



Brought To You By: K. D. Wentworth, Uncle Guido and Simon McCaffery

Special "Santa Discovers Why He's Fat, Or,
An Alien Chestbuster Christmas" Issue
• December 1997

*** HELLO OSFW ***

The Christmas party will be held Saturday, December 13th, 7:00 P.M., at the Susan and Jim Bischoff residence (many thanks for their gracious offer to host this annual get-together). This is a potluck affair, spouse/guest and children invited (no alien facehuggers or chestbusters, please). Bring a snack, heverage, or covered dish. Address: 7455 South Knoxville, Tulsa. Directions: From Harvard and 81st, drive north toward 71st on Harvard until you reach 75th Place. Turn right into Denwood Estates and go to Indianapolis. Turn left and go 1 block to 75th Street. Turn right and follow 75th past Jamestown to the end of the cul de sac, where it joins South Knoxville at the bottom of the hill; watch for their street number on the mailbox by the driveway entrance.

The two main events at the party (besides chowing down) will be the gift exchange (optional) and the infamous Name-That-Fragment Contest (also optional). If you wish to exchange a gift, bring a wrapped present, valued at somewhere around ten dollars, utilizing a science fiction, fantasy, horror, or writing theme (OK, this might be the time for a laugh and that alien facehugger; just remember which box you brought). If you wish to participate in the Name-That-Fragment Contest, bring two to three pages of a story/novel which you have never read to the group, or shared with another member. The pages should be titled and numbered, but should not contain the name of the author. Submit them in a plain manila envelope. A volunteer will read them, then we will all guess who wrote each one. A prize will be awarded for the attendee with the most correct guesses.

*** UNLOCAL NEWS ***

SFWA has hired a new full-time Executive Director, Sharon Lee, who replaces Peter Pautz. Address all changes of address, applications for membership, or requests for information about SFWA to: Sharon Lee,

Executive Director SFWA, Inc., Box 171, Unity, ME 04988-0171. Phone: 207-861-8078. E-mail: exccdir@sfgwa.org.

Novelist Kathy Acker died in November of complications from breast cancer. She was in her forties.

*** LOCAL NEWS ***

According to a story in SF CHRONICLE, Oklahoma writer Mercedes Lackey is no longer appearing in public, or publishing her Diana Tregarde series because of death threats by a fanatical fan and his followers.

K.D. Wentworth's short story "'Tis the Season" was published in the December issue of F&SF. She also had another story, "In the Land of the Bears," published in the December issue of REALMS OF FANTASY.

Barb's short story, "Noodle Me, Noodle You," was published in the December '97 issue of ASIMOV's. She also was named the new Government Documents/Periodicals Manager at TU's law library.

Simon joined the national accounts marketing team at WorldCom, so don't send e-mail to his old Vyvx internet address. WorldCom is a leading telecommunications company bent on world domination.

*** GOOD REJECTIONS ***

Barb: F&SF (2); Terra Incognita.

*** ALIEN RESUSCITATION ***

Movie Review

Alien Resurrection

by BJT

Two hundred years is a long time to be dead, so it makes sense that Ellen Ripley (Sigourney Weaver), the heroine of the Alien series ain't the same person no mo'. Successfully cloned after 8 attempts aboard a vast, government space vessel, "cloned" <as we say around

the Thrower house> for the alien entity inside her that perished with her in Alien3, Ripley has acidic blood, astonishing strength, a hostile personality, and a heckuva basketball arm. The scientists responsible for the clowning believe the aliens they breed from the queen late of Ripley's chest can be trained as weapons, meaning: They are the Dumbest Scientists Who Ever Lived. They allow Ripley to exist since she's doing so well after they extract the queen embryo, and because then they can: Treat Her Like Dirt. She Warns Them. They Ignore Her.

Pirate vessel the Betty arrives, carrying frozen human cargo stolen for purposes unknown. The cap'n. Michael Wincott, perpetual villain from Robin Hood Prince of Thieves, The Crow, and Strange Days, is not the baddest guy this time. He demands to be paid in cash, a rarer commodity than aliens (Why? Dunno). The smugglers surrender the cargo without being permitted to see where they end up--which is with their heads neatly suspended over those leathery eggs, a creepy scene. But why not use camels, or grizzly bears? Remember, these suckers incubate in ANYthing. Probably because camels slobber as much as the average alien, and a wily grizzly might succeed in getting in a vicious chomp. People are merely pathetically helpless. It makes the Dumbest Scientists Who Ever Lived nearly the Wickedest Scientists et. al. They are in cahoots with a general who is so hairy he's possibly from another planet, but at least he has the sense to be uneasy with the whole idea.

The six smugglers linger on the larger ship for a little R&R (better computer games.) Among them is Call, played by Winona Ryder, who has many secrets and who wins by an AU the prize for the most sympathetic character. Ron Perlman is a dog-ugly, vulgar criminal named Johnner. Johnner amuses himself by dropping a knife in the paralyzed leg of a wheel-chair bound crew-mate (who can't feel it, golly, isn't it hiLARious.) This manimal deserves to be torn to shreds by an alien, and yet he isn't. It's comforting when he's hit in the crotch w/ Ripley's basketball.

Tormenting Ripley in his spare time, scientist Brad Dourif (whom I'll always remember as Billy in One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest) in one of the best early scenes, does a Lesson Through the Looking Glass with an alien "trainee." Separated by two panes of extra-thick glass, he bares his teeth at a grinning alien, sticks out his tongue, coos, and communicates who is the true master here by being mean. The alien takes exception, and this is when the general alien jail-break occurs. Gosh, The Dumbest Scientists Who Ever Lived forgot to take precautions against that nasty, smoking alien blood, and the aliens take savage and clever action to ensure their freedom.

With aliens on the rampage, military personnel abandon ship-- with varying degrees of success--leaving behind a soldier, a scientist, a surviving member of the human "cargo," the pirate crew, and Ripley to deal with the slimy scourges while trying to reach the Betty. Several of them are murdered along the way, and the scientist betrays them because someone always does in this series. They even lose Ripley for awhile, who falls into a new-style alien womb in which the queen is giving birth like a mammal (drat Ripley's human genes!) This is where the film goes berserk, forfeiting its credibility for awhile.

OH, PLEASE: What I disliked is that this sequel is more a gross-out horror flick rather than terrifying, sharp sf. To a picky sf writer-type there are the standard silly logic glitches. Besides those I've mentioned (& I may have missed some) we have the big ship parked in deep space that then hurtles out of control toward the earth at which it arrives really quickly. Hollywood can't ever get the scientific minutia right. And I had briefly hoped that the alien queen grown inside Ripley would speak to her, or something equally profound (Alien Queen: "We know your name. <Hisss> We remember you--"). Naw, most of the "family" aspect between Ripley and the aliens is never explored, and the queen merely spawns something worse, uglier, and more malevolent than herself. Therefore, the aliens' threat is diminished like the Borg from Star Trek, whom we know can be defeated by an implanted virus, and aren't that spooky any more. It's also hard to have any empathy for Ripley, as she's become nearly as disagreeable and dispassionate as her alien cousins.

NOT TOO SHABBY: What I liked was the well-established sense of the far-future, where things are and should be very different from NOW; Winona Ryder's owl-eyed courage; the relationship of mutual respect that develops between Call and Ripley, and some witty dialogue. There are a couple of strong scenes when the abandonees, under water, swim for their lives with aliens breast-stroking after them, and when Ripley discovers the previous, botched attempts to clown her (exceptionally disgusting), lighting them up with a flame-thrower amid a few tears. This is a rare incident with Ripley showing genuine emotion, when we glimpse the woman we were so fond of. This was slickly produced, has great cinematography and passable special effects. Money was invested, and it shows. The sense of darkness is pervasive and effective, and the actors do a fine job, especially Weaver and Ryder.

GOOD WITCH, OR BAD WITCH? OK, I liked it more than I disliked it. It's gotten positive reviews in Time and The New York Times, and our own local horror film guru, John Wooley, gave it 3 ***. But it's telling that John reviewed it instead of Dennis King, since John exclusively reviews horror movies for the World. Overall, I left the theater with a faint sinking sensation that they STILL should have stopped with Aliens. I loathed Alien3 on the basis of Ripley, Newt, Hicks and Bishop having fought so hard to survive in Aliens, and then Alien3 rendered their terrible struggle pointless. With the making of Alien3 these tough and endearing characters had essentially failed, when they deserved their victory over ghastly odds and an alien presence both gripingly malign and unrelentingly persistent. Alien Resurrection does not provoke an intensity of emotional response other than "Ewww!" and therefore, it is not equal to either Alien or Aliens.

AMC Complex: We went to the new AMC 20-theater complex at Southroads during "twilight prices"; \$3.50 a ticket. The line was very long, but with 4 ticket windows open and the line set-up in a zigzag pattern, it took us just 5 minutes. The new complex is rather fabulous. Latest releases are shown in auditoriums closest to the huge, centralized snack bar area, which had plenty of teenagers staffing it; a 15 minute wait for popcorn, pop and bottled

water. The screens in the main theaters are tremendous in size and curved. You climb and climb to get a decent seat, reminding me of the balconies of yore. The seats have tall headrests, so only a giant could sit in front of you and obstruct your view. Very nice--except the next day a friend of Karen's called to say they had gone to the 10 a.m. showing of *Alien Resurrection* on Thanksgiving, in the same auditorium we were in, and there was a hitch in the sound system. They could hear music, but no dialogue, ended up getting free passes but not seeing the movie. So while the newest place to watch movies in Tulsa still has a few kinks to work out, it's a promising location for Okie movie-lovers to go in the future, near or far.

Alien Resurrection is rated R.
Directed by: Jean-Pierre Jeunet
Running Time: 105 minutes

***** UPDATED MARKET REPORT *****

CHANGES

DRAGON has a new address: 1801 Lind Avenue SW,
Renton, WA 98055.

FICTION QUARTERLY will call it quits after the next issue.

ABSOLUTE MAGNITUDE is now being published and edited by Warren Lapine alone.

FREEZER BURN is open again and has increased its pay rate to \$50-\$100 upon acceptance.

SWORD AND SORCERESS will reopen April 1, 1998.

WHISPERING WILLOW'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE is changing its name to WHISPERING WILLOW MYSTERY MAGAZINE.

BLACK OCTOBER has changed addresses and is looking for financial backing. I would not send anything to this market until I heard they are back on their feet.

WORLDS OF FANTASY AND HORROR is reported to be very behind on its slushpile. It would probably be a good idea not to send anything here for a while either.

Rumors are floating around Genie that ABERRATIONS is dead.

It's time for the Tulsa City County Library Fiction Contest again. There are categories for both published and unpublished authors. Details and entry forms are available at any city library. Rumors abound that the judges don't care much for speculative fiction, so get out there, OSFW, and show them what we're made of!

***** MANY THANKS TO *****

Barbara Thrower
KDW
Uncle Guido
Susan, Jim and the entire Bischoff family
Sigourney Weaver
H.R. Giger
Greg Lower

***** SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION *****

A 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 \$13.00 (\$18 per household), prorated by quarter, to:

K.D. Wentworth, Treasurer
6915 New Haven
Tulsa, OK
(Checks should be made out to K.D. Wentworth)

Please note: An "X" on your mailing label indicates OSFW has no record of either 1997 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 \$13.00 per year, adjusted by nearest quarter, which includes a subscription to GPIC. Checks should be made out to K.D. Wentworth, and may be sent to K.D. at the address above.

***** GPIC NEWS AND ARTICLES *****

GPIC solicits news and articles from OSFW members. We prefer they be on disk or sent via e-mail. Pseudonyms are OK. We accept files on either a 3-inch Mac or PC disk (720k or 1.4 meg. — no 2.8 meg). We like RTF files but we can convert most Word and Word Perfect files; always include a separate ASCII file just in case. Otherwise, arrange to send them by e-mail to Simon at internet:simon.mccaffery@wcom.com. 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 January issue: Dec. 29

We look forward to seeing you all.