

**Son  
Of:**



Official Journal of The



(Great Pagoda Insurance Company)



Otherwise Known as: **The Oklahoma Science Fiction Writers Newsletter**

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

Special Revenge On Ice Issue • February 1994

\*\*\* HELLO OSFW \*\*\*

The February meeting will take place at the Wilson residence at 6797 E. 25th Pl. (turn east on 25th Place from Memorial) on Friday, Feb. 11th, 7:00 P.M. Phone number is 836-3195.

\*\*\* A MESSAGE FROM THE OUTGOING PRESIDENT \*\*\*

It hardly seems as if more than a year has passed since our first beloved president of the OSFW left us for pastures more verdant in that state to the south and the club graciously passed the reins of power to me. My tenure as president has been an exciting one: the receptions, the foreign dignitaries, the state dinners . . . But like all good things, including cliches, it must come to an end. Steve served as president for sixteen years, holding the club together through times fat and slim, allowing it to reach the unstoppable critical mass it has achieved today.

And I honestly think it has achieved it. KDW has a novel on the stands, another soon to be out, and more in the offing. Barb has breached the walls of the big guy at *Isaac Asimov's*, I'm sure not for the only time. (In fact she may well be the first OSFW member to do so under the current editor, have to check with Ray and Steve on that.) Club members in general are turning out entertaining and stylish stuff. It's a great time for the club.

Before we know it we will have been around for two decades. I'm looking forward to attending the meeting in 1997 that will mark the end of our second decade, but more immediately, I'm looking forward to attending the meeting where we hand over the imaginary staff of office to someone the club respects as a good friend, a talented writer, and a hale fellow well met, Simon McCaffery. Simon's been a big part of the OSFW's vigorous

spirit these past several years, and along with Kathy and Roger a part of the troika who took up the banner of the Son of GPIC when that banner needed to be passed on.

He'll be surprised by his election to this new office, I'm sure. But remember, Simon, even though we all had our laughs about pinning you with the presidency when you were in no position to refuse it, we did it in the sincere belief that you deserve the office, and with confidence that you'll do it proud.

It was nailing Roger with the vice-presidency that was really the joke. (Just kidding, Roger, your good humor and good works will no doubt lead you to the top position some day too.) Actually the very real joke was in not giving Victor a chance to escape the duties of secretary-treasurer, which he fulfills so admirably.

But so much for rambling on. Simon, welcome to the presidency, and good luck and good cheer. Roger, all trust and confidence in you to provide backup in keeping this bunch on track (and quiet when necessary). Victor, keep those coffers swelling. Kathy, keep those WordStyles stylish, et. al., etc.

Thanks everyone for a great tenure as president. It was an honor and a whole lot of fun. I'm looking forward to seeing you all at the next meeting. It's better being a plain old member of OSFW than being president of darn near anything else.

Best, Warren

\*\*\* NEWS \*\*\*

Since several members were missing from January's meeting, we decided to hold elections for officers. Among those not present, and therefore unable to defend themselves, were the new President—Simon McCaffery, and new Vice

President—Roger Allen. Congratulations, guys! Lisa Berry, who, although not a member, is well liked and was also absent (an important qualification) ran a very close second for both offices. Persons wishing to qualify for officerhood next year should schedule their non-attendance accordingly.

Barbara Thrower sold "Noodle You, Noodle Me" to ASIMOV'S. She had good rejections from SF AGE, SIRIUS VISIONS, OMNI, and AMAZING. (Well done, Barb!! - S.M.)

Victor Wren published and distributed issue #20 of CENTAURS GATHERUM.

Warren Brown's story "Early Fall, Late Fall" appeared in TOMORROW #7. (I still say the cover art was from his story! - S.M.)

Brad Sinor sold interviews with a number of authors to THE IGUANA INFORMER and STARLOG, and sold an article on the Man from U.N.C.L.E. novels to BABY BOOMER MAGAZINE. Two of his profiles appeared in PERSIMMON HILL MAGAZINE and he received good rejections from AFTER HOURS, SIRIUS VISIONS, and TALES OF THE GREAT TURTLE.

Sue Sinor sold reprint rights on "Petal Attraction" to THE IGUANA INFORMER.

We don't know if Alma Garcia sold anything or had any good rejections this month, but we do have her earthquake report: "... (during the quake) I then tied monitor and computer to the desk with clothesline and hoped for the best, since I had neglected to back up my last several thousand words! After a few days, when the power came back on, I found out it had not escaped unscathed; the floppy disk drives are damaged and hard disk is acting up. Not to be outdone, the printer keeps telling me it is in #13 PRINTER JAM mode fifty percent of the time ... There is no apparent structural damage to the house, and the contents have mostly been picked up off the floor by now. It will be a while before I can get my files organized again, however. We have water—just has to be boiled. Gas was never lost. In other words, in our particular area we had it easy. My family is all safe, we are all well, and

we are coping with the inevitable post-quake nervous reactions. So please don't think I'm sorry for myself, and let's all pray for those homeless people at the epicenter. Love to you all—Alma."

KDW's Del Rey novel, *The Imperium Game*, has hit the shelves of bookstores. She has a signing scheduled at the Waldenbooks at Eastland Mall (in Tulsa) 6-8 P.M on Saturday Feb. 19th.

R.R. Bodine's television treatment of "Goons From Outer Space" was given the thumbs-down by the big execs, but he will be penning an upcoming episode of the epic new sf show, "Space Hotel."

\*\*\* CONTINUUM \*\*\*

by KDW

*January 1994  
featuring  
Time Traveling Mayhem  
Ghost Dogs  
and  
The Soft Box*

We had seventeen attendees at our January meeting at the Banks residence, including several new faces. There was plenty good news shared, an intriguing upcoming phantom signing, and we read almost everything we brought.

Barbara read the first chapter of her new fantasy novel, *All the Warriors in Pell*, relating the story of Finn, a terrorist in an underground political unit which is trying to overthrow an imperialist regime. I liked the complexity of Finn's character ("he had run out of patience a decade ago, and had been born without hope,) and was intrigued by the end of the chapter when, at the conclusion of a hit, Finn finds himself pursued by the ghost of the guard dog he just killed.

Ronda Cooper debuted with selections from her science fiction novel, *Chimera*, in which a non-human girl's parents even go as far as home-made surgery to hide her physical differences from the world. The characters were strongly drawn

and I liked the gradually building picture as we receive subtle hints about "interspecies transfer of material" and exactly how she differs from humans (she muses that her ears remind her of her cat's ears).

Greg brought "Salvage Rights," a short story about a frustrated ex-captain, who finds an abandoned ship at sea and decides to salvage it. I liked the descriptions of the garish and deadly sights aboard the drifting ship and the strong sense of place.

Elsbeth read "Street Songs," the first person story of a schizophrenic who has a close encounter with "the soft box," an extraterrestrial object. I loved the strongly rhythmical voice ("the night didn't always sing me these songs") and the interesting delusional filter through which the main character must view reality and through which the whole story is distorted.

Paul read "The Oldest Profession," a loony short story about what happens when a mortal woman's address is apparently written on the wall of the bathroom of the gods. I loved the increasingly wild descriptions of sex with each subsequent deity (I wish I could have written fast enough to get one of them down and reproduce it here) and Caroline's calm acceptance of her fate.

Chris McElreath read "The Grandfather Out of Time," the tale of a man hounded by his future grandchildren as they travel back through time and test the Grandfather paradox by attempting to murder him before he's even married. I liked the cheerful abandon of the teenagers as they try to do him in, and the nonchalant attitude of his future children, who only ground their errant sons as punishment and send their daughter back to apologize.

### \*\*\* FROM PATENTS TO PARSECS \*\*\*

*Einstein's Dreams*, by Alan Lightman

A Review by Warren Brown

Alan Lightman directs the MIT program in writing and humanistic studies. He's a physicist and a writer. *Einstein's Dreams* is his first novel. In it, Lightman presents a series of dreams as Einstein might have experienced them while wrestling with the nature of time.

This is the sort of book that can be overlooked in SF circles. After all, where are the bells and whistles, where is the PROBLEM THAT THE

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**"Makes 'Deep Space Nine' and 'Babylon 5' look like Motel 6" — TV Guide**

Pack your bags for the ultimate trip to mankind's greatest achievement and his last hope for galactic peace...

A sprawling, digitally-enhanced wonder where bulb-headed aliens mingle with bellboys and script writers grow more desperate by the hour...

Call it the Las Vegas of the 26th Century  
Call it a Gerry Anderson FX nightmare  
BUT THERE'S NO CHECKING OUT OF....

# SPACE HOTEL®

PROTAGONIST SOLVES? (*Snickers* - S.M.) For Einstein the "solving" of the problem was the development of his theory of time, which occurs almost entirely outside the narrative.

As the reader moves from one chapter to the next he is shown worlds of time that are fantastic and familiar, challenging and moving, provocative and mysterious. Ultimately the richness and clarity of style, the humanity and universal concerns of the time scenarios set in the Berne of the gifted young patent clerk who was Einstein, make the book a meditation on time, civilization, and the human spirit. Whether everyone would call it SF or not is beside the point. This book does what the best SF does, it speculates on the universe, our place in it, how we may learn to know it, and what we may do to chart our lives in it through the knowledge we gain.

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

by KDW

The preliminary list for the Nebula Ballot has just been made public, so this month we're going to look at three authors whose names appear on it. Examine their work and see if you can determine which elements of their style put them head and shoulders above the rest of the novels published in the last year.

- A. Walter Jon Williams
- B. William Barton
- C. John E. Stith

1. \_Space twisted. An artificial rotating singularity deformed the fabric of space, bending it in on itself until a black hole formed.

2. \_Behind the City of a Hundred Columns loomed Kuh-e-Rahmat, the Mount of Mercy, its grey flanks a contrast to the bright gold, vermilion, ivory, and turquoise that accentuated the city.

3. \_Gabriel inspected the servants' livery and made certain it suited their somewhat inhuman shapes. They hadn't been animals at the last Graduation—their shapes (orange tabby, striped Olivian tetrapus, bright-eyed otter) were a more recent whimsy.

4. \_The starship drifted through a sea of diamond-dust stars, unmanned, carrying a cargo of information, transporting souls, visiting all the planets on its course, staying at each one a little while, moving on.

5. \_There was a balmy wind blowing and the long, sword-shaped, bluish leaves of nearby trees were rustling against one another, waving in little repetitive undulations, singing.

6. \_Beyond the other domes were what seemed to be other cities, one a jumble of prismatic arches, another what looked like one enormous building, another a mass of needle-thin spires with halos near the

top, and even someone much less well-traveled than Matt would have instantly known these cities had never existed on Earth.

7. \_As the alien's arms reached for a rope, light filtered through a fleshy web extending between the torso and the arm.

8. \_He was talented, illustrious in his own chosen sphere of industrial design, but he didn't possess the blazing and brittle brilliance, the cold and all-consuming ambition, needed to rise to the highest ranks of humanity.

9. \_The sleep haze continued, letting him coast aimlessly from place to place, bits and pieces of consciousness surfacing, bobbing about for a little while, sinking again into the still black pool of the past.

10. \_He placed her on the bed, black hair on pale body on sable on ermine.

11. \_To the right side and straight up, there wasn't even a hint that the surfaces ever stopped—just a never-ending forest of black beams shrinking in the distance and sucking away the light.

12. \_A bright ball of plasma boiled up out of nowhere, ripping open the planet's crust, pushing a shock wave through Faih-Andor's troposphere, an expanding ring that spread out across the hemisphere, rolling over the limb of the planet, dropping beyond the horizon.

13. \_They didn't look alike, didn't move alike . . . and the bright look from the sharp Tatar eyes was not Saigo's melancholy glance, but something more elemental, a spark struck by flint and steel.

14. \_In the distance, beyond the far edge of haTonnagar, a fleck of bright light appeared, yellow at first, then luminous white and tinted with actinic violet, bringing tiny pains in his eyes as certain photochemical changes were induced.

Score: 14 or above: Nebular

10-13: Neon

7-9: Neat

5-6: Negligible

3-4: Needy

1-2: Nebulous

0: Necrotic

Works excerpted:

*Aristoi* by Walter Jon Williams (Tor 1992)

*Dark Sky Legion* by William Barton (Bantam 1992)

*Manhattan Transfer* by John E. Stith (Tor 1993)

\*\*\* THE SAGA BEGINS \*\*\*

## SPACE HOTEL

### Chapter 1

#### The Adventurers Come To Rest

By H. Ross Promenade

Senior Manager Huckabee slapped his laser pointer on the wall screen, a cloudy splotch



forming on the matrix where the instrument struck.

"Haven't I made it clear enough in the past," he roared as sub managers seated in the conference room searched in vain for safe cover. "Clean linens! Spotless. Soft. Sterile. That's what people want when they're here taking a break from fighting the Xzpyt, negotiating treaties, courteously going where no people have ventured before as long as they're asked. Is that so hard to understand?"

Submanager of housekeeping Klausteen raised a tentative hand.

"What in hell is it?"

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Hucklebee. But the Frmppt actually prefer dirty linen. You see their metabolism . . ."

"Too bloody hell and gone with their metabolism. You know what I mean. For some races clean is dirty. Do I have to hold everyone's bloody hand?"

The room was quiet.

"So by clean you actually mean suited to the guest?" a quiet voice rose from the room.

Hucklebee glanced fiercely around, finally focusing on Thomson Tanner, supervisor of one of the humanoid tenancy arms of the vast station that was Space Hotel.

"Do you think I'm a complete blockhead, Mr. Tanner?"

Tanner answered without hesitation, "No, Mr. Hucklebee."

"Than do you think everyone else in the room is a complete blockhead?"

Tanner hesitated now. Finally he said, "No, Mr. Hucklebee. I think everyone tries to do the job."

Hucklebee assumed the aspect of a tired but happy Santa Claus, his left hand absently twirling the end of his white mustache as if it might be the pin on a hand grenade, his tuxedoed bulk rocking gently back and forth.

"You're half right, Mr. Tanner. And half wrong. Everyone else in the room is a complete blockhead. But you understand me completely."

\* \* \*

Thomson Tanner hurried down the corridor to his office, cheerful in the knowledge that he had managed once again to win points with Hucklebee. The man was a loose cannon, and a borderline psychotic to boot. But he was separated from Tanner by enough layers of management to be

usually only a distant threat. The greatest threat to Thomson Tanner's position in Space Hotel was too much management notice, and especially promotion. He was high enough on the food chain to get what he needed to get to maintain his many lucrative side activities. He couldn't stand the drop in pay promotion would bring.

He paused at a durite view window and gazed out on the splendor of space, the silent maneuvering of the Witch of the Pleades as the massive form of the star cruiser maneuvered in to dockage. The faint bump that vibrated through the carpeted floor plates communicated pleasantly and directly to Tanner's wallet.

Clean is suited to the guest, he thought to himself as he hurried to greet the arriving space adventurers.

(Next Month: Aliens who look and act like iguanas and "Flush" Jackson's Triumph!)

### \*\*\* UPDATED MARKET REPORT \*\*\*

We're featuring markets for speculative poetry this month. There are only a few magazines solely for poetry, but many publications, small press and pro alike, buy a limited amount of verse. As a rule, I only list paying markets, but since many markets which do pay for fiction, pay only in copies for poetry, I have listed some non-paying markets as well. This is by no means all the markets for poetry, just a sampling.

ABORIGINAL SF MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 2449, Woburn, MA 01888-0849. Editor: Charles C. Ryan. Poetry from 1-2 pages. Send SASE for guidelines. Payment: \$20 on publication. Reporting time: 8-12 weeks.

ALTERNATE HILARITIES, 546 Westcott St., Syracuse, NY 13210. Editors: Alexandra Zale and Devon Tavern. Quarterly looking for "humorous pieces from all areas of the speculative fiction field, horror, sf, and fantasy of all types" and humorous speculative poetry. No more than 5 poems per submission. Pays 1 copy per poem. Reprints okay. Length: 1,000-5,000 words. Pays 1 cent/word upon publication for original fiction, 2 copies for reprints. Sample: \$3. \$8.00/year.

ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION, 1540 Broadway, 15th Fl., New York, NY 10036. Editor: Gardner Dozois. Current needs: sf and fantasy. Payment: \$1 per line on acceptance for First NA Serial Rights. Reporting time: 4-6 weeks. Sample: \$3.50.

GASLIGHT, Tales of the Unsane, P.O. Box 21, Cleveland, MN 56017. Editor: Melissa Gish. Looking for "fresh, unique, twisted, even bizarre" poetry. Payment: copy minimum up to 2 cents/word maximum.

All rights revert to the contributor upon publication. Prefers previously unpublished work. Especially needs poetry 25-30 lines for upcoming Darwin Tribute ("depicting evolution, animals, or humans relating to their environment, visions of Earth's past, present, or future in terms of evolution") and Time Travel ("in need of stories about what we find when we travel to our past and our future, but also when we travel to the past and future of other worlds") issues. Sample \$4.25. Return: 4-6 weeks.

GRUE MAGAZINE, Hell's Kitchen Productions, Box 370, New York, NY 10108. Editor: Peggy Nadramia. Horror and df poetry. Published 3 times a year. Simultaneous submissions okay. Reports in 4 months. Guidelines for SASE. Pays 1/2 cent per word and 2 contributor's copies on publication for first NA Serial Rights. Sample: \$4.50.

HELIANTHUS, P.O. Box 1511, Pasadena, TX 77501-1511. Editor: Tippi N. Blevins. Comes out 3 times/year. Publishes mostly poetry and artwork. "I like anything from haiku to sonnets, from experimental to free verse. Very open to space themes, stuff about universes you create, vivid imagery and nature." Pays 1 or more copies. Prefers a cover letter. No simultaneous submissions. Reprints okay, as long as notified of where previously published. Sample: \$3. Payable to T. Blevins. \$8/3 issues.

THE MAGAZINE OF SPECULATIVE POETRY, P.O. Box 564, Beloit, WI 53512. Editor: Roger Dutcher. No limit on number of poems per submission. Accepts "any reasonable length." Payment: 3-10 cents/word with a minimum of \$3 per poem. Purchases First NA Serial Rights. No simultaneous submissions or reprints. Sample: \$3.50. \$11/4 issues.

MYSTIC FICTION, P.O. Box 40625, Bellevue, WA 98015-4625. Managing Editor: Su Llewelyn. New magazine looking for "avant garde, fantastic, horror, and mainstream." Poetry: "Free verse, haiku, light verse, and traditional." Pays 2 cents/line. "Prefers pieces that focus on the human condition, with emphasis on self-transformation."

NIGHT SONGS, Gothic Press, 4998 Perkins Rd., Baton Rouge, LA 70808-3043. Editor/Publisher: Gary W. Crawford. Published in newsletter format. Seeking horror poetry up to 50 lines that can "evoke the horror underlying the facade of civilization—poetry that is dark and moody with a strong undercurrent of the supernatural." Payment: \$1 per poem + 1 contributor's copy. Sample: \$1.

THE NIGHTMARE EXPRESS, Nocturnal Publications, 11 Winona, St. Paul, MN 55107. Editor: Donald L. Miller. Send poetry to: Ree Young, Route 2, Box 357, Troy, NC 27371. Newsletter for professional and amateur horror writers which accepts poetry. Prefers under 30 lines. "No preference to rhyme or free verse. Make sure that the punctuation is correct just the way

you want it to appear. Submit no more than 6 poems at a time. Put your name on each page." Payment: 1/2 cent/word upon acceptance for First NA Serial Rights. Will look at reprints. Return time: 4 weeks. Sample \$2.

NOT ONE OF US, 44 Shady Lane, Storrs, CT 06268. Editor: John Benson. Looking for "h/f/sf/western/whatever so long as the story addresses the notion of 'otherness' or exclusion." Poetry can "come in any length within reason." Payment: \$1 on publication for First NA Serial Rights. Sample copy \$4.50. 3/\$10.50.

OFFWORLD, Graphic Image Press, Murray Hill Station, P.O. Box 1109, NY, NY 10156-0604. Editor: Arnaldo Lopez. New quarterly sf/f magazine. "No gratuitous profanity." No reprints. Pays \$75 for poetry on acceptance for First NA Serial Rights.

THE SILVER WEB, P.O. Box 38190, Tallahassee, FL 32315. Editor: Ann Kennedy. Semiannual publication featuring work that ranges from speculative fiction to df and "all weirdness in between. No genre cliches. Looking for a twist of the bizarre." "Poems must use standard poetic convention whether free verse or rhyming." Payment: \$2-10. 4-6 weeks return.

SPELLBOUND, 7705 Mountain Creek Way, Douglasville, GA 30134. Editor: Cathy Shanks. Looking for fiction where magic or mythology is actively driving the story. "Absolutely NO hurt or dead children stuff." Poetry to 48 lines. Payment: contributor's copies. Sample: \$6. \$10/2.

TALES OF THE UNANTICIPATED, Box 8036, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Editor: Eric M. Heideman. Buys poetry. Before submitting, read an issue (sample \$4) for guidelines. Checks payable to Minn. SF Soc. Query for next reading period. Do not send work now. Wants work that is original and sometimes unclassifiable and admits to being unimpressed with stories that exist only for the sake of a punch-line or a twist ending. Payment: \$5 for poetry.

WHISPER MAGAZINE, Scream Press, 509 Enterprise Dr., Rohnert Park, CA 94928. Editor: Anthony Boyd. "I prefer work to be somewhere between literary and underground." Reprints considered, but no simultaneous submissions. Poetry to 50 lines. "SF adventure and mystery fine, but no gore." Published twice a year. Payment: 1 contributor's copy.

WRITINGS MAGAZINE, 53 Whitman Avenue, Islip, NY 11751. Publisher/Editor: Edward J. McFadden. A mix of fantasy, sf, mystery, and light horror. "I accept all forms, all styles. Best chance of acceptance is to keep the poem under 20 lines. To be considered for featured poet you must send in at least 15 poems. Keep them under 15 lines for the best chance. Any form, any style, any theme." No mention of payment or sample price.

## GENIE GOSSIP

One author on GENIE reported that he had received his submission back from AMAZING with a note indicating it had been returned unread because of the change-over in format and advising him to resubmit in six months. It would probably be best not to send work to this market at the moment.

Another writer reports that PULPHOUSE told her it is "leaning toward action with a strong, early hook," as well as mystery stories.

## CHANGES

FULL SPECTRUM 5 is now closed.

HARSH MISTRESS (P.O. Box 13, Greenfield, MA 01302) Fiction Editors: Kevin Rodgers and Warren Lapine recently said they are looking for stories up to 25,000 words. "Longer stories will probably have a better chance with us. Thus far we haven't purchased anything under 5,000 words." Will consider previously published stories and simultaneous submissions as long as they are notified of such. Payment 1.5 cents/word plus 1 contributor's copy for First English Language Serial Rights. Reporting time: 2-3 weeks.

The computer anthology INFINITE LOOP will be open again sometime this year and will feature all novelettes and novellas.

SPINE-TINGLING PRESS has closed down.

SF CHRONICLE reports that a new bimonthly fantasy magazine may be in the works from the publishers of SF AGE.

SNOWS OF DARKOVER will be the last Darkover anthology, due to copyright problems. SWORD AND SORCERESS #12 (Box 249, Berkeley, CA 94701—Editor: Marion Zimmer Bradley) will begin reading on March 1, 1994.

LIBERTY & JUSTICE FOR ALL is closed, but you may still submit stories about the future of law and justice to its sequel, THE FUTURE OF FREEDOM, at the same address.

## \*\*\* PHEW CORNER \*\*\*

By Alma Garcia

Sukie: I'm excited. I've come up with the perfect rating system.

Herbert: You mean we're not going to use toes after all?

Sukie: No, toes are too normal; everybody has them.

Herbert: Everybody has thumbs too, but that doesn't stop certain critics.

Sukie: Very true; however, I've thought of

something really descriptive.

Herbert: The suspense is killing me, although those toes really had me going. Excuse me while I get a beer.

Sukie: Hey, come back scale of 3.0 to 5.0?

Herbert: Why, Sukie, what an absolutely earthshaking idea, but why stop at 5.0?

Sukie: Because anything above that would be too intense—too moving, you might say. Beyond a certain point, you might even pass out.

Herbert: I thought that had to do with torture.

Sukie: Strong emotions can be torture.

Herbert: Spare me! Anyway, let me get on with it:

## TALES OF THE UNANTICIPATED #12

Editor-in-Chief: Eric M. Heideman, P.O. Box 8036, Lake Street Station, Minneapolis, MN 55408  
Full size, 56 pages, two-color cover, \$4. Tri-annual.

Sukie: Forgive me for interrupting, Herbert, but Eric specifically requested I point out that a four-issue subscription is only \$15 and his "Heckuva Deal" (Issues 1-17) is only \$40. Checks to the Minnesota SF Society.

Herbert: Really? That is one heck of a deal; I might just take advantage of it. What's this Eric business?

Sukie: He's the boffo editor. Don't tell me you're jealous...

Herbert: Haven't time for your nonsense; have to get on with reviewing.

Sukie: All in good time. He also wanted me to mention that TOTU is not a year-round magazine and the next reading window is tentatively May 1-June 15, 1994.

Herbert: Thank you. May I now proceed? This particular issue of TOTU has a "families" theme and takes a sharp look at the family in transition, asking in effect if "normal" families are passé. It runs the gamut from the thought provoking "temporary" family of the future in Christine Beckert's "Maintenance" to Charles Saplak's story of a very special grandpa.

Sukie: I enjoyed Sandra Lindow's "Demolition Derby: Family Feud" with its twelve Participation Regulations, and also Mark Rich's cleverly titled "Dirt." Just imagine burying all one's dirty secrets in the backyard!

Herbert: Yes, the mood is light, but the implications are terrible. In his editorial, Mr. Heideman mentions many of the submissions to TOTU's "Families Issue" were downbeat and he comments that there should be more SF focusing on family issues. (OSFW take note!) Martha Hood's "Fog" examines a husband who isn't ready to be a father and his pregnant wife's reaction, showing the acts of siring or giving birth require bonding too. "Blacken" by John Hartnett is a father-daughter tale about a child who retreats into a dreadful schizophrenic clairvoyance after the death of her mother.

Fortunately, the editor chose a mix of stories so we wouldn't get too depressed by the apparent decline of the traditional family. His own story of kids from the future who have to get their parents together so they can be born eventually is much more cheerful.

Sukie: Yes, I particularly appreciated the humor, the touch of mystery, and the engaging characters. Charming! But—you know me—I'm also crazy about smart-houses with their gadgets, robots, and other electronic marvels.

Herbert: Right, that's why you liked K.D. Wentworth's "Comrades-in-Arms" so much. Maybe it will make us all think twice about using the TV as a baby-sitter so much.

Sukie: Hmm.

Herbert: And that's not all. There's lots of good poetry chosen by the poetry editor, Laurel Winter, and an interview with George Alec Effinger.

Sukie: The interview was great, but it was too much for me to take in all at once; I like my nuggets of information about writers in smaller doses so I can savor them.

Herbert: Yes, remember that statement the day someone wants to interview you.

Finally, John Sladek's "Corner" is witty, the illustrations are well done, and the layout is easy to read.

Sukie: So you liked everything.

Herbert: Just about. But I'm in a fog about how to use your rating system.

Sukie: I'd say a 4.5 would be about right.

Herbert: Explain, please.

Sukie: Well, anything in the 3 range would be hardly worth reading, and above 4.5 would be too exciting. I mean you might never want to read anything else.

Herbert: All right, Sukie, I can understand why the Richter Scale is on your mind; however, maybe you could think of something different for next time.

Sukie: Like the Modified Mercalli Scale?

Herbert: Sure, I'm going running in the street right now. G'night, folks.

Sukie: Good night.

#### All The Answers:

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

#### \*\*\* 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 March issue: *Feb. 25*

*We look forward to seeing you all!*