

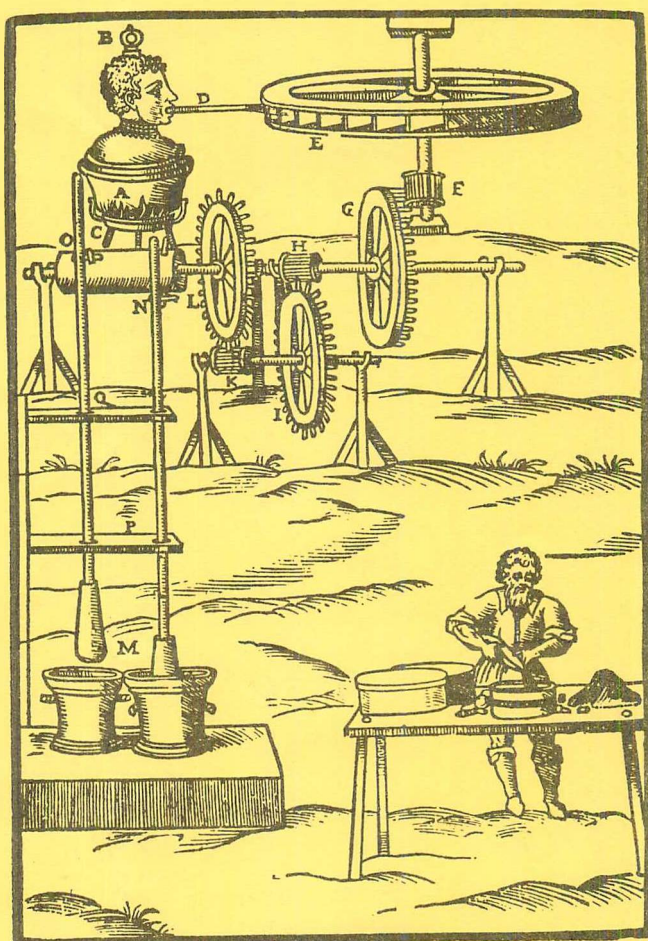
# TWLL-DDU 7

featuring:

The  
D.WEST  
Guide to  
Fanzine  
Production



Part 1:  
Making  
The Ink



---

ALSO, the hitherto banned J.G. Ballard **STARTREK** episode—

'FACE THE SPINAL FRONTIER'...



TWLL-DDU 7 follows hot on the heels of number 6. Indeed, several of our readers may receive the two issues simultaneously, since all-wise editor Dave Langford could not find it in his heart---or in his pocket---to part with copies undistributed at Eastercon. Send your letter of complaint now, to 22 Northumberland Avenue, Reading, Berkshire, RG2 7PW, United Kingdom. This issue dated May 1977.

#### EASTER '77: A NOVACON ACTION REPLAY...

Every sense hints at disaster as I steer to the north. There is a scraping sound in the clutch, still unexplained; a sickly smell of petrol where I over-filled the tank; visible through the windscreen, a wooden wedge barely prevents the bonnet from taking flight; at every turn or stop there comes a free-fall sensation caused by our massive inertia (five people, luggage for six) and the ageing tyres, not bald but receding---not quite Brian Hampton but way past Kev Smith. Admittedly I can taste nothing more ominous than the aftermath of last night's One Tun; but for the rest, I'd be happier driving a sensory-deprivation tank. It occurs to me that with Kev, Martin, Liese and myself aboard, a car crash now will leave no bids at all for Eastercon '78. I shiver slightly but dare not mention this aloud: there is no wood to touch. Except the wedge, which is out of reach.

In Coventry, waiting for a travelling rep of Brunner Fact & Fiction Ltd to clock in, we look in vain for specimens of the famous Eastercon T-shirt which aren't grossly distorted (Pauline Dungate and---less interestingly---Rog Peyton) or shrouded in Big Oz denim. Con booklets are pressed into our hands; this year they preserve a dignified reticence about fanzines, fandom, SF, hotel layout and suchlike trivia which have cluttered past versions of this Work... Very soon all motion in the foyer is barred by an iron line of fans determined to register; I percolate through the queue, distributing benevolence and TD6 alike. Pat Charnock smiles graciously and permits me to buy an Astral League Yearbook. Made overconfident by this success, she tries to sell me several more, an endeavour which continues throughout the weekend.

The Fan Room is instantly the heart of the con. Decorated with an enthusiasm hitherto reserved for bog walls, and an agglomeration of fanzines previously unheard of outside Toronto, it makes just one concession to olden days: the token

derelict duplicator is there, and remains typically unused. Astral League tapes blare. Sounds like any other music to me, but shocked aficionados assure me there is a difference. Much detritus accumulates upon the Graffiti Board, some of it about me: have I finally made it into fandom? My sense of doom lessens. But already, as Asimov would have it, the dead hand of programming opposes the living will of the Fan Room. Liese babbles that Greg has asked her to be in a fannish panel due in minutes:

"He said there were three reasons. I'm a newish fan, I'm female, and I'm an opinionated bigmouth."

Greg! How could you?

On the panel, Chris Priest looks tired, though not as tired as Carol Gregory's drawing of him for GHAS, in which he also looks about fifty. Liese looks more like seventeen. Chairman Pat Charnock, as usual, looks bewildered, Rob Jackson slightly pompous and Peter Roberts slightly pained. Keith Freeman looks anywhere but at the audience, and manages to be serious. Too conscious, perhaps, of the neos present, they all try hard to avoid raving fannishness: the note is introductory with historical asides, enticing each panellist to seem less interesting than he/she really is. Greg is disappointed. "Aw, fuckit" is his melancholy summation.

Weeks before Easter, Pete Weston phoned me with hints that he was seeking quiz victims and now required a volunteer from Reading to balance things in some occult geographical fashion. He paused meaningfully; I volunteered without delay. One doesn't kill the goose that lays the golden contracts.

Now, as spotlights focus on an obvious hot-seat, certain misgivings arise. Is big Mike Brown carrying a length of rubber hose as well as a stopwatch? Why does Pete smile that glittering smile?

"It's all right," someone reassures, "they're doing it just like on Mastermind"

"I never watch television," I moan.

The fixity of Pete's rictus increases

/2/ as he selects a paper bearing my name. I trudge forward, fail to hear questions, drive Pete almost to tears and don't even know the first editor of Astounding. Malcolm Edwards notches up some tremendous score---double figures yet. Aagh. Kev Williams does as badly as I, while Gerry "short-notice-so-don't-expect-much" Webb does worse. Modified aagh.

It is time for the Special Subjects. I have picked Lensman books as something I could read up quickly---and should I do badly, the mere appallingness of the subject will hint that I'm playing it for laughs etc. Pete scoops me: "Dave Langford will now answer questions on his favourite books..." Aagh.

The questions prove easy, and I can even hear them. (The paying-off of Leroy, who set them, is described below.) Great stuff. I am now known to all fandom as an expert on Lensmen. Aagh. Malcolm wins anyway, hot tip Kev Williams receiving slightly diabolical questions, and as runner-up I solemnly shake hands. This Mastermind's recent haircut makes his head seem several inches narrower, causing people to enquire "Who's that tall slim chap who looks a bit like Malcolm Edwards?"

Film shows are almost a relief despite friendly Pete, who drapes his arm round Hazel to tell her the joys of childbirth and paternity, those he has only experienced one of these and Hazel is averse to both. ("Weston's sat next to you," says Greg next morning. "That's the black spot. There's nothing worse." Hazel thinks Greg has a lovely voice.)

In the bar I unwind to the point of total flaccidity, and am thus unprepared for a meeting with D. West and Brian Parker on the fifth floor. Brian struggles with a translucent beard and a cardboard box of scientific-looking bottles: they contain white liquid, slightly viscous.

"Telepathic slime mould," he explains.

D. leans at me and says "Have you been initiated?" Yes---Brian initiated me with a pole last year. Talking of initiation with a pole reminds me of an Edwardian tome of Hazel's called "Diseases of Women" which, not content with vomitous illustrations, suggests such things as splitlengths of firewood for use in domestic intravaginal surgery... Less fearsomely armed with a telescopic pole, D. snaps "You have to do it in

less than ten seconds. Look!" With a flourish he extends the rod; a foot-long piece comes off in his hand. Uttering strange oaths, he jams it together as we all enter the lift. The rod does not wish to be reassembled. D. tries to subdue it by vicious jabs at the wall: thud! thud! Other occupants of the lift, thinking he is staging a breakout, huddle against the far wall with gestures of protest. He ignores them and begins to attack the floor. The descent is interminable. Everyone seems glad to leave the lift, even Brian, whose exuberance is such that he instantly drops a bottle. Telepathic slime mould spreads whitely across the floor. Seeing that one of the hotel staff is watching without enthusiasm, Brian rushes over and gladly reports the accident.

In the bar, things degenerate. Colin Fine does dialling tone impressions and is told by barmaids to shut up. The temperature rises. Greg presents D. with a curried chicken-bone, a little something to show Ratfandom's appreciation. A strange female in shorts, boots, a plastic mac and lurid pink tights wanders around.

"A punk rock fan," is Kev's diagnosis.

"One of Gray Charnock's groupies?" I offer. "Rob Holdstock said she was a reporter from the Telegraph." We boggle mutually. A series of jerky transitions, and it is Saturday morning, ushered in by gunshots which later prove to be some idiot with a whip.

Bob Shaw's talk is as usual colossal and stupendous, but this year ends with less of a bang. Brian Burgess somehow comes into it near the end; the sight of him shambling down the aisle and across the front deflates almost everyone. It doesn't quite deflate Bob, but the tone has been perceptibly lowered. The one obligatory programme item is now over... Wrong! there is also the bidding session. I shiver slightly and avoid the con hall all day, not apparently missing a lot. With the Brum Group in charge, I expected this Easter to be Novacon writ large: instead, it is Novacon spread thin.

The Fan Room continues to hum. In the absence of Peter Roberts, Eve Harvey chairs a discussion and contrives to provoke response from the fannishly apathetic audience. Appearing later, Peter merely requests opinions and does not receive many. Eve is a better chairman: Peter excels in exposition. (Did you object to the word "chairman" there? I

object to non-essential neologisms, which tend to the inanity of BSFA Matrix announcing that the Reading Group is "ably chairpersoned by Martin Hatfield".) At this point Martin Hoare announces that TD is his favourite fanzine---good man! ---mysteriously adding that it is a Reading-group local fanzine, mostly about himself and Liese, and that many of the jokes are inaccessible to You Lot. This perturbs me. Perhaps my basic joke about Martin's great slimness is akin to the esoteric, in-group gag concerning Ian Williams's great height, appreciated only by Gannets and a few Secret Masters. Meanwhile, Simone pours out a tasty and lethally alcoholic punch. "Simone's punch is great," I hiccup, and am warned that it's Greg's too. The basic concept is entirely his. He is very hurt when people call it Simone's. Be careful.

The Pink Panther Party in Dai Price's room is made a roaring success by his star turns of Glenlivet and J&B. These high-class drinks do not go down well with chips, yet this is the very blasphemy which Dermot and Keith Oborn attempt. Fortunately the hotel saves them by refusing to admit the chips. After many minutes of deliberation Keith works out how to smuggle some in for Liese: he will hide them under his coat! Keith is a Lateral Thinker. I absorb more malt and mutter Daio about quizzes. "Easy stuff," he slurs. "Just a matter of thumbing through the odd bookshop."

Downstairs, Bob (no relation) Shaw of FOKT (Fans of Kettle's Tales) is cracking a whip at waiters and others, demanding that everyone come to his Glasgowcon which will be at some peculiarly inconvenient time next year. Gaz Belker (a new fan who has the drunken enthusiasm to go far) borrows the whip and assaults D. West with it, only to be cowed by the power of Will.

Upstairs again, Colin Fine and henchmen are wittily proposing SF titles altered by one letter: "Dupe!" (roars of laughter) "Slag!" (hysterical laughter) "The Lagged Orbit!!" (they are going to hurt themselves it is not good for them to larf so much). I propose Delany's contraceptive epic "Time Considered As A Helix of Semi-Precious Stopes" and flee to a proper party, there to trip over a young Swedish lady who looks a bit like John Brosnan. The name---Ewa something---rings a bell: she is Brian Parker's woman of two years ago. Paling, I drink a huge

gin-and-tonic---a mistake, as I /3/ become practically helpless. At the eleventh hour, meaning the fourth or fifth hour of next morning, Kev saves me from a fate worse than the Doc Weir Award by frogmarching me away.

In the pallid light of Sunday morning comes a wave of guilt as I find my Welsh Fandom badge missing---but a pleasant surprise awaits. On the table is another large gin-and-tonic, abandoned a few unconscious hours ago. The bubbles are still extant; I sip gratefully. Swallowing pills, we disorganise a Skycon meeting, to which I contribute great skill in the cutting up of forms. (We artistic cutters of forms have long ago abandoned the straight line as an outworn convention... you probably noticed this.) Billions of leaflets are scattered across the con hall. Kev takes the stage, spasms of nervousness convulsing every fibre of his beard.

"Um," he says. He repeats this a couple of times before Positive Thought sets in and the hushed audience is told that Heathrow is Great in '78. No other bids, despite a great muttering and urging of D. West to get up there with his slogan "Bradford is heaven the year after '77". Questions are asked, beginning sensibly and descending to "Is there central heating" and "What size staples will you use in the con booklet?"---at which Greg shouts down all discussion and there is the Vote. Kev is applauded. I am permitted to read a few hastily-scribbled words about our Fan Guest of Honour...

"For the FGoH we thought we'd choose someone to surprise you all. A man whose talents are second to none, though fourth to many. A man so warm-hearted that we can absolutely guarantee that he will buy a drink for every con member, or at least accept a drink from every con member. A man whose knowledge of SF is legendary, and whose deep insights into fandom are just as small. Can I please ask for a sitting ovation of your most enthusiastic boos and hisses for this amazing and unmitigated publisher of fanzines, hemidemisemiprofessional writer and connoisseur of lavatories the world over---Leroy Richard Arthur Kettle!"

Leroy springs up with an excellent counterfeit of surprise and delight. The audience roars. Everything goes black...

Bryn Fortey appears on Sunday. I have to mention Bryn because of Welsh Solidar-

/4/ ity. Brian Parker is annoyed with him, but somehow Bryn survives this.

Behind a thick wall of secrecy on Sunday afternoon, a band of picked committee members makes the controversial decision to hold Novacon 7. At once I dash to the Fan Room for Dave Bridges' Little Moving Blot Machine Competition... The machine ---"Destruction Derby"---is a very silly one. You are supposed to be driving a big car round the TV screen, ruthlessly crushing little cars which, however, have a phenomenal dodging ability. Wrecked little cars are great impediments to progress. Spinning the wheel, wiggling the gears and stomping the pedal, Malcolm and I fight bitterly only to score the same tally of destruction. Twice. The third time my training of Lensman books finally tells: in the pretence that I am smashing planets a la Kinnison (Pow! That was Jarnevon. Zap! There goes Floor.), I surge ahead. Who can stop me now? Steve Gould, that's who: this hitherto obscure OUSFG member wins the jackpot, leaving me with second place and a vitamin-C-crazed Dave Griffin with third.

Rob Hansen is now bemused by the increasing numbers of Welsh fans---he has discovered Dewi (OUSFG again) Williams, Daio and several more. "Why," he pleads, "do they all come from Newport?" Centre of the universe, Rob lad, centre of the universe...

By and by Brian Parker reminds the intrepid DRILKJIS editors that he is drawing a cover for D4: "I imagined a picture of the two of you sort of conjoined." Kev's eyebrows rise first, but mine go a shade higher.

A banquet mood emerges, and the more punctilious fans vanish to return resplendently clad, some of them looking uncomfortable. Oz "Big Mike" Brown falls into this latter class. "You look uncomfortable," I suggest wittily. "I feel uncomfortable," he wittily replies. Perhaps he is wearing blue denim underwear.

Since it is my birthday I miss the banquet by way of celebration and follow Kev to an Italian restaurant he knows of. It is closed. Eventually the Langford family, Daio and Kev find themselves in a hugely empty Chinky, where the waiters (already unnerved by wild gestures of summoning) examine our badges, muttering darkly and Orientally "East-East-Easter-

con?"

"The 28th British Easter Science Fiction Convention," I recite with a winning smile. The inaudible reply is doubtless a Chinese oath.

We eat too much. We return to the hotel and the inevitable Burlingtons. Little brother Jon has won the Ken McIntyre Award in my absence, Martin has accepted it for him, and Dermot has stood revealed as Pete Weston's maj anchman and thug. Good grief. Moreover, the bane of the Doc Weir Award has descended upon Keith Freeman.

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"Old 2pp Freeperson must have driven the poor, huddled starving masses of the BSFA to the ballot box in a tumbil."

(Jim Linwood.)

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At the dance Greg is again hurling people into the action, keeping Simone supplied with partners of all descriptions. "I'm a catalyst," he says with careless pride. Arm in arm, Leroy and John Harvey do the can-can. Hazel does it on her own. Brian Parker repeats the Parker Fling, a hazard to all in sight. Pauline does that which must be seen to be disbelieved. I drink a lot.

When Mr Charnock's strange sounds cease, I can no longer feel my feet. A room party is the only answer, and there I have a congenial time telling Leroy what a great writer he is. This may not sound congenial, but there is a counterpoint of pissed Leroy telling me what a great writer I am. From time to time the name Gray Charnock does rear up, and briefly we snarl what a great writer he is.

In Greg's room is a gathering of by now tired and under-emotional Ratfans. Greg himself, arriving belatedly from the bar, achieves the incredible by crashing out before reaching his own party: the scene of his collapse becomes a place of wonder, and a small viewing fee is charged.

Again I slide down the entropy slope into blankness. Reality slips into focus just before dawn, as I lean from the window gazing at massive buildings across the plaza: there is a cool eerie light around them which reminds me irrationally and alcoholically of certain stills at the start of 2001. I am deeply moved and just refrain from throwing up. "Awake!" I suggest in slurred tones, "for Morning

in the Bowl of Night/Has flung the Stone which puts the Stars to Flight---" This is not well received. ("What the hell are you on about?"---Hazel) Removing a few clothes at random, I go to bed.

In the morning my foot is bruised and I can only limp. I am limping industriously, giving little attention-drawing moans, when Eve tells me the Harvey-mobile has been ripped off, driven into various things---police cars not excluded---and smashed up. This depresses me so much that my foot feels better. (But Andrew "Nice Guy" Stephenson is taking them home.) Later I find John's con badge on the car-park steps. It looks forlorn.

Our own departure is late and undramatic. Every sense is malfunctioning as I drive to the south... Have you noticed how stereotyped these con reports have become? Always I begin by driving north and end up driving south. Next year the dynamic, innovative Skycon committee will change all that.

"You're not playing Destruction Derby now," is the only thing said in the first hour---I am experimenting with various pedal positions to alleviate foot-ache. In Oxford we visit Mike Rohan, Deb Hickenlooper and Mike's advance copy of the New Atlantic Desk Encyclopaedia containing my article on fusion power. Even the subtitle added by the wretched US publishers---"Energy from the sea"---cannot dim my enthusiasm.

On Tuesday we remain glazed. Hazel refuses to get out of bed. Kev and I try cheery conversation---"A year ago no-one knew us! And look at us now!" We gaze in the mirror. "Oh God."

I pull out Eric Bentcliffe's questionnaire on fan humour, and show it to Kev. "I think that's a silly sort of question to ask, myself," he mumbles.

I make a great effort. "Do you often ask it yourself?"

"...I can't cope..."

I pull out BSFA Matrix, always good for a laugh, and discover the word recipies in the editorial. These, you will understand, are sets of instructions for cooking food. Further down is the singular form: receipy. We become delirious and visit the pub, where I remember my worries about the possible motorized annihilation of the Skycon committee. On hearing this, Kev buries his beard in his

hands. "Oh God! I never thought of that. Dermot and Keith running a convention! Oh God!"

It takes him three pints to recover.

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best slogan of the weekend:

IMMANENTIZE THE EASTERCON

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And in case you skipped all the boring bits of the con report, please note that Skycon did win the bid and that full supporting memberships are available for £2 (£1.50 for pre-supporters). Cheques to Skycon, please. Send them to me along with your trenchant letter of comment, or to Martin & Liese at 5 Aston Close Pangbourne, Berks, RG8 7LG. Also, send A4 (for reduction to A5) advertising copy to me for PR's. Rates are £5/page, £3/half-page, £1.75/quarter-page. (Fans only at this rate.) Deadlines: May 26th (PR1), Sept 15th (PR2), Dec 15th (PR3) and Feb 2nd 1978 (PR4). More later!

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Faster than a speeding postcard, TD has left plodding letterhacks far behind, meaning that number 6 came out when most locs from 5 were outdated, while this one comes too soon after number 6...But here's what did come.

MIKE ROHAN, 80 Wolsey Road, Oxford, OX2 7TA

"...I shall write the bastard a LOC in my own fair hand; if he reads more than one sentence he'll start going blind. If his sight survives another four sentences the accumulated strain will set up a pinch effect in his synapses, causing fusion in his sights centres and melting his specs. Sic pereat!

"If you read beyond one paragraph the effect becomes constant. Do not mistake this for a further glow of genius, spark of inspiration, etc. Your frontal lobes have merely become a mini-Tokanak and you will lurch farther down into extreme zaniness and depravity, finally to implore into a rather messy little singularity in the living-room carpet. Here's some more to read while you're waiting.

"Your presence at the OUSFG dinner would have been welcome. By 9.30 or so all the food had been eaten, all the port drunk (to surprisingly little effect---it is the new generation, weaned upon ether and wood alc., unable to appreciate the finer things---cf. Winston

/6/ Smith's reaction to Victory Gin) and Mike ((Skelding)) had exploded. Inside one of those galvanized cleaners' buckets, complete with handy mop-squeezer. The blast opened one end like a banana and caused bits of bucket---especially the squeezer---to vaporize, but otherwise was pretty tame. So the party wondered what was missing. Answer: A LANGFORD SPEECH. Sorry. THE LANGFORD SPEECH what you wrote---the computer wrote for you---all those years ago. Several noble members of the Old Guard went to summon you by arcane rites in the Eastgate bar. ...The evening degenerated into wild and abandoned dancing, especially by Di ((Reed)), much to the delight and wonder of all. Evidently her new eminence as the author of Bleep and Booster is having an invigorating effect. Skelding was his usual self, being heard to remark to a young lady "...and the time after that I'll proposition you---well, actually it'll be about the twelfth time..." Fortunately he reserved his Egyptian sand-dance until we were in the relative privacy of a room in Queen's. He last performed it, I know, on the capacious forecourt of a large and charmless building which turned out to be Cowley Police Station. Mike---will he read this if you are daft enough to print it? Mike, if you do, remember it was me---your old pal---who told you about the aerosol boot polish! Please...?

"Which brings me to the boot-polish. I bought a magnificent new pair of boots lately. The salesgirl, clearly impressed by such a discerning customer, pressed upon me an aerosol of the latest thing in polish---a large black container with an improbable spout. Acting as per instructions, I shook the thing and aimed it tentatively at the gleaming new boots. Something like a black version of the Old Faithful geyser burst forth, inundating the boots in a nebulous mist...Where the stream actually hit the boot it was reflected back with little loss of impetus, striking me in the face and worming its way into my lungs. Choking, I made my way to a mirror. I could feel a sting as of aftershave, but saw nothing there. Evidently I had escaped. I sighed with relief and drew a hand across my fevered brow, thus spreading out all the invisibly small droplets. Instantly I turned into a piece of B&W Minstrel Show. The chain reaction spread to my cheeks---my God, the stuff was setting! I rushed to wash

it off. Later that evening I sneezed into a tissue. It turned black.

"...My boots dried---eventually---with curious purple highlights, as of a blue-bottle's wing case. The effect of this upon Goolies Plagiariaistica might lend them a subtle charm they otherwise sorely lacked...

"Has Weston---talking of subtle charm---sent you the proofs of your story? He's castrated mine. And what he ain't done the typesetter has..."

\*\* Hush! Would you have all those fans out there lose faith in ANDROMEDA? And maybe not buy it? ...Your small differences with Uncle Peter can surely be settled by meaningful dialogue at the One Tun. Don't forget the boot polish.

MIKE GLICKSOHN, 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3, Canada

"...I'd review and recommend it in TITLE but I doubt more than three living North American fans and Terry Hughes could understand most of it. One thing did somewhat upset me, though, and that was your mentioning that you ate one of the "dead" mealworms I sent you last time. As I thought would be obvious to the broad mental horizons of any trufan, this was merely a ruse to get them past customs. The worms were not dead, but were all pregnant females hypnotised into stillness until awakened by the sound of a mimeograph machine. If you did indeed eat one, I expect that even now your entire body is crawling with worms, slowly but surely consuming your interior organs. It's a shame there won't be any more issues of TD to titillate the masses but look on the bright side: any iguana, lizard, Pete Presford, tarantula or like pet who happens to be on the scene when your body collapses into a mass of writhing crawling grubs is always going to think of Dave Langford as a fan of excellent taste."

\*\* I note a certain tendency for persons called Mike to threaten strange and morbid ends for me. But of far more interest, Mr Glicksohn, are the details you have suppressed for reasons we can all imagine. Just how did you get the mealworms pregnant?

JOSEPH NICHOLAS, 2 Wilmot Way, Camberley, Surrey, GU15 1JA

"Have I not told you the tale of the demise of my brother's pet fish? Listen:



a tale of such horror shall not be repeated again (or not until I can get any more laughs out of it, anyway).

"Many weeks ago, it floated in its bowl, its fins and tail shredded rags, its colour faded, its gills stirring feebly. Discussion raged throughout my family; should it be expunged from the face of the Earth? Or should it be merely flushed down the toilet? The return of my brother from boarding school solved the crisis; it was to die, mainly because it looked like it didn't have very much longer to live in any case. Extracting it from the bowl by the simple expedient of grabbing it by the tail, my brother carried it outside and swung it repeatedly against the flags of the terrace in an attempt to splatter its limited brains across the adjacent lawn. Several thuds, and it seemed immobile; but, just to make certain, it was placed back in the bowl. It still moved! With a thirty degree list to port, it gulped air and stirred but spastically. Further clobbering was thus in order; grasping it once more by the tail, my brother repeated the process, dropping it back into the bowl to check that it was dead. But lo! Death had not yet been granted to it! With a fifty degree list to port, still it moved! My brother removed it from the bowl, placed it upon the terrace, and then stood looking at it for a few moments, watching with interest its gulping movements and slowly drying scales, until the dog began exhibiting interest also and snuffling ever closer, scenting eatables. I restrained him; the mallet was procured from the stygian depths of the toolshed, and the fish beaten into a half-millimetre-thick facsimile of its former self.

"I suppose we should have framed it; but no, a lowly grave in the garden was its fate. Manic laughter rends the air; at night, the ghost of a two-inch long goldfish haunts the flowerbeds, swimming fitfully through the limpid air as men with names like Travis and Novotny act out the roles of bomber pilots and Marilyn Monroe...we're thinking of renaming the house 'Vermilion Sands'...in the summer, the grass turns yellow and I reread various SF classics."

✱ Now part of the cover bears some relation to the contents... I bet your brother wants to be a doctor when he grows big and strong. What are his

views on euthanasia? Please don't /7/ tell me. I can just imagine this hulking brute flailing old age pensioners against the ward floor. Today goldfish, tomorrow the world.

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As usual, the whole of fandom has with stunning brilliance attempted the same thing---this time a LANGFORD entry for my own directory of fandom (TD6). I have three so far (Martin Easterbrook, Jim Linwood, Joe Nicholas) and will print all such entries, if printable, in TD8. Other odds&sods, in the order in which I find them, are---

DAVE GRIFFIN: "Dave Lewis sounds like the sort of person who'd use lager to pollute his lemonade."

ERIC BAFARD, who supported Skycon because he thought Heathrow was closer to France than Brighton (but didn't change his mind when he found out).

SELINA LOVETT, who earned my undying affection by calling me a famous author.

CELIA PARSONS: "Lemmingfandom is not yet fully understood." She sent an explanation, which I couldn't understand.

LEE MONTGOMERIE, who was amused and sent some stamps, go thou & do likewise.

ADRIAN SMITH, who didn't mention TD so he doesn't really count.

DAVE LEWIS, who sent a pictorial conrep which may be on the back cover, or not, depending on my skill with the duplicator and Martin Hoare's with the electro-stencil machine.

PAMELA BOAL, who had a good Eastercon.

BRYAN ANSELL, who worries that TD may be hard to understand. He hasn't seen one.

IAN LIVINGSTONE, who mentioned money.

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HAZEL'S SAYINGS (or, Diary of Dave's nervous breakdown)

"The Egyptians were really very primitive. They didn't have the potato at all. Nor the brillo pad. Nor the electric blanket..."

"I think I shall take to making kumiss!"  
Me: "But we haven't got a yurt to drink it out of."

Hazel (after recovering): "Oh well. Sobriety is the vice of wife."

"...I can twist you round my little finger...provided I put my little finger in the right place..."

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Last letters: COLIN FINE feigned literacy, CHRIS MORGAN bewailed his isolation.

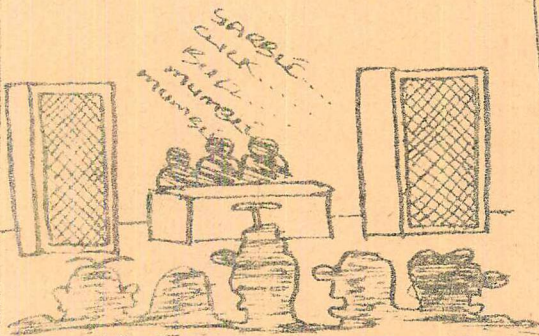
# EASTER CON- FUSION 77

HOTEL HAZARDS:  
SOFTWARE.....



STATISTO  
MENTION BUT  
A FEW.....

THE USUAL INAUDIBLE  
P.A.....



DESPITE THE BIG SPEAKERS  
SUCH AS BOB SHAW &  
ROB FEYTON ETC.....

THE ONLY  
PERSON TO  
ENJOY THE  
FILMS WAS  
DAVE LANGFORD  
THE MAD.....

HIS DEAF  
AID  
PARCHED

INTO  
THE  
PROJECTOR



THE FAN ROOM  
SPORTED YARDS  
OF VIRGIN PAPER  
WHERE ONE FEN  
COULD, & DID,  
WRITE SCRAWL  
MESSAGES....  
"PETER ROBERT,  
SUXX" ETC  
THIS CAUSED  
SEVERAL  
REAR UPS  
LATER AT THE  
CON.....  
JOE NICKERLESS  
IS IN HIDING  
AFTER BEING  
SEVERLY  
THREATENED  
BY A  
SUPPORT FAN..

ROB JACKSON RUSHED ABOUT  
BUSY COLLECTING CONREP  
MATERIAL IN FACT HE WAS TOO  
BUSY TO TALK TO ANYONE....

JOHN BRUNNER  
PROVIDED THE USUAL  
FASHION SHOW.....



PERHAPS  
NEXT TIME  
ROB?



BOB SHAW  
REVEALED THE  
SECRET OF  
THE  
BERMONSEY  
TRIANGLE

## WHAT IS 000

ROB FEYTON  
HAD TO  
GUARD  
THE  
DOORS OF THE BANQUET



HALL  
CHAIRS  
TILL

COULD  
ARRIVE  
2000hrs

APPEARING  
IN DIFFERENT  
RIGS EVERY  
TWO HOURS!!

SUCH WAS THE ORGANISATION A  
CUSTARD PIE FOR PETER WESTON  
FROM CHAS PLATT MISSED  
ITS MARK!



BY HEAVENS  
WERE ANNOUNCED  
BUT EITHER  
THE 10R THE  
RECIPIENTS  
WERE NOT  
THERE.....

## WHAT A CON!

DWLT77

THE BANQUET SHOULD HAVE  
STARTED THEN HO. HUM!!