



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 "Meetin' Time Already?" Issue
• October 1997

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

The October meeting will be Friday, October 10th, 7:00 P.M., at the K.D. Wentworth residence. Address: 6915 S. New Haven. Directions: Drive down 71st St. between Harvard and Yale. Turn north on Oswego at the light, left on 69th, then left again on New Haven. Phone: 523-9729.

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

Canadian sf writer Judith Merrill died in September of congestive heart failure. She was 74.

SF/fantasy writer Carl Jacobi died in August. His career began back in the 1930's.

Avon will launch a new SF imprint in 1998, to be called Avon Eos. It will replace AvoNova.

Wizards of the Coast has been settling up with writers owed money by TSR, and books are beginning to be shipped again.

The Hugo Awards were presented on August 30th in San Antonio at The Second Occasional Lonestarcon2 (Worldcon), and the results were as follows:

Best Novel: **BLUE MARS** by Kim Stanley Robinson (HarperCollins)

Best Novella: "Blood of the Dragon" by George R.R. Martin (ASIMOV'S)

Best Novelette: "Bicycle Repairman" by Bruce Sterling (INTERSECTIONS. ASIMOV'S)

Best Short Story: "The Soul Selects Her Own Society" by Connie Willis (WAR OF THE WORLDS: GLOBAL DISPATCHES. ASIMOV'S)

Campbell Award: Michael Burstein

Best Editor: Gardner Dozois

Best Dramatic Presentation: **BABYLON 5: "Severed Dreams"**

***** SCREWED AGAIN, OR, "ROYALTIES GO THE WAY OF THE JEDI" *****

Just in from SFWA:

PRESS RELEASE

In a move endorsed by LucasFilms, the owner of the STAR WARS franchise, Bantam Books recently decided to alter its standard contract for STAR WARS novels. The original terms, an advance plus 2% royalty, were dropped in favor of a flat fee.

Michael Capobianco, president of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of American, Inc. (S.F.W.A.), a writers' advocacy organization, founded in 1965, describes the new contract as being extremely regressive treatment of writers. "Bantam will be setting a very dangerous precedent," Capobianco said.

In a letter to Bantam President Irwyn Applebaum, protesting the decision, Capobianco described the new contract as "disastrous" and concluded, "If Bantam persists in its present course, we will be informing our membership and all interested parties that these contracts do not meet professional standards. We will also be obliged to oppose the flat fee scheme by negative publicity and direct appeals to LucasFilm." The letter was co-signed by nearly all past S.F.W.A. Presidents, which includes many of the major names in the field of science fiction: Charles Sheffield, Marta Randall, Norman Spinrad, Jack Williamson, Barbara Hambly, Damon Knight, Robert Silverberg, Gordon R. Dickson, James Gunn, Ben Bova, Poul Anderson, Jerry Pournelle, Jane Yolen, and Joe Haldeman.

Bantam has indicated that it is happy with the new contract and has no interest in changing it.

A number of current STAR WARS writers, whose

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work has appeared on the New York Times Bestsellers list, have indicated that they would not agree to write further novels under the new contract. These include Kevin Anderson, author of the Jedi Academy trilogy, A.C. Crispin, author of the Han Solo trilogy, Barbara Hambly, author of the two hardcover STARS WARS bestsellers, Hugo and Nebula award winner Vonda N. McIntyre, author of STAR WARS: THE CRYSTAL STAR, Rebecca Moesta, author of the Young Jedi Knights books, and Steve Perry, author of the hardcover bestseller STAR WARS: SHADOWS OF THE EMPIRE.

Members of S.F.W.A. held extensive discussions concerning the situation at the recent World Science Fiction Convention held over Labor Day weekend in San Antonio, Texas.

Among S.F.W.A.'s current plans are a massive publicity campaign to alert STAR WARS fans to Bantam's new policy. The slogan "Writers Deserve Royalties" was chosen to reflect the core issue at stake.

"I'm quite sure that George Lucas is not aware of this new contract. He has always been a strong advocate for the rights of creative people," Capobianco said.

For additional information, contact Michael Capobianco at 1-(301)-870-9181 or e-mail at m.capobianco@genie.com.

*** LOCAL NEWS ***

OSFW welcomes Tulsa writer Sharon Wilson back to the fold.

Michael Keller sold an editorial to the TULSA WORLD, complaining about the destruction of the city's trees. It appeared in the Opinion Section, Sunday, August 17th.

Brad Sinor sold articles to the LAWTON CONSTITUTION about media stars Roxanne Dawson and Robert Duncan McNeil, as well as a Broadway series that is coming to Tulsa.

Sue Sinor was cast in the first play of the season at the Heller Theater, FIVE TELLERS DANCING IN THE RAIN.

William Sanders sold "Jennifer, Just Before Midnight" to FASF.

KDW's story "'Tis the Season" is scheduled for the December issue of FASF. The blurb in the October/November issue's Coming Attractions reads "K.D. Wentworth provides one of the stranger imaginative revisions of Christmas we can recall in 'Tis the Season."

You'll have to read it to see; if we try to describe this hardboiled religious tale, you'll think we've already sampled too much eggnog."

GOOD REJECTIONS

Rob O'Bar: BENDING THE LANDSCAPE

Brad Sinor: ABORIGINAL SF. DID YOU SAY CHICKS?!. FASF

KDW: REALMS OF FANTASY. SF AGE

*** CONTINUUM ***

by KDW

August, 1997

We had eleven at the August meeting, along with tons of goodies and homemade ice cream. Sammie Dog behaved himself, a miracle during this Prednisone-laden period, and members brought plenty to read, including our first poem in many a day. Much talk and revelry were generated, and President Greg had to bring us all to heel more than once. We hang our collective heads in shame.

Michael: Michael brought an intriguing story fragment entitled "New! Improved! Free!" set in a future in which people are even more inundated with advertising than we are in the present. Ads are personalized, and you need a coupon to free yourself from advertising, even in your own office. The main character is a detective who still believes in personal interaction, a vanishing quality, and, just as the fragment ends, he is commissioned to find a missing wife. We all wanted to hear more.

Dana Patillo: Dana has attended quite a few meetings in the past year. For his first reading, he brought us a thought-provoking poem entitled "The Stealth Poet," which deals with a child surrounded by monitors in his "bunker underground" doing those things with "the soft technologies of his childhood" which I imagine many children are these days. Send it to ASIMOV'S immediately, I say.

Rob: Rob brought us the first chapter of a new untitled novel which chronicles the adventures of a gay priest called out to a manor house in the British countryside to help evaluate the historical findings uncovered in the ruins of an abbey. I loved the humorous tone, which reminded me of a gay version of P.G. Wodehouse. The characters were well drawn, the dialogue sharp and quick. I look forward to hearing/reading more.

Brad: Brad read "Touchdown," a sequel of sorts to his

Lancelot story, published last year in an anthology. This time around, Lancelot follows his quarry, a serial killer, to a Renaissance Fair. I liked the feisty character of Miranda, who can take care of herself, and the bittersweet memories of Lancelot.

*** THE ICE PICK ***

by Diana Carolyn Ice

BEGINNINGS, MIDDLES, AND ENDS by Nancy Kress. Cincinnati, Ohio. Writer's Digest Books. 1993. ISBN 0-89879-550-8. \$13.95.

Science fiction and fantasy stories suffer from having to establish a whole world right up front. Having your hero flit his Nova-charged Wombat up a main street on Noramax 3 isn't like having him drive his Chevy Nova down Main Street, USA. And too often we try to pile all the necessary information into the first three pages.

Nancy Kress understands, because she writes our kind of stories. So when she talks about beginnings that work or don't, we can relate to that. I bought her book for help on beginnings, and really found it helpful. I wound up staying for the middles and the ends.

Unlike some how-to-write books, Nancy gives us practical advice we can really use. And she includes exercises for those who didn't get enough homework in school.

How many times have you started a story with a great idea and wonderful characters only to have it fizzle out in the middle somewhere? Nancy's section on Middles offers help for those short stories and for sagging novels that seem to bog down right about chapter nine or ten.

She attacks the problems on all levels: plot, character, structure, etc., so that you are better able to find one or more solutions to your particular situation.

The section on Endings is filled with advice on how to write and revise your story's end for maximum punch. And what to do if you're the kind who polishes endlessly and never finishes anything. She covers the climactic scene, whether or not to add an epilogue, and how to handle series books' endings, as well as the analysis you should perform on your very last page, paragraph, and sentence.

And very importantly, the book has an index to help you find those things you vaguely remember reading and want to look at again.

I have found this book extremely helpful. It's the kind of reference you can read or skim through and always learn something new from.

*** WORLDCOM REPORT ***

Worldcon '97. Lonestarcon 2 San Antonio, TX.
August 28-Sept 1, 1997 Frederik Pohl, No-Not-Another-Con-Staffer & *HTDH

by BJT

San Antonio—A terrific city for a worldcon, a mere 10 hour drive from Tulsa. The con hotels were ideally located on the banks of, or nearby the riverwalk with its shops, restaurants and live music, close to tourist haunts like the Alamo and Ripley's Believe It or Not Museum. The Rivercenter Mall was attached to the Marriott Rivercenter Hotel, a towering edifice we could easily see when we got lost once on the winding riverwalk itself. The Convention Center was a short stroll out the hotel's riverwalk entrance where you could cross the water by footbridge, or stay on the same lushly gardened walkway. The city's old, and has the architecture to prove it: adobe walls riddled w/bullet holes where Texicans or Mexicans executed people. The Chamber of Commerce building is right on the river, a better place to work than the majority of us are blessed with. Wednesday night Karen and I enjoyed an hour-long boatride/tour on the river. The lines for boats became overwhelming later in the week, and the area choked w/crowds. It was blisteringly hot and humid! I thought I was The Writer Who Sweated the Most, but was told there were other notable contenders. The niftiest place we ate was up in the Tower of the Americas Restaurant on Sunday to celebrate Randy's birthday. The Tower moves in a circle that takes 45 minutes to complete, offers a panoramic view and excellent cuisine. We also dined at SA's Hard Rock Cafe, Tony Roma's Ribs, the Olive Garden and Fuddrucker's, a notorious hamburger joint. The sales taxes are excessively high, no doubt to fund the upkeep of the riverwalk.

The Hotel—We stayed at the main con hotel, the Marriott Rivercenter. Our double room was average. Though we asked for a quiet floor, we were put on the 32nd, just down the hall from the SFWA and ASFA suites, so there was loud conversation and people sitting by our door late into Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights. We slept like slugs anyway. Copies of Sci-Fi Channel Magazine and free USA Today's appeared overnight. There were 16 express elevators to two different sections of floors. In spite of an elevator crush after the Hugos Saturday, access to the room wasn't the hassle it's been at other huge cons. The desk staff was accomodating about anything. The hotel's Garden Cafe was fairly quick (costly meals), with a generous breakfast buffet. The coffee/muffin bar in the lobby was handier

and cheaper. There were meeting rooms and auditoriums for events such as Opening Ceremonies (hoe-down stuff Thursday night having little to do w/the con, where we were made Honorary Texans), the Hugos, and the Masquerade Sunday night. The Con Suite was on the third floor.

The Con—Programming started at ten a.m. and wrapped up (except for evening events elsewhere) at the Convention Center at six p.m.—odd, when programming runs to ten at other cons. A city reg? Registration closed Wednesday at five, a drag since we arrived at four-thirty, yet it wasn't a problem to register Thursday if you had a prepaid membership. There were awful lines for those who didn't. Programming Ops had additional copies of final schedules, last-minute colored printoffs of each day, and program participant ribbons that could be taped on the back of badges. Attachable strings were provided to hang your badge around your neck, instead of clipping it to your clothes. The purple/ white badges had printing so tiny you couldn't read names from any appreciable distance. There was a lot of squinting at badges in the CC Green Room when people were searching for their panel-mates. The pocket programs fit in your pocket—cool!

During 8 hours of daily operations, the con had a plethora of panels, readings, interviews, signings, meetings and kaffeeklatches w/name writers. You could stay all day at the CC and not do half the things you wanted to. I managed to get to eight panels, two of which were mine, but was unable to attend any readings, which I regret. I toured the Art Show only on Thursday afternoon, when it wasn't completely set-up, but saw first-rate sf/fantasy art. There was a particular (oil or acrylic) painting of George R.R. Martin's pb cover of *A GAME OF THRONES* that was to die for, THE most exquisite piece in the show.

The Dealer's Room—A nice touch was an area to buy and eat food; sandwiches, lousy burgers, pizza, salads, drinks and plenty of ice. Signings were held toward the eastern side of the enormous exhibit hall. There were publishers' booths in and around the DR, both prestigious houses and smaller outfits. I met ed. Ian Randall Strock of *Artemis Magazine* at his booth. My BtL ed. Stephen Pagel was frequently at White Wolf's intriguing black booth, where I obtained copies of BtL for my Saturday signing, AND the just-published New Worlds trade pb antho some of us tried to sell to but didn't (especially if you weren't a British writer, ahem). There was tons of junk for sale: jewelry, pewter and glass figurines, buttons, phantasmagorical costumes, comics, books. Hardcover copies of Kim Stanley Robinson's newly released *ANTARCTICA* were going for a whopping \$35 the first day, then thankfully sold out (I was tempted). The DR was totally satisfactory, and we made several forays into it. There were message boards up front where you could

get copies of the daily con newszine. It was a good zine too.

Panels—Panels were scattered throughout the CC. The UP escalator to second-floor panel rooms (& Green Room) broke down Sunday (it HAD to be the UP escalator). These rooms were smaller and more intimate, which caused a problem w/overflow at my Alt. Sex panel Sunday, in which there was a great deal of interest. My daughter Sarah had to sit on the floor, and then more people proceeded to sit on her. She wasn't happy, and panel members grouched about not having a larger room. Attendance at panels was high, and even the big rooms were full. Panels and readings were taped, and you could purchase tapes of panels soon after they ended. This became a source of contention w/authors who were reading stories or novel chapters they'd sold but not published yet. SFWA officers banished the Tape-Man from the SFWA meeting Saturday for confidentiality reasons <duh>. The con folks eventually had panel moderators announce panels were being taped, but as far as I know this didn't happen till Sunday, rather late. I did OK at my first panel. Why Is It Always Erotic Horror?, and was glad to have a chance to buy the tape. Queerly (ha-ha), the Queer To Stay (Alt. Sex) panel was NOT taped, another grousable point for some of the panel.

The Hugo Ceremony—There was no special seating for panel participants or SFWA members, as there has been in the past. Since Sarah and I put up the bucks for fancy duds, we got dressed-up anyway and sat in the first row behind the roped-off seating for nominees, presenters and guests. The Hugos began w/a bang, meaning fountains of fireworks on stage before Master of Ceremonies Neal Barrett, Jr. emerged from the curtains wearing an aviator's hat along with his tux. Neal was older than I'd imagined him to be, gamely amusing, and a bit naughty with his banter. The Grand Ballroom had two large projection screens, and someone working a live-feed camera so you could see everything that was happening. Kim Stanley Robinson winning for *BLUE MARS* was the only category I voted in that won.

Ah, Da Hugos, where any moron w/a badge can attend, and some of them were Texas-sized a-holes—including the fella next to me thrusting his dirty, smelly, bare foot at my expensive dress. AND the pea-brained audience members who lustily booed, yes, BOOed when Babylon 5 won for Best Dramatic Presentation, and when Bruce Sterling won for Best Novelette. Except for the Rude Louts, the Hugo Ceremony was a notable and moderately exciting event.

The People—I met a varied group of interesting, friendly writers, including old friends such as BtL contributor Mark Tiedemann, and new friends/BtL contributors Leslie What and the very nice Jeff Verona.

who packed himself in the mob at the Queer To Stay panel to meet me and have me sign his page proofs while I had him sign my original copy: Kate Daniels and Ray Vuckevich who aided and abetted at the Friday writers workshop I was in. Wil McCarthy who sat beside me during our signings and bragged convincingly about his new baby boy, the extremely tall and personable C. Dean Andersson who helped clean up the table before our Erotic Horror panel. Dawn Dunn, the hilarious Sonia Orin Lyris, and James Alan Gardner, the sole writer I managed to catch up w/to have him sign one of his books I'd bought. I spoke w/Gardner Dozois, who left copies of the Oct/Nov Asimov's in the SFWA suite where I found out "Noodle You, Noodle Me" will be published in the December issue, who also invited me back to the suite after the Hugos (so dinky and crowded you couldn't breathe, yet a strange non-writer person w/a European accent attached himself to me, stalking me until I fled w/ my "Writers Deserve Royalties" button and barely-contained screams echoing in my head.)

I had a special smoke-hole encounter w/an older gent who asked to share my bench on Saturday, whom I discovered (after squinting at his badge) was the venerable Frederik Pohl. Since Fred was scheduled to sign at the same time I was, I introduced myself and we talked for half an hour, covering subjects from Isaac Asimov and Ray LaFerty to when he was stationed in Enid during WWII. Fred does not know how many novels he's published, and told me he just finished a new one. I was impressed by this genuine gentleman, who asked me about my writing career when he didn't have to. I was thrilled to spend time w/him.

The PR Problem—The Lonestarcon folks were exceptionally kind to invite us to their worldcon, yet we had multiple unsavory encounters w/con staff. "I dunno" was the standard reply to questions, accompanied by an annoyed expression. The woman at registration didn't know where I should get my badge ribbon, nor why she didn't have it. The people running the Con Suite had no idea when seating for the Hugos started, though the Grand Ballroom was next door (no signs on the GB doors except for ushers.) I accidentally left a cloth bag I'd bought in the mall in Program Ops, and when I returned to retrieve it, the staffer at the table had helped himself to its contents and was reading my new F&SF. When I went to the bathroom during the Hugos, a surly security guy scolded me for leaving from the door I went out of, instead of from "the back." I replied that they should have 1. announced it, or 2. had ushers tell people when they entered to only exit at the back. Later when Connie Willis (and many others) left from the same door I had, I wondered if he had the gall to treat her like that, or if he'd given up his power trip by then. A man seated by the DR door shouted at Randy, "Turn your badge around, SIR!" though it was obviously a con badge, one of the same badges nobody could read. The woman in charge of

signings made repeated harsh demands of friends or family members of authors to "stand behind the tape!" She marched up to me to declare, "Your time's UP (and/or get LOST)." I've never dealt with such nasty con staff. Were they overworked? Undermanned? It's moot. They were mean, bad-tempered and unprepared. I can't say it any plainer than that.

Quotable Quotes—The Harrison Ford Quote: Connie Willis, accepting her Hugo for Best Short Story: "I know that some of you think I have too many of these, but I'm saving them up to trade in for Harrison Ford."

The You're Joshin' Quote: Randy Thrower, con-goer and hat-buyer, in the mall: "There's Sammie Hagar." (It really was Mr.-I-Can't-Drive-55 too).

The Slush Pile Quote: Gardner Dozois, on the Day in the Life of an Editor Panel: "Oh, I get everything, even the slush pile."

The Gut-Shot Quote: Elizabeth Moon, on the How to Maim, Torture and Wound Your Characters Panel: "If you want to reintroduce a character later, don't shoot him in the gut." The Xena Quote: Carrie Richerson, (accredited to Nicola Griffith) on the Queer To Stay Panel: "Xena is the best thing on tv . . . because the women put each other first."

—Special note to The Rude-To-Children-Elevator-Woman: The girls have our permission to make unseemly farting noises at you in the future, cuz you've earned it.

*Helpful Texas Driving Hints: Avoid the middle lane on the freeway. Texans drive re-al s-l-o-w there.

Grumpy con staff didn't diminish the great time we had at Worldcon '97! Thanks to Brad and Sue Sinor for being chums, and thanks, OSFW!

*** MARKET UPDATE ***

by KDW

CHANGES

SOVEREIGN MEDIA (SF AGE) has a new address: 11305 Sunset Hills Road, Reston, VA 20190.

Jenna Felice is a new editor at Tor, replacing Greg Cox. Brian Thomsen is no longer at TSR.

E-SCAPE will open again in Jan., 1988, becoming bimonthly and paying 1 cent/word for fiction up to 5,000 words.

LITTLE GREEN MEN is folding after the next issue.

SOUTHERN GOTHIC's P.O. box is closed.

The BENDING THE LANDSCAPE series has been pulled from White Wolf and resold to Overlook. Tentative plans are to reissue the fantasy volume in trade paperback and publish the sf volume in hardback in May, 1988.

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Algis Budrys has become a consulting editor for Baen.

FANTASTIC WORLDS is overstocked and not reading until further notice.

THE SILVER WEB is closed.

CREATI EX NIHILO is folding.

MONSTERS FROM MEMPHIS is closed.

ADVENTURES OF SWORD & SORCERY is looking for fantasy set in other milieus than medieval Europe.

NEW LISTINGS

BORDERLANDS, P.O. Box 1524, Grantham, NH 03753. Editors: Ms. Elizabeth and Mr. Tom Monteleone. Buying sf/h. Volume 5 will be issued as a trade paperback from White Wolf. "Do not send stories unless you have read previous volumes. No vampires, ghosts, serial killers, zombies." Deadline: Oct. 31, 1997. Payment: \$50 upon acceptance and \$50 upon publication, regardless of length.

EVENT HORIZON, P.O. Box 13511, Roanoke, VA 24034-3511. Editor: Daniel D. Adams. New semi-pro e-zine seeking sf/f/h and poetry. Length: 500-20,000 words. Payment: 1/2 cent/word. Poetry: \$3 plus 10 cents/line.

IMPLOSION: A Journal of the Bizarre and Eccentric. Box 533653, Orlando, FL 32853. Editor: Cynthia Conlin. Buying sf with "an intelligently strange angle. Length: prefers 2,000-5,000, although will look at up to 10,000 words. Payment: 1 cent/word. Reports in: 8-12 weeks.

LORE, Box 381, Matawan, NJ 07747-0381. Editor: Rod Heather. Buys traditional dark fantasy and poetry up to 30 lines. Length: 5,000 words. Payment: 5 cents/word for originals, 2 1/2 cents/word for reprints, \$10 for poetry. Report in: 1 month. Sample: \$4 (check payable to editor).

PULP ETERNITY, P.O. Box 930068, Norcross, GA 30093. Editor: Steve Algieri. Buying sf/f/d/f/h. Each issue features a specific theme, so send for guidelines. "No needless gore, violence, or porn." Send cover letter. Length: up to 2,500 words. Payment: 3 cents/word upon publication. E-mail address: eternity@aol.com.

RAGE, LFP, Inc., 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Fiction Editor: Kim Etchison. Looking for original modern sf or dark f short stories. Length: 3,000 words preferred, nothing over 3,500. No pay rate listed. E-mail: ketchison@LFP.com

*** MANY THANKS TO ***

BJ Thrower
Diana Carolyn Ice
KDW
Uncle Guido
Warren Brown

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

Please note: An "X" on your mailing label indicates OSFW has no record of either 1997 dues or GPIC subscription renewal. This GPIC will be your last.

*** OSFW INFORMATION ***

The OSFW meets at members' homes the second Friday of every month to read, critique, and promote in general SF, Fantasy, and Horror writing. All willing to contribute and (after a couple of trial meetings) pay their dues are welcome. **There is no age limit but parents should understand that material with adult themes and language is read and discussed.** Membership dues are \$13.00 per year, adjusted by nearest quarter, which includes a subscription to GPIC. Checks should be made out to K.D. Wentworth, and may be sent to K.D. at the address above.

*** GPIC NEWS AND ARTICLES ***

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

We look forward to seeing you all