THE BASTARDS HID THE GENT CHEETO-S! WHO IS THIS
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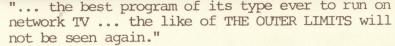
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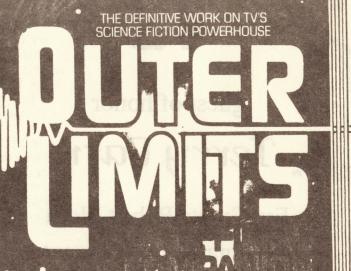
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### An Appreciation of Terry Carr

by Bruce D. Arthurs

"I want to be Terry Carr when I grow

I made that remark in a fanzine about ten years ago. To understand why, you need to know a little about Terry Carr the science fiction fan, Terry Carr the writer, Terry Carr the editor, and Terry Carr the humane being.

Terry Carr the fan became active in sf fandom in the 1950's, most notably for FANAC, a fannish newszine that he co-edited with Ron Ellik, and for which they won a Best Fanzine Hugo. Terry went on to produce LIGHTHOUSE on his own; LIGHTHOUSE was a massive fanzine that featured extraordinary contributions by the likes of such as Philip K. Dick, Fritz Leiber, Samuel R. Delany and Carol Carr, as well as artwork by Jack Gaughan and others. LIGHTHOUSE received several Hugo nominations during its period of publication, but I personally consider it the best fanzine ever published. Terry is still active in fanzine fandom, with letters of comment to other fanzines and occasional fanzines distributed to friends and the amateur press associations he's a member of.

Terry Carr the writer is known for infrequent but excellent short stories and novels. Try to find "The Dance of the Changer and the Three", or

Cirque.

One of the reasons for the infrequency of Terry's fictional work is the editorial work he does. Putting is simply, Terry Carr is one of the most highly regarded editors in the science fiction, with the rare double reputation of having high standards in his business dealings plus good taste in the stories he selects.

He began as an assistant editor to Don Wollheim at Ace Books in the 1960's. Most notable from that period were the Ace Science Fiction Specials; many of the books Terry bought and edited for that line have become classics of the sf field, most notably Ursula LeGuin's The Left Hand of Darkness. During his Ace period, Terry also co-edited with Wollheim the "best of the year" sf collections, and began Universe, a prestigious original anthology series.

Leaving Ace Books and New York for free-lancing and California, Terry began a "best of the year" series of his own, and <u>Universe</u> continued

publishing some of the best writing in the field.

As if all this, and the other collections he produced, were not enough to establish him as a leading editor in the field, in 1984 a new series of Ace Science Fiction Specials -- including the multi-award winning Neuromancer by William Gibson -- began publication under Terry Carr's editorship. At the Worldcon that same year, Terry Carr won a long overdue Hugo for Best Editor.

But it's Terry Carr the humane being that best explains why he is so respected and liked. "Humane", up above and in this paragraph, is not a typo. Terry Carr is calm, mellow, laid-back, even-tempered and courteous in even the most outrageous circumstances; where others lose their tempers and call names, Terry Carr chides gently and graciously. In all the years I've spent in fandom, I've only heard one bad thing said about Terry Carr...and the person who said it was wrong.

Damn, I still want to be Terry Carr when I grow up!

-end-

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by James A. Corrick

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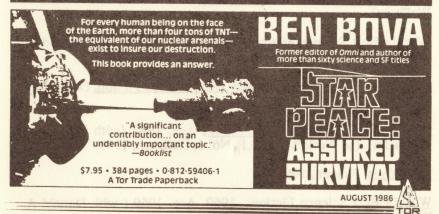
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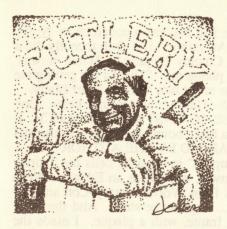
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### Writer's Bloch

by David J. Schow

So here comes Tus-Con 13, and with it, Sue Thing and Cristi Simila, wheedling and begging and making nice at me so I'll do another Bob Bloch piece for the program book, which irritates me because the overview on Unca Bob I wrote for Tus-con 9 was damned near perfect (except for the typos, blame Cristi, thanks). But it gives me a little more

air time to talk about something besides Bob's credits ... and that's a

pleasure.

In May of 1985 I had the singular honor of stepping behind a podium in Manhattan to accept an award on Bob's behalf, for his short story, "Pumpkin" (published in the December, 1984 Twilight Zone). The story was important because it was one of the first of a clutch of such short "ghastlies" Bob wrote to drown a long dry spell of short fiction. In the speech Bob supplied, he noted the following:

"For many years, my goal as a fantasy writer has been to entertain, educate, and enlighten readers. But if I don't succeed, I will gladly settle for just scaring the hell out of them. When writing stories, I try to operate with medical precision. Like a morgue attendant, I want to freeze your blood. Like a neurosurgeon using a stick of dynamite, I will attempt to blow your mind. And like a kidney doctor, I will leave no stone unturned."

He hasn't.

Within the year nearly all of Bob's important books will be available to you in shiny new editions. Scream/Press is issuing THE SCARF, THE COUCH, and THE DEAD BEAT as a triptych entitled UNHOLY TRINITY. Tor Books has set up an ambitious reprint program that will commence with NIGHT-WORLD in October, and will include AMERICAN GOTHIC, FIREBUG, PSYCHO, PSYCHO II, and at long last one of Bloch's rarest novels, THE KIDNAPPER. Bob is also assembling two new collections (one Tor, one Doubleday), plus a brand new novel for Tor.

The big news of 1984, of course, was NIGHT OF THE RIPPER. It wasn't called that until Bob completed it; he frequently does not title his books while in-work. He may not be able to tell you what his latest book is called because even he hasn't decided yet. Enough for us, says me, that

it's a new Bloch.

Bob types these books on an Olympia office manual with a really neat typeface. He eschews electrics and word-processing toys, and shares my extreme hatred of Muzak ... and answering machines. We must be the last two people in Los Angeles who don't own those bedamned phone-pals. Or so complains Melissa Singer, who has the Herculean task of editing both Bob and me at Tor Books.

I sat in Bob's poolside office one afternoon and listened to him relate the story of how he got his wallet snatched in Paris by a gang of gypsy kids. Next thing I knew, the anecdote had become a novelette in <u>Night Cry</u>, "The Yougoslaves." Thus does Art mimic Life. Bob recently did a second story for <u>Night Cry</u>, "The Chaney Legacy." When it was published, the editor of the magazine phone me. "Thanks for getting me Bob Bloch," he said. Now he wants me to get him William Peter Blatty.

Among hundreds of books in Bob's office are two curious items. One is a fat tome called THE WORLD CASE AGAINST ROBERT BLOCH. It looks well-researched. The other is a bible bound in red leatherette and featuring a plate that reads "AUTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR".

Bob installed his award for "Pumpkin" in what he calls the Trophy Room. There's a Hugo, there's a Howie, over there an Edgar scroll, a couple of Life Achievement Awards from World Fantasy Con and the World Science Fiction Convention ... impressive stuff. And there's a plastic machine pistol mounted in a frame, with a plaque. I made the mistake of asking what it was. "It's the Fritz Leiber Grey Mauser Award," Bob said. Blochian pun flak strikes again.

Now Robert Bloch has returned to Tus-Con, in the very special role of

Fan Guest of Honor. This is not a pun.

The Secret Neo-masters of Tus-Con (SNOT), always in the vanguard when it comes to elevating the standards of fan etiquette, made the FGoH proposal, and Bob gladly accepted. Sometimes, being the <u>star</u> at con after con can become an encumberance; more a chore than a pleasure. As Toastmaster, Bob has outgunned all comers for decades, and could retire the mantle undefeated should he choose. Nothing new for him there, either.\*

So: Bob Bloch as Fan Guest of Honor ...

No, wait. While we're on the topic of fan etiquette, there's another nail to hammer in. It regards autographs. Most likely you'll be asking Bob or Terry or Ed or Jennifer for an inscription or two at Tus-Con, and this seems as good an occasion as any to inaugurate a new custom. Pay attention. DO NOT bring any writer a shopping bag full of books and magazines to sign. This is greedy, inconsiderate, and unbelievably gauche. Similarly, I don't know of any writer who enjoys being handed a mouldering copy of some ancient pulp magazine to sign by a beaming fan who probably paid more for it than the writer got paid for his contribution. Unless it's a bonafide collector's item (featuring work unavailable anywhere else), don't expect the writer to grin back and compliment you on your dedication as a collector. It is tiresome. DO NOT do such dumb things. If you wish to demonstrate your appreciation, buy a copy of the writer's current work and have him or her sign that.

(Bob Bloch is such a civil and accommodating gentleman that he would probably not tell you stuff like this. As for me ... well, that's another story

for another day.)

<sup>\*</sup> If there is a Toastmastering throne, I can imagine no worthier successor to it than the fastest TM in the West, Ed Bryant. Ever-sensitive to the needs of con-goers as well as pros, Tus-Con has shown rare perceptivity and uncanny depth in bringing on the inimitable Bryant for you edification as well. Say howdy to the folks, Ed.

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# RUBERT BLUCH

Author of PSYCHO

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So: Bob Bloch as Fan Guest of Honor. This permits him to do what he likes best -- which includes meeting and talking with all of you. Broad vistas of opportunity have opened up. FGoH is a whole new field for Bob to corrupt.

By the time you read this, he'll probably have another couple of books

out. What more to say? Bob Bloch's back and Tus-Con's got him!

Now, Bob, let's see if we can get The Devil With You back into print...

### ROBERT BLOCH: A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

by James A. Corrick

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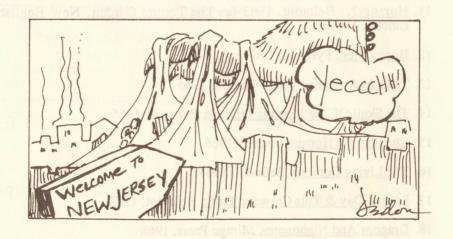
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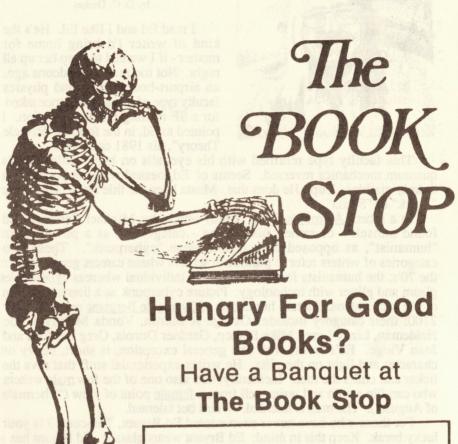
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### A Creative Bio of Ed Bryant

by D. C. Dedon

I read Ed and I like Ed. He's the kind of writer I'd bring home for mother - if I wanted to keep her up all night. Not too many worldcons ago, an airport-bound math and physics faculty type of my acquaintance asked for a SF reading recommendation. I pointed to Ed, in the form of "Particle Theory", his 1981 collection.

This faculty type returned with his eyeballs on backwards and his quantum mechanics reversed. Seems ol' Ed messed with the poor man's orderly marbles. Yup. He does that. Musta been the title story. Or maybe

"Shark" or "Strata".

In a recent <u>Asimov's</u> (Aug. 1986) article by Michael Sanwick, Ed found himself - or rather, his writing - categorized as a post-modern "humanist", as opposed to a post-modern "cyberpunk". These two categories of writers refer to prominent writers whose careers germinated in the 70's; the humanists focus more on the individual whereas cyberpunks gleam and glitter with technology. Picture cyberpunk as a literary version of sf/f rock videos. Picture humanists as <u>Cyrano de Bergerac</u> set in the year 2100; their category includes George R Martin, Vonda McIntyre, Joe Haldeman, Lizzy Lynn, Mike Bishop, Gardner Dozois, Greg Benford and Joan Vinge. Ed's work, with one general exception, is short, heavy on character and light on the glitz. He writes experiential stuff that revs the ticker and chills the toes. Incidently, he's also one of the few <u>male</u> writers who can flip a coin and write well from a <u>female</u> point of view ("Thermals of August"). The man is talented. Weird but talented.

For those who have never encountered Ed Bryant, Tus-con 13 is your lucky break. Keep this in mind: Ed Bryant wears glasses. Ed Bryant has a mustache. Ed Bryant has long har. This latter point serves to distinguish him, in mere words, from our own James A. Corrick, who also has glasses and a mustache. Fortunately, Jim has short hair. Unfortunately they both know (one better than the other, I suppose) Gay Miller-Corrick, who has been found alternately plopped in the lap of either of the aforementioned gentlemen, among others. As you might surmise, this only confuses matters. On the other hand, we can compare Ed's long hair approach to that of Dave Schow, who also has a mustache, but does not wear glasses: Dave has a ponytail, Ed does not. And Ed writes about strange and wonderful things, like ghost sharks and hang-glider combat, while Dave writes about strange and horrible things, like re-animation by cockroaches. See what I

mean? Clear as a bell.

My first impression of Ed-in-the-flesh occurred at Denvention 2, when I stood too close to Gay Miller when Ed walked into the Green Room. It took awhile to work the impressions of Ed's shirt buttons out of my skin. Yes, Virginia, he left an impression upon me. And last year he further

impressed me at the Tucson World Fantasy Con by purchasing a piece of my (gasp!) art work. (I mean, I never thought anyone would ever buy that truly bizarre piece of ...) Anyway, first impressions can last a half-life - at least, until the next impression. I mean, what would you think of a guy, a confessed short-story writer, who MC's a WorldCon in a red tux and roller skates? Who has a stuffed shark? Who coined the wicked phrase "brain fairy" and uses it publicly? Or who has been seen committing bizarre acts with cheeto-s in a consuite? I mean, can we trust this man? Do we hide the cheeto-s? Draw your own conclusions. I'll have paper and crayons in the art show.

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by James. A. Corrick

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### A Recount of Tus-Con IV and Other Peculiarly Insignificant Events: A Memoir of Indifferent Honesty

by James A. Corrick

November 1976. Custer had been dead a century. The Bicentennial Celebration was four months in the past. Ford was in the White House for

another two months. And Tus-Con IV opened.

From the beginning, Tus-Con IV possessed a certain ominous inevitability. Our GOH, Theodore Sturgeon, was already set six months before the 1975 Tus-Con III. And we had to do something with the leftover box of one hundred Laser Books -- all copies of Thomas Monteleone's SEEDS OF CHANGE. (For details, see the last installment of this history -- you did keep Tus-Con 11 PB for reference, didn't you?)

You might well ask with a Guest-of-Honor such as the late Theodore Sturgeon what was there left to do but sit back in idle satisfaction until November 1976? And, believe me, Carol DePriest and I were tempted to

do just that.

However, recognizing our duty, we set out to do all those things convention committees traditionally do to occupy their time. We met. We drank some beer. We met some more. We drank a little more beer. We met. We drank even more beer. We met. Then the convention rolled around, and we toasted it -- with what else? Beer.

Somewhere in that period, we threw a part at Leprecon II. It was a memorable party. Around midnight of Saturday night, the Leprecon committee cleared all the beer out of their consuite and gave it to us since

seemingly the entire convention was at the Tus-Con party.

And what were these potential Tus-Con IV attendees doing -- besides getting drunk on a great deal of beer? Making paper airplanes. What else? Of the two hundred flyers we brought with us, a hundred and fifty became paper airplanes (thus truly earning their name 'flyers') to the immense amusement and satisfaction of the party (yes, I am afraid it was as silly as it all sounds).

Not that everything went as smoothly as this party. Two days before the convention, the manager of the Sands Motor Hotel, where we were to hold Tus-Con IV, told us that, despite our contract, we could not have their one suite with a kitchen. Why not? Because he was now living in it. He saw no reason why their other suite <u>sans</u> kitchen would not suffice. However, since we decided in a fit of total insanity to have another set of supermembership dinners -- meals at which ten attendees would eat a gournet meal with Sturgeon -- we had a problem.

Our solution was to go next door to the Sheraton Pueblo Inn and rent one of their kitchen-suites. True, to reach the consuite was a bit of a trek. Still, it was no more than a quarter of a mile away, and we were all young and healthy -- well young anyway. And I assure you that, no matter what

you may have heard, no one fell into the ditch.

And then there was Sturgeon.

In 1976, he was spending most of his time on the road and was often difficult to contact. Three weeks before the convention, he wrote us saying that he had made some changes in his schedule. If we wished to find out

his new arrival time and arrange for someone to pick him up at the airport, we should call him at the New York apartment of Roy Torgeson, then connected with Alternate World recordings and later to edit the CHRYSALIS anthology series.

We called. Roy answered. Ted? No he wasn't there; hadn't been for a couple of months. Did Roy know where he was? Somewhere between the east and the west coast. Thanks, Roy, talk to you some other time.

Maybe.

And so it goes in the convention business.

As it always does, the opening day finally came. Surrounded once more by the predictably bizarre and the tediously outre, Tus-Con IV's 121 attendees swarmed into the Sands and the Sheraton to hear Sturgeon and Thea Alexander talk about the SF writer and utopia; Dr. Bradford Smith speculate about extraterrestrial life; Carolyn Henson speak about Space Habitats -- still a new idea to most SF people in 1976 -- and Don C. Thompson, our MC, hold forth about fanzines. They saw Trini Ruiz' film program, featuring such films as THEM, THE RAVEN, and ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS. They spent their money in the Dealers' Room and at the general auctions.

We saw some new faces, among them Will Siros' El Paso delegation, including Gay Miller, who would soon be moving to Tucson, Also, we had a new committee member, Sharon Maples, who became so carried away with her enthusiasm, she later chaired both Tus-Cons VI and VII.

This was to be my last time as Tus-Con's head, as well as marking the beginning of a three-year hiatus for Tus-Con. The reason? Iguanacon, the 1978 World Science Fiction Convention. A combined Phoenix-Tucson bid had won the dubious honor of hosting this monstrosity, and it was not only to occupy all my spare time for the next two years. but also to end all further desire on my part to work on convention committees.

And so this chapter in Tus-Con's history comes to an end. But wait, you say, Haven't you forgotten something? What about that box of one

hundred Laser Books?

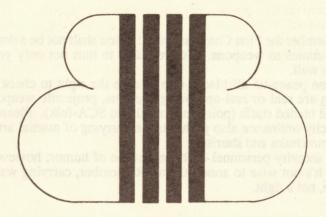
Oh, yes. Well, with calculated deceit, refusing to tell anyone what was in the box, we auctioned it off at one of the general auctions. Henry Hasse,

a one-time SF writer and then dealer, bought it.

Whatever for, we wondered when he confessed to us he knew the box's contents. On the last morning of Tus-Con IV, we discovered his reason when we awoke to find a copy of SEEDS OF CHANGE propped against each and every door in the Sands Motor Hotel.

Next Installment: By whomever it may concern, detailing whatever he/she wishes to remember about Tus-Con VI?

Historical Footnote: Be it known that the sole responsibility for Tus-Con V, held on December 31, 1978 in the Knoxville, Tennessee Hyatt-Regency's lower men's room belongs to Trini Ruiz. Reportedly, it was lightly attended, but I paid appropriate homage to its memory several times during the 1983 DeepSouthCon held in the same hotel.



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### Security

Remember the First Commandment: Thou shalt not be a doo-doo head when it comes to weapons. You're liable to hurt not only yourself, but others as well.

Please peace-tie all blades (we reserve the right to check). Strictly <u>verboten</u> are real or real-appearing firearms, projectile weapons of any kind, and bladed staffs (polearms for all you SCA-folk). Please note that Tucson city ordinance also prohibits the carrying of martial arts weapons such as nunchuku and shuriken.

Our security personnel do have a sense of humor; however it's very bad and it's not wise to annoy them. Remember, carrying weapons is a privilege, not a right.

### Consuite

TusCon's legendary Consuite will be offering its usual fine selection of eatables and drinkables. Please: YOU MUST BE 21 IN ORDER TO BE SERVED BEER. It's not just a good idea, it's the law.

### Hotel

We are pleased once again to be at the Executive Inn. 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.

Check-out time is 3:00 pm on Sunday, and the front desk can hide your

luggage until you're ready to leave.

### Restaurants

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 11:30 am - 2:00 pm Monday-Saturday. Dinner is 5:00-10:00 pm

Monday through Saturday.

There are plenty of restaurants on the Miracle Mile-Drachman strip, ranging from inexpensive to <u>very</u> expensive. CoCo's (next door to the hotel), and the Village Inn (one block north on Miracle Mile) are reasonably good and moderately priced. Village Inn is open 24 hours. Also be advised that CoCo's does<u>not</u> accept checks.

### Masquerade Ball

The Masquerade Ball will take place on Saturday night of the convention in what is otherwise known as the Movie Theater. There will be music appropriate for dancing (both fast and slow) and a cash bar.

There will be a promenade about midway through the Ball to allow the judges time to view the costumes and decide on the awards.

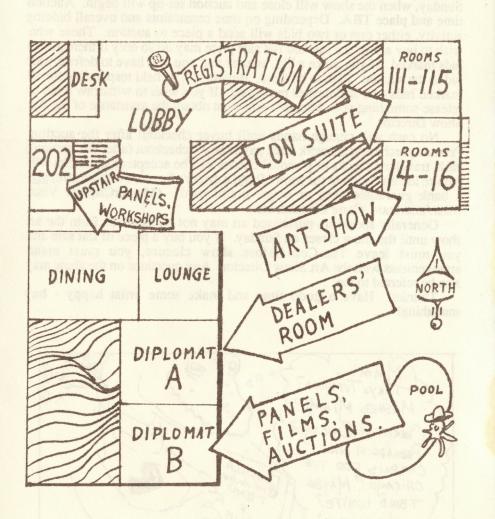
There will be prizes (ribbons) for:

Best of Show Best Beast

Most Rescue-able Maiden

Most Humorous

There may be other prizes, including for hall costumes. Mostly, we want to encourage you to wear some kind of costume. They don't have to elaborate, expensive or time-consuming to make, just fun!



### Art Show Blurb

by D.C. Dedon, Director

The Tus-Con 13 Invitational Art Show will open Friday, October 3rd. Our hours will be:

Friday, 2:00 pm - 7:30 pm Saturday, 10:00 am - 6:00 pm Sunday, 10:00 am - noon

persons wishing to bid or buy flat sale artwork must do so before noon on Sunday, when the show will close and auction set-up will begin. Auction time and place TBA. Depending on time constraints and overall bidding activity, either one or two bids will send a piece to auction. Those who wish to buy art for the marked flat sale price may do so only if there are no bids marked. If you make a bid, assume that you will have to defend your bid in the auction. Plan to be there. Buyers will be held responsible for all marked bids and/or flat sales purchases. If you wish to withdraw a bid or release something you "bought", you must obtain the assistance of the Art Show Director.

No cash will change hands until buyer checkout after the auction. Persons purchasing art work must pay at buyer checkout (after the auction); cash, traveler's checks or personal checks will be accepted; <u>all</u> checks will require identification in the form of <u>both</u> a driver's license (with picture) <u>and</u> a bank guarantee card or major credit card. (MasterCharge, Visa, BancAmericard, Carte Blanche, etc.).

Generally speaking, purchased art may not be removed from the art show until the show closes on Sunday. If you buy a piece of flat sale and you must leave Tus-Con before show closure, you must make arrangements with the Art Show Director. Any questions on the show may

also be referred to me.

Thanks. Have a good time and make some artist happy - buy something!







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### Wired To Kill

by Daniel Arthur

How often do you get to watch a just-released film, then talk to one of the film's stars and the director the next day? Well at Tus-Con this year, you can do both. Concurrently with Tus-Con will be the debut of "WIRED TO KILL," a controversial, futuristic thriller starring Merritt Butrick, and directed by Franky Schaeffer, who also scripted the play. Tus-Con is fortunate to have both Merritt and Franky in Tucson to give an hour talk Saturday morning.

"WIRED TO KILL," rated R, concerns the decaying 1998 American society. When a mutant gang ventures out of the designated Quarantine Zones and terrorizes a teenager and his family, the young man calls upon

his electronic wizardry to defend himself.

Merritt Butrick is best known for his role as Captain Kirk's son in "Star Trek" II and III, and for his starring role in the CBS series "Square Pegs."

"WIRED TO KILL" marks the feature film directorial debut for noted artist and author Franky Schaeffer. He has produced a variety of major docudramas, including the acclaimed presentations of "Whatever Happened To The Human Race," and "How Should We Live." Amongst his four books is "A Modest Proposal." In addition to his work in the feature and docudrama film arena, Schaeffer has shown his artwork in one-man exhibitions throughout Europe and the United States.

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Leprecon 13

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### Film List For TusCon 13

"Coal Black and the Sebban Dwarfs"

Warner Brothers' own Bob Clampett directed this 1943 Merrie Melody. The catalogue calls this "an all-black sterotyped cast in a wildly outrageous musical parody of Snow White". Sounds kind of like "Cabin in the Sky", eh? We're torn between classifying this as Fantasy or Horror.

"The Dove"

We don't know if Ingmar Bergman is dead, but if he ever saw this film, it would kill him (in the event that he is among the departed, this should set him spinning in his grave). If you've ever suffered through a 2-1/2 hour "art" film with nonexistent story-lines, cryptic meanings, and nearly-illegible subtitles, and at the end of it said "Huh?", spend 15 minutes with "The Dove". It's what art films ought to be. Directed by Doe and Lover, 1968.

"Duck Dodgers in the 24-1/2 Century"

Spielberg loves it! Lucas loves it! Bergman doesn't love it, but who cares about him? The intrepid Duck and his porcine sidekick encounter adventure from the farthest reaches of the galaxy. Need we say more?

"Fantastic Voyage"

A crew of scientists aboard and their atomic submarine are miniaturized to cellular size to repair the brain of an important defector from the Soviet Union. While this film did not include the song, "I've Got You Under My Skin", it did win three Academy Awards, including best Special Effects (and not just because Raquel Welch is in it, either). If also stars Stephen Boyd, Arthur Kennedy and Donald Pleasance. Watch out for those mutant mitochondria and rampaging reticulocytes! Directed by Richard Fleischer, 1966.

"The Fearless Vampire Killers"

or "Pardon Me, But Your Teeth Are In My Neck". This is a swell vampire film, with a bumbling professor and his assistant trying to kill (that's really not the appropriate word...) a family of vampires. Can they do it? We're not telling. Starring Sharon Tate, Jack MacGowran and Roman Polanski.

Directed by Roman Polanski.

### "The Phantom of the Opera"

A classic horror movie, starring Lon Chaney and Mary Philbin (he's the Phantom, she's not) in the first screen version of this story. It's silent, and like many other silents of the time, epic in its proportions. Come and roam the sewers of Paris, attend the Bal Masque, swing from the chandeliers, and experience cinema that needs no spoken dialogue to be effective. Hey, you don't even have to listen to an opera to enjoy this one!

Directed by Rupert Julian, 1925

### "Phantom of the Paradise"

We could say this is the best film Brian de Palma's ever made (at least the best musical), the best film that Jessica Harper's ever been in (at least before she appeared in a little black dress in "Shock Treatment") or the best film featuring a real-life Muppet, but instead, we extend an Invitation...

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"At The Paradise our performers are contracted to entertain you at

any cost! And entertain you they will.

"Trust me...Swan."

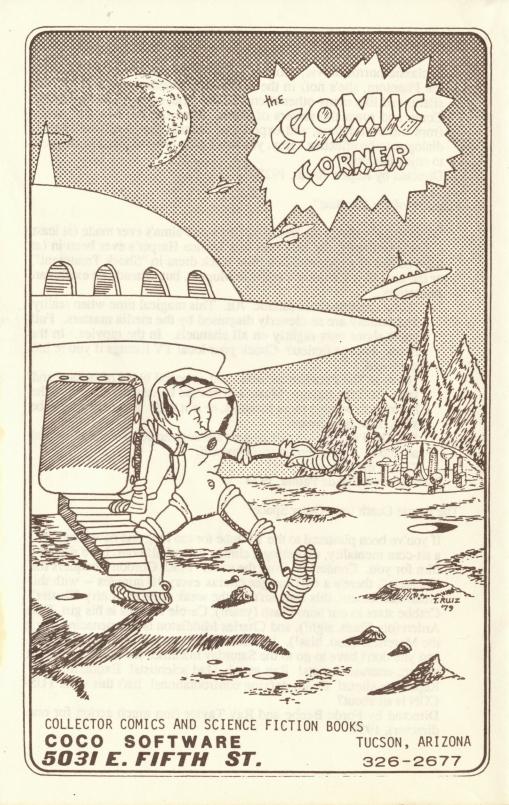
Directed by Brian de Palma, 1974

### "The Purple Death from Outer Space"

If you've been plastered to the TV tube for too long and have developed a sit-com mentality, expecting a climax every half hour, have we got a film for you. Condensed from the serial "Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe", there's a cliff-hanger climax every 10 minutes -- with this much excitement, this film isn't for the weak of heart. Larry "Buster" Crabbe stars as our hero Flash (yeah!), Carole Hughes is his girl, Dale Arden (oh, Flash, sigh!), and Charles Middleton is the menacing Ming the Merciless (boo, hiss!). Just think, all the camp SF you can handle and you don't have to go to the Saturday mantinee for 10 weeks and sit in gum-encrusted seats! Ray guns! Mad scientists! Exotic tortures! Repulsive aliens! Death-defying confrontations! Isn't this what TUS-CON is all about?

Directed by Forde Beebe and Ray Taylor (too much action for one

director), 1939.



### "The Sorceror's Apprentice"

Definitely Fantasy, and the only drawback is that the rest of "Fantasia" is missing; you'll have to wait for its annual rounds. In the meantime, enjoy Mickey Mouse in the most memorable role of his career. This unedited sequence is set to Dukas' score and is conducted by Leopold Stowkowski (Mickey sure knows how to pick 'em). Animation at its finest!

Directed by J. Alger, 1940.

### "The Time Machine"

A victorian scientist, ignoring the skepticism of his colleagues, builds a time machine and preceds to visit strange (i.e., 20th Century) places and have exciting (i.e., 100th Century) adventures. This is a well-done fantasy film, starring Rod Taylor, Alan Young (before he teamed up with Mr. Ed), Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot (before he teamed up with Buffy, Jody, and Mrs. Beasley). Directed by George Pal, 1960.

### "20,000,000 Miles to Earth"

It's not Godzilla, and it's not Tokyo Bay, but it's a typical 50's monster in a typical 50's monster movie. With special effects by Ray Harryhausen, and Joan Taylor, one of the queens of 50's SF films (of course you remember her as our heroine in "Earth vs. the Flying Saucers"), how can you resist not watching this spectacle, filled with space ships, astronauts, scientists, weird alien eggs <u>and</u> a baby dinosaur (didn't Disney do a remake of this a couple of years ago?...no, we guess not).

Directed by Nathan Juran, 1957 (this may be America's tribute to

### "Wizards"

Sputnik).

Ralph Bakshi says that he's given up animating movies, and until he comes to his senses, we'll have to get by with "Wizards". That doesn't seem to be too much of a chore, unless you don't like luscious fairy princesses, short cigar-smoking wizards, evil power-crazed madmen, and giant rats with pink eyes. Oh, yeah, and the best comedy duo this side of Scorch and that side of Montegar, Fritz and Max. Directed by Ralph Bakshi, 1977.

### "The Wizard of Oz"

Yeah, sure, you've seen it every year on TV since you were a weanling. But in this version, everything's black and white, not just Kansas, and not just because you can't afford a color set. That's because this is a 1925 silent version of "The Wizard of Oz", starring Larry Semon as the Scarecrow (this popular silent film star also

directed the film), Oliver Hardy as the Tin Man, and Dorothy Dwan as Dorothy. What this film lacks in music, it makes up for in comedy and slapstick. (There is no truth to the rumor that the Keystone Kops appear as Munchkins.) Sing along at the appropriate times if you must, but coloring in the Emerald City on the movie screen is absolutely prohibited.

### Film Sponsors:

"Coal Black and the Sebben Dwarfs": Bruce Nevins (total)

"The Dove": Robin Roberts (total)

"Duck Dodgers in the 24-1/2 Century": Eric Thing (total)

"The Fearless Vampire Killers": Bruce Wiley "Phantom of the Opera": Chuck Berridge

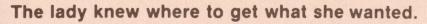
"Phantom of the Paradise": Kai Jones, Lester Reese

"Purple Death from Outer Space": Paul Clinco

"The Sorceror's Apprentice": Judy Audin (total)
"The Time Machine": Starbase Tucson, Star Trek Fan Club (total)

"20,000,000 Miles to Earth": Skip Schrader (total)





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