



# TUS-CON 8

elizabeth a. lynn

curt stubbs mahala steiner

james a. corrick

## CON COM

### Co-Chairs:

Sue Thing      Publicity, Hotel Liason, GOH Liason  
                    Trivia Bowl  
Deb Dedon      Treasury, Programming, Publicity  
Cristi Simila    Publications, Program Book

### Art Show:

Wolf Forrest

### Films:

Trini Ruiz

### ConSuite:

Curt Stubbs and Mahala Steiner

### Security:

John Hughes

### Masquerade:

Pati and Richard Cook

### Memberships and Registration:

Mike Bushroe

### Airport Ferry:

Gay Miller

SPECIAL THANKS TO: Aleta Ara, Chuck Berridge, Kathy Buckner, Pati and Richard Cook, Bruce and Kim Farr, Julie Harmann, Pat Leatherman, Jan Lockett, Paul Nelson, David Schow, John Shepard, Jay Smith, Sleepyhawk, Eric Thing and Steve and Vickie Wortman.

EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS TO: Scott Holton and 20<sup>th</sup> CENTURY FOX



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MONDAY-WEDNESDAY 10AM-5PM  
THURSDAY-SATURDAY 10AM-5:30PM

ELIZABETH A. LYNN

TUS-CON VIII  
GUEST OF HONOR



ELIZABETH A LYNN was born in New York City; she lived eighteen years on the East Coast and nine in the Midwest before moving to San Francisco. She started writing in 1971; her first short story was published in 1976. Since then she has had six books published: A DIFFERENT LIGHT; WATCHTOWER; THE DANCERS OF ARUN, THE NORTHERN GIRL (which make up her fantasy trilogy The Chronicles of Tornor); THE SARDONYX NET (her most recent novel, published by Putnam) and THE WOMAN WHO LOVED THE MOON AND OTHER STORIES. In 1980 she received the World Fantasy Award for Best Novel for WATCHTOWER, and tied for the Best Short Fiction Award for "THE WOMAN WHO LOVED THE MOON."

She teaches a course in Feminist Science Fiction at San Francisco State University and has taught science fiction and fantasy writing at the University of California at Berkeley's Extension Program, at the University of Portland's "Haystack" program, and at the Clarion Science Fiction Writers Workshop. She shares her home with a dog, two cats and a teen-age foster daughter. She has an M.A. in English Literature from the University of Chicago and a first degree black belt in aikido.

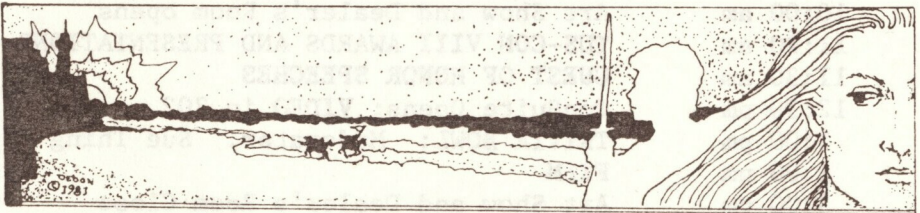


PHOTO CREDIT:

Drawing of Elizabeth A. Lynn from photo by Paul Nelson

## FRIDAY

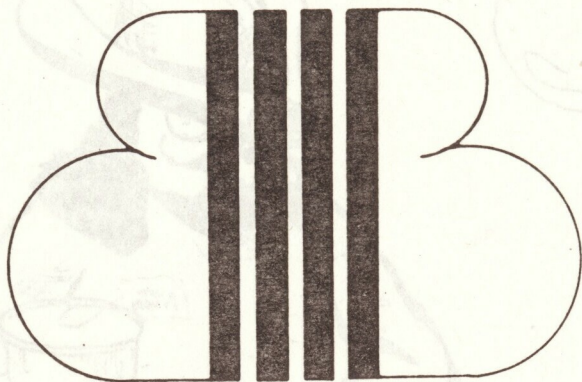
10:00 am Registration Opens  
NOON Art Show Opens; closes at 6 pm  
3:00 pm Dealer's Room Opens; closes at 9 pm  
7:30 pm **TUS-CON VIII OPENING CEREMONIES**  
8:00 pm **MEET THE AUTHOR(S) PARTY** (to be held  
outside if weather good, inside if  
weather bad.) **CASH BAR AND MUNCHIES!**  
11:00 pm **FILMS** begin. Schedule Posted  
(note: If Author Party held outside,  
films will begin at 9!!)  
11:00 pm too **ConSuite** Opens!!

## SATURDAY

9:00 am Registration Opens  
10:00 am Art Show and Dealer's Room Open  
11:00 am **PANEL: The Past, Present and Future**  
of Planetary Exploration:  
Faith Vilas, LPL; Robert Strom, LPL;  
Ewen Whitaker, LPL; Randall Clamons,  
L-5; others TBA.  
Noon **VIDEO** begins in 202. Schedule Posted  
12:30 pm **GENERAL AUCTION AND SILLY SALE**  
1:30 pm **ConSuite** Opens  
2:00 pm **20th CENTURY FOX PRESENTS...**  
3:00 pm Art Show closes for First Auction  
4:00 pm **FIRST ART AUCTION**  
8:00 pm **MASQUERADE: MC: RICK COOK**  
9:00 pm Dealer's Room Closes  
10:00 pm **FILMS** begin (note: If masquerade ends  
earlier, films start earlier.)  
Schedule Posted.

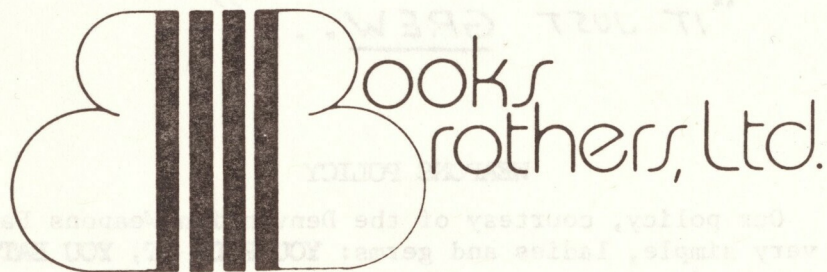
## SUNDAY

9:00 am Registration Opens  
10:00 am Art Show and Dealer's Room opens  
11:00 am **TUS-CON VIII AWARDS AND PRESENTATIONS**  
11:30 am **GUEST OF HONOR SPEECHES**  
12:30 pm **ConSuite** Opens; **VIDEO** in 202  
1:00 pm **TRIVIA BOWL: Moderator: Sue Thing**  
2:00 pm **FILM**  
3:00 pm Art Show and Dealer's Room Close  
4:00 pm **SECOND ART AUCTION**  
5:00 pm **TUS-CON VIII CLOSES: FILMS IN B**  
8:00 pm **The DEAD BUDGIE PARTY BEGINS IN**  
**ConSuite**

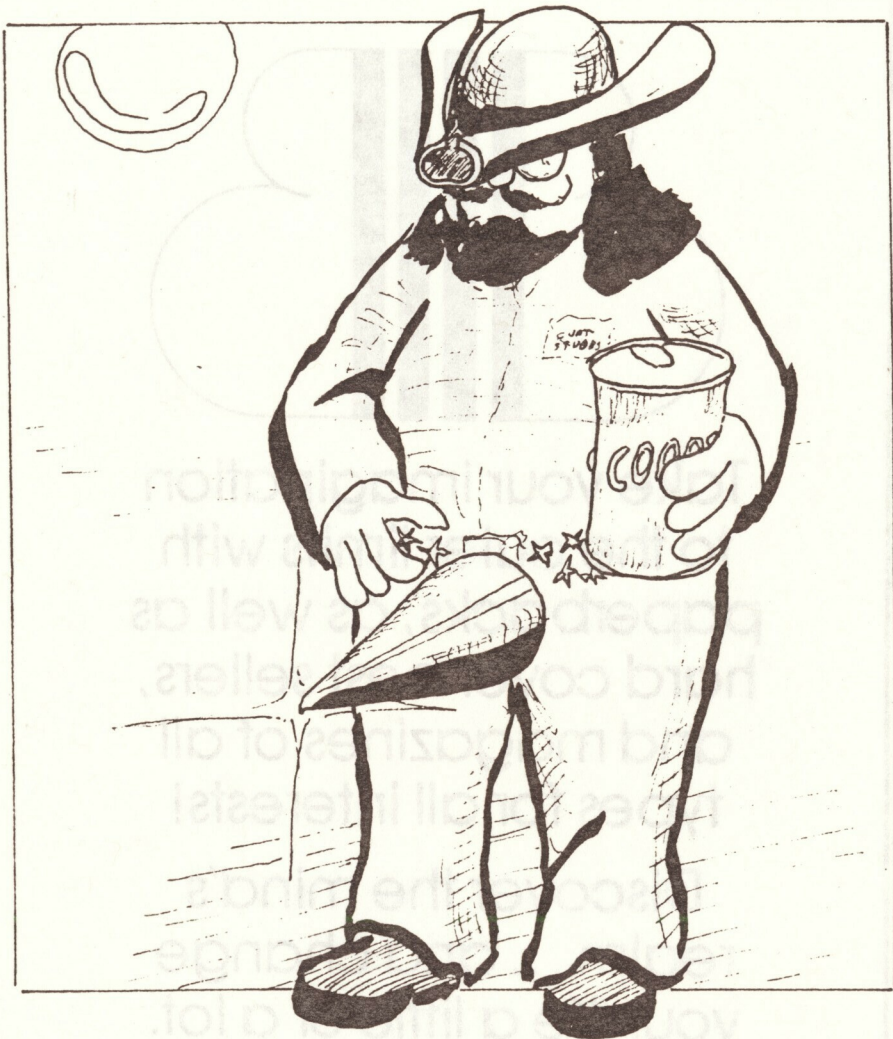


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#### WEAPONS POLICY

Our policy, courtesy of the Denvention Weapons Panel, is very simple, ladies and germs: **YOU PULL IT, YOU EAT IT!**

Your first offense will get you a warning. A second offense will get you expelled from the Con. Anything that looks like a weapon is a weapon in the eyes of SECURITY.

You have been warned. 6



CURTIS STUBBS

fgoh

He's the great big one with the elegant Hercule Poirot-style mustaches, the one in the tri-cornered pirate hat who looks like a cross between a Klingon and a huge teddy bear. They call him Captain Coors to his face.

Not being a savant on the topic of Curt Stubbs, yet faced with the task of writing him up so that the editors of the Program Book might save a little face this year, I offer the following testimonial to his worth as a human being:

Several years ago, while I was in the thick of nigglingly specific research on THE OUTER LIMITS, one piece of ultima trivia consistently eluded me -- the title on an extremely obscure short story by Arthur Leo Zagat. Even Jim Corrick couldn't help on this one, and he recommended calling Curt, which I did. Curt has a really supreme collection of old pulps, which he sifted through, compiling a list of titles for me, from which I was finally able to fill in a long-standing blank on a research index card that was starting to fade to yellow. He didn't have to do it. Case closed.

Which is the only case you'll find closed around Curt.

As Fan Guest of Honor -- one of 'em, anyway -- you can rely on him being far more visible than others have been, if only by virtue of the fact that you literally can't miss him. Curt is sort of a Great Rocky Mountain of Arizona fandom. You'll find a visible, amiable incarnation of him in whatever corner (or bed) of the ConSuite he picks as a roost from which to receive his public. This is not egotism, merely logic -- the ConSuite is where the beer is. Curt Stubbs may or may not be from Remulak.

Curt was also one of the anonymous Corrick Round-Tablers (Hey, it's not MY fault you missed this historic roast. You had to be there, or be square!) evidencing a wit at least as sophisticated as his wardrobe. Now he's here, live at Tus-Con. Be there.

--- Dave Schow



### ConSUITE

**YES!** ONCE AGAIN THE ConSUITE DOORS OPEN TO PRESENT (TA-DAA) Bheer, goodies, soda and all that necessary normalcy, BUT also (RUMPUDDY-RUM-PUM DRUM ROLL) our FAN GUESTS OF HONOR:

**!!CURT STUBBS AND MAHALA STEINER!!**

Arizona's ORIGINAL party people! (YAY!! RAH RAH! WHOEE!)

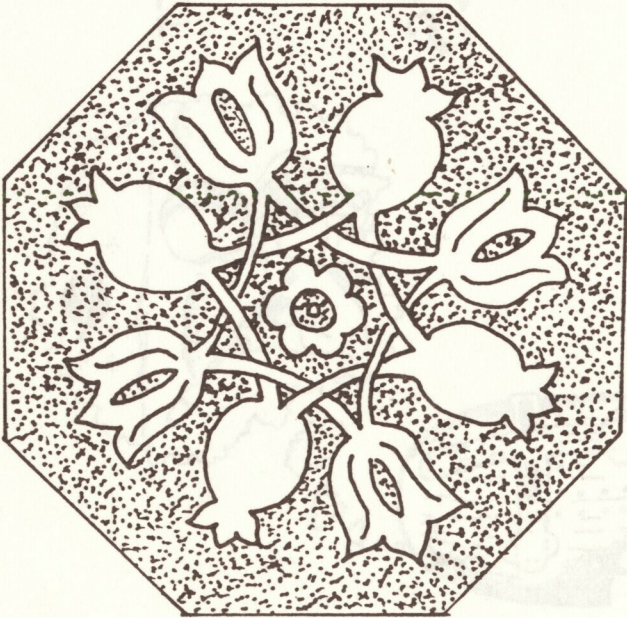
MAHALIA STEINER

I first met Mahalia about 10 or 11 years ago at a Society for Creative Anachronism tourney in Phoenix. A bunch of us had come up from Phoenix and needed a place to crash for the weekend. It's typical of her generosity that she and her sister Darlene opened their house for the weekend, offering their hospitality and friendship to several new members of the SCA.

Mahalia's interest in costuming carried over when she came into fandom. At cons, she's usually found around the costume contest, helping the judges or judging them herself.

In fact, it was at Cookie Con I that I introduced her and Curt...what happened next was history, and here they are at TusCon as joint Fan Guests of Honor.

-JAN LOCKETT-



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JIM CORRICK  
Toastmaster

Since last year's pro forma foofawrah on James A. Corrick III covered his basic physical eccentricities, socio/politico/sexual bents, credits, trivia and libel, this year's re-introduction begs something a bit more existential -- words on Jim the Man; a delve to the core of Corrick. Thicker baloney has yet to be sliced.

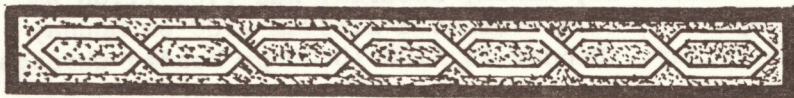
Relevant adjectives: Benign, cruel, smug, ambitious. Knowledgeable. Jim is the one standing around like one of those vinyl Bhuddas you can make yourself for 50¢ at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, arms arrogantly folded, smile twisted into hiding. You'll never hear Jim tell a good penis joke. There has been only one worthwhile book ever written, in the entire SF field, in all of history. Jim knows what it is ... and he's not telling anybody.

The concensus of the Corrick Round-Table (a spontaneous cultural event featuring six anonymous panelists, which took place at 3 AM. in the Hilton lobby during Denvention Saturday) was that if Jim had lived in ancient Greece, today there would be a myth about him instead of Sisyphus. But since our last report, he's swept out a nice little niche for himself in the Augean Stables of the publishing biz with another short story sale (to Jan Howard Finder), and recently signed a contract with Arco Books to produce a volume on the convolutions of the human brain. So there.

He's the Toastmaster again, which should tell you something (pause for an EC Comics-type "heh-heh-heh"). Converse with Corrick. He enlightens the stupid. His devotees are drawn to him via the sheer force of his steaming animal magnetism. Doo-dah, doo-dah.

He was the winner of the first-ever Tus-Con Rubber Dinosaur Award. He'll stay up late to entertain you. I like him. He's all yours.

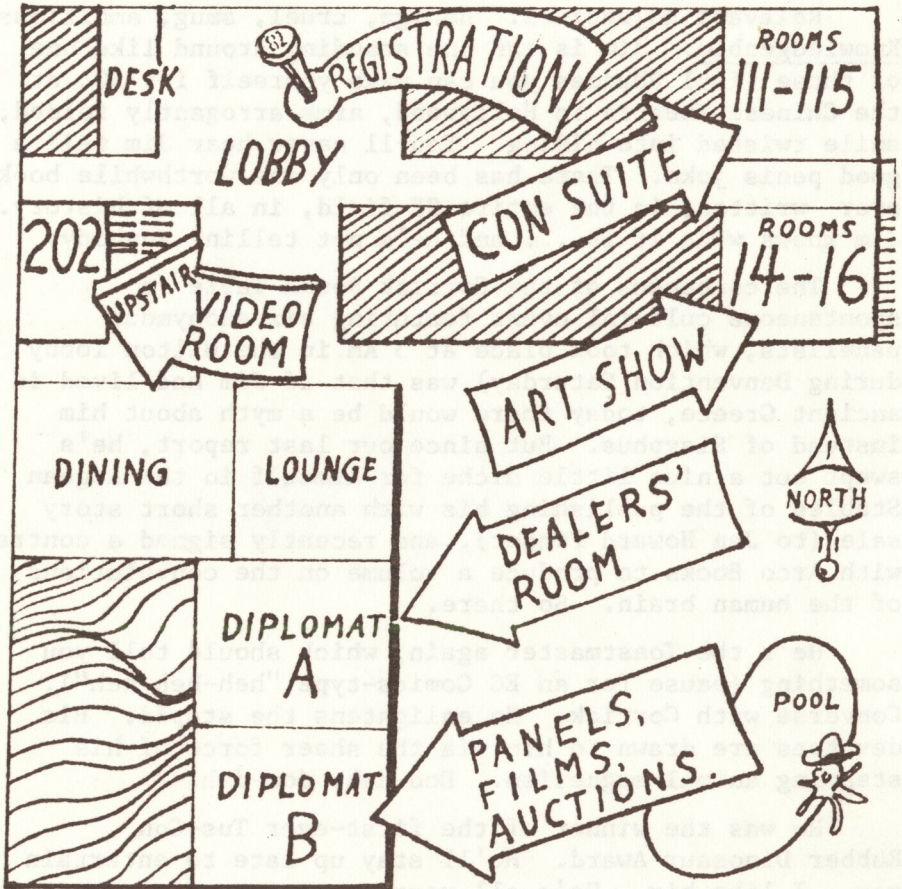
--- Dave Schow



# HOTEL

THE EXECUTIVE INN has graciously opened their doors to us once again and we are pleased to be here. The 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.

Check-out time is 3:00 P.M., bless 'em, and the front desk can hide your luggage until you're ready to leave.



## HOTEL RESTAURANT

THE EXECUTIVE INN'S WESTWARD ROOM is open for breakfast from 6:30-11:30 am, Monday-Saturday and 7:00-11:00 am on Sunday. Lunch is available 11:30am-2:00 pm Monday through Friday. Dinner is 5:00-10:00 pm Monday through Saturday.

THE TUS-CON  
RUBBER DINOSAUR AWARD



ART DECO,  
THE TRANSSEXUAL GECKO

It is with a heavily gleeful heart (and the benediction of absolutely no one) that we announce the presentation of the Second Annual Tus-Con Rubber Dinosaur Award. Rather like those unfortunate happenstances that insurance companies cacklingly call

Acts of God, the presentation will take place during the Guest of Honor speeches, to provide a little relief from what the Con-Committee cacklingly calls the Banquet. This year's unsuspecting victim will get what's coming to her (or him) at that time from last year's winner and other luminaries. Winners are chosen by an elite clique of anonymous judges. Did we mention that the Tus-Con Rubber Dinosaur Award is given "for service above and beyond the call of masochism to the Institution of Tus-Con"? Would you believe it anyway?

--- Dave Schow

THE GILDED BUDGIE AWARD

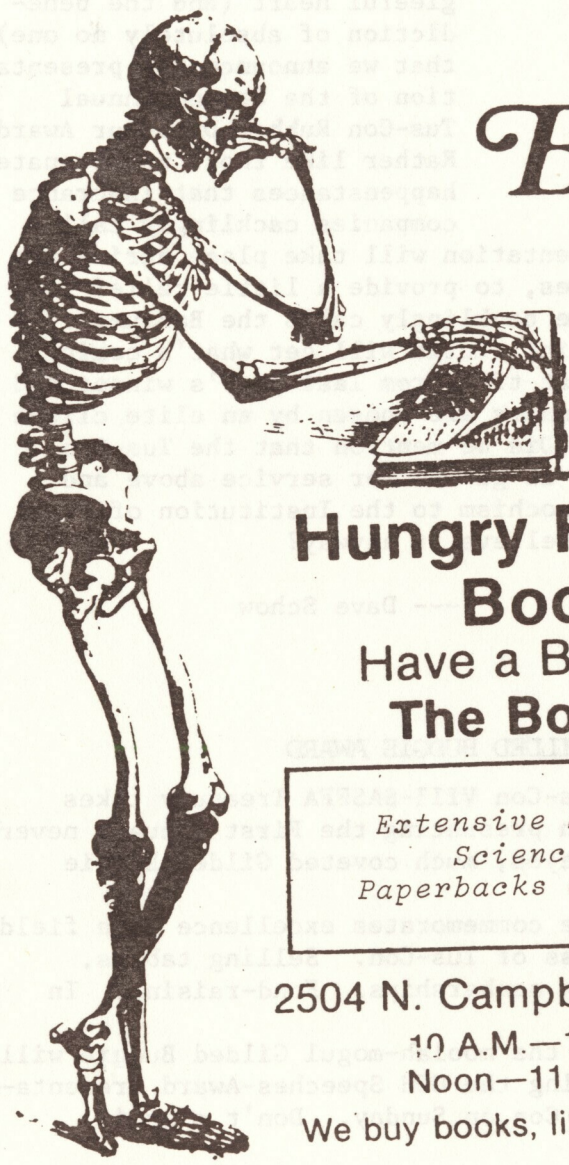
This year the Tus-Con VIII-SASFFA Treasury takes scandalous pleasure in presenting the First Annual, never-before seen by human eyes, much coveted Gilded Budgie Award.

The Gilded Budgie commemorates excellence in a field critical to the success of Tus-Con. Selling tables. Hustling ads. Pushing memberships. Fund-raising. In short, MONEY.

The recipient of the moolah-mogul Gilded Budgie will be publicly named during the GOH Speeches-Award Presentation-Class Act of the Con on Sunday. Don't miss it.

--- The Treasury

GAMES ROOM: Sorry, folks, no games room this time. The Lobby's available and folks play there. Weather permitting, there's also the poolside patio. 13



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**THE SEVEN FACES OF DR. LAO** (U.S.A. 1964) Charles Finney's 1935 novel **THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO** finally reached the screen some thirty years later, but in an almost unrecognizable incarnation. In the old west the travelling circus of Dr. Lao, in the person of Tony Randall, settles in for a brief run in the desert town of Abalone, Arizona (the town doesn't show on any map but the rumor is that it's somewhere near Sand Rock, Arizona and Piedmont, New Mexico). Visitors to the circus find that it is much more than advertised as each of them discovers that he or she is part of the proceedings.

An entertaining family-fantasy atmosphere of likeable, if not too bright, townspeople and loutish villains replaces the more pointed social satire of the Finney novel. The film features excellent multiple performances from Tony Randall, in a role originally written for Peter Seller as well as from make-up artist William Tuttle (Academy Award) and animation expert Jim Danforth (Oscar nomination). **SEVEN FACES OF DR. LAO** was George Pal's favorite of his own films and shows the director at his most self-assured.

--- Trini Ruiz

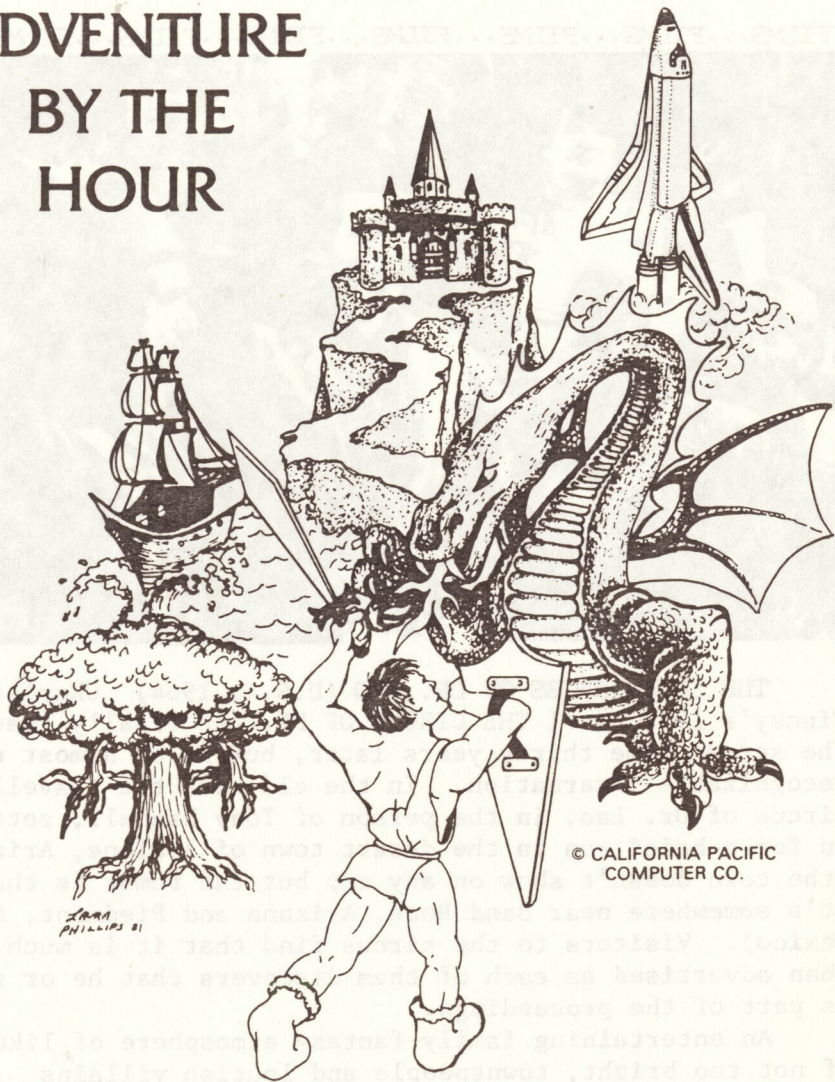
**FILM SPONSORS:**

**DEVIL'S BALL:** Eric and Sue Thing

**7 FACES OF DR. LAO:** Trini Ruiz, Aleta Ara and John Shepard

**CARTOONS:** Wolf Forrest 15

# ADVENTURE BY THE HOUR



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BURN WITCH BURN and WEIRD WOMAN (1944) are the two films derived from Fritz Leiber's classic occult novel Conjure Wife. This is the more recent, and, by all accounts, superior of the two versions. The young wife, superbly played by Janet Blair, of a college professor becomes increasingly captivated by her studies of ancient black magic and witchcraft with horrifying results. The rugged seacoast setting (filmed along the southeastern English coast in Cornwall) is a definite plus for the film as is the taut literate script by Richard Matheson and Charles Beaumont. The film is damn near a must for devotees of the horror genre.

--- Trini Ruiz



THE

# COMIC CORNER



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ZOOT GECKO  
(ANOTHER LOUNGE LIZARD)

**THE MYSTERIANS** (Japan 1959) Aliens from outer space invade Earth, at least the Japanese parts. What's so mysterious about that, you may ask? Gadzooks! They're after our women whom they need for breeding stock! Of such hackneyed ideas were so many movies and pulp-magazine stories made. What raises this one above other similar movies is, not surprisingly, special effects. The special effects and miniatures in **THE MYSTERIANS** are the work of Japan's great special effects artist, the late Eiji Tsuburaya - in his day probably pre-eminent in the field. For more of Tsuburaya's work see **RODAN**. The film also features the noted character actor Takashi Shimura, the Whit Bissell of Japan.

All the frenzied activity of aliens with zapping ray-guns, flying saucers, a giant robot, and heroic Earthlings working and emoting for but one common goal should be enough to warm anybody's heart. A good time will be had by all.

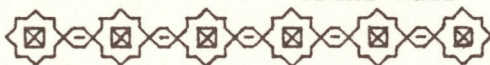
--- Trini Ruiz

**PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE** (U.S.A. 1959) This is the film that was voted the worst movie ever made. It actually, and incredibly, beat out such renowned turkeys as: the 1976 **KING KONG**, **THE SWARM**, the musical version of **LOST HORIZON** and even **ROBOT MONSTER**!

Aliens from beyond Earth who have been frustrated in several previous attempts (eight of them to be exact) to destroy the human race now unleash their insidious

Plan Nine. The alien plan is to bring the dead back to life to do their dirty work for them. It is well known that Bela Lugosi died during the production of a vampire film and the producers decided to use footage from that unfinished picture together with home movies and new film of another actor, who bore no resemblance at all to Lugosi, to produce PLAN NINE...; frequently cited as the king of wacky movies. With all that, you are probably asking yourself: "Why are we showing this film at Tus-Con?" ...Search Me!

--- Trini Ruiz



--- The Editors

I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF (U.S.A. 1957) Lycanthropy strikes again. This time to produce a werewolf with a predilection for black leather jackets. While not exactly a classic, this film is guaranteed to be campy and entertaining.

Don't miss this opportunity to see Michael Landon do his famous "Little Werewolf on the Prairie". In addition, those of us who are Whit Bissell fans (which is nearly everyone, right?) get to see our hero in action. Next year, maybe we'll show I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN.

--- Trini Ruiz

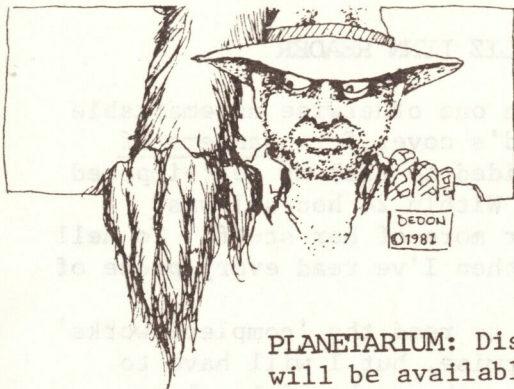
#### WRESTLING WOMEN VS. THE AZTEC MUMMY (Mexico, 1964)

We're going way out on a limb with this one. None of us on the ConCom has seen this film or knows anyone who has. The reference source we found describes the film as follows: "Two attractive lady wrestlers may wish they had remained in the ring when they tangle with the deadly Black Dragon and his men out to secure an ancient Aztec treasure. The results could range from the bizarre...to the downright kinky, with the heroes more than ready to match physical prowess with the unearthly powers of the... heavies." Perhaps Tus-Con will have unearthed something to compare with PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE. Fancy that!

--- Trini Ruiz

P. S. I will be difficult to find after the show.

Editor's Note: Check the plastic figs in the lobby.



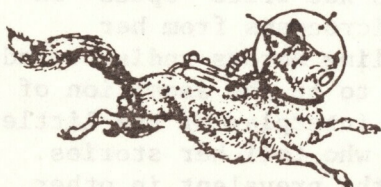
## ART CREDITS:

Chuck Berridge  
Deb Dedon  
Wolf Forrest

**PLANETARIUM:** Discount tickets to Flandrau will be available at registration.

## SECURITY

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## MEET THE AUTHOR(S) PARTY

**SOMETHING NEW!** This year there will be no Sunday banquet to which you all must drag your tired and over-partied bodies. Instead we have a BRIGHT, SPARKLING, MEET THE AUTHOR(S) PARTY FRIDAY NIGHT!! Weather cooperative, the party will be outside by the pool. Weather uncooperative, it will be in Diplomat B. **CASH BAR AND MUNCHIES!!**

## VIDEO ROOM

Our Video program is provided by the Farrs. We twisted their collective arms and they graciously accepted our invitation to come down and show off their fancy equipment. Video hours are at the Farr's discretion.

## CONFESSIONS\* OF A LIZ LYNN READER

My 'Liz Lynn' binge began one otherwise unremarkable day last winter when Eric Ladd's cover for Dancers of Arun caught my eye and I decided to risk my self-imposed weekly SF book budget on it. Within 24 hours I was groping through bookstores for more of her stuff. To hell with the book budget. Since then I've read every piece of SF and F she's published.

Now, I've never been hot to read the 'complete works' of any author, living or otherwise, but I will have to make one generous exception for the works of Liz Lynn. Much of what I can and will say in praise of her work is fitting praise for any good, really good, writer of fiction, science or other.

Liz Lynn is best known for her fantasy trilogy The Chronicles of Tornor, Dancers of Arun being the second book and my personal favorite. In general, fantasy writers (and many SF writers) have a tendency to write 'epics', in the course of which the world/galaxy is created, jeopardized, compromised and ultimately either saved or destroyed. Macrocosmic writing. Liz Lynn does not write 'epics' in that sense. Instead, she plucks microcosms from her imaginary times and sends them rolling across undiscovered continents. Her point never seems to be the assertion of any mythical TRUTH, but rather the interplay of the little personal truths between the people who tell her stories. Historical, cultural and racial myths prevalent in other fantasies are absent from her work. Consequently the eternally decisive climaxes of conventional fantasy writing do not occur. No apocalypse, no salvation.

Only Jim Corrick could estimate how many SF and F writers there are; one of my perennial gripes about the majority of SF and F writers is that they create interesting worlds and spin great, if not brilliant, story lines, but they insist on peopling their worlds with vapid, stiff, two-dimensional characters! For me, the sustaining strength of a story is the depth of the story's characters. Without one good, solid, appealing character to lead me on, I will not finish the book. In fact I will probably fall asleep in the first chapter!

Liz Lynn apparently doesn't like two-dimensional cardboard characters. She certainly doesn't write them.

\*confession /kun-'fesh-un/ n 1. act of confessing; specif. delivering one's opinion without fear of retribution.



Her people live, love, do and die without the aid of culture-bound myths, prejudices and other presumptions. Her warriors, dancers, starcaptains, heroes and lovers are anybody and everybody - male or female, any age or 'race'. Liz Lynn simply pulls out the stops and lets her people go. Gender is no barrier. Physical reproductive capacity doesn't determine who draws the bow, entertains household guests, uses master technology or, for that matter, who makes love to who. This latter point is hard for some SF and F readers (and others) to swallow. Tsk, tsk. After 20 years of stumbling through pages of gratuitous (and usually poorly written) 'standard' SF sex, I find the turnabout refreshing.

From my point of view, as is this whole article, the yummiest aspect of Liz Lynn's writing is the sheer sensual texture of the worlds she creates. She is a master of description, painting her people and places with bold, delicious, touch-smell-and-taste words. I revel and roll in her stories, dazzled by images to bright to blink away. I've wandered through the Tornor trilogy twice, jostled by the sunlit bustle of Kendra-on-the-Delta, frost-bitten in the wintry dust of Tornor's crumbling Keep, and danced infernally sore by a chearas. Perhaps adjectives do not a legend make, but the wealth of descriptive texture in Liz Lynn's stories is sweet, sweet stuff.

Liz Lynn is marking off some fresh new territory in SF and F writing. She de-emphasizes the razzle-dazzle of technology and wizardry to reveal the trials of the people who must live with it. Her novel, A Different Light, has all of the gleaming background technology of spacefiction. Despite the high-tech setting, her characters remain vulnerable. There remain things beyond the grasp of human ingenuity. An artist yearning for another world to sketch, for a world with a different light, is battling cancer. As long as he stays home, he lives. But life for him is only repetition of past triumphs and his desire for that different light is stronger than his desire to stay alive. In a strong sense, Liz Lynn writes with that different light, risking her professional future for the sake of real achievement in SF and F writing.

I like that.

--- D. C. Dedon

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