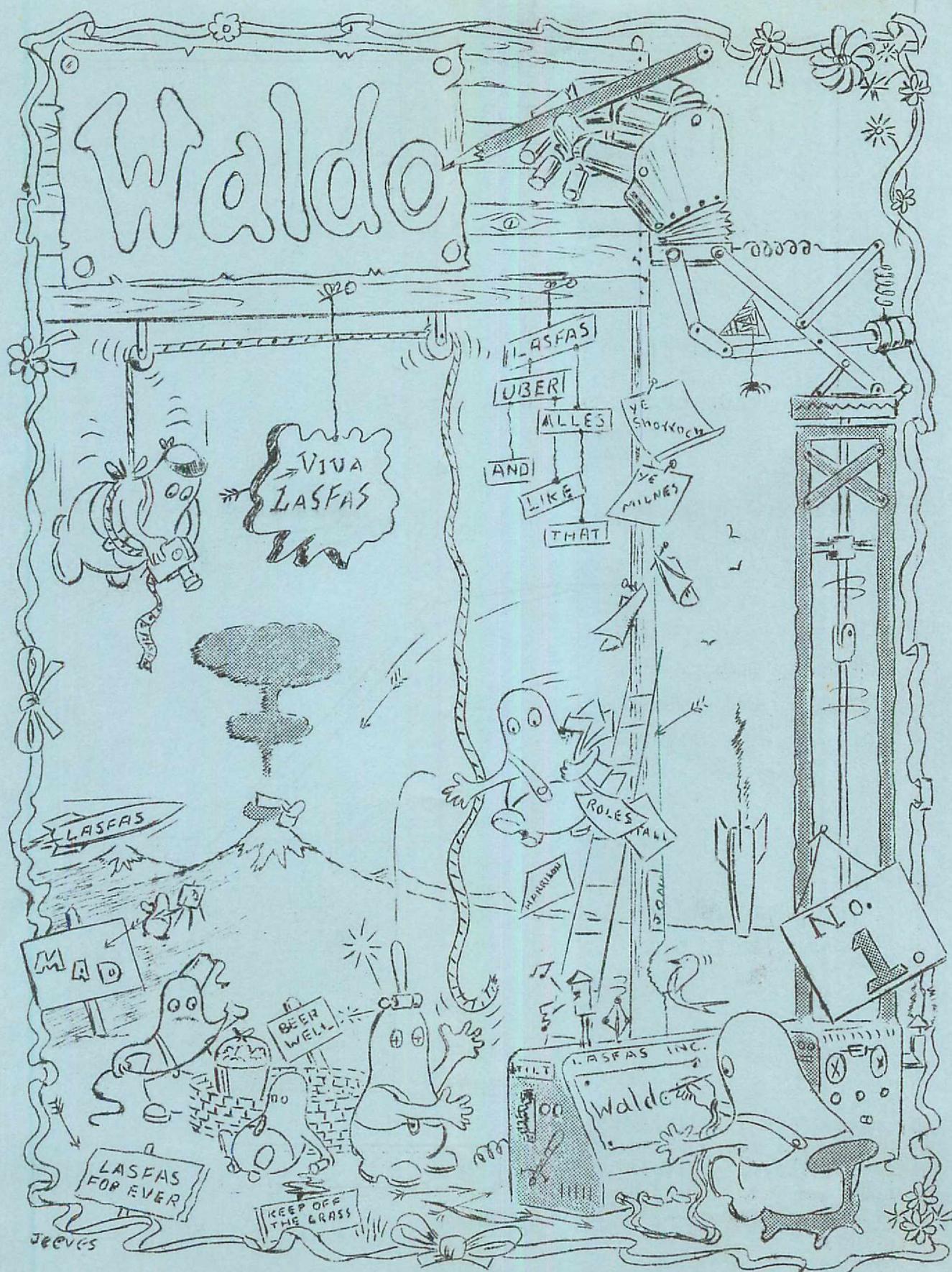


Waldo



JREVCIS

CONTENTS

ITALIAN JOURNEY Page 3

TRIBUTE TO LaSPaS Page 7

BUMS ALONG THE MERSEY .. Page 10

ATTACK OF THE VAPORS ... Page 17

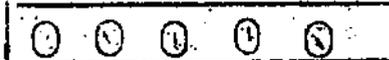
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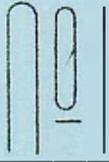
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All material and 'illos'
by EB, except where so
stated...like, I wouldn't
want either Terry or Eddie
to get blamed for my illo
attempts.



WALDO

is a magazine edited for the Eric Bentcliffe Appreciation Society by Eric Bentcliffe (who else ?). Distribution is through OMPA, plus People Who May Be Interested in the particular subject matter in any one issue. Frequency Of Publication; this magazine will be quite an irregular type thing, but an attempt will be made to coincide publication dates with OMPA mailing times to save on postage. In other words, WALDO will appear whenever I've something to say, which I think may be of general interest. Contents will most probably be light in nature; I'd much rather build castles in the air, verbally, than blast old ruins. Editorial Address (for anyone who's been living in a cave for the past few years) 47, Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England.



CONTENTS THIS ISSUE, will be words about my recent vacation in Italy, and (something I've been intending to publish for some time) A TRIBUTE TO LaSFaS - The Liverpool Science Fantasy Society. As regards this latter item I would like to make it clear that whilst this is intended as a genuine Tribute to the Liverpool Group and the way they have brightened up U.K. Fandom these past years, it is deliberately treated in a light manner because I believe this is the way they would like the topic to be treated. Anything dead serious would embarrass that lot.

Mi mandi il bagaglio alla stazione, per favore. Non so nuotare.

Bi-lingual, that's me. As quite a number of you will already know I decided to visit Italy for my annual holiday this year. Rimini, on the adriatic coast was my destination and I enplaned for that sun-blessed spot on September 7th. Before departing from the U.K. I spent a very pleasant few hours in London with Sandra Hall, Mike Moorcock, and Jim Cawthorn. They took me to a Greek restaurant in Soho for a meal, to acclimatise me to Italian cooking!

I arrived at Rimini Airport after a quite pleasant 3½-hour flight from Blackbushe - via a Douglas D.C.6 of Eagle Airways. I was immediatley somewhat bemused by the fact that the sun wasn't shining, however one of the local citizenry was kind enough to explain that it was still only 4am, so this was all right. I was worried for a moment. A coach awaited us at the airport, and shortly after landing I staggered into my hotel, the Quisisana, paused only to exclaim " La candela e sporca," and went to sleep.

I awoke at around the more respectable hour of ten o'clock, later that morning, with the sun streaming in through my bedroom window. And then the vacation began - I don't intend to give you a blow by blow account of it, but rather to detail a few highspots and give forth with a few general thoughts on Italy. ptc....

.....
Terry Jeeves kindly duplicated this magazine.
.....

RIMINI, is one of a string of resorts which have been developed to attract the tourist trade since the last war. Cattolica, Pesaro, and Riccione are other nearby resorts. Rimini, is partly an extremely modern vacation place, and partly a typical-shambles-type Italian town. The modern section is of course along the sea shore, where some extremely attractive modern architecture can be seen, both in hotels and villas. The Old Town, slightly inland, dates back to early anno domini, and possibly even earlier (I did not really delve into history, being more interested in the local flora and fauna). Some of the better known (and flaunted) relics of the area are the Arch of Augustus, which my brochure reminds me was erected in 27 B.C.; The Malatesta Temple (The area was at one time ruled by the Malatestan family) a Masterpiece of Italian Renaissance; and the Bridge of Tiberius, built during 14 - 21 A.D.

Interesting as these crumbling relics were, I was much more intrigued by the modernistic architecture to be found in the newer parts of Rimini. Although it is probably doubtful that they will stand as long as the former edifices, they are certainly more pleasing to the eye - let's face it I'm strictly a modernist.

During the daytime hours I spent the greater part of my time in a deck chair on the beach with a book, popping in for an occasional paddle whenever I got too warm. I did a reasonable amount of sight-seeing too, but one of my main intentions when on holiday is to use as little energy as possible during the day, saving it for the night time. And it was probably just as well I did, the night-life around Rimini is quite something.

The area abounds with pleasant and inexpensive night-spots; most of these are open-air, but then with a climate like the Riviera Di Rimini has, this is an advantage rather than a disadvantage (as it would be in England).

'DANCE UNDER THE STARS AT LA LUMARCA NIGHTCLUB'

Is a message promulgated frequently over loudspeakers to slobs like myself who are lying on the beach like exhausted porpoises. I spent quite a few pleasant evening at 'La Lumarca' (which, incidentally, translates as 'The Snail' and could refer to the style of dancing popular in Italy this semester), inbetween visits to the 'Casina Del Bosco', the 'Embassy', 'Belvedere', and 'Oriental Gardens'. All these night-spots are fairly similar in style but differ slightly in price and type of band. The Group at 'La Lumarca' I found particularly pleasing and this was my main reason for visiting the place so frequently - I suppose you could say they were of the Marino Marini school, the 4 Giuliano's. Instrumentation was Piano, Bass, Drums, Guitar, Vibraphone, and Accordion. And tape-recorder.

This latter 'musical instrument' may sound somewhat incongruous - and for awhile I was a little puzzled by the fact that all the groups in Rimini seemed to have a taper playing back during each number, and even formed the theory that it was all the Marino Marini group on tape and they 'musicians' were merely miming - however the sheer technique of these boys in their use of electronic aids to better sounds, was most impressive.

pto.

And talking of technique, a few words on the approach used by the modern Italian masher might be of interest to the fellow Certified Sex Fiends out in the audience. Do not fear, Brother's, that if you go to Italy you will be unable to find yourself female companionship. At least, as far as English girls are concerned (and those from the other Northern European countries). The reason is this; as the 'duenna system' is still in force amongst the better class Italian girls, the Italian male is hot foot after any female type tourist to be seen, as he's rather averse to taking mama along too, when his intentions aren't strictly honorable. However their approach work is so crude as to be almost funny. Inglese type femmes are one of their favourite targets, and I was informed by several of these that Italian types had come up to them in the street, and quite casually asked " You come to bed with me ?".

I'm afraid that they are a little too unsubtle to appeal to most girls who aren't actually sex-starved. Being English gives one a distinct advantage in Italy as far as English girls are concerned, they are so relieved to not have to wrestle all the time.

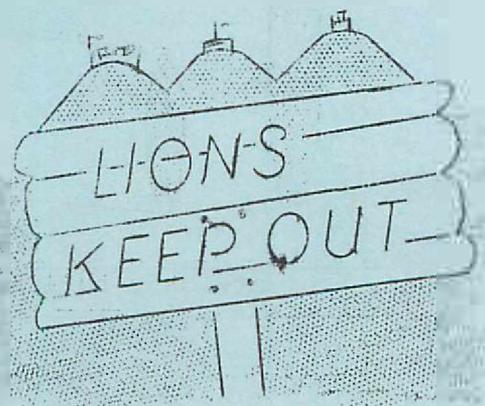
THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED MAN IN EUROPE

Is probably the sentry on duty at the border-post between Italy and San Marino. He's a San Marino, and dressed in a most colourful medieval-type uniform. All passing tourists try to take his photo, and I figure that if he ever decides to leave his present envirement he could well qualify for guard-duty outside Buckingham Palace. I would have liked to have asked him if he'd ever been bitten by an American film-star, but my Italian wasn't good enough for that. I was intrigued to notice that he spends most of his time inside his sentry-box, which, being in the shade is 'awkward' for taking photo's - however, a few hundred Lire will always tempt him out!

SAN MARINO itself is a quite fascinating place. The Worlds 'Smallest and Oldest' Republic is its claim. It is situated, mainly, on the top of a not very high mountain, Mount Titanus. The story goes that a Dalmatian Stone-Mason name of Marinus, together with a friend called Leo, came here in 301 from the isle of Arbe. Owner of the mountain and its environs at that time was one Donna Felicita, who later presented the mount to Marinus after he had healed her son.

At around this time, Christians were being fed to the lions in this are, and Marinus and Leo founded a sanctuary in which no lions were allowed. From this, San Marino grew.

Although the country (surprisingly enough) is now almost self-supporting by virtue of industry, it is very pleased by the number of tourists it attracts. Around 2 million this year.



Apart from the export of wine (mainly a rather insipid Moscato which is rather like an alcoholic Baby-Bubbly...Ech), San Marino gains a considerable revenue from the production of pretty postage-stamps; all of which, I'm told by Norman Shorrocks, are practically worthless in the world of philately. But Philately has got San Marino somewhere, Norm ?!

Some few days before going to Italy I had re-read "The Mouse That Roared", and I was rather intrigued by the similarities between San Marino and Wibberley's World. I wonder if this was the state that inspired the story ?

IF YOU WANT TO STOP SMOKING, SMOKE STOP!

Probably the makers of this Italian cigarette wouldn't be particularly pleased with my slogan - and actually, they aren't too bad, but with a name like that I could not resist bringing a few packs home.

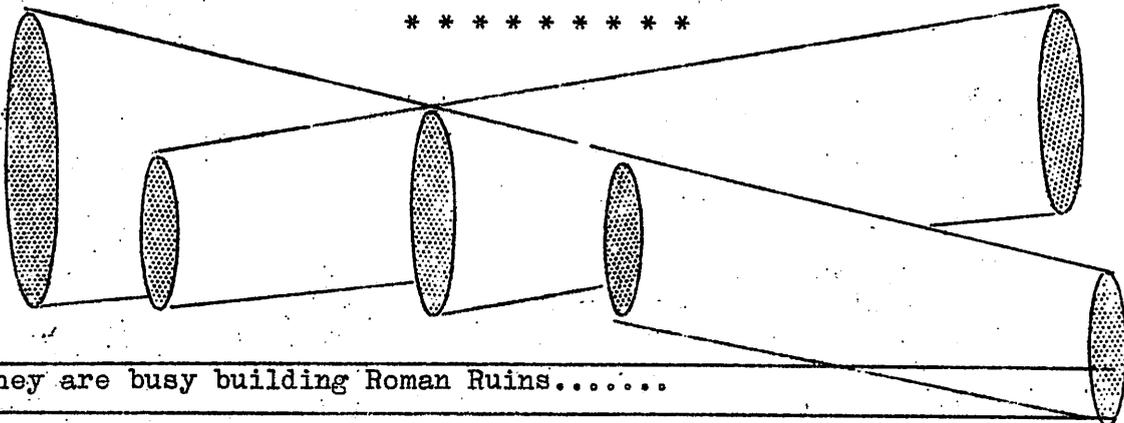
Per Favore, Signor, Grazie, Grazie tante...

One thing that did rather get under my skin in Italy was the profusion of Beggars. Although I'd become used to them whilst I was in the Middle East (in the RAF), I found that the thick-skinned I'd developed was beginning to wear thin. Most of the beggars are deformed in some way or another, and are most usually consummate actors as well - one in particular who sat on the pavement, cap in hand, with irons on his legs, I saw walking about the town quite normally, without them. I'm told they get quite a good living out of the tourists, but it's all rather obnoxious.

E Lei ?

But minor annoyances apart, I had a wonderful time in Italy, the sun shone hotly down all day, from a clear blue sky; the beaches were golden, the atmosphere electric. I hope to go back again one of these years. Before I'm too old.

NB. Italian phrases courtesy of Collins Italian Phrase Book!



Since I entered Fandom, there has been one group of fans who have stood out above all others - who have epitomised the Fannish Way Of Life in all its Drunken Splendour.

BRAVO MĀD

May I present.....

a tribute

HURRAH

HUZZAH

VIVALTO SFAS

lasfas

Which will be split up into three parts. A brief (and quite possibly highly incorrect) History of the Society; A resume of their accomplishments, and a List Of The Characters.

Approximately three years ago I wrote the first, of what was to be a series of columns for Charles Lee Riddle's PEON on the history of the British fan groups. Published in PEON No.38, this featured what I then, and now, consider to be the U.K.'s top fan group; The LIVERPOOL SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY. I'd like to reprint that article here in revised version, and bring it up to date.

Towards the end of 1951 a Liverpool fan by the name of Jeff Espley had the idea of asking the Milcross Book Service (which at that time was being run by old time fen Frank Milnes and Les Johnstone) for the addresses of other s-f readers in the city. On Monday the 12th of November, 1951, LaSFaS held its first meeting. Present were John Roles, Norman Shorrocks, Lew. Conway, Trevor Donnan, and probably Frank Milnes, Les Johnstone, and Norman Weedall. Other early members were Jim Mooney, Tom Owens, Stan Nuttall, and Dave Gardner. Plus Ina Shorrocks, Norman's wife.

Living as I do some thirty odd miles from Liverpool, I've been able to visit the group since its inception quite frequently, and watch its growth. I first met them when they paid a mass visit to the Norwest Science Fantasy Club in Manchester, of which I was Chairman at that time. A few weeks later a return visit was made by the members of the N.S.F.C. to Liverpool, and the SPACE DIVE.

8

The SPACE DIVE was a miniscule cellar rented for the use of club members and at the time of this visit was decorated with s-f magazine covers, and several model rockets. This was in February '52 and LaSFaS had a membership drive on tied in with the local showing of the film "The Day The Earth Stood Still". Members of the group had handed out leaflets in the cinema foyer inviting anyone interested in s-f to come visit the 'Dive'. The stairs down into the cellar had been greased and several new members were signed up before they had completely recovered consciousness. It can be seen that even in the early days, LaSFaS were a resourceful lot!

In July of '52 the first issue of SPACE DIVERSIONS appeared. Co-edited by John Roles and Tom Owens, produced by Dave Gardner and Norman Shorrocks. The magazine published some pretty good material from the first issue. A Symposium on Sex and Sadism in S-F, hit the fannish headlines of the times, and was later published in one volume. The contents were generally fairly equally divided between comment and conjecture on s-f, and the fannish goings on. Issue No.7 had 108 pages and it's probably not purely coincidental that shortly after this issue SD passed, temporarily, into limbo. In any case, LaSFaS had discovered a new interest. Tape Recording.

For a time, the group set a routine and kept to it...they met each Monday evening first at the SPACE DIVE, and later at the Stork Hotel when the expense of putting out a fanzine, living a normal (!) life, and renting a cellar began to clash. Towards the end of 1953, Norman Shorrocks saw an ad' in the local paper for a tape-recorder for sale at the very low price of £25, and proposed that the group should purchase it for LaSFaS use. This was done, and the LaSFaS began to change from what was a fairly normal S-F Society into the Gestalt of Madmen we know today.

At that years major London Convention, the London Circle had presented a play partly on tape, written by Walter Willis. This gave LaSFaS the incentive to produce for the SUPERMANCON in 1954, a play wholly on tape "THE ALIEN ARRIVES", which was again written by Walt with additional dialogue by Don McKay.

LaSFaS went from strength to strength and introduced a new word into the fannish vocabulary, TAPERAS (Tape-Operas). At the first Kettering Convention in 1955 they presented a half-hour long tape-play "THE MARCH OF SLIME" which, apart from creating quite a sensation by the high standard it set, introduced BLOG - the all-purpose preventative, purgative, and detergent (guaranteed to contain no Pterodactyls or other noxious ingredients) to fandom. BLOG was with us for quite a time.

In 1956 they topped "March of Slime", with the $\frac{3}{4}$ Hour long "LAST AND FIRST FEN". Eighteen months in the making, and a quite fabulous thing. The final word on Taperas until LaSFaS come back to that medium, I think. But about this time....Norman bought a Cine-camera.

The resulting effects of this purchase on LaSFaS (which gave birth at this time to MaD Productions - Mersey and Deeside Productions.) can perhaps best be illustrated by an excerpt from John Owen's DRUMS ALONG THE MERSEY in SD No.9.

" CAN OUR AUDIENCES TAKE THESE FACIAL CLOSE-UPS ?

The news that Mersey and Deeside's publicity film for LaSFaS ('May We Have The Pleasure') was successfully premiered at the Midwestcon recalled a recent visit to the MaD Lot at Sound City, Bebington, where executive producer Gregg P. Shorrock showed me around. On the floor of the cavernous Sound Stage Three I saw a new epic (Kodachrome, MicroScope, Unidirectional Sound) nearing completion. It is hoped that this Masterpiece, tentatively titled 'FANZAPOPPIN', will be available for Worldcon showing. Future MaD ventures include: 'Rabble Without A Cause', described as a 'fan saga'; 'The Norman Wansborough Story' with Wiltshire and Limehouse locations; 'I Walked With Ghod', to be filmed entirely in Belfast under Watch Committee supervision; 'Beloved Is Our Destiny', a screen version of the Harrison biography; and 'Pop', starring Ina Shorrock, which will be 'a story of the joys and heartbreaks of the bubble-dance business. "

'FANZAPOPPIN', was of course completed in time for the London Worldcon, and shown there together with 'MAY WE HAVE THE PLEASURE'. Although films had been made previously by fans in the States, none had so far managed to capture the whacky, fannish sense of humour in the way which these two epics did.

Now in production.....on Sound Stage Two (the Shorrock Garage)
' THE FAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM'.

One other fannish innovation which can be placed on the LaSFaS doorstep is that of the 'Fannish Ceremony' now being carried on by the Cheltenham Circle with their Knight's of St. Pantony award for Good Fansmanship. A couple of years ago Eric Jones and myself were honoured at a most impressive ceremony, and dubbed E.C.L.S.F.S. - Ex-Chairman of LaSFaS. Reason for the title was that it was deemed a high honour to become an ex-Chairman without first having had to indulge the trials and tribulations of the office. Reason (given) why EJ and I were honoured, was that we were a couple of 'Drunken Bums' - no higher compliment can be paid to a visitor to LaSFaS.

((Incidentally, you are now reading the 'resume of accomplishments which, due to my bad habit of composing on stencil, has got itself inextricably mixed with The History!))

And by no means the least of the LaSFaS accomplishments, is their supreme skill at organizing parties - debaucheries - shindigs, call them what you will, they are terrific. As fans from as far apart as Toronto, Savannah, Indiana, New York, and Sheffield can testify.

The Liverpool Group are a bunch of fans who have become better known for their joint efforts, than for any individual member's contribution to fanac. Which is rather a pity. Shorrock and Roles are 'household names' - what of the others.....

THOSE

BUMS ALONG THE MERSEY



Being brief pen-portraits of the members of LaSFaS....quite libellous in nature.



NORMAN SHORROCK

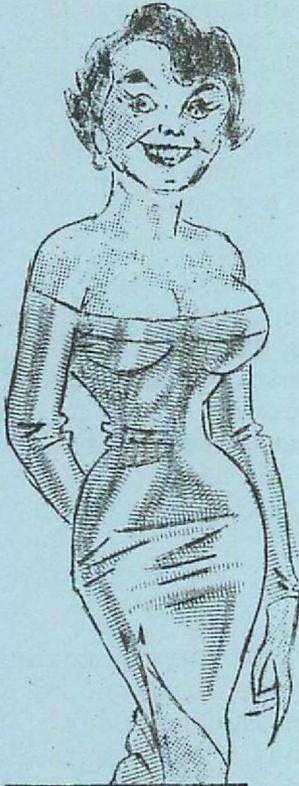
In almost every group of fans there is one person who provides the impetus and driving force, Norman is (and has been almost since the societies inception) the prime-mover in LaSFaS. I doubt that without him the society would have achieved all it has.

I'm sure that it would never have reached the state of alcoholic debauchery that it has today. For Norman, apart from his more serious side, is a bartender and host par excellence. Indeed, he is the only HARRISON THREE-STAR Bartender in the United Kingdom. His Pimms 99 probably the finest fannish drink yet concocted - years of fannish research went into its formulation for Norman is a perfectionist and has scoured the Continent for more and more potent ingredients. A deep rut in the Shorrock line has been engraved between the living-room and the Sink during his years of research.....and several new rocket-fuels have been discovered, as bi-products, and sold to the Government (of Lichenstein).

Norman, has recently (well, last year) taken over the editorship of SD and informs me that an issue can be expected almost any time..... He is also executive-producer, 1st Camera-man, and 2nd Clapper-board Boy on THE FAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM. Norman, is a FAN.

A fan who has done a great deal for British Fandom - apart from his efforts within LaSFaS, he has done a great deal of work for the U.K. Conventions held over the past few years. He was program-master-mind at the Worldcon; together with Dave Newman he organized several of the Lettering-cons; and, more recently, gave of his time and energies to make the first B.S.F.A. Birmingham Convention a success.

Norman is usually in the background (usually behind the bar) at British conventions, but without him they wouldn't be half so good. And British Fandom would be a duller place.



INA SHORROCK

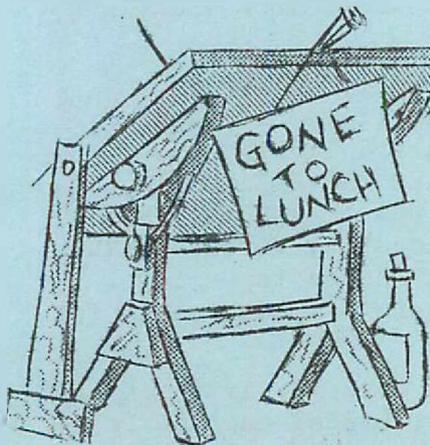
Norman's wife, and British fandom's 'Hostess with the mostess'. Ina has superabundant energy, and a gift for making people both 'at home' and happy. She's a Good Cook, the Mother Of Three, and one of the most attractive femmes in fandom (both as regards locks and personality).

Almost every weekend, at least two or three fen will descend on the Shorrocks household together with the local mob - Ina, it seems has the capacity to cope with almost anything at a moments notice, there's always plenty of food, drink and hospitality available and, somehow, she finds time to join in the festivities too.

Ina, is an excellent Brag player, a good-jiver, quite a wit - and the best stripper this side of the Kansas City Burlesque...

Hell, if it wasn't for that bum Norman I'd have married her years ago!

EDDIE JONES



Although Eddie is a relative newcomer to LaSFaS he's fast become one of the maddest of the whole lot. Suave, immaculate, Sheik-like, the Terror Who Strikes Fear Into The Hearts Of All Innocent Females - Eddie is the Rudolph Valentino of Liverpool Fandom.

He's also one of the best artists in fandom, with stylus or with oils. Recently he has become a professional artist in his own right and his work now adorns the covers of Badger PB's - as well as SD, TRIODE, and other fortunate magazines. And the 'Gentlemen' at Lime St Station, Liverpool.

Eddie, is also a camer-bug and has recently been occupied in posing the LaSFaS young ladies for the covers he has been commissioned to paint for Badger. So far none of the covers I've seen bare any resemblance to the photo's, but I must admit that he is acquiring a most interesting photo-file. Slurp. Eddie is also a 'gun-bug, so perhaps I'd better not say any more... He's a nice bloke, but then they all are.



H. STANLEY NUTTALL

Or 'Old Nuttors', as he is more normally addressed, has starred in several of the LaSFaS films, and has been a frequent contributor to SD.. His expressive finely moulded features have made him an ideal subject before the camera, and he is shortly to take the lead role in a remake of " King Kong ".

Stan, is one half of the writing team of ' Harry Hurstmonceaux and Cyril Faversham' who have been chronicling the adventures of Harrison in TRIODE, of lato. Stan is also a HiFi enthusiast and recently purchased two Alsatian Dogs and two Canaries - thus adding two Woofers and Tweeters to his rig. He's a real genuine MaD type genius.

JOHN OWEN

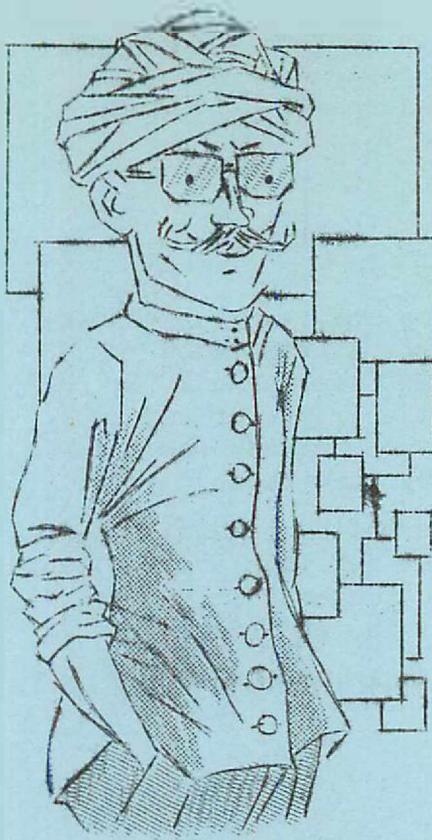
JohnO, is the other half of 'Hurstmonceaux and Faversham', and in my opinion one of the best writers of humour in fandom today. If it wasn't for the fact that I want this publication to come as a surprise (pleasant type) to LaSFaS, I'd have cajoled him into doing these pen-portraits, for he's the master of the style I'm trying to write in - and I'm not.



John has also been extremely active in the production of the LaSFaS films and tapes. His was the voice you heard linking the sequences of 'MAY WE HAVE THE PLEASURE', and 'FANZAPOPPIN'. And he was termed the 'Fan of a Thousand ~~Yiddish~~ Voices' by virtue of the number of roles he took in the tape-plays. He was NGW, amongst others - I admire him for that!

John's "Drums Along The Mersey", in which he chronicles the doings of LaSFaS and MaD Productions, is one of the highspots of SD these days. I wish he'd write more, more often.

JOHN ROLES

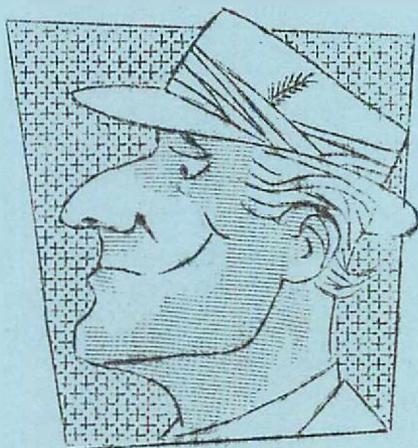


JohnR needs little introduction as he has been active in fandom, both as an editor and publisher, as long as I have. He has been responsible for several issues of SD, and his OMPazine MORPH has always been a most interesting mag...no mention of MORPH would be complete without a progress report on the tackiness of issue number one's cover. At the time of writing there is no sign of the cover drying out (some three years after publication), and one must commend John on this experiment of his. Incidentally, the rumour that went around some time ago insinuating that John mistook an ancient Hindustani recipe for chutney he'd made up, for duplicating ink, and that that was the reason for MOPHS indeluctable Cover; is completely untrue, I'm told....

John is a Collector type fan, and has been responsible for organising a Fanzine Foundation within LaSFaS. And then there's his position of Professor of Oriental Pornography within the group.

A fan of many talents.

WILLIAM HARRISON Esq.



So much has already been written of the 'mordantly brilliant' Sir. William, that I am at a considerable disadvantage in trying to cover the Great Man's abilities and talents in the space available. Suffice it if I quote in brief from a recent speech made by the PM.

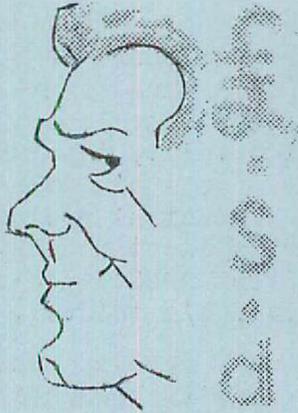
" Never in the realm of human conflict has so much been done to so many, by one man. Thank God...."

NORMAN WEEDALL



Norman is not only an early member of the Liverpool Group (and of the late N.S.F.C.), he was a founder member of the B.I.S. many con's ago. And if the supply of whisky holds out he may become pickled for posterity even before Bloch! He's recently been featured as Superman in a MaD Production (which unfortunately had to be shelved due to Frankenstein -

4
leaving the club), and I'm told that he achieved supreme moments of pathos in the part. Although Norman has never aspired to great heights as a fan (despite being a Master Windowcleaner), he's been around for a long time, quietly and pleasantly.



FRANK MILNES

Frank is also an old time fan, who was concerned in the running of the Milcross Book Service at the time LaSFaS was formed. Frank has been Treasurer of the group for some years, and I'm told that the reason for this is that he can't run very fast these days!

Frank is a fount of information regarding s-f, and a living example that s-f fans are faanish. A couple of years ago he achieved immortality by marrying Pat Doolan. The spoilsport...



PAT MILNES

Liverpool Fandom's 'Maid Of The Mountains', glamorous, scintillating Pat has asked me to include a message in this publication to all those who are less well endowed.

" Dear Jayne and Marilyn,

Don't despair,
dears, just take an ice cold douche every day and things will come out alright for you. "

Although Frank and Pat have been rather busy with other things since getting married, they have been responsible for throwing several fine parties, pyrotechnically fine parties.

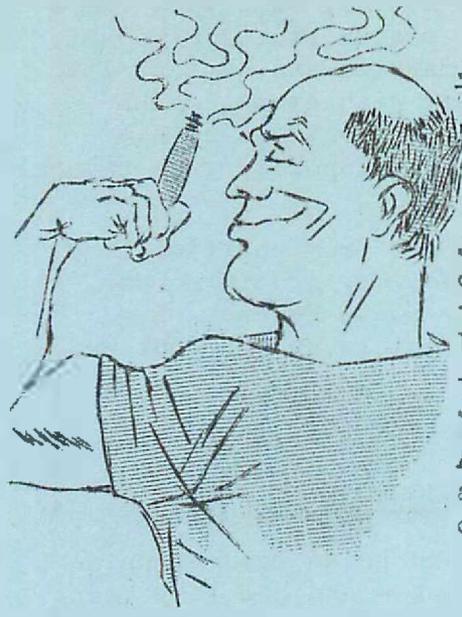


PETE DANIELS

Most of Pete's time is taken up as leader and horn-player with the Merseysippi Jazz Band, but he found time to serve on the London Worldcon program-committee with Norman and Dave Newman. Attendees at that con will recall the fine playing of his group at the Fancy Dress Ball, his brief (but poignant) speech, and his prowess as an auctioneer rivalling that of Tubb himself. And he's contributed to SD and to PLOY.

15

If Pete hadn't taken up Jazz as a vocation, he could probably have made the big-time as a comedian, he's one of the funniest (literally) and most humourous people I've met. For futher information - read some of the sleeves of the Merseysippi lp's.

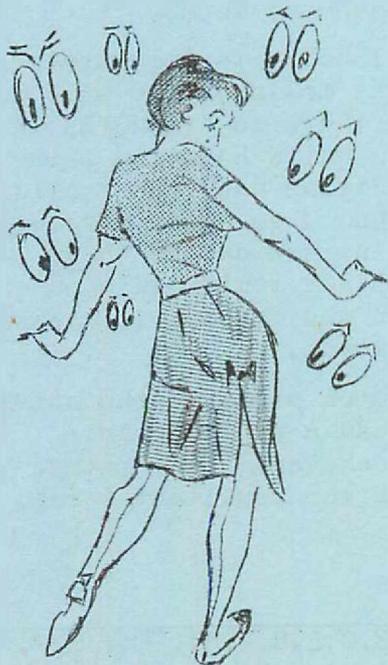


JEFF COLLINS

" Engineer and Yachtsman, whose knowledge of the internal combustion engine is surpassed only by his relish for good ale."

Jeff is the He-man type, Liverpool's hairy-chested, mighty-muscled, cigar-smoking gift to femme-fandom. At Ibiza this year he became the first fan to tangle with an Octopus - sad to say, the Octopus was triumphant tho' Jeff proved to be the faster swimmer.

Amongst other things, LaSFaS (and I) will always be grateful to Jeff for introducing our next personality to the group.



NANCY POOLEY

And I'll quote from John0 in SD again to introduce Nancy.

" We welcome Nancy Pooley, demure and tender-hearted (Miss Pooley has been known to weep at an Audie Murphy Westren when Audie got the gun - Christian charity can go no further!). "

Nancy is a delightful personality with an unconscious talent for single entendre's... at which she is the first to blush. She, also, seems to have a superabundant amount of energy (these LaSFaS Ladies are tough!), and is still keen to jive at a party after everyone else has passed out.

Raven-haired, delectable Nancy can best be described by... Cor, Mate!

THOSE WHO HAVE FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE

As with most other groups the membership has fluctuated over the years, some of the earlier members dropped out for one reason or another, even some of the newer members couldn't stand the pace....

16
Founder of the Group JEFF ESPLEY, was a person with a sort of leapfrog-enthusiasm - soon after the SPACE DIVE was rented for the club Jeff got interested in Spiritualism. And then there was one, less. TOM OWENS emigrated to Canada; LEWIS CONWAY went back to Scotland, I think. DON and RENEE McKay lost interest for a time, came back for a while, then Don had to change his job and Time was Short. JIM MOONEY, just went... Lil McKay and Gerry CLARKE got married and went to live near Harwell where Gerry is Doing Something Big with atoms. BILL HARRY (of BIPED fame) had to give up fandom to concentrate on his studies. DAVE NEWMAN retired to Bournemouth to recuperate from several years of Chief New Drink Taster to Norman Shorrock.

And I think that's about the lot - apart from unofficial 'country' members such as Ron Bennett, Terry Jeeves, Archie Mercer, Audrey Eversfield, Bob Richardson, Eric Jones, Keith Freeman, Les Childs...who rightly don't belong in this chronicle anyway, but who, I'm sure will join in my tribute.

'Hmmm, but there are three types I've left out...

JANET, ROY and LINDY SHORROCK

Three future fen who are being brought up in a fine fannish tradition - and how they keep track of all their 'uncles' and 'aunts' is a perpetual source of amazement to me.

One short anecdote will serve to illustrate that here are fen in the making. As some of you will already know, there is a MONSTER in the Shorrock garage - a quite horrific thing intended for Mad Productions use. The children are quite proud of it and when other kiddies at school mention a shiny new car in their garage, Janet or Roy (Lindy isn't old enough for school yet) mention the Monster in theirs and are usually disbelieved.

It has now become a common sight in the neighborhood for Janet to lead a disbelieving toddler into the Shorrock garage - I gather that Norman now records the resultant scream for future use!



Illustrations by EDDIE JONES, E.C.L.S.F.S., Kt. S.F.

Reading back on what I've written I note that I've not fully conveyed the atmosphere of a LaSPaS Party, and I rather doubt that it is within my writing skill to do so. However, I do have an extract here from a letter from my 'ex' which illustrates rather well the 'after effects' of such a shindig. Particularly if it happens to be your first LaSPaS Party.

ATTACK OF THE VAPORS

By

Beryl Watkins

" From the doors of number three Cooper Street in the heart of our great city of Manchester crawls a small figure adorned in a white blouse and multicoloured skirt. On what can be taken as the head of this weird figure there is a thatch of straight hair which strongly resembles coconut matting, and below, a brow furrowed by years (or hours) of worry and care, and beneath the brow, two slits which we take it are eyes but so swollen and heavy that one wonders if it is possible for them to be eyes at all. Beneath them, two dark rings of an almost purplish hue which makes one think that the being, whatever it is, has not been to bed this last weekend, and then a short, shiny nose, followed by drooping lips.

After purchasing an evening paper on the corner of Princess Street (not that this abject object looks as though it could read print a foot high, let alone the small print of the most popular paper in town!), the figure turns slowly into Mosely Street and through St. Peters Square into Oxford Street. Where it eventually does an unsteady left-hand turn into a shop which caters for such miserable types as drug-addicts and minutes later reappears clutching a packet in its dry, work worn hand which bears the legend "20 Senior Service - The Perfection of Cigarette Luxury", and somewhere faintly showing on that miserable apology for a face appears a look of low cunning, as the packet is safely stowed away in a capacious bag held tightly in the creatures other claw-like hand. The creature totters on, and can be heard muttering words to the effect that "Ha ha, I've got me fags and I've got me bread for tomorrer, and I've got to get something for sandwiches, but what, that's the problem -" (here the figure wanders across Portland Street to the accompaniment of screeching brakes and blaring of horns, and not a few sotto voce curses, in an attempt to get to the other side of Oxford Street) - "Oh to Hell with sandwiches, I might be dead by this time tomorrow and then I shan't have to think about eating anyway."

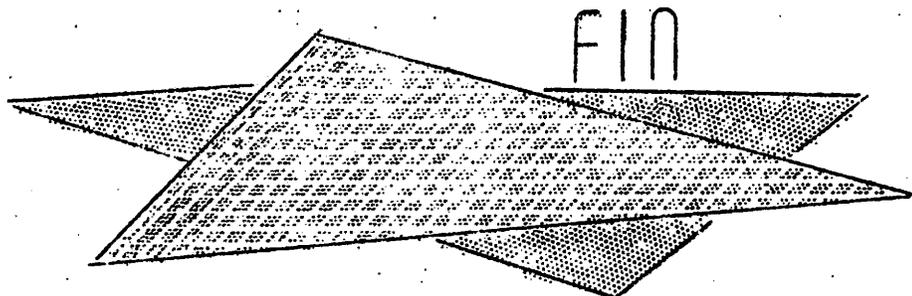
The being totters on past the only grocer's shop in Oxford Street and is almost tromped by the crowds of so-called human beings surging out of the Calico Printers' building on one side and Tootal's on the other. Indeed, the figure vanishes completely for two or three minutes and one is inclined to think that it has gone down (not fighting) before the floodtide of so-called humanity swarming here there and everywhere, on the road, on the footpath, and clammering to get on -

and off buses, each infinitesimal bod intent only on its own purpose and not caring whether its fellows are living or dying a mere few paces away. Gradually though, the crowd thins and there, yes there, is that same poor bewildered creature, still by some miracle alive, but only just, staggering onwards, ever onwards. What strange thing, is it that compels and propels this object along a certain path to a certain destination? Does it have a mind under that thatch, or is it driven on by some unknown force, something indeed that is stronger than itself? Perhaps we shall never know.

However, by this time, the figure has arrived at the corner of Whitworth Street and pauses for a moment on the corner. Can it be possible that it is trying to get across such a busy road with traffic, both human and otherwise, of every description, hurtling round corners and trying to beat the traffic lights - but yes, there it goes, suddenly and miraculously hurling itself with momentum across the road, almost beneath the wheels of a double-decker bus, but an unknown Destiny seems to watch over it as at last it scrambles breathless to the opposite corner, and there it is faced with what can only be described as a slope, a slope which, to the eyes of this being seems almost insurmountable and which leads upwards to a mass of bricks and mortar, towards which pile of bricks and mortar, other figures (both human and otherwise) scurry and push and rush as though their very lives depended upon it. Here, our creature produces from a hot, sweaty hand, a piece of pasteboard, (is it a passport from another world) and staggers through a barrier, only to be faced with a flight of steps up which, apparently, it must climb.

With chest heaving and eyes (or slits) glazed at the very thought of a further ascent, the figure presses onwards, knowing that only a few more yards will bring it to a place wherein it can rest a while before continuing its great journey south to lands not known to others. Yes, the top step is reached and there the figure is carried along not by its own momentum but by that very same crowd who do not seem to see it and care not that it is there - on, along the pathway which leads to the beautiful green electric train that takes it home.

And there we leave this strange creature, now with a look of smug triumph spreading slowly but surely across its face - as it climbs, now steadily, into a carriage, we hear it muttering words which sound very much like.... " Damnation, I forgot to get something for sandwiches..... "



CHAPTER XV

THE LEGEND OF ST. FANTONY

In which is recorded particulars of the good Saint's sojourn in the Realm of LasFas, known to the mundane man as Scouseland.

And it came to pass that, early in the summer of that year, the good Saint's footsteps turned towards the ancient City of Liverpool. The gleaming spires and noble turrets did arouse in him the yearning hope that here would he find those for whom he sought. He hastened onward and soon was passing through the mighty gates, whereupon he did turn toward the centre of the city in search of a congenial tavern. Again and again did he endeavour to find a convivial gathering with whom he could partake of light refreshment and talk of those things closest to his heart, but when night fell he still had not succeeded, and dragged his weary body to the banks of the great river. Filled with sorrow by his fruitless search, he did tender to the ferryman his last remaining coin, a Liverpool sixpence, and did cross to the further shore. With heavy heart he wandered on until he came upon a pleasant glade, where he laid down to rest.

But, anon, his slumbers were disturbed by voices raised in happy harmony and winsome wit and, looking about him, he did perceive a motley crew, lead by one of generous dimensions blowing lustily upon a sackbut - and he did make himself known to them. Feeling compassion for his plight, the merry band did entreat him to sojourn the while in a Norman castle hardby, and there did he quaff copiously till cock crow of sundry strange brews.

Called upon, in his turn, to entertain the company, he did regale them with wondrous tales of Trufandom, whereupon they did with one accord swear thenceforth to uphold the cause, and dedicate their former meeting place to fanac.

Now, he did learn that this same meeting place did lie across the river in the Street of the Bold, and that oft times, when gale and tempest lashed the shore, their way was fraught with grievous hazards. And seeing that they were indeed a good and worthy people he did, as an act of mercy, make for them a passage which passed beneath the river, and from that day onward it was known as the Tunnel of Mercey.

And to make their inclusion into the ranks of Trufandom known to all people, he did bestow upon them the name of LasFas - and departed from their company, strengthened and refreshed by his knowledge that here, too, would there be a ready welcome and a freshly filled tankard for all Trufen who ventured by. And it has remained so, even unto this day.

(With acknowledgements to the Cheltenham Science Fiction Circle, Keepers of the St. Fantony Mss.)

NB.
The Inside-Bacover, which
came in after the
Contents page had been
stencilled, should be
attributed to the
Cheltenham Group

TERRY CARR
FOR TAFF

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ERIC

BENTCLIFFE,

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PRINTED MATTER

TO.