



US-Con II

CoH: John Varley

Coastmaster: James A Corrick

PGot's: Bruce & Kim Carr

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GAY MILLER CORRICK

NOV. 9-11, 1984

JOHN VARLEY
by Spider Robinson

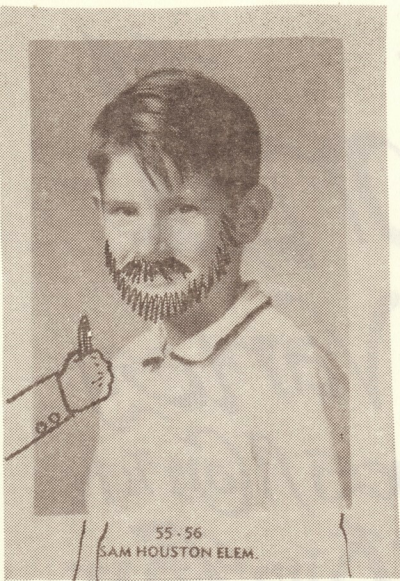
Hard factual information about Herb Varley's life is astonishingly easy to come by. In most major cities it is necessary only to mention his name to any cab driver. Should you ever get within a thousand yards of him at a convention, of course, you'll find him willing, even insistent, to talk about himself at great length and in the kind of intimate detail that would have embarrassed even John Lennon. Indeed, a recent survey showed that only six people in the state of Oregon do not know more about Herb than they do about their own mothers -- and four of those are legally brain-dead.

But it is possible that you have just returned from the rain forests of the Upper Zambesi -- I was asked to write this, someone must perceive a need -- so I'll retell the tale one last time:

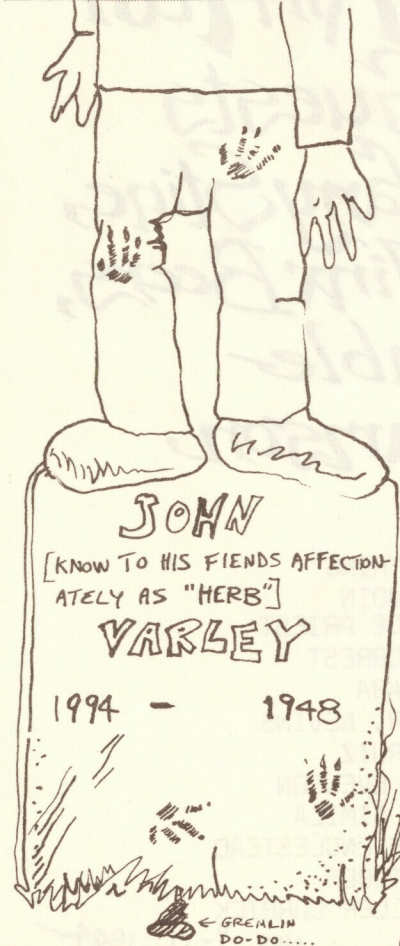
Herb "John" Varley (a nickname affectionately given him, along with assorted infections, by some professional women in his neighborhood) was born in 1994 in Weasel Whee, Wisconsin, the twelfth of ten children. He was born on three successive days -- they had to handle him in sections -- and assembled on-site with the aid of an instruction manual translated from the Japanese. This accounts for his extremely short stature (he calls Harlan "Highpockets") and unprepossessing appearance, and, given the reputation he inspires in the opposite sex, forms the only possible explanation for the thorough knowledge of gynaecology displayed in his stories and novels.

His parents moved frequently during his early childhood, but he always found them. He showed great promise at age five; nothing was done about this and it blew over. He matriculated at Cal Tech (with the aid of massive estrogen injections) and did post-doctoral work at Stanford (until the physical exertion of carrying people's doctorates from the university mail-room to the corner to post them proved too arduous for his frail constitution). He lost his virginity briefly in 1924, but it was returned to him almost immediately. He has been married

2 twenty-seven times, to wealthy foreigners seeking



55-56
SAM HOUSTON ELEM.



← GREMLIN
DO-DO.....

U.S. citizenship (some of whom he has actually met), and indeed has no other source of income that the police or the IRS can prove. He is not, of course, paid for his fiction (there is after all some justice), and occasionally creeps into print only by virtue of his incredible trick of producing stories which fit any given hole in a magazine's layout to the word on half an hour's notice. Unfortunately, so many editors who had time on their hands actually read the stuff (before the word got around) and were driven to drink that the very words "John Varley Corn" have come to be synonymous with alcohol itself. Fortunately, none of his early stories attracted the attention of the public, perhaps because they appeared so infrequently or perhaps because they were so impenetrably dull, and he was never seriously considered for any science fiction awards.

And then, a few years ago, the single noteworthy event in his overlong and undistinguished career occurred, at long last. He met me.

You see, Herb gave me this commission with the following conditions: First, I must refuse it if it would interfere with my "regular work." (Hah. It is as likely to interfere with my menstrual cycle.) Second, I could, if I chose, tell the truth about anything that had occurred since we met -- but I must lie about anything that had occurred before that. (What writer could resist a job for which he's forbidden to do research?)

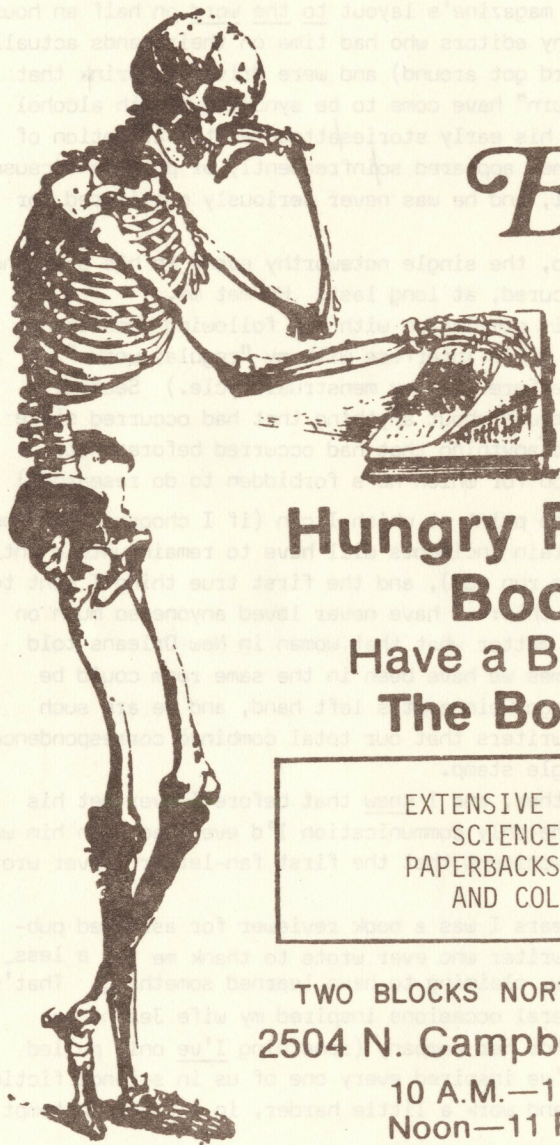
So we have come now to the point at which I can (if I choose) tell you the truth, or some of it (certain incidents will have to remain untold until the statute of limitations has run out), and the first true thing I want to tell you about Herb Varley is this: I have never loved anyone so much on such scant acquaintance. (No matter what that woman in New Orleans told the judge.) The number of times we have been in the same room could be counted on the fingers of Django Reinhardt's left hand, and we are such prolific and faithful letter-writers that our total combined correspondence could be re-mailed with a single stamp.

Nonetheless he is my brother, and I knew that before I ever met his face, would know it even if the only communication I'd ever had with him was to read his stuff. It is no accident that the first fan-letter I ever wrote in my life was to Herb.

During the five or six years I was a book reviewer for assorted publications, Herb was the only writer who ever wrote to thank me for a less-than-totally-favorable review, claiming to have learned something. That's class. His works have on several occasions inspired my wife Jeanne to choreograph exquisite dances for her company (something I've only pulled off once), and God knows they've inspired every one of us in science fiction to crank up our imaginations and work a little harder, in a futile attempt to keep up with him.

But that's just class and style and skill and imagination; that's merely what I admire him for and envy him for. What I love him for, just as evident in his work, is his heart.

It is agonizingly rare, these days, to find a writer of Herb's intelligence who is not a cynical, hip, bitter, pessimistic smartass. In these twisted times most writers whose knowledge and skill approach his seem



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dedicated to depressing you to the point of suicide, and most "great works" seem to consist of highly articulate screams of rage at God and at our present immensely privileged condition. Meanwhile Herb goes on, blandly assuming that humanity's most ancient and enduring problems -- death, sex, pain, war, procreation, loneliness-- will in an astonishingly short time be forgotten history, that even being utterly vanquished and dispossessed by aliens would not break the human spirit, that one day artists will drift among the Rings composing music, that even, a goddess more cruel, arbitrary and diabolically witty than the one you and I have to endure can be dealt with by self-responsible human-type beings, that in the end (however distant the end), intelligence and good will might prevail over stupidity and evil. Most of his futures seem like they'd be nice places to live, and even in the grim ones, they're still trying to get it fixed.

I love him.

He and I have been collaborating on a novel for almost five years. As of last September we had produced three words -- the title. It's Herb's title, and typical of him: THE FREE LUNCH. At LACon II in September I enjoyed one of the tastiest pleasures in a life marked by rare good fortune: it was my privilege to experience Disneyland, for the first time, in the company of Herb Varley. Within an hour I had finally produced my first tangible contribution to our collaboration -- the setting and protagonist -- and two days later Susan Allison of Berkley Books gave us the plot and ending, and now it's all done except for the formality of putting it into words and putting them on paper, which shouldn't take more than another five years, max. Unless something comes up. So eventually I will know Herb better than I do now, perhaps even half as well as I want to. I sincerely hope so, and I look forward to it.

But when I come to think about it, I already know everything I need to know about him. Everything that's really important.

So, I suspect, do you.

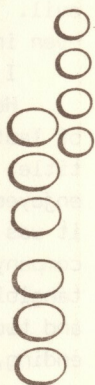
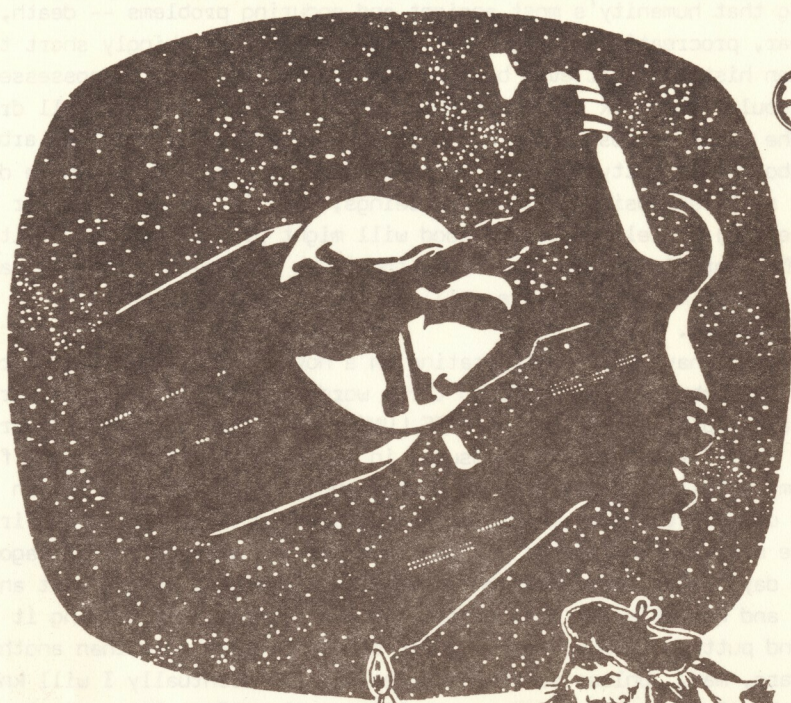
--- Halifax, 1984

YOUR SPACE:

Tus-Con XI Trivia Question: "Why is there a three-legged bear on the cover of the program book?"

Answer: If you'd ever driven from Morganton to Celo, North Carolina, you'd know.

courtesy of gremlins



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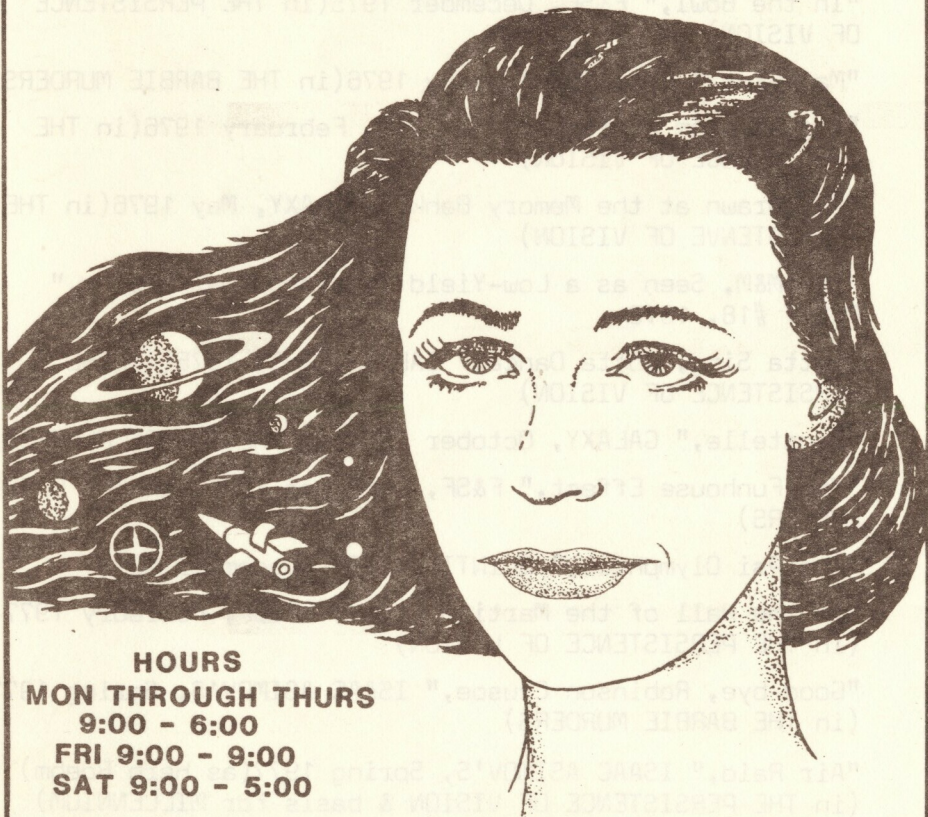


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JOHN VARLEY: A BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

JAMES A. CORRICK

SHORT STORIES

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"A Choice of Enemies," VERTEX, June 1975

"In the Bowl," F&SF, December 1975(in THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION)

"Manikins," AMAZING, January 1976(in THE BARBIE MURDERS)

"The Phantom of Kansas," GALAXY, February 1976(in THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION)

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"The Psi Olympics," SCINTILLATION, December 1976

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"Good-bye, Robinson Crusoe," ISAAC ASIMOV'S, Spring 1977 (in THE BARBIE MURDERS)

"Air Raid," ISAAC ASIMOV'S, Spring 1977(as Herb Boehm) (in THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION & basis for MILLENNIUM)

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THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE, Dial/Wade, 1977; Dell, 1978(novel)

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TITAN, ANALOG, January-April 1979; Berkley-Putnam, 1979; Berkley, 1980(novel)(Gaeen Trilogy#1)

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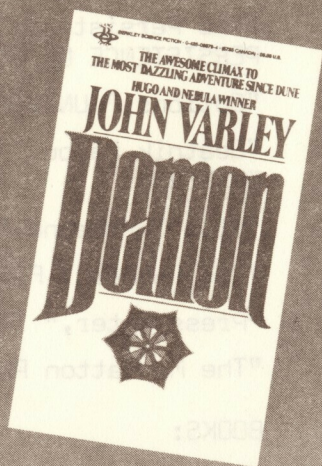
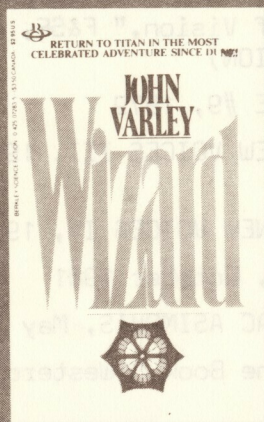
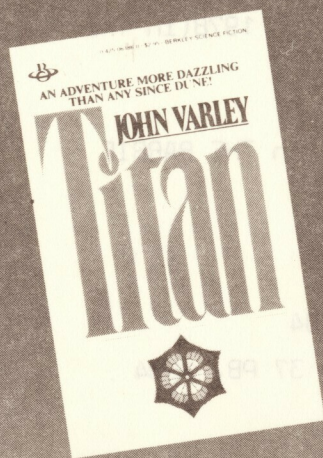
THE BARBIE MURDERS, Berkley, 1980(retitled PICNIC ON NEARSHIDE, Berkley, 1984)(collection)

MILLENNIUM, Berkley, 1983(novel, based on "Air Raid")

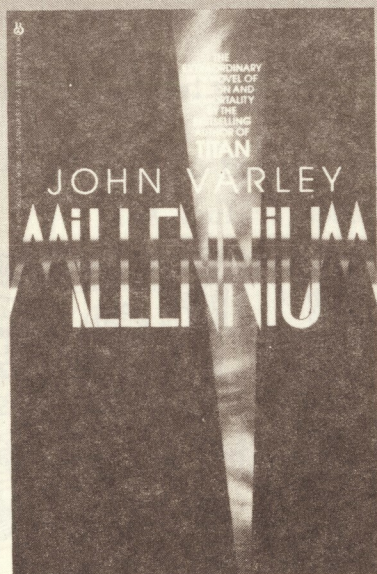
DEMON, Berkley, 1984(Novel)(Gaeen Trilogy #3)



Everyone agrees... John Varley is a science fiction Superstar



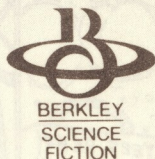
Isaac Asimov compares him to a young Robert Heinlein. Roger Zelazny calls him a "mind-grabber." Richard Lupoff calls him "without question the most important new talent to emerge in years." George R.R. Martin says he is "the wildest and most original science fiction mind of the decade." Michael Bishop simply says "Wow!"



Already a winner of the Nebula and Hugo awards, John Varley has received unanimous praise for his best selling trilogy:

TITAN WIZARD and *DEMON*

And excitement is building for *MILLENNIUM*, Varley's extraordinary time travel novel of passion and immortality—a gripping adventure destined to raise John Varley's star to even greater heights.



AN EXTRAVAGANT AND HIGHLY COLORED ACCOUNT OF
THE SINGULAR EVENTS THAT HAPPENED AT
AND AROUND TUS-CON III:

BEING A REMINISCENCE OF EXTRAORDINARY VERACITY
BY ONE WHO WAS THERE

(JAMES A. CORRICK)

Le Guin was going to be in England for the next year. Sturgeon didn't answer. Carr couldn't make it. Leiber was only attending one convention that year, and he had already been at that one. Finally, Gordon Eklund said, "Tus-Con? GOH? Well, why the hell not?"

And here you thought all the convention chair had to do was pick up the phone and say, "Bradbury? Have we got an offer for you!" Not damned likely. No, not with so many other conventions--several hundred a year--all grabbing out of the same small pool of writers. These writers, you must realize, have other things to do with their time besides attending conventions--things such as writing and personal lives.

But, we didn't care about that any longer. We had our Guest-of-Honor for Tus-Con III. Our troubles were over.

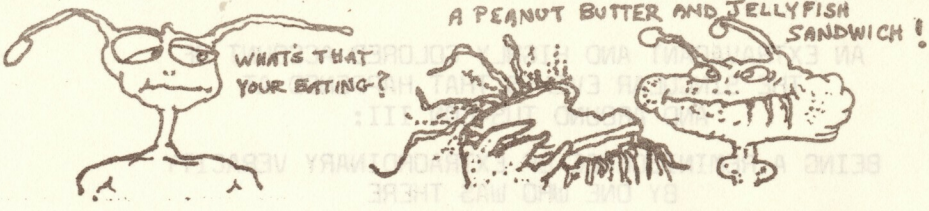
Then Sturgeon answered.

A mere six weeks after our urgent telegram asking for a response, he tells us he would be delighted to be our GOH. Dilemma(the first of many). Solution: Invite him to be Tus-Con IV's GOH. Perfect. Now our troubles were over.

That is until Carol De Priest and I realized that we were going to have to hold Tus-Con III at the Tucson Inn. That's right, we were returning to the dismal site of Tus-Con I.

Why? Well, we could claim we'd been mesmerized by too many re-runs of LOST IN SPACE. Or that we had been stunned into temporary insanity by the sight of seemingly endless Perry Rodan books. Or simply that we must have been drunk.

But, no. The truth was we needed a suite with a kitchen, and the Tucson Inn had one we could afford. We had been interested in Leprecon's supermembership experiment and decided to adopt it for Tus-Con. A supermember paid an extra five dollars. For that extra finn, he was



entitled, along with a dozen others, to a gourmet meal-- prepared by an experienced cook--with the Guest-of-Honor. This was an idea whose time came and went long ago, but not quite quickly enough for Tus-Con III and IV to avoid it.

So, we were stuck with the Tucson Inn, still graced by its poolside WWII fighter plane and its ex-Marine owner, whose interests in life began and ended with the Corps and money. He would have shamed a barracuda.

But, let us pass beyond this unpleasantness. Instead, we now move to Oakland and the 1975 Westercon. Here, we threw the first Tus-Con party-- a sort of living advertisement for the convention and Tucson fandom. For almost eight hours our motel room overflowed with partygoers. Our room was packed as was the corridor outside, in which several wellknown pros and fans spent much of the night drunkenly singing old union songs. According to Curt Stubbs, that party was the epitome of convention parties. And Curt should know. He and I walked to a nearby drug-store--the only open store in downtown Oakland--about one in the morning. There, we bought out their entire stock of beer and staggered back to the hotel to be greeted by a scandalous verse about the personal life of John L. Lewis.

And even four months later, this spirit continued at the actual convention. And why not? We had our first program book with a cover by Bonnie Dalzell. We had parties. We had a 107 members--this time, not only from Phoenix, but also Los Angeles and Seattle. We had parties. We had talks on writing, art, Black Holes, and Pulsars. We had duck and alligator jokes. We had Ron Bounds and three incredibly successful general auctions(alone they came close to paying for the convention). We had more duck and alligator jokes. We had an Art Show. We had an end--finally!--of duck and alligator jokes. We had Trini's film program with THINGS TO COME, MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS and BURN, WITCH, BURN!.

And we had two hundred Laser books.

Right, two hundred, all copies of Thomas Monteleone's SEEDS OF CHANGE. Laser was sending boxes of this particular

book to conventions as promotion for their new line. Nor was Tus-Con spared.

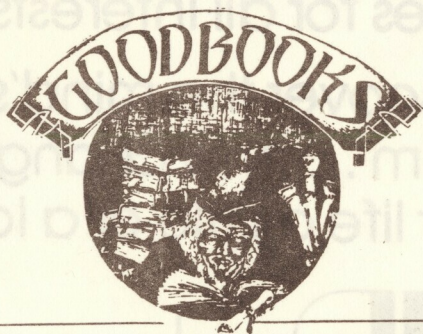
So, there we were at the beginning of registration with almost enough copies of SEEDS OF CHANGE to give two to every member. Two? Hell, we couldn't give one to many of our members. And, before the convention was over, two dozen people gave them back to us.

But none of this could mar the convention. Nothing major went wrong. The Tucson Inn proved no worse than before, and even the supermembership dinners were successful--enough so we felt bound to try them once more at Tus-Con IV.

And the Laser books? Well, Henry Hasse found a use for a hundred of them. But, that's another story and another convention--Tus-Con IV.

Part Three: Tus-Con IV: Sturgeon on the Santa Rita, and caviar in the desert.

The Write Stuff

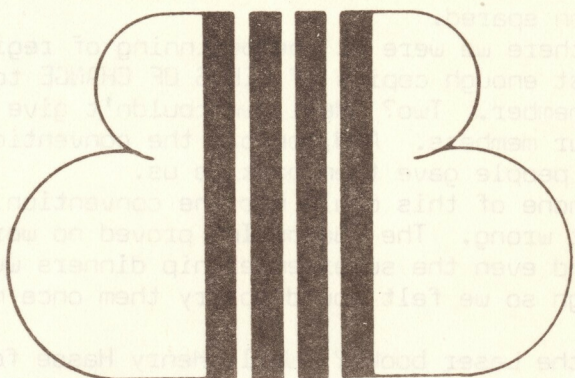


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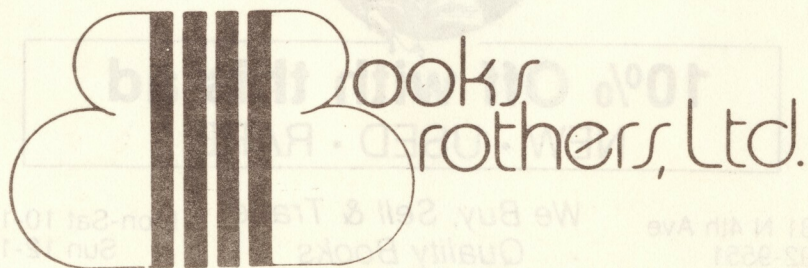
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"THE ISLAND OF DR. CORRICK"

What to say? How to start? Not, of course, when I first found Jim where he'd come to rest in his small tule basket among the reeds of Walter Bay. Naturally, I raised Doc, or Sonny Jim, as we came to call him, up from the tiny tad he was then to the tall pole that he became and is today.

Once, when he was just knee high to a nematode he said to me, "Arthur," he said (He's a lot better at names now), "Arthur, when I grow up I'd like to attain the stature of someone like Harlan Ellison."

And I replied, "Jim, you're only five years old and short for your age; you already have the stature of Harlan Ellison." (As you can see, Jim was, at the time, not merely a minor, he also had minor ambitions.)

This has all changed. He has continued to grow, as have his ambitions. He's not only taller, he's no longer Polish.

"THE DOCTOR OF JIM ISLAND"

Author of "A Perfect Day" (findable in Jan Howard Finner's anthology Alien Encounters, Taplinger, 1982, available @ \$11.95, get yours today); and of the well-known text The Brain (Its Cause and Cure); and many other works of science fiction and fantasy, he is, as Ted Sturgeon would have said, the Perfect Host.

Dr. "No Man's an Island" Corrick has been toastmaster for TusCon more times than he'd probably like to remember but I reckon it as around five. He's done a remarkable and laudatory job every time--and I think he's short by several lauds.

So if you see this tall, svelte, mystical personage wambling about and looking short a laud or two--**give** him one for me.

Warren G. De Priest

SECURITY



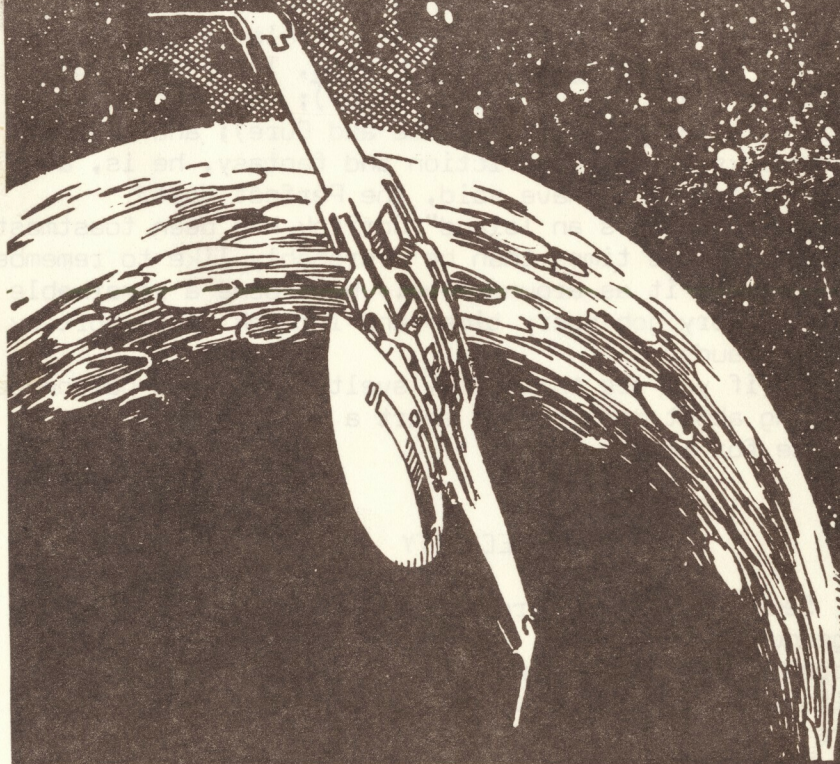
Security persons are courteous, helpful and dangerous when annoyed. A number of them are also emergency medical personnel so if you need help don't hesitate to ask. **O**therwise, for the sake of everyone's enjoyment and your health GO AWAY.

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KIM FARR

Kim Farr's first convention was the original "Cookie Con" in 1976. Fortunately, she decided to give cons another chance and attended her first Leprecon the next year. There Kim was introduced to PHANDOM. Kim must have liked it because she joined several local SF clubs.

While a full-time librarian at ASU she managed to work at Leprecons, World Cons, Tus Cons, PhringeCon, Westercons, World Fantasy Cons, CopperCons, and the 1987 Phoenix World Con bid. In fact knowing Kim, I'm sure that guest or not; she's working at this con, too.

Between cons, Kim somehow manages to find the energy for her other interests. Kim likes Shakespeare's plays, Garfield, SF and Fantasy art, and Star Trek. At home, you can find her reading a zine, playing the recorder, writing a short story, or filk singing.

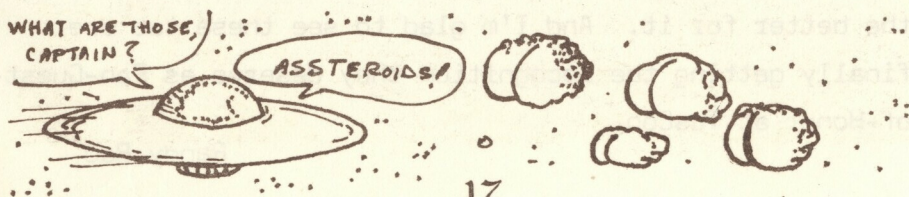
But, at this con you'll find Kim either working, or actually enjoying the programming. So, look for her and say "Hi". You'll find out one more thing about Kim. She is even nice.

Candy Fong

ART SHOW

A few things to be noted:

1. The convention is not responsible for any loss in the art show.
2. Art left in the art show after 6:00 pm Sunday night is convention property unless previous arrangements have been made.



In 1978--six years ago--I first heard of Bruce Farr. Doing what he does best, being an accountant, he was hard at work on Iggy's books. Insurance to help make the convention come off. That was the first time I heard of Bruce Farr. Then and there I knew that was a person I would have to meet. For anybody who could solve the problems of Iggy's books was a miracle worker.

But it really wasn't to be for several years for me to meet Bruce. One day Bruce showed up at our little club for science fiction, called CASFS, and instantly he was a great hit. He tried to take over the meeting. But, still all in all, people liked him because he was hard working, truthful, resourceful and when called upon he would always do the job. These are qualities that I envy in Bruce Farr.

And over the years I have come to envy his easy manner and the way he is able to do things. But I really think of him as a science fiction fan rather than a person with great ambitions. And because of his zeal for science fiction, he's developed a large collection and a second mortgage on the house. He's also introduced me to his wife, Kim, who has shown me what a good wife should be and how to make great quiche.

These two have demonstrated their ample talents to do many things at a convention. And because of their hard work, devotion and foolishness, Arizona conventions are the better for it. And I'm glad to see these two are finally getting the recognition they deserve as Fan-Guest-of-Honor at TusCon.

Randy Rau

POLICY WEAPONS

The following are permitted:

1. Properly peace bonded blades. This means tied securely in a sheath and secured to your body.
2. Staffs or canes over four (4) feet in length if handled in a responsible manner. Con Com and Security will decide proper length and conduct (unfairly).
3. Obvious toy firearms.

The following are NOT permitted:

1. Real firearms, munitions, or pyrotechnics.
2. Studded or weighted clothing.
3. Club, staffs, or canes under four (4) feet in length. (See above)
4. Anything else that Con Com or Security jolly well decides to ban. (Costume contest participants will receive further instruction). There will be no exceptions or appeals. Bribes will be accepted but won't get you anything.

Pleased be advised; carrying weapons at Tus Con is not a right but a privilege which we choose to grant or remove. Your first offence will get you bounced, concealed weapons will get you arrested.

Check in at operations if you wish to carry a weapon.



HOTEL

Welcome back to the Executive Inn. The staff as usual have bent over backwards to help us. So please if any troubles occur talk to the Con Com first and let us straighten things out before targeting on the poor desk clerk.

Check out time is 3:00 pm Sunday. Baggage can be stored behind the front desk if you ask nicely.

Ah, yes, food! That reminds me, being the kind people they are the hotel restaurant will again be open for us Saturday and Sunday (lunch anyway).

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Produced by **WILLIAM ALLAND**

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MASQUERADE

This year's masquerade once again will be held poolside (weather permitting). However it should not be quite as cold since the con is a week earlier and the masquerade will take place at 4:00 pm while the sun(=warmer) is still up. We hope this new time will allow for a more leisurely dinner hour and for an earlier beginning to the film schedule.

Anyone wishing to participate in the masquerade should fill out the provided form when they sign in at the registration table.

PLEASE NOTE: All participants in the masquerade must be present (location to be specified at the convention) at a rehearsal which will take place at 3:00 pm.

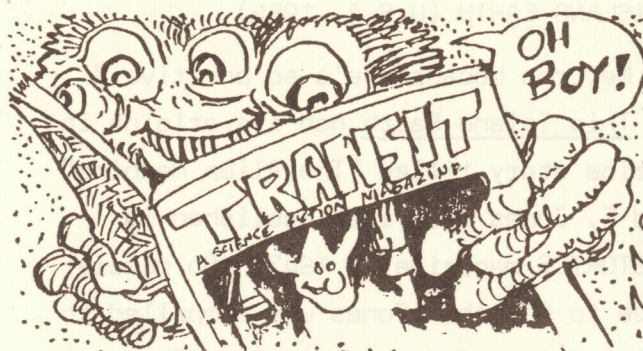
Prizes for the masquerade will range from scrolls for various categories to a \$25 cash prize for the best in show.

"We call him Neutron because he's so positive."

The story of This Island Earth had its origins in a short pulp-magazine story titled "The Alien Machine" written by Raymond F. Jones and first published in THRILLING WONDER STORIES magazine in 1947. So popular did the story prove to be, that Jones was compelled to expand it to novel length a few years later. The energetic movie version of This Island Earth is one of the more colorful adventures made in the fifties.

Nuclear physicist Cal Meacham., stonily played by Rex Reason, finds among his junk mail a catalog from a mysterious electronics firm that deals in hitherto unheard of devices. After ordering, and receiving, an impressive quantity of components, Meacham and his assistant assemble an "interocitor", an interplanetary telecommunications device. Through this machine they communicate with a white-haired, erudite gentleman who calls himself Exeter. Yielding to temptation and the scientist's thirst for knowledge Meacham decides to accept the stranger's invitation to join him and his select group of fellow scientists at their hidden laboratory.

Acting honors must certainly go to Jeff Morrow. As Exeter he creates one of the most memorable and sympathetic characters in fantasy film. Science Fiction film fans will recognize such familiar faces of the silver-screen as Russell Johnson (It Came From Outer Space) and Douglas Spencer (The Thing) in small parts in the film. A fine musical score by Herman Stein completes this worthy effort from Universal.



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LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS (U.S.A. 1960)

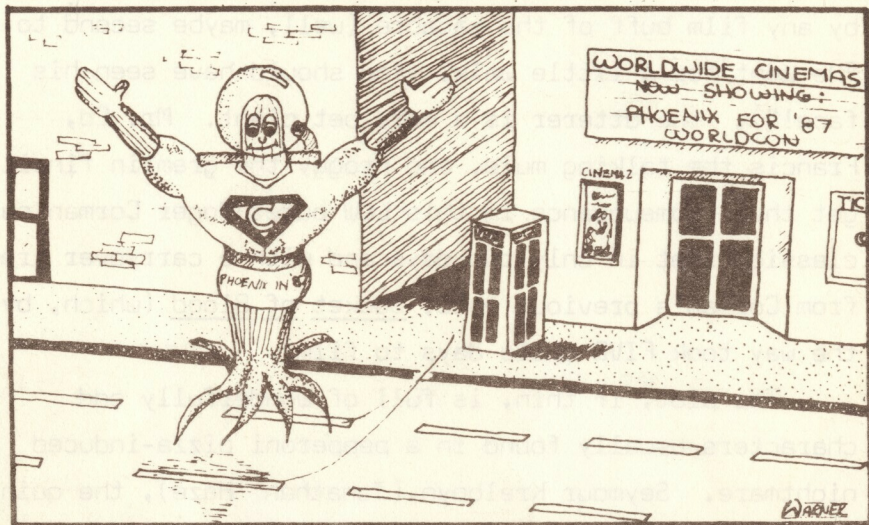
"Feed me! Feed me! I'm star-r-r-ving! Fee-yeed me!" As memorable a snippet of dialogue as encountered by any film buff of the macabre (well, maybe second to "He went for a little walk. You should have seen his face!"), the utterer is a mere pet plant. Mr. Ed, Francis the talking mule, and Froggy the gremlin finally get their comeuppance in this LOW budget Roger Corman cult classic, shot in only two days and with a carryover crew from Corman's previous epic, Bucket of Blood (which, by the way took FIVE whole days to film).

The plot, if thin, is full of wonderfully odd characters usually found in a pepperoni pizza-induced nightmare. Seymour Krelboyn, (Jonathan Haze), the quint-essential nebbish, "works" at Gravis Mushnick's Flower Shop (no, I'm not making up these names!) in the skid row section of town and inadvertently transforms the dying business into a tourist attraction when Audrey Junior (his most unusual plant) develops rapidly after a few... feedings. Audrey, his dizzy girl friend (played by Jackie Joseph) and a carnation-munching screwball (Dick Miller), are foils to Musnick's constant kvetching, and Seymour's hypochondriac mother is every potential daughter-in-law's walking dread as she is constantly cooking--with ingredients like cod liver oil, paregoric, ipecac, and other tonics. (Incidentally, Dick Miller and Jackie Joseph are together again in Joe Dante's Gremlins, as the snow-plow operator and his wife.).

Popular enough to inspire a Broadway play and the release of its soundtrack twenty-four years after it was

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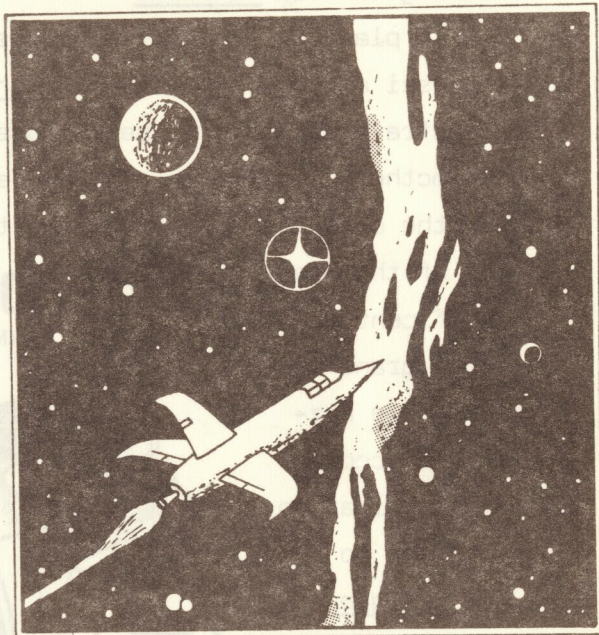
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made, Little Shop also spoofs Dragnet and Dobie Gillis. Add a very young Jack Nicholson as an oral masochist to this thieves' gambit and while you may not come up with pâte de fois gras aux fines herbes, you will certainly enjoy this box of Screamin' Yellow Zonkers.

— Wolf Forrest



Our thanks to these intrepid souls for the following:

War of the Worlds- The Things and the Similas

Allegro Non Troppo- Bruce R. Nevins, Jacque Evenson &
Robin Roberts

Little Shop of Horrors- Judy and Rod Audin

Star Trek/Troubles with Tribbles- University of Arizona
Science Fiction Club

I Married A Witch- Trini Ruiz

Jennifer Roberson sends her regrets but she is unable to make it this year as she is spending all her spare time getting ready to get married in a few months. Good Luck to Jennifer and Mark.

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO (Italy 1977)

Walt Disney's animated films have been very popular in Italy since the thirties just as they have been everywhere else. But it remained for the Italians to lampoon the Disney style most effectively. Bruno Bozzetto's Allegro Non Troppo is an affectionate parody of Disney's enduring classic Fantasia.

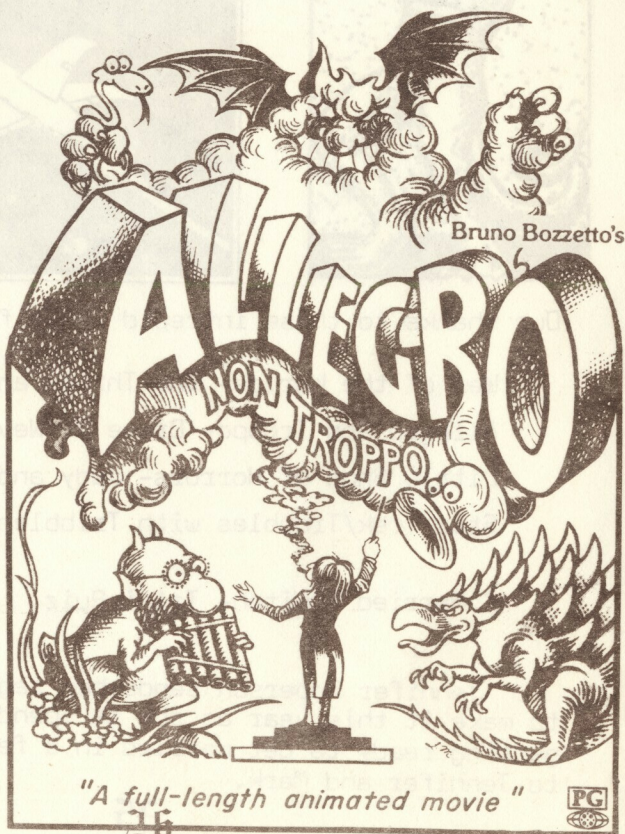
In place of the natty tuxedos of conductor Leopold Stokowski and the orchestra in Fantasia, Allegro has an orchestra that seems to be composed of frumpily attired grandmothers playing in a dilapidated concert hall. But when the camera's back is turned that orchestra plays

some of the most magnificent music if the grand masters while Bozzetto's accompanying animation is second to none

Allegro Non Troppo is a film that we have long wanted to show at TusCon and only now have we finally tracked down a copy.

—Trini Ruiz

"BOZZETTO OUTDOES DISNEY"
TIME MAGAZINE



the

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AIRCRAFT TIRE RESEARCH (U.S.A. 1978)

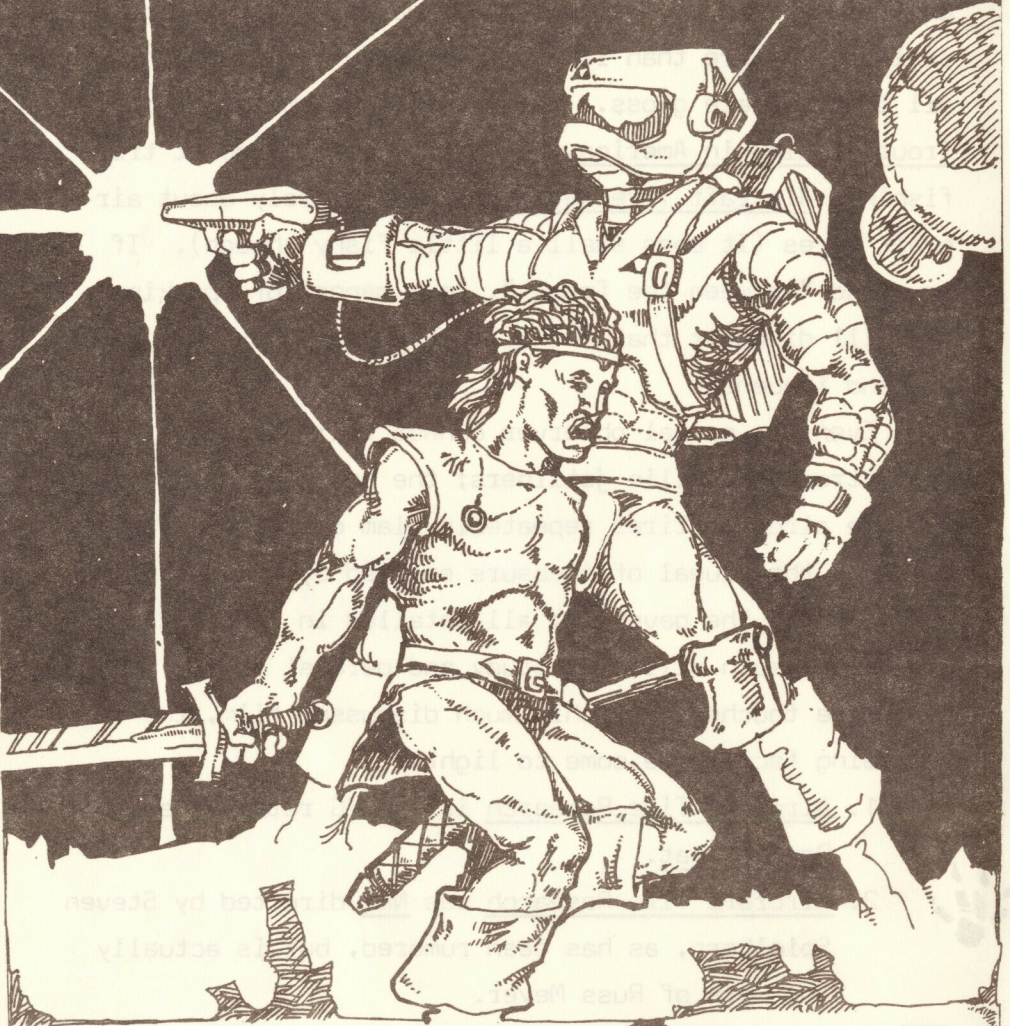
Another film being returned to TusCon this year is that perennial crowd-pleaser Aircraft Tire Research. What appears to be a simple NASA public service film is really much more than it seems when you look beneath all that surface gloss. Like Richard Brautigan's novel Trout Fishing in America, which isn't really about trout fishing, Aircraft Tire Research is not merely about aircraft tires (It does smell a little fishy though). If you read "between the frames", in a manner of speaking, you will discover that the film is rife with sexual imagery and innuendo.

Even the casual observer cannot fail to notice: the extremely phallic jetliners; the provocative, sensual way the aircraft tires repeatedly slam onto the asphalt runways; the squeal of pleasure emitted by the tires as they contact the pavement; all detailed in loving close-up. After much dilligent study and perusal of all journals that have touched upon this much discussed film, the following facts have come to light:

1. Aircraft Tire Research is the PG rated version of Deep Throat.
2. Aircraft Tire Research was NOT directed by Steven Spielberg, as has been rumored, but is actually the work of Russ Meyer.
3. The mysterious, white-cloaked "Man from Dunlop" whom you see in the film wielding the tire-tread depth gauge is none other than Ronald Reagan in an early role.
4. The tire-tread depth gauge is not a gauge at all but a rectal toothbrush.

PLASTIC TIRE RESEARCH (U.S.A. 1978)

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As for the actors; in the role of the sweet, innocent love-interest, Mariel Hemingway excels in a part originally written for James Farentino. Hemingway's performance makes the part so totally hers that one cannot even imagine Farentino in it. No doubt about it; you'll believe a Boeing 727 can fly!

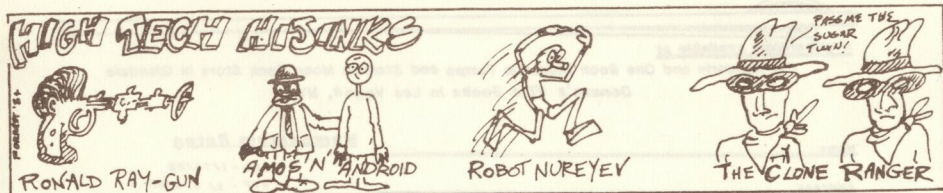
—Trini Ruiz

WHAT'S UP TIGER LILY? (Japan 1966)

Well, here it is again. Back at Tus Con by popular insistence (Jim Popular said he'd break both my legs if we didn't show this movie.) is Woody Allen's incredible spy spoof. What looks like a Japanese attempt to cross-breed American style westerns with spy movies gets a lively pruning at the hands of Woody Allen and his minions.

Through judicious insertion of wacky dialogue, Allen turned a serious secret agent yarn into a screwball comedy that never fails to garner guffaws wherever it's shown. The final shootout aboard the ship is a masterpiece of slapstick. For a more complete review of Tiger Lily see Tus Con Program Book--Vol 2, No. 6, page 21. You have been saving them haven't you?

—Trini Ruiz



The editor disavows any knowledge of typos and other interesting species of the vermin found in this program book. She couldn't keep the damn gæmlins out of the damn typewriter.

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