



Special Suppose You Were A Gerbil Issue* • April '94

*** HELLO OSFW ***

The April meeting will be sponsored by Barbara Thrower and take place at her parents' home at 8248 E. 35th (turn east off Memorial at 35th Street at the Vo-Tech stoplight) on Friday, April 8th, 7:00 P.M. If you park around back, please enter through the front (north) door. The phone number is 622-0718. Barbara's home number is 836-7887 and her work number is 631-3541.

*** NEWS ***

Ray Lafferty's story "Narrow Valley" was reprinted in MODERN CLASSICS OF SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Gardner Dozois. *(If anyone deserves continued recognition as a modern "classic" in the field, it's Ray, and his absence from regular meetings is sorely missed by many. But the title of this volume sounds so...stuffy and academic. Can't you see Ray sitting in his rocker with that sly, mischevious expression on his face? Thinking God only knows what. — S.M.)*

Fran Stallings had an article accepted by H.W. Wilson for a book.

Ben Stallings had a good rejection from Kim Mohan at AMAZING.

Greg had a good rejection from HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Elspeth had a good rejection from MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY'S FANTASY MAGAZINE.

Barbara had good rejections from FANTASTIC COLLECTIBLES, DANGEROUS WOMEN,

* If you missed the March meeting and Elspeth's reading, you're pretty confused, huh?

OMNI, MINDSPARKS, and SIRIUS VISIONS. HARSH MISTRESS is considering publishing the complete version of her story "Fence of Palms." MINDSPARKS asked to see her story "Elixir of Life" again when it reopens.

KDW sold "The Sport of Kings" to MINDSPARKS and reprint rights on "Due Process" to a Writer's Digest book on how to write science fiction, titled THE SCIENCE FICTION WRITER'S MARKETPLACE AND SOURCEBOOK. Her story "The Court of Sorrows" appeared in GALAXY #2. She had good rejections from ALFRED HITCHCOCK, FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, and WRITER'S BLOCK MAGAZINE. She will be signing THE IMPERIUM GAME at the Waldenbooks at Woodland Hills Mall (in Tulsa) on Saturday, April 30th, from 2:00 to 4:00 P.M. *(Hollywood is actually filming a spoof of Hannibal Lector's adventures titled, yes, SILENCE OF THE HAMS.—S.M.)*

Simon sold "Wave Good-bye" to MINDSPARKS. His story, "The Queen Machine," appeared in SPACE AND TIME #83. He received the old "you-didn't-even-make-it-past-the-first-reader-you-chickenhead" checklist from BORDERLANDS 5 and PULPHOUSE. *(My elaboration, not KD's — S.M.)*

*** CONTINUUM ***

By S.M.

March 1994

featuring

Robots, Burning Statues,
Plumpkin and Binkie and
Alien CPR

March's meeting attendance topped 20 —

including several new faces — and Elspeth spoiled us with a snack table that put Little Debbie to shame. We also had more fiction to read than time permitted, but here are some highlights of what we were able to hear.

Ben read "Upon The Advent of an Era," the intricately detailed first-robot account of an android named R, who, along with his android child, manage to evolve into a higher consciousness and ultimately escape an empty life among their creators. I liked all the thought and details included in this one.

Leslie read Chapter 1 of her fantasy novel in progress. Marcus and Serenio, who has mastered the powers of "voice" (which, it is believed, can command all elements except fire), are approached by one Duke Red Ax. The Duke desperately wants to hire Serenio's talents. Serenio refuses, yet decides to assist the people of a poor village with some monster problems. The chapter ends on an intriguing note as Serenio may have tapped into previously unheard-of power.

Ronda read another chapter in her hear-future sf novel in progress, *Chimera*. Rob Smith, a consultant hired to do some work for the mysterious Committee, ponders the state of his love life and is involved in a strange auto accident that shouldn't have occurred, perhaps part of a larger technological plot/breakdown...

Elspeth introduced us to the unforgettable Plumpkin and Binkie in "The Gerbil God." Suppose it was summer, and a little deception snowballed? Suppose Plumpkin and Binkie couldn't grasp all the ramifications of population growth and social unbalance? Suppose those furry little cuddleballs could become savage? Suppose the same thing applied to people? I loved Arlen and the command of language and that great opening line.

Sharon wrapped things up with Chapter 5 from her sf novel, *One That Would Be Greatest*. Seth relates more about the mysterious Servants, who are "pure energy, thought and more." Seth also admits he doesn't know everything. Not long after he and his Servant are overcome by some invisible attack. Seth collapses, and Laura struggles to get

him to the Institute's trauma center. There, she begins administering CPR. With Seth still on the brink of seeming death, an Institute tower suddenly explodes...

*** PHEW CORNER ***

By Alma Garcia

SMALL PRESS REVIEWS

Herbert: I'm awaiting the revelation of your latest review rating system with basted breath.

Sukie: Don't you mean-bated?

Herbert: No, I've just been eating an oven roasted turkey sandwich from the deli on the corner.

Sukie: Was it the turkey that was roasted or the sandwich?

Herbert: Give me a break. Too many hyphens are frowned upon.

Sukie: I'd rather have too many hyphens than ambiguity.

Herbert: Tell that to the editors.

Sukie: Since when do you interact with editors?

Herbert: Er, once in a while I submit a little something.

Sukie: Even if you've reviewed their mags lately?

Herbert: Are you insinuating I write unfavorable reviews?

Sukie: No, sweetie, I'm teasing, but I really don't see how a writer can be an unbiased reviewer if he or she hopes to get published in a particular magazine.

Herbert: The way it seems to work is once an author has been published he is allowed to write what he wants. Much as a scientist, for instance, who has devoted his life to research in a particular field—no matter how esoteric—is allowed to pontificate on anything and everything once he is well known.

Sukie: Or a painter can slosh paint around with abandon once he has gained recognition.

Herbert: Hey, I don't write the rules. Let's get back to the subject at hand. What rating system did you come up with this time? Fingers?

Sukie: Please, Herbie, let's be dignified. This is a nice little obscure magazine.

Herbert: Sorry, I'll grovel if you want.

Sukie: Don't be silly. I thought I'd try spiders.

Herbert: Spiders! You're out of your mind.

Sukie: Seriously. Green spiders are good. Black spiders are not so good, especially if they have orange tummies.

Herbert: On your own head be it. I'm getting on with the review:

MARS SF MAGAZINE #1

Michael While, Editor, 110 S. West St.,
Columbiana,

OH 44408. Bimonthly. SF. Fiction to 7000 words.

Four-issue sub \$20, Sample \$5. Payment in copies.

This is an ambitious project. In fact, its original title was PROJECT MARS. This first issue, however, hasn't quite caught up with itself and is somewhat confusing. The cover, dated February 1993, reads "PROJECT: MARS!" on the side and plain "MARS!" on the front. Inside it is dated February, 1992.

Sukie: These things happen. Even to the biggies. If you recall the January 1991 issue of WRITER'S DIGEST came out with a date of January 1990 on the cover. I've often wondered if anyone got fired over that.

Herbert: I caught a misspelling in the March 94 WD. In "The Writing Life" column (Page 11), insidious is spelt "incidious."

Sukie: Now that's insidious.

Herbert: It certainly is. We're off on a tangent with it.

Back to MARS! Michael While has managed to attract good fiction writers and poets with his nostalgic theme. Greg Norris offers an entire book, two chapters of which are two of the eight stories herein: "The Timekeeper of Mars" (1500 words) and "The Fourth Planet" (2500 words). Both are a great introduction to the series. On the day Phobos is detonated, we meet two of the main characters, Zhora and Katrine. After the explosion unearths a mysterious rocketship-cum-computer-cum-time machine, they find themselves zooming back to ancient Mars. Unless they have back issues available, we'll never know how all this turns out.

"A Little Deimos, A Little Phobos" which the editor refers to as a "short Vignette" (700-800 words) is actually a short excerpt from an unpublished novel by Bruce Taylor. It has a real Martian in it who says things like "Glrk." Unfortunately, my copy of MARS! had a printing problem on that

page and most of it was illegible.

"Spacebreak: 3361 A.D." by Octavio Ramos Jr is the longest work (about 5000 words) and does not appear to be part of a novel. What did you think of it, Sukie?

Sukie: I liked it, but I found some of the technical explanations too detailed and repetitious for my taste in a short story. Still, SF means SCIENCE Fiction, so I shouldn't be too picky, should I?

Herbert: Don't forget we had evidence of a real Martian in the cave hieroglyph, complete with drawing by Tav himself.

Sukie: Yes, that helped, but the story I enjoyed most was "The Red Planet" (4000 words) by Carol J. Hobbs. Maggie Jones, a nurse from Earth, discovers a mysterious property in the red dust of Mars that causes fellow workers to react strangely. Charles M. Saplak's two short stories and "Looking Ahead" by Dennis Green comprise the rest of the fiction. Entertaining poetry and excellent illustrations complete the package.

Herbert: Do you think the editor meant to write Foreword instead of Forward at the beginning?

Sukie: Could be, but he could also deny it and get away with it.

Herbert: Then that's another thing we'll never know. Will you trot out your spiders now?

Sukie: For content, MARS! rates at least five green spiders; for plastic-enclosed cover and typos, only three.

Herbert: How many spiders would be best?

Sukie: I don't know. I can't keep them together long enough to find out, but five is pretty good. To anyone who loves Mars, I'd say subscribe. Good night, all.

(Editor's note: Alma sent some wonderful spider graphics to use, but unreadable files and downed scanners conspired against me. My sincere apologies, Alma. — S.M.)

***** WORDSTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS *****

by KDW

So, what is the cutting edge as far as style is concerned these days? How much description is enough without being too much? How intricate can you make your sentences to heighten the elegance of your prose without obscuring mean-

ing? We're going to examine three established authors this month, all novelists, who seem to me to be riding the crest of that cutting edge.

- A. C.J. Cherryh
- B. Lucius Shepard
- C. Sheri S. Tepper

1._She felt his eyes still. It was a cable of gold, reaching from somewhere inside her into the distance where the road went.

2._For a moment he could neither see nor breathe, nor could he feel anything of his body other than a freezing numbness that had fitted itself like a mask to his face; but then, either his eyes adjusted to the darkness or by some other unfathomable process the darkness was translated into images in his brain, and he saw a vista of folds like those of an immense curtain, radiant yet black, resembling a negative of the aurora borealis, and drifting among them, structures that put him in mind of outcroppings of quartz, geometries of pallid obelisks, crystal cities.

3._It flowed sluggish and deep, among the black reeds, along cheerless banks of black rock in an autumn forest, beneath thickets which maintained only slick rags of foliage.

4._Consciousness came and went in an endless haze. But it seemed to him at last that a black mass had crouched at the end of the cheerless loch, and that the steep mountains which walled the glen went on beyond that place and wound and wove patterns against the night.

5._Moonset, just before dawn; swollen moon collapsing into a notch between black mountains; river talking quietly to itself among the stones; pine and horsemint scenting the air as Abasio brushed by them on his way down the farm lane.

6._He drew the wind into his nostrils and those nostrils glowed with the fire in his blood; but nothing so baneful as the fire in his eye, in which madness—Caith saw it roll at him—blazed full.

7._Against a backdrop of undulating green, as of some watery deep—the same color as her eyes—there he saw the naked person of Lady Alexandra swaying with the gentle grace of kelp in an ebb tide, her arms and hands inscribing hypnotic figures, easing closer and closer, like a dream taking form before a drowning man.

8._On one level a body of black water spread from a shore of bolted iron plate, horrid statuary rising from its depths, showing frilled heads and

taloned hands.

9._Thunderheads often massed behind the towering rimrock, great cliffs of cloud spitting lightning and ruminous with thunder.

10._"Death. Say it, cousin. Say it and listen how it vibrates in the air! The word has a windy, solemn sound, does it not? Like the expiration of a great passion or the first breath of a storm."

11._Daylight slanted dustily into a stone-walled room from a window partially shuttered, as a mass of gold and dusk and lavender whispered to his bedside, a richly clad woman who settled on the very edge of his mattress and offered him a jewelled cup.

12._But it came about again, back toward him, a phantasm, a thing half smoke, half horse, and full of violence.

13._Tiny explosions of joy erupted inside her, like the explosions of firecrackers, little poplets of happiness.

14._The moon was burning, burning, a blazing monstrosity that appeared faceted one second, then rippling as if seen through a film of heat haze.

Works excerpted:

Faery in Shadow by C.J. Cherryh (Del Rey, 1993)

The Golden, by Lucius Shepard (Bantam, 1993)

A Plague of Angels by Sheri Tepper (Bantam, 1993)

Score: 14 or above: Cutting Edge

10-13: Cultured

7-9: Cunning

5-6: Cute

3-4: Curtailed

1-2: Clueless

0: Cursed

*** MANKIND'S LAST HOPE FOR BLAH,
BLAH, BLAH ***

SPACE HOTEL

Chapter 2

*Alien Featherduster-Heads... "Flush" Jackson's
Triumph... A Plot Unfolds*

Submanager of housekeeping Klausteen could hear the snarls and shouting long before he passed the grimy, pitted, Gibsonish open portal of the Quasar Room, one of the larger banquet rooms rented by diplomats eager to bring their endless disputes to the corridors and zero-

gee lounges of Space Hotel. And the rings to be scrubbed off the tiled Jacuzzis....

"If I only had my neuromop!"

Klausteen burst into the room. Several Featherduster Heads were shouting at Iguanamen with faces like carved, hardened french bread, who had surrounded several Sunfishpeople. The Sunfishpeople always amazed Klausteen. They had evolved from lower sea-dwelling creatures into a brilliant bipedal starfaring race without losing the nifty spiny dorsal fin atop their heads.

"What's all the fuss about?" he demanded.

"These lowly creatures have insulted us again!" shouted the lead Featherduster Head.

"All I said was that his head looks like a featherduster and his mascara is running," shot back the largest of the Iguanamen, crossing his scaly arms. "And these fish people — c'mon! All I asked was whether they'd ever seen *Creature From The Black Lagoon*."

"All of you stop bickering!" Klausteen screeched. "Don't you realize we have to coexist inside these billions of tons of spinning metal, mankind's last, best hope for . . . blah blah blah."

"They stole our extra towels!" Roared another Featherduster Head.

"They charged room service to our room!" Snorted an Iguanaman, absently scratching the zipper on his suit.

"They say we stink up the pool!" chimed the Sunfishpeople.

Meanwhile, an urgent call goes out to that unsung hero of Space Hotel, "Flush" Jackson...

"Toilet overflow in 6775-A."

The Frmpit Ambassador's suite!

Waders clomping, Flush hurried to the room. These were the days he lived for, when he could use his cybernetic plunger arm as he had designed it, when he was glad the Xzpyt had destroyed his olfactory senses in the war...

Arriving at the room, Flush touched the com panel and heard the chime sound inside the room, a noise like a loon being dropped into a food processor.

Jimmy, the youngest Space Hotel bellboy, who had a real gift for flying zero-G luggage carts and whose father had been lost in the war, opened the door.

"I, I thought I could handle it, Flush! I shouldn't have tried to do it to impress the other guys."

"That's OK, Jimmy." He flexed his cyber-plunger arm with a wet, rubbery pop. "Everything's gonna be OK."

"I don't think so, Flush."

"The Frmpit are always stopping up toilets, son," Flush patted his narrow shoulder with his human hand.

But Jimmy was right. Three hard pulls with his plunger yielded something that looked like a big, dead, waterlogged Featherduster with sharp teeth.

To be Continued...

*** CHASTITY BELTS OF THE GODS ***

The X-Files...

Agent Moldy: What goes up must come down, right Scuttle?

Agent Scuttle: Have you been sniffing Liquid Paper again?

Agent Moldy: I brought you this downloaded partial list of alleged UFO crashes compiled by the Phoenix Foundation in 1992. It indicates that at least one UFO did a Skylab before the turn of the century, and long before Kenneth Arnold helped the press coin the term "flying saucer." Pretty intriguing, isn't it?

Agent Scuttle: I'm sure it was just Halley's Comet, low on the horizon and distorted by a thermal inversion. People back then didn't know about thermal inversions.

Agent Molder: When's the last time you got lucky, Dana?

Alleged UFO Crashes

April 17, 1897 - Aurora, Texas

A mysterious airship is said to have crashed in this town, exploding into many small fragments. Reportedly, the occupant was child-size and greenish, and the craft contained papers covered with hieroglyphics. The pilot's body is supposed to be buried in the local cemetery. Although the case was widely regarded as a hoax, new investigation brought to light a peculiar alloy that was eventually analyzed by the McDonnell Aircraft Company.

Dec. 22, 1909 - Chicago

Six years after Kitty Hawk, newspapers from New York to Chicago were astounded by national reports of a huge airship flying across the nation and seen by thousands. It crashed west of Chicago, but was never found. The story was front-page news in the nation's major newspapers.

1933 or 1934 - Ubatuba, Brazil

Witnesses on a beach are said to have seen a disc dive and explode, showering the area with silvery fragments of highly pure magnesium.

May, 1947 - Spitzbergen, Norway

A report by journalist Dorothy Kilgallen stated that British scientists and airmen were excavating the wreckage of a mysterious flying ship. The Swedish military acknowledged its extraterrestrial origin and reported 17 bodies were found. The story appeared as a tiny blip for only one day in the U.S. news media before it was silenced by the military. I personally saw this news story years ago.

July 2, 1947 - Roswell, New Mexico

The most famous and thoroughly investigated by journalists, this is the crash that launched Majestic-12. It

was the first and only time the U.S. government publicly admitted it had recovered a crashed flying saucer. Within hours, the craft was whisked off to Wright-Patterson AFB and a new cover story emerged, claiming it had been only a weather balloon.

In recent years, the officer responsible for that cover story has recanted. Three or four humanoid bodies were recovered; one was alive for a short time.

February 13, 1948 - Aztec, New Mexico

Three radar units tracked a falling UFO. Secretary of State George C. Marshall requested a search party be dispatched from Camp Hale in Colorado. A helicopter team found a crashed 30-foot disc 12 miles northeast of Aztec and recovered 2-12 badly burned humanoids. The disc is stored in Hangar 18 at Wright-Patterson AFB near Dayton, Ohio.

August 1948 - Laredo, Texas

Four officers witnessed the crash of an object and the recovery of bodies 38 miles south of Laredo, Texas, in Mexico. The information came from an NBC affiliate in Chicago, who received it from a source in Army security.

August 19, 1949 - Death Valley, California.

Two prospectors named Mace Garney and Buck Fitzgerald claimed to have watched an object crash in the desert. It was a 24-foot disc. The story appeared on page 13 of the local Bakersfield newspaper the next day.

1953 - Brady, Montana

Mr. C.M. Tenney, returning from Great Falls to Conrad, saw an oval object that followed his car while balls of fire fell all over the road. Later that day he was phoned by a colonel from Malmstrom AFB who asked him to come to the base at 10 a.m. the next day. He was escorted to a windowless room inside a fenced-off compound and asked to sign a statement. While doing so, he says he saw two men carrying large laundry bags containing humanoid bodies.

May 21, 1953 - Kingman, Arizona

A USAF veteran claims to have participated in the recovery of a crashed aluminum-like disc impacted 20 inches into the earth. It was oval, 32 feet wide. Inside were two swivel chairs, an oval cabin and numerous instruments. One 4-foot-tall occupant was recovered, dead. It had a dark brown complexion and wore a silvery metal suit with no helmet. The witness' affidavit was released by respected UFO researcher Ray Fowler in UFO Magazine, April 1976.

Mid-1950s - Birmingham, Alabama

When a disc crashed near Birmingham, the area was cordoned off and humanoid bodies were flown to Maxwell AFB, according to a man who claims to have flown the helicopter with the bodies to a waiting aircraft.

Spring 1954 - Mattydale, NY

In this suburb of Syracuse, at 3 a.m. on a Sunday, an information specialist and his wife saw a 20-foot-wide object being examined on the ground by several men who were taking pictures. The next day an officer told them the event was a military secret. Later, police denied the whole incident ever took place.

1959 - Frdymia, Poland

An object was reported to have fallen into the harbor. Divers recovered pieces of shiny metal, which was examined by the Polytechnic Institute and Polish Navy. Some material was reportedly lost. Several days later a small humanoid was found on a nearby beach; its remains were sent to the Soviet Union.

March 1960 - New Paltz, NY

Local law enforcement authorities captured a small humanoid outside his craft while two copilots escaped. The alien was turned over to the CIA and died 28 days later.

January 1967 - Southwest Missouri

A Mr. Loftin found a 40-inch disc and gave it to the U.S. Testing Company for analysis.

November 9, 1974 - Carbondale, NJ

A glowing object fell into a small lake outside town. Three teenagers saw it fall at 7:30 p.m. on a Saturday. They observed a yellow-white glow under the water that shifted to a point 25 feet offshore. The boys were kept in a police car for three hours while a number of vehicles with floodlights and cranes removed a disc-shaped object and put it into a van. The following Monday, a railroad lantern and battery were recovered from the lake and officials called the whole thing a hoax. Hoax? Or cover story?

May 6, 1978 - Padcaya, Bolivia

A large luminous object crashed on a 13,000-foot mountain. An expedition of soldiers and scientists was dispatched to the site, but was delayed by bad weather. They found nothing.

1978 - Soviet Union

After a collision with a Soviet fighter plane, a disc-shaped object fell into the ocean off Finland, where it was recovered - with humanoid bodies - by a Soviet salvage team.

*** UPDATED MARKET REPORT ***

Sincere thanks, as always, to KDW, who donates her valuable writing time and on-line time, so all of us have access to the latest market info!

NEW LISTINGS

BIZARRE SEX AND OTHER CRIMES OF PASSION, Volume II, Tal Publications, P.O. Box 1837, Leesburg, VA 22075. Editor: Stanislaus Tal. Anthology open from April 1st through May 31st. "No taboos. Explicit sex okay, but stories must have entertaining plot lines and believable, interactive characters. A horror/dark fantasy or dark suspense/mystery/detective backdrop is best for

this anthology." Length: 6,000 words maximum (most selected will be in the 2,500-3,500 word range). Pays: 1 cent/word. Multiple and simultaneous submissions and reprints okay. Reprints should list previous publication dates and rights available.

DISTANT JOURNEYS, Starlance Publications, 50 Basin Drive, Basin City, Washington, 99343. Editor: James B. King. Quarterly seeking "well-plotted fantasy and science fiction stories that end with plot resolution. Dark fantasy is acceptable, though horror is not. Present day settings are discouraged. We are unreceptive to sexually explicit scenes and to profanity." Length: 2,000-8,000 words (prefer 4,000-6,000). Buying first N.A. serial rights. No simultaneous submissions. Payment: 1/4 cent/word upon publication plus 1 contributor's copy. Response time: 4-6 weeks. "If we do not respond in that time frame, we are probably holding your manuscript for further consideration and will try to respond ASAP." Sample: \$3.50. \$12.00/4.

REALMS OF FANTASY, P.O. Box 527, Rumson, NJ 07760. Editor: Shawna McCarthy. This is a new sister magazine to SF AGE, put out by the same publisher. The first issue is slated to appear at the end of August. It will be full color and full-sized, although the title may change. Open to all types of fantasy, including dark fantasy up to 10,000 words (5,000-8,000 preferred). "I most like stories with some sort of point to them, beyond the plot twists, and I'm a sucker for a kicker ending. I really hate stories that just . . . stop. My tastes tend to be more serious than lighthearted, but if you can make me laugh, I'll buy it. I don't want the magazine to be totally unleavened despair. But, please, no puns. I have to be careful about sexually explicit material, since the magazine is/will be displayed prominently at 12-year-old eye level, but I am not publishing for 12-year-olds. I do want stories for grown-ups." Payment: 5-8 cents/word. Return time: 2-3 three weeks.

SWORD AND SORCERESS #12, P.O. Box 249, Berkeley, CA 94701. Editor: Marion Zimmer Bradley. Reading from March 1 through May 15, 1994. No dot-matrix. Length 1,000-7,500 words, but gives preference to shorter stories. Prefers 4,500 words. Originals only. Reports in 2 weeks

unless holding for final selection. ~~Must only in~~ contemporary settings. Should have a strong female protagonist. Buys first anthology rights. Pays 2-6 cents/word as an advance against royalties. Pays a pro rata share of royalties as long as it's selling.

CHANGES

SIRIUS VISIONS has clarified its payment policy. Active SFWA members (and writers with similar credits) will receive 3 cents/word. Associate SFWA members (and writers with similar credits) will receive 2 cents/word. Everyone else will be paid 1 cent/word.

DEATHREALM will be closed annually from March 1st through June 1st.

Due to slow payment and unprofessional handling of complaints (which allegedly involved destruction of a complainant's manuscripts), **FANTASTIC COLLECTIBLES** has been declared an unsatisfactory market by SFWA.

MIDNIGHT ZOO has a new payment set-up. They will expand with the March 1994 issue from 64 to 84 pages and institute a panel of three judges who will pick a first, second, and third place story from each issue. The first place story will receive \$100, the second \$50, and the third place will receive \$25. The fourth place story will receive a \$20 credit for printing at the A.E. Press.

MYSTIC FICTION is closed until June 1995.

THE YEAR'S BEST GENRE POETRY is reported dead.

The editor of **HOBSON'S CHOICE** recently told a writer that HC was "overstocked." It would probably be best not to submit anything here for a while.

The latest word on **AMAZING** is that there will be 3 more issues of the current format, followed by 2 anthologies of stories edited by Kim Mohan, and then a new version of **AMAZING** in digest format. Mohan no longer has any first readers, but is still reading stories from established writers. Manuscripts from writers without credits are often

returned unread.

PROUD FLESH is closed until further notice.

HARSH MISTRESS will change its name, probably with the third issue. Warren Lapine will now be the sole editor. Payment rates will be going up and a new distributor has been acquired.

The NOIR reported earlier as being dead was a literary magazine. Apparently NOIR STORIES is still going strong. NOIR STORIES, 1825 Linhart Ave., Unit #12, Ft. Meyers, FL 33901. Editor: Brian Hall. Wants "suspenseful stories, either horror or sf that are steeped in darkness . . . not your standard vampire/werewolf fare . . . no wizards and dragons fantasies." No reprints. Send disposable manuscript with SASE for reply. Length: up to 5,000 words. Pays 1 cent/word on acceptance for 1st rights.

WEIRD TALES has lost the lease to use its name. They have moved (I don't have the new address yet) and have a new name, something with more words in it that still starts with a "W" apparently. More on this later when I find out the details.

WARNING

A writer reports that TERMINAL FRIGHT rewrote a story after acquiring it, without sending galleys or obtaining permission of any sort to do so.

(It's probably best that you send your stories elsewhere, to editors who: a) know better; or b) have more respect for writers. — S.M.)

Wordstyles Answer Key:

- | | |
|------|-------|
| 1. C | 8. B |
| 2. B | 9. C |
| 3. A | 10. B |
| 4. A | 11. A |
| 5. C | 12. A |
| 6. A | 13. C |
| 7. B | 14. B |

*** MANY THANKS TO ***

Warren
KDW
Roger
Victor
Barbara
Alma Garcia
X-File fans and lousy UFO pilots
Plumpkin and Binkie

*** SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION ***

One year's subscription to *Son of GPIC*, the official newsletter of the Oklahoma Science Fiction Writers, may be obtained by mailing a check or money order in the amount of \$10.00 (\$15 per household) to:

VICTOR WREN, Treasurer, P.O. BOX 1347,
Claremore, OK 74018
(Checks should be made out to Victor Wren)

Please note: An "X" on your mailing label indicates OSFW has no record of either 1993-94 dues or GPIC subscription renewal. This GPIC will be your last.

*** OSFW INFORMATION ***

The OSFW meets at members' homes the second Friday of every month to read, critique, and promote in general SF, Fantasy, and Horror writing. All willing to contribute and (after a couple of trial meetings) pay their dues are welcome. There is no age limit but parents should understand that material with adult themes and language is read and discussed. Membership dues are \$10.00 per year, adjusted by nearest quarter, which includes a subscription to GPIC. Checks should be made out to Victor Wren, and may be sent to Victor at the address above, or to 1223 S. Evanston Ave, Tulsa OK 74104.

*** GPIC NEWS AND ARTICLES ***

GPIC solicits news and articles from OSFW members. We prefer they be typed or printed. They definitely have to be in writing (we don't take dictation). Pseudonyms are OK. We prefer text formatted in RichText (RTF Interchange) files on a 3-inch MAC disc (720k or 1.4 meg. — no 2.8 meg). We can also use ASCII files. Otherwise, arrange to send them by modem. You retain copyright on material. If this is of special concern you might let us know who you really are along with your pseudonym. We reserve the right to edit (although we try not to).

*** NEXT GPIC DEADLINE ***

Pesky deadline for May issue: April 25

We look forward to seeing you all!