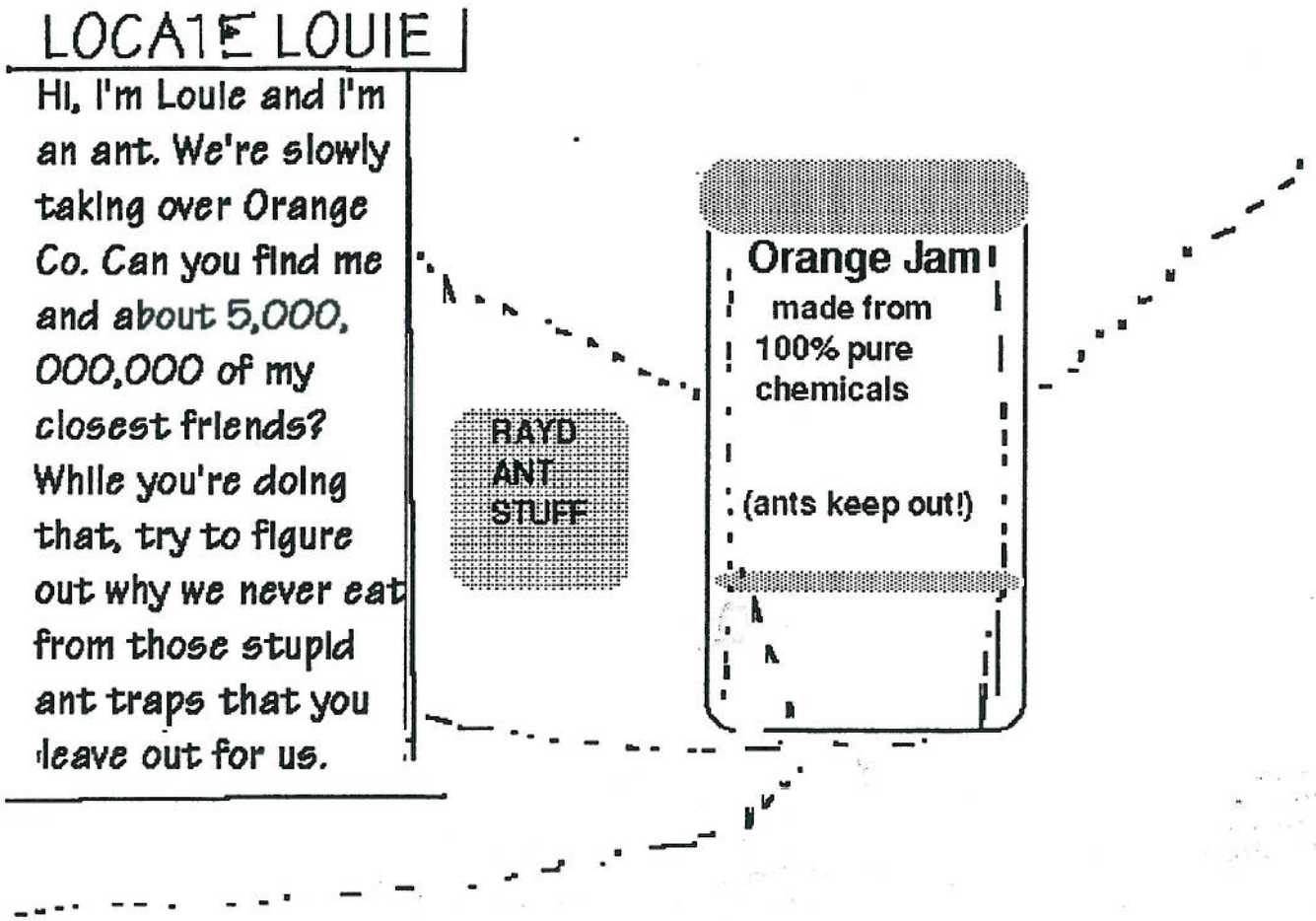
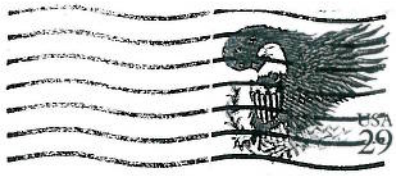




ORANGE COUNTY
SCIENCE FICTION CLUB

5727 E. Stillwater Av. #9
Orange, CA 92669

NEXT MEETING: September 28, 1994 7:30 PM*

ISSUE #48

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

THE ORANGE PULP

* Doors open 7:00 P.M. (at midnight the doors turn into an ugly window leaving only a glass doorstop)

THE ORANGE PULP

NEWSLETTER OF THE ORANGE COUNTY SCIENCE FICTION CLUB

ISSUE #48 VOL 8, NO. 5, September 1994 (predicted: a favorite issue*)

EDITOR	**Jeff Stein** (don't rub it in)
ASSOCIATE EDITOR	**Dave Silva**
SUBSCRIPTIONS	**Ken Williams**
PROGRAM DIRECTORS	**Marcia Starke and Greg Funke**
OCSFC LOGO	**Mac McMahon**

Next Meeting: Wednesday, September 28, 1994, 7:30 PM at The Usual Place, 2400 East Chapman, Fullerton, a half mile west off the Orange Freeway. (SE corner of Chapman and St. College in Fullerton)

The Reading Orbit Discussion Novel:

***Bimbos of the Death Sun* by Sharyn McCrumb**

* Predicted to be a favorite by the canary owners association as orange bird cage lining

The Chief Speaks

This should be a great issue. I received a wonderful book review from Catherine Curley and a story about a future Orange County from Fred Cropper. Dave Silva is still getting used to his new computer and will have something for us next time. If you see stray marks in this issue that you think don't belong, they're probably my attempt at drawing ants using my computer mouse. Hopefully, someone will submit some artwork soon- even I'm getting tired of my computer art.

Mail to the Chief

Dear Chief,

Why hasn't The Orange Pulp been orange?

Colorblind in Brea

Dear Colorblind,

Apparently, >>They<< got together and decided that it was hard on our eyes to read on what we call orange paper so >>they<< went and had oranges renamed melons and melons renamed oranges to try to help us. Well, we got them on a technicality and told them that if they renamed oranges melons and then they renamed melons oranges then they also renamed all the original oranges to oranges since they were melons. As a side benefit, all melons are now oranges too.

The Chief

Orange Color Adjuster

Set your blu-blockers so that the inside of this square looks orange.

SUBMISSIONS TO THE ORANGE PULP

Send your letter, short story, article, or other items for publication consideration to:

Jeff Stein
1700 W. Cerritos #312
Anaheim, CA 92804

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Sep	28	Orange County Science Fiction Club 7:30
Oct	12	OCSFC Movie night
	16	Jedi Knights regular meeting
	26	Orange County Science Fiction Club 7:30
Nov	9	OCSFC Movie night
	20	Jedi Knights regular meeting
	25-27	LOSCON 21
	30	Orange County Science Fiction Club 7:30

For Jedi Knights information call (714) 826-5625

For Movie Night information call the Galactic Archives (714) 693-0673

For OCSFC information call (714) 552-4925

Previous Meetings

Harry Turtledove was our July speaker. He autographed books (in Greek) and talked about how he got into writing and his interest in the Byzantine Empire. Many of us had read *Agent of Byzantium* and had a number of questions answered.

Dick Nordrum brought some tapes from Hour 25 broadcasts for our August meeting. One of the tapes featured SF writer Orson Scott Card giving a humerous but, important message about church and state. He also brought along photos of the trip he organized to the Acker Mansion and Griffith Observatory. Thanks Dick, for a very interesting evening.

September Meeting

John Rigoni will be our speaker for this month. He is a model builder and photographer and will undoubtedly bring samples of both to show us and to talk about.

October Meeting

Steve Sansweet, who was unable to be here earlier this year, is scheduled to be our speaker for October. Steve's specialty is collecting and writing about Star Wars.

Future Meetings

Bob Kline is scheduled to come and speak to us about his art in November. November is also the month where we have our book sale and members are encouraged to bring those old useless first editions to sell at the meeting. There will be no meeting in December, no matter what anyone tells you, there will be no meeting that month, none, trust us. At the OCSFC January meeting we will make plans for the rest of our 1995 meetings, so start to get your ideas together now.

Roy V. Young will be our speaker for February. Roy is an author and his first novel *Captains Outrageous* is just out from TSR

Movie Nights

We didn't see a movie in August. We (not including me) did see **The Mask** in September. I'm told that it was a good movie to see. Maybe someone can write a review of it.

The club movie night is usually the second Wednesday of each month, but due to film schedules and our schedules and our attitudes and the conditions of our cars and the weather and the phase of the moon and the price of butter, it has become very tentative. It is important to call ahead if you want to attend the movie with us.

The Hugos

These awards, named after Hugo Gernsback, the father of magazine science fiction, are nominated and voted on by science fiction fandom at each years Worldcon. We've had some Hugo nominees and winners at the OCSFC!

Best Fan Artist: Brad W. Foster

Best Fan Writer: Dave Langford

Best Fanzine: Mimosa, edited by Dick and Nicki Lynch

Best Semi-Prozine: Science Fiction Chronicle, edited by Andrew I. Porter

Best Orginal Artwork: Space Fantasy Commemorative Stamp Booklet by Stephen Hickman

Best Professional Artist: Bob Eggleton

Best Professional Editor: Kristine Kathryn Rusch

Best Dramatic Presentation: Jurassic Park

Best Non-Fiction Book: The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction, edited by John Clute and Peter Nicholls

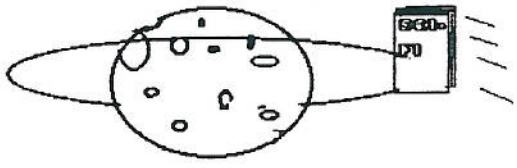
Best Short Story: *Death on the Nile* by Connie Willis

Best Novelette: *Georgia on My Mind* by Charles Sheffield

Best Novella: *Down in the Bottomlands* by Harry Turtledove (OCSFC speaker for July)

Best Novel: *Green Mars* by Kim Stanley Robinson

The Reading Orbit



***Agent of Byzantium* by Harry Turtledove** was our book to read and discuss for July. And- we had the author come to our July meeting to discuss it. The book is a series of short stories in an alternate universe where the Byzantine Empire survived.

***Mars* by Ben Bova** was our novel for August. Catherine wrote a good book review which follows.

***Bimbos of the Death Sun* by Sharyn McCrumb**, our book for September is actually a mystery (you will find it in the mystery section) about a SF convention. Ii's only 228 pages long so you still have time to get it and read it.

***A Fire Upon the Deep* by Vernor Vinge** will be our book for October.

MARS BY BEN BOVA

BOOK REVIEW BY CATHERINE CURLEY

Ben Bova, whose name is practically synonymous with hard science fiction (e.g. *Trikon Deception*), reaches towards *Mars* in his 1992 book and discovers his way into the worlds of mythology and, new for him, genuine character development. *Mars* becomes a wonderfully rich mixture of Tony Hillerman and Ray Bradbury, who, not incidentally, are credited and thanked in the author's opening remarks for their influences and help.

Without missing a beat, his keen eye for detail and knowledge of exactly how a near-future mission to the red planet would be planned -- despite the international politicians' grumbling interference -- trained for and executed, Bova surprises us with his very interesting ''take'' on the imagined origins and evolution of our planetary neighbor and its life forms, present and past.

Delving into the origin myths of the Navajos (who, by the way, are changing their official name back to that which they call themselves: the Dinai, which means simply ''the people.''), Bova finds curious parallels between the red planet and the blue planet as told by ''first woman and first man'' who came here from ''another world'' and settled in a familiar place: the sandstone cliffs of New Mexico. With its red desert sand and rocks and mysterious cliff dwellings made by the ''old ones'' of pre-history, Bova presents an increasingly believable tale of connections and possibilities. Could it also have been the ''old ones'' who constructed the ''face'' telescopes can see on Mars? And what about the strange box-like structures set in the cliffs of the Mars Grand Canyon?

There is something for everyone here, from the all-to-realistic cynicism of the politicians; to the stifling layers of the bureaucratic overseers; to the variety of personalities in the men and women of the international crew; to the minutiae of the space craft, space flight and the rigors of planetary exploration. There is even a mystery to be solved before the crew can leave the planet -- that is, if they can solve it before ''it'' kills them all. Added also is the emergence of a reluctant hero, plus a dash of romance and a splash of plain old sex -- can't beat that micro-gee to make the Kama Sutra passe'.

Following the new trend for longer and longer SF books, *Mars* weighs in at about 500 pages. But Bova proves a master of pacing, making those oh-so-many pages fly by and showing his masters' touch in the remarkable task of how *not* to confuse readers while working with a large cast of characters.

Bova has tried to paint on a broad canvas before, but this time his grasp exactly matches his reach, propelling *Mars* into a high-velocity orbit towards being named a classic.

MORE STUFF

ConAdian- It's over, what more can I say

LOSCON GOH Lois McMaster Bujold. Burbank Hilton Nov 25-27, $30 to Oct 15 and $35 at the door.

More Reading Groups

Bookstar in Brea at 975 E. Birch is sponsoring several literature groups on Tuesday nights at 8:00. On the first Tuesday of each month there is a Science Fiction Reading Group, on the second a writers group, on the third a fiction reading group, on the fourth a horror reading group. There is also a poetry night on the third Thursday night of each month. Call (714) 256-4995 for information.

The Orange County Crossword and Anagram Society has decided to rename lemons to melons by transposing two letters thus making oranges, which were melons, equivilent to lemons.

Store Trek? yes, The Trekker is really a Star Trek Store here in Orange County at 2431 Tustin Ave., Suite M. The store specializes in Star Trek memorabilia. We'll all have to make a run over there!

THE ORANGE SMOG

by Fred Cropper

The robo-larm went off at 7. ''It is 7 am, July 22, 2015,'' said the machine. ''The news is upcoming.'' I looked around the bedroom and there was a definite orange haze in the room. I couldn't smell smoke though and the smog alarm hadn't gone off. I wondered what the hell was going on.

''And here is the news,'' said the robo-larm. ''The temperature has a 90% chance of getting up to 115 degrees, another record day for Orange County. There are three fires raging in the county: one in Anaheim Hills, one in Saddleback, and one in San Juan Capistrano.

''There is another smog alert for today. Be prepared for a high Episode Three. The PSI is currently 250 which is outside the Episode Three range and would be into an Episode Four if there were such a reading. There are already four fatalities in Leisure World. Do not, I repeat, do not go outside today without your mask!''

I waved my hand in front of the robo-larm shutting it off. I got into my cello-suit and closed the three velcro fasteners. I went into the bathroom and the dyna-ray came on, combing my hair brushing my teeth and washing my face all within the space of 15 seconds.

Damn! I thought, that smog situation is going to be a bitch today. At least I've got my anti-thermal underwear on under my C-suit so I won't be barbecued. And I've got to wear that damn mask. But if the PSI goes up the mask isn't going to help much. It might be better if I drove to work today, except the cost of gas-O-thane is now $13.50 a gallon and I'd get there quicker by pedwalk.

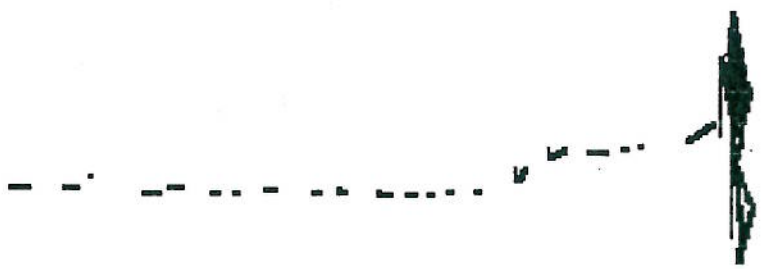
I took the lift down 95 floors to ground zero and walked out into the blazing sun. My contacts immediately went to dark. The Zeron sign on the opposite bank building showed the temp at 110 at 8:05 which meant that it would most likely get up to 120 today instead of the predicted 115.

I was having trouble breathing and the mask was making a strange noise. The other pedwalk users looked sick even though they were all wearing masks. I looked behind me and an old lady fell off the pedwalk, apparently unconscious. Nobody went to her aid.

As I progressed on the pedwalk I found it harder to breathe. I felt myself dropping down a deep dark hole.

There was a soft yellow light at the end of a shimmering tunnel. I felt totally peaceful. There were two people who looked like my dead parents coming toward me. In the background I could barely hear a voice, ''He apparently sprung a leak in his mask and he must have suffocated 'cause he's dead as hell!''

THE END

In memoriam: Philip K. Dick (1928-1982)

one of the great modern American writers