

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

Next Meeting: Nov 26 1997, 7:30 P.M.*



ISSUE #67

THE ORANGE PULP

***Doors Open 7:00 PM**
Our doors are 100% USDA approved doorknob free!

THE ORANGE PULP

NEWSLETTER OF THE ORANGE COUNTY SCIENCE FICTION CLUB

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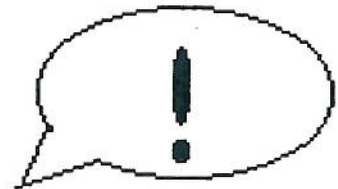
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The Chief Speaks

This issue of the Pulp has stories by Tim Cassidy-Curtis, Fred Cropper, and Dave Silva. Tim sent me a serial that's 20 chapters long, so plan on it going on for a while (there are only 6 issues of the pulp per year). Fred actually sent two stories. The one printed here is one of his best, the other is about his typewriter which gave out on him halfway through the story and he had to continue in longhand. Dave Silva's article is about Sam Moskowitz.

Greg asked me to tell you to think about what you want the club to do next year. November will be our attitude adjustment meeting for next year (we usually do it in January, but we have a guest scheduled for then). Also think about payment for the use of the meeting room and the Pulp, and if you can arrange it to bring the money to the November meeting. If you would like to be the guest speaker for a meeting or if you know someone who would make a good speaker for the club, please contact Greg.

SUBMISSIONS TO THE ORANGE PULP

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

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Previous Meetings

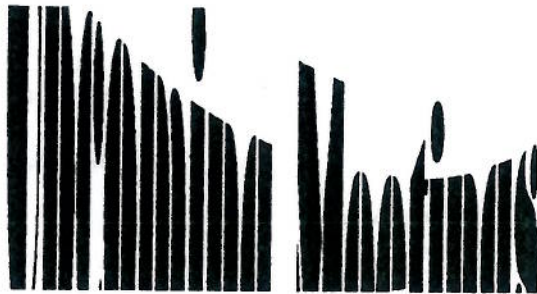
Sept - We had our meeting at the CSU Fullerton library, special collections area, where Prof. Willis McNelly told us about the collection. The first page of the very first manuscript of *Dune* was passed around the room.

Oct - Jackie Hyman, now romance writer, discussed her writings under the name Jacqueline Diamond, and passed out information for writers.

Nov - No scheduled guest. Attitude adjustment meeting. What would you like us to be doing next year? Bring your ideas!

Dec - "This meeting intentionally left blank" ie "no meeting"

Jan - S.P. Somtow will be our speaker



THE ANIMALS LOVED HIM

by Fred Cropper

Daniel always was kind of strange. Some People referred to him as The Alien. He never talked a lot and he stuck pretty much to himself. He was totally without any outstanding characteristics except one - all the animals seemed to love him.

I remember one time we were all at the zoo and little Jasper, aged seven, fell over the railing into the Lion's den. As the lion came hurriedly toward the boy, Daniel jumped in the den between the boy and the lion. It was the damnest thing I ever saw. The big cat stopped, rolled over on his back waiting for Danny to scratch his stomach, which Danny did-before carrying the boy to safety.

My brother had a service station where Danny worked and he had this vicious dog, and I mean vicious! The dog was penned up during the day and put into the garage at night in order to protect the place. Only Danny could handle the dog. It acted like a puppy around him; wagging his tail-- squinching down and licking his hand--, otherwise, anyone who got near the dog was greeted with snapping jaws, gnashing teeth and the most horrible growls an animal could make. We

found out the dog had been regularly beaten with a chain by its previous owner. Even my brother couldn't get near the dog, affectionately known as "killer".

One afternoon Danny and I were having a few beers in a local saloon and he was unusually talkative.

He said, "I was an orphan, but as a kid, I used to have a strange dream over and over". "I dreamed I came from another time, ages ago, where there was a very advanced civilization, even more so than this one -- something pronounced like *ITLONTES*, it was on a great big island being threatened by an active volcano on the southern end."

Daniel said, "In the dream", he was just a baby, "my parents -- both were scientists -- were experimenting with space/time and found out how to project a pebble a few minutes into the future." He told me the dream ended there when he would always wake up.

Well, I didn't know what the hell to think, was he jiving me? he was so serious I couldn't believe that. Did Daniels parents send him into our timeafter perfecting their time travel? and did the family have special powers? I heard Daniel had died a year ago, after I had moved away so I guess I'll never know.

Stardust

by Timothy Cassidy-Curtis

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I.

... and as her amber eyes catch my gaze, I lower her gently to the cool white sand of the beach. I can hear her sighs wash into the surf of the sea as I caress the small of her back and gently nuzzle her neck. Her leg falls on my thigh, and I can feel the heat pulsating from between her...

The comm buzzed.

Shit!

I turned to Nan, apologetically. She smiled.

"That's what you get for being an Admiral...Admiral." she taunted.

Well, she was right, but the timing could have been better.

"Admiral here." I announced into the comm unit.

"Sir..." said the somewhat tinny version of Patina Star,

Captain

of Her Royal Majesty's Star Ship, HRMSS St. Zoe

"We have a situation."

I sat bold upright on the sand.

"Yes..." I prompted.

"It's the St. James, sir..." His Imperial Majesty's Star Ship, the HIMSS St. James, commanded by Captain Star-Space-Star, Patina's Husband.

This got me worried, I expected the worst.

"It's missing." I wasn't disappointed.

II.

Dark.

Spinning?

FALLING!!!

Star-Space-Star awoke only to be able to gasp as one who expected impact after a lethal plummet.

Than he thought. Falling? Ship. Space. I'm on the James. No place to fall (not this far). Free fall. No gravity ...lost artificial gravity.

Star opened his eyes. It didn't help; he was floating in the middle of pitch dark.

"Attention on the bridge!" he ordered "All stations report."

There was no response.

"ATTENTION ON THE BRIDGE!!!" he bellowed.

Somebody groaned. "Cah...captain?" said a weak voice.

"Ah, Lieutenant..." Star placed the voice "Christopher!"

"Aye, Captain..." Star heard switches in the dark "sir, my board is dead, no response at Ops." It was groggy, but Sean Christopher made his report.

"Good man, Sean." The Lieutenant, on the moment of

consciousness, had recalled his duty, and did it blind. Star would make a commending remark in his log...if he could find it.

"Where are you, sir?"

That was a good question.

"Floating...somewhere." Star guessed.

"Lieutenant, take out anything loose and let it go. Tell me what happens. Be alert for outboard motion."

In the dark, Sean Christopher took out his pen and let it float two inches from his nose. This was one of his mementos from Fire Corps Academy. It glowed in the dark. After a few minutes, the weak glow was noticeably moving to his right.

"Slowly moving outboard, Captain." he reported.

"Ah, hah." said Star "The ship is rotating. That means I

can only be half a yard in front of the command chair, and a few feet above it."

"Sir?" Sean was impressed.

"I've been spinning here for quite some time, Lieutenant,"

said Star "and I haven't contacted anything yet. If the ship has been spinning around me all that time as well, than I must be on the spin axis. While the spin axis could be anywhere, a Fire Corps Standard Hull is designed with a tendency to spin around the Zero Axis. Now, Lieutenant," said Star, in didactic mode "where is the Zero Axis?"

"Half a yard ahead of the command chair, sir." said Sean in

his best, albeit weak, Cadet Voice.

"Now see if you can reach over and pull me down. I should be

about seven feet off the deck, which means my feet should be just

clearing the top of the Helm." Star estimated.

Sean Christopher reached out his arm towards the sound of Star's voice. Sure enough, after a few minutes he felt a booted foot, grabbed and pulled.

It was too much, Star-Space-Star was jerked roughly towards the Ops Board and rammed into Lieutenant Christopher, who was fortunately strapped into his seat. Too late, Sean remembered his pen, but the weakly glowing object was knocked out of reach, towards the weapons station. He could only say "My pen."

"Leave it, Sean." said Star "it's not enough light anyway.

Speaking of light, can you tell me the location of emer-

continued on next page

SAM MOSKOWITZ
SCIENCE FICTION HISTORIAN

By Dave Silva

Much of what I know about SF came from reading Sam Moskowitz's historical books on the field. An under-rated writer of non-fiction, Moskowitz had a readable always interesting style of writing. If you want to learn about the early origins of SF, his 2nd book, "Explorers Of The Infinite" covers major figures such as, Mary Shelley, Wells and Verne. It also profiles important but lesser known authors like Karel Capek and Cyrano De Bergerac. I had thought Cyrano was a fictional character, when in fact he was acknowledged as the greatest swordsman in all of France and one of the most important SF writers of the 17th century.

"The Immortal Storm", Moskowitz's first book, is somewhat autobiographical in that it deals with the beginnings of SF fandom in which he had such an active part. Sam helped organize the first WorldCon, back in 1939. That was a pretty daring vision back then, but they pulled it off and the WorldCon became an annual event. He also was the founder of the Eastern Science Fiction Asso., one of the first people to teach a college course in science fiction, a literary agent and he even wrote a few stories that were published in pulp magazines. He made an important contribution to the field as an editor of the short lived Science Fiction +, the first over sized slick paper SF magazine. He edited a number of books for Gnome Press and one for Fantasy Press, "A Martian Odyssey and Others", that helped revive interest in Stanley Weinbaum's brief but brilliant career.

Perhaps one thing that encouraged Sam Moskowitz toward his real talent, which was writing about SF, was writing a book review column for Fantastic Novels magazine. Some of his books are a mixture between history and anthology, like "Science Fiction by Gaslight", and "Under the Moons of Mars". While no one has covered the history of Science Fiction as completely and as well there are plenty of good books in the field. Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays", Fred Pohl's autobiography "The Way the Future Was", Kingsley Amis's, "New Maps of Hell", and any historical book by Lester DelRey.

STARDUST continued...

gency lamps
on the bridge?"
Sean tried to remember.
"The first aid kits!" he recalled triumphantly. "Each
one
has a magnesium lamp. There s a kit at the base of each seat."
"Good. Check yours." Star said, while he groped his
way in
the dark to the base of his command seat. He opened the built
in
compartment.
Star heard shuffling, clicking, and snapping, as he made
similar noises. They both held their lamps in the pitch dark.
"On my mark," said Star as they both prepared to ignite
their

lamps "we'll shut our eyes, and ignite."
Star-Space-Star put his fingers on the ignition
switch and
asked "Ready?"
"Aye, sir." Sean responded.
"Mark."
After a moment, their eyes adjusted, and were
opened. They
could now see the bridge.
They almost wished they couldn't, and simultane-
ously expressed
their identical reactions.
"Shit!"

To be continued.. next issue

December

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25 Ho!	26 Ho!	27 Ho!
28	29	30	31 No Meeting!	Try to get some rest		

JANUARY 1998

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1 ANOTHER YEAR	2 ANOTHER DAY	3
4	5	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	31
YES, MEETING						