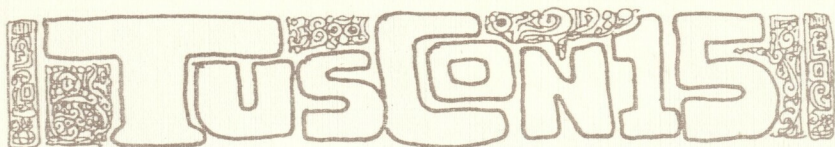


Person



Oct 7-9, 1988

Guest of Honor

STEPHEN R. DONALDSON

Fan Guests of Honor: Jim & Doreen Webbert

Toastmaster: Ed Bryant

With Featured Guests:

Evangeline Walton
G. Harry Stine
David J. Schow
Somtow Sucharitkul
Liz Danforth

Alan Guitierrez
Mike Stackpole
James A. Corrick
Paul Edwards
Edwin Hirt

- | | | | |
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| REGISTRATION: | Carol de Priest | CONSUIITE: | Julia Hamann |
| | Frances Gross | MASQUERADE: | Brian Gross |
| PROGRAMMING: | Daniel Arthur | TECHNICAL: | Earl Billick |
| FILMS: | Wolf Forrest | PUBLICITY: | Frances Gross |
| ART SHOW: | Earl Billick | PROGRAM BOOK: | Sue Thing |
| DEALERS: | Cristi Simila | | |

Special Thanks: Real and Muff Musgrave, Dave Schow, Bruce Farr, Jim Corrick, Deb Dedon, Bruce Nevins, Randy Rau, Linda Miku, Suzanne Raymond, Eric Thing, Kai Jones, Gay Miller-Corrick.

Artwork: Deb Dedon, Earl Billick, Wolf Forrest, Sleepyhawk

Typesetting: HDS Systems

Printing: Bruce Nevins



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STEPHEN R. DONALDSON by Real Musgrave



Stephen R. Donaldson is first a man of delightful surprises. My introduction to his work first came in the form of a package from the Science Fiction Book Club which arrived the day I was leaving on a long airplane trip. My fellow passengers thought I was insane as I bounced up and

down in my seat chortling with glee and exclaiming every five minutes "I can't believe this man's vocabulary and imagination."

LORD FOUL'S BANE was, at that time, an unheralded first novel, soon followed by THE ILLEARTH WAR, THE POWER THAT PRESERVES, THE ONE TREE, THE WOUNDED LAND, and WHITE GOLD WIELDER, which, of course, became gigantic best sellers. More recently, he has created DAUGHTER OF REGALS, THE MIRROR OF HER DREAMS, and A MAN RIDES THROUGH. For these achievements he copped the John W. Campbell Award, the British Fantasy Society Award, the Saturn Award, and two Balrog Awards.

My introduction to the man was at a banquet and photo session in Kansas City. Being enamored of his enormous talent, I sidled up to him and said something witty like "Hello Mr. Donaldson. I really like your work." Little could I know what disastrous effects that encounter would have upon my life.

My wife fell instantly in love with the personable literary genius with the gentle, wry sense of humor. We now have in our house the Stephen R. Donaldson Memorial Gallery and Library. (And although I have several 8x10 publicity glossies of me, the only photo framed and hanging in Muff's office is one signed "Love and Kisses, Steve-O".)

Fortunately, our friendship has survived this test. In fact, our high regard for Steve has led us around the world just for want of his company. But it has also opened a hidden side of Steve's personality.

Steve Donaldson is afraid that whimsical fantasy artists have more fun than fantasy writers who deal primarily with despair.

A typical example of this occurred in Auckland, New Zealand. Pat McKillip, Muff, and I were soaking the evening away in an open-air hot whirlpool, having just returned from three wonderful

days of touring the countryside. We were approached by two pitiful, bundled, muffled, mittened creatures who wheezed and coughed "We're SO glad to see you. Thank God we made it!" Steve then explained that the rules of celebrityhood required them to spend frozen days traveling between bookstores and interviews, and frozen nights huddled in ill-heated, though majestic, hotel suites. And they couldn't enjoy any of this because Steve KNEW we were having more fun.

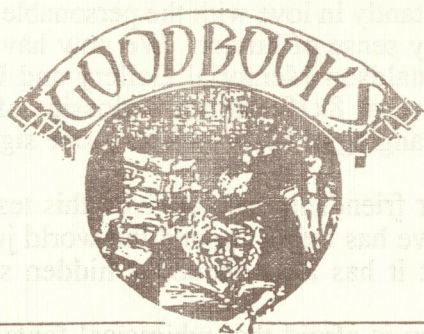
Then there was the time at AggieCon where Steve thought he'd outsmart us by staying for a much-vaunted party while we poor fools went traipsing off into the night to see the University's telescope and observatory. You can guess what happened -- Steve was the only one who showed up for the party, and all the fun people spent several delightful hours at the observatory.

We won't even mention the infamous occurrence at Denvention II, except to say that the same person who publicly insulted Steve then bought my award-winning drawing in the Art Show just five minutes before Steve tried to buy it.

So we ask you -- help us foil that famous Murphy's Corollary which states "Given ANY circumstances, Steve Donaldson never has as much fun as Muff and Real Musgrave."

Be nice to this man and show him a good time. He deserves it.

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STEPHEN R. DONALDSON: A SELECTED
BIBLIOGRAPHY
by James A. Corrick

Stories:

"The Lady in White," F&SF, February 1978

"Animal Lover," STELLAR SCIENCE-FICTION
STORIES #4, Del Rey, 1978

"Mythological Beast," F&SF, January 1979

"Gilden-fire," GILDEN-FIRE, Underwood/Miller,
1981

"The Conqueror Worm," DODD, MEAD GALLERY
OF HORROR, Dodd, Mead, 1983

"Unworthy of the Angel," NINE VISIONS: A
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"Daughter of Regals," DAUGHTER OF REGALS &
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OTHER TALES, Del Rey, 1984

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"The Djinn Who Watches Over the World,"
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Books:

LORD FOUL'S BANE, Holt, 1977 (novel)

THE ILLEARTH WAR, Holt, 1977 (novel)

THE POWER THAT PRESERVES, Holt, 1977
(novel)

THE WOUNDED LAND, Del Rey, 1980 (novel)

THE MAN WHO KILLED HIS BROTHER,
Ballantine, 1980 (as Reed Stephens) (novel)

GILDEN-FIRE, Underwood/Miller, 1981
(chapbook)

THE ONE TREE, Del Rey, 1982 (novel)

WHITE GOLD WIELDER, Del Rey, 1983 (novel)

FIRST CHRONICLE OF THOMAS COVENANT
THE UNBELIEVER, Drew, 1983 (collection)

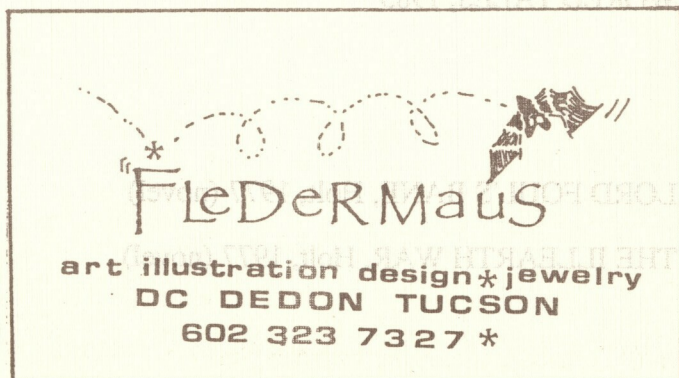
DAUGHTER OF REGALS & OTHER TALES, Del
Rey, 1984 (collection)

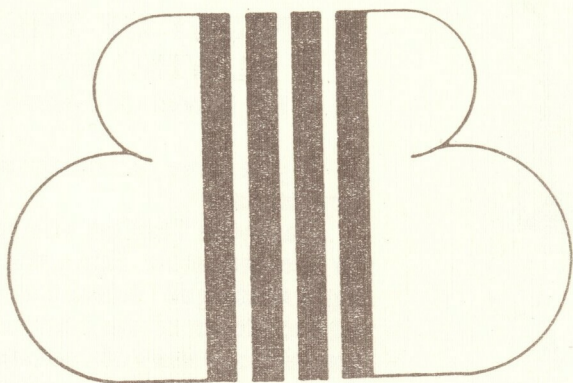
DAUGHTER OF REGALS, Grant, 1984
(chapbook)

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MIRROR OF HER DREAMS, Del Rey, 1986
(novel)

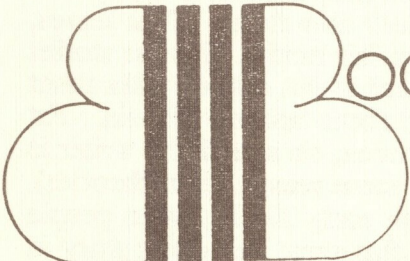
A MAN RIDES THROUGH, Del Rey, 1987 (novel)



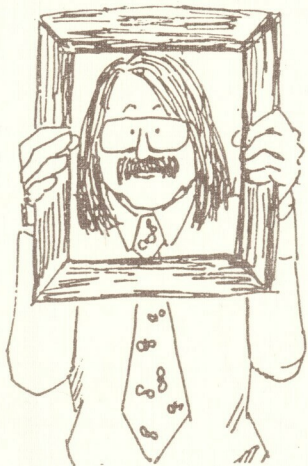


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NIGHT OF THE LIVING ED

by David J. Schow

I just love listening to Ed Bryant read.

Last year TusCon was graced by the estimable Edward's midnight reading of "A Sad Last Love At the Diner of the Damned", a zombie love story of considerable depth and concussive impact. As you hold this booklet, it still

hasn't been published because the anthology for which it was written, **BOOK OF THE DEAD** (Skipp, Spector, Bantam), won't be out for at least another six months. So be thankful that Ed is such a practiced and willing performer of his own work. His voice is mellifluous, penetrating, sonorous. He used to be a radio disc jockey. It's easy to envision him laying down platter patter in the wee hours -- control board, haunted house lighting, rock of proven timelessness or peculiar new notables only, please. No Huey Lewis.

It would be a loss to the aural world if only Ed wasn't so damned good at the written word. He did a story for **SILVER SCREAM**, "The Cutter", which is something of a masterpiece insofar as it evokes, with no strain, utterly believably, the milieu of small-town, mid-Fifties kid-dom.

It is important to talk about the stories.

Edward Winslow Bryant, Jr. -- never "Ed" in printed credits -- has been the victim of numberless cute bio pieces in books, periodicals, convention flyers and police blotters across our fair nation. He is one of those writers who does not cleave easily with the novel form. (I have theories. Let's skip them.) That leaves, apart from his lucid literary criticism, his stories. I write stories myself. And one thing I've learned hard is that nobody talks about short stories anymore. People talk about books. Novels. Fat novels. They mention liking short stories, oh sure, if the writer is within earshot. But short stories, for some reason (more theories), aren't as hot as they were in, say, the early 1960's, when people said things like, "Say, did you read that great Beaumont story in *Playboy*? Jeez! And Bradbury's latest ...?"

Stories. Ed tells stories. They bloom with heart and nuance; they mine the soul, digging deep, then soaring on a turn of phrase or apt image. Ed's stories have strata, there to enjoy at whatever depth

you can handle. Ed doesn't need to write fat novels. The fact that his stories are committed with such attention to craft should be sufficient to send you searching them out. Say yes.

Ed started out writing science-fiction stories. He collected a bunch of trophies. The field got real moribund real fast. And Ed's writing experienced, if not a rebirth, a wider audience in what wasn't even a category ten years ago -- horror. He's done so much good stuff in the past few years that more accolades are virtually assured. And publishers will perk up anew. Get this Bryant guy to write a novel, they'll say.

Ed's ready for them. The fools.

Besides being a myth, that garbage about how short story collections "don't sell" is pure USDA owlshit. They don't sell primarily because their print runs are miniscule and their publicity is nonexistent. Publishing houses have made the "curse" of story-books into a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Fortunately, we have items such as Clive Barker's **BOOKS OF BLOOD** to prove the naysayers dumb as well as blind, plus a burgeoning anthology market for both originals and reprints -- witness **PRIME EVIL**'s bestseller status, the rise of small presses everywhere taking on horror projects, and, this year, the debut volume of Ellen Datlow's and Terri Windling's handsomely-mounted **YEAR'S BEST FANTASY**, which, happily, eschews swords and quests and unicorns for the most part and restores the core definition of fantasy as "the free reign of the creative imagination". Go ahead, look it up.

Ed's ready.

He's got a bunch of new stories -- "Mulchasaurus Rex", "Buggage", "Doing Colifax" (one of the neatest, coldest, psycho-killer stories I've ever read. Or heard read.), and others assembled under the umbrella title **ED GEIN'S AMERICA**, all of them cunningly linked by a narrative thread, a "were-fiction", as Ed calls it, which tours through the mind of the writer-character responsible for the stories.

Hot damn. A beginning-to-end continuity. Just like a novel.

Six selections were incorporated into **NIGHT VISIONS 4** (a popular Dark Harvest series of -- gasp! -- **SHORT FICTION!**). The linking narrative was itself a seventh "story", and was excerpted for **YEAR'S BEST FANTASY**. Just the narrative linkages. Alone, they read like weird beat poetry.

Which brings us to **Night of the Living Ed**.

I rarely have as much fun at live readings. Ed is good. And the stories are good -- good enough that they don't need to be artificially inflated by a performance. Merely read aloud. So seldom do you get a practiced reader and thoughtful fiction simultaneously.

No doubt he'll be loosing more of ED GEIN'S AMERICA, and if you're smart, you'll be in the audience. He is methodical, cadenced, thorough, like a demon lover in a dark room.

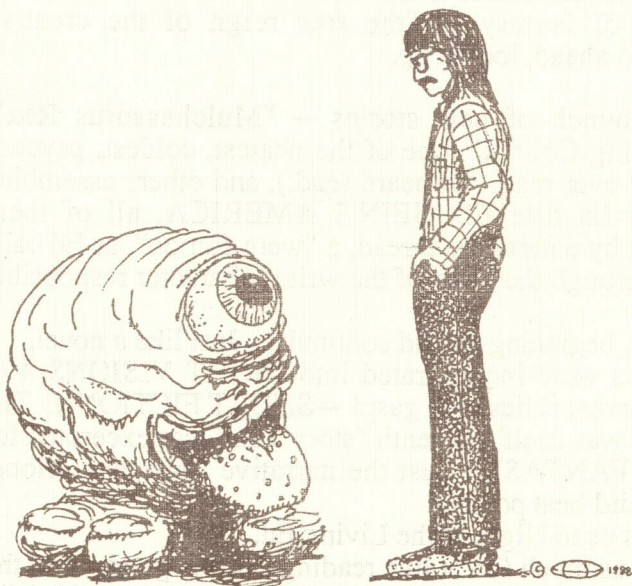
Ed. Live. At night. Get it? In person. Reading his stories. A quiet telling of tales in the dark.

You don't get people to gather round to hear a novel get read.

Get Ed-ified. Get Ed-ucated. Hear him Ed-itorialize as he signs your first Ed-ition. Then ask him what music he writes to, and whatever happened to such announced works as AT THE MOUSE CIRCUS, BILLY AND THE SEAL HUNTERS, LYNX, or A KINGDOM BY THE SEA.

Ask him what it was like working in a stirrup buckle factory, or writing the screenplay for something called THE SYNAR CALCULATION fifteen years ago, or who Edwin P. Beckenbach is, or what the real lowdown on Hans Christian Sauropod is, or what Peekskill, New York has to do with Cinnabar, or to describe the Great Dolphin Stereotype, or which of his characters have cameo appearances in other stories of his...

Have Ed tell you a story, in short.



EDWARD BRYANT: A SELECTED
BIBLIOGRAPHY

by James A. Corrick

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PHOENIX WITHOUT ASHES: A NOVEL OF
THE STARLOST, Fawcett, 1975 (with Harlan
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Collections:

AMONG THE DEAD & OTHER EVENTS
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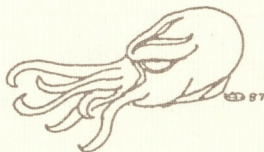
CINNABAR, Macmillan, 1976

WYOMING SUN, Jelm Mountain Press, 1980

PARTICLE THEORY, Timescape, 1981

Edited:

2076: THE AMERICAN TRICENTENNIAL,
Pyramid, 1977 (original anthology with Jo Ann
Harper)



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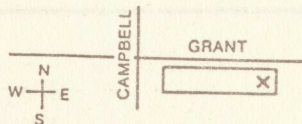
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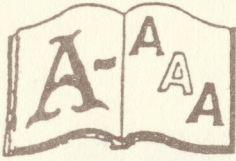
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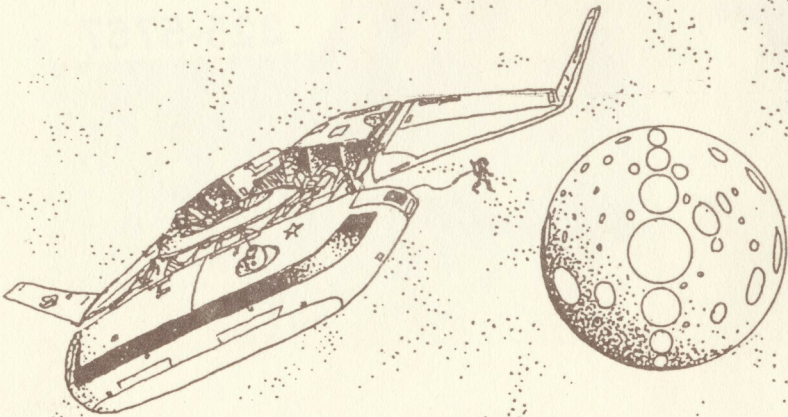
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JIM AND DOREEN WEBBERT

by Bruce Farr

TusCon this year is honoring two of Feenix fandom's finest, Jim and Doreen Webbert. We'll open with a few words from them on their GoHship: "We're looking forward to enjoying this TusCon as we have the ones in the past. We hope that any fans who don't know us will come on

up and introduce themselves. We appreciate the honor the Committee has given us by inviting us to be their guests." Gracious words, indicative of years of truly enjoying us crazies in fandom.

Jim and Doreen are members of Second Fandom, the group that wasn't quite there in the Beginning -- before sound, light, twiltone, and bheer -- but have been there longer than sometimes seems quite sane. Jim's fanacs go back to 1950 with the WorldCon in Portland, Oregon; Doreen was in SAPS (Spectator Amateur Press Association) from 1959 to 1976, and they were OE's (editors) of the fanzine for six years.

CAUTION: Handle Jim with care. Do not stand on end, keep away from extreme overheating, agitation, and don't you dare say silly things to him. If you see him turning red, stop whatever it is you were doing. Jim was a reserve policeman with the Seattle PD, spent 33 years in the Army Reserve (taught nuclear, biological, and chemical warfare), and is a gun and weapons specialist. Jim's also large enough to give you bad dreams -- featuring him demonstrating his combat skills on one's deceased body. He also shoots in competition, plays with model rockets, enjoys HO model railroading, and has an enormous library. Finally, Jim's a gentleman, humble, and extremely polite to the ladies. By all means, I suggest that you womenfolk out there flirt with him -- he blushes quite nicely, as I've observed.

If it's green, Doreen likes it. Within limits. Well, to be specific, if it's a frog she'll collect it. Big'uns, lil'uns, glass, metal, useful (paperweights, for example), or silly. Besides collecting frogs, she and Jim also collect well-known SF personalities, such as Bill Rotsler and the Heinleins.

Doreen has done programming for cons in recent years, including the 1987 NASFiC "CactusCon", and the 1988 Phoenix WesterCon; jobs silly enough that only someone who's as nice and

patient as Doreen would care to undertake. Please, thank her for it. But don't dare ask her to do it again (refer to Jim's DO NOTS above). Doreen is also librarian for a Commodore club, knits, crochets, and raised their two kids, Cynthia and David, in fandom. If you really want to be nice to Doreen, give her a frog -- preferably nonliving. I've not yet tested her for tolerance on those that are or were alive, and don't plan to, either. And hugs are definitely in order for her as well.

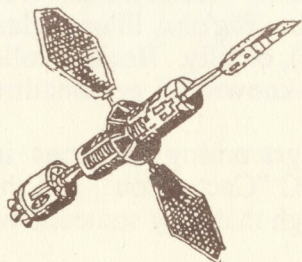
Besides years of fanzine participation, con attending, and activity in Feenix cons (they helped on the first LepreCon and did hotel selection and liason for the second LepreCon), they both were on the committee for Seattle WorldCon in 1961. In fact, they were married in March of that year. Doreen did the auctions, Jim did memberships/registration, and they jointly helped to administer the Hugos. They've also been honored as fan GoH's at KublaKhan 10 in Nashville, and are fan GoH's for next year's CopperCon. Please welcome them to this year's TusCon and help to honor their contributions to fandom!

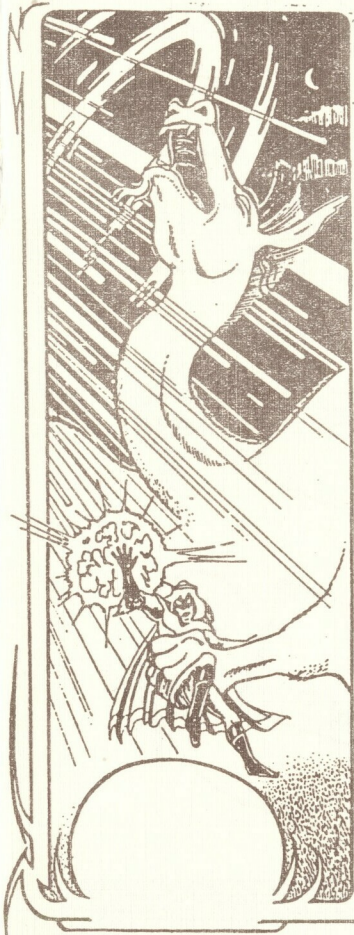
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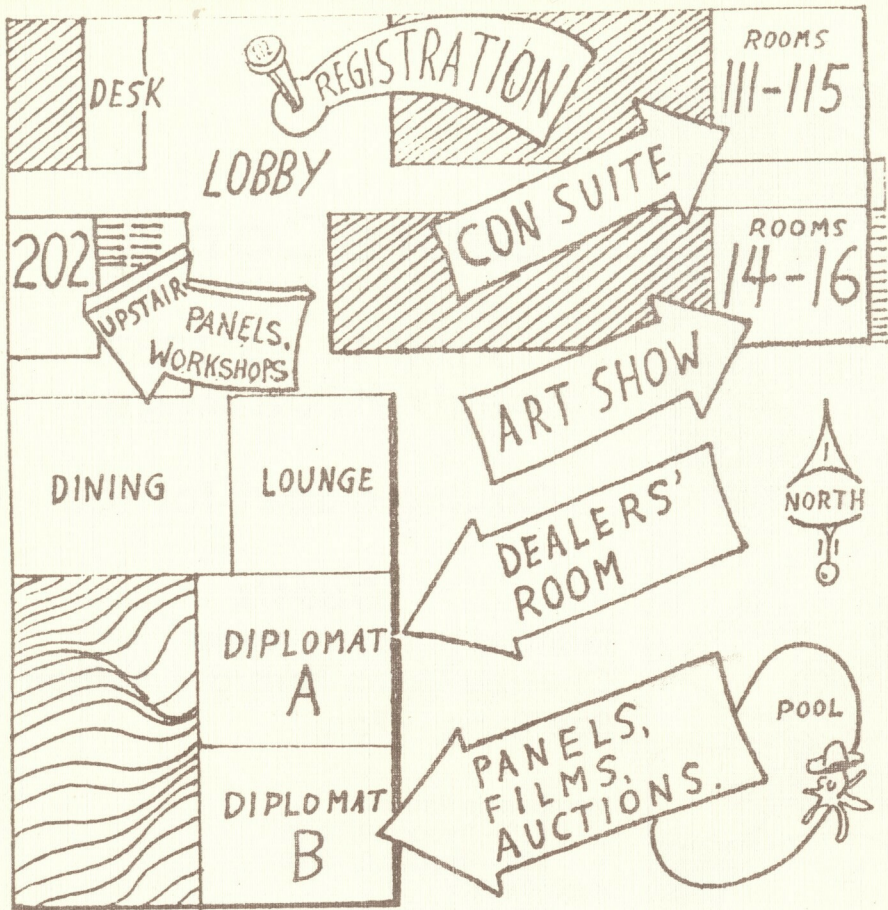
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We at TusCon like to think that we have a fairly liberal weapons policy. Please help us to keep it that way. Don't be a doo-doo head when it comes to dealing with security. You're liable to not only hurt yourself, but others as well. We reserve the right to check all weapons. Violations of the rules can result in confiscation of the weapon, revocation of Con membership and benefits (like hotel room rates...), and/or notification of the local militia. If you have a question, ASK -- don't guess! Remember: carrying weapons is a privilege, not a right.

CONSUIE

TusCon's legendary ConSuite will be offering a fine selection of eatables and drinkables. As part of our hotel agreement, the ConSuite will be closed during the Meet the Authors Party and the Masquerade Ball.

Arizona drinking age is 21: You must be 21 in order to be served beer. Con badges will be required for entry into the ConSuite. And if you're carded and you're over 21, take it as a compliment and leave it at that.

HOTEL

The gracious people at the Executive Inn are eager to help, but PLEASE, if you have a complaint, come to the ConCom unless the problem is directly related to the hotel -- reservations, room service, etc. We would prefer to work out a solution first with a minimum of bloodshed.

Check-out time is 3:00 pm on Sunday, and the front desk can hide your luggage until you're ready to leave.

MASQUED BALL



© 1988 DP

AND FURRY CRITTER™ STOMP™

Once again we will be presenting the annual TusCon Masquerade-Ball-and-Furry-Critter-Stomp. This year we will kick off the festivities with a real wedding! Deb Dedon and Earl Billick will tie the knot right there in front of Ghu and everybody! The wedding will be held at poolside and starts at 7 pm on Saturday night. The Masquerade/Stomp itself should kick in at about 7:30 and go until 10:30. Our guests will be judging costumes based on their own whim and fancy, so beware! There will be a cash bar for those of you 21 or older, plenty of rock 'n' roll for everyone, and maybe even some (fake) furry critters to stomp. See ya there!

RESTAURANTS

The Executive Inn's Westwood 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. They range from the inexpensive and casual to the very expensive and dress-up. 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 for those 2:00 am chocolate-cream-pie cravings. Also, be advised that CoCo's does NOT accept checks (credit cards are OK).

TUSCON 15 ART SHOW

Earl Billick, Director

The TusCon 15 Invitational Art Show will open Friday, October 7th. The show's hours will be

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

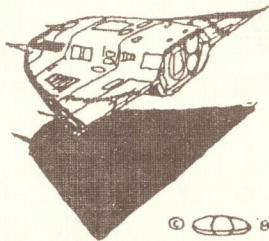
Artists' set-up will start at 10:00 am on Friday.

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. Check the TusCon Program Schedule for the time and place of the auction. 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 at flat sale, 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. All checks will require identification in the form of both a driver's license (with picture) and a bank guarantee card or major credit card. We cannot accept credit cards for art purchases.

Generally speaking, purchased art may not be removed from the Art Show until the show closes on Sunday. If you buy a piece at flat sale and you must leave TusCon before show closure, you must make arrangements with the Art Show Director. Any questions on the show may also be referred to me.

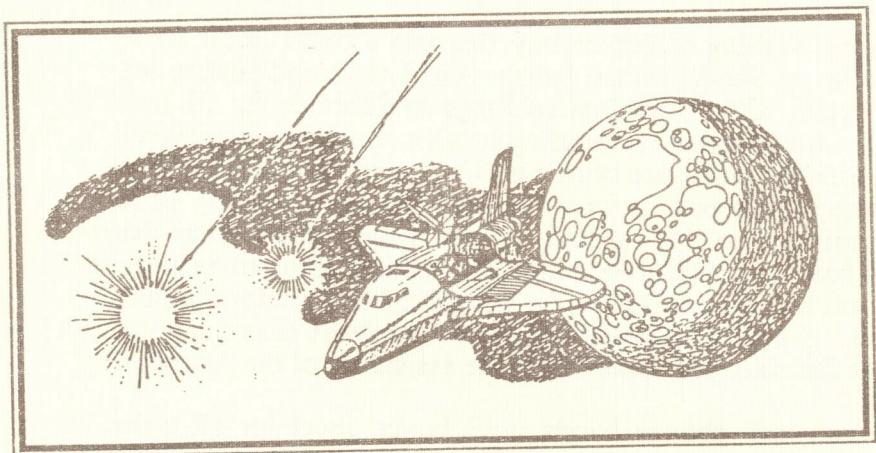
Thanks. Have a good time and make some artist happy - buy something!



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TUSCON 15 FILM PROGRAM by Wolf Forrest

"Black Sabbath" (1964) *USA*

Boris Karloff, in his inimitable "Thriller" style, narrates this anthology film and appears as a vampire in the last of three episodes. The first, "A Drop of Water", is based on a story by Chekov (no, NOT the guy on Star Trek): a disturbing tale of theft and revenge. This episode now makes me react to a blinking light the way epileptics have always reacted to a blinking light. The second story, invariably the weakest, is a contemporary don't-answer-the-phone suspense tale with some superficial chills. But the third, "The Wurdalak", shows what THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS only hinted at, and is a damn scary piece. Especially when you realize what can be done with a child on a long winter night. 'Nuff said? You bet! Go find a warm hand to squeeze.

"Four Flies On Grey Velvet" (1972) *Italy*

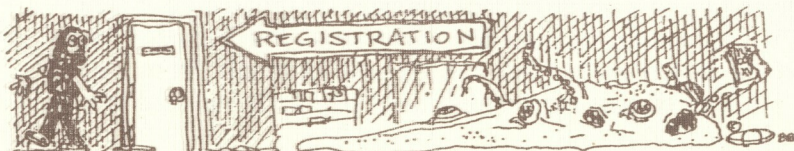
The New Italian Cinema factored into more than one dark side. What emerged from the fabric of post-war disillusionment was more than Rossellini's or de Sica's unquiet films. Leone's bawdy westerns recall Boccaccio's DECAMERON riding side-saddle, and Morricone's luminous scores recall more than just earthly horrors. Then there's Dario Argento -- the dark side of Steven Spielberg. Now that his recently produced DEMONS and DEMONS 2 have eaten up the drive-in and video circuits with a vengeance, it's time to look back on some of his classic works like SUSPIRIA and FOUR FLIES. Before de Palma brutalized us with SISTERS and CARRIE, Argento severed the filmgoer's cataracts with FOUR FLIES. A rock drummer is plagued by a sadistic madman, a stranger who knows too much about his quarry. That's all you need to know, plotwise. If you've ever been in the House of Mirrors at your local carnival after bellying up to a bottle of Jack Daniels, or pressed your face to the TV for two hours after the "Star-spangled Banner" has wheezed its last, maybe you can excuse yourself from this movie. The rest of you, eat synapse and cozy up to the screen.

"Heavy Metal" (1979)

I guess anthology films are big this year. A six-part adaptation of stories from the magazine of the same name, this animated cult classic features work from talents such as Richard Corben, Dan O'Bannon, and Berni Wrightson; voices from Second City players Eugene Levy and John Candy; and a soundtrack that includes songs by Devo, Cheap Trick, Blue Oyster Cult, and Black Sabbath. All-pervasive-evil-force-is-contained-in-glowing-green-ball-which-relates-its-acts-of-perversion-to-scared-shitless-child, which is the connecting link to all of the stories. Yeah, it's a sexist film to a great degree, but hold off until the ending before throwing curare-dipped projectiles at the projectionist. It's still a wry piece of entertainment. Produced by Ivan (GHOSTBUSTERS) Reitman.

"Just Imagine" (1930)

Well, if you can, just imagine a science-fiction musical whose hit number is "Never Swat a Fly". A 1930's depiction of what life in New York will be like in that far-off time of 1980. Swedish baritone El Brendel plays a man who was plunged into catatonia after lightning struck him on the golf course, only to be revived fifty years later into a society where everyone is a number, babies are delivered via vending machine, and marriages are prearranged after suitors have proved themselves worthy to the state. Despite the fact that this film contains some of the wackiest Martians this side of the Three Stooges, JUST IMAGINE contains some astonishing sets. The laboratory is chock full of wonderfully bulbous Art Deco hardware, and the New York skyscraper set is enormous, having not been built in forced perspective like the set for METROPOLIS. It does, however, surpass Lang's work in detail, and traffic can be seen moving on six different levels if you look closely.

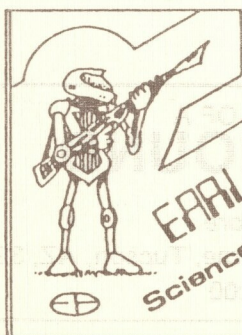


"Kwaidan" (1964)

Lafcadio Hearn, a nineteenth-century Westerner-turned-Japanophile, wrote a book of tales based on legends, customs, and superstitions of the Far East, which he called **STORIES AND STUDIES OF STRANGE THINGS**. Indeed, **KWAIDAN** does mean "Weird Tales", and this anthology film is as close as you'll come to an **Oriental NIGHT GALLERY**. Here are four selections: "The Black Hair", "The Woman of the Snow", "Hoichi, the Earless", and "In a Cup of Tea". With rare subtlety and grace, and a heavy dose of surrealism, these little gems may haunt you more than anything else on the program for a longer period of time.

"Monster From the Ocean Floor" (1954)

A young man with 12,000 dollars to spend on a picture rented a production office in L.A. for twenty-five dollars a month. He told one of the actresses, "Look, I'm gonna pay you scale, you'll bring your own costumes, your own jewelry, you'll drive your own car, you'll do all your own stunts, you won't get fed, you'll work overtime -- do you want the job?" An article from the L.A. Times about a midget one-man submarine had inspired him. After contacting the manufacturer and claiming to be a producer, he said he'd like to use the thing in a picture but couldn't pay. They would, however, get publicity. The man was Roger Corman, and he delivered a dark and shadowy exercise, and a Lovecraftian menace off the coast of Mexico. Naturally, there were profits, which were funneled back into production, and Corman has never looked back. Undoubtedly our cheesiest entry this year, but go get a hot dog or some bilious nachos and pretend you're at a drive-in.



EARL H. BULLICK III

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"Mr. Sardonicus" (1961)

For those of you who complain there's not enough to do, not even at the film program, we bring you...audience participation. Yes, to the first 100 of you lucky enough to get a seat for this macabre little entry from the mind of gimmick-merchant William Castle, goes a placard with a thumbs-up/thumbs-down logo done in glow-in-the-dark radium. From the Ray Russell story that appeared in *Playboy*, the Baron Sardonicus is all too aptly-named. Tim Burton, the director of *BEETLEJUICE*, must love this movie. Anyway, we're supposed to be supplied with two endings to this film, and that's where you the audience come in. Before the thrilling climax, you're to vote in preference of the Baron's fate -- live or die. And we'll throw in leech-toting Oscar Homolka -- for my money one of the best character actors this side of Strother Martin -- as a bonus.

"Seconds" (1966)

With the re-release of John Frankenheimer's *THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE* (and its subsequent embrace by both public and critics), this last film in a trilogy of technological allegories (*SEVEN DAYS IN MAY* was the other film) may -- and I say this without reservation -- be the best science-fiction film of the '60's. Intrigued? The anamorphic madness of James Wong Howe's fluid photography puts us smack-dab into the isolation of its main character. Rock Hudson is a born-again (literally) business executive whose new lease on life gives his creators second thoughts. This easily recognized theme of a "machine gone wrong" is made poignant because our sympathies certainly lie with the machine: his ambient response to the environment being a lethal grasp at life. The chilling climax, especially the last shot, will unnerve all but the most hard-core slasher-film devotee.



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"Targets" (1968)

There's certainly a case to be made for an artist's first effort to be one of his best. TARGETS was Peter Bogdanovich's first feature, and it's hard to find another of his films containing such black humor. Boris Karloff, in one of his last films, plays the venerable Byron Orlock, the last of the great horror-film stars, who has come to America to attend a screening of his pictures at a drive-in. Marvelously intertwined is a parallel plot -- an ex-Marine, suffering from shell-shock, combat fatigue, or the insidious effects of Agent Orange (we never are allowed to discuss his oncoming psychosis), has returned from the trenches and proclaims himself heir to Charles Whitman: sniping at freeway traffic and generally enjoying himself. To go on would mitigate the suspense. Bogdanovich was one of Roger Corman's proteges -- after several treatments and several rejections, he pitched the idea for TARGETS to Corman without much hope -- and got the job.

"World, Flesh, and the Devil" (1959)

"I'm free, white, and twenty-one!" I suppose Inger Stevens was born to utter that line. Too bad her personal life ended in tragedy. She and co-star Harry Belafonte inhabit a post-apocalyptic New York (though the doomsday papers say "Chatsburg"), and this variegated Adam and Eve are confronted by another (Mel Ferrer), whose main goal is to be a romantic antagonist. Ostensibly based on M. P. Shiel's THE PURPLE CLOUD (1901), this film gathers its strength from its long, low shots and dissonant soundtrack. Too bad we didn't get ON THE BEACH this year. The two would have made a nice double bill. Directed by Randal MacDougall. By the way, the distributor tells me that the print we're getting, while in English, has Spanish subtitles. Flaunt your bilinguality!

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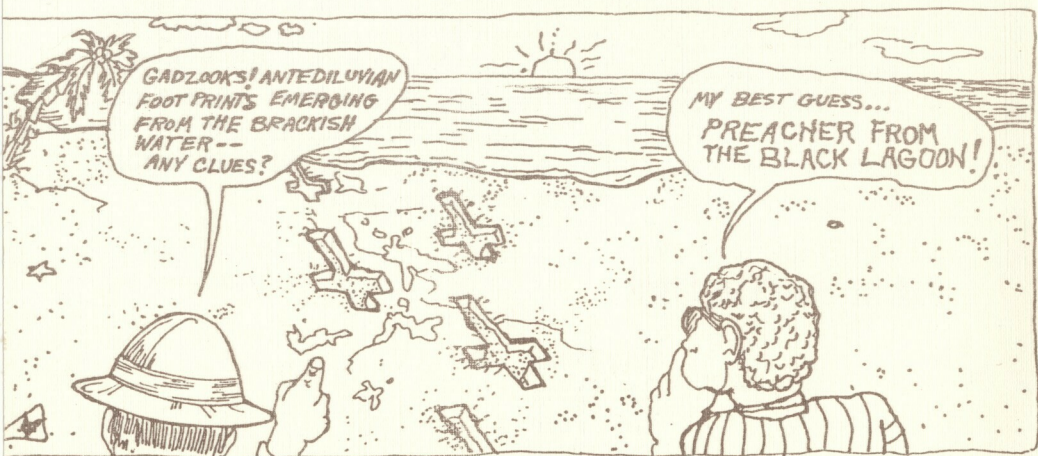
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