



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

**Special "Fools! I'll Destroy Them All!" Issue • Nov. 1994**

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

The November meeting will take place at the Wentworth residence, 10804 E. 27th (turn on Garnett, either south from 21st or north from 31st, then turn back west on 27th) on Friday, November 11th, 7:00 P.M. The phone number is 665-6259.

**\*\*\* UNLOCAL NEWS \*\*\***

Karl Edward Wagner, veteran writer and long-time editor of Daw's YEAR'S BEST HORROR series, died on October 14th. He was 44.

Soonercon will take place in Oklahoma City at the Century Center Hotel on November 18th through 20th. The Guest of Honor will be Charles de Lint. The Artist Guest of Honor will be Mark Ferrari. The Toastmaster is Allen Steele. Registration for the entire weekend will be \$25.

Pierce Brosnan has signed to play the new James Bond. The next film, THE GOLDEN EYE, will be released in the summer of 1995.

Ray Bradbury is writing a new script for FAHR-ENHEIT 451.

A big screen version of THE AVENGERS is supposed to film in February with superstars in the leading roles.

**\*\*\* LOCAL NEWS \*\*\***

Brad sold articles to BABY BOOMERS COLLECTIBLES AND BIG REEL. He also had an article published in BABY BOOMERS COLLECTIBLES last month.

Greg had a good rejection from SILVER WEB.

Elsbeth had a good (but, alas, unreadable)

rejection from ASIMOV'S.

Simon had a good rejection from BRUTARIAN QUARTERLY and a heart-breaking almost-sale at IT CAME FROM THE DRIVE-IN.

Barbara had good rejections from PULPHOUSE, SILVER WEB, ABSOLUTE MAGNITUDE, and SIRIUS VISIONS.

KDW's novel MOONSPEAKER was published by Del Rey. She will be signing at the B.Dalton's at Woodland Hills Mall in Tulsa from 2-4 P.M. on Saturday, November 26th. She had good rejections from ANALOG, SF AGE, and NOVA SF in Italy.

The group was saddened by Victor's sudden departure to Ohio. Sammie will especially miss his pal and sparring partner. Besides serving honorably as OSFW treasurer, Victor is a talented artist and writer. We can only hope that in time he is able to relocate in the Tulsa area again.

**\*\*\* ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS TO THE TROOPS \*\*\***

By KDW

*The Charge of the OSFW Writing Brigade*

Half a page, half a page,  
Half a page onward.  
Into the dark valley of Rejection  
Wrote the six hundred (or so).

"Forward all authors!"  
"We'll submit to the top!"  
Into the dark valley of Rejection  
Wrote the six hundred (or so).

"Forward the Writing Brigade!"

Was there a writer dismay'd?  
Not one OSFWan knew  
That editors could blunder:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to write and sigh:  
Into the dark valley of Rejection,  
Wrote the six hundred (or so).

Rejection to the right of them  
Rejection to the left of them,  
Rejection in front of them,  
Though reviled and scorned,  
Bid "Go to Hell!"  
Boldly they wrote and well,  
And sent their work into the grinning jaws of  
rebuff,  
Into the sneering mouth of "Thanks but no  
thanks"  
Wrote the six hundred (or so)

Typed their best adjectives with flair,  
Typed verbs and nouns unsurpassing fair,  
Wooded each fickle editor with care,  
Charged their indifference, while  
All the world watch'd:  
Though mired in rejection slips,  
Past the first readers they broke.  
*Omni* and *Asimov's*  
Reel'd from their printers' stroke  
Then, shatter'd and denied,  
Some would write again, but not all,  
All of the six hundred (or so).

"Do send your next" to the right of them,

"Not right for us" to the left of them,  
"You've got to be kidding!" close behind them.  
Refused and rebuked  
Rejected everywhere,  
Ideals and hopes fell.  
They that had writ so well,  
Pass'd through the grind of "Too dull, pointless,  
and stupid,"  
All that were left of them—  
Left of the six hundred (or so).

When will their glory fade?  
Oh, the wild stories they sent!  
All the world marvel'd.  
Honor the submissions they sent!  
Honor the Writing Brigade—

— with profound apologies to Alfred Lord  
Tennyson

\*\*\* YIKES, HALF A DECADE' \*\*\*

(A brief, but startling, message from your  
president.)

Before I sat down to write this short congratulatory message, I had to do some digging. In the back of a certain file cabinet, past three sections of hanging folders containing short stories (those still searching for a home, "trunk" stories forever relegated to Limbo, and those stories I've managed to sell), there is a bulging folder stuffed with every issue of *Son of GPIC* I've received since joining the group. Those early issues (from April 1990 on), created with wit, sweat and blood by Warren and Lana, constitute roughly half of the newsletter's inaugural year (in its present incarnation).

I was thumbing through back issues for the November 1993 and November 1992 issues, because I couldn't remember what anniversary this issue represents. I was a bit startled to find that *GPIC* is shambling into its fifth year.

In terms of wedding anniversaries, that's, what, papier maché? Bismuth? I can't remember.

I still get a kick out of reading those vintage *GPICs*, and I'm glad that our wonderfully obscure little newsletter is still around.

— Simon

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

by KDW

*October 1994*

*featuring...*

*The Other Sherlock Holmes and  
The Black Hound of Pell*

*The pumpkins had been hung by the chimney  
with care,*

*In hopes that OSFW would soon be there.*

Hey, there were pumpkin lights hung on the

mantel and candy corn on the goodies table and all the fun with Earl the cat that a body could hope for. Seventeen bright and shining faces gathered at the Brown residence to feast on seasonally colored Oreos™ and squeal at the sight of a large plastic rat nestled inside the ice bucket. There were enough of black spider rings for everyone, and we, as usual, had brought more stories than we could read. Nevertheless, we feasted and made merry and enjoyed ourselves a whole lot, although I never did find out who drove the rat home.

Barbara read the third chapter of *All the Warriors in Pell* in which Finn and Dugan encounter the spectral black dog again as they try to leave the country. I liked the way it had grown larger since its first ghostly attack and the building tension as Ger Finn knows it will continue to track him. Finn grows as a character when he makes the bemused discovery that he does feel some sense of friendship for the inexperienced Dugan. In an interesting parallel story line, the two police detectives assigned to the case discover a physical attraction to each other.

Brad read "The Adventure of the Other Detective," a Holmes pastiche in which Dr. Watson crosses into an alternate reality where Moriarity is a famous detective and Holmes, a wanted criminal. I liked the set-up and the intriguing character of the alternate Moriarity.

Leslie read "Joan Brenowski, Unexpected Hero," the story of a female firefighter accidentally summoned by magic intended to find a male hero to slay a dragon. This story was uproariously funny and I especially liked the feistiness of Joan's character as she finds sexual discrimination ("You're a woman!" "You got a problem with that?") an even greater problem in magical lands than home.

Cindy debuted with "Bob X, Undercover Private Eye," the tale of an intelligent dog created by a research experiment who works as a detective. Because of human prejudice, he disguises himself as an ordinary mutt and uses a human stooge to front as a detective, creating many humorous situations. I liked the way Bob the dog used his special canine talents to crack the case with his keen sense of smell and the fact that people would speak freely in front of him.

Eddy read the first chapter of his latest epic, *PORKER OVER THE RAINBOW, OR HOW GREEN WERE MY PIGS*, the story of Bobb, a

world weary flying pig who forsakes his beloved bimbo in order to flit over the rainbow and seek personal fulfillment in a kinder, gentler land. Sick at heart from the loss of his brother, Donn, to a demented religious cult (as portrayed in Eddie's second blockbuster epic, *SILENCE OF THE HAMS*), Bobb paints himself green and takes off for Oz, a place where, he is sure, no one ever even mentions the words bacon or ham.

Xenia Kenn frets for a few seconds when he leaves, but then waxes her legs in the sure certainty that her trusty companion Bobb can never stay away from her for long.

The chapter ends on a savagely tense note when Bobb arrives in Munchkin Land just in time for the annual Munchkin Barbecue/Hog Jowls Eating Contest.

### \*\*\* EDDY'S GUIDE TO STYLISTIC SUCCESS \*\*\*

A friend of mine recently had his story subjected to the tender mercies of a computer-based style checking program. For those of you unfamiliar with these things, they count your words and sentences, throw into the pot the number of "action" words, and pronounce at some point whether or not your writing style is "readable."

Those familiar with the work of Susan Sontag, Noam Chomsky, and Dave Barry will know that style is a complex and gnarly subject, as complicated in some ways as the human brain that invents language, as simple in some ways as a script for "Melrose Place," or "Sequest."

Fascinated by the prospect that my friend's sentences had "too many words" in them, I decided to check out the style state of a random few other writers—some even better known than myself.

In a nutshell, here's how they scored.

**Edgar Rice Burroughs:** Unreadable, give it a rest ERB; you'll never publish that stuff in a million years. But Thuvia is still a babe.

**Lucius Shepard:** Readability, good. Action, average. Words per sentence: 17—Lucius, call it a career.

**Joseph Heller:** Readability, fair. Action, nonexistent. Words per sentence: C'mon Joe, Lucius was bad with 17, but 22? Don't quit your

day job.

**Richard Corliss:** Dick, I know you like to write those movie reviews. But your style is just fair. You've got something on the editors at Time, right?

**Leon Trotsky:** Leon, no wonder someone put an icepick through your eardrum and the brain that lay in its vicinity. They must have read your stuff.

But what's the answer? When the machines find fault with us, should we just give up? Should we all get out our ice picks and point them drumward to save the world from terminal dozing when reading our stuff? Hell no. We need to work to improve ourselves.

To that end, I, Eddy, have written an SF short short that doesn't pretend to have perfect style. No, by God—based on the measurements of two different computer based stylistic tools, it HAS perfect style (well, virtually). For your edification I present: "Memories of Bobb." Read it and weep—and remember, don't try equalling this at home, because you're just not Eddy.

### **Memories of Bobb**

**By  
Eddy**

Hello, Bobb. I'm glad to see you. We ran fast, didn't we, Bobb? We ran. We jumped. We careened. We hopped. We exercised. We were running. We were jumping. We were careening. We were hopping. We were exercising. Then we ate lunch with Jane and Stan. Lunch was so good. It was as good as dinner at dad and mother's. We saw a spaceship, Bobb, remember? The aliens shone a beam at us and read our minds. They made us forget. They made us stupid, too. But they made our writing style the best of all. We write so well now. We write better than all our friends. I'm happy we write better, Bobb. I'm glad we write better. Writing better is the best. Writing better is like running fast. We came. We saw. We conquered writing. I cannot bear the blow of losing these memories. It does break my heart to bring them close. I will carry them and cast them before others, Bobb. Do you draw the same line and drop it not? If we fall from memory, what can we give? Let us keep our memories, Bobb. Don't let them slip away or shake from the tree. Oh no. I am forgetting now, Bobb. The alien beam is taking effect again. What was I saying? What was your name? This

writing is good, but I do not know who is writing it. Is it you, Bobb? I don't know who you are.

the end

### **\*\*\* PRESUMED IGNORANT \*\*\***

**Quotable Quotes from the Future Lawyers of America—Or, I'll relive the nightmare to keep B.F.'s pix out of the GPIC.**

This non-fiction horror piece is brought to you by Dot Matrix, a paraprofessional who works at Anytown's local university law library.

In the course of educating lawyers-to-be, Dot: endures a neurotic law school alum in the Reserve stacks who alternately screams at her and/or blubbers hysterically; refuses to give a refund copy card in exchange for a warped, filthy one she cannot in good conscience recycle for re-sale (oh, that's why it's defective); pointedly ignores the male student—a hulking behemoth who wears only dark green shirts and has an extremely wide butt—who bellows his OUTrage that the law library expects him to pay one cent more per page to make copies; hides the bottle of beer plunked down next to the computer catalog by a law faculty member—a man who may, indeed, have risen from the dead with his proclivity for verbal abuse, his way of demonstrating his contempt for the rest of humanity, excluding himself (naturally)—who is setting a lousy example for the already-befuddled students by being drunk and disorderly in public while bringing his suds into the library where food and drink are NOT allowed; and (Dot) generally feeling like biting the dust—or maybe just a random law student.

And now from our finest student legal minds:

**Male Law Student #1—The Republican Quote—**"Jim Inhofe has done a lot of good work."

**Female Law Student #1—The I'm-Basically-a-Dodo Quote—**"I don't like curly hair on men. My dad has wavy hair."

**Male Law Student #2—The I'm-Actually-a-Dodo Quote—**"If I let my hair grow for a month it bushes out."

**Male Law Student #3—The I-Found-Out-&-Feel-Triumphant Quote—**"A group of kangaroos is called a mob."



Female Law Student #2—The Fact-of-Life Quote—"That's a nice pen. I like pens."

Male Law Student #4—The Democrat Quote—"That guy running for (unspecified political office) is a rightwing, Nazi, Fascist, sonuvabitchin' m—  
—r f——r!!"

Female Law Student #3—The Those-Pesky-Details Quote: "I have to use your phone because of course I don't know the zip code where I work."

Male Law Student(s) #6-#20—The Modern-Technology-Confuses-Me Quote: "The coin return button on your copy machine won't give my money back."

Male Law Student #21—The Gee Quote—"Gee, the (really thick, sturdy) handle on your heavy-duty stapler just cracked in two pieces. Gee, I think I broke your stapler."

Male Law Student #22—The I'm-a-Supercilious-A'hole-and-So-is-My-Buddy Quote—"I don't care if you don't like me buying that library study carrel assigned to that Morals Legislation law seminar student who sold it to me. I don't care if it's university property, because I never joke [about getting something I'm not entitled to]."

Well! We all feel better about the future of American law now, don't we?

\*\*\* MARKET UPDATE \*\*\*

(Many thanks, as always, to Kathy for compiling this info.)

CHANGES

CROSSWORLDS recently reported that they were switching to an electronic format, then said they were not reading at all. I would not submit work here until things get sorted out.

EXPANSE is now paying upon acceptance.

SF AGE has a new address: Box 369, Damascus, MD 20872-0369. The old address still seems to work, so don't panic if you just sent a manuscript to

it.

RUMORS

A writer on GENie reports seeing the first issue of PHANTASM, the replacement magazine for INIQUITIES. Sample copies are available for \$4.

A writer on GENie reports that he received a manuscript back from SIEGE ENGINE marked "box closed."

Another writer reported receiving a manuscript back from DARK SUN RISING marked "moved, no forwarding address."

The editor of YEAR 2000 reportedly has said that she "tightened" the stories in the first issue in order to meet space limitations. If you object to having your work edited in this manner, it would probably be wise not to submit your work to this magazine.

CLARIFICATION

STARLIGHT is buying 1st English language publication rights and paying upon acceptance.

NEW LISTINGS

BEYOND, FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, 130 Union Rd., Oswaldtwistle, Lancashire BB5 3DR, United Kingdom. Editor: David Riley. A new bimonthly professional magazine which should publish its first issue next March. "Interested in all types of fantasy and sf . . . including S&S, high fantasy, hard sf, cyberpunk, ect." Length: up to 6,000 words. Payment: L30/thousand words. Send disposable manuscript with SAE and 2 IRC's for reply.

BORDERLANDS 5, Box 146, Brooklandville, MD 21022. Editors: Tom Monteleone and Elizabeth E. Monteleone. Looking for nontraditional dark f, suspense, h, and weird tales. Length: none listed. "Do not send me anything unless you've read the earlier volumes of this series. No clichés or standard genre stuff like ghosts, vampires, ect. If it's not your best, I don't want to see it." Submit with an SASE. Payment: 4-8 cents/word. Reporting time: 5 months.

FUTURE HISTORY, 12190 1/2 Ventura Blvd., Box 372, Studio City, CA 91604. Senior Editor: John F. Carr. Anthology of new and reprint stories about "future history and the rise and fall of civiliza-

tions. Asimov's Foundation stories are a good example of the kind of sf we are looking for . . . Please send photocopies and feel free to sell FNSR elsewhere on originals." Payment: 2 1/2-5 cents/word for reprints and 3-8 cents/word for originals. Reporting time: 3 months.

**THE HORNS OF ELFLAND: A Fantasy Anthology of Music and Magic**, 30 St. Mark's Place, Brooklyn, NY 11217. Editors: Ellen Kushner and Donald G. Keller. Anthology of original stories to be published by Roc in 1995. "Stories may deal with any aspect of music . . . anything that connects fantasy and music. All settings are welcome, from the mythic to the contemporary." Length: up to 10,000 words. Payment: 6 cents/word for first serial world rights. Deadline: December 1, 1994.

**TRANSVERSIONS**, 1019 Colville Rd., Victoria, BC V9A 4P5, Canada. Editors: Sally McBride and Dale L. Sproule. New quarterly buying sf/f/h. "We lean toward work which crosses boundaries and/or comes at the genre sideways . . . not seeing enough strange, quirky, dark visions." Length: to 20,000 words. Payment: 1 cent/word Canadian. Send an IRC along with a SAE. Sample: \$4 Canadian. \$15 Canadian/4 issues.



"So please welcome our keynote speaker, Professor Melvin Fenwick — the man who, back in 1952, first coined the now common phrase: 'Fools! I'll destroy them all!'"

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

Warren  
KDW  
Roger  
Victor (we miss you already)  
Eddy  
Dot Matrix

**\*\*\* 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:

Roger Allen, Treasurer  
909 S. Quebec, Tulsa, OK 74112  
(Checks should be made out to Roger Allen)

*Please note: An "X" on your mailing label indicates OSFW has no record of either 1994 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 Roger Allen, and may be sent to Roger 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 on disk or sent via e-mail. Pseudonyms are OK. We accept files on either a 3-inch Mac or DOS 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:73172.2054@compuserve.com. (or 73172,2054 if you have a CompuServe account). 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 December issue: Nov. 25

*We look forward to seeing you all!*