



ata-who are  
these hysterical  
people

It defys Logic,  
Sir.

Jim, I told  
you- no mirror,  
jokes on the wall!

Mirror At the Edge of Syndication

pmx 87



# THE ORANGE PULP

## O.C.S.F.C.

0720 WESTMINSTER  
GARDEN GROVE,  
CA 92643

NEXT MEETING

VEN. NOV. 25<sup>TH</sup>  
7:00PM

ISSUE #07

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**THE ORANGE PULP**

**NEWSLETTER OF THE ORANGE COUNTY SCIENCE FICTION CLUB**

**ISSUE #7, VOL. 2, NO. 1, NOVEMBER 1987**

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Publication rights for all submissions remain the property of the author or artist. Deadline for submissions for next issue of Orange Pulp, Jan. 10, 1988. Mail submissions to: Dave Silva, 19323 Andrada, Rowland Hgts., CA 91748.

One year subscription fee \$2.00 for 6 issues. Mail to Bill Hilburn c/o Book Bin, 10720 Westminster Ave, Garden Grove, CA 92643.

NEXT MEETING: Wednesday Nov. 25, 1987, at 7:00 (6pm for those attending the writers workshop) At Fullerton Savings, 2400 East Chapman, Fullerton, a half mile West off the Orange Freeway.

**NEXT MEETING: NOVEMBER 25TH**

This is going to an open forum for the purpose of resolving any matters concerning the operation of the club and its policies. One item that will be under consideration by the membership will be the continued operation and financing of this newsletter. We want the operation of OCSFC to be a reflection of the membership, so it can best serve their needs. If you want to have an input please attend the next meeting.

At the next meeting I will present awards to those people I feel have made the most significant contribution to the newsletter, during the first year of the Orange Pulp. My greatest fear, starting out as editor, was that people would send me a bunch amateurish crap like I've seen published in other fanzines. It's a credit to the type of people we have in OCSFC that that didn't happen.

As usual we will not have a meeting December because of the holidays. On behalf of the O.P. I wish all of you a happy holiday season.

LAST MEETING OF WRITER'S WORKSHOP

Rhondi Salsitz's workshop, originally intended to end with the January meeting, will conclude this next meeting. Rhondi will cover the business ins and outs of getting your story published. This is an area where a lot of novice writers go astray and end up with sad stories to tell. So even if you haven't attended the first two sessions you might pick up some valuable pointers from a successful professional.

BOOK SIGNINGS BY LOCAL AUTHORS

Tim Powers will be autographing at B.E.M Dreams, in Vista CA, Nov. 22nd, starting at 2pm.

Greg Benford will be signing at the Book Carnival, Tustin CA, Nov. 28th, from 1-3pm.

REVIEW OF SEPTEMBER MEETING

by Dave Silva

The long awaited premier showing of "Star Trek The Next Generation," brought out one of the largest crowds of the year. Judging the instant feed-back at this club showing was far superior to reading some review in the paper. Everyone had reservations about some aspect of the show; no one said this is going to be an instant classic. There were favorable reactions to the intro with the new music, the special effects, and of all the new characters the captain seemed to be the most instantly appealing. On the negative side was the story itself and the daunting problem of integrating an entire ensemble cast within a two hour period, without weakening the narrative flow. Can we ever get used to Klingons as good guys? Can Data emerge from the viewers memory of Spock to carve a nitch for himself? Can this series survive Rodenberry and the constant rumours of dissension?

By the time you read this you have seen additional episodes. The ratings have been good and the last few shows have shown real promise. Some of the characters are starting to grow on me as individuals and I'm hoping it will work.

REVIEW OF THE OCTOBER MEETING

Greg Funke brought a large box of paperbacks from his vast collection as visually aids on a historical tour of science fiction through that medium. He started with a personal account of how at an early age Greg went from

reading everything, to getting hooked on science fiction. It's a familiar story to many of us in SF; the strange attraction you felt when you first picked up an Ace Double and thought where has this been all my life...and how many people know about it?

Imagine a world without paperbacks. No doubt about it, what Pocket Books started back in 1939 with the mass market paperback has become the most important factor in the worldwide popularity of science fiction. Greg had the books arranged chronologically, touching on all the major publishers and trends as they appeared on the scene; giving a wealth of anecdotal comment on how the field developed. This was one of our clubs best programs.



1987 HUGO MAJOR AWARD WINNERS

Best Novel: **SPEAKER FOR THE DEAD** by Orson Scott Card  
Best Novella: **GILGAMESH IN THE OUTBACK** by Robert Silverberg  
Best Novelette: **PERMAFROST** by Roger Zelazny  
Best Short Story: **TANGENTS** by Greg Bear  
Best Dramatic Presentation: **ALIENS**  
Best Pro Editor: **TERRY CARR**  
John W. Campbell Award: Karen Joy Fowler

CONVENTIONS

LOSCON 14, Nov. 27-29: Hilton Pasadena, Ca., GoH. C.J. Cherryh.  
UNIVERSE 88, Jan. 1-3, 1988, Airport Hilton and Towers, Los Angeles, Ca., \$19.50 till 12/1/87, \$25 at door. Info. Universe Convention, Box 2577, Anaheim, CA92804, (213)867-4140.  
COSTUME CON 6, Feb. 12-15, San Jose, Ca., \$30 till 1/1/88, \$35 at door. Costumer's panels, workshops, contests. Info 112 Orchard Av. Mountain View, CA 94043.  
CONTACT '87, Feb. 27-Mar. 1: Day's Inn, Rancho Cordoba, (near Sacramento). Worldbuilding workshops, cultures of the imagination. Guests: Poul Anderson, Barnes, Bear, Hogan, others. \$35 in advance, \$50 at door. info Sue Store, 4733 T St., Sacramento, CA95819, (916) 731-8778.  
WESTERCON 41, July 1-4: Phoenix Hyatt Regency and Adams Hilton, Phoenix, AZ. GoH Robert Silverberg. Memb. \$35 till 12/31/87 then more. Dealers room sold out. Info Westercon 41, Box 26665, Tempe, AZ85282, ((602) 839-2543(eves)).  
NOLACON II, WORLDCON 46: Sep 1-5, '88, Marriot Sheraton, & International Hotels New Orleans, LA, GoH Don Wollheim, Memb \$60 till 12/31/87, \$70 till 7/10/88. Dealer tables \$50 deposit, contact Dick Spelman, Box 2097, Chicago, il60690. Info NolaconII, 921 Canal St. Suite 831, New Orleans, La 70112, (504) 525-6008.  
NOREASTCON III, WORLDCON 47: Aug 31-Sep 4, '89, Sheraton Boston/Hynes Convention Center, Boston, MA. GoH Andre Norton, Betty & Ian Ballentine. Info Noreastcon Three, Box 46, MIT Branch P.O. Cambridge, MA02139.

Holland won the 1990 Worldcon 48 by a wide margin over Los Angeles. Running unopposed, San Diego won the 1990 NASFIC bid. Though it's a couple of years down the road this makes for an interesting choice for OCSFC members.

VIETNAM AS SCIENCE FICTION

by Graham C. Volker

The first time I went to Vietnam I was probably about 10 or 11 years old. Trips were infrequent then, but as the years rolled past, I found myself there much more often. Vietnam was a scary place, with dark jungles and

dusty open fields. You never saw the enemy, not like in WWII. There were no dirty Krauts or Nips, only the mysterious VC.

By the time I was 15, Vietnam was part of my life. Nearly every night as we ate dinner and watched the 6:00 news, Vietnam came into our home. Each year at the county fair the Marines had their Vietnam displays. There were actual boobie traps and M16s, and AK47s, and claymores, and there was a whole Vietnamese village, a model with tunnels, and boobie traps, and GI Joes getting killed in horrifying ways. It was fascinating. By the time I was 16, I was meeting guys 3 or 4 years older than me that had just gotten back. They told unbelievable stories of fellow soldiers going crazy, and other soldiers killing their own officers, and of never really seeing the enemy, or even knowing who he(?) was.

Sometime in high school I began to have a recurring dream: I was lost in the jungle and the VC were searching for me. I kept crawling through the undergrowth, hiding, until I finally came to a small clearing where a North Vietnamese Army officer stood all alone. I snuck up behind him and shot him in the head 2 or 3 times. At first, nothing seemed to have happened, but then he would slowly turn and look into my face. I think that when I first had this dream, he would chase after me until I woke up screaming, soaked with sweat. Later he would only have to turn around to jolt me to consciousness.

At 17 one of my classmates graduated midterm from high school to go to Vietnam. Everybody wondered, "What does he know that we don't?" At 18 I waited with the guys in the dorm, listening to the draft lottery numbers being read over the radio as they were pulled out of the hopper. Ours was the first year they eliminated the student deferment. Two guys got number seven. I got number 324. Vietnamization was in full swing and everyone thought they wouldn't get past 100 in the draft.

Eventually, the war was over, Saigon fell, and then finally the POWs came home. But I still crawled through Vietnam at night.

Only recently have I begun to understand the hold Vietnam had over me. It was symbol. The unknown. The uncontrollable. A bogeyman in black pajamas was under my bed. What happens to you when you're bad? If you really screw up? You get sent to Vietnam.

Certainly, it would be ridiculous to try to compare my experience to that of the vet or the families of soldiers in that war. But for me to be sucked into the God-forsaken place from an early and impressionable age, through profoundly graphic media, this had a profound effect on my life.

Recently, Vietnam had become almost an obsession for me. I was seeing every movie and reading book after book. These fictions all tended to resonate with something in me and keep me stirred up inside. Then I read two nonfiction books, both based on interviews. One book focused on the history of the war chronicled by recollections of American GIs who were involved

with the massive tunnel system near Saigon. My perceptions of Vietnam began to change as I realized that what I had felt so strongly for so many years was based primarily, not on reality, but on my own fears and fantasies of growing up to face a hostile world alone. Vietnam as a private metaphor for my life is fading and is evolving into a microcosm of the struggle of all mankind. Right now, with the fantasy element diminished, Vietnam seems very much like science fiction.

### THE DOCTOR WHO CELEBRATION AND TOUR

A convention review by Roland Gagne

It takes a great deal of motivation before I'll drive to Los Angeles. Personally, I don't even like driving through L.A., much less going there.

However, on Saturday, 10 October I did just that to attend the Doctor Who Celebration And Tour (87,88). Co-sponsored by the BBC (through Lionheart Television International), KCET (Channel 28), and a L.A. based Dr. Who Club, called the Time Meddlers, this event was well worth my time and money.

In order to bring everyone up to speed let me briefly explain the Doctor Who Concept. The Doctor, as he is customarily referred to, is a renegade Time Lord who rejected his society's view that one shouldn't get involved with the affairs of other sapient beings. Moving through time and space in a misappropriated time vehicle, the Doctor, with one or more companions battles the enemies of freedom and liberty whenever their paths cross. Though occasionally struck down in these battles, the Doctor, as a Time Lord, has the capability to regenerate his body and live again, though his physical features and mannerisms change with each regeneration. His continuing adventures - over twenty years worth - are part of KCET's Saturday line up. Now, back to the review.

This tour could be divided into four main events. One event comprised a collection of props from the series, all but one located inside a poorly lit tractor/trailer. Another event could be said to comprise the Dealer's area. Prices were more than reasonable though selection was limited. A third event was a video tape montage of interviews with various actors of the series, plus production personnel, and also past and current BBC Dr. Who events. The fourth event, Guest Speakers, was the key to this tour. Two producers of a forthcoming Dr. Who movie were there but tight lipped about their project. The crowning achievement of the fourth event were Janet Fielding (who portrayed Tegan, one of the Doctor's many companions) and Sylvester McCoy (the seventh, and current, Doctor). It was here that this convention reached it's zenith. Both Fielding and McCoy were superb in both Question and Answer periods. Even so, they shined during the second session in which they slipped away from their more tight laced responses and injected more of themselves into their answers. Both gave a personal touch to acting in general and to acting in the program itself. Their presence

made the convention.

On the whole, this convention was worth the price. On the day I attended over 750 dropped by to visit. Like all conventions, this one also had some glitches, but the two main speakers trivialized these minor flaws. If nothing else, the turn out of this event should demonstrate that Whovians exist and are alive and well in our region.

### THAT OTHER MACDONALD

by Fred Cropper

Usually the name MacDonald calls to mind Ross MacDonald, the major successor to Hammett and Chandler in the mystery field. But there is another MacDonald who ranks just as high as a skilled practitioner of writing the mystery story: John D. MacDonald.

You might ask what is there about a mystery writer that should have him appear in a science fiction fanzine? Well, as many of you already know, John D. MacDonald DID write science fiction: at least three novels and a clutch of short stories. His two best science fiction novels were "Wine of the Dreamers", formerly known as Planet of the Dreamers, and "The Girl, the Gold Watch, and Everything", which almost defies description. It reminds me, in a way, of Jack Finney's "Time and Again", in that it gets you to fully accept what the author puts forth and the device used to propel MacDonald's novel is so believable it sucks you right into the story. It is a romp from beginning to end!

I remember reading "Wine (Planet) of the Dreamers", when I was in the Navy in 1952, and having read few science fiction stories at that time, I was mightily impressed. I re-read "Wine" some thirty-five years later and it held up real well.

John D. MacDonald has chiefly been noted for his forty-some mystery, suspense and mainstream novels; plus his twenty-one Travis McGee novels (we are told he completed at least one more before he died). The McGee books are all uniformly excellent, not a bad one in the series.

John D. MacDonald will undoubtedly be remembered best as a mystery/suspense writer, but many of us will remember him as a hell of a science fiction writer too!

This is the first time O.P. has published fiction. Since the "Rulp" is a newsletter we haven't really looked for

fiction, however, this short story has a local interest appeal for Orange County fans.

THE ANGEL AND PHILIP K. DICK

by Tessa B. Dick

When Phil Dick met Nick Brady, it gave him such a shock that he had to sit down for a very long time. It happened while Phil was rummaging in the refrigerator for a beer. He suddenly realized that he, Phil, did not drink beer. That explained why there was no beer in his refrigerator. It did not explain why he suddenly thought of the cat, Harvey Wallbanger, as "she". Phil knew full well that Harvey was a tomcat, and not even altered (yet). But all cats were "she"; conversely, all dogs were "he".

Phil sat down in his favorite chair, the black vinyl one in the southwest corner of his livingroom, and thought about this strange experience. There, bathed in the afternoon sunlight glaring in through the picture window, that looked out on a dirty alley, Phil slowly came to the realization that his thoughts were not his own. He was, in fact, listening in on the thoughts of someone named Nick Brady. This someone could see no point in attributing maleness to an unaltered tomcat: the feline nature was basically feminine; therefore, all cats were "she".

Nick Brady was puzzled by Phil Dick's vehement assertion of Harvey Wallbanger's masculinity. It was a matter of little importance. Popping the tab off a can of Coors, Nick Brady gulped down his beer and went on with his life.

Phil thought about pouring himself a glass of Mondavi Cabernet Sauvignon, 1972, but felt too dizzy to stand up. Besides, his doctor said the wine aggravated his gout. The gout afflicted him in, of all places, his jaw. Made it painful for him to speak. Dr. M. said he must cut out all those chicken livers, along with a number of the foods Phil loved.

Later that evening, as Phil was tipping snuff onto the back of his hand, the radio sputtered and crackled. He had been listening to KNX-FM's soft rock programming, while he sniffed Dean Swift's Inchkenneth and Mrs. Siddons. When he got around to the Bezoar Fine Grind, the radio station sputtered out and gave way to static. Behind the fuzz, Phil thought he heard a voice croaking, but couldn't figure out what it was saying. He felt a fever coming on, the skin on his forehead getting puffy and wet. Switching off the radio, he went to bed, where he stayed for three days, with the "flu". While he lay there, he prayed in Latin for as long as his lips would move, thought the prayer when they wouldn't, and dreamed the prayer when he fell asleep. Although Phil thought of himself as religious, he had learned that

prayer because of his love for classical music: it came from J.S. Bach's "Missa Solemnis".

"Looks like an electrical diagram," his wife said.

"Yes!" the angel shouted.

"No," Phil said.

"But look, dear. There's a capacitor. There's the electrical circuit, and the magnetic field at right angles to the electrical field. But there's something wrong, something missing. I'm not sure what's wrong with it though."

"Yes!" the angel shouted again.

"No," Phil said. "God doesn't send you visions of wiring. This has something to do with ancient times, with the very beginnings of christianity."

"If you say so, dear." She had learned, over the years never to get into an argument with her husband. He always won, whether he was right or not.

"Poros Krater," Phil said.

"Limestone cup," his wife told him, leafing through a Greek glossary. She had studied Greek in school, reading a little Plato and a lot of the New Testament. Actually, she remembered very little, but she could read the Greek alphabet, and Phil could not.

"A baptismal font," Phil said.

"This is all beginning to fit together, isn't it?"

"God is trying to help us. Ever since I had that tooth pulled, He's been intervening in our lives. He's trying to tell us something, something important."

"God doesn't try," she said. "He does. He can't fail"

"Well, maybe He sent an angel."

The angel sighed. These people were very slow, but they were beginning to get the point. That night, he sent another message, this time by means of electromagnetic radiation directed at their primitive receiving unit.

Phil sat up in bed and started babbling incoherently. His wife thought that

his pyloric valve had opened again, that his gastric juices had come up into his throat and he was choking. She ran to the bathroom and got him a cup of water.

When she returned, he said, "Turn it off."

"What?"

He remained silent, staring at the blank wall across from the foot of their bed. The only thing in the room that was on was the radio, so she turned it off. He relaxed visibly, his shoulders drooping and his head nodding toward his chest.

"Thank you," he said.

"What's the matter?"

"The radio was talking to me. It said horrible things. Carly Simon was singing, and she said that I was bad, and I should curl up and die."

Looking at the clock, she said, "It's almost seven. The baby will be up pretty soon. I'll make coffee."

Sitting in his favorite chair, the red leather one in the southeast corner of their livingroom, Phil lit up a fat Cuesta Rey cigar. The baby was gurgling happily in his crib; Phil enjoyed listening to the sounds of his family. He hadn't written much lately, because he was just so happy living. He didn't want to take all that time at the typewriter, away from his wife and son. Anyway, the galley proofs of SCANNER would be coming soon, and it would take a long time to proof them.

Suddenly, his baby's happy babbling turned into a cry of distress. "Eloi, Eloi!" the baby seemed to shout. "Lama sabachthani!" A beam of pink light zapped Phil in the forehead. He stood up and shouted, "The baby has to go to the doctor right now! He has a hernia."

His wife said, "Okay, I'll call Dr. M., but he'll just tell me to clean his butt better when I change diapers."

"What makes you think that?"

"That's what he told me last week."

The angel fluttered his wings in frustration. Whatever message he sent them, it just seemed to get sidetracked into something totally unrelated to the facts.

Dr. M., shrugging, told them to take the baby to a specialist. They did,

pagell

that same afternoon. A couple of weeks later, the baby had surgery to correct an inguinal hernia. Dr. M. had egg all over his face.

Sitting in his favorite chair, the brown canvas one in the northeast corner of the livingroom, Phil Dick thanked God for saving his young son from a possibly fatal birth defect. His wife heated up pablum for the baby, who was now on solid food. Oatmeal for Phil---he no longer ate eggs for breakfast, because of his high blood pressure. The radio played softly in the background. Phil was totally relaxed, just drifting with the flow of this lazy morning, when the radio said quite clearly, "Phil Dick is a prick."

Well, by now, Phil had had enough. He was not going to allow a defective radio to screw up his life. Crossing the livingroom, Phil picked up the radio, opened the picture window and sent the radio flying out into the dirty old alley. It landed with a crack, split open and went flying into about a million pieces of smashed circuitry, scattered all over the asphalt.

Up There once again, the angel sighed with relief. When he had His attention, the angel asked, "Why didn't you just send Herman? He speaks English, and he could have told them that their radio was defective."

God bent patiently toward the little creature and said, "That would have been to easy. This way, I have one more true believer. After all that's happened to him, Phil Dick will never doubt me."