

APOLOGY TO DEPRIVED READERS

20th April 1979

In October 1978 I produced Twll-Ddu 14, possibly the finest Langford fanzine the world has known since Twll-Ddu 13. I handed some out at Novacon, posted a few more to people who jogged my conscience in some way (half a brick is known to be effective), realized that this thick issue cost a lot to post... and then settled down to write another book.

Guilt, guilt, guilt! (That is the semi-obligatory Linda Bushyager reference...)
JOYCE SCRIVNER

In March 1979 I staggered at last from the typewriter, grey-haired and swathed in cobwebs, with the manuscript of my flying saucer book. (Of which you will be hearing more.) How could I repay my debt to fandom? Swiftly I set to work on Twll-Ddu 15, whilst all around me mouldering copies of number 14 lay heaped in silent accusation. (Also, of course, in heaps.)

and now the household utensil that thinks while it strains: a sieve like a brain.
GARY DEINDORFER

Several thrilling things happened at Easter, including my frantic attempts to sell copies of WAR IN 2080 (of which you will hear less) at Yorcon, to hand out TD15, to make sure Bob Shaw didn't drink too much whisky (I heroically disposed of more than one bottle in the only way to hand), to insult people by forgetting their names or, worse, remembering their actions...

I have come among you masochists to free you from your sufferings.
GARY DEINDORFER

Anyway, my pangs of conscience about not mailing TD14 were lulled slightly when I found Rob Jackson was folding Maya in favour of the duplicated Inca with just 300 copies to be printed (each Maya subscriber will receive about two pages). Those who read the back page of TD14 may suspect some link between Rob's downfall and a certain Langford article now rescheduled for Inca... As for hot news after TD15: Albacon in Glasgow is our next Eastercon.

I notice there have been subsequent Twll-Ddus, but I didn't get any of them. I won't presume to inquire into the reason, whether they got lost in the mail, or you decided you didn't want to send any more, or what... GARY DEINDORFER

It was Gary's letter which galvanized me into inaction, and then out again. "Didn't want to send any" just about sums it up, I reckon. No, I like to thrust my stiffly-rolled fanzine into the soft receptive hands of a reader, to watch and see whether he/she is gradually stimulated into an uncontrolled orgasm of laughter. One doesn't get this voyeur's view, this exciting instant feedback by post (which I think is a rather nifty way of not saying that I'm often too lazy to write address labels and too mean to buy stamps).

Thank you all for your patience. You'll need it when you start reading the attached nonsense. Twll-Ddu 16 will definitely be out before Seacon.

See you there? I'll be the tall silent gentleman discussing existential awareness in sf, probably in company with a bottle under some handy table.

Dave

DAVE LANGFORD, 22 Northumberland Avenue, Reading, Berkshire, RG2 7PW, UK.