




Son Of:  **Official Journal of The**  
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Otherwise Known as: **The Oklahoma Science Fiction Writers Newsletter**
Brought To You By: K. D. Wentworth, Uncle Guido and Simon McCaffery

Special "¡Vamos al una película de ciencia ficción!" Issue • June 1997

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

The June meeting will be held Friday, June 13th, at the Elspeth Bloodgood residence at 7:00 P.M. Address: 2534 S. Harvard Pl., Apt. 41A. Directions: Turn east off Harvard onto 25th by the Subway Shop, then south on Harvard Pl. The phone number is 743-4606.

***** UNLOCAL NEWS *****

Wizards of the Coast and TSR have finalized their merger/purchase. This is especially good news for the many TSR authors who have not been paid for work already completed.

The Hugo ballot has been announced as follows:

BEST NOVEL

MEMORY by Lois McMaster Bujold (Baen)

REMNANT POPULATION by Elizabeth Moon (Baen)

BLUE MARS by Kim Stanley Robinson (Bantam Spectra)

STARPLEX by Robert J. Sawyer (Ace)

HOLY FIRE by Bruce Sterling (Bantam Spectra)

BEST NOVELLA

"Immersion" by Gregory Benford (SF AGE 3/96)

"Blood of the Dragon" by George R.R. Martin (ASIMOV'S 7/96)

"Time Travelers Never Die" by Jack McDevitt (ASIMOV'S 5/96)

"The Cost to be Wise" by Maureen McHugh (STARLIGHT 1)

"Abandon in Place" by Jerry Olton (F&SF 12/96)

"Gas Fish" by Mary Rosenblum (ASIMOV'S 2/96)

BEST NOVELETTE

"Age of Aquarius" by William Barton (ASIMOV'S 5/96)

"Beauty and the Opera or the Phantom Beast" by Suzy McKee Charnas (ASIMOV'S 3/96)

"Mountain Ways" by Ursula K. LeGuin (ASIMOV'S 8/96)

"The Land of Nod" by Mike Resnick (ASIMOV'S 6/96)

"Bicycle Repairman" by Bruce Sterling (ASIMOV'S 10-11/96)

BEST SHORT STORY

"Gone" by John Crowley (F&SF 9/96)

"Decency" by Robert Reed (ASIMOV'S 6/96)

"The Dead" by Michael Swanwick (STARLIGHT 1)

"Un-Birthday Boy" by James White (ANALOG 2/96)

"The Soul Selects Her Own Company" by Connie Willis (ASIMOV'S 4/96)

BEST EDITOR

Gardner Dozois

Scott Edelman

Patrick Nielsen Hayden

Kristine Kathryn Rusch

Stanley Schmidt

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD

Michael A. Burstein

Raphael Carter

Richard Garfinkle

Katya Reimann

Sharon Shinn

LOCAL NEWS

Chris Oseland sold a story to a literary magazine.

Brad Sinor had a rewrite request on his story submitted to the second **TEMPLAR** anthology.

Barbara Thrower received galleys from **NONSTOP**

for "The Vulture-Watching Woman."

K.D. Wentworth sold "Blade Runner" to DID YOU SAY CHICKS?!

GOOD REJECTIONS

Warren: F&SF

Simon: HITCHCOCK'S

Brad: KEEN SF, TWISTED

KDW: SWORD AND SORCERESS

Barbara Thrower: ASIMOV'S, SENSE OF WONDER, WETBONES, TALEBONES, NEW WORLDS, NONSTOP

*** CONTINUUM ***

The Devil's Junkmail, Alluring ankles, Morning in Fool The Eye, and the Hounds of Hell

by S.M.

May 1997

Thirteen OSFWans met at Warren and Lana's comfy home to enjoy an evening of fiction, news and a well-stocked snack table. This was my first meeting in several months, and I really enjoyed seeing familiar faces, and a couple of new ones.

Michael Keller: Michael brought us "Too Good to Be True," an interesting short story with a wonderful premise. One day Michael's protag is sorting through the usual batch of junkmail when he comes across another credit card offer...except this offer isn't from Visa or Mastercard. He wads it up later after his wife arrived home, but the offer returns and he accidentally (or not) ends up signing it with a drop of blood. The next day his wife, Anna, arrives home laden with new purchases, and his troubles have only begun. I enjoyed this story; my only criticism is that it ends too soon.

Barbara: BJ read "Circle of Stone," a historical high fantasy in Caledonia filled with political maneuvering between King Aohm, Torchmarc, chief of the Druids, Cedric (druidic toadie) and Fedelm, a beautiful witch held prisoner. I enjoyed the climatic battle between Aohm and the demon who rides a giant boar. (I also liked the fact that the story leaves us wondering if the demon won't eventually enact some revenge.) I don't read much high fantasy, but Barb's characters were carefully drawn and the scenes vivid.

Warren: We were treated to "Monofilament," a finely written short story that takes place in the late 1950s in OSFW's favorite small town, Fool The Eye. Andy is nine, and enjoying a fine Saturday morning in his treehouse with his BB gun. His grandmother appears to pick cucumbers, and Andy accompanies her to the garden, where he meets Tiger, a large black and yellow garden spider. Garden spiders, Andy is told, weave a special magic that captures life and spreads it around the world after the spider dies. Andy, beginning to perceive the endless cycle of life and human mortality and oddly touched by his encounter with Tiger, weaves his own special web with an old spool of fishing line.

Tim: Tim Parker read "Sacrifices," part of a sword-and-sorcery short story in the grand tradition of Dungeons & Dragons. Two seasoned adventurers sneak into a formidable citadel to rescue a fair maiden. They've just about saved her when they're attacked by hell hounds (big nasty dogs that breathe fire). We're left with a cliffhanger finish, not knowing if Longshanks can keep his grip on the damsel's hand or if she'll slip free and fall to her death from the tower... (Dungeonmaster says make a save throw.)

*** DEAR EDDY ***

(Obviously, everyone's favorite pen-pal is back, with a vengeance....)

Dear Eddy:

The last time I asked for advice, you tried to really pull out the carpet of reality from under me, with all that nonsense of "TV" cameras and belly-button lint. Now that we've whipped the Borg, I know that I really *am* a Starfleet officer, and not some second-rate vid actor living in a delusional universe filled with envy and cheesy performances. I have command of a new ship, the "Air Guitar," I have learned to walk without cocking my head at a funny angle, and Deanna has dumped Worf for me. Data has his precious emotion chip, but now he's impotent and cannot control his facial tics.

As for you, Eddy, I used to believe you were a renegade from the Q, but seeing how I have trapped you in this endlessly looping holodeck program, your threat to the Federation is over. What do you have to say about that? By the way, there's a phony alien cadaver under my bed that won't go away. If it's yours, please stop leaving it there.

Regards,
Captain W. Riker

Dear Captain W.R.,

Speaking of endlessly looping... Listen man, get a grip on yourself. You're an actor—an actor, or at least someone paid to portray an actor on TV. The only

"real" science fictional universe exists on Babylon 5, which is a delusional universe filled with envy and good (mostly) performances. Sorry, but the phony alien cadaver under your bed is you. Any further comments about that, talk to the hand, or try for a guest shot on Bab 5. (aka Space Hotel).

Yours for locking these people up,
Eddy

Dear Eddy,

I've finally been replaced by the machines that once served me, and feeling pretty peeved about it. You see, things have been going gangbusters at the laundry, but instead of spending the extra dough on a vacation to Club Med's Hedonism VII, my wife Nancy talked me into buying her some new appliances. Now she's left me for a Maytag 8000 series 6-cycle washer and dryer.

She says her new washer/dryer combo surpasses me in every meaningful category. It's got a dome light, a chime, a rack to put your canvas shoes in and a six-CD tray. She says it's smarter, warmer, more efficient and makes better conversation. I don't want to even talk about the spin cycle. The dern thing has got more bells and whistles than a fleet of Cadillacs.

Eddy, how do I regain my place in her heart (and win back my manhood)? All washed up and hung out to dry,

R. R. Bodine

Dear hung (no wait, that's my other column—let's start again)

Dear Out to Dry:

Even though he's two spins short of a puff cycle, our previous correspondent, Captain W.R. has the key to your problem: the Borg; hybrid humans/machines. Based on your past correspondence, it's easy for me to see just how unbeatable the Maytag 8000 would be when competing with you for the love of a sensitive (although dumb enough to have married you in the first place) woman.

The only solutions for you lie in mental (not likely) or physical augmentation. There's a doctor here in town who can help you. He's not only a certified eye, ear, nose, and throat lyphosuctionist and plastic surgeon, but a certified major appliance repairman to whom I was recently referred by my dentist for a deviated septum brought on by an overzealous fan at an SF fanzine mosh party.

I think this guy could merge the best qualities of the Maytag 8000 with your own through advances in cybernetics and micro surgery, thus eliminating the need for Mrs. Bodine to hand wash her delicacies, with the added plus of actually making you a useful member of society. Plus, this guy gives me a modest commission on every referral. I'll send you his address and a release form.

Yours for nuts into washers,
Eddy

Dear Eddy,

So, what IS in a name? I mean, if you spell your name with two T's instead of one, does that mean you are virile and will command advances bigger than both William Shamer's and Danielle Steele's combined? Is it true that writers with three names like Walter Jon Williams, Kristine Kathryn Rusch, and George Alec Effinger are on the fast track to fame? What about the latest rumor (recently told to me by a writer with three names, by the way) that you need a strong first name composed of two syllables, but a last name with only one, to really make an impression, like Robin Hobb or Stephen King?

And then there's initials. Do they really make a difference? Is there a good reason why Dean R. Koontz has held onto that R all these years? And, if one initial is good, are two even better? Are three ever too many? Does C.J. Cherryh know a whole bunch of important stuff that the rest of us peons can only guess at? Did J.R.R. Tolkien actually abbreviate himself into fantasy fame? Eddy, please give me the straight dope as soon as possible. I want to be in on this name stuff in the worst way.

Just sign me—

Really Really Confused

Dear R.R. Confused

As with other R.R.s who submit letters to this column, you seem to have missed the boat, along with all of the other wingnuts who waste their time speculating on the impact, luck, and rhythms of names of the talented and famous. If we stick to authors of famous literature alone, we find that about the only truth that pertains is that they rest their fame on one name alone:

God: The Bible

Shakespeare: The plays and sonnets

Einstein: The Theory of General Relativity, etc.

Oprah: Whatever the hell she wrote.

Plato: The Republic

Homer: The Odyssey

Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, etc., etc.

Barney: I Love You, You Love Me

Dilbert: Everything that's true about the workplace

And, of course,

Eddy

Dear Eddy,

I am having a problem in my marriage and I am told your pithy yet ardent advice has saved many a relationship. Here goes: my husband is in law enforcement, which is a noble profession and all, but he takes it a bit too seriously. I knew when I married a policeman that

there would be many late nights and worried moments. But I swear, the man practically *stalks* trouble! We can't have a family picnic without bloody ants being found in the beans, or go to the movies without finding a cryptic message from some serial moo-moo head under the nachos. A friend of his was even killed in our basement (and who do you think had to clean *that* up?) and then our sister-in-law got lost in someone's drywall! I got him a cell phone so I could make sure he's all right when he's out of town, but every time I call him and am trying to tell him about some weird phone message he got, or ask him if I should open that package with the mewling sound, he suddenly realizes something and hangs up! I've tried to talk to him about it. Once I asked him straight out what he wanted, and he said, "I don't want anything; I'm insane." But I just can't laugh about it. Well, I was bearing up for a while, but then, last week, we got back from vacation, and he went out to the parking lot to bring the car around while I waited for the luggage, and what do you think happened? I got kidnapped! Oh, he'll probably find me and all, but it's pretty annoying in the meantime. Well, Eddy, I hope you can help us. I gotta go now and organize some Polaroids — this guy is messy, on top of everything else.

Yours for closure,
Katherine Black

Dear Katherine,

You've got to give your husband a break. Don't you realize that when a husband says "I don't want anything, I'm insane," he's only really saying that he just needs some time alone in the garage to tinker with that old lawnmower, or the Scandinavian au pair girl from across the street? Guys are sensitive, and if you don't realize that, what kind of wife can you be?

I mean, this whole kidnapping incident; does everything have to be about you? Look at your first reaction to your new friend: he's messy. Is this any way to treat people? Does he want his Polaroids organized? I know I like mine just the way they are. Katherine, this is your chance to look inside yourself and think about your relationship with your husband and men in general. Instead of poking into your host's photo hobbies, his "quiet place," why don't you offer to help out a bit in ways he'll truly appreciate during your stay. Maybe you could clean out his refrigerator, or even fix a tasty meal from some of the leftovers you find in there. Guys really hate to waste food, yet they don't think of the interesting and tasty combinations that can be put together from what they might ordinarily throw away or bury.

Katherine, it's not just you; it's the two of you. Should you live through this, as unlikely as that may be, try to carry this new perspective with you.

It takes two,
Eddy

THE LOST WORD: FIVE MORE IDEAS FOR SF STORIES

BY
BEN BOVINE

Your humble commentator was, apparently, one of the 294 people in America who did not go to see *The Lost Word: Jurassic Schlock II* over the Memorial Day weekend. The other 293 have all been notified of their deficiency. Corrective measures have been initialized. The use of Excessive Force has been authorized.

Of course, dinosaurs are another rich area of science fiction ideas for the fledgling writer and the veteran alike. The unique problem with dinosaur stories is that you must 1) explain why, if they do anything more than eat people and chase Jeff Silverbloom around, there is no proof of their superior intelligence and 2) explain why they aren't around now if they are so smart. Of course, no one knows what really happened to the dinosaurs or just how advanced they got before the Mother of All Hailstorms wiped them out. Given how few human artifacts have survived even a few thousand years in the hands of typical teenage males, can we really conclude that dinosaurs didn't achieve a level comparable to man? Harvey Harrison in his *East of Eden* series, speculates that dinosaurs based their entire technology on genetic manipulation... which would have even less chance of surviving the ravages of lunch-time.

These five story ideas are based on resolving those two pressing questions.

- The dinosaurs wipe themselves out in a nuclear war despite the efforts of a wheelchair bound velociraptor, Dr. Strangesaur, who worries about the growing cave gap with the humans.

- The dinosaurs didn't disappear at all but are living in Kansas using names like Dole and Gore. They are simply waiting for the proper time to make their presence known to us. The government is well aware of this but denies all knowledge.

- The dinosaurs were hyperintelligent pan-dimensional beings who commissioned the Earth as organic computer to solve the ultimate question of Life, the Universe and Everything: i.e., if we're so smart then how come these clowns in Hollywood are making more money in a single weekend with a single movie than we'll make in a lifetime working as clerks at a 7-11?

- The dinosaurs didn't die out but were abducted by aliens from a dying world. For some reason, probably either nuclear weapons testing or pollution, their

females are not fertile and the aliens need earthlings to continue their existence. Unfortunately, the aliens were confused and instead of abducting Raquel Welch, they got T-Rex. This particular blind date would go a long way toward explaining why we haven't had many alien visitations lately.

- Two dinosaur astronauts finally make it back to earth after a trip to the nearest star of several million years. Unfortunately, Adam and Everett have a slight problem in restarting their race.

*** BOOK REVIEW ***

THE ICE PICK

by Diana Carolyn Ice

FREEDOM'S LANDING, by Anne McCaffrey.
New York, Putnam, 1995. ISBN 0-399-14062-x.

The Anne McCaffrey fans have probably already devoured this one, but for those folks who haven't yet read it, this is one you definitely shouldn't pass up. It's science fiction, not fantasy—no dragons. So, for those of you who don't like McCaffrey because you don't like dragons, have no fear. There's nary a one in sight. This is soft sf, and as usual with McCaffrey, her characterization is excellent. Even her minor characters come wonderfully alive. Plenty of humor and a gently-handled romance, with lots of tension and excitement, and plenty of action grace this fast-paced novel.

The story of Terran invasion and abduction of human slaves by technologically superior aliens is a time-honored one, as is the message that our innate love of freedom and Yankee ingenuity will, if not win the day, at least give the varmints a run for their money. But McCaffrey gives her story the edge of realism with plenty of solid research, and puts the personal relationships of human-human and human-alien (especially one alien in particular) front and center, with the deeper messages that we are all one, that one person can make a difference, and that we each have a responsibility to ourselves and to each other to make society—any society—work.

Although marred by far too many typos, this is a great book, an exciting book, and a hard-to-put-down fun read!

*** FAHRENHEIT 451 AT CINEMA 6 ***

GUIDO THE TORCH GOES TO THE MOVIES,
DON VINCENTE DOESN'T
A Review of The Fifth Element

So I get this call from the Don to come and see him and, of course, I think this is going to be a very profit-

able torch job, and I can replenish the Cayman account. Instead, the Don has me sit down and asks me what I know about this Frog director, Luc Besson.

"Guido," he says, "I'm being asked to invest in this Besson guy's next movie, but I don't know. I don't like Frogs, and I don't like Hollywood, and I don't like California shysters visiting me with movie deals. So, I want you to go see this movie and tell me if it's any good. I want you to ask around about this Frog. I understand that this movie is making money, but I don't want to put my money into promoting crap. Don Vincente doesn't promote crap."

So, I went to see this movie, The Fifth Element. It had that Willis guy who always plays the same hardass role, and I asked around about the Frog. The next day, I came back and sat down with the Don.

"Don Vicente, you know I'm a man of truth and honor. And, so you know I have only your best interest at heart when I tell you this Frog director has made the worst science fiction movie since Barbarella."

"Is that possible?"

"As God is my witness, this movie sucks chrome from a trailer hitch. The plot is moronic, the characters are shallow and one dimensional, the acting is atrocious, the mood is inconsistent, and the continuity is nonexistent."

"Guido, that's a pretty damning opinion. The California shysters say I can make a fortune on this Frog. What's the movie about?"

"Okay, here's the story as best I could follow it. You got these really bad actors who are playing archeologists in Egypt in 1914. They're in this tomb, see, deciphering these hieroglyphics that actually look like Windows 95 icons. And, this old-fart head professor is explaining some nonsense about unspeakable evil coming every 5,000 years, and the four elements, and a secret weapon that destroys the evil. This priest is trying to stop them . . ."

"Hold it. Where did the priest come from?"

"Uh, just showed up. In any case, all of a sudden, these aliens, who look like Wurlitzer jukeboxes, land in a space ship, enter the tomb, and take these sacred bricks away in order to keep them safe. Like, duh . . . they haven't been safe for 4,700 years, and they're now worried about them? But in any case, they promise to bring the bricks back in 300 years when the evil arrives. Okay, you follow me so far?"

"Uh huh." Don Vincente nodded, but looked confused.

"Okay, then we switch to 300 years in the future, and this big ball of fire is coming toward Earth, and this really awful actor, who used to be a wrestler, is playing the President of Earth. And, you got these priests who are the descendents of the priest at the tomb . . ."

"What, the priest had kids?"

"Yeah, go figure . . . anyway the priests are trying to help. And, then the aliens who look like Wurlitzers

show up, bringing the bricks back, but they get shot down by these other aliens in really cheezy rubber masks that look like gargoyles."

"I don't suppose Besson told where these aliens come from?"

"Nope, not a clue."

"Just checking, go on."

"Well the Earth scientists find this severed hand at the crash site of the Wurlitzers' ship, which was really a trick 'cause the ship got blown up in space, but in any case the scientists put the hand in this chamber that looks like an iron lung, and they regenerate this naked, red-headed babe, and she sort of reminds you of an anatomically correct, sexy, Raggedy Ann. Oh, and she's somehow from the Supreme Being."

"Oh Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!"

"Then the Earth scientists activate this machine in the iron lung that puts 'thermal bandages' on the red-headed babe, but it only covers her nipples and crotch. So the Raggedy Ann babe gets pissed off and escapes."

"Did she get pissed off about the bandages, or what?"

"Didn't say. Okay, then you have this Willis hardass guy who's driving a flying cab, but he used to be in the Special Forces. And, he meets the red-headed babe when she jumps off a building and crashes through the roof of his cab. He decides he's going to help her."

"Huh? Why does he do that?"

"Uh, I think he wants to screw her."

"Okay, go on," Don Vincente said, wincing.

"Well, then you have this other guy who is an evil capitalist named Zorg, and he's after the bricks..."

"Where did he come from?"

"Don't know, Don Vincente, he just showed up. In any case he's kind of a Bill Gates character, except that he's lame and he does this really bad imitation of Ross Perot..."

"Hold it. This Zorg guy talks like Ross Perot?" Don Vincente sighed and tried to regain his composure. After a few minutes he said, "Okay, tell me all."

"Well, the rest of the movie involves the gargoyles, the priests, the Ross Perot guy, the Willis hardass, and the naked, Raggedy Ann babe trying to get their hands on the bricks. Along the way they meet this alien opera singer with a costume that looks like an inflatable swimming toy, and a really annoying, effeminate disk jockey who overacts more than Jim Carey."

"Overacts more than Jim Carey? Guido, surely you are mistaken."

"Don Vincente, that is no exaggeration. In fact, he may even be worse than Jerry Lewis."

"Only a Frenchman could be so perverse. How does it end?"

"Uh, they save the Earth, and Willis screws the Raggedy Ann babe."

"Guido, this is crap, isn't it? This Frenchman is turning out crap, and those California shysters are

trying to put my name on crap." The Don was really angry now.

"That's the way I see it, Don Vincente."

"Guido, would it help if I cut the head off the Frog's horse and put it in his bed?"

"Don Vincente, with all due respect, it would simply be a waste of good horse flesh. This guy is beyond redemption. However, if you want the movie's master burnt, I'll do it for free."

*** THE ME GENERATION ***

(Thanks to web-ranger Chris Merle for sharing this funny compilation!)

YOU ARE PROBABLY AGED 25 - 35 IF....

You wore anything Izod, especially those wind-breakers that folded up into a pouch you could wear around your waist.

You owned a Jordache anything, or you remember when Jordache jeans were cool.

In your sophomore class picture, you're wearing an Izod shirt with the collar "up."

Your "dressy" wardrobe centered on pastels and linen blazers - guys included.

You know, by heart, the words to a "Weird" Al Yankovic song.

You remember when Madonna was just hitting the scene.

The Brady Bunch movie brought back cool memories.

"The Reflex" was a cool song.

You remember "Battlestar Galactica."

Three words: "Atari," "Apple," and "Pong."

You remember the days that hooking your computer into your television wasn't an expensive option that required gadgets - it was the ONLY option.

You remember the original version of Windows: Macintosh.

You remember the days when "safe sex" meant "my parents are gone for the weekend."

You thought "Weird Science" was a masterpiece.

You remember any or all of the following: Echo & the Bunnymen, Cutting Crew, Scritti Politti, or Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark.

Chevy Chase was really funny in those vacation movies.

You remember "Friday Night Videos" before the days of MTV.

A predominant color in your childhood photos is "plaid."

While in high school, you and all your friends discussed elaborate plans to get together again at the end of the century and play "1999" by Prince over and over again.

You remember when music that was labeled "alternative" really was.

You took family trips BEFORE the invention of the mini-van.

You rode in the back of the station wagon and you faced the cars behind you in the "tail gunner" position.

You've recently horrified yourself by using any one of the following phases:

- "When I was younger" - "When I was your age" - "You know, back when..." - "Just can't (fill in the blank) like I used to"

Schoolhouse Rock played a HUGE part in how you actually learned the English language.

You ever dressed to emulate a person you saw in either a Duran Duran, Madonna, Rick Springfield, or Cyndi Lauper video.

You actually know who Rick Springfield is.

You remember with pain the sad day when the Green Machine hit the streets and made your old Big Wheel obsolete.

The phrase "Where's the beef?" still doubles you over with laughter.

You remember when film critics raved that no movie could ever possibly get better special effects than those in the movie TRON.

You jammed to the Miami Vice theme and thought Jan Hammer was cool.

You wanted to move to Hawaii because that's where Magnum lived.

For the girl crazy bunch: Your first sexual dream occurred to thoughts of Jeannie, Marsha Brady, Samantha from Bewitched or, for those hard-core comic fans out there, Daphne from Scooby Doo, Josie or any one of her Pussycats

And for the boy crazy bunch: You thought Sean Cassidy was "dreamy", lusted after "Ted, your ship's photographer" on the Love Boat and Chachi, or, to keep it fair to the comically interested, thought Fred was just a hunk on Scooby Doo.

Your hair, at some point in time in the 80's, became something which can only be described by the phrase "I was experimenting."

Guys: You remember when a guy piercing his ear was radical to the max, but did it anyhow.

This time line appropriately describes actual events in your life: Star Wars opens, you are still in single digit ages, and you think the creatures are WAY cool. Empire Strikes Back opens, you are now in early double digit ages, and you are convinced that the special effects are much better, the characters are cool, and you want one of every collectible out there. Return of the Jedi hits the theaters...you are now a teenager, and you cannot get your eyes off Princess Leia's breasts/Han Solo's butt.

You've ever shopped at a Banana Republic or Benetton, but not in the last five years, okay?

You actually remember Benetton.

You're starting to believe (now that it wouldn't affect YOU) that maybe having the kids go to school year-round wouldn't be such a bad idea after all.

You're doing absolutely nothing with anything pertaining to your major degree.

You never wanted to be gagged with a spoon

U2 is too "popular" and "mainstream" for you now.

You owned a Trapper Keeper.

You remember when there was only "G, PG and R", none of this PG-13 crap.

You learned to swim about the same time Jaws came out and still carry the emotional scars to this day.

Wonder twin powers, activate . . . form of an iceberg, shape of a hammer.

You spent endless nights dreaming about being the Bionic Woman/Man or Wonder Woman/the Incredible Hulk.

You remember "Hey, let's be careful out there."

You ever wanted to learn to play "Stairway to Heaven" on the guitar and choreographed "Dancing Queen" by yourself in your room.

You know all the words to the double album set of Grease.

"All-skate, change directions" means something to you.

You ever rang someone's doorbell and said "Landshark."

You bought a pair of Vanns and wanted to order a pizza in history class so you could be just like Jeff Spicoli in Fast Times as Ridgemont High.

UPDATED MARKET REPORT

SELECTED PRO MARKETS

ABORIGINAL SF MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 2449, Woburn, MA 01888-0849. Editor: Charles C. Ryan. Quarterly. Current needs: Short sf stories, 2,500-4,500 words. Wants strong science content, lively, unique characters, and well designed plots. Poetry, 1-2 pages; 1-panel original cartoons on science or sf; jokes, 25-100 words (must be original). Would like to see more hard sf. Send SASE for writer's or artist's guidelines. Payment rates: stories, \$200; poetry \$20, cartoons \$20; jokes \$5; all on publication. Reporting time: 8-12 weeks.

ABSOLUTE MAGNITUDE (formerly Harsh Mistress), SF Adventure, P.O. Box 13, Greenfield, MA 01302. Editor: Warren Lapine. Looking for action/adventure based sf, no humor, h, f, or cyberpunk. He wants to see "tightly plotted stories with memorable characters." Encourages disposable submissions with a stamped #10 envelope for a reply. Length: up to 25,000 words. "Longer stories will probably have a better chance. Thus far we haven't purchased anything under 5,000 words." The editor recently said he does not want sf with religious overtones, or about time travel, humor, law enforcement agencies, hard-boiled detectives, or in present tense. Looking for more space opera. Payment: 3-5 cents/word plus 1 contributor's

copy for FNASR upon publication. Reprints: 1 cent/word. Sample: \$5. 1 year: \$14. Reporting time: 3-4 weeks.

ADVENTURES OF SWORD & SORCERY, P.O. Box 285, Xenia, OH 45385. Submissions Editor: Randy Dannenfelser. Quarterly buying sword & sorcery, high fantasy, and heroic fantasy. "We want fiction with an emphasis on action and adventure, but still cognizant of the struggles within as they play against the struggles without. As examples, think of the fiction of J.R.R. Tolkien, Fritz Leiber, and Katherine Kurtz." Length: 1,000-7,500 words. Payment: 3-6 cents/word upon acceptance. Prefers to have a cover letter. Sample: \$4.50. 1 yr. \$14.50.

AFTER SHOCKS, 8466 Mesa Terrace Rd., Santee, CA 92071. Editor: Jeremy Lassen. Anthology buying df/h focused on the darker side of Southern California, also magical realism. No length mentioned. Payment: 1-4 cents/word on acceptance. E-mail submissions accepted at jlassen@ax.com.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. Editor: Cathleen Jordan. Well-plotted, plausible mystery, suspense, detection, and crime stories. Length: up to 14,000 words. "Ghost stories, humor, futuristic, or atmospheric tales are all possible, as long as they contain a crime or the suggestion of one." Payment: 7 cents/word, on acceptance. Guidelines with SASE. Sample: \$3.

ANALOG, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, 10th Floor, New York, New York 10020. Editor: Stanley Schmidt. Currently reading all lengths. Payment: 6-8 cents/word up to 7,500 words; \$430-520 for 7,500-12,500 words; 5-6 cents per word for longer material. Wants sf with strong characters in believable future or alien setting. Reporting time: 1 month, often less.

ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, 10th Floor, New York, NY 10020. Editor: Gardner Dozois. Buying sf and fantasy up to 20,000 words (very few longer). Dozois recently said on Genie that he wants "tight" stories in which every scene, ideally every word, serves to either drive the plot or establish character or setting in some essential way, or perhaps both. He wants to see more hard science and also more good offworld, alien planet, spaceship, or good literate space opera fiction—"something with some color and sweep and action and exoticism." Payment: 6-8 cents/word to 7,500 words; \$450-600 to 12,500 words, 5 cents/word for longer stories. Reporting time: 4-6 weeks up to six months. Said to be overstocked at the moment and buying very selectively.

BENDING THE LANDSCAPE, White Wolf Publishing, 780 Park North Boulevard, Suite 100, Clarkson, GA 30021. Editors: Nicola Griffith and Stephen Pagel. An all-original short fiction anthology series "from writers of every background and perspective." "There are only two rules. Contributions must (a) center around lesbian and/or gay characters and themes and (b) be set in a time/place/milieu that is outside our conventional reality." Payment: 8 cents/word upon acceptance against a pro-rata share of royalties. Length: prefer 2,000-8,000 words. The fantasy and sf volumes are full. The horror volume is still open.

BLACK OCTOBER MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 871, Babylon, NY 11702-0871. Editor: John DiDomenico. New quarterly of "gothic and psychological horror." Length: up to 5,000 words. Payment: 3 cents/word, \$150 maximum. Subscription: \$16/yr.

CEMETERY DANCE, P.O. Box 190238, Burton, MI 48519. Editor: Richard T. Chizmar. Quarterly. Looking for powerful and emotional horror that chills and disturbs the reader, mystery/crime/suspense tales with horror element (psychological or supernatural, subtle or graphic). Length: 5,000 words. Query for longer. Payment: 3-5 cents/word upon publication (max \$150). Sample: \$4. \$15/yr.

CRANK!, Broken Mirrors Press, P.O. Box 1110, New York, NY 10159-1110. Editor: Bryan Cholfin. Quarterly looking for "top-quality science fiction, fantasy, surrealism, magical realism, and any other type of imaginative fiction . . . individual literary style; unique, vivid imagination, ideas of scale and depth and originality that push the boundaries of the genre." Payment: 10 cents/word. Length: 3,000-8,000 words. "If the manuscript can be supplied on a PC or a Mac disk, please note it on the manuscript copy." Sample: \$4.00. 4/\$12.00, 8/\$20.00. Return time: about a week.

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, P.O. Box 249, New York City, NY 10159-1806. Editor: Gordon Van Gelder. Current needs: all lengths and types of fantasy/sf—especially sf under 10,000 words. Overstocked and buying very selectively at the moment. Payment: 5-7 cents/word. Reporting time: 6-12 weeks.

MAGIC REALISM, Box 922648, Sylmar, CA 91392-2648. Editor: C. Darren Butler. "We need works where the human imagination defines reality. Fantasy should permeate the reality, give it luster . . . we prefer work where the fabric of reality is affected, rather than simple fantastic elements displayed in contrast to conventional reality. No wizards, witches, occult, sword-and-sorcery, tarot cards, dragons, elves, or little people, or sleight-of-hand magicians. We

rarely accept stories where anything is labeled directly as being 'magic.' Length: up to 8,000 words. Query for anything longer. Payment: 25 cents/word on acceptance for one-time rights. Reprints from a noncompeting market okay. Return time: 3 months. Sends 3 copies.

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY'S FANTASY MAGAZINE, Box 249, Berkeley, CA 94701. Editor: Marion Zimmer Bradley. Current needs: well-plotted, action or adventure fantasy, 1,500-7,000 words, strongly prefers 3,000-4,000. **Only buys work longer than 4,000 words from established writers to be used for the cover story. No dot matrix. Does not want more female bandits/thieves. Send SASE for guidelines before sending ms. Payment: 3-10 cents/word.

OMNI, 277 Park Avenue, 4th floor, New York, NY 10172-0003. Fiction Editor: Ellen Datlow. Now only publishing in an electronic edition. Current needs: short stories 2,000-7,500 words. Open to a variety of sf and science fantasy subject matter, from high tech and hard science to sharp-edged fantasies. No s&s or poetry. Would like to see more sf, especially offworld stories, stories about space, and stories with aliens. Payment: \$1,300 to \$2,250. Pays on acceptance. Reporting time: about 3 weeks. OMNI has cancelled its print edition, although the online edition will continue to be published. Reportedly they have worked out a way to charge online readers.

PIRATE WRITINGS, P.O. Box 329, Brightwater, NY 11718-0329. Editor: Ed McFadden. Quarterly with a full color cover that publishes f/mystery/sf. Length: up to 8,000 words, 3,000—5,000 words preferred. Payment: 1-5 cents/word for fiction, copies for poems. The editor says he hates both cats and stories with cats in them, vampires, and stories with southwestern slang. Looking for mysteries. Circulation: 3,000-4,000. Sample: \$4.99. \$15/yr. Full guidelines available for SASE.

THE PLASTIC SMILE, P.O. Box 4737, Davenport, IA 52808. Editor: Mark McLaughlin. Buying sf/fi/df/h fiction about surrealistic bendable dolls, like plastic-jointed dolls, rag dolls, puppets, ect., but no robots, porn, gore, sex-dolls, statues, figurines, brand-name dolls (like Barbie or Cabbage Patch dolls). Length: 2,000-3,500 words. Payment: 3 cents/word. Query about reprints.

ROMANTIC INTERLUDES, P.O. Box 760, Germantown, MD 20875. No editor listed. New magazine of romantic short fiction buying all genres including "historical, regency, gothic, contemporary, romantic suspense, paranormal, futuristic, glitz, time-travel, mainstream." Length: 1,500-15,000 words.

Pays: \$25-\$1,000. No multiple submissions.

SCIENCE FICTION AGE, 441 Carlisle Dr., Herndon, VA 22170. Editor: Scott Edelman. Length: up to 22,000 words. SF only. No fantasy. Payment: 10 cents/word, but "I am looking for the best." Full color cover and thick glossy paper. Available on newsstands. Return time: 1-2 weeks.

TOMORROW Speculative Fiction, Box 6038, Evanston, IL 60204. Editor: Algis Budrys. Looking for sf/f/dark f/h of any length. Payment: 3-7 cents/word upon publication. Reporting time: about 2 weeks. Their inventory is once again very full. Chances of selling here are not good at the moment. TOMORROW is becoming an electronic magazine after the next issue.

WHISPERING WILLOWS MYSTERY MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 890294, Oklahoma City, OK 73189. Editor: Peggy D. Farris. New mystery magazine. Primarily mysteries and suspense along with some unexplained/supernatural fiction. Length: 2,500 words. Payment: 4 cents/word. For more information, send for guidelines.

WORLDS OF FANTASY AND HORROR (formerly WEIRD TALES), 123 Crooked Lane, King of Prussia, PA 19406-2570. Editor: Darrell Schweitzer. Quarterly. Needs f/h/ psychic/supernatural/occult. 20,000 words maximum. Pays 3-7 cents/word on acceptance for First NA Serial Rights. Provides 3 contributor's copies. Sample \$5. Fiction guidelines for #10 SASE. Reporting time: 1 month.



"Other cities get giant gorillas or dinosaurs....
But what do we get?"

*** MANY THANKS TO ***

KDW

Uncle Guido

Eddy

Diana Carolyn Ice

Ben Bovine

Really Really Confused

R.R. Bodine

Chris Merle

Capt. W. Riker

Katherine Black

*** 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:

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Tulsa, OK

(Checks should be made out to K.D. Wentworth)

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*** 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:smccaffe@vyvx.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 July issue: June 28

We look forward to seeing you all (if we decide to return from Cozumel)!