



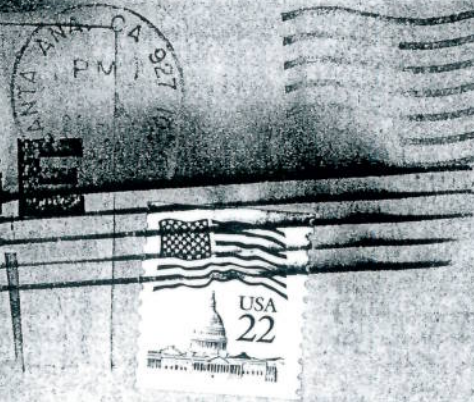
ORANGE  
COUNTY  
SCIENCE  
FICTION  
CLUB

10720 Westminster Av.,  
Garden Grove,  
CA92643

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next meeting:  
Jan. 28th,  
Wednesday 7pm

THE  
**ORANGE  
PULP**



ISSUE #02



OCSFC SCIENCE FICTION SURVEY

BEST NOVEL

- 1)
- 2)
- 3)
- 4)
- 5)

BEST AUTHOR

- 1)
- 2)
- 3)
- 4)
- 5)

BEST SERIES

- 1)
- 2)
- 3)

BEST SHORT STORY

- 1)
- 2)
- 3)

Selections will be awarded points in reverse order; first place in the upper categories will receive 5 points. First place in the lower two will receive 3 points. Don't feel like you have to fill in all the blanks to turn in survey.

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THE ORANGE PULP

NEWSLETTER OF THE ORANGE COUNTY SCIENCE FICTION CLUB

ISSUE #2 . VOL. 1, NO. 2, JANUARY 1987

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Dave Silva

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Bill Hilburn

Elise Edgell

COVER ARTIST

Marcia Starke

Publication rights for all submissions remain the property of the author or artist. Deadline for submissions for next issue of Orange Pulp, Mar. 10, 1987. Mail submissions to: Dave Silva, 19323 Andrada, Rowland Hgts., CA 91748. One year subscription fee \$1.50 for 6 issues. Mail to Bill Hilburn c/o Book Bin, 10720 Westminster Ave, Garden Grove, CA 92643. Or easier yet, give Bill the money at the next meeting.

NEXT MEETING: January 28, 1987, at 7:00. At Fullerton Savings, 2400 East Chapman, Fullerton, a half mile West off the Orange Freeway.

JANUARY MEETING

Club member Jerry Benner will present a slide show featuring his collection of SF, Fantasy, and Horror magazines.

FEBRUARY MEETING

Alan Gutierrez will visit from Arizona to offer a slide show on the creation of his 50 plus SF book collection.

MARCH MEETING

Jefferson P. Swycaffer, one of the most promising new authors in the field, will be our guest. Jefferson is the author of four book releases by Avon, with a fifth book soon to be published by Arbor House. He will discuss his work and current happenings in San Diego fandom.

EVENTS AND INFORMATION

If you are interested in selling paperbacks and magazines at the annual Paperback Collector's Convention, phone Tom Lesser at (818) 349-3844. Tables

are \$20 and are going fast. The Paperback Con will take place April 4th, at a new location. More details in next issue.

The club thanks Stan Woolston for his gift of a paid subscription to "TNFF", a fanzine from the National Fantasy Fan Federation. The bimonthly publication is available for your reading pleasure at the Book Bin.

Harlan Ellison was found innocent of all libel charges in a Manhattan Federal Court, Dec. 5th. The nine person jury took less than 30 minutes to dismiss this frivolous \$2 million claim. Additionally, he received \$20,000 in court costs in what was an important first amendment victory for the right to artistic criticism. Harlan will be one of the guests at the Paperback Collector's Convention.

Nine members of the club saw Star Trek IV at the Orange Cinemadome, Nov. 30th. They caught the early matinee and beat the expected huge crowd. By now it is no secret that "IV" is great fun.



Due to a failure to remember his granddaughter's birthday, Bill Hilburn announces a change in the date of his party from Feb. 14th to Sat., Feb. 21st.

The pot luck/BYOB party will be at his store starting at 5:30. Highlight of the party will be the long awaited unveiling of Bill's large collection of SF, fantasy, and horror material. If our little visitor, above, wants to get first shot at his favorite back issues...then he will just have to join the club.

REMINDER: If you haven't paid your subscription to "ORANGE PULP", please do. Since there are no dues everything is pay as you go.

### LOSCON DEALER ROOM ACTION

By Bill Hilburn

Over the Thanksgiving Weekend, Pasadena was the site for LOSCON 13. Of 60 dealer room vendors only 7 were selling books. One of these, Dangerous Visions, sold only new books and reported brisk sales.

Marty Massoglia sold 3 Lovecraft PBs, including 2 Bart House for \$75. At this price condition was VG at best. Dan Medart sold Van Vogt's "Slan", VF in DJ for \$135. Heinlein's Dell 10 cent "Universe" G+ went for \$35. The HC 1st trade of Poe's "Tales of Mystery and Imagination" illustrations by Harry Clarke, VF in DJ sold for only \$225. Frazetta's "Genghis Khan" portfolio went for \$35. Some dealers were selling "reading" copy material. All dealers reported good or better sales activity.

The ratio of book dealers to total vendors at this Con continues the trend, appearing about 5 years ago, of fewer and fewer book dealers, including the 1986 World Con. The effect of this trend results in dealers being able, due to lack of competition, to charge over market prices. Secondly, the dealers are able to bring in material of lower graded standards, which puts the buyer in the position of buying what would be regarded as "reading" copy material at inflated prices.

For collectors, this trend coupled with increasing Con membership costs, that allow free access to the dealers room, becomes a question of justifying the expense for an opportunity to select from a limited offering of quality books. Since our club may be involved in bidding efforts to have the 1990 WorldCon in Anaheim, now is an opportune time to start a campaign for "Dealer Room Only" Con membership. I would like to hear your opinions, both pro and con, on this.

MONTH OF MARY  
A "LOST" STORY BY WALTER M. MILLER, JR.

Michael C. Peralta

Walter M. Miller, Jr., is probably the least prolific of all great science fiction writers. Aside from the work he did for the early television space opera series "Captain Video", his output in the field consists of one novel (the perennial classic "A Canticle for Leibowitz", winner of the Hugo Award for Best Novel of 1960) and forty-one shorter pieces published in various science fiction magazines between 1951 and 1957, including such renowned works as "Dark Benediction", "Conditionally Human", "Dumb Waiter", "The Darfsteller" (winner of the Hugo Award for Best Novelette of 1954), and the three stories in the "Canticle" series, which were later reworked into his only novel. Recently he has co-edited "Beyond Armageddon", an anthology of science fiction dealing with the aftermath of nuclear war, and he is said to be working on another novel, his first work of fiction in nearly thirty years. Miller's work outside the field is even more limited, consisting of a small handful of short stories, articles, and book reviews.

Miller's writings have been discussed in great detail in many scholarly articles and in every reference work concerned with science fiction. Given his popularity as a subject of literary analysis, and the limited number of pieces he has published, it would seem unlikely that any of his stories could have escaped the notice of academicians. It comes as a great surprise, therefore, to realize that the first piece of fiction that Miller ever wrote has never been mentioned in any article or bibliography dealing with the man and his work, with the exception of his own early autobiographical sketch in the September 1951 issue of "Fantastic Adventures". Miller describes the unusual genesis of this story, and of his career as a writer: "...a Buick and I collided head-on, breaking both my legs and an arm--my writing arm....The arm cast came off first, and the doctor said, 'Writing's good wrist exercise. Builds up atrophied muscles. Get to work,' ...I wrote...everything but commercial literature. One day a friend came to call--a priest who had visited Molokai--and we talked about leprosariums....Suddenly I was writing....The short story was conceived, written, and mailed in the same day."

Unfortunately, Miller mentions neither the title of this story, nor the name of the publication in which it appeared. Some literary detective work is required to uncover this information.

Every discussion of the fiction of Walter M. Miller, Jr., states that his first science fiction story was "Secret of the Death Dome" (Amazing Stories, January 1951), and that his first story of any kind was "MacDoughal's Wife" a tale of an older man and his young, sterile, adulterous wife (American Mercury, March 1950). With that story, however, appeared a short blurb about the author, which states that his only previous story appeared in a publication known as "Extension". No scholar has ever mentioned this vital clue except to remark that the existence of such a story is "unconfirmed". A bit of library research reveals that "Extension" is a religiously oriented magazine published by the Catholic Church Extension Society, located in Chicago. A phone call to their office yields the information that such a story did indeed appear in the May 1950 issue under the title "Month of Mary", and a copy of the story can be obtained. (Although this story was both

written and sold before "MacDoughal's Wife", it appeared in print two months later, probably because May is, indeed, the "month of Mary" in Catholic tradition.)

"Month of Mary" is a very short story, about one thousand words in length. It is the first person narrative of Rudolph Mannish, a young priest with a morbid fear of germs and infection. In an attempt to overcome the guilt he feels at his revulsion towards the sick and dying among his parishioners, Mannish volunteers to serve in a leper colony in Brazil. Once he is there, however, he is so horrified by the possibility of contamination that he prays to be sent back to the United States. Later, filled with remorse over his "coward's prayer", he prays he will be able to overcome his fear. On the day he is to leave Brazil, he performs what he believes will be his last Mass for the lepers. As he raises the Host, he notices the signs of leprosy on his hands and realizes that he has contracted the disease. Free from his fear at last, he recognizes the lepers as his spiritual brothers and resolves to remain in the colony and serve them.

The story has themes similar to those found in "A Canticle for Leibowitz" and the early story "Dark Benediction", and should be of interest to any reader interested in the career of one of science fiction's finest practitioners, who has remained silent all too long.

KITELAND  
Keith Roberts  
Arbor House, 1986  
\$15.95

reviewed by Rose Secrest

Like so many great authors, Keith Roberts (pseudonym of John Kingston) came to me from the pages of "The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. His stories struck me as powerfully written and exhilaratingly weird. I became determined to have more after I had read a few.

Alas, his work is difficult for me to find, perhaps this is because he is British.

Then one day, Michael Peralta checked out a book entitled, "Interzone: The First Anthology." This, he explained, was a collection of stories from "Interzone" magazine, a British publication that attempts to print unusual and controversial science fiction and fantasy. This magazine is not easily available in the U.S., so both he and I were glad to have the anthology, which had a Roberts Story.

The Keith Roberts story was "Kitemaster," a glorious short story of sufficient strangeness. Satiated a short while, we came across a mention of

"Kitemistress." A series of "Kites" existed! Disheartened that we, as Americans, were denied this beauty, we trudged to the library to return some books.

There, upon the few shelves devoted to science fiction, appeared "Kiteworld," which is, according to the cover a fantasy novel, but which actually is a collection of his kite stories, containing "Kitemaster," "Kitemistress," and other works. Voraciously, I began to read.

The stories take place after a nuclear holocaust has destroyed the world, except for the Realm. In order to save themselves from further disaster, the Variant church sets up a protection system of kiteflyers on the border of the Realm to watch for Demons.

"Kitemaster" introduces the reader to the kites and to the church, by detailing the doubt of a believer; "Kitecadet" as the title suggests, is about the adventures of a rookie kiteflyer; "Kitemistress" continues his adventures and resolves his problems; "Kitecaptain" concerns the turmoil of a kite leader over his retarded sister; "Kiteservant" details an accountant's unfulfilled love; "Kitewaif" describes the adventures of an orphan tramp; "Kitemariner" explains the kites' activity near the ocean; and "Kitekillers" brings everyone together for the dispute at the end that becomes reconciled to a new, surprise beginning.

As usual, Roberts' style is literate, chewy, and beautiful. However, maybe because it's British, there are some minor details that snag the reading, at least for a few seconds. Occasionally the description of some scenes is scant, as if Roberts believes that a mere suggestion is enough, and that the reader can fill in the details. He must be correct, because this habit does not detract from the emotional effect of the book, although it probably adds to intellectual dissatisfaction.

The ending might seem too cute to some people; they might think it too sudden, and too easily resolved. But it does fit his philosophy and sufficiently explains what he is trying to say. Perhaps, in this case, the ending is unsatisfying because it satisfies the intellect, not the emotions.

Nevertheless, despite these complaints, the book overwhelmed me. The characterization is perfect; it is without fault. Numerous scenes are powerfully emotional, a Roberts talent that satisfies his devoted readers. The stories have continuity and follow a logical order. The set-up of the society is realistic, complex, and satisfying, because it is just different enough from our culture. This book, like most of Roberts' fiction, is beautiful. It's weird! Where it's not strange, it's so well written it doesn't matter.

This book is great!

ORANGE COUNTY BOOK STORE HAPPENINGS

by Bill Hilburn

BOOK CARNIVAL: Owner Ed Thomas reports a relocation of his store. It will be in the same shopping center about 4 stores from the previous site. Ed has changed his mode of operation from a general line used hardback and paperback store to one specializing in science fiction and mystery books, both used and new.

BOOKMAN: After 20 plus years operating at various locations, the latest being in Huntington Beach, this store has gone out of business.

BURKE'S USED BOOKS: This Santa Ana store is now out of business.

THINKER USED BOOKS: A change of ownership has occurred at this store in Costa Mesa. The new owner's policy is not known.

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Movie Review by Bill Hilburn

New Year's eve several OCSFC members saw "Little Shop of Horrors" at the Cinedome theater in Orange.

This musical adaptation of Roger Corman's 1960 cult classic of black comedy about Seymour (Rick Moranis), an inept flower shop assistant, and his relationship with the shop's sales clerk, Audrey (Ellen Greene) captures the pathos of their lives and the joy each has in the discovery of their love. The catalyst for this love affair is Audrey II (voice by Levi Stubbs of the Four Tops), a "Mean, Green, Mother From Outer Space". Audrey II is a plant that demands Seymour to "Feeeed Meeee!" that all important ingredient of horror movies...fresh human blood. The method Seymour employs to meet this demand and their consequences, as presented by director Frank Oz, are witty and palatable.

Co-starring performances by Steve Martin, portraying the sadistic dentist, and Vincent Gardenia, as owner of the near bankrupt flower shop, who becomes plant food, are outstanding. Cameo appearances by John Candy, Jim Belushi, and Bill Murray, as the pain loving dental patient (the role of Jack Nicholson in the original movie), are effective.

Two other impressive aspects of the movie are its special effects and presentation of the attitudes and atmosphere of the early 60's.

This reviewer thinks this movie is well worth the price of admission.

C.A.D.S.  
(Computerized Attack/Defense System)  
Books 1, 2, and 3  
by John Sievert  
Kensington Publishing, Nov. 85, Apr. 86, Sept. 86

Reviewed by Roland Gagne

Ah yes, another post nuclear war scenario. In a nutshell the story line involves the U.S. of A. getting blown away by a Russian sneak attack. Then...of course...the inevitable invasion by the red horde. But on the horizon, riding souped-up tricycles comes an elite force of Air Force commandos. Each trooper wears high-tech armor, bristling with a variety of weapons and sensors. Roaring up from an underground base, these commandos blast and burn their way through everything from rampaging rats, crazies, rednecks, renegade bikers, corporate rent-a-cops, and even cannibals, until finally locating and zapping those pesky Kuskies (or Cubans); again and again.

Simplistic is the best word to describe these books. The main character is two dimensional and the others little more than names. The plot is predictable and seems at times no more than mindless violence tied together with idly chatter. This series of books is best left on a book store's shelves rather than taking up space in your trash can.

#### OUT OF THE CLOSET

OR: LETS HEAR IT FOR STAR WARS, THE MOVIE

By Greg Funke

A long time ago in a town far away, I was in the fifth grade reading a comic here and there, and in general just hanging out. About this time I started to take reading seriously. At first it was a little of everything: mystery, western, SF, adventure, ect. After awhile though SF became my favorite. Serious reading at that age was one thing...but reading mainly SF was something else. And so the problems started.

How was I to remain cool with my friends who thought reading something you only did as an adult? These were the types who thought any grade higher than a "C" made you strange. Besides, us "jocks" ain't suppose to read. The social scene...girls didn't want literate guys. No four syllable words please, just tell me how great I am.

My family P.R. began to slide. The family did read. Dad was into mysteries, Mom read this and that, Granpa liked westerns, and Gramma just looked into space a lot. SF was not really considered reading. I remember Dad talking to

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Mom about how could anyone read Lucky Starr and the Pirates of the Asteroids. The problems continued.

My home town of Huntington Beach, Calif. at that time had 1,500 people, 4,000 oil wells, good surf, two libraries (school and public), no bookstores, no junkshops (read thrift stores), and was 15 miles from the nearest "big" town of Santa Ana. Oil men didn't read SF. If I had only known then what I know now, my collection of "50's" sleaze would now be legendary. The libraries had only a total of 100 SF books which I had knocked off by the sixth grade. As I was told, the librarians bought a couple of SF books every year just for laughs. No bookstores new or used; and Santa Ana was too far away for a bike. Teachers frowned on SF books in general and for book reports in specific. Question: Are seven Heinlein books equal in quality or page count to David Copperfield? Answer: In my opinion yes. D.C. was the most boring 1000 pages I think I have ever read.

So I have big problems. To read SF is like a hunger unfilled, almost like a post puberty urge. The biggest problem is, of course, social. I decide to be mature: tell no one of my SF yearnings, swear my folks to secrecy and suffer.

But, luck is with me. One day, when I was a high school freshman in Santa Ana, luck arrived when my eye noticed a used book store. Mom will never forget my yell, as it almost caused us to have a traffic accident. She stopped the car and I was gone. The store had many used SF books and best of all some of them had two stories; the first I had seen of the infamous "ACE DOUBLES".

That was it! The crusade was on. Greg was on a roll. I was hooked on ACE doubles and that bookstore. It was amazing how many reasons came up to drive to the Little Old Book Shop run by Edna the old maid. Every reason from, it will cure the common cold, make me happy, help me grow, cure acne, ect. I was so desperate once that I told Dad I'd take a cut in my 50 cents a week allowance just to get over there. He didn't accept it, thank God! The SF books were 10 cents...not cheap if you consider that some money had to be saved for the Friday show. The social scene as usual.

now the problems are fewer. Do I finally tell my friends that I read SF. After all I am now more mature and am taking a college prep course. I take the easy way out and keep quite.

Skip ahead...past college, the army, the joys of making a living, some love affairs...to the Star Wars success. Still no one knows I read SF. The movie is just great. It is worth 25 years in the closet. However, I notice that "normal" people go to see it by the thousands.

Shift to a social function: actual scenario... group of six people, literal translation of the conversation, "normal" people, save me.

"Hey! so and so, have you seen Star Wars?"  
"Yeah! great movie, like a space cowboy."

"Yes, I sure liked it. Wasn't R2D2 cute?", woman talking.

"Uh huh, but 3CPO had a weird voice", a man talking.

"What do you think Greg?"

"Well, yeah I saw it and liked it a lot", somewhat hesitantly, even after a few drinks.

"Have you read any SF?", now this is a leading line.

"Sure!", bolder now, "Actually, I have been reading SF for 25 years", bragging now.

"Really!", everyone nods approval. Do I notice signs of envy?

So Star Wars made SF acceptable. The childhood pressure is off. No more closet for me. But wait, do we really need SF for the masses? Can't we who have shouldered the burden for so long have something for ourselves? Do you want to read SF and just be one of the crowd? Perhaps I will go back in the closet.

### SILVERBERG THE WRITING MACHINE

By Dave Silva

For you trivia buffs, here's the answer to what author published the most science fiction stories in a single year. 86 by Robert Silverberg in 1957. He got 50 stories published in 1956, and 65 in 1958, for an incredible 3 year total of 201 sf stories. In 1967 he had published 10 non-fiction novels and 6 science fiction novels.

Silverberg has won 2 Hugos (one for "Most promising new author", in 1956) and 5 Nebula awards. He has been nominated for the Hugo or the Nebula a record 46 times. In 1970 he earned the dubious honor of having 3 Hugo and 5 Nebula nominations and came away empty; that's probably a record too. Many writers contend you have to write all the bad writing out of your system if you are to be good at your craft. Writers like Bradbury, Zelazny, and Ellison struggled mightily to get their first story published; such was not the case for rapid Robert. After graduating from Columbia he sold nearly everything he wrote. Maybe it was too easy. However, the constant writing (even the countless soft-core porn novels of the early 1960's) sharpened his skills and perspective of the human condition. Silverberg published his first story in 1955 and didn't receive his first major nomination (2 Nebulas) until 1967. In the early 1970's he no longer wrote stories like "Vengeance of the Space Armadas", but classics such as "Dying Inside", and "A Time of Changes".

### AWARD WINNING STORIES

1969	Hugo	"Nightwings" best novella
1969	Nebula	"Passengers" best short story
1971	Nebula	"A Time of Changes" best novel
1971	Nebula	"Good News From the Vatican" best short story
1974	Nebula	"Born With the Dead" best novella
1985	Nebula	"Sailing To Byzantium" best novella