

# ZENITH

w e l c o m e s   y o u   t o   t h e  
S U P E R M A N C O N !

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It should be raining hard in Manchester now... and it should be hurling it down when you leave. Your committee timed the SuperMancon to coincide with the MANCHESTER RAIN FESTIVAL (June 5th & 6th). Join in the rainy revels -splashing in the city's squalid squares, running zap-gun fights in the streets, and drownings galore in all the best park ponds. Not forgetting hilarious "Webbiest Feet" competitions.

Enjoy your two glorious days at the SuperMancon. Remember that Manchester boasts unspoiled beauty - there's dammall here to spoil. You'll treasure every rainy hour, since the main charm of Manchester is that you can always count on the weather. You mustn't miss the Manchester monsoon - that misty magic of gentle dampness that increases tension and drives you out of your mind with the witchery of wet alley-ways, the dank fragrance of soot-encrusted rhododendron bushes, the muted music of dripping gutters and gurgling drains...

The natives are friendly, and you'd better be too! Lots of luscious Manchester Maidens will help you to forget that girl way back home.

Hell's Bells! Why not pick a place where the sun shines next time ?

# ★ Z E N I T H

maintains its claim to be an irregular publication by announcing that after a lapse of twelve months our regular readers may expect to see another issue soon. Contrary to persistent rumours and false reports the second issue has yet to come. Obviously, as an irregular publication we cannot divulge any information as to when this avidly awaited event will be without being committed to a schedule. So... we make no promises, just this assurance!

Yes, we still have your money if you subbed. The suspicious may wonder why both editors changed address after the initial issue. But don't worry. For the record, you will find Derek Pickles at 197 Cutler Heights Lane, Bradford 4, Yorkshire, and Harry Turner at 10 Carlton Avenue, Romiley, Cheshire.

And all those nice faneditors who sent trades are not forgotten.

If you missed the first issue, and want the second, send a bob now to either address and get your name on the waiting list. You won't regret it...

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The cartoon opposite is by Allan Martin  
member of the Fantasy Art Society  
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It's con time again. Time to reminisce. Before the war, Manchester fans were few and far between. ERIC NEEDHAM was in the gang right from the start, so we asked him to say a few words about old times. And here they are:

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P L E N U M

or Space Filler!

by Eric S. Needham

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That Elder Fan and erstwhile rocketeer HET has asked me, in his affable manner, for a piece of natter to fill space in this com-bazine issue of Zed. Prepare to suffer, since the inconsequential ramblings of an anecdotard are often wearisome.

Should I give my memories of 25 years of science fiction?

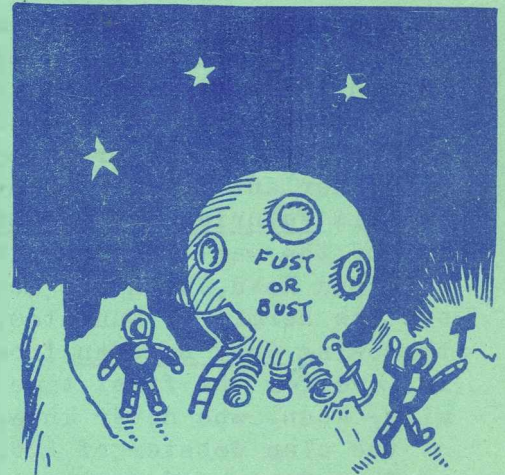
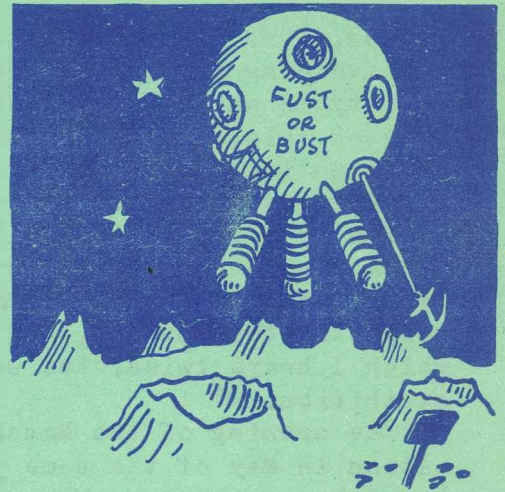
First fully recall-able memory was a serial in the Nelson Lee called Lebanu, The Invisible World. This I recall from the age of eight or nine because the science slipped. I have been critical of science fiction ever since.

Ah! memories - three covers from my first three discoveries of American mags. The Amazing cover showing John W. Campbell's When the Atoms Failed; the Wonder with the rubber-tyred robot cover from Reign of the Robots; my first glossy Astounding with an illustration from Forbidden Light.

Most outstanding stories? A story with three characters No Woman Born - a really first-class yarn and sequel, With Folded Hands and And Seeking Mind, plus, for no reason at all, The Shadow Out of Time and The Voice of The Lobster. No excuses offered.

Pet authors? E.E. Smith, George O. Smith, Isaac Asimov and mystery man Peter Phillips.

And what of fandom? My mis-spent youth, when I had time and energy and a bicycle, when I heedlessly cranked to Leeds and Halifax, Blackpool, Liverpool and Wallasey, to meet people who also had an interest in this stuff. People like Doug Mayer, Vic Gillard, Frank Dobbie, Mike Rosenblum, John Russell Fearn, Ron Holmes, Johnny Burke, Dave McIlwain, Abe Bloom... Curious, but Vic Gillard paid for my first ride in a taxi, though my first ride in a car was bestowed upon me by that early rocketry



genius, P.E. Cleator. Yes, I had a bicycle - and an incredible ingenuity for avoiding payment of any subscriptions to the Manchester Interplanetary Society in which Harry Turner was mixed up. Memories of a fracas at Clayton Vale, and the subsequent rise of Eric Burgess's Manchester Astronautical Association, assisted by the lighter-than-air brain of Mr. Burgess himself.

The 1938 convention, with Syd Bounds discussing mitogenetic rays, Frank Arnold demanding "Let us show them that SFA means more than Sweet Fanny Adams!", Arthur Clarke laying down the law on coelostats and cellular step-rockets, and Professor A.M. Low's mouse-trap lecture, which I heard twice, the second time being at the Manchester Radio Exhibition.

The opening of the Manchester Branch of the Science Fiction Association in May of the same year, when Arthur Clarke, Maurice Hanson, Les Johnson and Doug Mayer were among the visitors, when Marvel Tales heralded the entry of SEX into science fiction, and Harry giving a reasoned discourse to show that the red shift in the spectrum might not indicate an expanding universe.

And the interminable correspondence with Bill Temple, Maurice Hanson, Eric Williams, Eric Hopkins, Sam Youd, and Don J. Doughty, which came to an end with the war, as did most of the fanmags, except for the one produced by the herculean one-man-band writer, publisher and printer - to whom all honour - J. Michael Rosenblum, and his Futurian War Digest affectionately called Fido.

And the war? Walking with Eric C. Hopkins through the shattered Mile End Road, with the People's Palace alone almost undamaged. Digging out the Hermit of Nuneaton, D.R. Smith, in the winter of 1941-2 and borrowing Grey Lensman from the oddly harmless being. Falling violently in love for the first time in my life at 21, and with Bill Temple's wife, Joan, who never knew. The incredible warmth and generosity of the clan Webster of Aberdeen, matched only by the incredibility of Doug Webster's family. I never did repay their unstinted hospitality, nor can I ever. And how I disliked, then came to appreciate, Edwin McDonald of Inverness.

After the war, Ron Lane, chemist, photographer, motor-cyclist and publisher of Gemini and Parnassus, whose mother fed me for two years until I got a flat, when interest in a home of my own just about led to a total loss of interest in fandom, but not in science fiction.

Remember what El Brendel said in Just Imagine ?

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You too can be an odd fan out if you try...

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S u p e r M a n c o n     B l u e s

Over the con-site the wet wind blows  
I've rain in my boots and a cold in my nose... attchoooo!