
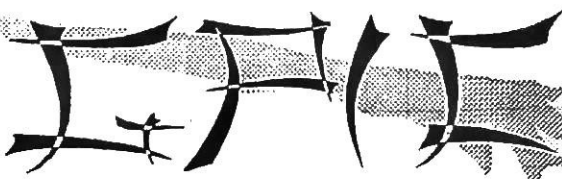



Son Of:  **Official Journal of The**  

(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 "Waiter, there's a fluke in my soup!" Issue • Oct. 1994

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

The October meeting will take place at the Brown residence, 1223 E. Evanston Ave., on Friday, October 7th, 7:00 P.M. Call Simon for directions at (W) 491-6100, ext. 112 or (H) 258-2641.

***** NEWS *****

HUGO AWARD RESULTS

NOVEL: GREEN MARS by Kim Stanley Robinson
 NOVELLA: "Georgia on My Mind" by Charles Sheffield (ANALOG)
 NOVELETTE: "Down in the Bottomlands" by Harry Turtledove (ANALOG)
 SHORT STORY: "Death on the Nile" by Connie Willis (ASIMOV'S)
 BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Bob Eggleton
 SEMI-PROZINE: SF CHRONICLE
 DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: "JURASSIC PARK"
 PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: Kristine Kathryn Rusch (F&SF)
 CAMPBELL AWARD: Amy Thompson

San Antonio won the bid to hold the 1997 Worldcon.

Robert Bloch died from esophageal cancer on September 23rd. The author of over 20 novels and countless short stories was 77.

Elsbeth had a good rejection from FASF.

Simon had a good rejection from BRUTARIAN QUARTERLY.

Brad had three articles reprinted in the LAWTON CONSTITUTION and received a good rejection from SPACE AND TIME.

Barbara had good rejections from F&SF, PULPHOUSE, and NON-STOP MAGAZINE.

A rewritten version of KDW's story "Brother Billy's Good News" was published in GALAXY #5 and her ABORIGINAL SF story "Due Process" was reprinted in a new Writers Digest book, SCIENCE FICTION WRITER'S MARKETPLACE AND SOURCEBOOK. She had good rejections from PULPHOUSE, WORLDS OF FANTASY & HORROR, CROSSWORLDS, and DARK VOICES 7.

Editor's Note: Del Rey is offering net surfers a chance to read sample chapters of K. D.'s new novel, MOONSPEAKER, which they describe as "a science-fiction adventure about a mentally talented young woman caught in quite a bind: she's being framed for patricide, she can't control her dangerous talents, and power-hungry meddlers in lost mental arts are on the verge of destabilizing the world. Guess who has to stop them?"

You can get the sample chapters a few different ways:

They're on the Panix gopher (gopher.panix.com) in the Del Rey Books directory; you can request them via e-mail from the Del Rey filesaver (delrey@tachyon.com; SENDME sample.moonspeaker) and they are available in CompuServe's SF Library 4 and GENIE's SFRT fiction library. (For a list of all sample chapters available via the filesaver, send a message to delrey@tachyon.com with "LIST sample" as the body of the message.)

Ben sold "All Erednic and the Seven Snow Whites" and a formerly untitled poem now called "Lorien" to *Freehand*, a college-funded, student-run literary magazine at Grinnell. He also received rejects for "Hybrid Vigor" and "Remembrances" from *Freehand*.

R. R. Bodine has invented a revolutionary new washing machine that cleans clothes using fractal chaos theory. He is also pitching an idea for a new household detergent, BRISANCE, to the folks who make Tide.

*** EDITORIAL ***

It is worth mentioning in *GPIC* (for those members who missed the September meeting) that due to the large number of folks who bring fiction to read at meetings, we have instituted a new policy to ensure everyone gets a fair chance to read.

I hesitate to even use the word "policy," because one of the strengths of OSFW is that we avoid unnecessary rules, regulations and parliamentary procedure (yes, you suspected it all along and it's true — there's hardly a soul who belongs to Tulsa Nightwriters who isn't under 21. They just *look* older...sort of like that mirror of Earth in the original *Star Trek* where a strange plague made everyone age into a cross between a George Pal Morlock and a wino...).

To make sure folks get to read according to the guidelines we've adopted, I'll be jotting down the names of everyone who brings a story following the Ritual Questions and general news. Those who raise their hands will line up in the queue; those who don't pipe up (or arrive at 9 o'clock) will just have to be patient and wait.

We'll do our best to read as many stories as possible, keeping in mind that we must still allot time for critiquing and snacking. Those who don't get a chance to read will head the list at the next meeting.

Just remember this when you get bumped and have to wait until the following meeting to read — and it will surely happen. You wouldn't have to wait if the OSFW was limping along like a bad *SNL* skit. But it's not. The group is as strong as ever, with plenty of sales reported and dedicated folks turning out some great, stylish stuff month after month. I'm proud to be a member, and you should be, too.

— Simon

*** CONTESTS ***

By KDW

PRAIRIE FIRE is sponsoring a contest offering \$1,000 in prizes for original, unpublished science fiction or fantasy stories of 5,000 words or less. First prize: \$500. Second prize: \$300. Third prize: \$200. All winners and honorable mentions will be published in the Summer 1995 issue of PRAIRIE FIRE and will receive the regular payment for publication. The judge will be Heather Spears, author of *MOONFALL*, *THE CHILDREN OF ATWAR*, and *THE TAMING*.

Entry fee: \$10. Make check or money order payable to Prairie Fire Press, Inc.

You may enter as often as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by the \$10 entry fee. Entries must not be entered simultaneously in any other contest or submitted to any other publication. Attach a cover page to your entry with your name, mailing address, and telephone number, title of your entry, and word count. Do not print, type, or write your name on the text pages of your entry. Entries will not be returned. You may send an SASE if you wished to be notified of the final results of the contest. Entrants outside of Canada must send International Reply Coupons instead of American stamps.

Address: Prairie Fire, Speculative Fiction Writing Contest, 423-100 Arthur St., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 1H3, Canada.

*** CONTINUUM ***

September 1994
featuring...
Pre-Law Students,
Barbie Shoes and The Gods
Themselves

A respectable crowd packed Suzanne's new home, which was very nice but proved hard to find for some. Most popular items: the rowing machine, electro-static gizmo like the one in the new "X-Files" intro, and Victor's cool BMW motorcycle.

As usual, we had more fiction than time, but we managed to hear a half-dozen stories and chapters.

Sharon kicked the evening off with Chapter 7 of her SF novel-in-progress, *One That Would Be Greatest*. Laura visits Seth after the attempt made on his life. They meet in the Park, and after accepting sincere thanks from Seth, Laura manages to extract some details about his home-world, which is Earthlike. We also learn more about the Servants and the conflict between Seth and his evil brother, Ahhden. We also learn that Seth is able to channel and direct energy of all kinds, and there are virtually no limits to his power. The chapter ends with the revelation that even if he succeeds, Seth expects to die in his struggle with Ahhden. Also, we learn that he cares about Laura.

Elsbeth followed with "Barbie Shoe Blues," a wonderfully insightful story of Kily-Jean, a young girl who weaves her own brand of modern magic with the help of a fully-accessorized Barbie. I loved her stand-off with the bullying but dense Jose, the tormenting "Marias," whom Kily-Jean comes to understand and pity, and Mia, the "witch under the bridge" who breathes more magic on the Barbie shoes.

Sue B. debuted with the prologue from a story (or possibly an SF-novel) in progress, "The Map Maker." Billions of year ago, the Tunnel — a mysterious, fantastical black-hole-powered gateway of some sort — is formed only to become trapped inside the newly-formed Earth. We are also introduced to a map-maker, Cromen (sp?). Stellar explorers of some sort, map-makers have been bred or modified to possess control over all body functions and are "iron-tough and strong." We learn that Cromen has visited Earth, where he saved a female human infant from the attack of some alien beast. There were many good details and hints of mystery, and I was left wishing there was more...

Steve Wynn also debuted with the funny "AndanOther." Steve's "brilliant pre-law student" narrator (who's just a teensy bit conceited) uses his persuasive talents to bed both the lovely Julie (human) and hairy Lila (Andan), and for a time is enjoying the best both species have to offer sexually. He's not interested in much else. But girl and alien eventually get together and Julie enacts her revenge...in a rather nasty way. Steve managed to weave a very funny tale and keep it tasteful. I enjoyed it.

Paul read his fantasy story, "Garden." This lyrical tale takes us on a midnight hunt in a place "beyond human perception" where a strange challenger takes on the Gods of the Hunt. The deal is this: The Gods may hunt him, but if he's still alive at dawn, they have to make *him* a god. After the nameless warrior saves the life of a dying goddess we learn he is no mere mortal, but he ultimately rejects the godhood offered him.

Greg brought us "The Escort" (read by Victor), the contemporary tale of a boy, Kevin, who belongs to a family of telepaths. Kevin's grandfather is dying, and Kevin must visit him to carry out an unusual family tradition — escorting the dying family member's mind/soul as it departs the body. Kevin is uncomfortable with death, but he comes through and even manages to save a comatose child using his talent.

"The essential difference between Chevrolets and Fords is that men we have made wealthy by our credulity have convinced us there are essential differences." — Hagar Bixly

"There are essential differences between Chevrolets and horses." — Hagar Bixly

*** NOSTRADAMUS MOVE OVER,
YOU PUTZ ***

From the New York Times, 9-27-94, summarized by Nancy Bodine.

A newly published Jules Verne novel, lost for over a century, foresaw the year 1960 as a world where "people traveled by subway and in gas-driven cars, where they communicated by fax and telephone, where they used calculators and computers, where 'electric concerts' provided entertainment."

Rejected by the publisher of his first book, *Paris in the Twentieth Century* was thought to be unbelievable; fortunately, Verne was not discouraged from continuing to write, and went on to produce the works that would make him famous.

The manuscript was found by Verne's great-grandson in a family safe, and has been authenticated by Verne scholars, who cite comparison of

handwriting samples of both Verne and his editor Pierre-Jules Hetzel, a letter referring to the manuscript in a collection of Hetzel's papers (which included notes that match those he apparently made on the manuscript itself), and analysis of the paper and ink used.

The book also predicted "a world in which everyone could read but no one read books, where Latin and greek were no longer taught in schools, where the French language had been bastardized by ... English ... [and] a society dominated by money where destitute homeless people roamed the streets."

The novel is currently available only from the French publisher and English rights have not been sold.

*** THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE...AT
1/100TH SCALE ***

Agent Scuttle: What in the world is that smell? And why are you hunched over your desk like that?

Agent Moldy: I'm assembling my Testor's scale model of an actual extraterrestrial spacecraft being studied by U.S. government engineers at a top secret Nevada base in Area S4.

Agent Scuttle: Keep breathing the fumes from that tube of plastic cement and maybe it'll fly.

Agent Moldy: And to think I volunteered to go in after Tooms. Actually, the model was designed with the help of a former engineer employed by the government. He's seen the actual craft the model is based on.

Agent Scuttle: He *claims* he's seen it. How much did Testor pay him?

Agent Moldy: Probably the same amount they paid whoever leaked the design of the Stealth Bomber. Remember that model? It was very accurate, and when they introduced it the Pentagon wasn't very happy.

Agent Scuttle: I still think it's all a slick marketing ploy or a mass delusion spread by parasitic super-flukes.

Agent Moldy: I hope you're not planning to breast-feed. Pass that paint set, please.

Noted Model Maker Fashions Flying Saucer

ROCKFORD, Ill. (Reuter) — A model airplane maker that gained notoriety for its accurate

mockups of secret government planes says it has done it again — this time fashioning an alien flying saucer under study by the military.

The "Area S4 UFO" model flying saucer, available in hobby stores soon for \$25, is named for the highly secret U.S. military base in the mountains of Nevada where a dozen interstellar spacecraft may be under study, said the Testor Corp., of Rockford, Ill.

According to the company, a former government engineer, Robert Lazar, worked at the base where alien spacecraft were taken after supposed crashes during the 1940s and 1950s. UFO enthusiasts believe small aliens were also removed — possibly alive — from crash sites in the desert Southwest.

Lazar helped in the design of the model craft, a flying saucer that looks as if it is made from gray, unburnished steel. The three interior levels of the saucer contain a "gravity amplification system," a reactor level with seats for passengers, and a navigation center.

Lazar, whose theories are available on a separate videotape, explained that the alien craft traveled huge interstellar distances by bending space and

*Contribute reviews,
news, etc., to GPIC,
or that sick puppy
Simon will keep
inserting photos of
me!*



time. The aliens achieved this by amplifying subatomic forces found inside a material heavier than any found on Earth, Lazar said.

The Testor Corp. previously stunned the Pentagon with its conceptual model of the then-top-secret Stealth fighter. Last year, the model maker attracted attention by designing what it believes is the military's latest secret craft, dubbed "Aurora."

***** BEARS DISCOVER FIREARMS *****

***** DEAR EDDY *****

August 15, 1994
Woodchopper, Alaska

Eddy Partner,

Hey, I finally found another one of them GPIC whatsawhozits in the Zebco packing today and I sure am happy. I thought you guys had gone out of business, ex-specially since you sent me a Don't Bother to Renew notice. Must have been some kinda computer error, huh?

Anyway, I really got to tell someone about this weird thing that happened and since you're the only person that knows more than I do, then I suppose you're it. I was driving with my brother, the preacher, and my nephew on Highway 6 to Fairbanks so we could visit Mom in the nursing home, when all of a sudden I hear this *KABAAM* and I go, "Oh shit, we got a flat." Well we're out changing the flat when we notice that the tire looks like its been shot out. Just about that time, we hear this low, angry growl from behind us, and Eddy, there's these two kodiak bears, big 500 lb. suckers, standing on two legs looking over our shoulders. Now that there would be pretty unusual in and of itself, but Eddy, these bears had AK-47s with 30-round banana clips in their paws!

I know what you're thinking, but I swear I hadn't had a drink all day. So, anyway, we kinda backed off, real nice and easy like, and the bears they kinda snarled and slung the AKs over their shoulders and then they got down on all fours and looked long and hard at our tire. They started sniffing around and trying to bite into the tread. Then they looked at each other and grinned. That's right Eddy, I didn't know bears could grin either, but they sure did. And then they just moved off about 50 yards, the AKs wiggling on their backs as they trotted off. Then they stopped,

sat down on their butts, and watched. So the three of us finished changing the tire, and all of us hopped into the jeep at once and drove off like a bat outta hell. My nephew was the first to speak. "Uncle Bob," he said. "Looks like the bears have discovered firearms."

Now it seems to me, Eddy, that this was a mighty peculiar happening. Something that a clever writer like yourself could turn into a story and sell to a magazine. Or, well hell, maybe even a TV Movie! If you could get Mom into the story somehow, she would get a big hoot out of it.

So here's the deal, Eddy partner. You write this story and we'll split the paydirt right down the middle. Let me know what you think.

Yours for grubstaking,
Bob with a single small 'b'.

P.S. Say Hi to Alma and Lizzie for me. Find enclosed a picture of my dog team now that they're all grown. Peaches is in the lead, Alma second hitch on the left, Lizzie's on the right, and then Xenia's on left sled, and Eddy's on right sled.

Dear bob:

I'm sorry to disappoint you, bob. But what you thought were bears were only conservative Republicans. Sometimes the difference can be hard to define in dim light. They were probably just wearing the raccoon coats they had on at the latest rally to sink health care for all Americans.

Remember their battle cry: "If you can wear the skin of an animal, carry a gun, and prey on something (or was that pray?), who cares if anyone can't afford to see a doctor."

But about that story idea, I think you might have something there—nah, it'd never sell.

Yours for those that suffer deserve it, Eddy

Dear Eddy,

I recently bought a ticket from an airline which shall remain nameless (but whose initials are N.W.). When I noticed (too late) that the wrong date had been issued on the ticket for my return flight, I called the company to ask what I should do and was told to show up for the flight I had intended to take, pay a change fee, and fly stand-by. But when I followed this advice the following day, the female ticket agent scowled and said that I couldn't fly stand-by on that ticket!

I protested that the main office had told me to do just that, but was told to stand aside while she waited on the non-naughty customers who didn't have errors on their tickets. The minutes trickled away and my flight came closer and closer to leaving without me, until finally, ten minutes before it was due to take off, this same woman comes back, processes my ticket like she had meant to do so all along and then tells me to have a nice day.

After she leaves, the other ticket agent leans over and says, "I knew she'd lighten up. She's always like this in the morning before she has her coffee."

Eddy, I felt so stupid, just so incredibly dumb! Here, all these years, I never knew it was okay NOT TO DO YOUR JOB when you felt crabby or hadn't had enough caffeine. I always thought I had to fulfill my responsibilities, no matter what. I often feel crabby, and, let's face it, there isn't enough caffeine in the whole world to make me feel uncrabby before ten o'clock in the morning. So, what I want to know is—how long has the fact that it's okay to behave like this been common knowledge and why didn't anyone ever bother to tell ME?

Signed,
Really, Really Crabby Now

Dear RRCN,

You can't fool me. "N.W." stands for Never Witty airlines, and as your story demonstrates, they really aren't.

Well, to answer your question, the law allowing poor or nonexistent work when feeling petulant was passed during the Eisenhower administration. This "Right to Balk" bill, as it was called by Eisenhower's enemies, was instigated by a little-known incident involving Mamie and Richard "Dick No More" Nixon; it seems Mamie had asked the vice-president to wash Ike's car, a chore he had completed uncomplainingly many times before. This time though, he refused, citing as an excuse his need to attend a funeral of a foreign dignitary. Mamie was quite disturbed by this incident (in fact, she had to be drugged and restrained from planting a foot on Nixon's behind—hence, his later obsession with being "kicked around"), and complained to Ike. Normally, the old man would take Mamie's side over Nixon's any day of the week, but Ike himself had not had

his coffee that day, and he refused to do as Mamie asked and drop Nixon from the ticket.

To make along story short, Ike, administrative genius that he was, saw the need to ensure the right of every American to refuse to do work that displeased. It being an era of prosperity, no one noticed the difference, and only very recently have pundits questioned the wisdom of the move.

The lesson in this for you, RRCN, is to embrace your own crabbiness and, making up for lost time, "balk" doubletime.

I know I do.

Yours for eating bonbons, Eddy

"The richest, strongest, smartest man can be pulled down by the strength of combined ignorance in a minute." - Hagar Bixby

***** DEEP SPACE ALIEN GYROSCOPE *****

This was pulled off the Internet and represents inside information on the next few episodes of "Deep Space Nine."

A Stitch in Time. Bajor is thrown into turmoil when Newt Gingrich is transported into the future through a time anomaly and causes political gridlock. Sisko and Kira search for a solution by consulting 20th Century politicians in the holosuite. Nice cameo appearance by Al Gore who makes even Sisko appear animated.

"Q" VC. Q is back and wreaks havoc on the space station when he introduces an addictive subspace shopping channel. Quark and Odo appear to be the only characters unaffected and team up to bring real entertainment to the station. Great special effects with Odo shape shifting into Ed Sullivan and Elvis.

The Whole World's a Stage. Sisko is attacked by a parasitical energy creature that gains sustenance from feeding off bad acting. Dax and Dr. Bashir work to save Sisko by putting him through method acting courses. All benefit.

Gangbangers. Sisko learns the trials and tribulations of being a single parent when Jake and Nog join a gang and are arrested for removing warning buoys. Is the Dominion behind the upswing in gang violence or has Sisko been

negligent? Miles O'Brien applies tough love with a phaser on stun.

*** MARKET UPDATE ***

By KDW

REMINDER: If one of our market listings does not contain the usual information, such as word length restrictions or payment scale, it is because the source did not have that information either. Submitting blind to such markets is always a risk, and you might want to send for guidelines before submitting your work.

CHANGES

Pulphouse is going to debut two new quarterly magazines in the coming year, ABRUPT EDGE: A Magazine of Horror and Dark Fantasy (October, 1995), and MEAN STREETS: A Magazine of Mystery and Suspense (September, 1995). Dean Wesley Smith will edit all three magazines, so continue to send all submissions to PULPHOUSE where they will be considered for all three magazines. Stories accepted will be paid for upon acceptance. If a story is rejected for PULPHOUSE, "consider it rejected for all three magazines."

Due to an insufficient number of suitable stories, the Pulphouse SPLATTERFAIRIES anthology has been cancelled. A Splatterfairies section is planned however for the new Pulphouse magazine ABRUPT EDGE, so stories with this theme can still be submitted to PULPHOUSE.

DEATHREALM is closed for the next 6 months because publisher Stanislaus Tal is incorporating various business ventures. Issue #23 will appear in March 1995. DEATHREALM will be closed annually from March 1st through June 1st. (DEATHREALM is now a full-size B/W magazine; saw one on the newsstand at Steve's — Simon.)

Janna Silverstein has left Bantam to head a new book line for Wizards of the Coast (the company responsible for the new, wildly successful Magic: The Gathering fantasy card game).

YEAR 2000 has a new address: P.O. Box 84184, Vancouver, WA 98684.

NEW LISTINGS

ADVENTURES OF SWORD & SORCERY, P.O. Box 285, Xenia, OH 45385. Submissions Editor: Randy Dannenfelser. New quarterly magazine due to premier in the summer of 1995. 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. \$4.50 will reserve a copy of the premier issue. 1 yr. \$14.50.

A DIFFERENT BEAT, Tales of Ordinary Cops Facing the Unordinary, 7 St. Luke's Rd., Allston, MA 02134. Editor: Sandy Hutchinson. Triannual buying sf/f/h about cops. "What I'll buy are pieces that blend a good mystery with intriguing science fiction, fantasy, or horror. Tell me a story—about cops on Mars, cops in Hell, cops in Faerie. Or bring the exotic to them: cops dealing with werewolves, ghosts, ect." Length: up to 5,000 words. Payment: 1 cent/word for First NA serial rights and antho rights. Originals. Return: approximately 1 month.

PIRATE WRITINGS, 53 Whitman Avenue, Islip, NY 11751. Editor: Ed McFadden. Perfect-bound digest with a full color cover that publishes f/mystery/sf. Length: 250-5,000 words. Payment: 1-5 cents/word for fiction, copies for poems. Circulation: between 3,000-4,000. Sample: \$4.99. \$14/yr. Full guidelines available for SASE.

RADIUS, A Magazine of Future Fiction and Fact, 926 Oakview Lane, Anoka, MN 55303. Editor: Ewan Grantham. Electronic monthly buying short stories and poems "in a wide range of styles and modes. These must include some element of a speculative or fantastic nature. Highly (!) encourage electronic submissions — these will receive the quickest response. Violence, explicit sex, and language are discouraged, as the editor feels a good story shouldn't rely on these elements." Send electronic submissions in normal ASCII format without page breaks. Also acceptable is Word for Windows format, either 2.x or 6.x please, or RTF. Please specify a preferred return

Son of GPIC

e-mail address. Length: 1,000-20,000 words. Payment: 2-5 cents/word upon acceptance for stories. Poetry receives \$50/poem. Buys First NA serial rights and non-exclusive world serial. Not interested in previously published stories. Subscriptions are free by e-mailing a request to: 74123,2232 (Compuserve) or grantham@MR.NET (Internet). (Please use the word SUBSCRIBE in the subject and your preference of format in the message text of HLP or HTML.) Include a cover letter with a short author bio covering other markets you have sold to, and a sentence or two about yourself.

STARLIGHT, c/o Patrick Nielsen Hayden, 23 Winter Avenue, Staten Island, NY 10301. An original sf anthology series to be published in hardback and trade paperback by Tor, buying "hard sf, humanistic sf, cutting-edge daring and traditionalism with heart." Payment: 7 1/2 cents/word for all lengths. Closes on Memorial Day, 1995.

THE THIRTEENTH MOON, 1459 18th Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. Editor: Jacob Weisman. A quarterly literary magazine buying sf and magical realism. "Stories should not be too genre-specific (space opera or cyberpunk, for example) and should lean, at least a little, toward the literary." Also buys poetry (5-10 cents/line for work under 32 lines), shorts, and "occasionally" reprints. Payment: 1-3 cents/word. Length: under 3,000 words.

ZERO GRAVITY FREEFALL, 30210 S.E. Lake Retreat S. Dr., Ravensdale, WA 98051. Publisher: Daniel Lance Berg. Editor: Margaret Danielson. Buying fiction that "speculates on the future state of humankind or reflects on its past achievements." Length: under 7,500 words, preferably in the 5,000 word range. Include a cover letter with the rights you are selling. Payment: 1/4-1/2 cents/word for First NA Serial Rights.

CORRECTION

CROSSROADS MAGAZINE, listed last month, is actually CROSSWORLDS MAGAZINE.

MARKETING HINT

Eric Heideman, editor of TALES OF THE UNANTICIPATED, told me at Conadian that the reading period for the next issue will be Feb. 1-March 1, 1995. He is especially looking for stories that deal with warping reality.

*** MANY THANKS TO ***

Warren
KDW
Roger
Victor
Eddy

Bob with a single small 'b'
Really, Really Crabby Now
Nancy Bodine & Leona T.
Testor Corp.

*** 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
101 S. Quebec
Tulsa, OK 74112

Make checks
out to
Roger Allen

Please note: An "X" on your mailing label indicates OSFW has no record of either 1993-94 dues or GPIC subscription renewal. This GPIC will be your last.

*** OSFW INFORMATION ***

The OSFW meets at members' homes the second Friday of every month to read, critique, and promote in general SF, Fantasy, and Horror writing. All willing to contribute and (after a couple of trial meetings) pay their dues are welcome. There is no age limit but parents should understand that material with adult themes and language is read and discussed. Membership dues are \$10.00 per year, adjusted by nearest quarter, which includes a subscription to GPIC. Checks should be made out to Victor Wren, and may be sent to Victor at the address above, or to 1223 S. Evanston Ave, Tulsa OK 74104.

*** GPIC NEWS AND ARTICLES ***

GPIC solicits news and articles from OSFW members. We prefer they be typed or printed. They definitely have to be in writing (we don't take dictation). Pseudonyms are OK. We prefer text formatted in Richtext (RTF Interchange) files on a 3-inch Mac or DOS disc (720k or 1.4 meg. — no 2.8 meg). We can also use ASCII files. Otherwise, arrange to send them by modem. You retain copyright on material. If this is of special concern you might let us know who you really are along with your pseudonym. We reserve the right to edit (although we try not to).

*** NEXT GPIC DEADLINE ***

Pesky deadline for November issue: Oct. 22

We look forward to seeing you all!