

Brought To You By: K. D. Wentworth, Roger Allen and Simon McCaffery

Special X-Ray Vision Issue • August 1994

***** HELLO OSFW *****

The August meeting will take place at the Allen/Berry residence, 909 S. Quebec (located between Harvard and Yale, and between 11th and 9th Streets) on Friday, August 12th, 7:00 p.m. The phone number is 835-8260.

***** NEWS *****

Rogers State College will hold the Oklahoma Festival of the Book at their campus on September 30th and October 1st. Over 45 guests are expected, including Jean Hager, Clifton Taulbert, Mercedes Lackey, Jim Lehrer, and William Bernhardt. There will be panels on mystery, children's literature, science fiction, westerns, non-fiction, romance, literary mainstream, and publishing. The registration fee is \$45, which includes all readings, panels, the Friday evening reception, and the Saturday luncheon. For information, call or write: Teresa Miller, Director, Center for Oklahoma Writers, Rogers State College, Claremore, OK 74017-2099; 918-341-7510, ext. 343.

STAR TREK: GENERATIONS is scheduled to be out the week before Thanksgiving.

VARIETY reports that George Lucas will direct either the first or second segment of the new Star Wars series to be filmed next year. All three films will be shot back to back.

Val Kilmer has been cast as Batman for BATMAN 3, since Michael Keaton was not interested in playing the part. Chris O'Donnell has been cast as Robin. Jim Carrey of "In Living Color" and "Ace Ventura" fame will portray the Riddler.

A film version of Robert A. Heinlein's classic THE PUPPET MASTERS will appear this fall,

starring Donald Sutherland.

Keanu Reeves stars in the film version of JOHNNY MNEMONIC based on the William Gibson story of the same name.

California writer K.W. Jeter has signed a \$1 million contract with Bantam to write two sequels to Philip K. Dick's BLADERUNNER (loosely based on Dick's novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*). Dick had willed the BLADERUNNER property to Jeter.

Brad Sinor's interview with Steven Brust appeared in STARLOG. He also had articles in TOUGH STUFF COLLECTS, APPLAUSE MAGAZINE, and DEFIANT COMICS.

Chris Oseland had good rejections from NOT ONE OF US, BRUTARIAN QUARTERLY, TERMINAL FRIGHT, ABERRATIONS, WEIRD TALES, DAUGHTERS OF NYX, and SILVER WEB.

Elsbeth had a good rejection from GALAXY.

Simon received his contract for "Wave Good-bye" from MINDSPARKS. He had rejects from F&SF and SF AGE.

KDW sold both first serial rights and audio rights on her short story "Yule" to GALAXY.

R.R. Bodine is scripting "I Wish It Had Happened To Me," a romantic comedy in which a generous dry-cleaning employee offers to share his \$4 million lottery ticket with Bridget Fonda if she'll take bubble baths with him.

R.R. also had good rejections from ABOMINATIONS and MINDSPARKLERS.

*** IT WAS EDDY IN THE KITCHEN WITH
A GOLDEN PAGODA ***

*** CONTEST NEWS ***
By S.M.

Yeah, not many of us read *Family Circle*, but they are sponsoring the 1995 "Murder, You Write" Mystery/Suspense Short Story Contest. The contest is open to both published and unpublished writers 18 years or older, and the deadline is 11/1/94.

Prizes: First prize is \$2,000; second is \$1,000. The first-prize winner will receive an additional \$1,000 for the rights to publish the story in *Family Circle*. *Family Circle* also retains the rights to publish any story entered in the contest for 6 months. Authors will be paid standard rates (they pay \$1 a word for articles, I'm not sure what they pay for fiction, but I'm sure it's high).

The Rules: Each whodunit must hinge on at least THREE of the following clues:

1. a jump rope.
2. a map
3. a surgical mask
4. a parrot
5. a pine scent
6. a Bruce Springsteen CD
7. a weather forecast
8. a tennis racquet
9. lipstick
10. a hearing aid
11. fireplace poker
12. a license plate

Stories must be original and previously unpublished, no longer than 3,000 words. Manuscripts must be typed, double-spaced, on 8 1/2 by 11 inch paper; no more than 12 pages, no more than 15 lines per page. Longer stories will be disqualified.

Your name, address and phone number must appear in the upper-right corner of the first page. All subsequent pages must be numbered in the top right-hand corner and include your last name.

Limit one story per entrant.

Mail to: Family Circle Mystery/Suspense Short Story Contest, P.O. Box 1379, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

Judging: Finalists will be chosen by Family Circle editorial staff. Winners will be chosen by author Mary Higgins Clark.

Deadlines: Postmarked by 11/1/94 and received by 11/15/94.

*** CONTINUUM ***
By S.M.

July 1994
featuring...
Wiener Recalls,
Pyrotechnics and Grilled
Jet-Pack Clams — Yum!

What do you get when you mix 10 pounds of hot dogs, 20 pounds of Kingsford charcoal briquettes, two quarts of lighter fluid, beer, marshmallows, scampering children, strange scatological 911 calls and one match?

The OSFW July picnic. Lot of friends and their families showed up at Chandler Park's infamous Shelter #2, including visiting writer and possible new member Susan Bischoff (hope I spelled that right, Susan) and family.

We hadn't planned on reading any stories or chapters, but so many people brought stuff that we said, what the hey?

Ben read "I, Rodent," the hard-sf tale of a sentient robotic chipmunk, Ted 5, who escapes from Exley Cybernetics and wanders into a wooded area populated by normal animals. I liked Ted's analytical curiosity about his new home and his interaction with organic companions. There wasn't a dry eye in the shelter when Ted heroically sacrificed himself to save the other animals from a marauding bulldozer.

Chris O. read "Different Is Good," the story of Bill, a teenager who lands a job at an Arby's Restaurant. After working his way up to the coveted meat slicer post, Bill notices eyes watching him from the loaves of gray beef he cooks and straps onto the slicer. No one else, including the shift manager, can see the eyes, which stare at Bill in mute fright. Finally, aided by the sympathetic potato cakes, Bill helps the other beef loaves escape the terrible fate of the meat slicer.

Warren and Lana read "Gettysburger," the grim, subtle and strangely lovely retelling of the Civil War's bloodiest battle, this time commanded by undead generals Lee, Longstreet and Pickett. I loved all the details and horrific battleground

scenes, and the fact that as zombies, Lee and the others didn't talk nearly so much as in the TNT movie.

Brad read "Many Damsels, Many Dungeons," which he sold to *California Highway Patrol Digest*. Marla and her hatchet-toting mom travel to a forbidding, enchanted hamlet where they do battle with dragons, golems, possessed choo-choos and strange flying demons. Only at the end of the tale do we learn that an evil wizard had transported the duo to a modern amusement park, where they proceeded to kill all the guests and attendants. Brad was forced to summarize the last half after discovering he'd accidentally used the final 10 pages to start his charcoal.

K.D. read the first chapter of her new novel, "The Imperial Game," in which a computer designed to run a dairy and margarine processing factory becomes sentient and takes over the complex. The story's hero, a health inspector and part-time Internet hacker, enters the factory with the help of several cliché female characters in an attempt to stop the power-mad computer and its deadly cow-commandos.

Greg had Victor read his new hard sf adventure, "Lunar Rotel," the story of lunar settlers bravely trying to raise tomatoes and green chilies on the moon's hostile surface. I liked the technical details and the promise of better tasting Velveeta for the lonely colonists cut off from a war-torn Earth.

*** HANNA BARBARIC
PRESENTS... ***

*** DEAR EDDY ***

Dear Eddy,

I liked *The Simpsons* better when it was a cartoon. Just because the Emmy people won't let them get some stupid award is no reason to change over to live actors. And as if that wasn't enough, they've completely changed the characters and storylines.

I know it would have been hard to find actors to play Bart, Lisa, Homer, and Marge. The

voices on *Peanuts* specials have never been right. But couldn't they at least have tried? And couldn't they have kept the humor? All you hear now is this soap opera stuff: double murder, double murder double murder. Boooo-ring! The actors aren't very good either.

Well, at least it's on all day long.

Yours for drama in everyday life
(but not that much),

The person ahead of you at Target

Dear TPAOYAT:

Thanks for confirming my best prediction for America: that most of us are in no danger of ever becoming too smart or well informed — especially you.

For one thing, everyone in his right mind knows that the voices on *Peanuts* specials are, in fact, done by the actual characters themselves. Ergo, they could be no more perfect than they are. For another thing, if you believe for a moment Bart had anything to do with this brouhaha, you're no judge of character.

Remember, TPAOYAT, the akita knows what really happened.

Yours for fewer people like you,
Eddy

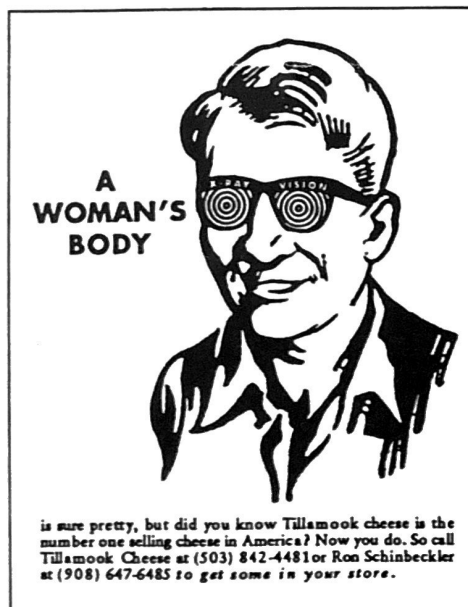
Dear Eddy,

Nancy has been e-mailing me for weeks now complaining about all the hoopla over the 25th anniversary of the Apollo 11 moonshot. She says NASA and the space program were (and are)

"male-chauvinist pigs in space" because there weren't any women astronauts in the Mercury program. Or the Gemini program. Or Apollo.

She says when women were finally allowed to train and become astronauts, NASA plotted to intimidate and remove them at all costs. She claims the destruction of *Challenger* was a deliberate attempt to kill the school teacher, so other civilian women would think twice before taking a space ride.

She also swears she has proof that Alan Shepard wore a dress under his flightsuit



aboard his Mercury Redstone and that Chuck Yeager's wife, Glennis, actually made the historic faster-than-sound flight in the Bell X-1 because Yeager was home with a pulled groin muscle.

I think Nancy's been watching too many episodes of "The X-Files."

R.R. Bodine

P.S. - I have an audition with a hot new Generation-X band, "Satanic Chinchillas."

Dear R.R.:

It's clear that Nancy has no respect for the feelings of porcine space explorers. I can only shudder at the effect on Bobb's feelings that such barnyard bashing might bring about.

Even if he is, possibly, a fictional character — even space-faring porkers have pride. [New readers of *GPIC* should read all issues for the last two or three years to know remotely what's going on here.]

As for the business about Alan Shepard wearing a dress under his flightsuit, it seems to me he would have looked pretty ridiculous wearing one over it. C'mon, Nancy, these astronauts have the right stuff, they're the cream of American manhood. Do you dare to intimate that extraterrestrial high-fashion fabric testing has not paid dividends far beyond its paltry budget concerns? If it weren't for this rigorous, and selfless, sort of sacrifice by our boys in satin, where would the wives of televangelists get their "look?"

I know you and Nancy have split, R.R., but out of common decency you need to convince her to, for God's sake, get some help.

Yours for launch vehicles that lift and separate,
Eddy

*** AN OSFW EDITORIAL ***

By Greg Lower

A couple of conversations about the format of OSFW's critiques got me thinking about what the club offers. That produced not just one answer to why we are here, but three.

One obvious answer is: because we want to learn how to improve our writing. God help anyone who's only here because they like science fiction! An old journalism professor used to grouse about "little old ladies in dirty tennis shoes" who only wrote items to read among a small circle of friends.

Different clubs critique stories in various formats and it can be very educational which, ho-hum, is all very well but let's get down to the real reason why we're here. We don't just want to be *good* writers. We

want to be writers who *sell*.

Look at what we're up against. Take, for example, a magazine that prints five to ten stories an issue sells 12,000 copies a month, and suppose one of every ten readers wants to be a writer. Let's also suppose only those readers submit stories, and each would-be writer produces four stories a year.

If, as they say, ninety percent of anything is trash, the editors still must reject three good stories a month for every one they print. At that level, the differences must be very slim between the sold Number 10 and the rejected Number 11 or even Number 40, so we want any edge we can get.

To get that lucky 10, the editors must wade through 400, so they don't have time to read a story, put it aside and slowly ruminate on its strengths and weaknesses. Probably, nobody ever sees the last half of most stories.

A critique format, where we get someone's quick off-the-top-of-the-head comments, let us see what first impressions we make on a hurried editor.

But it gets tougher. Story-improving critiques are not the be-all and end-all, because writing is not just an art but a business. Even if peers and literature professors shower us with praise and glory for our brilliant fiction, it's worthless if we don't sell. If we do sell, while peers and professors unanimously decide our stuff stinks, then who cares?

The second advantage of OSFW is that we get a handle on the business end of writing: who's buying, who's selling, how to get organized and track submissions.

Consider another scene: magazine editor Garden Doozy sits down with his staff at the beginning of the month and says "Well, gang, last month we printed five hard sf stories and the month before that three fantasies. This month, I'm looking for cyberpunk and cutting-edge horror. Before I look at fantasy, it better be good, and don't even bother me with hard SF.

"And we've run a lot of long pieces the past two months, so I want short stories."

Meanwhile, there you are with a hard SF novella. It may be good, it may even be Hugo quality, but it will still come back with that seemingly tired phrase "it does not suit our needs at this time."

So the third, and probably the biggest help that OSFW provides, is as a support group. Not to put us in the same class as Alcoholics Anonymous, but the monthly act of socializing with people who have similar interest can give us that extra dose of discipline to sit down, keep pounding the keys, and keep our tennis shoes clean.

*** R.R. AND BIG MAMA GO
TO THE MOVIES ***

The Lion King, Walt Disney Pictures

R.R.: *Caaaaan you smell the money tonight... da-da dum...Oh! Hey, closed the laundry early last Saturday, loaded the kids into the Rambler and drove to the trendy Cinema 8 to enjoy a giant tub of*

popcorn prepared using Promise oil while we watched Disney's latest animated blockbuster, "The Lion King."

As usual, the animation was very impressive, though not as lavish and eye-popping as "Aladdin." One thing did bother me, though. Remember "The Jungle Book"? Disneyfied, slap-sticking characters abounded. The picture teemed with them. Monkeys like tics. Yet in "The Lion King," there seems to be a real shortage of characters, goofy or otherwise. Unless you count the opening scenes or the herd of water buffalo (or whatever they were) that did a jig on Simba's papa, there weren't many other critters around. Did the Disney animators get a little lazy? Also, the lead characters seemed very bland, especially Simba.

Big Mama: You mean perhaps the Disney guys could have given us a main character who wasn't stupid enough to buy his uncle's line and a message more meaningful than "Hey, so what if you accidentally killed your dad? It's all in the past!" Aside from the fact that little Simba can't think his way out of a paper bag (not a reassuring quality in a future king, but there is some precedent for this—see any history of the kings of England), I was waiting for the furball to learn some deep and meaningful life lessons when he went into exile. Instead we get "Let's party!" I tell you, R.R., I was moved to tears. And what about the consistency of the music?

R.R.: *Caaaaan you smell the money tonight...da-da dum...Oh!* Well, they didn't knock themselves out writing memorable songs for this one, did they. Nope, don't see a Grammy or Oscar this time. We get one Elton John song with the credits, a rehash of "In the mighty jungle...the lion sleeps tonight," and a couple of other totally forgettable songs.

They did manage to wedge some "green" messages in, referring to conservation and the Circle of Life. Why else would a bunch of animals cheer and pay homage to a lion cub who is going to grow up to stalk, kill and eat them and their young?

Big Mama: My biggest disappointment via the music was that the wonderful African theme, begun with the opening song, wasn't continued throughout the whole film. They had an opportunity to do something really original here and they blew it. I guess Elton John rules the jungle. Sigh. There was part of a really good movie up there on the screen. The beginning, with the Circle of Life and the African theme, and then the end with the Fisher King motif, had a great, mythic feel, but someone must have decided that the middle where Simba should have been learning about Life was too depressing, so instead we get dancing animals and rock songs. Now, *I'm* depressed. My favorite characters were the mandrill and the bird that served the King. Yours?

R.R.: Lessee, lessee. Didn't like the papa lion. Didn't care for Simba. Didn't warm up to the pig or weasel-like "buddy" characters. Ditto Simba's evil uncle with the dumb scar/birthmark (a recurring Disney theme seems to be that the easiest way to spot an evil person is to look for some physical blemish). Guess I liked the hyenas the best, ESPECIALLY the one that looked like Marty Feldman on LSD. Probably it had just finished eating Poppy Z. Brite.

Big Mama: Hey, don't even mention that brainless pig, but yes, the hyenas did have a bit of class, although that might have been as much because they had classy talents like Whoopie Goldberg playing the voices as anything.

At any rate, if you enjoy high body counts in your toddler's cartoons and explaining patiently over and over, "Yes, sweetheart, the daddy lion really is dead," then, guys, this is your movie.

As for me, I say, "Haku matata," which is jungle speak for "It's all in the past." And that's the best thing I can say about this flick.

*** SHORT CUTS ***

Movie Review: *Widow's Peak*

By Sue Mee

On the Planet Zorkon, a stranger comes to live in a small village inhabited almost entirely by widows. The only non-widow in town, played beautifully by Mia Farrow (so there!), takes an inexplicable dislike to her, and attempts to convince the rest of the citizens of the danger she poses, even as they embrace the newcomer. What happens next, and finally, is not what you might expect, and you'll have to go see it to find out! Witty, well-acted, and suspenseful. Okay, I lied about the Planet Zorkon.

It has nothing to do with science fiction and it takes place in Ireland. Sue me.

Book Review:

A Simple Plan, by Scott Smith

Review By Sue Mee

Somewhere in outer space, three friends find over four million dollars in cash. They don't know who lost it, or if anyone is looking for it, and their "simple plan" to wait six months before dividing it up goes awry almost immediately. I found the series of rationales for each step into the mire a bit tenuous, but the book is still suspenseful and

otherwise pretty well-written. Stephen King called it the best thriller since *Silence of the Lambs*, but what does he know? Oh, and yeah, I lied about the outer space part. It takes place in northern Ohio (of course, that's where Warren is from), and it has nothing to do with science fiction. Sue me.

*** PHEW CORNER ***

Herbert: D'you mind turning the radio down while I think.

Sukie: I thought you liked music.

Herbert: I do. That stuff doesn't qualify.

Sukie: It's Sibelius's Fifth.

Herbert: I rest my case.

Sukie: Sounds like you have a headache; I'll turn it off. What were you thinking about?

Herbert: *Crank!*

Sukie: Excuse me?

Herbert: Not you, the magazine.

Sukie: I know:

CRANK! No. 3, Spring 1994

Bryan Cholfin, Editor

P. O. Box 380473, Cambridge, MA 02238

Quarterly, 9 x 6. Perfect bound.

\$12/year. Single copy \$3.50

Issue No 3 has a slick black and yellow cover and 76 pages of science fiction and fantasy. No illustrations. Did you miss them?

Herbert: No, the stories by Ursula K. Le Guin, Chan Davis, Jonathan Lethem, Katherine MacLean, and Brian Aldiss, required all my attention.

Sukie: What on earth can we say about stories by such writers?

Herbert: We can pretend we don't know them, and mainly comment on format.

Sukie: Good idea.

Herbert: Le Guin's "The Matter of Seggri" (17,000 words) concerns a planet called Seggri (Hainish Cycle 93) whose inhabitants have been genetically altered to produce more females than males. Don't know if this is a portion of an already published "Hainish" novel, as I haven't read any. It could even be a few chapters of a new novel. We're not told.

Five different historical perspectives of Seggri are provided by a starship captain, an observer, a native woman, a fiction writer, and a native man, respectively.

Men live in castles from the age of 11, are trained in sports and sew their own clothes. Women live in villages and only meet the men for sexual encounters for which the women have to pay.

The observer (whose ancestors were responsible for the genetic alterations) discovers that, although Seggri has made technological progress, only women have scientific knowledge and/or political power. Men have privileges, but simply serve as studs and don't attend the colleges. Women bear children, but only marry women. The observer recommends further observation and no interferences.

A memoir of a native woman is a heart-rending account of her younger brother's "Severance" from the family at the time of his entering one of the castles.

A popular Seggri writer's fictional short story ("fiction is only for men!") tells of a man who actually fell in love with a woman.

Finally, the men organize a bloody rebellion against the cruelty of the castles, prompting the passage of an "Open Gate Law" whereby the men can leave the castles if they wish. A defector tells his own story of courage, alienation, and subsequent rehabilitation.

Sukie: Did you like it?

Herbert: Yes, the individual stories are told in a forthright fashion that give the saga of Seggri a realistic yet, at the same time, a haunting quality. I've read many of Le Guin's short stories, but none of her novels. I'm making a note to read them when I can.

Sukie: "The Names of Yanils" (Chan Davis) is another kettle of fish.

Herbert: Oh, please!

Sukie: Sorry, couldn't resist. This 9,000-word story deals with the rituals and traditions of a tribal society. Yanils is the holy man of the Fishers in charge of, you guessed it, fishing. Fishers live and fish along the coast, but farm and hunt for subsistence. They do not eat fish; they use the catch to barter with other tribes (Badgers, Beavers, Deer). Yanils has two other names or titles, those of Trumpeter and Feather. As Trumpeter, he is in charge of tribal Conventions. As Feather, he presides over the rites of manhood, which confer hunting status; also as Feather, he decides the right moment to put out to sea and fish.

We follow the fortunes of Yanils and his descendants as they interact with the other tribes

during the lean fishing years, which is most of them. The Fishers struggle to keep their identity and prestige in a changing environment. Eventually, ritual and tradition become more important than the great shoals of fish the rituals are supposed to invoke. Hmm.

Herbert: Did you enjoy it?

Sukie: I certainly did. It was written with sympathy and gentle humor.

Herbert: Jonathan Lethem's "Mood Bender" (7,800 words) is a dark story about an advertising-puppet salesman in a credit-based society where one's emotions dictate what one pays for goods and services, via a credit wristband. The more depressed one's mood, the more one pays.

Despite the pessimistic tone of the narrative, I had to chuckle at the part about the restaurant where waiting for a table took so long, the customers were placed in suspended animation for us to three days!

Sukie: Yes, sounds as though Mr. Lethem has some experience of Los Angeles restaurants at peak hours. A clever tale.

Herbert: "Planet Virt" (Katherine MacLean) is an economical (1,500 words) account of virtual-reality technology gone awry. A virtual animal eats a real player. We are confronted by the age-old question of dream vs. reality, or whose dream are in — mine or yours?

My kind of story.

Sukie: The last offering, "Servant Problem," by Brian Aldiss, is a short piece (1,000 words) placed so far in the future that language has evolved to the point where we must guess at some meanings: "'It's dillies for me,' she voced. 'contrafeubral.'"

There is a delightful robot called ASMOV who is in need of some refurbishing, causing Grace, the narrator, to remark plaintively, "If you've got a servant, you're never free."

Time was, you didn't need to decipher the language in your sf stories, but as Grace says: "Once you get to vocing 'Time was,' you're on someone's O/B listing."

Herbert: How are you going to rate all of this?

Sukie: I award Crank! five Monumental Symphonies!

Herbert: Is it any use submitting to this mag?

Sukie: I honestly don't know. If Ms. Le Guin and Mr. Lethem are going to be regulars, heaven help you and me, Herbie.

Herbert: Such considerations have never stopped us before.

Sukie: True. Good night, Herbert. Goodnight folks.

*** MARKET UPDATE ***

(Thanks as always to KDW for rounding up the latest market news!)

CHANGES

AFTER HOURS has filled its last few issues and is no longer accepting submissions. Publication will cease with the Winter 1994-95 issue.

TALES OF FANTASY AND HORROR (formerly WEIRD TALES) seems to be open now.

HARSH MISTRESS is changing its name. The most likely new name is ABSOLUTE MAGNITUDE.

Kim Mohan has filled all the issues of AMAZING that will be published this year, except the last issue, for which he is purchasing only "name" authors. The first planned anthology is also filled, but he is still buying some work for the second anthology from "non-name" authors. He wants see stories 7,000 words and under.

HOBSON'S CHOICE is still sending back rejections indicating that it is overstocked.

Bob Gleason has left Tor as Editor-in-Chief. No word on a replacement.

Laura Ann Gilman has been promoted to a full editor at Ace.

SILVER WEB is looking for humor.

Jeanne Cavelos is leaving DELL ABYSS to teach at a New Hampshire college and concentrate on her own writing. She will continue to freelance as an editor at ABYSS.

Heather McConnell has left Bantam.

NUCLEAR FICTION has temporarily ceased publication.

NEW MARKET LISTINGS

CENTURY, P.O. Box 150510, Brooklyn, NY

11215-0510. Editor: Robert K.J. Killheffer. New perfect-bound bimonthly. Buying stories with some sort of speculative element, including sf/f/df/h. Length: 1,000-20,000 words. Payment: 4-6 cents/word upon acceptance for First World English Language and non-exclusive reprint rights. Sample: \$5.95. Subscription: \$27.

FICTION QUARTERLY. The Tampa Tribune. P.O. Box 191, Tampa, FL 33601. Editor: Rick Wilber. Buys fiction of all kinds, including some sf. Length: 2,000-2,400 words. 400,000 circulation. Payment: \$100 on up.

GALAXY, P.O. Box 370, Nevada City, CA 95959. Editor: E.J. Gold. Now buying audio rights on short stories for the GALAXY AUDIO PROJECT. They will consider stories already bought for the magazine as well as new stories. The tapes will be about \$10 each with a pro rata royalty of 20 percent for the author of a half hour story. They will pay a \$50 advance against royalties for one time audio rights.

All The Answers:

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

COMING SOON!

BRIDGET

FAN CLUB NEWSLETTER

You yearned for her in **Single White Female**...
You swooned in **Bodies, Rest and Motion**...
You wanted to propose to her in **Point of No Return**...

Now Read The Unauthorized newsletter from the folks who brought you the KKR Fan Club!!
Coming in September @ 600 dpi from Bodine Press.



*** MANY THANKS TO ***

Warren, KDW
Roger, Victor, Alma Garcia
Eddy, Sue Mee
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B.F.

*** 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 or DOS 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 September issue: **Aug. 22**

We look forward to seeing you all!