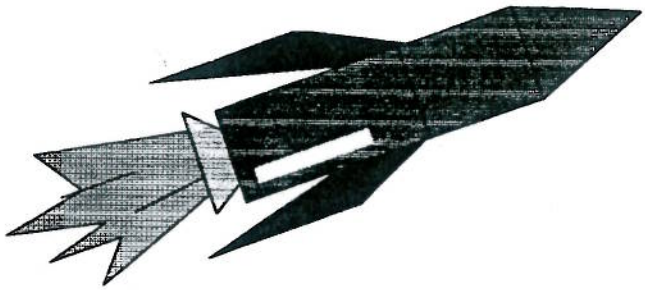
New Software - New Clipart!



Orange County
Science Fiction Club
P.O. Box 9225
Fountain Valley, CA 92728-9225

ANAHEIM, CA 928 81
PM
SEP
1997

Next Meeting: Sep 24 1997, 6:30 P.M.*

OCSFC

ISSUE # 66

THE ORANGE PULP

*** Doors won't open 7:00 PM** (response from door: What do you mean they won't open me?! I'm a door dammit!)

THE ORANGE PULP

NEWSLETTER OF THE ORANGE COUNTY SCIENCE FICTION CLUB

ISSUE #66 Vol 11, No. 5, September 1997

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Program Directors **Greg Funke and Marcia Starke**
OCSFC LOGO **Mac McMahon**

Next Meeting: Wednesday, September 24. Note: For this meeting only we will meet in the parking lot of "the usual place" at 6:30 to carpool to the CSU Fullerton library, 3rd floor, special collections room.

Phone Numbers:
Orange County Science Fiction Club: (714) 552-4925
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Galactic Archives: (714) 693-0673

The Chief Speaks

I'm still disoriented after returning from Worldcon in San Antonio, Texas. It's nice to be back here where it's cool. I think the most important news for us from Worldcon is that Los Angeles won the NASFIC bid for 1999 when the Worldcon will be in Australia. ConuCopia will be held August 26-29, 1999 at the Anaheim Marriott. *They're Coming Back.*
In this issue I'll be re-running Tim Cassidy-Curtis' story *The Infinity Orbit* This time all the words will be there.
Because of this new publishing software things may look unusual for a while.

SUBMISSIONS TO THE ORANGE PULP

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

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1700 W. Cerritos #312
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72437.3435@compuserve.com

Producer Don Murphy was supposed to be our guest speaker for July. He was, however, not able to be there and we had an open meeting. I understand that Dave Nowell was our speaker for August. I was, however unable to be there so someone else will have to review his presentation. Or at least tell me about it.

Our September meeting will be a repeat of one of the largest meetings the club has had. Willis McNelly will giving us a tour of the the Cal State Fullerton Library Special Collections Room. He wants us to be at the library at 7:00 so for this meeting only we will meet in the parking lot of the usual place at 6:30p.m. and we'll carpool up there. The actual meeting room is the library south 3rd floor special collections room. If you cannot meet us in the parking lot at 6:30, you can still meet us at the library a little later. Visitor parking is on State College Bl. north of Nutwood.

In Octobcr Author, Jackic Hyman will bc our gucst spcakcr. You may remember her from a meeting a few years ago when we had a panel discussion including her, Janet Alvarez, and Rhondi.

November - This will be an open meeting. We will be collecting money to keep "The Usual Place" going for next year.

December - Would everyone be surprised if I said there will be a meeting in December? Well, if so, then nobody has any reason to be surprised.

THE INFINITY ORBIT by Tim Cassidy-Curtis
A TIMSMUSE Story

Captain Star-Space-Star looked at a man who had beady eyes, and sighed with frustration. Star commanded the starship HMSS Saint James, which was currently in formation with the starship HRSS 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 society 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 twitched. He also nodded.

Standard Hulls were the mainstay for the Imperial starship Fleet and among the 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 his ability to keep him here, or anywhere that could 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, known as the Empire of Humanity, 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 the rat was winning.

"Captain" Harvey whined, "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 rooted in 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 would say, Humanity has far too 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 tell me where your home world is?"

"There!" The little man pointed in the general direction of Galactic Center.

Great, thought Star, now he can claim cooperation. Star rose from his chair 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, almost 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 star 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. He prayed the HIC didn't hiccup.

"We got him." said Star, looking hopeful. Among the penalties sentenced against Harvey was an absolute prohibition against entering certain sectors of space. The starships 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 Harvey's 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 Captain 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 commanded both the Zoe and Star's

(Continued from page 4)
heart. "Isn't there anything in his story which we can point up?"

"Nothing." said Star. "He's contrived the perfectly uncheckable story." He 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. Of 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 looked forward to the next round of questioning. He had all the answers. The doors whispered open and Captain Star walked in, looking with a very severe expression. Been there, done that, he dismissed it in his mind, but still faked concern.

"Tell me about your home world." asked Star "I'm particularly curious about its distance from your primary."

Distance! Harvey the Weasel laughed inwardly, wait till they get a load of 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 surmised. "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 system, or is your world it's only unique feature?"

"Oh, dozens!" declared Harvey, as he started to dream up an assortment of 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 to 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 auxiliary display." Star said.

Harvey didn't bother to look at a pages long listing of crimes for which he was both accused and convicted, some of which carried a death sentence. Star left without another word, and returned to the bridge.

"You won't even tell someone under a death sentence how he was caught?" Alice queried her captain.

Star smiled as he looked at her. "He could escape, he is Harvey the Weasel, after all."

Star continued "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, ensign."

"Correction," said Star, "great idea ... lieutenant!"

Everybody beamed as Alice Preble-Warren turned to Sean Christopher "Your out of uniform, Lieutenant."

✹

HOW MICROSOFT CARS WILL CHANGE THE AUTO WORLD

From Ken Williams' Mailing List on the Net

The U.S. government would be forced to rebuild all of the roads for Microsoft cars. They can be driven on the old roads, but they run very slowly.

-Standardized modular seats would require everyone to have their asses modified to fit.

-All vehicles would need to switch to Microsoft gasoline.

-The oil, alternator, gas and engine warning lights would be replaced by a single "General Car Fault" warning light.

-Sun Motor Systems would make a car that was solar-powered, twice as reliable and five times as fast, but would be allowed to run on only 5% of the roads.

-Every year a large blinking light would come on -- constantly pressuring you to upgrade your car.

-You could have only one person in the car at a time, unless you bought Car95 or CarNT -- but then you would have to buy ten more seats and a new engine.

-Occasionally, your car would die for no apparent reason and you would have to restart it. Strangely, you would just accept this as a normal operating condition.

-People would get excited about the new features of the latest Microsoft cars, forgetting that these same features had been available from other car makers for years!

-Every time the lines of the road were repainted, you would have to buy a new car.

October

1997

Sun	*Mon*	*Tue*	*Wed*	*Thu*	*Fri*	*Sat*
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12 2nd Cousins Day	13	14	15 Honor bugs and Spiders day	16	17	18
19 JEDI Knights	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29 OCSFC 7:30	30	31 HALLOWEEN	

Marraskuu

1997 (oops, I pressed [Finnish] instead of [finish])

Su	*Ma*	*Ti*	*Ke*	*To*	*Pe*	*La*
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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