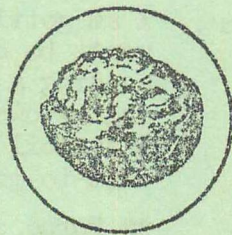


New!

Reading for Health



Brain of B.S.F.A. member (shown twice
actual size) after full course of —

super-strength

TWLL DDU

"I NEVER
FELT BETTER
IN MY LIFE"

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TWLL-DDU 9 is, as usual, produced
by Dave Langford at 22 Northumber-
land Avenue, Reading, Berkshire,
RG2 7PW, United Kingdom. Sept '77.
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This issue, intended largely as a mailing wrapper for TWLL-DDU 8, seems unlikely to possess redeeming social value. Again my urge to experiment has come over me: this time I'm trying the curious method so beloved of most faneditors, the Typing Straight Onto Stencil approach. It's either that or utter silence until Novacon 7 has set slowly in the west (or from here, the north).

SHOCK HORROR NEWS! Fandom reels as, despite all that Messrs Weston, Jackson et al could do, the deluded voters at Suncon force Season '79 into shuddering reality. All over Britain, ashen-faced fans are counting the number of people on Suncon's committee and realising that only A Select Few Anglofans will be mere carefree attendees... the rest will be slaving at registration desks or fending off art-thieves with riot shields and rubber bullets. Retreating from this awful prospect of the future, I recall some odd letters left over from last time...

GARRY KILWORTH, 47 Raphael Drive, Shoe-buryness, Essex, SS3 9UP

"...I forgive you for leaving my name out of the T-D you distributed at Eastercon, even though one day I will be rich and famous and wield enormous power.

"...Reading your account of Eastercon gave me a lump in my throat. The same sort of lump that was there when, in the first floor toilets of the de Vere, a local bricklayer threatened to mash any of those 'scientific boffins' that cared to engage with him. Apparently his girlfriend was behind the hotel bar and we, the SF people, were keeping her there until 2.am. Since this formidable, perfect human square---and that is a literal description starting with the shoulders---was between me and the door, I hastily ripped off my con badge and flushed it down the loo. I wasn't frightened you understand. I just had this lump in my throat and didn't want it damaged."

ERIC BENTCLIFFE: "Evangelism is fine for some, but I'll take vanilla."
(Quite.)

KEITH SEDDON, 2 Bucks Avenue, Watford Heath, Herts WD1 4AS (COA)

"...Thank you for feeling sorry about VORTEX. Personally, I'm glad the hole (I meant 'whole' just then) thing's over. Not many people would believe the trouble that its publishers have given me. Even I didn't at first...

"BREAK FOR... STRANGE WOBBLING VIOLINS OVER

"Vortex' publisher has kicked me out altogether---so I'm on the dole.
"VIOLINS GET LOUDER AND SADDER

"Job prospects don't look good, besides which, there's a book I want to write... I am getting married on 3 September, which won't be a cheap affair. Looks like I'm needing a new ribbon, too. ...I am planning my own zine. Do you know anyone with a stencil duplicating machine that they want to get rid of cheaply?"

✱ Force of habit caused Keith to head this letter with a reference number (00/600, if you must know). It seems the lady to whom he's shackling himself is Jocelyn Almond, who (I think) drew the art for VORTEX's ad in Skycon PRL---the one with the figure which everyone says looks like Raymond Baxter. Any old duplicators? Mr Walker? Mr West?

JIM BARKER: "Since I'm too nacked to do you a cover (Listen this is the sixteenth letter I've typed this weekend and there's not much you can do with 1/2 inch long finger stubs) I have to go to the last resort and write you a (ick!) Loc."
(That, essentially, was it.)

Flashback to TDS: remember Helen McCarthy remarking "If you've got it, flaunt it!" to an allegedly silent Joe (Mike Glicksohn's Answer To Camberley, Surrey) Nicholas? Hear now the Other Side---

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

"Dammit, I did reply to Helen McCarthy. It was Boris to whom I was speaking at the time she cruised ~~by~~ diminutively past, and it was he and I who shouted as she departed with her tits a-joggle 'But you haven't got it!'. Perhaps your hearing aid had switched itself off, perhaps you had moved out of range---or perhaps this omission is symptomatic of some latent megalomaniac desire to remould the very fabric of reality, to force it to conform with all conceivable

exactitude to the iron dictates of the Langfordian whim.

"Ah yes... Silicon. Bugged if I can remember all that much about it. Are you sure you want a conrep in the form of a letter? ((No, I was drunk at the time. At most times, I recall)) Won't you be providing all faithful readers with your own version of this unparalleled fannish event? I cannot believe otherwise; and, in any case, you can probably do a much better hatchet job on those nerds from Norwich than I can. Is that why you were so quiet?...

"And who can forget the charades, with me giving the titles away to the opposition in loud whispers every other second? Leroy told me on Monday that someone had told him that my presentation was too serious; perhaps that 'someone' was John Harvey. Bloody hell; 'kiss' rhymes with 'miss', doesn't it? And that was at least part of the titles... ((The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress, I think, was what Joe was trying to act out.)) And in any case, how else would I have stolen a kiss from his wife? Mind you, I stole a lot more kisses from little Helen Eling later on. Ian Williams told me the next morning that that had made him feel incredibly jealous. It's the tang of Cinzano about the lips that does it, you know...

"There were a lot of magnificent one-liners bandied about at the con. Trouble is, I cannot now remember any of them--- except this one. On the Saturday evening, as hordes of us were gathering to invade a Chinky, Chris Atkinson was trying to boost the numbers and lit upon Dave Cockfield as a likely candidate...

CHRIS: You're coming with us, aren't You?

DAVE: Oh, all right. (Pause) I never could resist a pretty woman, even when she is with someone else.

MALCOLM: Neither could I..."

** I tried, I really tried. I wanted to write the con report which would shake the fannish world, or at least give the impression that I remembered some fleeting detail of Silicon. But it just doesn't seem to work...

I'm quite reliable on details of the northward journey. We stopped in a pub for lunch, Malcolm and Chris and Keith and Hazel and I; on the way out, there was a scramble for the loo. Emerging, I whiled away the seconds by scratching the head of a conveniently-placed parrot,

wandering then into the car-park and finding Malcolm. He greeted me as though encountering Livingstone after long leagues of trackless jungle. /3/

"I was just poking the parrot," I explained.

He thought about that for a while.

"Oh," he said. "...I thought it must be some kind of euphemism."

Thus the insidious moral decay produced by Barrie McKenzie films.

I can't have been in control of myself on Saturday morning of Silicon: I found myself on some form of panel. Fortunately there was no need actually to say anything, since pissed Leroy was grabbing 95% of the action, much to the horror of certain representatives of the Norwich SF group. These poor folk, lured on by false hopes, now found themselves amid perverts and conies who quite openly spent whole minutes not talking about SF. Their most immortal line was "How is it that a big place like Newcastle can't support a decent SF group?" ROB JACKSON, then absent, didn't count: Maya, the Norwich Group declared, was just another of those nasty fannish fanzines which Mary Whitehouse would get around to in due course. Leroy fell off his chair and insisted that Greg probably knew more about SF than anyone in Norwich. Scandalised expressions: "Look, anything he's read we've probably read in the same edition!" Leroy fell off his chair again. I made a sign saying DEAF AND DUMB and erected it before me. We turned to happier matters---"Should we always have a GoH at cons?" and were back on familiar ground as soon as Greg screamed "You'll be having the typesetter from Badger Books in the end!" ---"Good choice," said Leroy, falling off his chair. I improvised a defence of Rob Holdstock hack books while Ms Frost gave Roy a series of drinks---lemonade and something urinal in aspect---which knocked him clean off his chair. Meanwhile another new face (Dave Cobblestick) was ably speaking for the BSFA: later, when the Norwichites had stamped out in disgust, he said what a good thing fandom was and demonstrated his ideals by talking his way to a Scotch (for me, amazingly) from the closed bar...

"God," said Leroy, "I was sick after that panel." It's amazing he'd manage to get enough to fall off his chair: the Imperial Hotel was a little strict with such amenities as drink, swimming pools

/4/ ("we don't open the pool on the holiday"), the pool table (the clashing of the balls apparently kept other residents awake) and even, it seemed, the use of their kitchen stove: "I want to eat it, not hatch it" wailed Hazel as her boiled egg flowed across the plate, the white and yolk equally runny... It all came to a head on Saturday night, when--- although the barmaid was ready to serve drinks until dawn, and although Gannet-fandon offered to pay her wages---the crotinous manager declared that, whatever may previously have been agreed, the Bar Must Close at 12.30.

It had also closed all afternoon. "It's not our fault," sobbed Ian Williams. "He lied to us..." No: the blame rests securely upon That Manager, and all complaints must be directed to the general manager of Swallow Hotels Ltd, The Brewery, Sunderland, SRL 3AN.

Meanwhile, Mary the Mad Barmaid told us how she'd been fired by said manager for being insufficiently solemn and despondent in her work. And Hazel noted smugly that all the facilities the hotel was depriving us of were ones she didn't use (this was before her last breakfast of rare eggs...). Thanks to Mary, we caroused in the manager's despite until 1.20, by which time all the worst expectations of Norwich had been justified. I attempted to recite tongue-twisters and was helped away by kindly hands after coming to grief upon Swinburne's "Surely no spirit or sense of a soul that was soft to the

spirit & soul of our senses / Sweetens the stress of suspiring suspicion that sobs in the semblance and sound of a sigh ..." But I didn't fall off any chairs.

In the inevitable Bangladesh Curry session I scarred my tonsils with a chicken-bone. A nagging pain. My mistake was when, on the way home, I ate smoked-salmon paté with Malcolm et al: the taste of fish kept convincing my subconscious that my throat contained a fishbone, and triggering little coughs. By the time we reached home I felt as though a huge dorsal fin were sticking from the side of my neck. A strange post-journey twitchiness came over me, and in the small hours of Tuesday morning, a sleepless Langford wandered up and down the stairs seeking solace. On one such trip, I remember, I quite seriously searched the downstairs rooms for burglars, armed only with a firmly-clutched can of deodorant. The Gannets have a lot to answer for...

(This, of course, was only the final stage of a decay which began when I tried to lipread the speech in 'Gappa, The Triphibian Monster'---Silicon's star film. It had been dubbed from Japanese. Help.)

Let's finish with some good rousing addresses... DAVE BRIDGES, 130 Valley Road, Meersbrook, Sheffield, S8 9GA. DARROLL & RO PARDOE, Flat 2, 38 Sandown Lane, Liverpool 15. KEITH SEDDON (see within). Martin & Liese say that since they set up their Master Address File a year ago, 20% of the fans on it have moved.

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oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooo Here is Twll-Ddu 8, oooo
oooo a thin fanzine from oooo
oooo Dave Langford of 22 oooo
oooo Northumberland Ave, oooo
oooo Reading, Berks, RG2 oooo
oooo 7PW, United Kingdon oooo
oooo oooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Britain is fine in '79... And it's too late now to do anything about it...

How could I have forgotten to add that the cover was by D. WEST using another Keith Freeman thermostencil? Dunno.