

NOVEMBER 12-14, 1993



Guest of Honor

Simon Hawke

Fan Guest of Honor

Kate Daniel

Toastmaster

Edward Bryant

Featured Guests

John Vornholt Paul Edwards
Mike Stackpole Liz Danforth
Paul Carter Peter L. Manly

CHAIR:	Cristi Simila
CO-CHAIR:	Bruce Wiley
TREASURER:	Sue Thing
ART SHOW:	Pat Connors, Deb Dedon, Earl Billick
MASQUERADE:	Brian Gross
CONSUIITE:	Julie Hamann
PROGRAMMING:	Kerian Brooke
FILMS:	Wolf Forrest
VIDEO:	Fred Kurtzweig II
DEALERS:	Julie Hamann
GAMING:	Henry Tyler
SECURITY:	Gary & Rebecca Hayes
GREEN ROOM/OPS:	Scot Glener
PUBLICITY:	Frances Gross
PROGRAM BOOK:	Daniel Arthur
REGISTRATION:	Nora Rankin

Special Thanks:

Jim Corrick, Barry Bard, Curt Stubbs,
Bobbie Seaman & the Executive Inn Staff

Cover:

Liz Danforth & Deb Dedon

Artwork:

Wolf Forrest, Deb Dedon & Gary Hayes

TusCon: The Return...

In the TusCon XVII Program Book, we announced that "there is no plan for a TusCon XVIII." Well, we fibbed. We came back. Actually, we never went away. We were just skulking quietly in the shadows, biding our time. Once this addiction works its way down to your marrow, there is no turning back. Anyone who has put together a con or just worked a committee can tell you that.

After TusCon XVII, the committee went on hiatus for two years to look for new victims--uh, suckers--er, to re-build our stamina. With several transfusions, and relatively healthy marrow, we're back. The main thing is, we have too much fun doing this every year **not** to keep doing it.

In fact, nearly everyone on the committee has been fighting to see who gets to be the new Chair next year. Honest. It hasn't been a pretty sight. So far it seems to be a tie between Sue and Frances, but we'll keep you posted.

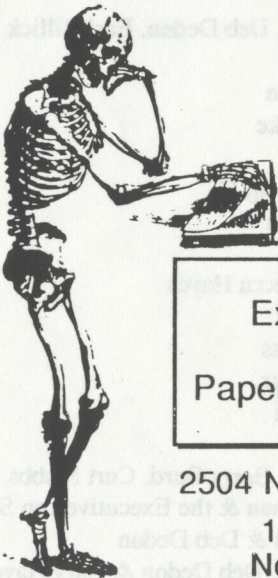
We hope you enjoy TusCon. Sit in on one of Wolf's carefully-chosen films. Buy one of Ed's, Kate's or Simon's books from Hilde. Go the Furry Critter Stomp (it's a tradition). And certainly don't miss hearing the Midnight Horror Readings on Saturday. Maybe even sneak in a little Japanimation. Whatever you do, have a great time, that's why we keep doing this thing every year.

- Daniel Arthur, Editor

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THE SIMON DOSSIER

by Edward Bryant

This happened sometime in the past:

Okay, so there I am, crawling like a reptile right there on my belly on the upstairs carpet, grinding the snout-end of a Red Dirt Devil hand-held vac into the gray pile. It's some ungodly hour of the night and I've got to get my house ready for a friend and visitor the day following.

The phone rings.

I want to ignore it, but I'm just as Pavlov-trained as any lab doggy. Let the phone ring and I just know its a one-time never-to-be-repeated offer of riches and success. Ed McMahon, right? The phone keeps on ringing. Then the vac whines at a weirder pitch, smoke starts curling out of the motor vents, and my thumb sears when I unwisely stick it into the gadgetry to discover that the belt's snapped. The hell with it. I answer the phone,

"Mr. Bryant? Mr. Edward Bryant?"

Collection bureau? I wonder. Doesn't sound like opportunity calling.

"Uh, yeah.."

"This is Bob Xpstlfxll (it sounds like) with ColorTyme TV Rental. Do you know a Mr. Simon Hawke?"

"Well..." Can't hurt to be honest. I reason. "Sure. I know him."

"How well?"

This I have to consider. I mean, I've known Simon for two of his lifetimes spread over close to a decade and a half, I've known him through one marriage, about five dozen books, and a stint when he lived around the corner from my old apartment in Denver's Capitol Hill. "pretty well," I say.

"So tell me a little about him," suggests Bob from ColorTyme.

"Is this, um, like an FBI check?" I say.

"Something like that."

"Does Simon know you're asking his friends about him?"

"He suggested you," says Bob. "He's using you as a reference."

"Ah," I say. Simon didn't warn me. Of course this guy on the phone could be a private dick or something, maybe a public one.

"Tell me," he says again.

I decide to play it straight. Nursing the finger that got barbecued in the Red Dirt Devil, I settle down on the filthy carpeting, gather my wits, and try to make Simon sound like a mench. "Okay," I say, "I've known him for many years now. Did you know we grew up together as boys on the Argentine pampas?"

"Uh, no kidding?" says Bob.

"Natch. Reared in the wild by Russian émigré missionaries. Orthodox Baptists. After we reached adolescence, Simon sought gainful employment as a gaucho. I headed inland to hunt the wily caymen."

"Gainful employment," Bob says with some interest. I hear scratchings as though notes are being jotted.

"Absolutely. Simon's been working all his life. The gaucho gig was just the beginning. The bright city lights seduced him early. He's been in radio, tried his hand at rock music, came to the U.S. and worked the U.N., explored California and worked as a bodyguard."

Scratch, scratch. "And he got paid for all this?"

"Absolutely." right there I decide maybe I shouldn't say anything about the time spent in biker gangs and touring clubs. And probably I should keep it quiet about the Dave Mattingly cover paintings tattooed in full color on various discreet parts of Simon's body.

But I do tell Bob about the sixty-something books either published or in the pipeline. I tell him about the dozen Time Wars tales, the Psychodrome novels, the early science fiction epics under another name, the Wizard science fantasies. I even disclose the Friday the Thirteenth novelizations. "I mean," I say, "he even makes sense out of those suckers."

Bob doesn't say much of anything, so I continue with enthusiasm. "I remember the stir when he finished a novel called The Nine Lives of Catseye Gomez. Pretty nifty. Roadkill Press even took a section to use as a limited edition chapbook. It's about an intelligent kitty that sort of thinks he's Mike Hammer."

"Uh," Bob starts to say.

Tactical error on my part. I rush to add "Simon's also worked on something really serious. It's a huge historical trilogy called Sons of Glory. Civil War, okay? Say, did you see Gettysburg?"

"I saw that series thing on PBS," says bob. "He gets paid for all this?"

"Not enough," I say. "But plenty enough to pay for a TV set. Unless, of course, he's getting one of those big diamond screen end zone models."

"No," says Bob, "just a normal tube. But tell me, is he, well, dependable?"

"Simon?" I grin. "He's honest, a real straight shooter. Actually he knows a lot about guns. You can imagine him as the hero in one of those men's after the bomb adventure series."

"Hmm. Is there anything else you feel I ought to know?"

Before I think it through, I say, "Well, he's a high verbal. But he'll stop and listen as soon as somebody has something to say." I wonder if I should mention that Simon's in the process of moving to a really distant suburb of Tucson. (Hey, I told you this took place back in the past!) Maybe not. Just in case Bob really is from the Bureau or the Company or some other political euphemism, I say, "Simon loves his country. He washes regularly. He always pays his bills."

"Good," says Bob, "that's really what I wanted to hear." He thanks me effusively and rings off.

Should I have mentioned Simon's exploits in Muddy's, the Denver coffeehouse? His ambitions of teaching? His literary adventures with Star Trek and Batman? The time and conscientious detail work that go into researching his novels?

Shoot, if Bob wants more, he can just dial back. Then it occurs to me... Simon must be getting a short-term rental, since he's moving the final load of his stuff to Arizona in three weeks. But a TV? He hates television, has said so on many occasions. Maybe he's got an RF converter and is going to turn the rental TV into a 40 column monitor? Or an interocitor? Or maybe Judge Wapner, Thirtysomething, and Stud Muffins are really his secret vices? I'm not gonna ask. It won't occur to Bob to inquire. But you could.

Or not. Be nice. If you are, so will he. And read his books. Good man, Simon. He's become one of Arizona's most solid literary citizens. And he always pays his debts.

Simon Hawke: A Selected Bibliography

by

James A. Corrick

The Timewars Series:

- ✓ THE IVANHOE GAMBIT, Ace, 1984
- ✓ THE TIMEKEEPERS CONSPIRACY, Ace 1984
- ✓ THE PIMPERNEL PLOT, Ace, 1984
- THE ZENDA VENDETTA, Ace, 1985
- ✓ THE NAUTILUS SANCTION, Ace, 1985
- THE KHYBER CONNECTION, Ace, 1986
- ✓ THE ARGONAUT AFFAIR, Ace, 1987
- THE DRACULA CAPER, Ace, 1988
- ✓ THE LILLIPUT LEGION, Ace, 1989
- ✓ THE HELLFIRE REBELLION, Ace, 1990
- THE CLEOPATRA CRISIS, Ace, 1990
- THE SIXGUN SOLUTION, Ace, 1991

The Wizard Series:

- ✓ THE WIZARD OF 4TH STREET, Questar, 1987
- ✓ THE WIZARD OF WHITECHAPEL, Questar, 1988
- ✓ THE WIZARD OF SUNSET STRIP, Questar, 1989
- ✓ THE WIZARD OF RUE MORGUE, Questar, 1990
- ✓ THE SAMURAI WIZARD, Questar, 1991
- ✓ THE WIZARD OF SANTA FE, Questar, 1991
- ✓ THE WIZARD OF CAMELOT, Questar, 1993
- ✓ THE WIZARD OF LOVECRAFT'S CAFE, Questar, 1993



Novelizations:

JASON LIVES!: FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH, PART VI, Signet, 1986
FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH, PART I, Signet, 1987
FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH, PART II, Signet, 1988
FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH, PART III, Signet, 1988
PREDATOR 2, Jove, 1990
BATMAN: TO STALK A SPECTER, Warner, 1991

Other Novels:

✓ PSYCHODROME, Ace, 1987
✓ THE SHAPECHANGER SCENARIO, Ace, 1988
✓ SONS OF GLORY, Jove, 1992
CALL TO ARMS, Jove, 1993
✓ THE NINE LIVES OF CATSEYE GOMEZ, Questar, 1992 C
✓ THE RELUCTANT SORCERER, Questar, 1992
✓ THE INADEQUATE ADEPT, Questar, 1993
STAR TREK, THE NEXT GENERATION #26: THE ROMULAN PRIZE,
Pocket, 1993
STAR TREK #69: PATRIAN TRANSGRESSION, Pocket, scheduled April, 1994
THE WHIMS OF CREATION, Warner, forthcoming

Tribe of One Trilogy:

DARK SUN: THE OUTCAST, TSR, 1993
DARK SUN: THE SEEKER, TSR, scheduled May, 1994
DARK SUN: THE NOMAD, TSR, forthcoming

Books written as Nicholas Yermakov:

JOURNEY FROM FLESH, Berkley, 1981
✓ LAST COMMUNION, Signet, 1981
FALL INTO DARKNESS, Berkley, 1982
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA #6: THE LIVING LEGEND, Berkley, 1982
CLIQUE, Berkley, 1982
✓ EPIPHANY, Signet, 1982
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA #7: WAR OF THE GODS, Berkley, 1982
✓ JEHAD, Signet, 1984

Books written as J.D. Masters:

✓ STEELE, Charter, 1989
✓ COLD STEELE, Charter, 1989
✓ KILLER STEELE, Charter, 1990
✓ JAGGED STEELE, Charter, 1990
✓ RENEGADE STEELE, Charter, 1990
✓ TARGET STEELE, Charter, 1990



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Edward Winslow Bryant--Once Again

by S.P. Somtow

History is cyclical, as any assiduous reader of program books must realize if he has been following the endless string of puff pieces Ed Bryant and I have written about one another in convention program books across time and space. Why the fates have doomed us to compose these interminably laudatory encomiums to each other is one of the supreme mysteries of the universe. Be that as it may, here's the next chapter in the saga--another article in praise of the brilliant, compassionate, carcharodon-loving, overachieving actor-writer-critic-toastmaster, Edward Winslow Bryant.

What more can I say about Ed Bryant? In previous articles I've praised his prose, his acting, and his *menschheit*; I've enumerated his dozens of award-winning stories, noted his wit and wisdom, poked fun at his foibles, deplored the fact that he never seems to finish his novel, and speculated on his mating habits. I've illuminated the man behind the myth behind the archetype. I've even crushed his head under a six-ton bus, an event you will doubtless see, captured on film, if you ever stumble into the video room at some convention, perhaps even this one, in time to witness his cinematic debut in *The Laughing Dead*.

Yet Bryant remains an enigma. He is a man who has mastered everything he's put his mind to. His entry in the splatterpunk sweepstakes, the short story *A Sad Last Love at the Diner of the Damned*, must surely rank as the finest short story ever penned within the subgenre. His quiet horror is the quietest and his loud the loudest. His literary criticism is the most incisive in the field. His portrayal of Jarvis the bus driver in *The Laughing Dead* must surely contain the most authentic rendition of the "armadiller" ever put on film. Recently, Ed was unable to show up at the worldcon in San Francisco, and a certain Big Name Editor (who shall remain nameless) took his place on a panel. Afterwards, a woman went up to the B.N.E. and said, "Ed, your acting in the *Laughing Dead* was nothing short of brilliant--it was the most convincing head-crushing performance I have ever seen." The B.N.E. bowed and humbly thanked the woman for her perspicacious comments. I believe it is a tribute to Ed's brilliance that his fans believe that he, like Lon Chaney, can assume any shape, form, or personality.

Ed Bryant is always the best at whatever he sets his mind to do.

And he has set his mind to do many, many things indeed.

For those who have come to his work recently, he will probably be best known as a writer of chilling horror stories. Those with longer memories will remember such award-winning works as *Stone*, *Particle Theory*, and the ever-popular *giAnts*, inspired, I think, by Ed's rabid childhood fascination with the movie *Them*. I once had the pleasure of seeing *Them* in a movie theater with Ed--at an art movie festival in Denver, no less--and can vouch for the fact that

he physically metamorphosed into a twelve-year-old kid. So infectious was his childlike enthusiasm, in fact, that I became transformed myself. Sharks and giant insects--there you have it. He understands both very well. He frequently writes from their point of view.

His ability to get inside a woman's skin is also nothing short of miraculous, as those who have read his recent series of stories about urban witch Angie, culminating in the near-novel *Fetish* (Pulphouse Press), as erotic a female-viewpoint piece as I've ever read from the pen of a man. The last time I saw Ed, he was reading two new short stories--one about Nazis, the other about cockroaches--he ran the gamut from loudest to quietest horror in the space of about an hour.

There was the collection-cum-novel *Cinnabar*, which is a classic of science fiction, though rather hard to obtain. Ed's space opera--did you know he had written space opera?--is collected in a slim but wildly amusing volume from--yes, the ever-active Pulphouse Press.

For academics among you, there is Ed's work as a superb critic. I'm not just saying this because he was once a lone voice crying out in favor of the horror novels of your humble biographer; Ed has stuck his neck out more than once, as when he tackled the heady and heavy issue of anti-female discrimination in a recent critical essay in *Pulphouse Magazine*.

I called Ed Bryant last week and asked him if there was anything left for me to talk about in my Boswellian odyssey through his life and achievements. Ed reminded me that there've been many new developments in his life. For example, get him to start talking about the collaborations with Dan Simmons on various major and minor works for the silver screen. Or start him talking about his namesake, Ed Gein, the serial killer with whom he seems to share a disturbing spiritual bond. That's right, Ed Gein, the fellow who used to cut out the private parts of overweight, dead ladies and wear them in a fruitless attempt to resurrect his mother.

Good God! A spiritual bond with Ed Gein? Perhaps I'd better clarify this a little. *Ed Gein's America* is a work-in-progress of Edward Bryant's. It has been in progress ever since I've known him, and for a while it looked like it might be progress forever--a sort of dark fantasy version of the Dean Drive. But when I conversed with Ed last week, he intimated that he's finally found a structure for this great opus, and that it may well start appearing, in bits and pieces, in the magazines. Oh yes, and there's also the origami chapbook--probably the first in the entire history of literature.

Despite his astonishingly varied achievements, Ed Bryant rarely blows his own trumpet. Instead, he is unflinching in his encouragement of younger writers, and he has the gift of being genuinely interested in other people-- a rare gift in the narcissistic world of writers. He's a very special person, and I am sure you will discover this, if you haven't already, during the course of TusCon.

Oh! and Ed will be playing a role in my new picture, shooting in January (if all goes well). I believe it's his first time doing Shakespeare.

What else can I say about the man who has been my mentor, hero, guru and creative consultant for the last ten years? Read his fiction! Read his nonfiction! Listen to him ramble! Ed Bryant is the greatest one-man show on earth.

Edward Bryant: A Selected Bibliography

by

James A. Corrick

AMONG THE DEAD, Macmillan, 1973

PHOENIX WITHOUT ASHES, Fawcett, 1975 (with Harlan Ellison)

CINNABAR, Macmillan, 1976

2076: THE AMERICAN TRICENTENNIAL, Pyramid, 1977

(edited with Jo Ann Harper)

WYOMING SUN, Jelm Mountain Press, 1980

PARTICLE THEORY, Timescape, 1981

TRILOBYTE, Axolotl, 1987 (published with THE SHADOW ON THE

DOORSTEP by James Blaylock)

NEON TWILIGHT, Pulphouse, 1990

THE MAN OF THE FUTURE, Roadkill Press, 1990

THE CUTTER, Pulphouse, 1991

FETISH, Pulphouse/Axolotl, 1991

THE THERMALS OF AUGUST, Pulphouse, 1992

DARKER PASSIONS, Roadkill Press, 1992

THINGS TO DO IN DENVER WHEN YOU'RE DEAD, Deadline Press,
forthcoming

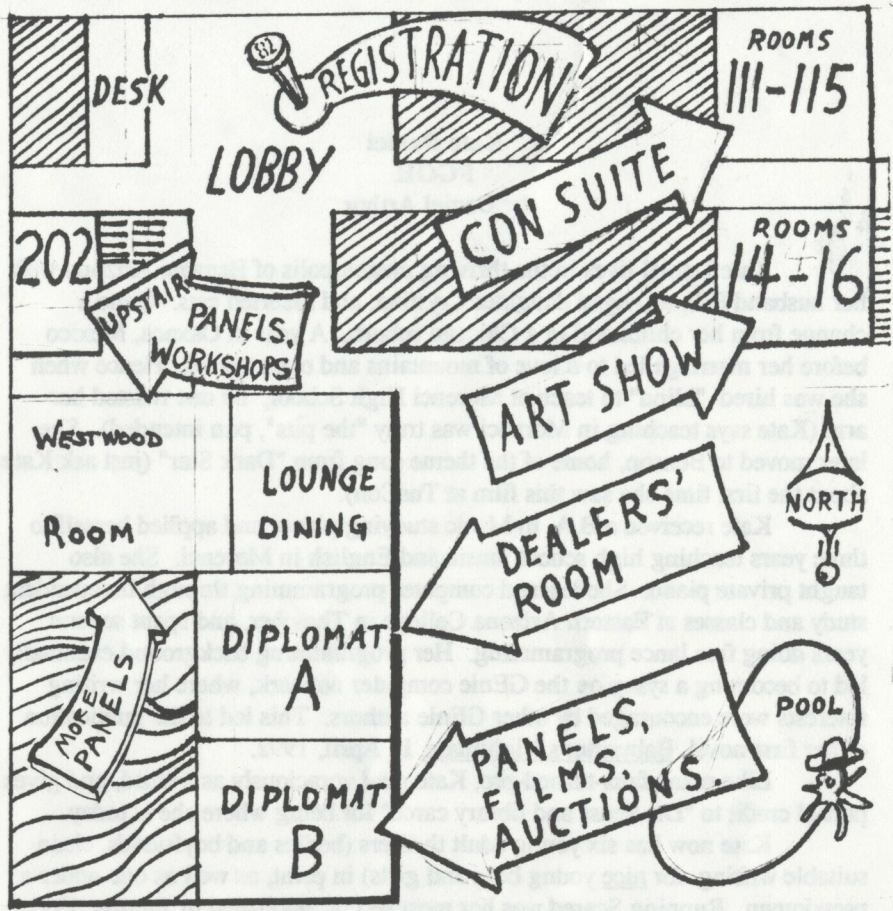


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Kate Daniel
FGOH
by Daniel Arthur

Kate Daniel lives in the thriving megalopolis of Benson, Arizona with her husband Bill, teenaged daughter Crystina, and assorted cats. Quite a change from her childhood in a Chicago suburb. A year in Oaxaca, Mexico before her marriage led to a love of mountains and open spaces. Hence when she was hired "blind" to teach at Morenci High School, no one twisted her arm (Kate says teaching in Morenci was truly "the pits", pun intended). She later moved to Benson, home of the theme song from "Dark Star" (just ask Kate about the first time she saw this film at TusCon).

Kate received a B.A. in Music studying piano, and applied herself to three years teaching high school music and English in Morenci. She also taught private piano. She learned computer programming through independent study and classes at Eastern Arizona College in Thatcher, and spent several years doing free lance programming. Her programming background eventually led to becoming a sysop on the GENie computer network, where her writing interests were encouraged by other GENie authors. This led to the publication of her first novel, Babysitter's Nightmare, In April, 1992.

Like many fans-turned-pro, Kate read voraciously as a child, and gives partial credit to "Dr. Seuss and library cards" for being where she is today.

Kate now has six young adult thrillers (bodies and boyfriends, clean suitable writing for nice young boys and girls) in print, as well as one under a pseudonym. Running Scared was her most recent, published in August, 1992. Babysitter's Nightmare II will be released in 1994. She also has a proposal out on a supernatural mystery. Her short works deal mainly with fantasy and science fiction, published in several anthologies. Her most recent short story is "Christmas Presence," in Christmas Ghosts, edited by Mike Resnick.

Kate Daniel: A Selected Bibliography
by
James A. Corrick

- BABYSITTER'S NIGHTMARE, HarperPaperbacks, 1992
TEEN IDOL, HarperPaperbacks, 1992
SWEET DREAMS, HarperPaperbacks, 1992
SWEETHEART, HarperPaperbacks, 1993
RUNNING SCARED, HarperPaperbacks, 1993
BABYSITTER'S NIGHTMARE II, HarperPaperbacks, forthcoming in 1994

HOTEL

The recently-remodeled Executive Inn is happy to once again host TusCon. The hotel staff is very helpful, but PLEASE, if you have a complaint, come to the ConCom unless the problem is directly related to the hotel--reservations, room service, etc. We would prefer to work out a solution first with a minimum of bloodshed.

RESTAURANTS

The restaurant at the Executive Inn is open for breakfast from 6:30 to 11:00 a.m., Monday - Saturday, and 7:00 - 11:00 a.m. on Sunday. Lunch is available 11:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. Monday - Saturday. Dinner is served 5:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Monday - Saturday.

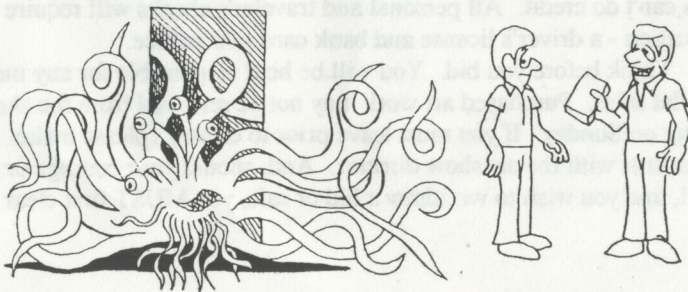
There are many restaurants on the Miracle Mile/Drachman strip. CoCo's is right next to the hotel, but please note they don't take checks. There is a 24-hour Village Inn one block north of the hotel for all of you insomniac chocolate pie freaks. For a great steak, check out the "Pack 'em Inn" steakhouse, 2 blocks east of the hotel, where the waitress cooks your steak just the way you like it. For fast food, there's a What-A-Burger just east of the Pack 'Em Inn.

SECURITY

Our weapons policy is a simple one: if you pull it, our lovely and charming security personnel will put it back for you.

Please, no real or realistic firearms, no projectile or projectile-throwing weapons of any sort, all edge or spiked weapons must be in a sturdy sheath or have all edges and points covered with a material hard enough to prevent accidental injury, and all weapons must be peace-bonded securely to the body. Tucson city ordinance also prohibits the carrying of any and all martial-arts weapons such as nunchuku and shuriken.

We at TusCon like to think that we have a fairly liberal weapons policy. Please help us to keep it that way. We reserve the right to check all weapons, and violations of the rules can result in confiscation of the weapon, revocation of Con membership and benefits (like hotel room rates...), and/or notification of the local militia.



CONSUIITE

TusCon's legendary Consuite will be open from 5:00 p.m. Friday until ???, 10 a.m. Saturday until ???, and 10 a.m. Sunday until ???. Please note that the Consuite will be closed during the Meet the Authors party Friday evening, and for the Masquerade Saturday night. There will be a Cash Bar set up by the hotel during these events. Also note that this year's consuite is DRY, and a NO SMOKING zone per the hotel's request. There will be the usual ample selection of munchies, eats and soda. Curt's infamous Nuclear Chili will be served early Sunday Evening at the Undead Dog Party.

DEALER'S ROOM

The TusCon dealer's room will be open Friday 12 p.m. - 9 p.m., Saturday 10 a.m. - 9 p.m., and Sunday 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Stop by and browse through a select choice of books, jewelry, artwork, music, gaming supplies and other treasures from distant stars.

ART SHOW

The TusCon 20 Art Show opens Friday, November 12, at 3 p.m. For the convenience of members, it will remain open Friday until 8:00 p.m., then close for the Meet the Authors Party. It will re-open at 10 a.m. Saturday, closing at 6 p.m. Last minute bids may be placed Sunday from 10 a.m. until noon. The show will then close for auction and tear down.

Generally, two bids will send a piece to auction. A one-bid piece may, at the director's discretion and evil whims, go to auction. Pieces with a FLAT SALE price only (no minimum bid indicated) may be purchased for that FLAT SALE price only. Such pieces do not go to auction. Pieces with **BOTH FLAT SALE** and **MINIMUM BID** prices indicated may be purchased for the FLAT SALE price only if there are no marked bids. Similarly, a bid may be placed if no FLAT SALE price has been marked by a buyer. Pieces with **MINIMUM BID** price only indicated cannot be sold directly (no "flat" sale).

Keep track of your bids and assume that any piece you bid on will show up at the auction. Be prepared with cash, travelers checks or personal checks to claim your purchased art work at the close of the auction. Sorry, TusCon can't do credit. All personal and traveler's checks will require identification - a driver's license and bank card will suffice.

Think before you bid. You will be held responsible for any marked bids or flat sales. Purchased art work may not be removed from the show prior to closing on Sunday. If you must leave prior to closing, please make arrangements with the art show director. And, should your courage or cash flow fail, and you wish to withdraw a bid or sale, you **MUST** first clear it with

the art show director. If you have any questions, ask the art show director. He/she's the one hunched over the corner table, bleary-eyed and sucking caffeine.

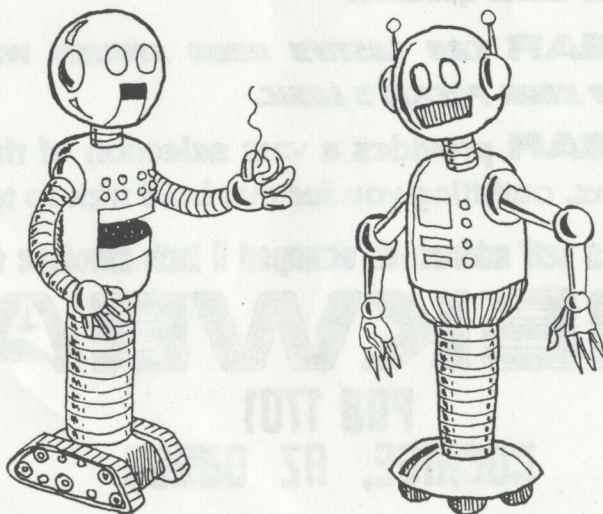
REGISTRATION

If you're reading this, you have probably already been processed, folded and mutilated at the registration desk. No more need be said about registration.

Now a word about membership badges. This year's awe-inspiring badge was designed by Deb Dedon. You must wear it at all times to gain access to all convention activities. If you lend it, lose it, or allow it to be stolen you can replace it; for the current membership rate. Exceptions may be made on an individual basis by the head of registration, for visiting dignitaries from Federation planets only. Complaints may be arbitrated at a later date with the local sector JAG officer.

MASQUERADE BALL AND FURRY CRITTER STOMP

This year we have a special "Creatures of the night" theme for the TusCon Saturday Night Masquerade Ball. As we did for TusCon 17, we will have two costume groups. Group A will be for "professional" costumes (and those that wouldn't survive the dance floor), and group B for "hall" costumes (and those that look better in motions). Group A will be judged just prior to the dance and a n award will be given for Best Fantasy (careful!) and Best Science Fiction. There will be three awards given in group B during the dance (for any reason our guests think up) and a Best of Show will be awarded from amongst all entries in both groups. Whether in drac, drag or fang, everyone suit up to get down!



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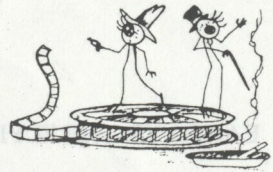
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TusCon XX Films,
by Wolf Forrest



DEVIL'S BALL France, 1934

Ladislav Starevitch, a Russian expatriate working in France, produced some remarkable, and often perverse, puppet animation during his career. For an analogy of his work brought up-to-date, one needs only to go to their local cinema and check out Tim Burton's "The Nightmare Before Christmas". A former insect photographer, Starevitch made many live-action films before turning to animation. "Devil's Ball" is a nightmarish short taken from the canvases of Hieronymus Bosch, as a drunkard's dream becomes a midnight revelry for the powers of darkness.

THE FABULOUS WORLD OF JULES VERNE
aka VYNALEZ ZKAZY Czechoslovakia, 1958

Karel Zeman's evocative masterpiece is a culmination of his work combining puppets, cartoons, and glass paintings. He was responsible for creating Czechoslovakia's most enduring character, Mr. Prokoup. From "Inspiration" (1949), to "Treasure of Bird Island" (1952) and "Prehistoric Journey" (1955), which used electronically-controlled dinosaurs; Zeman creates a visual universe different from any of his contemporaries. FWOJTV uses Verne's *Face au Drapeau* for his inspiration, with liberal doses from "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea". A year later he produced an elaborately beautiful version of "Baron Munchausen".

I AM NOT DEAD! Gimme a BREAK, you guys! Just because I usta hang around WOLF AND TRINI and you guyz doesn't mean I CAN JUST DROP MY NEWEST Project AND FLY BACK JUST FOR TUSCON. I MEAN I KNOW WHEN IT IS.

I MEAN, LIKE I GOTTA MAKE A LIVING WITH A TYPEWRITER AN' AIRLINES ARENT CHEAP Y'KNOW SO, LIKE, LEAVE OFF I'D MAKE IT IF I COULD. HONEST. MAYBE I GOTTA SCHEDULE TA KEEP.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW ITS BEEN A FEW YEARS... WHAT?!!

★

HOW MANY? WEEZZZZ...

OKAY OKAY. I'LL THINK ABOUT IT. OYE. (MAN, GET PUBLISHED AN' THEY THINK THEY OWN YA!) STILL THEY DID PUT UP WITH ME BEFORE I GOT FAMOUS. MAYBE, JUST MAYBE I should...

go

WOLF

EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS USA, 1956

Capitalizing on the flying saucer hysteria which peaked a year before Sputnik's launch, this feature from Columbia makes full use of the fantastic special effects of Ray Harryhausen. Project Skyhook honcho Dr. Russell Marvin (Hugh Marlowe) and his new bride Carol (Joan Taylor) are headed for the research facility when a saucer plays cat-and-mouse with their speeding automobile. A tape recorder used by Marvin to dictate accidentally picks up sound emanating from the spacecraft, which is decoded later as a high-speed message from the interplanetary visitors. Later, a saucer lands at Skyhook and disgorges its occupants, wearing suits made of "solidified electricity". They are fired upon by trigger-happy soldiers and promptly destroy their weapons and set the base ablaze. Kidnapping a general, they put him through a brain-scan and tell of their mission--dying on their home planet, they need to emigrate to Earth--with or without our blessing. Their final assault on Washington, DC is the essence of American science fiction film, as miniature landmarks are ravaged by Harryhausen's agile and frighteningly life-like spacecraft. Some of the footage surfaces in later low-budget productions, most notably the collapse of the Washington Monument in Sam Katzman's unintentionally hilarious "The Giant Claw".

INVADERS FROM MARS USA, 1953

Every child's fear--to recount a terrifyingly true story to someone in authority and not be believed, is explored with glossy paranoia in this early color classic by William Cameron Menzies. "Invaders from Mars" is his last film, after a brilliant career as set designer and director, which included "Things to Come". This parable for the 50's--"the reds are in your bed"--which became increasingly commonplace as the real fear of McCarthyism swept the country, opens with your typical middle America TV-sitcom scenario right out of "Leave It to Beaver". Then suddenly, the next day--after sonny-boy sees a spaceship disappear into the sand behind his house--Mom and Dad just aren't the same anymore, what with malignant radio crystals implanted in their necks by amoral beings with velour suits and pomegranate eyeballs. The kid does have a voluptuous psychologist and the proverbial pipe-smoking astronomer on his side, but they have to hurry before the police chief and everyone else become automatons for the evil supreme intelligence nestled in his/her/its glass globe. This theme was explored further in other classics like "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and "I Married a Monster From Outer Space". Watch for moving balloons in the bubble cave underground, and listen to the effective use of a quasi-religious chant during the sand-swallowing sequences.

TUSCON 20 VIDEO LIST

FAIL-SAFE

1964 BW 111m. ★★★½ NR Director: Sidney Lumet.
Starring: Henry Fonda, Walter Mathau, Fritz Weaver, Dan O'Herlihy.
U.S. bomber is accidentally ordered to nuke U.S.S.R., plunging heads of American and Russian governments into crisis of decisionmaking as time runs out. Based on the novel by Eugene Burdick-Harvey Wheeler.

FIVE

1951 BW 93m. ★★★ NR Director: Arch Oboler.
Starring: William Phipps, Susan Douglas, James Anderson, Charles Lampkin.
Intriguing, offbeat film about the survivors of a nuclear holocaust.

WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

1959 BW 95m. ★★★½ NR Director: Ranald MacDougall.
Starring: Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens, Mel Ferrer.
A man and a woman, the sole survivors of a worldwide nuclear accident, find their uneasy relationship jarred by the arrival of another man.

DR. STRANGELOVE OR:

HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB

1964 BW 93m. ★★★ NR Director: Stanley Kubrick.
Starring: Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Slim Pickens.
U.S. President must contend with the Russians and his own political and military leaders when a fanatical general launches A-bomb attack on U.S.S.R. Based on the novel *Red Alert* by Peter George.

SOYLENT GREEN

1973 C 100m. ★★ PG
Director: Richard Fleischer.
Starring: Charlton Heston, Edward G. Robinson, Leigh Taylor-Young.
A cop in the year 2022, stumbles onto the futures most explosive secret. Based on the novel *Make Room! Make Room!* by Harry Harrison.

ON THE BEACH

1959 BW 133m. ★★★★★ NR Director: Stanley Kramer.
Starring: Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Fred Astaire, Anthony Perkins.
Australians awaiting the slow atmospheric exchange of radioactive fallout across the Equator from a nuclear war. Based on the novel by Nevil Shute.

MAD MAX

1979 C 93m. ★★★½ R Director: George Miller.
Starring: Mel Gibson, Joanne Samuel, Hugh Keays-Bryne, Steve Bisley.
In the desolate near-future, the police have their hands full keeping roads safe from suicidally daring drivers and roving gangs. One of the cops quits after his wife and child are killed by cyclists, and embarks on a high-speed revenge.

MAD MAX 2 AKA ROAD WARRIOR

1981 C 94m. ★★★½ R Director: George Miller.
Starring: Mel Gibson, Bruce Spence, Vernon Wells, Mike Preston, Virginia Hey.
Max, now a loner, reluctantly helping a tiny oil-producing community defend itself against a band of depraved crazies thirsting for precious fuel.

MAD MAX BEYOND THUNDERDOME

1985 C 106m. ★★★½ PG-13 Director: George Miller.
Starring: Mel Gibson, Tina Turner, Angelo Rossitto, Helen Buday, Rod Zuanic.
Max comes upon the city of Bartertown, and survives a battle-to-the-death in the Thunderdome arena. Exiled to the desert, he's rescued by wild children.

PLANET OF THE APES

1968 C 112m. ★★★½ G Director: Franklin J. Schaffner.
Starring: Charlton Heston, Roddy McDowall, Kim Hunter, Maurice Evans.
A lone survivor of an Earth space mission on a planet ruled by apes tries to find some reason for this world. Based on the novel *Monkey Planet* by Pierre Boulle.

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES

1970 C 95m. ★★★½ G Director: Ted Post.
Starring: James Franciscus, Kim Hunter, Maurice Evans, Linda Harrison.
Apes battle mutant humans who survived a nuclear blast ages ago.

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES

1971 C 98m. ★★★ G Director: Don Taylor.
Starring: Roddy McDowall, Kim Hunter, Bradford Dillman, Natalie Trundy.
Talking apes from the future land in modern-day L.A., whose very lives are threatened by their knowledge of future mankind.

THE PLAGUE DOGS

1982 C 86m. ★★★ NR Director: Martin Rosen.
Starring the voices of: John Hurt, James Bolam, Patrick Stewart.
Animated tale of two research lab dogs who escape and are hunted like criminals. Based on the novel by Richard Adams.

"30 EXTRAVAGANZA"

ROBOT MONSTER

1953 BW 63m. NR Director: Phil Tucker. Starring: George Nader.
Gorilla with fish bowl on head attacks earth.

CAT WOMEN OF THE MOON

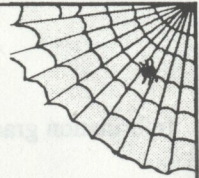
1954 BW 64m. NR Director: Arthur Hilton. Starring: Sonny Tufts, Victor Jory.
Moon expedition stumbles across a population of women.

THE MASK

1961 BW 83m. NR Director: Julian Roffman. Starring: Paul Stevens.
Ancient Aztec mask causes the wearer to hallucinate and murder.

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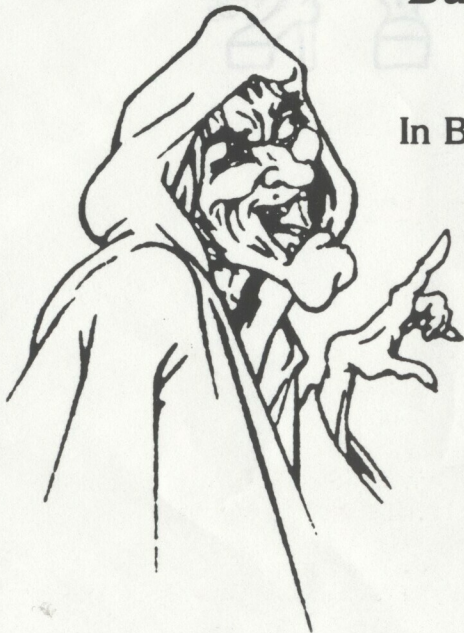
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A Brief History of TusCon

Information graciously provided from the archives of Jim Corrick.

TusCon I, November 1974

GOH: None

FGOH: None

TM: None

TusCon II, April 4-6, 1975

GOH: Evangeline Walton

FGOH: None

TM: None

TusCon III, November 7-10, 1975

GOH: Gordon Eklund

FGOH: None

TM: None

TusCon IV, November 5-7, 1976

GOH: Theodore Sturgeon (deceased)

FGOH: None

TM: Don C. Thompson (deceased)

TusCon V

There was no TusCon V.

TusCon VI, November 16-19, 1979

GOHs: Ed Bryant

Suzy McKee Charnas

FGOH & TM: Bob Vardeman

TusCon VII, November 7-9, 1980

GOH: George R.R. Martin

FGOHs: Bobbie Armbruster

Ron Bounds

TM: Jim Corrick

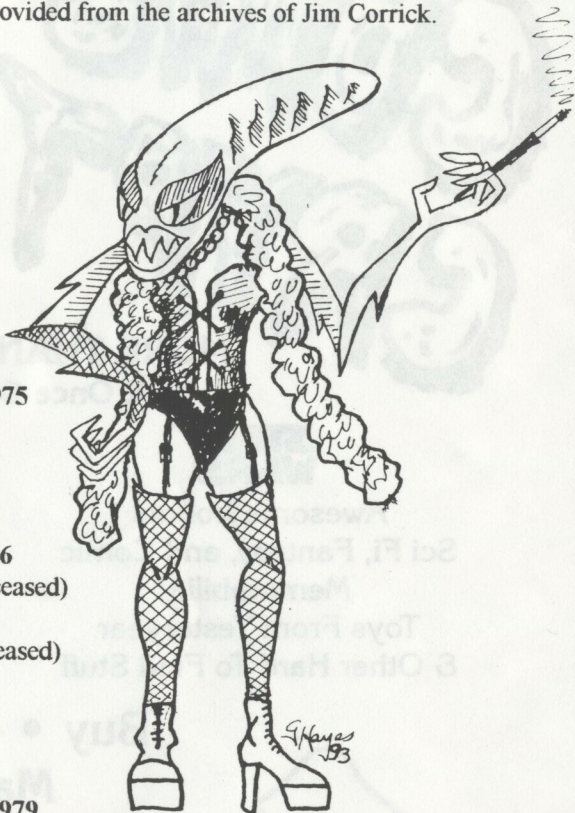
TusCon VIII, November 13-15, 1981

GOH: Elizabeth A. Lynn

FGOHs: Mahala Steiner

Curt Stubbs

TM: Jim Corrick



TusCon IX, November 12-14, 1982

GOH: Robert Bloch
Profane Guest: David J. Schow
TM: James A. Corrick

TusCon X, November 18-20, 1983

GOH: Karl Edward Wagner
FGOH: Marty Massoglia
TM: James A. Corrick

TusCon XI, November 9-11, 1984

GOH: John Varley
FGOHs: Bruce & Kim Farr
TM: James A. Corrick

TusCon XII, November 8-10, 1985

GOH: Vernor Vinge
FGOHs: M.R. Hildebrandt
Bruce D. Arthurs
TM: James A. Corrick

TusCon XIII, October 3-5, 1986

GOH: Terry Carr (deceased)
FGOH: Robert Bloch
TM: Ed Bryant

TusCon XIV, October 2-4, 1987

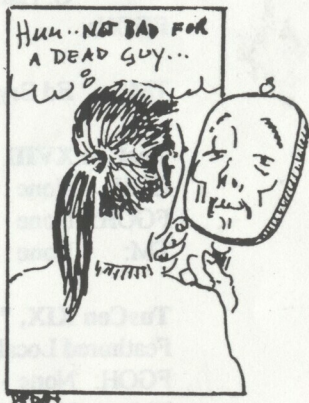
GOH: Tim Powers
FGOH: Somtow Sucharitkul
TM: Ed Bryant

TusCon XV, October 7-9, 1988

GOH: Stephen R. Donaldson
FGOHs: Jim & Doreen Webbert
TM: Ed Bryant

TusCon XVI "Sweet Sixteen", October 6-8, 1989

GOH: Jack Williamson
FGOH: Sam Stubbs
Eric Hanson
TM: Ed Bryant



TusCon XVII, November 16-18, 1990

GOHs: Jennifer Roberson

G. Harry Stine

FGOHs: Liz Danforth
Michael Stackpole

TM: Ed Bryant

TusCon XVIII "The Fan Gathering", November 15-17, 1991

GOH: None

FGOH: None

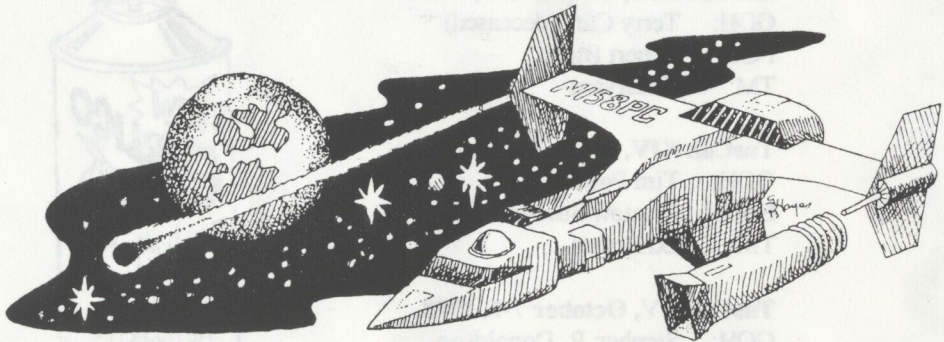
TM: None


TusCon XIX, "The Fan Gathering II", November 13-15, 1992

Feathured Local Author: Simon Hawke

FGOH: None

TM: None





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