



July 24-26, 1981 Louisville, Kentucky

RIVERFRONT

RIVERCON VI

July 24 – 26 1981 Louisville, KY

Guest of Honor

Jack Williamson

Fan Guests of Honor

Mike and Carol Resnick

Toastmaster

Frank M. Robinson

Cliff Amos, Chairman

Bob Roehm, Vice-Chairman

Steve Francis, Treasurer

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Ken & Donna Amos, Art Show

Keith Hufford, Operations

B.J. Willinger, Masquerade

Mike Sinclair, Film & Video

Susan Young, Hospitality Suite

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Cover by Bill Levy. Jack Williamson's Humanoids spot an unidentified flying object.

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WELCOME ABOARD...

Welcome to the sixth voyage of RiverCon. We're glad to recognize so many faces back with us from previous RiverCons and even more pleased to see a lot of fans joining us for the first time. We're sure all of you will have an enjoyable experience.

Most of the convention functions are located on the third floor of the Galt House. There are however a couple very important exceptions to this. First of all, the art show and auctions are in the Court and Dell Quay Rooms on the second floor. Simply go down the stairs in front of the registration area, turn left and follow the corridor around the corner. The other major exception is the RiverCon hospitality suite, which is located on an upper floor of the hotel. The exact number of the con suite is not available at press time; please check the location in the hotel lobby or at the RiverCon registration desk. The hospitality suite will remain open around the clock as a place to relax, talk, smof, etc.

The Sunday afternoon Belle of Louisville cruise will of course take place on a six-mile stretch of the mighty Ohio River. Information on the Belle cruise is elsewhere in the program book and is also available at the registration desk.

Please wear your name badge at all times—it is your ticket to RiverCon. You may be refused admittance to certain areas if you do not have your badge. You may be wondering about the various colored dots on some of the badges. Actually it's a simple code so we know who each other are. Regular RiverCon members have plain badges; a blue dot on a badge denotes a VIP member, usually a pro author, artist, or editor; hucksters' badges have green dots; yellow dots indicate a special membership (e.g., press, complimentary, etc.); committee members are wearing red dots on their badges. In addition, department heads are also wearing red ribbons to make them even more identifiable. These are the people you should turn to in case of a problem.

The program schedule beginning on the next page contains only events planned in advance. Please check the posted announcements near the registration area for updates and movie schedules.

If there's any way in which we can make your convention a more memorable one, please let us know. Once again, welcome to RiverCon's excursion into the realm of wonder.

The RiverCon Committee & Staff



SCHEDULE

FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1981

- 9:00 A.M. — Hospitality Suite. Open 24 hours through Sunday.
- 3:00 P.M. — 12:00 M. Registration and Information
- 4:00 P.M. — Video Room. Open 24 hours through Sunday. Check posted announcement for suite number.
- 4:00 P.M. — 8:00 P.M. Huckster Room. **Cochran Room**
- 7:30 P.M. — 8:00 P.M. RiverCon Opening Ceremonies. Introductions and announcements. **Archibald Room**
- 8:00 P.M. — 9:00 P.M. The Many Faces of Fandom. Some veteran fans take you on a guided tour of the fascinating and unique world of science fiction fandom, **Archibald Room**
- 9:00 P.M. — 10:00 P.M. Art Show. **Court Room (2nd Floor)**
- 9:00 P.M. — Movies. Check posted schedule for titles and times. **Archibald Room**

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1981

- 10:00 A.M. — 4:00 P.M. Registration and Information
- 10:00 A.M. — 5:00 P.M. Art Show. **Court Room (2nd Floor)**
- 10:00 A.M. — 6:00 P.M. Huckster Room. **Cochran Room**
- 10:00 A.M. — 5:00 P.M. Williamson Book Display and RiverCon Memorabilia. **Corn Island Room**
- 10:00 A.M. — 6:00 P.M. Movies. Check posted schedule for titles and times. **Queen Room**
- 10:30 A.M. — 12:00 N. The History of Space Flight. Dr. Bill Breuer, space scientist and exobiologist, takes you on an exciting tour of the wonders of man into space, featuring slides and many fascinating and unique objects from NASA. **Archibald Room**

- 11:00 A.M. — 12:00 N. But How're We Going to Divide the Check? Jack Williamson and Frank Robinson discuss the pleasures and pitfalls of collaboration. **King's Head Room**
- 1:00 P.M. — 3:30 P.M. RiverCon Banquet, followed by the Mike Resnick Roast. Toastmaster, Frank M. Robinson; Roastmistress Carol Resnick; roasters include Dave Kyle, Michael Jordan, Stu Brownstein, and Mark Aronson. **Archibald Room**
- 4:00 P.M. — 5:00 P.M. To Be Continued . . . Series books: Why Readers, Writers, and Editors like them. Juanita Coulson, Lawrence Watt-Evans, Phyllis Karr, Nancy Dibble (Ansen Dibell). **King's Head Room**
- 4:30 P.M. — 5:00 P.M. On Turning Really Awful Movies Into Mildly Acceptable Novels. Mike Resnick talks about the disreputable practice of "novelization." **Archibald Room**
- 5:00 P.M. — 6:00 P.M. The Hero, the BEM, & the Very Naked Lady. A slide presentation on costume making by Carol Resnick. **Archibald Room**
- 5:00 P.M. — 6:00 P.M. The Second Annual Uncle Andy's Surprise Show. Andrew J. Offutt and some of his friends. **King's Head Room**
- 5:30 P.M. — 7:00 P.M. Auction #1. **Dell Quay Room (2nd Floor)**
- 7:30 P.M. — 8:30 P.M. Science Fiction in the Wilderness, the guest of honor talk by Jack Williamson. Introduction by Frank M. Robinson. **Archibald Room**
- 8:30 P.M. — 9:30 P.M. Auction #2. **Dell Quay Room (2nd Floor)**
- 10:00 P.M. — 12:00 M. Masquerade Competition. **Archibald Room**
- 12:00 M. — 1:30 A.M. Midnight Masquerade Ball. Come in costume! Music! Lights! Dancing! **Archibald Room**
- 2:00 A.M. — Movies. Check posted announcement for title. **Archibald Room**

SUNDAY, JULY 26, 1981

- 10:00 A.M. — 2:00 P.M. Registration and Information.
- 10:00 A.M. — 2:00 P.M. Huckster Room. **Cochran Room**
- 1:00 P.M. — Boarding for Belle of Louisville cruise at wharf.
- 10:00 A.M. — 4:00 P.M. Movies. Check posted schedule. **Archibald Room**

In Louisville Fandom is FOSFA



Falls of the Ohio
Science Fiction
& Fantasy Assn.

P. O. Box 8251, Louisville, KY 40208

Guest of Honor
Jack Williamson



by **Andrew J. Offutt**

Photo by JAY KAY KLEIN

Last Christmas my collaborator, Richard Lyon, sent me a unique and welcome present. The package weighed pounds and pounds. Inside was a stack of paper nearly five centimeters thick – xeroxed on both sides. All those short stories and novelets, illustrations complete, were from **Weird Tales** and a couple of other magazines, all in the '30's. And every story of fantasy or s.f. was written by Blanche Williamson's husband Jack.

Dick Lyon knows I am a longtime Jack Williamson fan, and that most of these stories aren't available unless you have every issue of WT (which Lyon has, dern him). My Christmas present cost him hours of time – on a Company copier, bet on that! – and are still giving me hours and hours of pleasure. Yes, still. It would be obscene to read several years' worth of any author's creation in one sitting or even one week.

This RiverCon Guest of Honor wrote a lot of stories 40 and more years ago that are eminently readable and salable today. With revision, sure; who ever foresaw calculators or computers or the real truth about Mars and Venus; or that spacecraft would be the product of a massive national effort, not an individual genius or three? "The Stone from the Green Star" (Amazing, 1931) and "Dreadful Sleep" (a favorite – **WT**, '38) "The Blue Spot" (GREAT! – **Astounding**, '37) – and the Seetee-for-**ContraTerrene** tales, signed by "Will Stewart" and a lot of others are still Good, and would be good if published tomorrow. As a matter of fact they'd save us from dozens of the Here-Now mod'r'n dreck self-consciously busting infinitives with gratuitous adverbs and using such in-phrases as "ongoing" and "basically" and "inputting" and "like" and "But" nine times per page! Oh if only Jack were just starting!

His work in the '30s, '40s, '50s, **and** in the '60s, **and** '70s **AND** now the '80s! – **tell stories**. They tell them well, darned well. That's the job. It has been the job since Homer and before: telling stories. Jack Williamson does it better than most by a kilometer, as he has been for an incredible five decades-working-on-six, and that is why he is the second person chosen to receive the (hyper) high honor of being named Grand Master of Science Fiction. that's why his **Humanoids** tales have been reprinted and will be reprinted; and that's why new Jack Williamson books are still greeted with delight and respectful gratitude. And that's why he has been one of our deans, kings, leaders for five decades-working-on-six.

I am the kid who is also nuts about Williamson's fantasies and who has said rather more than twice that if you intend to write good colorful heroic fantasy you'd better study **Golden Blood** and **The Reign of Wizardry**.

A mark of s.f. writers is adaptability, a looking toward tomorrow rather than yesterday. I'd call it boy-ness, which was fine with Leigh Brackett but would bother others. Call it child-ness, then-not childishness. This boyish Williamson wrote two exciting trilogies with Fred Pohl, and created a thrilling adventure novella

from Mackaye's 1930 *THE DYNAMIC UNIVERSE*, and swung easily to pure fantasy, including great fantasy (**Darker Than You Think**) and showed no trouble adapting to John Campbell's er... New Wave... or in deciding, in 1960, to go back to school! By '64 he had a doctorate and a new career as a college teacher. (One of the modest, sensible ones who doesn't wear "Doctor" as part of his name, offcampus). That occupied part of his attention for awhile—as he wrote more stories and novels.

Then appeared Jack Williamson the literate/literary spokesman for s.f., who did much for the widespread teaching of s.f. courses in the U.S. as any other human being. (Oh he is that; he is very that.)

This fan is fascinated by and with color and gemstones. The sight of them, even their names. So is Jack Williamson. That's just one aspect that makes his stories so wondrously fun to read. "There were tremendous domes of many facets, but like glittering diamonds, and an iridescent flame of ever-shifting color played over their angular surfaces." That is a tiny bit of Williamson, whose work is full of green and sapphire and exciting violet and flame and and and... The use of color and glitter in descriptions, even of relatively commonplace scenes or objects, is part of what makes Jack's stories as thrilling to this kid as George Lucas's movies are. We are three of a kind. All three kids, boys—it's just that the other two are geniuses, dammit.

The positively weird aspect is that he neither looks nor acts the role of writer. No hair on his face. No flamboyant or godawful clothing. And, gods help us, no arrogance! The man even seems mentally healthy! Obviously he and his wife Blanche are friends. Dare we call him a nice guy? Good lord, are not that and "writer" mutually exclusive?

Nope. He's a nice man. One of... what?—seven or nine in the S.F.W.A.?

Oh yeah, the S.F.W.A. The gracious lord of Portales was elected president of that organization of the unorganizable just after I had spent two terms turning it into something resembling a shotgunned hornet's nest. Ten minutes after his election it calmed, for that is Jack Williamson. It has remained so—while progressing in his tireless hands to a corporation with tax status, and a meaningful organization of professionals.

The darned guy is Grand Master of everything. He'd probably have settled the baseball strike the day before it started.

That's Jack Williamson, whom I like and respect a lot, as I do his work. And these few words cover only the first .02 percent of your Guest of Honor.

Andrew J. Offutt is best known for his heroic fantasy, but watch for his new space opera series, Spaceways, to be published by Playboy Press. The first volume will be published in early 1982 under the pen-name John Cleve.

B'hamacon

THE 19th DEEP SOUTH CONVENTION * AUGUST 28 - 30, 1981 * BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA *

GUEST OF HONOR

Bob Shaw

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Gerald Page

FAN GUEST OF HONOR

Hank Reinhardt

MEMBERSHIP:

\$8 to October 15, 1980

\$10 October 16, 1980 to August 1, 1981

\$12 at the Door

The Birmingham Science Fiction Club invites you to attend the 19th annual gathering of Southern Fandom at the Birmingham Hilton and Conference Center.

This hotel is newly renovated and has over 15,000 square feet of meeting space. All of this space has been reserved for B'hamacon's activities, which will include the traditional Hearts Tourney, Trivia Quiz, and Masquerade, as well as the reinauguration of the Hank Reinhardt awakening ceremony.

We will, of course, have all of the usual DSC events, such as a Huckster room, Art Show, and a 24 hour con suite.

For more information Contact:

B'hamacon 2

P. O. Box 57031, Birmingham, AL. 35259





Fan Guests of Honor

Mike and Carol Resnick

by Phyllis Eisenstein

Mike and Carol Resnick used to steal water from the City of Chicago. I know this dark secret because I have been acquainted with them for nigh on to half my life. Most of that time I have been under the Svengali-like influence of Mike, who years ago forced me to become one of several auxiliary wives. The role of auxiliary wife is part-time but immensely onerous, consisting primarily of fetching food for Mike at Second Fandom parties and telling him how wonderful he is. In return for such slavery we are occasionally allowed to insult him at the dinner table. In my years as auxiliary wife, and before, I have been privileged to eat Carol's superb lasagna and to choke on the smoke of Mike's unbelievably smelly cigars. When they lived in a posh but insect-ridden suburb of Chicago, I brought my fiction to Mike for criticism. I helped carry mink food (a revolting concoction composed largely of chopped minks) to their collies in the middle of the night without benefit of artificial light. I managed to avoid being trampled by their insane horse who liked to eat mink food. I was there the night the well exploded. These experiences helped make a better person of me. Or at least an older one.

Mike and Carol met at the University of Chicago, where Mike was a member of the championship fencing team. His then-magnificent physique attracted Carol magnetically, and together they dropped out of school and into marriage. In the ensuing years, their daughter Laura came along, and to support this idyllic family Mike wrote vast numbers of books whose subject matter was unsuitable for young children. To supplement the meager income derived from such sources, he became a tabloid-packager, editing as many as six scandal sheets at one time, and writing most of the contents himself. Somewhere in the midst of all this frenetic income-producing activity, he and Carol began raising show collies. At one point they had twenty-seven collies, all of whom barked very early in the morning. This was perhaps the only drawback to staying overnight at the Resnicks'.

And the water.

The water was the big surprise for newcomers to the house. Of course, anyone who drank booze or Coke had no problems. Even tea and coffee was safe. But woe to the ~~auxiliary wife~~ person whose thirst craved something simpler. Unlike the Chicago suburbs closer to Lake Michigan, theirs did not receive water from the City of Chicago. Resnick water contained unnameable substances, all of which tasted like they had to be instantly fatal. No amount of filtering or chemical softening could purify this gunk into drinkability. It even contained methane gas, which, as the clever reader may have guessed, was the reason the well exploded. Therefore, Mike made periodic trips to his parents' home in a suburb that **did** have Chicago water, carrying gallon plastic jugs that he filled there and placed in his refrigerator. But did he **tell** any of his guests about this? Only when it was too late, when they were stricken,



poised over the sink with a half-empty glass in hand and a stomach and sensibilities in revolt. An then he laughed.

But I digress.

After their dogs, which mostly had SF/Fantasy names like Gully Foyle and April Witch, had won uncounted championships and caused their house to be so cluttered with trophies that there was no more room for the science fiction, Carol and Mike decided to take the next logical step and buy a kennel. That this was Chicago fandom's loss and Cincinnati fandom's gain was a sentiment shared by some who were even allergic to dogs. And in Cincinnati at last, Mike, who had been secretly writing SF for years and ~~forcing it upon~~ showing it only to his most intimate friends, began to sell these works. **The Soul Eater**, **Birthright**, and **The Branch** will soon be published by NAL; go go thou and snap them up, for they are Good.

Concurrently with all these triumphs came others, these in the fannish realm. For many years Carol has been recognized as a costumer with few peers. Her skill, imagination, and utilization of styrofoam, feathers, mod-podge, body paint, and very little cloth (for herself; more cloth for Mike) have won a flock of awards at Worldcon Masquerades. Their one-shot fanzine, **Masquerade**, a must for all would-be costumers, grew out of their enthusiasm for standing in line for hours while waiting to parade across a stage for sixty seconds.

Since leaving Chicago fandom, they have become active in the Cincinnati Fantasy Group. They go to a lot more conventions since they bought the kennel, a fact which indicates that even dog lovers have to get away from the creatures once in a while. They generally hang around with the easy-going Midwest crowd, several of whom smoke cigars just as smelly as Mike's. They swim, they chat with other fans till the wee hours, and they even occasionally attend program items.

Just like the rest of us.

Phyllis Eisenstein is the author of the novels Born to Exile, Sorcerer's Son, and In the Hands of Glory, coming in November from Pocket Books.

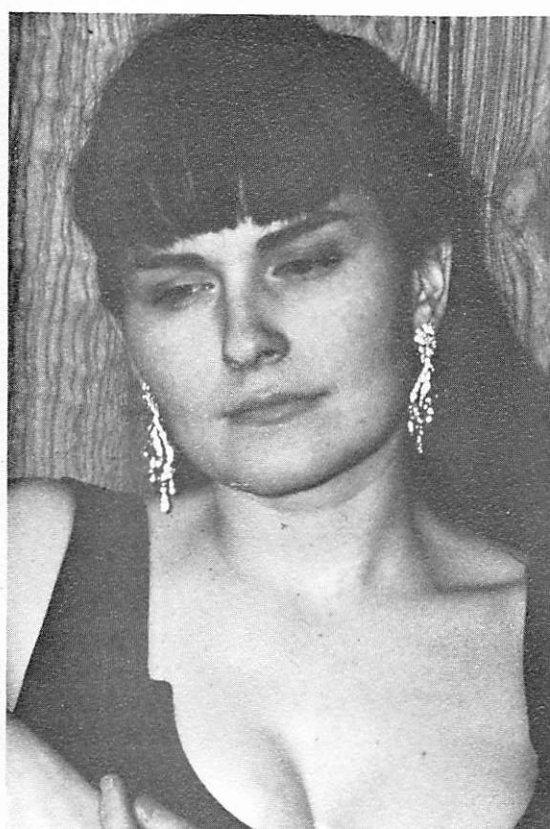
Photographs:

Page 10: Carol and Mike as C.A. Smith's "White Sybil and the Ice Demon" from *Hyperborea*. Best in Show, Discon, 1974.

Page 12: Mike as "Master of the Crabs" from Clark Ashton Smith's *Zothique*. Voted Most Outstanding, Suncon, 1977.

Page 14 (top): Mike and Carol in their North American Best in Show presentation, Henry Kuttner's "The Avengers of Space." (photo by Ray Jones)

Page 14 (bottom): The real Mike and Carol Resnick.



The Adele Leone Agency congratulates

MIKE RESNICK

and urges you to watch for his forthcoming
major science fiction novels:

THE SOUL EATER (NAL, October, 1981)

- "A powerful emotional experience. I
couldn't put it down."
-- Phyllis Eisenstein
- "Any sensitive reader should be
profoundly moved, as I was."
-- Wilson Tucker
- "Literate and beautifully crafted, THE
SOUL EATER is as good an sf novel as
will be published this year."
-- Barry Malzberg

BIRTHRIGHT: THE BOOK OF MAN (NAL,
February, 1982)

- "BIRTHRIGHT should be an award winner.
As an example of sf done with that
odd combination of conviction and
cynicism, it is almost nonpariel."
-- Barry Malzberg
- "BIRTHRIGHT is an exuberant vision
of the future. Well done !"
-- Phyllis Eisenstein
- "What a boundless imagination Resnick
has, and how beautifully that imagi-
nation is reflected in BIRTHRIGHT!"
-- Wilson Tucker

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Boatmaster

Frank M. Robinson

by Jodie Offutt

Photo by JAY KAY KLEIN

One of the best ways of getting to know someone is to spend time together doing something. A few of my favorite fan friendships have begun or been cemented with an afternoon going through an art show, a huckster room, or on a shopping or sightseeing trip in a convention city. It's an opportunity to exchange ideas and opinions and simply talk about whatever you see.

The first time I met Frank Robinson was at a Kubla Khan. He was sitting comfortably on the floor of the con suite talking about book stores in San Francisco.

The next time I saw Frank was in the lobby of a hotel where we sat on a concrete railing near the elevators watching the fans go by. We discussed the differences in Midwest, Eastern, Southern and West Coast fandom. (Frank's been around and observed.)

At another Kubla we sat across the table from each other at breakfast and Frank told us about restaurants and street vendors in San Francisco.

Then Frank and I shared one of those long afternoons I mentioned. Quite by accident — as most such occasions happened. We were in Louisville at North American when Frank and I ran into each other as we were on our way to take in the ethnic festival on the Belvedere next door to the Galt House.

We spent the afternoon together and I got to know Frank Robinson.

He is a quiet, easy-going man who takes things in stride. He's an attentive listener and an interesting talker; that adds up to a good conversationalist. His sense of humor is constant and evident.

That afternoon as we strolled from booth to booth — he bought a flower at one for Lou Moore, and waited while I bought a necklace at another — I learned that Frank is an observer. He is very knowledgeable about the cities he's lived in: Chicago, New York and San Francisco. His observations and thought on their differences, their characteristics, their charms, were fascinating and enlightening.

Frank bought a box of chicken at the African booth (I'm sure it was the Colonel's chicken), and we sat on some steps chatting while he ate, and the wind blew flags down around us and Lou's flower across the plaza.

We wandered some more, discussing what we saw: people and their clothing, booths and their wares, the weather, the river, and whatever else came into our vision or our heads.

Frank Robinson is just like that afternoon — relaxed, fun, leisurely. Those few hours made my convention worthwhile.

Just as your Toastmaster will make **this** convention worthwhile — for all of us.

Jodie Offutt lives in a big old house in the wilds of Kentucky with husband Andy, where somehow she finds the time to write for lots of fanzines and go to lots of conventions.

BELLE OF LOUISVILLE



Sunday brings the continuation of RiverCon's most distinctive tradition—an afternoon excursion on our grand old steamer, the Belle of Louisville. To be sure you get aboard for this unique convention feature, please read the following information carefully.

Tickets: First of all, the outing will be in conjunction with a regular public cruise, rather than a private charter. This means we must, in effect, compete with the general public for passenger space. You should purchase your ticket in advance at RiverCon's registration desk for \$3.00, a discount from the regular fare. Anyone showing up at the wharf without one of our tickets will be charged the full rate. Tickets may be returned to us at any time for a full refund, so it's best to buy early even if your plans are uncertain.

Boarding: The wharf is only a short walk from the front door of the Galt House—just turn left as you go out the door and follow the stairways and walkways to the river. Boarding begins at 1:00 P.M., but it is advisable to arrive early to get near the head of the line (remember that space is on a first come-first served basis; your ticket is not a reservation and will do you no good if the boat fills up before you get there).

Schedule: Boarding begins at 1:00 P.M., departure is at 2:00, and return to the wharf is at approximately 4:30.

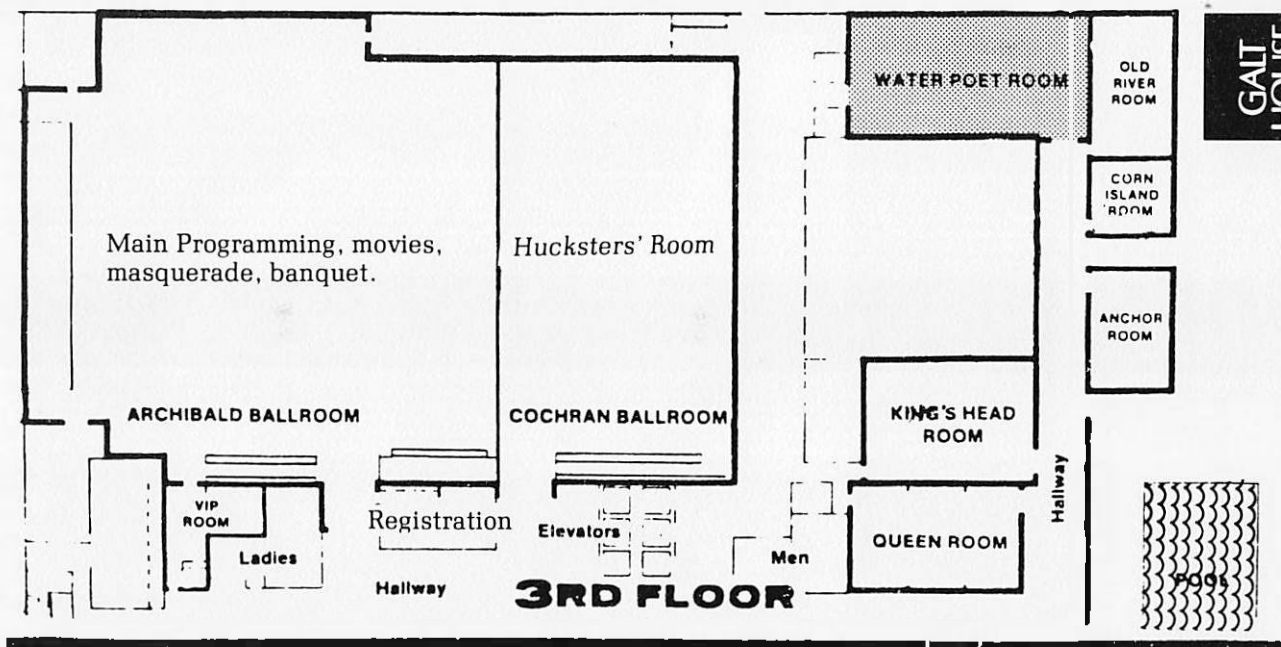
Other: There is a snack bar and souvenir stand on board. You may also bring your own picnic lunch and drinks (but coolers are strictly forbidden). Although no formal programming is planned, feel free to start your own filking, poker game, or tanning contest. Further Belle information is available at the RiverCon registration desk.



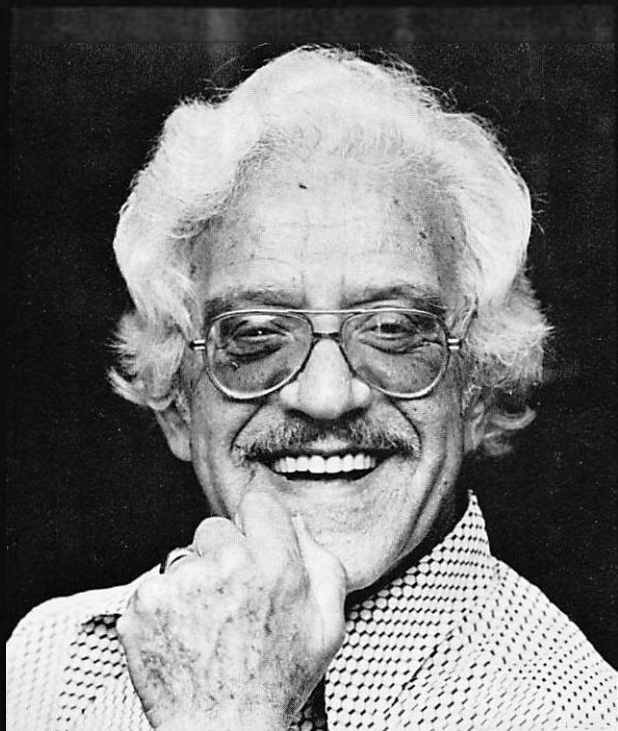
RIVERCON VII

July 23 — 25, 1982

The art show and auctions are in the Court and Dell Quay Rooms on the second floor of the Galt House.



Lou Tabakow



As most of you know by now, last year's Rivercon Fan Guest of Honor, Lou Tabakow, died last spring after a long illness.

Despite his 66 years, he died too young — but then, he would have died too young at any age, for his friendships were what kept him young and his friends were legion.

Mourn for a moment or two; respect — and our very real loss — demands that much. But Lou wouldn't have wanted anyone or anything to cast a pall over a convention, especially one he loved as much as Rivercon. His shade is in the lobby now, greeting old friends and making new ones. If you wish to honor his memory as he would like to have it honored, go down to the lobby or the Con Suite and do the same.

Mike Resnick

