

OUT OF ORBIT

out of ORBIT No.1 "LEEDS LEADS" by J. Michael Rosenblum.

IN THE BEGINNING was the Science Fiction League! There had been one or two shortlived local groups, and Letters to the Editor had enabled a few fans' names to become more widely known but it was the announcement of the S.F.L. which seemed to crystallise fandom into being. It was WONDER STORIES (before it became THRILLING) which started the League at the instigation of Charles D. Hornig and the blessing of Hugo Gernsback; more with the idea of having a readers section than of organising an independent fandom.

Now, in Leeds at that time there was a gentleman who got things done. And immediately he read of the formation of the League in the latest "remainder" to come over, he gathered up three of his school friends to form the necessary quorum - after which they were never heard of again by fandom - and applied for recognition as a Chapter of the League. This was granted on April 1st 1935 and Douglas W.F. Mayer was appointed Director of his one-man branch. But Mayer's speedy action resulted in Leeds being Chapter number seventeen of the Science Fiction League and the first non-American Chapter. And from this fortuitous commencement, began the tradition that LEEDS should Lead in fandom's affairs.

Once the fact of the existence of a Leeds Chapter was published in Wonder Stories, some eight or nine hitherto solitary enthusiasts congregated and made a real society up. Actually I think I was the first to get to Mayer's house, tho a chappie called Dyson had written first. Poor Dyson died about a year later as the result of an accident. Any rate, there we were gradually adapting ourselves into a real organisation. During the next eighteen months a library was built up, a clubroom acquired, officers appointed and correspondence contact made with fellow spirits in Britain and USA. Other local Chapters of the SFL grew up in Belfast, Glasgow and most notably in Nuneaton. In 1936, Maurice Hanson and Denny Jacques of this latter Chapter began to issue a fan-magazine with the title of "Novae Terrae".

OF COURSE IT WAS A DIFFICULT JOB CHOOSING EXCERPTS FROM PREVIOUS ISSUES OF "ORBIT" .

HOWEVER HERE ARE WHAT I THINK YOU WILL ENJOY READING - ALL THE ITEMS PRINTED ARE CONDENSED FROM THE FULL ARTICLES WITH THE EXCEPTION OF "DESTINY".

4/1/34.

George Gibson

out of ORBIT No.2

"ORDERS" by Terry Jeeves

Ro, the Bot, the corny automaton, was happy. Indeed, he even ground his gears in pleasure as he carried out the menial task allocated to him by the works foreman. Things did not always go so pleasantly for Ro, only yesterday he had been given no currents in his voltage, for making a simple mistake. Dielectric oozed out of Ro's condensers as he thought of it. After all, the foreman had said "File these papers" then said afterwards that he had meant Ro to put them in the little metal cupboards. Ro remembered that they had even made him vacuum up the paper dust from the floor of the metal work shop. Such humiliation. Ro began to feel less happy. More dielectric oozed as he recalled the foreman's parting shot, one of the workmen had even painted it on a sheet of cardboard and glued it to his back "Ro-the-Bot, the corny looking popsy", Ro biassed back a surge of current in his throat, and doggedly went on with his work.

out of ORBIT No.2

"the Lure of the WHITE HORSE" Michael Rosenblum

Tuesday a.m. we were in Stoke Newington in the Fantasy Book Centre, which only resulted in the car being further burdened with another selection of books and some gramophone records. From then till Thursday evening practically nothing of science fictional note occupied our time. We saw a couple of shows, did more shopping, and had an afternoon in Windso with Mrs. Medhurst Senior. Came Thursday evening and it was time for the White Horse again. Interesting fact is that second time in a run at the White Horse things seemed to take place in less of a daze, though I did appreciate the enquiry as to whether I would be there the following week as well. I had fun on both occasions in getting a cover sheet of the Leeds S.F.A's magazine "Orbit" autographed by practically all present and this has now been framed to hang in the club room here. I would suggest to Lou Modesai, landlord of the White Horse that he adds throat pastilles to his selection of bottles of this, that and the other. Certainly, I doubt if I ever managed so many words in so short a time as on the second Thursday. And once again I find myself looking forward to the next chance that occurs of another evening there. Friday was blank again from our viewpoint, but Saturday morning was spent frantically listing books with George Medhurst, going through his book-cases one by one, and finding out how many I still need, many of which are not noted in my files. Saturday afternoon saw us on the road home, the first eighty miles being done in record time - and then the car broke down.

out of ORBIT No.3

"DESTINY" by Eric Bentcliffe (Complete Reprint)

The wind blew gustily across the short cropped heath, through the little valley by the stream, which rippled and wavered at the wind's temerity at disturbing its usual serenity. It was that time of night when everything is still, the time just before the dawn's caress when even the creatures of the night are silent. The hoot of the crested owl, now sated by his feast of blind young mice, died to a ghostly whisper. The fox, fresh from his farmyard forrage, turned round and round on the bracken, then finally closed his sharp eyes.

With the dawn, arose the inhabitants of this fair planet, from burrow and next they ventured forth to greet a new day. The doe with a cub in her mouth and two more following behind headed for the stream. To drink and to die. The gull heading inland after its summer abroad sited a familiar resting place on the cornice of a time-worn building, its feathers wilted but it was dead of foul radiation before it could spread its wings once more.

For the one who was more intelligent than the animals had reached his destiny at last. >>>

out of ORBIT
No.3

FANTASY FOCUS

by JACK SMILLIE

On my travels through the Leeds bookworld, I have been surprised at the number of fantasy books which are obtainable as publishers' overstocks, mint condition at prices ranging from one shilling to two and sixpence. It is with these that I shall deal, in this number three Fantasy Focus page:-

"Gateway to Remembrance" and its sequel "The Eternal Echo" by Phyllis Cradock, a romance set in fabled Atlantis; in preparation is the "Immortal Voyage" completing an excellent trilogy. Publishers are Andrew Dakers, Ltd. London.

"At Close of Eve" is an anthology of curious, fantastic, horrific and imaginative tales and is edited by Jeremy Scott, all are of high quality and form a most readable collection. This follows "The Mandrake Root" also by Jeremy Scott; this too brings a collection of fantastic tales. Publishers Jarrolds, Ltd. London. (15/-)

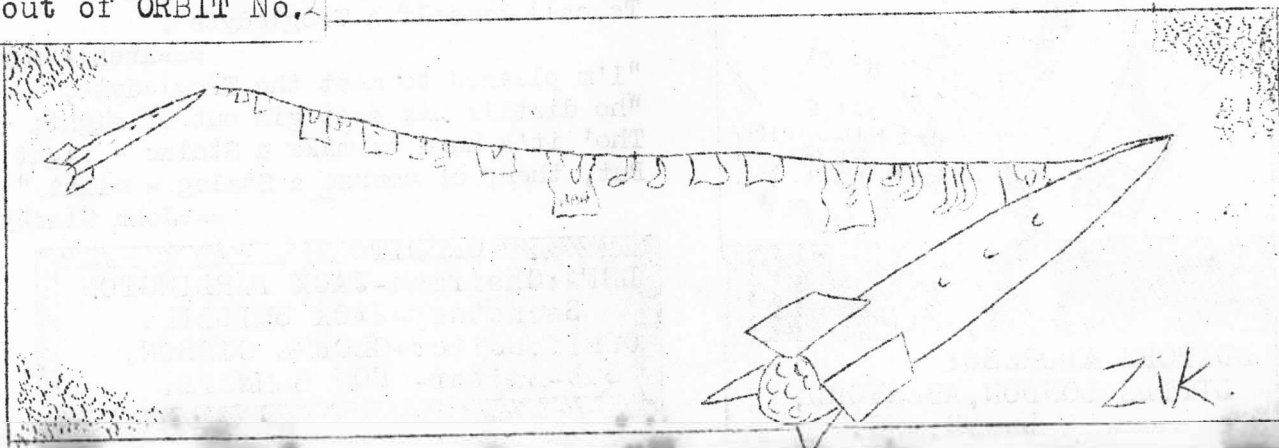
PREVIEW of ORBIT No.4.

"Letter to a New Fan" by Tom White.

Thanks for your letter which I received last June - sorry I'm a bit late in answering, but I'm so busy that I just can't keep up with my mail. In fact, what with reading Mss for Isaac, Ray and old Van, I don't get time to read all the hundreds of magazines sent to me by my U.S. friends.

Then, of course, there's that chap Heinlein - or whatever his name is - continually pestering me to write a story with him. It seems that he read an article of mine in the fanzine "Fendrip" and thinks I'm a natural. (Incidentally, I can get you a sub to "Fendrip" for 30/-, just send the cash on to me and I'll see about it for you.)

out of ORBIT No.2



And so it's all decided. I've been ditched with a critical review of the private life on one of America's short story writers. Help, Forrie, S.O.S.

I eventually managed to edge my say into the conversation. And why couldn't I do it?" they asked horrified.

I explained that I was about to enter a school for a three-week period of teaching practice, and that I would have no time, even for the depths of Bradbury, of Orbit, or of the sf world as a whole.

Then came the brainwave. Ernest said quietly, "Give your class a composition to write with a science fiction topic. I'll do the same and we can do a survey of science fiction in schools."

A great idea, and here therefore is my half of the contribution.

In order that such an epistle could appear before the public, lengthy preparations had to be made. It sounds quite easy to stride into a classroom full of noisy 13 and 14 year olds and burst upon them the fact that "this period you're going to write a science-fiction composition", but obviously the class wouldn't know where to start. An oral introduction must be presented, so that the class can tune in to the correct wavelengths of their respective imaginations.

I was presented with the added difficulty of supervision. I had to weave the topic into the class curriculum in a natural manner avoiding the watchful and censorial eyes of the class teacher, the school Headmaster and the College tutors. Note also that the type of composition the class usually write would be "The Life story of a two shilling piece" or such stand-byes as "The Boy I Most Admire" or "What I Would Like for Xmas."

I had three composition periods stretching over the three weeks and I proposed to work in the Stf one into the second, preparing the class for something "off the beaten track" by using a "John Bull" cover for the first week's composition. I also deviated from the norm in the literature lesson on the Thursday prior to the Tuesday composition. I intended settling on S.F. I read the class extracts from the opening chapters of "War of the worlds", without the title. At the end of the period, during which the class had shown more than usual interest, I asked if anyone had any ideas as to the title of the book I was holding, but about a third of the class had no idea. The remainder, however, guessed it at once, though one bright spark, who offered "Journey into Space" as the title was immediately told

out of ORBIT No.2

CAVE DWELLINGS

(a duo poem)

"The Troglodyte's a cunning knave,
He always lives inside a cave,
Other wise it would not be right
To call himself a Troglodyte".

===Archie Mercer.

"I'm pleased to meet the Troglodyte,
Who distills his neat gin out of sight;
Tho' it's hard to make a Stalac - tight
But, then, of course a Stalag - might."

===John Glasby.

ORBIT is published by the
LEEDS SCIENCE FICTION ASS-
OCIATION at the ADELPHI
HOTEL, LEEDS.



EDITORS ADDRESS:
LITTLE LONDON, ABERFORD,
LEEDS, ENG.

CREDITS

LSFA:Chairman-JACK DARLINGTON.
Secretary-JACK SMILLIE.
ORBIT:Editor-GEORGE GIBSON.
Sub-Editor- RON BENNETT.