kingston-upon-Thames! ---Next week, the special quintuple
 * issue TWLL-DDU 7-11, employing the Jackson-Fowler method for instant big num-
 * bers... The Walker (Excluded Middle) and Griffin (Base Canard) methods of hur-
 * tling towards the hundreds are still too complex for me. ROBERTS FOR TAFT!!!
 * *****

A select group (consisting of everyone in fandom who could make it) attended Greg Pickersgill's and Simone Walsh's housewarming on March 19th. Welsh Fandom was strongly in evidence, superstar Bryn Fortey being supported, whenever it seemed necessary, by Mike Collins, Rob Hansen, and even Martin Hoare and me. A heavily bearded Jim Linwood (I failed to recognise him at first gape) balanced our still heavily beardless Rob Holdstock. Rob tried to hide his shame behind a camera, and took a lot of pictures. Ritchie Smith said something about my writing which may well have been complimentary. Roy Kettle made many witty quips as always, but since he was visiting his in-laws we didn't get to hear them. Dave Bridges bemoaned the quality of modern glue, while Dave Griffin remained enigmatically silent. I concentrated on jotting down names which I could subsequently drop. (Chris Priest, for example. Thud.)

"Hello," said Kev as he came in. "Joe Nicholas is here, isn't he? I can feel him irritating me." Accountants, you know, develop this uncanny sixth sense.

Pausing only to explain the broad, deep gulf between his fannish and his important interests, Brian Parker bemoaned Andrew Stephenson's "total lack of faith in Parker's Patch."

"Not at all," said Andrew. "I thought number four was your best issue."

Brian counted on his fingers and discovered he had only reached issue 3. "The thing about you, Andrew," he said bitterly, "is that you're so totally ignorable. Apart from your vast bulk, of course..."

I turned quickly away and found Simone. She was calling Kev a wine snob, since he'd dared to ask that his plonk be cooled in the fridge. With immense tact I

said "There was something odd about your SBD editorial, Simone."

She bared her teeth. "What?"

"That paragraph about your breakdown ...it sounded a bit stilted, formal... You mentioned me four times in a row and called me 'Dave Langford' each time. Couldn't you have varied it with an occasional 'Dave' or even just 'Langford'?"

Simone giggled suddenly. "But Greg wrote that bit! I forgot to mention it so he put it in. He was very proud of how he imitated my style. Oh, I must tell him---" She rushed away.

So much for textual analysis.

Meanwhile, as Marion crept away, Jim Linwood devoted himself to the drinks. "Looking for anything special?" Liese asked.

"Something," said Jim, "that'll make Brian Parker drunk and his girl-friend randy..."

("Did Jim throw up?" said Boris a few days later. "I don't think so," I said: "Why?" "He usually does... You're sure he didn't?" Boris is becoming very bold these days.)

The front room, thick with the smell of new carpet, was loudly musical: from time to time Greg would hurl people onto the floor and scream "Dance, stranger! Dance!" Turning savagely on me, he snarled "I'd make you dance too if you weren't bloody deaf." The perfect host.

It was all very sultry. Eve Harvey danced with great vigour ("She should wear more underwear if she's going to dance like that," said Hazel cryptically). Bryn Fortey danced without grace and Pat Charnock without Graham, he being about his vile business far away. The tone of stark disbelief with which Pat can say "Dave Langford's dancing!" will haunt me

/2/ through the years to come. Brian danced kamikaze-fashion upon the floor and Sheila Holdstock indiscriminately: her screams of agony, though terrible to behold, couldn't compete with Greg's amplifier. Undeterred, Brian went on to hurl his feet in Bionic Man attacks at the window. Fortunately he missed.

Jim, meanwhile, was apparently being seduced by Brian's girl-friend. ("Are you quite sure he didn't throw up?" said Boris earnestly. "Did you watch him all the time?" Well, no.)

Exhausted by all this, I crawled back

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Ever been WORRIED by names to which you couldn't put a face? Faces to which you couldn't put a name? Soft luscious bodies to which you couldn't put---well, you get the idea. At last, our new public service enables those in doubt to cross the Great Decide, by consulting **THE TWLL-DDU DIRECTORY OF FANDOM!!!**

Just like real SF directories, this listing is incomplete, insular, rushed, and riddled with errors! Only TWLL-DDU brings you that authentic, subtle shoddiness.

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TORREST J ACKERMAN (€@) Curious LoC substitutes no. 1: \$2.20 in USA stamps, all covered in astronauts and things.

MERF ADAMSON is apparently me. At any rate, Mary Long notes that her copy of TWLL-DDU 4 was edited by Merf. Gad. What a damned unsporting thing to do. Should you find this Adamson lurking near the letter-box and editing my fanzines before they reach you, I advise you to set fire to his moustache.

BRIAN ALDISS (€) was one of the few people who noticed something wrong with the title of this fanzine. (Apart from the usual things, dear cretins.) This sort of perceptivity is what makes British Science Fiction Great. I shall print an Aldiss contribution when space permits, under the title "Three Enigmatic Lines on a Postcard".

GREG BENFORD (€): Being conscious of his delicate position as a visiting almost-celebrity a few months back, Greg was careful to tell those who didn't know him (and several who did) about his Nebula Award. Worried that his American accent might baffle the natives, he would repeat this information several times. By and by he loosened up and dropped lines like "Jerry Pournelle's a nice guy but his attitude to writing's the same as Hermann Goering's attitude to culture," etc. No doubt.

towards the drinks and encountered a latecomer, a male Charnock who burst out with an old grudge: "I saw you at Seacon talking when you could have been dancing. Why weren't you bloody dancing? Why won't you ever dance?"

There's no justice.

Martin had gone to sleep. So had John Harvey. And Eve. Brian Hampton might just as well have been asleep. Greg being sunk in meditation and quite unavailable, we thanked Simone fervently and vanished into the night. (The morning.)

Great party...

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GRAY BOAK (*) Curious LoC substitutes no. 2: about eighty fanzines, none of them CYNIC (though several of them TWLL-DDU). On a one-for-one trade basis, I'll have to print numerous extra copies of this issue.

PAMELA BOAL is editing a newspaper for disabled people, improbably titled PASSION. Distributors with false smiles have lured her on to print 20000 copies, subsequently refusing to distribute them. This, as all you astute fans can see, means a financial mess. For a limited period, I'm accepting money for TWLL-DDU ---issues 6 and 7 only---minimum 50p per copy. The money goes to Pamela and T-D comes to you: fair enough? Reviewers please note.

DAVE BRIDGES, arch-exponent of silliness, recently distributed a hexaflexafanzine through OMPA (when flexed, it fell apart). His perforated origami wallpaperzine is already legendary, and let's hope it stays that way. The new ONE-OFF will flicker subliminally from dozens of TV game screens at Eastercon '77. Dave announces that he is now developing a revolutionary new fanzine which will be printed on rectangular sheets of paper, each page the same way up, ordered from front to back and stapled at the edge. "I've got the basic theory all worked out," he was heard to say. "It's just a matter of time."

BRIAN EARL BROWN somehow sneaks into this mainly British compilation with a Top Quote of '76: "Denise and I were there for a little collatio." (Mad Scientist's Digest 1 p.12) Mind you, it takes a lot of people for proper collatio. First the Orgymaster sorts the participants into neat piles, and then... and then Keith Freeman complains that TWLL-DDU is becoming another obszine.

THE CHARNOX: A lady of strange talents and stranger orifices, Pat is "the only other woman fanwriter in England" (Simone Walsh)

Graham, in one of his lesser fits of paranoia, has expressed nervousness at the way I shape my hands into ear-trumpets to pick up his voice. But (as he implies) this is really a compliment. I don't need this alertness for (e.g.) Martin Hoare, since I usually know what he'll say...

CORAL CLARKE: Curious LoC substitutes no. 3: a slab of Guinness cake around 45° (my sort of degrees). I thought of sharing this with the readership in 200 tiny plastic sachets, but even as I chewed the idea over, the cake seemed somehow to evaporate.

Gra Poole writes: "Coral, to me admiring her fur coat: 'Our cat died last week'. I stroke the fur. Bruce to me: 'Stop stroking her pussy Graham'." (Oh.)

DAVE COCKFIELD: when I met him at Novacon he had a distinguishing feature; by the time Faancon came round, he'd shaved it off. Dave still threatens (occasionally) to publish the only article I've ever written while suffering from concussion (it read that way, too); however, he has cried "thoat!" once too often, and I am no longer moved by the threat.

DERMOT DOBSON is huge---but nice, and reformed, and good. He wishes to forget his evil ways, to be friends again with Greg and Simone, to love all the world with the exception of Supt. Fairweather (Thames Valley Police). His interest in the efficacy of aerosol boot-polish is purely theoretical.

KEVIN EASTHOPE (*)

MALCOLM EDWARDS: I owe Malcolm an apology. Scant weeks after he mentioned in a review that T-D appeared frequently, number 6 failed to come out. My spasm of inactivity lasted well into 1977; ah, the guilt, the shame, the inner agony, the awful knowledge of failure, the urge to

write long chunks of padding in order to camouflage the utter absence of inspiration---damn, what a giveaway. My excuses appear under the heading "David Griffin" (the Malcolm Edwards of fandon). /3/

JAN HOWARD FINDER writes "YOU VILL BRING TUCKER OVER, OR THE GHEEAT WOMBAT WILL SPRENKLE NEWLY FORMED COPROLITES ON YOU!" (Strictly sic). I feel quite faint.

BRYN FORTEY: "A god amongst men" (Greg Pickersgill). Yeah, well, Bryn lives in Newport (Gwent), so we know he is set above the common herd. He also has the godlike power of seeing through my mask of urbane inanity, and noting the insecure inanity within. This is disconcerting...

CHRIS FOWLER: I've been asked not to print any of Chris's opinions on the first draft of the Dave Lewis editorial for this year's SF Yearbook... There is no other news about Chris Fowler. (*)

KEITH FREEMAN (*) Keith has long been maligned as the secret hand that turns the duplicator for TWLL-DDU. He admits to guilt for the second, third and fourth issues, and the iron has duly entered into his soul; but as from T-D5 his rehabilitation has been under way. When first released from the dread yoke, he celebrated by installing a new bathroom suite in maroon fibreglass. This is true.

A new approach will be adopted in Keith's next BSFA fanzine reviews. After the usual name, address and publisher details there will be an Obscenity Count of the form "Tucks: 43. Shits: 27. Buggers: 13 (etc, etc.) ...Filth Rating 154." This will enable the puritanical mothers of BSFA members to assess the harmful effects of each fanzine before their dear children can write off for it.

MIKE GLICKSOHN (©) Curious LoC Substitutes no. 4: Mike writes "Thanks for the Skycon flyer. In return here are five dead mealworms."

And that's why T-D6 is out two months late. Couldn't go to press without you, could we, Mr Glicksohn---and have you any notion of the required quarantine period for the repellent organisms taped to the bottom of your letter? (Finally managed to sneak them in as "perishable food-stuffs" at the cost of eating one before the stern eyes of customs men. The sacrifices I make.)

GOLDFISH. "With many people, I am concerned

/4/ for the conditions under which goldfish are imported and distributed and the uses to which they may be subjected. These can include assault as targets in side-shows and in competitions where sub-humans swallow them. Legally, however, it seems that cruelty to goldfish is impossible. It is omitted from the 17-year-old Act to protect animals.

"The present abuse of the goldfish can only continue in an utterly degraded society. I urge all people and organisations to form a lobby aiming at an amendment to the Act."

---This gem clipped from Practical Fishkeeping Monthly by ace reporter Joe Nicholas, who adds "So now you know. Goldfish-swallowing is synonymous with the decline and fall of Western bourgeois capitalism. I always thought there was that little something missing from Oswald Spengler's thesis..."

DAVID GRIFFIN is the latest in a line of avaricious persons (Kettle, Cockfield, Skelton, Perry, Ryan) who snatch away T-D material before I can publish it. I've tried to circumvent Dave Griffin by writing something so awful that even he won't print it. That's what you're reading now.

Dave is the founder of CAMAL (Campaign for Authentic Lemonade); its members boycott pubs and teashops where the lemons are not crushed by hand, where lemonade is fizzy or served below room temperature, where impious barmen pollute the sacred substance with venmouth (see JOSEPH NICHOLAS), beer (see KEITH FREEMAN) or Watneys Red Barrel...

BRIAN HAMPTON: I walk in fear of this man. His sinister, impassive silences; his eidetic memory for New Scientist articles; his determination to challenge established (i.e. expressed) opinion... Worst of all, his thirst for knowledge; at a party last year he suddenly gave a somewhat misleading description of Britain's Independent Nuclear Deterrent (Tantantara, tzing, boon!) and sat waiting, unblinking, for me to confirm or deny the details.

I think he wants to build his own.

ROB HANSEN. Curious LoC substitutes no.5: the Welsh Fandom badge, depicting a pissed dragon. This fantastically exclusive emblem has so far been restricted to Cymric elitists Pickersgill, Fortey, Collins, Langford, Presford... Presford? Well, he claimed to have been naturalized. But in the end, strong PickersFortey opposition kept him from the inner circle.

Rob comes from Cardiff. We all have our problems.

JOHN HARVEY (And Eve too) I once meditated a review of John's and Eve's GHAS 2 which would run, in full: "GHAS has a page of fanzine reviews just like this!!" But pity stayed my hand, as they say. Would that I knew something scandalous about Eve, so I could give her an entry of her own (like a cat-door, you know).

GEORGE HAY has pterodactyls on his note-paper. You don't print scandal about a man like that. You don't even mention that in a college newspaper to which George contributed an article, he was credited as "George Gay".

MARTIN & LIESE HOARE are so busy computerizing all the conventions in sight that they have no time to be newsworthy. For in-depth comments already in print, see my article in K3 and Greg's editorial in SBD4.

ROB HOLDS'TOCK (£) A long-suffering author, whose increasing age has now brought baldness in its wake. Unusually (that is, typically for Rob), this affliction has struck first at his chin and ravaged right and left, almost to the ears: his upper lip alone holds out against the advancing decay. I reconstruct the plague's progress as follows... SUMMER 76---Rob is apparently in the prime of health, the Beard dashing and luxuriant. Ah, had we but known! AUTUMN---No beard. The surgeon's knife. NOVACON---A sickly stubble on the once magnificent chin. Female fandom mourns. Sic transit... DECEMBER---Jubilation! the Beard returns! In the One Tun, the fans nod sagely, giving thanks to hair-transplants and allied wonders of Science. JANUARY '77---The transplant is rejected. Rob's lower jaw lies arid and lifeless. "Sheila likes me with a beard," he confesses tearfully. FEBRUARY---MARCH---APRIL? No change; a malaise lies on fandom; who can save Rob now? Already there are whispers that this leprosy may be contagious, and sidelong glances are falling upon the beards of Messrs. Pickersgill and Kettle...

TERRY HUGHES writes: "I've promised Brian Burgess all my back issues of MOTA so that he can use them for pie wrappers... A recent MOTA survey on 'What Should Be Done About MOTA?' resulted in 99.9% of the respondents suggesting that issues be used to wrap garbage. Naturally, Burgess' pies came to mind."

ROB JACKSON (@) Twenty years ago the ships of the Federation smashed the last opposition. Across the ruins there now falls the gigantic shadow of Rob Jackson, colossal but bland, and given in his later years to such cryptic remarks as "An interesting thing once happened to my Uncle HUGO," and "There happens to be A WARD in this hospital," and "MAYA persuade you to VOTE for Britain in '79?". Another of his activities is the cultivation of an annoyingly irreproachable private life, thus circumventing prying historians, who are forced to fall back upon such paltry gibes as "A trufan shouldn't write 100-page letters to the BSFA." This is unsatisfactory. Get down in the dirt with the rest of us, Jackson...

Great Quotes from Rob Jackson No.1 (to a background of shrieking children at Ian & Janice's wedding)---"I'm glad I put out MAYA instead of fanzines, it's less noisy." Long pause while the primal truth of this sinks in. "I mean, instead of children..."

Great Correspondence Concerning Rob Jackson: (1) Rob: "I've foolishly lent my copy of DRILKJIS 2 to some greedy Gannet into whose collection it has been absorbed, never to be seen again. Any chance of another copy?"

(2) Bob Day: "So there I was, recovering from the effects of McEwan's 80/- Scotch and saying farewell to Rob Jackson, when I saw this zine with a weird title on the table... I naturally picked it up and started leafing through; upon which Rob charged me 10p for the thing!"

TERRY JEEVES taught me all I know about preserving stencils so I can reprint whole pages from previous issues, by way of padding. (At present, only the jokes are the same.)

TOM JONES (*) ---Greg Pickersgill told me a number of things about his old buddy Tom, but Hazel has censored them all.

LEROY KETTLE. LEROY KETTLE. LEROY KETTLE.
LEROY KETTLE. LEROY KETTLE. LEROY KETTLE.
LEROY KETTLE. LEROY KETTLE. LEROY KETTLE.
LEROY KETTLE. LEROY KETTLE. LEROY KETTLE.

(Will that do?)

JON LANGFORD: From the depths of Leeds U, my brother reveals all---

"The naked ladies are doing fine in my Art lessons and my sex life is nonexistent and I've been drunk a couple of times already and hurt my leg today playing football and I'm getting no tuition in my Art lessons and the tutors don't like me

and nobody much likes them and I /5/ have to paint at home 'cos I don't like a lot of the other people in my Art group and the beer is cheap and its cold and I'm shattered most of the time and I never get up for breakfast and I haven't done any subsid. work or Art History this term yet and... oh shit... full stop."

DAVID V LEWIS: In the words of Joseph Nicholas--- "What's all this crap about David Lewis being the UK's answer to Mike Glicksohn? I was under the firm impression that I was the current holder of that office, but such is obviously not the case; these newer-than-new fans get everywhere. But why him, why Dave Lewis? Just because he gives a pretentiously silly title to each individual loc he writes, and ignores all or most of the basic principles of punctuation as he does so, is no reason to donate him such a hefty accolade..."

"I'm just put out, that's all. Here am I, beavering away at my ceaseless letter-hacking, fondly thinking of the reputation that I'm building for myself, dreaming every now and then of the BNF-hood that is slowly and surely being thrust upon me by the inexorable pressure of events, and suddenly discovering that some semi-coherent yokel from the wilds of deepest Suffolk is getting away with something closely akin to murder. Poot..."

"Very well, then; the dealing of hideous death will shortly commence, this noxious activity having as its sole aim the total annihilation of the demon-spawned entity known to fandom as 'Dave Lewis'." (*)

BORIS 'Gerald' LAWRENCE ---Bondage, he says, does not appeal to him. Tie him up someday and find out. He was hotly denying this tale, last week, when Hazel noticed that he was absent-mindedly knotting a length of string round himself... Honestly!

JIM LINWOOD is the Secret Master of the Fanzine Reviewers' Guild (of which Messrs Edwards, Pickersgill, West and Williams are definitely members. Keith Freeman definitely isn't). After a visit last year, Hazel remarked that Jim was awe-inspiring. Official FRG comments follow: "I'm elated at being considered awe-inspiring by one who has been tweaked by the American Dwarf---I have heard one well known fan say of him 'Oh, you mean that funny little man, you know, er, whatshisname?'. I've joined the rest of the FRG now by growing

6/ a beard---well almost the rest, Ian Williams is still trying." (@)

IAN MAULE: Rich Coad recently wondered where I gained information upon Greg's thighs. The answer is, from Ian. We were in a pub one day when someone passed comment on Greg's symbiotic relationship with his scarf: Ian instantly said "I've seen him without it!"

There was a general hush.

"That was when we lived together," said Ian with moist eyes. "I saw him without his shirt, too." Disbelief rose to the lips of all present. "And," said the now-maddened Gannetratkitten, "I've seen him without his trousers!!!" Sweat gathered on his brow. "Lots of times! Ooooh, the things I've seen! Let me tell you---" He was rapidly suppressed.

RICHARD McMAHON fears that after earlier T-D's I shall receive locs crying "Scandal monger!" Well, well. "If I were you," he continues, "I'd shout 'Bolus' or 'Roubles' back...". He adds "I'm a twerp".

MIKE & P.T. MEARA

** see under SKELTON....

CERIS MORGAN is another of yer full-time writers now. Up there with the gods and Rob Holdstock. Envy, envy. (£)

JOSEPH NICHOLAS: In the words of Dave Lewis--- "I am not too worried what the Joseph Nicholas's of this world say about me. My view of him is a snot who has set himself up as some sort of super guru to whom we all kowtow. Well not me boyo. I may not have been in fandom long but I sure as hell dont care what someone half my age & still unproved in the real world thinks about me having fun. Anyway he is a proscribed person up here. Also NAFF (Nat. Assn. for Finer FIX) is locking for him as are LLI (Lager Lovers International) for certain remarks passed at Novacon..."

PETER NICHOLLS "£" Oh, I can't. I really can't. T-D might go all serious and constructive if I went on about him. By the way, Peter displayed a more fannish side, or front, at Malcolm's party: Hazel watched with dull fascination as he stripped to the waist, permitting more than one would think to hang out. Trouble is, that Kettle has scooped me here. Poot.

CELIA PARSONS is the world's only Lemming Fan (well, Bruce Healy might be one by now) and will, if asked nicely, show certain anatomical details to prove it.

TOM PERRY: This man is dangerous. He accosted me one day, demanding the secret of how Harlan Ellison's nose suffered. I wrote him a low-profile letter: "It'll make a nice article," he replied. I screamed.

At the One Tun, he explained that QUARK was to have a special Nose Tweak-ing issue, with cartoons by D.West yet. I screamed again, and tried to distract him with elaborations on the Fannish Quantum Theory (eg. bombarding a fan with fanzines will eventually jerk him into a higher energy state from which he can only descend by emitting a fanzine of his own). He merely wrote down all I said...

Just watch it, Perry. One day you'll let something slip.

BRIAN PARKER: Daring, dashing eater of fungi and writer of wanza, the intrepid Dr Parker has gone on voyages of discovery to remotest Stevenage and Bingley. In his roving far and wide he has doubtless done many interesting and even fascinating things, but this reporter hasn't heard about them. (But see under D.WEST ---not that Brian is often to be found there.)

GREG PICKERSGILL (@@) Shy, retiring, sensitive, this misunderstood genius has erected stout defences between himself and the cruel world. None but the most daring will even come close; all others cower at a discreet distance before the pugnacious beard, the fixed and homicidal stare which stabs through Greg's pebble glasses. And even bravery is not enough: unless the supplicant bears some seal of approval, unless he can show he'd not just another cretin, the awful weight of a Pickersgill silence will fall like a ton of wet cement, striking dumb the breeziest conversationalist. To find members of the Achronic Roster, those of whom Greg says "I've got no time for---", look for the asterisks in this directory.

Though the above sounds a mite forbidding, Greg is a Nice Guy. Unless he thinks you're a cretin...

JOHN PIGGOTT is wont to glide toward one and whisper (with a hiss of indescribable menace) "Do you play poker?" At least, that's what he said to me some nanoseconds after I'd mentioned the huge cost of the Langford Duper. I had to confess I wasn't

allowed to play it. Not any more.

Mr Piggott attended the already legendary Maule wedding, in the capacity of "Ian's old flame"; overcome with sudden emotion, he was seen to plant a tender kiss upon Greg Pickersgill's brow. All those present were greatly moved.

GRAHAM POOLE reveals that his fanzine SPI, which I've always called SPI, is actually pronounced SPEE. Whatever it's called, there is a great absence of it owing to his temporary abandonment of things fanzish: he now wishes to become a Filthy Pro as well as a Filthy Everything Else.

Poole Project number 3,042 is the possible holding of a mini-convention just before or after the British Worldcon. I am amazed.

PETER ROBERTS FOR TAFF! (@@@) Peter (the man to vote for) once sent Hazel an Albanian treatise upon collective farming, written in Arabic. Peter (for TAFF!) does things like this.

MIKE ROHAN: For those baffled by references to Mike in TD5--- He is a sinister Scot descended from (among others) the "wizard" Michael Scott (see Lay of the Last Minstrel, Doctor Mirabilis etc.) and given to carefully snide remarks: "I thought Solaris gained in the translation" "The Note in God's Eye was originally by Jerry Pournelle, you know, but he took it round to Niven and said 'Larry, could you write in some aliens?'"

DAVE ROWE has been very quiet for the last several months. Next issue I shall REVEAL the FULL and SHOCKING TRUTH about how Dave Rowe has done very little for another couple of months.

BOB SHAW (£) won't be able to referee a Rats/Gannets football match at Eastercon '77. There's plenty of space in the nearby carpark and so on, but fans (unlike kids) shudder at the thought of playing on concrete or tarmac: they need nice soft grass to fall on.

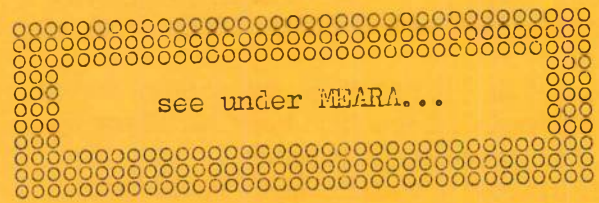
(In any case, it's doubtful that Bob would be able to leave the con hotel. Rob Jackson has arranged to have him permanently wired up to a massive complex of recording apparatus, so that his every word and gesture will be preserved for future issues of MAYA.)

TOM SHIPPEY: Roving reporter Dave Lewis recalls Novacon---"I remember Tom Shippey's bone dome too I was fascinated by the highlights reflecting on it and fell to musing what he polished it with and lost all track of his talk" (Spelling

by your friendly editor. However, all the punctuation-transplants were rejected.)

MIKE SKELDING is offering his services to Seacon '79. MidAmerican kept order with ruthless "Dorsai"; Mike rather wants to organize a security force on the lines of Heinlein's "Mobile Infantry". The Iron Dream has also given him some ideas.

PAUL* & CAS SKELTON:



see under MEARA...

KEVIN SMITH: Being an accountant, Kev has to know all about the law of criminal libel. This makes it difficult for the dedicated historian. "The greater the truth...", you know. Anyway, he keeps complaining about the butter at 22 North-unberland Avenue. "Fie," says Hazel.

BRIAN STABLEFORD (£) is inextricably linked, in the mind of the editor of The First Orbit Book Of Horror Stories, with Harlan Ellison. "Science Fiction giants," this editor calls them.

On his recent visit, we found that Brian's rigid and austere approach to his writing causes him to shudder at such Langfordian delicacies as Thoatherd's Pie and Bog a la Hazel... "Chips?" he would say weakly: "Eggs...baked beans...sausages?" Hazel relented, and gave him these things. In return he parted with Obscure Facts, such as the story of the maze tests performed on guinea-pigs and rats to measure their relative intelligence. Both sets of animals became pissed off with amazing rapidity and (knowing full well they'd eventually be fed) declined to seek their food in mazes. The experimenters tried dropping the maze in water, so the beasts would drown unless they found and exit. The rats then shot through at an incredible rate. The guinea-pigs gulped air into their cheek-pouches, and became insubmersible. The relative intelligences remains obscure.

"The guinea-pigs were more intelligent" said Hazel, who approves of constructive inertia. "They've just got big pouches!" "Same thing."

Thus the future replacement for the 11-plus. We connect a bicycle-pump to each child and pump vigorously: the examiners measure cheek-distension with calipers while holding the kid underwater.

/8/ The most intelligent children are the ones who play truant that day.

LORD ST DAVIDS (£) Who's Who notes: "ST DAVIDS, 2nd Viscount (cr.1918). Jes-tyn Reginald Austen Plantagenet Phillipps ---Baron Strange of Knokin, 1299; Baron Hungerford, 1426; Baron de Moleyns, 1445; Bt. 1621; Baron St Davids, 1908...."

The Daily Express's wretched William Hickey abjectly quotes him as saying "I have been touched on the shoulder by the Time Police...I have written a book about them."

Peter (FOR TAFF!) Roberts simply notes that "a fannish Lord has been turning up at One Tun meetings lately."

"Aspects of a vasillating reality", as Dave Wingrove would say.

PHIL STEPHENSEN-PAYNE wrote "Astral Leauge, Astral Leauge, Astral Leauge onward! / Into the valley of crud---" But at that moment a savage blue pencil smote him down.

ANDREW STEPHENSON (£) is now such a busy man that, in order not to keep him from his work, I'd better make this entry short. You can throw it away now, Andrew.

ALAN & ELKE STEWART were once (it says here) Huge Name Fans. Once, they published a fanzine. Time was when one saw them at the One Tun. Ah, nostalgia.

PAUL THOMPSON throws all his enrgies into artwork and electronic football. He has never been known to talk, except when all listeners were too drunk to recall his words. Get drunk with him and find out.

KEITH WALKER said in a recent interview, "Of course my production is awful. It's diabolical! And I like it that way! Go on, attack me! Ouch. Ooooo, I love it really. Hit me again. Pleeeeease..." (the rest of the transcript is illegible owing to smudges and typos.) *

SIMONE WALSH: "The only other woman fan-writer in England" (Pat Charnock). Simone is very patient, but would prefer that no-one else nudge her and wittily mention Guinness, bessheets, etcetera. For a while, anyway.

D . W E S T :

"O bow ye down before D West
O pay him fifty pee,
And evermore enlightened live
In Cosmic Harmonee!"

D. writes: "It was nice of you to reprint

the verses of the Hymn---saved me the strain of trying to remember what they were after I'd got home. Though come to think of it, I should sue you for infringing copyright. Pete Weston was going to buy it for ANDROMEDA---give it a touch of class; he's been forced to buy all sorts of rubbish lately---but he'll probably cry off now that it's no longer Previously Unpublished. Still, there's always the other Paean, composed with Brian Parker on Saturday night in a Chinese Restaurant somewhere in Birmingham. Very inscrutable, these Chinese; they didn't throw us out, despite Parker conducting an imaginary orchestra with a pair of chopsticks while making strange flat droning noises about Some Aliens being Bad Guys (to the tune of Land of Hope and Glory). I think he was a little distrait: pieces of his car kept dropping off, and everytime he switched on the engine great jets of flame shot up from the carburettor (or some such technical bit) and the contraption burned and bubbled away merry as a primus stove. I haven't heard from him recently."

PETER WESTON (£"@") Each day the Weston Empire swells; not content with Andromeda, Peter has now announced his impending takeover of VORTEX. (With typical warm-hearted friendliness, he told this news to each March One Tun attendee, individually. Ken Bulmer was seen to blench).

Dizzy with power, Pete recently wrote a savage Platt exposé for MAYA, a British fanzine which some of you may know. Mr Platt, we hear, has hinted that blood and mayhem will ensue at the Eastercon; Mr Weston has craved protection from the Oxford Group's brutal blackeners of characters and other things. More news next issue.

IAN WILLIAMS: There is a little myth surrounding Ian, a legend involving such words as minuscule, exiguous, undersized, midget, pygmy, stunted, pipsqueak, mannikin, homunculus, puny, runt... It simply dwarfs comprehension. Put about by small-minded people, no doubt. The short and the short of it is that Ian isn't really like that. T-D, the fanzine for iconoclasts.

DAVID WINGROVE says "I have a copy of Dragon Alive...that scene with the Llenwyl-
en All-Male Choir, a flock of sheep & two druids was incredible!" Mr Wingrove has just produced a fanzine less legible than Keith Walker's. Praise be! (*) /end/

God, I thought that monster would never end. (So, no doubt, did you.) The hordes of person who, in the interests of inaccuracy, were omitted from this listing are invited to send in some rude remarks about themselves for the upcoming SUPPLEMENT.

Key to strange symbols:

- * Greg Pickersgill has no time for this person.
- £ ---Deduce the meaning from context. It can mean (a) Filthy, or (b) A Pro, or (c) Both.
- @ I suspect that this means something like "Well, what can I say about someone who is a living legend in his own time, etc.", but I'm not really sure.
- O ---Obscure Language Fandom
- SMOF: to preserve secrecy, these letters are duplicated in invisible ink. Set fire to the fanzine and, as it burns, the secret writing will appear.
- % ---this person is so vile and despicable I can find no words for him, or her.
- + ---so benign and incorruptible are such people that I dare not rouse the ire of fandom by maligning them.

"if I'm sick, on your own head be it"
-----Hazel (O)

REVIEW SECTION

Little BROTHER JON sends in his:

"INTIMATE DIVISIONS OF SOCIETY WITH CONCERT TO THE TART OF CHRIST FOSS AND THE ART OF THE LOSER ARTISP VAN GOG...

"Well it's obvious isn't it.

"Foss could fit one hell of a lot more windows on his spaceships than Van Gogh could!

"Bloody hell! loads more! I tell no lie!

"NO CONTEST! FOSS RULES!

"No bloody wonder old Vince cut his ear off with competition like that!

"Thank you."

Pamela recently had to write an article on "Creative Problem-Solving In The Household", whatever that may be. In view of Hazel's strange practices along these lines, I thought I'd better write some such notes myself. Part 2, "Bastinado in the Nursery and Other Diversions", will follow just as soon as...

(1) The cereal-packet cosy---a knitted

thing to cover up these garish boxes, /9/
simultaneously easing the eye and preventing indoctrination by crummy advertising slogans.

(2) Hazel won't let me print this one.

(3) Shouting "There is no God!" at Jehovah's Witnesses---creatively frees additional time to do other creative things such as (2) above.

(4) Creativity in the sitting room: The unimaginative solution to dust and dirt is cleaning. The creative, time-saving way is to dim the lights (using dimmer fitted by ever-thoughtful husband) until the dust cannot be seen.

((Shutler's Corollary states that a house need never be cleaned: the refuse and offal will eventually reach a level where dynamic balance with the exterior is attained, and cannot rise higher unless you keep the doors and windows shut))

(5) Use of infra-red grill to extract useful fat from old bacon rinds etc. The economic value of this is obvious, while the resulting stench creatively masks the aroma of blocked drains, decaying food...

(6) Creative disposal of rotting meat etc. Placing such offerings upon the compost heap causes them to vanish. The spin-off in this case is an immense horde of grateful rats which devour burglars and bishops at will.

(7) Imaginative use of 'phone: Not phoning people reduces bills and is no hindrance, since not-phoned people will eventually ring. Moreover, they are then so annoyed that their raised voices can be heard by ever-thoughtful, ever-deaf husband. Practise creative retort NO! when reversed charges are suggested.

(8) Mice: By constant inattention varied with occasional feedings of breadcrumbs, Mars Bars etc., mice may be caused to feel lulled into a false sense of security. In time the lack of anti-mouse action will so prey upon their tiny minds that (after some mercifully brief psychotic outbursts) they will leave to infest some nearby psychiatrist.

(9) The occupational disease of housewifery (in addition to the knee problem, creatively solved by careful apathy) is a certain paralysing boredom and ennui. This may easily be dispelled through the writing of articles titled "Creative Problem-Solving In The Household." Beware of recursion.

/10/ And now, the News. "Newbury Weekly News" offers the following..

'SCIENTISTS NOT SWILLING TEN PINTS A DAY

"Scientists and officials at AWRE Aldermaston have been surprised by a report alleging that they are drinking up to 10 pints of beer a day to prevent themselves from being slowly poisoned.

"The report, which appeared in the Sunday People, said that some scientists at Aldermaston took tritium poisoning through working with the substance, a form of heavy hydrogen used in nuclear science.

"They quoted a health expert as saying that the scientists drank to flush the poison out through their kidneys.

"...The Aldermaston scientists regard the report, headed 'On the booze to live', as something of a journalistic phenomena.

"...!Our workers aren't swilling 10 pints a day and reeling home as the report suggests. I would think that would do more harm than tritium," said Press officer Mr Ronald James."

(Sic, sic, sic right up to here.)

One last time: ROBERTS FOR TAFF. It's up to you cretins to get it right now...

Blah

TWLL-DDU's distribution has always been whimsical. To keep 'em coming, try TRADE (almost always works) or LETTER OF COMMENT (Preferably intelligent, bizarre, silly, informative, malicious etc.). Money not normally asked for, but see within. Sample copies available for SAE (8 1/2" x 4 1/2" or larger). Axings from the mailing list are unannounced, though not frequent (two issues without a response and you should start worrying).

When very young, I used to think that one was either a good writer or not; that once you'd trained yourself up to a certain point, the thing was easy. For a very brief time after T-D2, I allowed myself a sneaking pride... but straight-away my writings became less satisfying, to me at any rate. With T-D5 I was happy again; now, the downswing has begun again. D.West is right on one thing: you can't stand still. Gotta think up some new acts for the next show. Maybe.

Duck! here comes an Eastercon!



Britain as fine in '79...

Lee Hoffman
350 NW Harbor Blvd
Port Charlotte
FL 33950
USA

ooooo This is TWLL-DDU 6, ooooo
ooooo inflicted on you by ooooo
ooooo Dave Langford of 22 ooooo
ooooo Northumberland Ave, ooooo
ooooo Reading, Berks, RG2 ooooo
ooooo 7PW, United Kingdom ooooo

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