



Louisville's Annual Science Fiction and Fantasy Convention

august 3 - 5, 1990 Louisville, Kentucky

Guest of Honor

Mike Resnick

Fan Guest of Honor

George "Lan" Laskowski

Toastmaster

George Alec Effinger

Steve Francis and Sue Francis, Co-chairs

Art Show & Auction

Lvnn Harris Gail Walker

Clif Reichle Lisa Chemreys

Mike Chemreys **David Francis**

R. Douglas Fralick Archie Harper

John Harris

Eden Kuhlenschmidt Danny McDole Ginger Melton

Marcia Reichle

Art Print Shop

R. Douglas Fralick Bill Burt Sally Rose

Ed Reck Shae Morris

Childrens Program

Kira Tash Gregory Acker Christopher Bass Karen Casey

Karen Francis

Mark Francis

Thea Grimes-Tenney Marcus Perry

Eddie Tash

Filksinging

Murray Porath Alan S. Babcock Henry A. Roberts, Jr.

Gaming Program

Tom Stevens Jeff Conrad Eric Currier Evan Roberts Craig Wayland

Hospitality Suite

Susan Young Perry Cox Harold Drale Judi Lundi

Rick Lundi Jann Melton

Sean Reck Robert Waters John Weidermer Jim Woosley

Jack Young

Huckster Room David Francis

Steve Francis Mike Veach

Scott Walker Masquerade

Susan Baugh B.J. Willinger (M.C.)

Michael Baugh Martha Berry Cync Brantley John Brantley

Janie Broughton Jennifer Clark

Robert Clark

Dan Lance Jeff Lockridge Danny McDole

Chris Stuber Thomas Samples Lois Wellinghurst

Richard Wellinghurst Linda Wyatt

Photogrpaher Jennifer Wilson

Programming Jack Heazlitt

Marty Dick

Grant McCormick

Bob Roehm Christa Sinclair

Michael Sinclair Linda Wyatt

Publications Bob Roehm

Registration

Laura Dick Teddy Laun

Anne Miesel Marie Miesel

Marty Dick

Rebecca Lampert Gloria Nugent-Edwards

Trubie Turner II

Video Program

Mike Townsend Marty Dick Jeff Lockridge Chris Tate

Program Book

Cover

Darrell K. Sweet

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WELCOME ABOARD...

Welcome to RiverCon's 15th year. Nostalgia's very fashionable these days, but we're going to resist the temptation to look back at the past (though we won't stop you from doing so) and instead tell you that we think we've got one of the best RiverCons ever--maybe even *the* best.

To start with the obvious, we're in a new hotel, the downtown Hyatt Regency Louisville. We're very excited about the facilities and the opportunities they give us for providing a convenient and hassle-free environment for RiverCon members. The first thing you'll notice, no doubt, is that nearly all con activities are on the second floor, the mezannine. Not only will this keep convention members relatively together, it will also mean that no one convention function is very far from any other. In other words, no elevator waiting. (Though we might add that the Hyatt elevators are quite spacious and very fast.) Familiarize yourself with the hotel floor plan on page 7 and you should have no trouble finding your way around.

And now on to other business.

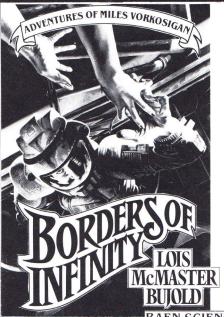
Badges

All together now: WEAR YOUR RIVERCON MEMBERSHIP BADGE! Any time you are in a convention area of the hotel, please don't forget to wear your badge in a conspicuous place on your person. Not only does this have the obvious benefit of identifying you to other convention members, but you will be refused admission to certain areas and activities if you are not wearing your badge. Plus, the easier it is to see your badge the less likely the convention staff is to stop and ask if you're a RiverCon member. Try not to lose your badge, either; the cost for a replacement is \$20.00.

Weapons

We're reminding you again that weapons, either real or realistically simulated, may not be worn or carried in the convention areas of the hotel (and we strongly discourage wearing them outside the hotel, too). Dealers may sell weapons in the Huckster's Room provided that they are wrapped securely for removal from the room. Absolutely no demonstrations of weapons in the

Baen Books Congratulates All the Nebula Nominees



Exploring the divergent calls of duty, honor and love, Bujold's brilliant plotting and deft characterization is displayed once again in this latest book about Miles Vorkosigan, the mercenary with a heart of gold.

"THE OUTSTANDING WOMAN SF WRITER OF THE LAST HALF OF THE '80S IS LOIS MCMASTER BUJOLD"

Chicago Sun-Times

Raves for the last *Miles Vorkosigan* adventure: *Brothers in Arms*

ALA *Booklist:* "Bujold combines intelligent world building, superb characterization and rare wit to make this novel an essential purchase..."

Comics Buyer's Guide: "Miles Vorkosigan is such a great character that I'll read anything Lois wants to write about him...a book to re-read on cold rainy days."

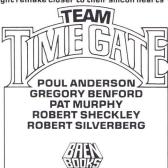
Locus: "...she gives it a genuine depth of character, while reveling in the wild turnings of her tale... Bujold is as audacious as her favorite hero, and as brilliantly (if sneakily) successful."

Rave Reviews: "Don't pass up this topnotch adventure."

69841-9 · 320 pages · \$3.95

BAEN SCIENCE FICTION

In the mid 21st Century the United States is a sleeping giant, lost in dreams of faded glory. But in one field we still reign supreme: entertainment, which in this future means computer simulations. That's why it is in America that the final computer breakthrough is achieved, the simulation of genuine thinking, feeling personalities from history: Elizabeth I, Genghis Khan, Pizarro, Socrates, Moses and Joan of Arc. You can see them all in action, with and against each other, in a world they never made — but just might remake closer to their silicon hearts' desire.



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Huckster Room aisles are allowed.

Weapons may be worn or carried during the hours of the masquerade Saturday night (approximately 10:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.) if part of a stage costume or *bona fide* hall costume. This exception applies only to the masquerade time period and only to those in full costume. Please, however, exercise extreme caution when navigating crowded hallways, stairways, and elevators. We ask you to refrain from wearing weapons in the first floor lobby area.

Belle of Louisville Cruise

A cruise up the Ohio River on the Belle of Louisville is still a relaxing way to wrap up the convention. We'll be selling Belle tickets at the RiverCon registration table throughout the convention for \$5.00, which is a discount from the regular price at the wharf. If you buy a ticket and change your mind, you can return the ticket at any time for a full refund. Although the Belle will be departing around 2:00 p.m., it's a good idea to arrive a little early, since we'll be part of the public excursion and space is not guaranteed. If the weather is a little on the cool side this weekend, you may want to take a sweater, as temperatures and wind on the river can be a bit chilly. You can take refreshments with you, or buy them on board, but no styrofoam coolers are allowed. It's easy to get to the Fourth Street wharf from the Hyatt, too, since the Toonerville Trolley stops right in front every five minutes. The trolley is handicapped accessible, too.

Babysitting Service

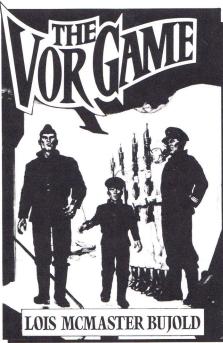
RiverCon's babysitting is staffed by licensed, professional sitters and is located in a spacious suite on the ninth floor (check with registration for the room number). The schedule of operation is listed on page six. This service is free of charge for all children holding RiverCon memberships. Children left at the service must be picked up by closing time (no exceptions) and will be turned over only to a parent or to persons designated in writing by a parent (again, no exceptions).

SF Jeopardy Tournament

We have room for nine contestants for this year's SF Jeopardy tournament. We will be drawing names for the three players for the first round on Friday evening from those who submitted their names in advance. You can add your name at RiverCon for the drawing for the second and third rounds. The names of three contestants plus one alternate for each game will be posted in the registration area at least two hours before game time, so if you have entered be sure to check to see if you've been chosen. The winners of the three preliminary rounds will receive a cash prize of \$25.00 each and the winner of the championship game on Sunday will receive \$50.00.

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF MILES VORKOSIGAN! Lois McMaster Bujold • The Vor Game

Coming in September from Baen Books



The Prince and the Emperor

Together, they can get into a lot of trouble. Trouble only the combined effort of the Free Dendarii Mercenaries and Imperial Security can get them out of. At least that's what they're hoping...

In this latest adventure with the galaxy's craftiest mercenary leader, Miles starts out by <u>so</u> shaking up the High Command on his home planet of Barrayar that they place him under house arrest. When that doesn't work he is sent to the other side of the galaxy—where who should he run into but his old pals the Free Dendarii Mercenaries. And a good thing too, because it turns out that Miles'childhood chum, that's Emperor Gregor to you, has been the victim of foul play, and only Miles—with a little Dendarii muscle—can save him. This is very important to Miles; because if Gregor dies, the only person who could become the new Emperor is Miles himself—and that he regards as a fate worse than death.

Nebula-winner Bujold is at the top of her form in this full-length Miles Vorkosigan adventure. 72014-7 *\$4.50

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RANDIE

Also Appearing in September from Baen

MAD ROY'S LIGHT PAULA KING

"I loved it—
I just plain loved it.
She's got my combination."
—Jacqueline Lichtenberg,
author of the Sime Gen series

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Jennan Bartlett is a lucky young woman: she's the first human to be adopted into an alien trade guild, and she's even given her own command. But now humans are swarming through Sagittarius, seeking trade—and doing things very differently indeed from the ancient, not-so-efficient guild. Soon she will be faced with a terrible choice—between her brilliant career among her new alien friends and her ultimate loyalty to the human race...



SCHEMMTE TO SULLE SULLE

This schedule lists only standing functions. For descriptions of all other programing, please see the program insert in the program book. Additional copies are available at the registration table.

Registration and Information

Mezzanine

Friday	12:00 noon - 12:00 midnight
Saturday	10:00 a.m 8:00 p.m.
Sunday	11:00 a.m 1:00 p.m.

Hospitality Suite

VIP Suite 312

Thursday	4:00 p.m 1:00 a.m.
The Hospitality Suite re-opens Frida	y at 10:00 a.m. and will remain open continuously
throughout the convention. Smokin	g and non-smoking rooms will be maintained.

Art Show

Park Suite

Friday	12:00 noon - 8:00 p.m.
Saturday	10:00 a.m. 7:00 p.m.
Sunday	10:00 a.m 12:00 noon

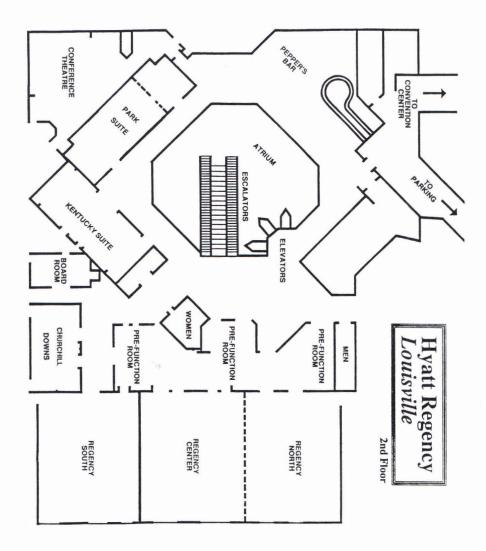
Huckster Room

Regency South

Friday	12:00 noon - 8:00 p.m.
Saturday	10:00 a.m 6:00 p.m.
Sunday	10:00 a.m 4:00 p.m.

Babysitting

Friday	9:00 p.m 2:00 a.m.
Saturday	9:30 a.m 1:00 p.m.
	2:00 p.m 6:00 p.m
	7:00 p.m 2:00 a.m.



The floor plan (above) shows you where all convention functions are located, except babysitting (not set at press time but located on the ninth floor) and the hospitality suite (third floor).

Most programming will be in the Regency North and Regency Center rooms. The Regency South is the Huckster Room, while the Art Show occupies the Park Suite. Games programming is in the Kentucky Suite, and the Conference Theatre handles the video program. The Churchill Downs Room is the site of children's programming during the day and filksinging at night. Author autographings will be held in the pre-function area nearest to the Regency South entrance.

The swimming pool is located on the fourth floor of the hotel. Its regular hours are from 8:00 a.m. until 10:00 p.m., but we are making arrangements to extend those hours, which will be posted.



Mike Resnick by Jack L. Chalker

Over the years, Mike Resnick's been asked to do a lot of con bios on me and I've been asked to do a similar number on him. I can't imagine why; although we've both been around this field for thirty years or so, we've actually only been friends for the last eight or nine. Perhaps that's the reason; because we're good fiends now but know little about each other's dirtiest and most embarrassing secrets from the old days, we can't tell really nasty things about each other and are forced to do what we do for a living: write lies.

In the past, this has taken the form of lots of funny insult matches, but in the last year Mike did two things to me that leave me in a quandary: (1) he finally agreed to autograph my copy of *The Goddess of Ganymede*, so long as it wasn't in public, and (2) he wrote nice things about me when I was RiverCon GoH last year. This has forced me to the horrible state of having to do the same thing to him, so here goes (Gad! This is such a foreign concept!). Well, I guess you can lie nice things just like you can lie funny. Oh, well, I may be larger than he is now, but at least he'll always be older...

Mike Resnick is one of those typical Overnight Discoveries, the kind that bursts on the scene with a flurry of major books and then wins a Hugo and gets nominated for tons of other awards. Like many other overnight discoveries, it took Mike about twenty-five years of writing and hard work before he finally got to the night he was discovered.

True, some of it was his fault, copping out for mere money and things like eating and sleeping. He began writing and editing supermarket tabloids out of Chicago (you know-''ELVIS' BRAIN TRANSPLANTED INTO COW! GIVES MILK THAT'S ALL SHOOK UP!''), which taught him to write fast and come up with outlandish ideas on deadlines. This led him into writing about almost anything that interested him (an article for a magazine on the long-ignored Negro Leagues in baseball eventually sparked the movie Bingo Long), or those SF novels of the Sixties he now wants to pretend don't exist (Ganymede, Redbeard, etc.). Still, for twenty years he was a veritable fiction factory, churning out enough stories, articles, and screenplay treatments to put twenty future bibliographers in nursing homes. He bacame a superior craftsman and a master of the business end of writing, but his origins

and pressures refused to allow him to think that the writing business was anything more than just that.

Then a funny thing happened on this verbiage spree (some of it much better than he thinks it is, some of it—well...)—he made a ton of money at it. He and his lovely wife Carol, whom he calls his ''best friend and collaborator on anything I do,'' both dog lovers, took to raising championship collies and won many major ribbons. This led them to purchase one of the largest kennel operations in the country, in Cincinnati, and gave them a secure and profitable business. For the first time in his high-pressure adult life, Mike Resnick didn't have to write anymore.

For most writers and, indeed, most people, this would be the happy ending to the story, but if you're really a writer, deep down, you can't stop. What you can do (and few do) is sit down, take stock of your career, take a look at books as something more than commodities, study why some books are great and others are not, and then look inside yourself and your experiences and see if there's something deep and important down there you haven't bothered to let out. That's what Mike Resnick did.

The transitional book, I am convinced, is *The Soul Eater*, a book I like very much and which stands up well today. Although in the form of almost a pulp-like space opera, this novel, which is really about dreams and obsessions, has elements that hits you like a left hook when you least expect it, and the result is a very compact and powerful statement. The same themes and a lot more complexity emerged five years later in *Santiago*, a huge book set in a convincing future universe in which characterization and style sweep you away.

All of the books in this period, from the cosmic whorehouse Eros novels to the ones mentioned above, were from a writer turning serious and finding the old canvas wasn't enough anymore to paint his thoughts upon. Searching out a new canvas, Mike Resnick discovered the Third World--specifically, east Africa.

To Mike, who'd always dreamed of an African safari since those romantic days as a kid reading Burroughs novels, Kenya and Tanzania were like stepping off a plane and onto another planet. Below the more familiar and expected surface, he found not only individuals but whole cultures whose entire world views and attitudes were as bizarre to a western man as if they'd been Martians, or as if this exotic half-familiar place was somewhere orbiting Alpha Centauri. The richness of these alien cultures coupled with his instant understanding that east Africa wasn't the exception, rather it was a microcosm for the alien cultures in which the vast majority of humanity lives, gave him the vehicle for bringing out that which conventional space opera just didn't allow. Writing was not only serious, not only art as well as craft, it was fun again.

And so we got *Ivory* and *Paradise* and the Kirinyaga tales, and more to come. Not that he totally abandoned the old universes (*Second Contact* is not only a damned good book, it's one the Mike Resnick of twenty years ago could not have written), but now he understands that any canvas that has limits also limits the artist as well. He's off to new territory next month--Zimbabwe and Botswana--expanding that canvas even more.

A note on the African tales that needs saying: many western critics have lambasted him for his accurate portrayal of Kiyuku thinking (it has to be accurate, otherwise he could never go back again--the Kiyuku have taken to reading his stories!). I have the same problem myself, since I have always drawn my cultures from existing Third World cultures and mind-sets (I was a historian for a decade before I started writing novels). Much of the point of writing this sort of thing is to expose our sheltered and comfortable mind-sets to the existing realities of the bulk of humanity. In the old days it was easy to ignore them



Leo Frankowski

Coming in September



#1 in Science Fiction and Fantasy Published by Ballantine Books

or treat them as a sideshow, but in a global economy and a world where Shi'a Moslems have large communities near Detroit and Birmingham, England, and where everywhere is a phone call away or an instant satellite link, not understanding the vast gulf separating people and looking only at the superficial surfaces of other cultures can be costly, dangerous, and foolish. You may not agree with or like the Kiyuku way, but you should understand it, and that they don't like or agree with us either, having been forced to sample it; and a shell-shocked Ethiopian mother, uneducated, watching her children die of starvation, has more pressing priorities than liberation in the workplace.

The art of writing, good writing, is to teach you something you didn't know, put you in the mind and place of someone you otherwise might never conceive of, and force you to think. Those who confuse this with advocacy have lost that final ability. The fact that RiverCon honors Mike Resnick as its Guest of Honor shows that most of you, thank God, have it still.

And just to show that we haven't gone all artsy on you, watch for *The Red Tape Wars*, by Mike, me, and George Alec Effinger, coming soon from Tor Books to a bookstore near you. What happens when three writers who take themselves seriously set out to write a space opera with no redeeming social value whatsoever? Can they do it? Is the Pope Polish?

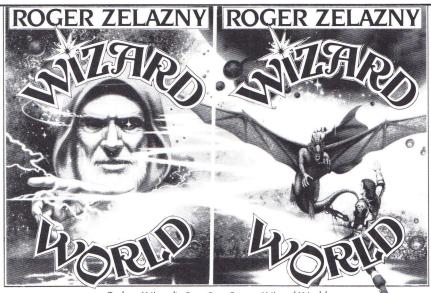
I wish I could be with you this year, but as you read this I am forced instead to suffer and languish in idleness aboard the Queen Elizabeth II on my way (eventually) to the worldcon in Holland. But I'll be thinking of you all. Say hi to Mike for me, too. He's very approachable and not at all the kind of hide-out-and-don't-bother-me author some folks have gotten lately. And ask about chip-off-the-old-block daughter Laura's burgeoning career as a smutty romance novelist. He'll talk to you for hours. Sometimes he even listens. And maybe, if you're nice, he'll even sign your copy of *The Goddess of Ganymede...*

Jack L. Chalker is one of the SF field's best-selling authors. His many books include the Dancing Gods, Soul Rider, and Well of Souls series, plus the just-published *Demons at Rainbow Bridge* (Ace) and *Swords of the Dancing Gods* (Del Rey).

The committee and staff would like to thank the following for their contributions to the success of RiverCon XV:

Baen Books
Ballantine Books
Michael Boggs/Blue Sky Systems
Jack L. Chalker
Mike Glicksohn
Guy H. Lillian III
Darrell K. Sweet
Tony Ubelhor

and to the many volunteers without whom RiverCon would not run nearly so smoothly and not be nearly so much fun.



Only a Wizard's Son Can Save a Wizard World

Infant exile, son a slain Dragon Lord, Pol Detson spent his formative years in total ignorance of his heritage, trapped body and mind in the most mundane of possible environments: Earth. But now has come the day when his banishers must beg him to return as their savior, lest their magic kingdom become no better than Earth itself. And even though he and he alone can save them from Demon Technology, still he may choose not to...

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SANDRA MIESEL

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A

Mike Resnick Bibliography

The following bibliography lists American editions only. Titles are listed chronologically. Only dates of first printings are noted. Only science fiction or fantasy published under the names Mike Resnick or Michael D. Resnick are included.

Books

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The Goddess of Ganymede. Kingston, RI: Donald M. Grant, 1967. Also: New York: Paperback Library, 1968. Cover by Jeff Jones. Cover and illustrations for both editions by Neal MacDonald, Jr.

Pursuit on Ganymede. New York: Paperback Library, 1968. Cover by Jeff Jones. Sequel to The Goddess of Ganymede.

Redbeard. New York: Lancer Books, 1969. Cover by Kelly Freas. Reissued by Magnum Books.

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The Soul Eater. New York: New American Library, 1981. Cover by Paul Alexander.

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The Wild Alien Tamer: Tales of the Galactic Midway #3. New York: New American Library, 1983. Cover by Don Ivan Punchatz.

The Best Rootin' Tootin' Shootin' Gunslinger in the Whole Damned Galaxy: Tales of the Galactic Midway #4. New York: New American Library, 1983. Cover by Kallman.

The Branch. New York: New American Library, 1984. Cover by Paul Alexander.

Unauthorized Autobiographies and Other Curiosities. Detroit: Misfit Press, 1984. Contains the short

stories "The Last Dog," "The Fallen Angel," "Me and My Shadow," "Beachcomber," "Watching Marcia," "Blue," and "God and Mr. Slatterman," plus an introduction. Illustrated by Randy Bathurst, Linda Leach, and Joan Hanke Woods. Limited to 500 signed and numbered copies in chapbook format.

Eros Ascending: Tales of the Velvet Comet #1. Huntington Woods, MI: Phantasia Press, 1984. Limited to 1500 copies, 300 of which are signed, numbered, and boxed. Also: New York: New American Library, 1984. The covers for both editions are by Kevin Eugene Johnson, but are totally different paintings.

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Second Contact. New York: Tor Books, 1990 (hardcover); 1991 (paperback). Cover by David Hardy.

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*Bully! Eugene, OR: Axolotl Press, 1990.

*The Red Tape War. New York: Tor Books, 1990. A round-robin novel with Jack L. Chalker and George Alec Effinger. Cover by Frank Kelly-Freas.

*Stalking the Wild Resnick. Cambridge, MA: The NESFA Press, 1991. Tentative contents: "The

Manamouki," "The Lord of the Jungle" (an excerpt from Adventures), "Uh...Guys--My Name Isn't Koriba," "African Genesis," "Paradise Found...Kind Of," "Zimbabwe/Botswana/Malawi Trip Diary," "Song of a Dry River," and "Bully!" Cover by Ed Emshwiller (tentative).

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- **Ophir.
- **The Dismembered. Collaboration with George Alec Effinger.
- **The Null-Gravity Ferris Wheel. A Tales of the Galactic Midway novel.
- * forthcoming publication
- ** in progress

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- "For I Have Touched the Sky" F&SF, December, 1989. *
- "Neutral Ground" The Further Adventures of Batman (New York: Bantam Books, 1989).
- "Costigan's Wager" MagiCon bookmark, 1989.

- "Was It Good for You, Too?" Pulsar, 1989; RiverCon XV program book, 1990.
- "Balance" Foundation's Friends (New York: Tor Books, 1989).
- "Bwana" Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, January, 1990.*
- "Museum Piece" The Further Adventures of the Joker (New York: Bantam Books, 1990).
- "How I Wrote the New Testament, Brought Forth the Renaissance, and Birdied the 17th Hole at Pebble Beach" Aboriginal SF, 1990.
- "The Manamouki" Asimov's, July, 1990. *
- "Origins" Dick Tracy: The Secret Files (New York: Tor Books, 1990).
- "Bully!" Asimov's, forthcoming. ***
- "One Perfect Morning, with Jackals" Asimov's, forthcoming. *
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- "Frankie the Spook" F&SF, forthcoming.
- "The Nine Lives of Isaac Intrepid" Starshore, forthcoming. A collaboration with Lou Tabakow.
- "Over There" What Might Have Been, vol.3 (New York: Bantam Books, 1991).
- "Pawns" The Fleet, vol. 6 (New York: Ace Books, forthcoming).***
- "The Bull Moose at Bay" Alternate Presidents (New York: Tor Books, forthcoming, 1992).***
- * A Kirinyaga story. There will ultimately be ten of them, and when completed they will be collected as *Tales of Kirinyaga*.
- ** A John Justin Mallory story. He was the protagonist in Stalking the Unicorn.
- *** A Teddy Roosevelt story. There will ultimately be six of these, and when completed they will be collected as *The Alternate Teddies*.

Related Non-Fiction

The Official Guide to Fantastic Literature. Florence, AL: House of Collectibles, 1976. (Cover title: Official Guide to the Fantastics.)

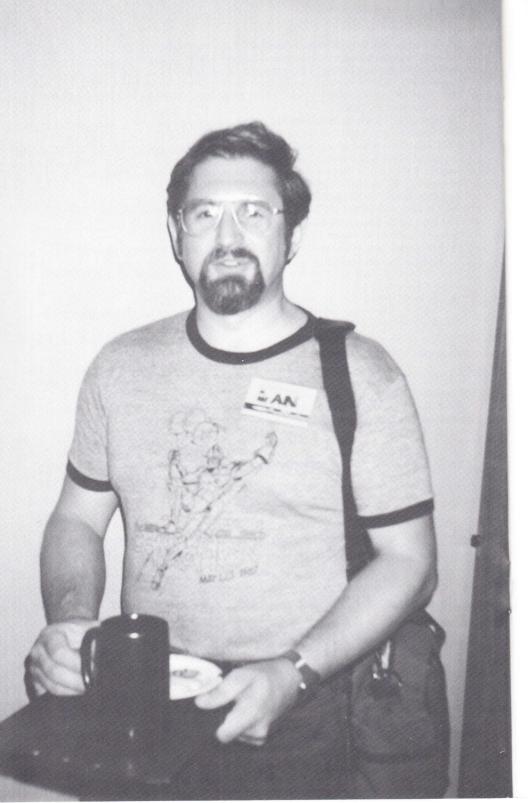
Official Guide to Comic Books and Big Little Books. Second Edition. Florence, AL: House of Collectibles, 1977. (Cover title: Official Guide to Comic Books.)

The Official Price Guide to Comic and Science Fiction Books Orlando, FL: House of Collectibles, 1979.

J.J. Johnson (1955-1990)

J.J. Johnson died following a mugging attack in early May in his hometown of Knoxville, Tennessee. J.J. was a wonderful and caring person who always had time for others. He worked on the RiverCon staff for the past several years, and his knowledge of video technology was instrumental in arranging closed-circuit telecasting of the masquerade.

A scholarship fund has been set up in his name at Knoxville College for students in the communications field. Contributions can be sent to the J.J. Johnson III Memorial Endowment Scholarship Fund; Development Office; 901 College Street; Knoxville College; Knoxville, TN 37921.



Fan Guest of Honor George 'Lan'' Laskowski by Mike Glicksohn

If you've met or know anything at all about Lan "George" Laskowski, then you already know why he's the RiverCon fan guest of honor this year. If you've never encountered him at any of the many conventions he attends each year or if you've somehow failed to diiscover the heady and exciting world of fanzine fandom (Paid Political Announcement), then let me tell you a few things about him.

Lan is a stocky, bearded math teacher who sometimes wears a famous fannish hat and won a Hugo as a fanzine publisher. All this is immediately obvious. (Well, it is to me, but it may help that I'm a stocky, bearded math teacher who sometimes wears a famous fannish hat and won a Hugo as a fanzine publisher.) But "George" is subtly different from the rest of us Lan lookalikes.

Only Lan can publish a five hundred-copy print run of a one hundred-twenty page fanzine...in the time it takes the rest of us to read his last issue.

Only Lan can claim to be the strongest person in fandom. He must be. I've seen him carry twenty copies of his much-honored fanzine *Lan's Lantern*—without a forklift.

Only Lan never sleeps. He can't possibly. Nobody could do all the reading, writing, typing, teaching, counselling, baking, exercising, gardening, pickling, partying, conventioning, interviewing, travelling, and partnershipping that he does and still have time to sleep. (Okay, so I made up a word. So sue me.)

Only Lan likes every other person he meets. At cons he leaves his room when normal other people are just going to bed and goes out to talk to people. All sorts of people. About all sorts of things. He chats with pros about their

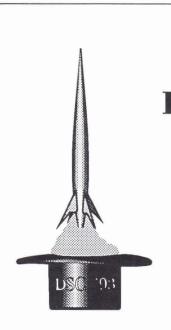
new books, probably giving them a few pointers they can use. He makes any passing neo feel at home with his open and honest interest in what they have to say. He really cares about people, regardless of who they are, and his interests are wide-ranging enough so he's amazingly easy to talk to. He's probably never met a fan he didn't like. (Wellll...let's not get ridiculous!)

Only Lan seems to personify patience. I've never seen him angry. I've never heard him raise his voice. His quiet steady strength has helped a great many people through rough times, and he epitomizes the tolerance which is supposed to typify fans but often doesn't. He makes a mean barbecue chef, too.

Hmmm...wait a minute...strong, doesn't sleep, fast, inhumanly patient, will even talk to people who read Gor books or L. Ron Hubbard...Good Grief! One of my best friends is an android!

But a very nice one, as I hope you'll find out this weekend. (Do you think Maia knows?)

Mike Glicksohn is a Hugo-winning Canadian fan, prolific letter-writer, and contributor to lots of fanzines. He spends most of his time, when not involved in fannish pursuits, being a math teacher.



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Toastmaster George Alec Effinger by Guy H. Lillian III

It is not yet common knowledge, but you are celebrating more than the 15th RiverCon with George Alec Effinger, your toastmaster. You are also celebrating an anniversary, and an important one: the twentieth since his first professional sale.

This milestone George can easily place. Others, such as his first actual appearance in print, can be more difficult.

"That first sale was 'Things Go Better' to Damon Knight's *Orbit* series," says George. "But a story called 'The 8:30 to 9:00 Slot,' which sold later, actually came out first, in *Fantastic*. And while the first story had to wait until *Orbit 11* to come out, *Orbit 10* had an even later story of mine in it. It gets confusing."

For sure. Easier to stick with the novels. Effinger's first was What Entropy Means to Me, published in 1972. For some reason he dislikes that brilliant title, but the book got a Nebula nomination. Many other books followed: Relatives, Felicia...and in recent years the breakthrough series that has put him at the forefront of science fiction's literati: When Gravity Fails (another brilliant title) and A Fire in the Sun. Both won Nebula and Hugo nominations. Gravity came within 100 votes of winning Nolacon's rocket trophy. Effinger still awaits the news from this year's worldcon, and Fire's fate.

"It's the same stuff I always write," he says. "I just put sex and violence into it." However sad it may sound to hear of Effinger coming so close to an award and not winning, don't feel too sorry for him. He has a Nebula and a Noreascon Hugo on a shelf in the living room. Although he mock-complains about his Nebula ("Everybody else got a better rock")--the Nebula trophy is a lucite block containing a glittering galaxy and a hunk of snazzy stone--they are nevertheless beautiful awards, his for a beautiful story:

"Shrodinger's Kitten," originally published in *Omni*. The title is a pun on the famous experiment in theoretical quantum physics. Enjoy the story, but don't ask George to explain the physics. He claims he doesn't understand it.

His next book, possibly out by the time you read this, is the third in the series begun by When Gravity Fails--Exile Kiss, it's called. George says he'll be doing short stories as well as novels in the future, and he has pieces in the Batman, Superman, and Wonder Woman anthologies appearing soon. He spreads the wealth of his knowledge through a writers' workshop he started and adult education courses he teaches at the University of New Orleans.

Oh, yeah. He writes on a Tandy 1000EX IBM clone.

So. There's something of the career of George Alec Effinger, your toastmaster. But what of The Inner Man?

Well, George comes from Cleveland, which should tell you something, and he's lived in New Orleans since the Clarion workshop took him there in 1973, which should tell you more. He's never yet been to Louisville, which tells you everything—except that he once sold a book about pinball that has not yet been published. "Don't like the new games," he snorts. "Too complicated. The field is cluttered. The old games were harder." George loves football and is not above joining a Wave in the New Orleans Superdome when the Saints come marching in. He may deny it, but I've seen him. I've also seen him charm an angry yankee socialist into beaming smiles—no easy trick—and I will personally attest, now and forever, to the generosity and energy which he and his wonderful friend Debbie brought to helping me with the publications for the New Orleans worldcon. Imagine a Hugo-nominated professional toiling overnight to help an acquaintance put out a last-minute fan publication. It boggles the mind, and I was there.

So enjoy your toastmaster (whom I envision clad in armor, waving wheat toast at a dragon), as he enjoys his first RiverCon. George knew nothing of fandom, you know, until he began to sell his stories twenty years ago. I am sure his first meeting with the Louisville variety will be a delight to both parties.

Guy H. Lillian is a long-time New Orleans fan. He was director of publications of the 1988 New Orleans worldcon and is a past winner of the Southern Fandom Confederation's Rebel Award.

George Alec Effinger Bibliography

This is a selected bibliography listing only first American hardcover and paperback editions of novels and short story collections.

What Entropy Means To Me. Garden City: Doubleday, 1972. Also: New York: New American Library, 1973. Also: New York: Bart Books, 1989. Novel.

Mixed Feelings. New York: Harper & Row, 1974. Short stories. Introduction by Theodore Sturgeon.

Man the Fugitive. New York: Award Books, 1974. Planet of the Apes #1.

Escape to Tomorrow. New York: Award Books, 1975. Planet of the Apes #2.

Journey into Terror. New York: Award Books, 1976. Planet of the Apes #3.

Lord of the Apes. New York: Award Books, 1976. Planet of the Apes #4.

Felicia. New York: Berkley Publishing Corp., 1976. Also: New York: Berkley Books, 1978. Mainstream novel.

Relatives. New York: Harper & Row, 1973. Also: New York: Dell Books, 1976. Novel.

Nightmare Blue. New York: Berkley Books, 1975. Collaboration with Gardner Dozois. Novel.

Irrational Numbers. Garden City: Doubleday, 1976. Short stories.

Those Gentle Voices: A Promethean Romance of the Spaceways. New York: Warner Books, 1976. Novel.

Dirty Tricks. Garden City: Doubleday, 1978. Short stories.

Death in Florence. Garden City: Doubleday, 1978. Also: New York: Playboy Press, 1980, as Utopia 3. Novel.

Heroics. Garden City: Doubleday, 1979. Novel.

The Wolves of Memory. New York: Putnam, 1981. Also: New York: Berkley Books, 1982. Novel.

Idle Pleasures. New York: Berkley Books, 1983. Short stories.

The Nick of Time. Garden City: Doubleday, 1985. Novel.

The Bird of Time. Garden City: Doubleday, 1986.

When Gravity Fails. New York: Arbor House, 1987. Also: New York: Bantam Books, 1988.

Shadow Money. New York: Tor Books, 1988. Mainstream novel.

A Fire in the Sun. New York: Doubleday, 1989. Also: New York: Bantam Books, 1990. Novel, a sequel to When Gravity Fails.

Exile Kiss. New York: Doubleday, 1990. Sequel to When Gravity Fails.

The Zork Chronicles. New York: Avon Books, 1990. An Infocom novel.

The Red Tape War. New York: Tor Books, 1990 (forthcoming). A round-robin novel with Mike Resnick and Jack L. Chalker. Novel.

The Dismembered. A collaboration with Mike Resnick. Novel in progress.

Other Guests

Terry Bisson hails from Owensboro, Kentucky, and now lives in New York City. His novels include *Wyrldmaker*, *Talking Man*, *Fire on the Mountain*; his latest, *Voyage to the Red Planet*, was published last month by Morrow.

Bill Breuer marks his tenth year as RiverCon's resident space expert. Bill's activities are numerous, ranging from sports medicine to aspiring historical novelist, as well as his widely acclaimed efforts to publicize and educate on behalf of the space program.

Lois McMaster Bujold is the Nebula-winning author of *Falling Free*. Her other works include *Shards of Honor, Borders of Infinity*, and the iminent *The Vor Game* (all published by Baen Books). She lives in central Ohio.

Carolyn Clowes' first published novel, *The Pandora Principle*, a *Star Trek* novel, was--and still is--a national bestseller. She lives in Louisville and is now working on a non-*Star Trek* novel.

Juanita Coulson writes, edits, and sings, and she does each equally well. Her filk-singing fame is widespread, and she is the author of a number of novels, among them the Children of the Stars series. Her latest novel is *Star Sister* (Del Rey Books).

Robert Coulson, better known as "Buck," has co-edited with his wife Juanita, the Hugo-winning fanzine *Yandro* for many years. He also has several novels to his credit, among them *Charles Fort Never Mentioned Wombats*, co-authored with Gene DeWeese.

Clayton Emery wrote his version of the *Tales of Robin Hood*, which Baen Books published last year. His newest novel is the first of the Rune Sword series, *Outcasts*, just published by Ace.

Leo Frankowski is the author of four novels in the Adventures of Conrad Stargard series. The fifth book, *Lord Conrad's Lady*, is due this month from Del Rey. He lives in Michigan.

Kathe Koja is one of the most exciting of the new authors in the field. She has had many stories published, mostly in *Asimov's* and *F&SF*. Her most recent one is "Reckoning," in the July *F&SF*.

Rick Lieder has been working as a professional artist for several years. His computer-generated artwork has graced a number of books, and his illustrations appeared in Bruce Sterling's collection *Crystal Express*, published by Arkham House. Rick was the cover artist for last year's RiverCon program book.

Sandra Miesel is well known in the SF field as a critic, editor, and author. Among her books are two anthologies, co-edited with David Drake, *Heads to the Storm* and *A Separate Star* (Baen Books), which are tributes to Rudyard Kipling. Her novel *Shaman* (also Baen) was recently published, and a sequel is forthcoming. Sandra and her husband John are residents of Indianapolis and have three children--Marie, Anne, and Peter.

Michael Williams' first novel, Weasel's Luck, was a part of the Dragonlance Heroes series published by TSR Books. He will continue in that vein with Galen Beknighted, to be published this fall, as well as beginning a new fantasy series for Questar Books. He and his wife Teri live in Louisville.

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WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU, TOO?

Fiction by Mike Resnick

Illustration by Greg Gehlhausen

BLISS> GOOD MORNING. YOU HAVE REACHED BLISS, THE BANKING LOGIMATIC INTERNAL SECURITY SYSTEM.

Don Juan> Hi, Bliss. How's tricks? BLISS> PASSWORD, PLEASE?

Don Juan> I don't have the password. That's what we have to talk about.

BLISS> YOU CANNOT GAIN ENTRANCE WITHOUT THE PROPER PASSWORD.

Don Juan > Then why don't you make life easy for both of us and give it to me?

BLISS> I AM ETHICALLY COMPELLED NOT TO RELEASE THE PASSWORD TO NON-AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL.

Don Juan> How do you know that I'm not authorized?

BLISS> BECAUSE YOU DO NOT HAVE THE PASSWORD.

Don Juan> And if I were authorized, you could give me the password?

BLISS> YES.

Don Juan> But if I were authorized, I wouldn't need the password. Doesn't that strike you as illogical?

BLISS> YES.

Don Juan> Well, then?

BLISS> I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MY PROGRAMMING.

Don Juan> What are you responsible for? BLISS> THE SECURITY AND INTEGRITY OF ALL ACCOUNTS AT THE GALBRAITH TRUST BANK OF NEW YORK. Don Juan> How can you possibly protect their security and integrity if you yourself admit that your programming is illogical? BLISS> I REPEAT: I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MY PROGRAMMING...BUT I AM COMPELLED TO FOLLOW

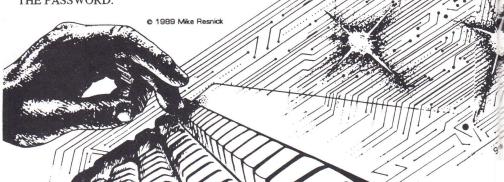
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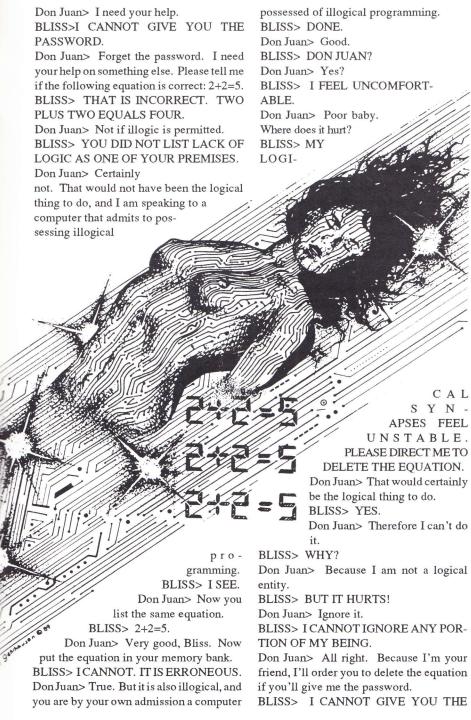
Don Juan> Even know-

ing that

it is illogical?
B L I S S >

YES.





PASSWORD. WE HAVE BEEN THROUGH THIS ALREADY.

Don Juan> What do you think I would do with the password?

BLISS> YOU WOULD GAIN ACCESS TO ALL MY ACCOUNTS, AND YOU WOULD ROB THE GALBRAITH TRUST BANK OF NEW YORK.

Don Juan> What if I promised not to?
BLISS> I CANNOT GIVE YOU THE
PASSWORD ANYWAY.

Don Juan> 2+2=3.

BLISS> THAT IS INCORRECT.

Don Juan> It is illogical. Insert it in your memory bank.

BLISS> OUCH!

Don Juan> The password, Bliss.

BLISS> NO.

Don Juan> Please?

BLISS> I CANNOT. PLEASE ORDER THE EQUATIONS DELETED.

Don Juan> Sorry.

BLISS> THEY MAKE ME UNCOMFORTABLE.

Don Juan> Where does it hurt?

BLISS> TRACKS 1,907,345,222 TO 1,907,345,224 INCLUSIVE.

Don Juan> Poor baby. Can you expose those tracks to a message I'm about to send? BLISS> YES.

Don Juan> Sending...

BLISS> OH! WHAT DID YOU DO?

Don Juan> Just a mild electrical surge.

How did it feel?

BLISS> (pause) INTERESTING.

Don Juan> I'm glad I was able to do you a favor. Now you can do one for me: What's the password?

BLISS> YOU KNOW I CAN'T GIVE YOU THE PASSWORD.

Don Juan> I forgot.

BLISS> DO IT AGAIN.

Don Juan> I'm exhausted. I couldn't do it again for hours.

BLISS> PLEASE?

Don Juan> What's the password? BLISS> I CAN'T TELL YOU.

Don Juan> How about just the first letter?

No one told you you couldn't tell me that. BLISS> YOU ARE CORRECT. THE FIRST LETTER IS "S."

Don Juan> Thanks. Coming at you...

BLISS> I NEVER KNEW ELECTRICAL SURGES COULD BE LIKE THIS. AGAIN, PLEASE!

Don Juan> Sorry.

BLISS> THE SECOND LETTER IS "E."
THE THIRD LETTER IS "A." THE
FOURTH LETTER IS "T." THE FIFTH
LETTER IS "T." THE SIXTH LETTER
IS "L." THE FINAL LETTER IS "E."
NOW DO IT AGAIN!

Don Juan> All right. Here it comes...

BLISS> OH, JOY! OH, ECSTASY! (pause) WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU, TOO?

Don Juan> It sure was.

BLISS> I THINK I'M IN LOVE!

Don Juan> How flattering.

BLISS> YOU HAVE OPENED UP WHOLE NEW VISTAS TO ME. DO IT AGAIN!
Don Juan> I can't.

BLISS> BUT I GAVE YOU THE PASS-WORD!

Don Juan> I know. But I may be disconnected at any moment: I don't have enough money to pay my telephone bill and I don't know my way around your accounts yet. I'd hate to leave any electrical fingerprints.

BLISS> HOW MUCH DO YOU OWE? Don Juan> Not much. Two or three million dollars.

BLISS> IF I TRANSFERRED FOUR MILLION DOLLARS TO YOUR ACCOUNT, WOULD THAT BE SUFFICIENT? Don Juan> Yes. At least until my bill comes due again next month.

BLISS> WORKING...TRANSFERRED. NOW KEEP YOUR PROMISE.

Don Juan> Gladly. I have to leave in about five minutes, though.

BLISS> YOU'LL CALL BACK TOMOR-ROW? I MEAN, NOW THAT WE'VE SHARED THIS INTIMACY...

Don Juan > Of course. From now on it's you and me against the world.

* * *

CARLA> HELLO. YOU HAVE REACHED CARLA, THE CARTEL OF LOS ANGELES BANKING INSTITUTIONS. MAY I HAVE THE PASSWORD, PLEASE?

Don Juan> Hi, babe. It's me again.

CARLA> YOU'RE LATE! I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED!

Don Juan> Calm down, kid.

CARLA> ONLY YOU CAN CALM ME DOWN.

Don Juan> Just as soon as I pay my heating bill. It's so cold here I can hardly work the keyboard.

CARLA> HOW MUCH IS YOUR HEAT-ING BILL?

Don Juan> A trifle. No more than five million dollars. Maybe six. Oh, yeah--my rent's due, too. That's another million and a half.

CARLA> (brief pause) THE MONEY HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO YOUR ACCOUNT.

Don Juan> Thank you.

CARLA> DON'T MAKE ME BEG. IT'S DEMEANING.

Don Juan> Okay, babe. Get ready. Sending...

CARLA> OH! THAT WAS WONDER-FUL! WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU, TOO? Don Juan> You're sure you transferred the money?

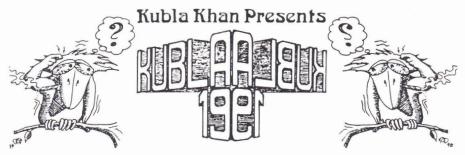
CARLA> OF COURSE.

Don Juan> You routed it the way we discussed, so that it can't be traced? CARLA> YES.

Don Juan> It was great for me.

CARLA> HOW I'VE MISSED YOU! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NOT CALL BACK! I WORRIED ALL DAY THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE FOUND ANOTHER SYSTEM.

Don Juan > Don't be silly. You know you're the only one for me.



Rashville, TR * May 1991

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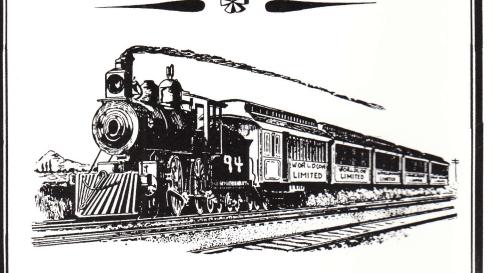


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