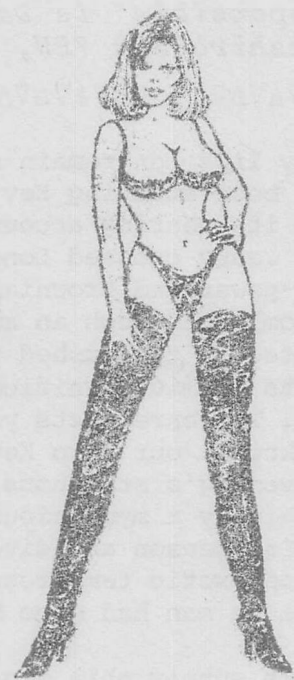


Now ruthlessly exposed: the evil that godless people do to themselves!

What kind of people, given the choice between good and evil, deliberately choose evil? Reject God and His mercy and turn to Satan and the forces of darkness? In orgies and secret rites pay homage to the Devil and all his works? What do they hope to gain?



Slaves of science!

The Professionals... The facts.

TWLL DDU

"No more struggling to get up ... It will be a boon"

From an unsolicited letter

said-Smith clambered into my wagon for an impromptu ride to the "Tun"; his goal was Waterloo Station, but he allowed that he could be persuaded to talk to fans that night, though his thoughts were on a higher plane, up with the accountants and free booze parties that sustain them from day to day. (Actually, he was suspiciously mellow, even after the tooting he'd received. What do they drink at these parties?)

At the Tun I expected to find sundry irate Haldomans (Haldemen?), wondering aloud where their lift home had gone. Instead, they expressed pleased surprise that I'd misunderstood an earlier conversation. The said-Smith, meanwhile, had homed in on the bar, inside, so that when the moment came to collect up my careful of passengers he was nowhere to be seen in the street, where all the real people were at that stage. A search located him. Trust the said-Smith to pick up loose women, even at a time like that! Scorning my offer to get him safely to the station and away from temptations of the flesh, he clung possessively to his bint, declaring that he would make his own way home and that his heart was now set upon a pizza. A pizza? Oh well, I am no man to stand between a said-Smith and his pizza. So we parted. Him to his pizza, and I (plus Haldepersons) towards South Kensington.

But as I drove home, the thought kept returning to me that the evening had taken a very strange turn. You see, I have this image: of Kev said-Smith, one arm preoccupied with his new friend, his other arm reflexively clamped to his briefcase, and a steaming pizza in front of him. Perhaps it comes down to improbabilities: what, say, are the chances of two mutually acquainted fans meeting at a road crossing near Moorgate tube station at about 1045 pm of a Thursday evening? Pizzas may be omitted from the calculations for the sake of simplification.

["Me lud, the witness is becoming philosophical. This will never do."

["True, true. Let him be suppressed. Attend to it, usher."

[There is a scuffle in Court.]

---And so that ill-assorted couple staggered into obscurity, to reappear hours later at some low pizza-place

miles from the starting-point. Who can guess their adventures in that dark labyrinth of Underground changes? We only know that on emergence, Kate displayed signs of having undergone a mystical experience, signs such as catalepsy and Speaking In Tongues. Alan Dorey reports that Kev seemed sobered as though by some great shock. Kev alleges that this was not so, but we must recall that on his own admission he was in no state to accurately judge his personal sobriety. [See also the statement of the witness Stephenson, and furthermore page 581 of Fowler's *Modern English Usage*, where infinitives so delicately split as the above are decreed quite wholesome.]

Posterity must deliver the final verdict. Beauty is truth and truth beauty: that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know, though the present writer is not wholly convinced of this. Can one assert that Kev's rapid changes of address in 1978 (most recently to No Fixed Abode, 7 Fassett Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey) are connected in any way with this most curious episode? Do we detect in his *Drilkjis 3* editorial the voice of a disillusioned man to whom even the consolations of sf are now hollow and meaningless? To quote one of the most beautiful passages of that great devotional work *Twll-Ddu 3*: "[He] was undergoing an identity crisis, and must not be allowed to shoulder the blame. He is the product and victim of his environment. Not he but society stands condemned. We are all guilty."

#

All the most pretentious parts of that Searing Human Document were included for the specific purpose of annoying D. West and David V Lewis. Indeed, the coupling of their names for the first time in this fashion should annoy them still more. I hope Simone appreciates these efforts to nudge the 1978 Nova Award gently in her direction.

#

I'll start something different on the next thrilling page. Meanwhile, let it be known that *Twll-Ddu* is still available for Trade, LoC, Whim, Subscription to GUFF Of At Least 25 Pence, and furthermore to Interesting People, People I Wish To Love Me and People I Wish To Annoy. So there.

Letters and Savage Controversy

John Piggott (remember him?) maintains a low and indeed a subterranean profile in sf fanzines at present; but from time to time in his gameszine *Ethil the Frog* he scarifies games fans for the deficiencies of their zines as compared with the Real Thing. Read *Maya*, he sneers, read *SBD-that-was*; even *Twll-Ddu* could teach you a thing or two about stapling. And one games fan, a being erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, has now studied *TD* and wishes to speak out. Pray silence for:

JONATHAN P R PALFREY, 29a Priory Road,
Kenilworth, Warwickshire CV8 1LL

"What would I have predicted as the contents of a SF zine? Well, SF of course (reviews, articles, discussion, perhaps some home-grown fiction) but also discussion of whatever other interests the editor might have---perhaps such things as politics, philosophy, social systems, futurology, space colonies, ecology, etc.---the major issues of the present and the future. Besides these obvious SF-related interests one would also expect some idiosyncratic interests which would add colour and individuality to the zine.

"Opening *TD7*, I find a very long and beautifully written con report, followed by a few inconsequential but amusing letters. Clearly a special 'hilarity' issue, wonder what comes next? Open *TD8*. Hm, a different format, otherwise more of the same. *TD9*. *TD10*... *11*... *12*...

"I have read six issues of *Twll-Ddu*. Drawing on this experience, I come to the earth-shattering conclusion that the zine exists as a forum for fan gossip---and nothing else!

"Gulp. Can it be possible that there are sentient beings Out There who have nothing to say to each other but variations on 'He said this, she did that and we all got drunk'???

"An interesting speculation, Watson. It follows inevitably that such beings would rapidly evolve an expertise in phraseology which would disguise the essential poverty of their communication and prevent premature death from ennui. However, one could only classify their

social state as being one of extreme decadence, and the prognosis for species survival in the long term is not good."

** Only the belated realisation that fan-
** nish fandom has making making its moribund way since the 1930s prevented my instant abandonment of such frivolity. [Remember the Monty Python sketch about the Society for Putting Things on Top of Other Things? And the way it instantly broke up as soon as someone realised all this was a bit silly? Many people seem to think that fans just need to be told.] I returned a postcard of 22-carat hall-marked pretentiousness, something about how I liked to be paid for writing serious articles, fiction etcetera. By return of post:

"Naturally, if you've written something saleable, a zine is no place for it---a zine should contain informal discussion of an unmarketable nature, and perhaps occasionally articles and fiction that you've failed to sell (if this ever happens to you!). I'm baffled that you apparently refuse to discuss non-fictional subjects in zines at all. Suppose someone writes you a letter about one of your professional pieces---I presume you have to reply personally or just ignore it. Wouldn't it lead to a richer discussion to put it in your zine?"

** I dunno. Am I all alone in thinking
** that real individual people are the most interesting subject under the sun, making gossip a topnotch artform and converting that gibe about mainstreamery---"gossip about people you don't know"---into high praise? In fact I have been urged to say more about *War In 2080*: Paul Barnett, leading hitman of David & Charles Ltd, has subtly hinted that my low-key mention of the book last issue was inadequate, and that three or four columns typed in capitals and printed in red might advantageously be devoted to it. Well, *War In 2080* is all about the future of Killing People. It begins with a brilliant and lucid discussion of killing people with clubs and by the last few chapters is merrily cracking planets and detonating suns as a route to killing more people. In between there are fascinating digressions on allied subjects such as seriously wounding people. Moreover, the book contains authentic and never-before-published quotations from Joe Nicholas and Kev Smith. Such value

for money has rarely been known. No, I don't know how much it will cost.

[Advt.: "I shall definitely buy a copy of your book when it appears" writes Mr Joseph M Nicholas, just one of the hundreds of satisfied customers who haven't yet seen it.]

Other works? I've heard from friendly people who inflate my ego to tremendous size by saying the *New Writings 27* story is like a pale echo of Sladek, the *Andromeda 2* story a feeble imitation of Borges. My favourite to date is a rave letter about my *Necronomicon* contribution, from Colin Wilson. Unfortunately Colin (yah-boo-sucks, Mr Wingrove) also wrote much of *Necronomicon* and could be biassed. But enough of this preening! Steve McDonald regularly sends me four-page letters with numbing lists of his sales, publications, current and future projects, and even occasional rejections; I don't want TD to give everyone the sinking feeling I sometimes experience at sight of these epistles. Yet let it be known---and my hand is on my heart as I say it, my chest is swelled with pride---that I too have been rejected by Isaac Asimov's *SF Magazine*. What d'you say to that, Terry?

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

"The arrival of *Twll-Ddu 12* gave me pause to stop and think. I am worried, Dave, worried about you and your fan future.

"Have you ever considered how close *Twll-Ddu*, the title of your very own fanzine, is to *Tykky-Dew*, the title of that famous Peter Roberts fanzine? The two names are remarkably---perhaps even suspiciously---similar. Both words come from the same root word, which in English means 'carrot'. In fact, when translated from their native languages, both *Twll-Ddu* and *Tykky-Dew* mean precisely the same thing: 'He who is as deft as a carrot'. (No, Dave, I said deft.)

"As all fanhistorians know, *Tykky-Dew* was Peter Roberts's most famous publication. That fanzine was so well thought of that it was even distributed in APA-45! (To truly appreciate this you must realise that back when Peter was doing his fanzine APA-45 was every bit as important and influential then as OMPA is

now.) In 1968 when Peter Roberts was putting out this fanzine he became the biggest of the Big Name Fans; his reputation built almost entirely on *Tykky-Dew*. Fandom was his eggplant, as the expression goes.

"Then Peter Roberts gambled with disaster... and lost. He put aside *Tykky-Dew*. With true vegetarian recklessness, Peter launched a new fanzine, one that he named *Egg* (or it may have been *Omelette*). The Earth spun on its axis! Shortly thereafter, he left APA-45 and then, of course, fans began to forget about Peter Roberts. Today no one remembers a fanzine called *Egg*, although there is a dim recollection when *Tykky-Dew* is mumbled in dark corners. Peter Roberts? Ask your average fan, your Greg Kettle, your Simone Charnock, your Patti Pickersgill, and they'll tell you that they never heard of any Peter Roberts. His name, once on the lips of every typewriter, is now unknown. By changing from *Tykky-Dew* to *Egg*, Peter Roberts became the Forgotten Fan.

"Fandom works on 10 year cycles. In 1968 Peter Roberts and *Tykky-Dew* were at the peak of their popularity; today in 1978 Dave Langford and *Twll-Ddu* are in a similar position. Don't blow it, Dave! Yes, I have heard the rumours that you are contemplating a name change for your fanzine and I ask you to think about the example of Peter Roberts before you do. Frankly, Dave, I have even heard of the new title you intend to use and I think it is a mistake to switch from *Twll-Ddu* to *Wadazine*.

"Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to get back to work on the next issue of *Tykky-Ddu*."

** And that was your friendly TAFF candidate. Don't you think we owe it to America to relieve her even temporarily of the man? Gary Deindorfer, who despairs of appearing in this letter column, says "If Terry Hughes gets sent over there [here] for TAFF, and he seems to be a shoe-in, you might be able to consider his famous nose as a candidate for a seventh fannish wonder. It has been said by certain 'pundits' that its monumentality puts the Great Pyramid to shame."

** Terry's nose is doubtless slated for immortality (pity about the rest of

him); but Strange Rumours from the USA suggest that even a man so wondrously beschnozzled may meet TAFF opposition. Indeed the story is that though Terry is the man Britain wants, billions of non-fanzine fans across the water have never heard of him and may quite capriciously vote for another. Ye gods! With this awful warning burning in our minds, let us pass swiftly to another wonder of the fannish world, the man (as it were) who was mentioned not once in *Twil-Ddu 11*:

D WEST, 48 Norman Street, Bingley, West Yorks.

"Pleased to see that Keith Seddon thought your last issue 'boring drivel'. Shows what happens when you don't mention my name.

"The catalogue of your misfortunes omits the visit to the fish and chip shop, where you attempted to lean on part of the counter which promptly collapsed and almost pitched you through the front window. Also, selfish as ever, you make no mention of the facial damage inflicted by G Pickersgill in the game of rounders. He spent the rest of the weekend moaning on about how much I'd hurt his knee by banging it with my face...

"It's no wonder Greg 'pondered glumly on the coming nuclear holocaust'. He'd probably been listening to you telling how you once attempted to use a cigarette machine to roll your own squibs. The reminder that someone who is obsessed with making loud bangs is connected with our nuclear forces is enough to make anyone uneasy."

** BOO! to you, Mr West. Here's someone else pointing out what he fondly believes to be an error:

ALAN DOREY, 20 Hermitage Woods Crescent, St John's, Woking, Surrey GU21 1UE

"Following your great success at not mentioning D West at all in *TD11*, you decided, very thoughtfully I might add, not to mention me in *TD12*. I mean, I didn't do much... just smashed everybody else off the face of the earth with my stunning displays on the football field (and you should have seen me actually play football), pointed out to interested parties where WOKING was on Greg's map of London's railways and poured beer up

D West's nostrils when he was lying flat out in front of the CAMRA tent at Acton Fun Fair.

"As a matter of interest to 'amateur book dealers like Jolly Roger Peyton', the Leeds based near millionaire bibliophile is now a 'somewhere hidden from the Official Receiver former millionaire elect'. His mysterious backer in the States withdrew his support (and his cash), and thus Mike's friend of old 'Kevin the Con' is now a very dejected person."

** I too am dejected; I can't do anything right; just look at this---

JON LANGFORD, 36 Cliff Road, Hyde Park, Leeds 6

"Dear Daevid, et toujours aussi oui oui Hazélle

"→ I'm writing to you as I'm travelling through the last gruelling miles twixt Sheffield and Leeds, you being my last hold on reality as the boredom and monotony of slagheaps, Embassy no 1 extra mild adverts, rusty trucks, instant condensed rusty car cubes, corrugated iron factrees, portakabin portable shithouses, burnt out forges and half painted land bound catameringues filters in under my wisp smitten eye-lids. Ah the poetry of the scene... take me home to Minas Tirith oh wondrously stocky ankle brother. Yes I'm returning to the centre of civilization, the fifth, sixth and seventh wonder of modern creation → 36 (get that) yes I'll say it again so maybe I'll get some mail delivered to my house and not 4 doors down the road... 36, Cliff Road → It was probably my mistake in the first place but it's gone on LONG enough → no longer can I perpetuate the hollow pretence of living in that shameless decadence and prestige/luxury/envy of the world paradise of 32 CLIFF ROAD--- Yes it's true I realise you were only trying to be kind and not shatter my illusions by sending my mail to 32 and thus not even hint that you saw through my hopeless sham---God yes! I can say it--- I never thought I could face you with the awful truth BUT I have---Oh god what a relief oh 36 36 36---it is 36 it shall always be 36---Ah!! 36 36 36---32 I renounce you forever....."

** [Sic.] Other notifications of change-of-address need not adhere rigorously

to this format. Someday I'll squeeze in little brother's amazing stream-of-consciousness essay, provisionally titled *Fat Nazi Women Never Were A Big Turn On For You Anyway*, which he sent last year. First I must locate someone willing to electrostencil the accompanying illustration of graphic sex and violence. Speaking of which...

JOYCE SCRIVNER, Apt AG 3.3, Hatfield Village, Hatfield, PA 19440, USA

"I wish you had been over for Philcon last year. Only your inimitable pen & palate could catch the sounds of the Woman's APA party that became Moshe Feder's Birthday Party. Lin Carter being thrown out for lighting up his third cigarette in Suzle Tomkins face. The Philly Police being called to push everyone in the hall into the already full con suite (that's why they were in the halls): 'You need a fire lane'. The doors to the Baltimore in '80 party having to be shut because of the high school football team booked on their floor. (Of course, simply walking the length of the hall you began flying like a kite from their smoke.) The Masonic Convnetion from Virginia (all looking like waiters & a ladies' choral group) having their convention in the same hotel with us. Everyone getting thrown off the convention floor because of the Masons' banquet (Philcon was cheap and didn't book one). And last but not least of my memories the marvellous, highly made up black lady with shopping bags who rode down and up in the elevator at breakfast time and told D Potter & I about what happened when she went to the doctor's office & he unzipped his pants. All in graphic detail. Aren't you sorry you missed it?"

** ---We'll just have to console ourselves with Brian Burgess as usual, I suppose. You have just been reading the losing entries from our "Respond To TD12" competition, which produced an excellent turnout; the winners, who will not be embarrassed by having their addresses exposed to the public gaze, are listed below. Each will be awarded a copy of this issue! And a special prize next time for the best response to Mr Palfrey.

WAHF Graham Ashley, Jim Barker, Paul Barnett, Colin Bateman, Eric Bentcliffe,

Pamela Boal, M... Caulton [who deplored my daring revelation of her first name], Coral Hilma Clarke [who instead of attending that party was "playing Doctor and Patient in Newcastle"], John Collick, Andrew Darlington, Gary Deindorfer [twice], Leigh Edmonds, Graham England: "Katy's birthday cake was intended to represent a phallus. On looking at it I thought first of all of an Old English Sheepdog sitting up and begging (only its front paws had vanished). Perhaps that is where Paul Skelton got his zine title.", Rune Forsgren, Alan Freeman, Steev Higgins [twice]: "My burgeoning celebrity status threatens to burst at any moment into brilliant super-stardom. Can the fannish scene be ever the same again posterior to my advent?", Dave Hull [whose imitation of Mike Glicksohn impersonating Jo S.F.Nicholas commanded respect, if not publication], Philip James, Tom Jones: "D West gave us a good laugh which is unfortunate as some of his points are valid. Our response is very calm and reasoned...", Paul Kincaid: "I have decided to put myself forward for the Joseph Nicholas Award for short LoCs. With some zines I have evn managed to achieve total silence. You are not so fortunate ...", Christian Lehmann, Ian Livingstone [a man of taste], Mary Long [twice], Steve McDonald: "One day I'll tell you what Greg Pickersgill did to Bernie Peek with the machine head of a Gibson SG he found in a garbage can...", Craig Miller [twice]... *[Mid-alphabet pause!]*

...Joseph Nicholas: "The post around our area has become worse than ever of late... perhaps it's all got something to do with the fact that 'postage' is an anagram of 'gestapo'...", John Owen, Jonathan P R Palfrey [again]: "Does Rob Hansen have a special affinity for one-legged top-heavy girls? (See cover, TD12). Is it because they have difficulty remaining vertical?" *[Now that's more like it!]*, Celia Parsons, Chris Priest: "This is not a LOC, but thanks. You are a good fanwriter, I think. (You note I say 'think'; never sure of anything these days.)", Andy Richards, Dave Rowe: "TD12 arrv'd, & I thght 'grt hr'll be smthng to wrt abt.' / Jst how wrng can a prsn be!", Paul Ryan, Joyce Scrivner [again], Keith Seddon: "*funny*", Cyril Simsa, Adrian Smith, Steve Sneyd, Jeff Svoboda, Roger Waddington, Phil Wain [twice]---and I've *finished at the bottom of the page!!!*

THE BACK PAGE

(Look, when you've typed the previous six stencils on the trot you're in no shape to think of subtle witty meaningful titles swiped from pretentious mainstream rubbish [sic] like what Kev Smith does.)

"I got whistled at by a builder's van entitled Ian Williams!" [Hazel, 28/6/78]

Peter Weston is embarrassed. You see, Ursula Le Guin herself sent a fan letter on *Andromeda 2*, saying how super was Mike Rohan's story. (No, she didn't mention mine. Sometimes I despise my great friend Mike.) Peter would rather like to quote the letter in *Andromeda 4*, as part of the introduction to Mike's tale in that collection. There is one snag. Mike has not submitted a tale, despite frantic phone-calls of solicitation.

"You could send him so-and-so," I would say urgently. "I'm sure Peter would like that."

"No," Mike would grumble, "that one's too good for *Andromeda*..."

Silicon Report:

When this issue is finished I shall go to Silicon. I shall get there by means of transport, probably Kev's car. [Dunno why I give him credit, mind you: never a mention of my brilliant duplicating in the latest *Dot*.] At Silicon I shall become less than sober, more than once. Curry will be eaten. Fans will fall over, among them Leroy Kettle. The Norwich group will not appear. Much scandal will be repeated and invented, with the names of Jack Robson and Hilma appearing repeatedly. Attendees will be indunated with fanzines... *Drilkjis 3*, *Dot 4*, *Nabu 5*, *Twll-Ddu* and (so rumour has it) *Siddhartha*. Recipients of these noble publications will use the fact of their being handed over at a con as a cheap excuse to refrain from response. When the convention is over I shall have a headache, a large hole in my bank balance and several books Rog Peyton could not sell to anyone else. This has been my very first Proleptic Convention Report. I think I prefer the other kind, but it seems just as easy to write the damn thing beforehand, doesn't it? Even if I get it All Wrong the kindly members of Silicon will be too tired and over-emotional (or over-tired and emotional, or both in Greg's and Leroy's cases) to notice, much. Thank you. [22-8-78]

TWLL-DDU Nearly Fourteen

TWLL-DDU 1101

TWLL-DDU D

Call it what you will, it comes from

Dave Langford

22 Northumberland Avenue

READING

Berkshire

RG2 7PW

United Kingdom