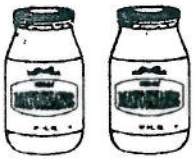

Jar Jar

Darth Mall

Qui-Gon

Anaheim Skywalker

Yoda

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

Next Meeting: June 30, 1999, 7:30 P.M.*

OCSFC

ISSUE #76

THE ORANGE PULP

*Doors Open 7:00 PM (however, the grand opening ceremony will be held at another time)

THE ORANGE PULP

NEWSLETTER OF THE ORANGE COUNTY SCIENCE FICTION CLUB

ISSUE #76 Vol 13, No. 3, May 1999 (episode 1)

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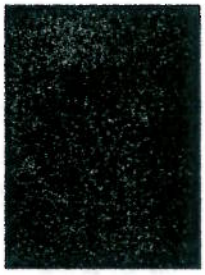


The Chief Speaks

Believe it or not this is still the May issue. As the issues start coming later and later I am beginning to think that it is probably time for me to start thinking about stepping down as editor of the Orange Pulp. I will continue in this position through the rest of this year and hopefully, someone who wants the experience (and the great pay) will want the job. The requirements are as follows:

(fill in your own requirements)_____
_____
_____
_____
_____(that's enough)

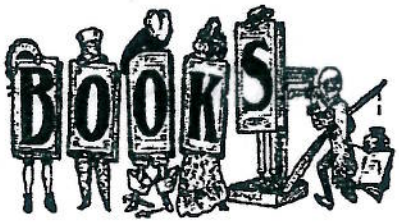
SUBMISSIONS TO THE ORANGE PULP

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 to
72437.3435@compuserve.com

May: Mel Gilden
Author of *The Return of Captain Conquer*

I don't have any "fer sure" information at this time.



July: The Alien Years by Robert J. Silverberg

WARP PUNCH
by Tim Cassidy-Curtis

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Warp punch.

I hated that name. It's inaccurate.

My mood was dark as I walked down the dingiest, dirtiest, most dangerous side alley on the island of Manhattan. It was night. I was alone. I could hear sirens in the distance. Police. Somebody forgot that Manhattan was not a very safe place. Especially alone. Especially at night. Especially in a ... I sighed and looked around. I didn't care. It was the best way home.

... or so one could think. Home. A branch office if the 180. Geniuses, all of us. Super-genius, those in the Second Tier. Even smarter in the First Tier. Minimum I.Q., 180. Yeah, that's where we got the name. Clever, huh? We could calculate any sum, product, power or root in our heads. Encyclopedic memories. We've figured out anti-gravity, FTL, absolute matter conversion, and a cure for the common cold.

Too bad we couldn't figure out how not to get killed in a Manhattan back alley.

Nan.

They were just too many. Seventy-five to one hundred of this island's worst. Nan gave good; they got hurt. But, that only angered the rest. They had just kept coming. Odds simply demanded they get a lucky shot. We were on the way. Nan was no idiot, she hollered on the voice net at the first sign of trouble. We almost got there. Almost. We found her body; broken, bleeding, cut, pulped and holed with bullet entries.

Good thing we had an excellent health plan.

Don Jones wanted to cry. Donald M. Jones, MD, Chief Medical Officer for the 180. He saw the almost unrecognizable form of Nan's badly abused body and knew that there was no life left in it. I told him to fix her. He said he'll do what he could. Don is First Tier, Nan would live. I told him to get married, then he could claim his rightful title; he hates when I mention it. Don is way past genius, he's fucking genius. After a surgery which was more like miracle work he told me to stop bringing dead bodies or one of them might stay dead. I laughed, he didn't. Then he told me I should be married, too. (I had it coming...) Than maybe we could get some action, and I would give some fucking leadership. I said he should take care; he might say something bad.

Nan was my Ad. Best of the best, top of the First Tier, she really ran things in the 180, I just get out of her way. Don reports to her. The Executive Officer of the First Tier works for her. She works for me. I'm responsible. I'm the Preside. I'm supposed to know better. I'm an idiot.

That's why I'm here. I feel sorry for my self. I enjoy being miserable. I keep walking. I keep thinking. If I could only have- ...

A noise. It was behind me. A pool of blood, ahead of me, Nan's. Yup, that makes sense.

They were rude. But, on the other hand they smelled bad. Of course, from their point of view, eighty of them made the matter moot. It wasn't, really, but they didn't care. Go figure. Oh, by the way, did I mention the guns? Forty, by the sound of it. One would think the odds were unfavorable.

It was, for them.

"Good evening, gentlemen." I said to the noises at my back. I heard female noises. They wanted to be included. They were about to be.

"Do you know what annoys me?" I asked as I turned around. Eighty live bodies, check. Forty guns, double check. The knives were a surprise. I hate surprises. I heard numerous answers to my questions, most rude, many pertained to the present situation, a couple rudely pertained to the present situation.

"The term warp punch' annoys me." I told them. The guns came up. Guess it was the word "punch." The term "warp" was several grade levels above them. I had their attention. Ducky.

"Imagine," I said, as if they could, "an object moving through the air at a speed faster than light." I explained. "Even something as small as a potato would cause atmospheric havoc." Eyebrows furrowed. I continued "There would be a sonic boom. A great deal of air would be blown off. And, let's not even think about the heating effect. And yet, the term seems to have caught on."

I heard claims about punches. Directed at me. Both the claims and the punches. They were ready for action. Oh, goody. There was only one thing left to do; I turned my back.

I heard a sound - a heavy lead pipe swung towards my head.

(Continued on page 5)

Memory Lane & Nostradamus

At the May meeting I will bring a scrapbook/photo album of OCSFC activities that goes up to 1994. It's an orange tinted trip down memory lane with parties, trips, costumes and Cons. I would encourage anyone else who has memorabilia or photos pertaining to the club to bring them to the meeting. Be warned that since this is Dave Silva's scrapbook the viewer might mistakenly assume I played a more important role in OCSFC's history than is the case.

The Sci-Fi channel's new show "The Third Wave" is not exactly making as-plash. It is a somewhat familiar blend of a secret alien invasion and "The Fugitive". You have one man works against overwhelming odds to discover the truth and warn an unsuspecting world. One of the basic plot lines is that either the aliens are using the predictions of Nostradamus as a plan to conquer the Earth, or that Nostradamus simply was able to predict the invasion in great detail. I think the later is probably the intent of the writers, however the former seems more interesting. The title "The Third Wave" comes from one of Nostradamus's doomsday predictions so favored by people with millennia fever and those who put their faith in apocalyptic visions. The hero of this show relates each new bit of information to some line in the many quatrains of Nostradamus like fitting a puzzle together.

When you pass the National Enquirer and the Globe at the checkout stand you notice they often use Nostradamus to lend credence to their wacky stories. There was also an A&E special on Nostradamus which portrayed him as the real deal; a man who could predict the future with great reliability. They even quoted James Randi several times and from what we know of Randi he would certainly said something if there were any doubt about Nostradamus's ability. But A&E didn't do that, instead they quoted Randi out of context. Randi had recently written a book "The Mask of Nostradamus", showing that the rhyming quatrains written in French were so vague and so open to interpretation as to be no better than fortune cookies. Also, many of Nostradamus's most famous predictions were the result of errors in translation to English where the translator tried to make sense of the quatrains by making them more accurate. Out of 364 predictions in the National Enquirer one year exactly 4 came true. Hugo Gernsbach did a lot better than that and he never claimed to be psychic.

People like Asimov, Clarke and Benford worked hard to make their stories internally consistent and to stick to the truth. I think most SF fans are a lot more like Scully than Mulder. We like daring ideas and far out fantastic concepts, but we like them to be internally consistent and truthful. Shows like "The Third Wave" encourage a view of SF as gullible and irrational.

(Continued from page 4)

SUBJECTIVE: Time stopped. Okay, it slowed a lot. I did it. Well, I had help. There was a voice in my head, a friend. [There is a heavy led pipe being swung towards your head.] The voice had a source several hundred miles away. LANCE was a computer. Sentient. Smart. Nan built him ... it ... most people get confused. I don't. Like I said; I'm an idiot, LANCE does all my thinking. I asked him to do some for me now. It was no real problem. There are advantages to having a telepathic connection with a computer. Time flowed.

OBJECTIVE: The pipe hit alright, but it wasn't my head. I had acquired a good, firm grip on it with my right hand. It stung ... well it would have; I had LANCE numb it. Eighty people, standing two feet from each other. One hundred sixty feet. Plus body width, another two feet each. Three hundred twenty feet, total. Eight tenths of a second later it was over. I only tapped each one of them, lightly, but at three hundred knots, they were all out cold from concussion.

Warp punch, my foot. It wasn't warp, it wasn't even sonic. I just had LANCE move me fast. Okay, three hundred knots is a little beyond the realm. I ask him. He helps me. I do it.

I didn't know if any of them survived. I didn't care. LANCE wanted me to check. I said no. All I wanted was to go home. All Nan wanted was to go home. Don says she may wake up, soon, but you never know about comas. I left the mess in the alley. I'm glad I did something about my repressed anger. Now, I'm just angry

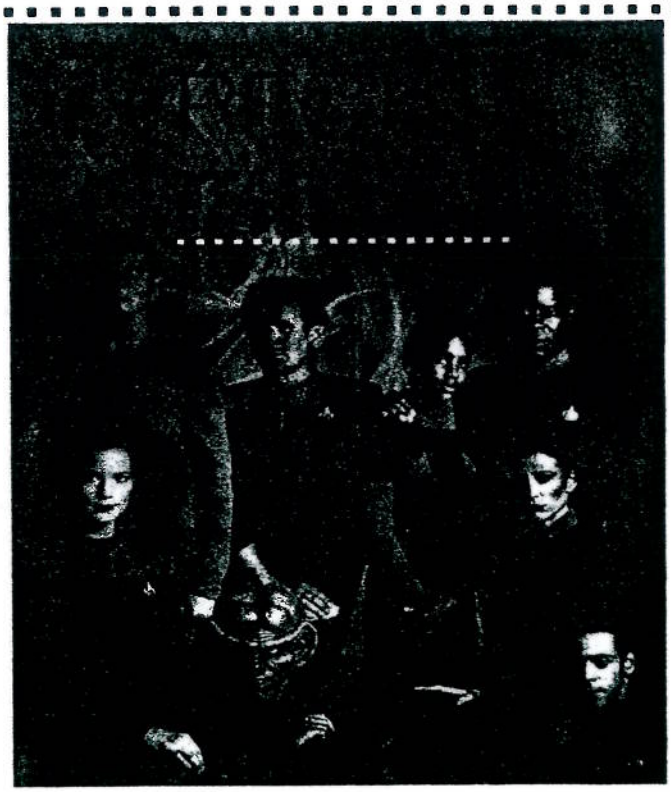
DEEP SPACE NINE; A UNDERATED SHOW
by Dave Silva

When "Deep Space Nine" premiered on TV seven years ago it was to less than thundering acclaim. We all remember how anticipated the first episode of "Star Trek TNG" was after years of waiting. It just happened to fall on our club meeting night, so a lot of us saw it together. But DS9 was just a spin off of the highly regarded STTNG. Also, many in fandom considered it a rip-off of "Babylon 5" and didn't rush to embrace DS9. "Babylon 5" had all those terrific special effects and I think a lot of fans simply wanted it to succeed on all levels.

One problem with DS9 was it didn't take place on a ship, so it couldn't boldly go anywhere until later in the series when they introduced the "Defiant". On top of that they had a black captain and a Bajoran woman for a first officer. Those of us who stuck it out with DS9 found that the characters grew on you and like STTNG it was very much a character driven show with smartly written intricate plots. Even the aleins had values that humans could relate to through our familiarity with their characters. The last three years of the show, in particular, was the best science fiction on TV.

A few months ago my son was visiting and we were watching an episode of DS9. Since he hadn't been watching the show he asked me to fill him in on the characters and background of the show. As I began to explain who Garik was, and the relationship between Ezri, Worf and Julian, and Julian and O'Brien. I realized how rich and complex the show had become over the years. The whole thing about Cisco as the "Emissary" and the Worm-Hole Prophets was even more complicated.

I liked Babylon 5 too, but it wasn't as well written as DS9. Maybe in a year or so they will do a DS9 TV movie to settle some of the questions about Cisco, the Founders, Quark, Julian and Ezri and other characters.



1999

June

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
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6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30 OCSFC 7:30	Whatever was supposed	to happen this month	must've already happened!

1999

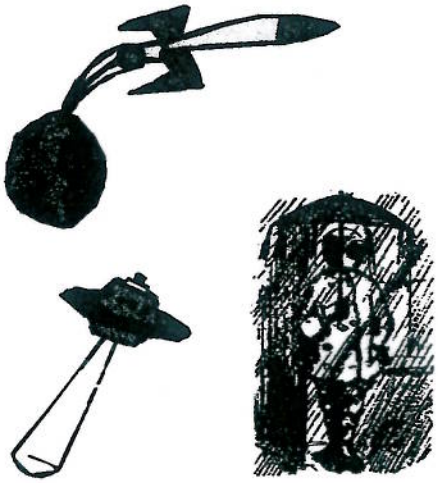
July

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11 NATIONA	12 L OVEREM	13 PHASIS W	14 EEK →	15	16	17
18	19	20 My Birthday (52) everyone else back to work!	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28 OCSFC 7:30	29	30	31

Orange County Science Fiction Club

June 30:

July 28:



The Club meets at the usual place, in the community room of 2400 E. Chapman, Fullerton, A half mile west off the 57 freeway (corner of Chapman and St. College)

For Info: (949) 552-4925

Last Wednesday of Every month except December