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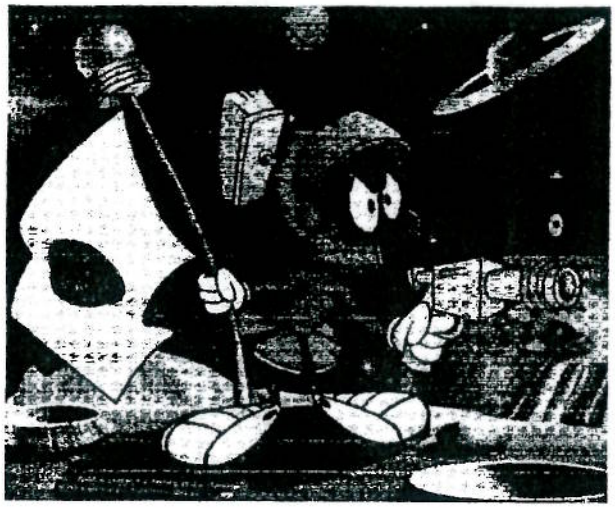
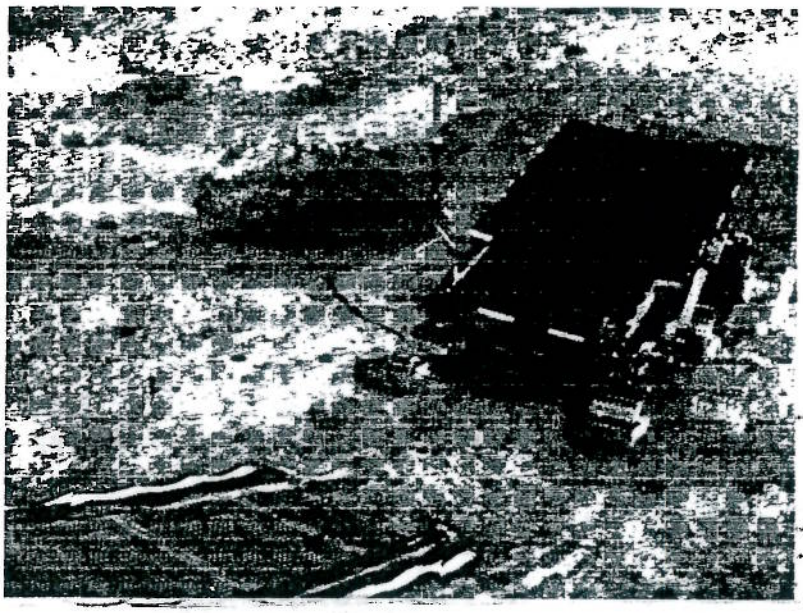
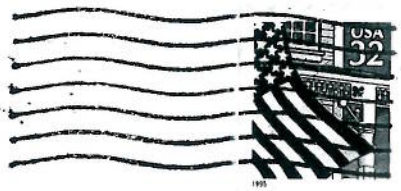




Note: I was planning on putting a picture of Ray Walston as My Favorite Martian here, but while searching the World Wide Web for a picture of him, I found a page telling me that they are planning on making (you guessed it) a new full length motion picture of My Favorite Martian. That, of course, ruined my entire day.



ORANGE COUNTY
SCIENCE FICTION CLUB
P.O. Box 9225
Fountain Valley, CA 92728-9225

NEXT MEETING: July 30, 1997 7:30 PM*

ISSUE # 65

THE ORANGE PULP

* Doors open 7:00 P.M. (If the door yawns when it opens, you're at the wrong place)

92604-3273 64

THE ORANGE PULP

NEWSLETTER OF THE ORANGE COUNTY SCIENCE FICTION CLUB

ISSUE #65 VOL 11, NO. 4, July 1997

EDITOR	**Jeff Stein**
ASSOCIATE EDITOR	**Dave Silva**
SUBSCRIPTIONS	**Marcia Starke**
PROGRAM DIRECTORS	**Marcia Starke and Greg Funke**
OCSFC LOGO	**Mac McMahon**

Next Meeting: Wednesday, July 30, 1997 , 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)

A nominal fee $2.00 (a mere pittance) is requested to help defray the cost of using the meeting room.

The Reading Orbit Discussion Novel:

For July: Larry Niven, *Ringworld*

FOR August: Philip K. Dick, *Valis*

Phone Numbers:

Orange County Science Fiction Club: (714) 552-4925

Jedi Knights: (714) 826-5625

Galactic Archives: (714) 693-0673

The Chief Speaks

I'd like to start this with a few words in the Altairian dialect of *Fungpft.* **AD,FKEMD. SEESUMEPP! ABAREGLEDKWE LEOSL DEPTSY4? ASEK%55%S#@@ WINDOWS 95 UPGRADE AKER06567! ZOOD MANMABA ZABBA!**

There, I feel better now. We've got a lot of great stuff for this issue. We have a story from new member Tim Cassidy-Curtis, an article by Dave Silva (Without Dave's submissions there'd be lots of blank pages accumulated over the years), and an article by distant member Fred Cropper. Ken Williams has been sending me a lot of things through his mailing list on E-Mail. I wanted to include some here but that will just have to wait until the next issue. Thank you all.

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

or by EMAIL Compuserve: 72437,3435 or Internet : 72437.3435@compuserve.com

Previous Meetings

The month of May brought us Dan Fraga, a local comic artist as our guest speaker. Dan brought us samples of his work and talked about his work and rise to fame as well as answering questions.

June, unfortunately, was another one of those meetings where the speaker was not able to be there, so we just had to sit around and talk, **hey** wait a minute! That was fun!

10 GREAT SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS AND NOVELLAS YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE READ (or even heard of)

Compiled by Fred Cropper

1. **Under Pressure - Frank Herbert**
2. **Dark Universe - Daniel F. Galouye**
3. **Transatlantic Tunnel - Harry Harrison**
4. **Hunter, Come Home - Richard McKenna**
5. **Children Of The Atom - Wilmar Shiras**
6. **The Power - Frank Robinson**
7. **One In 300 - J. T. Macintosh**
8. **A Mirror For Observers - Edgar Pangborn**
9. **Time And Again - Jack Finney**
10. **The Widget, The Wadget And Boff - T. Sturgeon**

Readers!

Please don't ask me where the answers are to these. They are not questions!

UPCOMING MEETINGS

Coming in July- Our first ever producer guest **Don Murphy**, producer of the movie *Natural Born Killers.*

In August we will have **Dave Nowell,** author of an SF book and working on a sequel.

Our September meeting will feature **Willis McNelly,** author of the Dune Encyclopedia, previous professor at CSUF, now retired.

SUMMER BLOCKBUSTER MEANS SF By Dave Silva

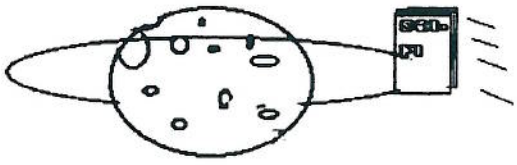
With the success of ''Men In Black'', and ''Contact'', can there possibly be anyone in Hollywood who doubts the drawing power of science fiction/fantasy? Its getting to where its surprising if a big money picture isn't SF.

When I went to see ''Men In Black'', which exceeded my expectations, the first three previews were all SF. Historians will determine whether, or not this is the golden age of special effects, but it does seem to be driving the market. While ''Lost World'', and the latest Batman movie offer little more than spectacular visuals they are doing better than they deserve at the box office. According to the preview, ''Starship Troopers'', will be released on November 5th. In the preview they concentrated on action scenes with earth forces taking it to the bugs in a very gung-ho fashion. The new Godzilla movie, which we are told in the preview is brought to you by the people who made ''Independence Day'', will be out soon. After seeing ''Contact'', I think we should give Jody Foster the Oscar right now. Why put four other actresses through the disappointment of losing? One thing I found questionable about ''Contact'', was the use of Bill Clinton as president. If I were president of the Screen Actors Guild I would complain. Not only did they not get Clinton's permission to use footage of his press conferences, he's not a member of SAG and they didn't have to play an actor for the role.

The whole question of manipulating people's images with the technology we already have, or will soon develop could be of concern to actors. They have a new system of greatly reducing the cost and time of animation. A person wears a number of small cameras (it looked like 5 or 6) pointed at himself. He then goes through whatever action the animated character is required to do; such as walking, dancing, climbing and the motions are integrated into a computer animated image. No more drawing frame after frame of gradual movement, or trying to guess what that movement should look like. In Connie Willis's novelette ''Remake'', actors had been completely been replaced by special effects. Why pay Harrison Ford 10 million when you can get Humphrey Bogart's image to do the job for free? In Steve Martin's film ''Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid'' Martin was blended into a lot of old movie footage. But it wasn't until ''Forrest Gump'', that this technology was expanded.

Back in the days of radio drama it was easy to fool the listener, because he couldn't see what was going on. For example, Charles Correl and Freeman Gosden, two white guys, were the voices of Amos and Andy and most of the characters on the show. That way they didn't have to give black people a job. If an actor played Lincoln on a radio drama it didn't matter if he was short and fat. All that changed with TV, technology wasn't ready to portray science fiction in a believable fashion. The way things are going now it won't be long before movies can afford to do anything the imagination can conceive.

THE READING ORBIT



In June we read and discussed *Dawn* the first book in Octavia Butler's *Xenogenisis* trilogy. For our July meeting we will be reading and talking about *Ringworld* by Larry Niven. I'm sure most of you have read this so feel free to join in the discussion. For those who won't be in San Antonio, the August meeting will have a discussion of *Valis* by Philip K. Dick.

THE INFINITY ORBIT
a TIMUSE story

by Timothy Cassidy-Curtis

Tim told me that this story was an "assignment" from Hal Clement. That assignment being to write something about planitary orbits. Jeff

Captain Star-Space-Star looked at a man who had beady eyes, and sighed w frustration. Commanding officer of the Twinship HIMSS Saint James, in teamship

formation with the Twinship HERSS Saint Zoe, he had almost no difficulty running down this man's tiny shuttle of a craft, hauling it into the hangar deck, and coaxing him out. This man was Harvey, the Weasel, guilty as sin of numerous crimes, on even more numerous planets. The problem was getting him to admit it. The problem was getting him to honestly admit anything. He didn't even lie honestly. Star sighed again. Harvey fidgeted. ''So, let me get this straight,'' Star summarized, ''you come from a societ who's traditions require you to evade all kinds of authority, outfit your ship with unique offensive and defensive equipment, and insists on maximum non-conformity with any standard systems of human equality.'' Harvey nodded. Standard Hulls were the mainstay for the Imperial Twinship Fleet and amo

most capable of starships sailing. The chase was not dull, by any means, but neither was it anything but certain in outcome. Star-Space-Star had no doubt that he would wind up sitting here with the operator of that ship. What he now doubted was

THE INFINITY ORBIT - continued

his ability to keep him here, or anywhere that c keep this cretin from hurting more people. His story was barely within conceivability. It was a big universe, and the tiny slice of known space, nearly half this galaxy, had more than enough variation to keep his explanations from being straight out gainsaid. It was a basic tradition of the Empire of Humanity to defend other traditions, no matter how much one disagreed, just as much as the Empire would defend its own. As strange as it sounded, unless Star could see any holes in it he would have to accept the Weasel's story and let him go. To Star-Space-Star Equal Reciprocation was his law. To this guy, it was a game. In this rat race, the rat was winning. Sta sighed a third time. "You see, captain," Star could almost hear the insulting lack of capitalization of his title, "I come from a very unique system. Everything about it is unique. We value our uniqueness. I have to be unique." Star was starting to wonder if he knew other adjectives than "unique." This scum had the game rules down pat. Cultural behaviors that were roo

planetary geography and system planetary configuration were the most difficult to lay any guilt against. It's in their genetic makeup, Perfect Cultural Tolorists would claim. PCT's were far from any majority, but they were very squeaky wheels indeed. You wouldn't want to prejudge, they'd caution, what if it was Humanity that was being judged? You wouldn't want that, they'ld say, Humanity has far to many cultural oddities to risk being judged, they would argue. Yeah, Star felt like arguing back, and you're the oddest. "Well," Star bent his head forward and rubbed his forehead "could you te where your homeworld is?" "There!" The little man pointed towards Galactic Center. Great, thought Star, now he can claim cooperation. Star rose from his c in the briefing room and left. The guard entered and would keep this unscrupulous

individual from stealing the Starships James and Zoe blind. Star's security team was good. "Harvey the Weasel is a most dangerous man, indeed." came the low, almos whispered voice of The Admiral. Star-Space-Star looked over to the man who outranked not only him, but everyone who wore the FireCorps uniform. Star nodded humorlessly. The Admiral continued, "He stole two stars." The claim was fantastic, to say the least, but true. There were two sta systems who were paying Harvey the Weasel through the nose for energy from their own stars. The cases were still in litigation before the High Imperial Court. It knotted Star's guts to think of having to pay for your own sun, either in litigation or

blackmail. He prayed the HIC didn't hiccup. "We got him." said Star, looking back towards the briefing room. "It's

know it." Star was hopeful. Among the penalties sentenced against Harvey was an absolute prohibition against entering certain sectors of space. The Teamships James and Zoe were not currently in any such sector, but Star could have the two ship formation turn to the nearest one and make full speed. There was only one Admiral who could stop him; he was standing in front of Star, and was not in any mood to help Harvey the Weasel. If it was Harvey the Weasel. "The doubt," said Alice Preble, First Officer of the James, "lies in Har story. If it is entirely true, than we have no choice but to let him go. In fact, he can even demand to be let off in any system he demanded." Alice was facing the main visual display on the James's bridge, which Ca Star and The Admiral had entered moment's prior. The man in the display was standing in a room almost identical to the James's bridge. Algor Preble was the Zoe's First Officer, and Alice's husband. "So we've got him, or we've got shi-" "Star!" Interrupted the women in the command chair. Patina Star command both the Zoe and Star's heart. "Isn't there anything in his story which we can point up?" "Nothing." said Star. "He's contrived the perfectly uncheckable story." inconsolably plopped into his own command seat "As crazy as it is, it could be true." "Sir," a young male voice piped up from a side console "there might be a way..." All eyes turned on a young ensign. He turned red, as all that seniority looked straight at him. They patiently waited. I hate it when they're that patient, thought Ensign Sean Christopher. O course, I'd hate it more if they weren't, he concluded. Taking a deep breath, he outlined his idea. Captain Star-Space-Star leaned back. "It just may work." *** Harvey the Weasel was looking forward to the next round of questioning. had all the answers. The doors whispered open, and Harvey feigned a worried look as Star-Space-Star returned. There weren't any questions right away. Nice try, thought Harvey, the o

'em sweat trick. Been there, done that, he dismissed it in his mind, but still fakes concern. "Tell me about your home-world." asked Star "I'm particularly curious abo

distance from your primary." Distance! Harvey the Weasel laughed inwardly, wait'll they get a load o this! "It's all distances from the primary,...ah, primaries." He added the last like an after thought, as if it were. Star-Space-Star looked at Harvey and scowled. "A double star?" he surm

"You mean your planet is in a figure-eight orbit around both? That would explain a huge variation of orbital distance from the primary...ah primaries." Star amended. Nice try you klawdicks, Harvey thought. He continued to fake-fidget "Uh captain, those orbits are impossible, how could I be from any such planet?" Harvey dissembled, than threw in his hold ace "No, sir, my planet is in an infinity orbit!" "Just..." (Star held his temper) "...barely..." (it wasn't easy) "...plausible." Star did not hide his barely checked frustration. He's fuming! Harvey crowed inwardly, I got him! He's got to let me go! Let's see...where would I like to be let off, Harvey thought, oh yes, there's a nice little place. Hundreds of light years away. "Well," said Captain Star, "are there any other objects in your home sys or is your world it's only unique feature?" "Oh, dozens!" declared Harvey, as he started to dream up an assortment unusual planetary bodies. "There's one gas giant which..." Captain Star wasn't listening. Harvey piqued. "Helm!" Star ordered into the intercom, "Plot and execute course change Gamma Sirius, flank speed." Star nodded as his helm acknowledged the order. Harvey worried. That one was bad, and it was close! "Harvey, you Weasel, you are under arrest, charges are listed on auxilia display." Harvey didn't

THE INFINITY ORBIT - continued

bother to look at a pages long listing of crimes for which he was both accused and convicted, some of which carried a death penalty, especially at Gamma Sirius. Harvey was stunned. How...how...how, he wondered. Star left without another word, and returned to the bridge. "You won't even tell someone under a death sentence how he was caught?"

queried her captain. Star smiled as he looked at her. "He could escape, he is Harvey the Wea after all." After her pouting look (obviously put-on, FireCorps Commanders don't pout), he added "While the infinity orbit is barely conceivable, it becomes unstable with the addition of any other body." Alice turned to Sean Christopher and beamed. "That was a great idea, en "Correction," said Star, "that was a great idea ... lieutenant!" Everybody beamed as Alice Preble-Warren put on a false serious for Sean Christopher "Your out of uniform, Lieutenant."

The Orange Pulp Presents The Calendar

AUG

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
Note: My publishing program uses a system called WYSIWYWYH (pronounced "Wazi Woosh") What You See Is What You Wish You Had					1	2
3	4	5 Nothing Day	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17 Jedi Knights	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27 OCSFC	28 WORLD CON	29 ———	30 ——— >>
31 >>——>>						

SEP

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
International Overlap Day	1 >>———‖	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19 My baloney has a middle name day	20
21 Jedi Knights	22	23	24 OCSFC	25	26	27
28	29	30 National "Go Back To School, Already" month				