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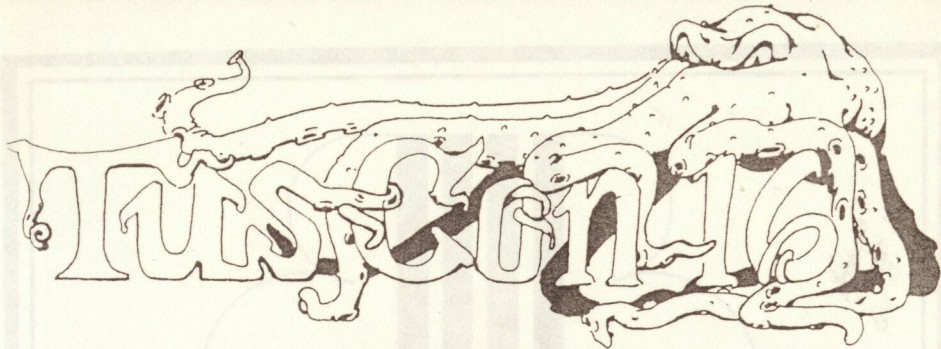
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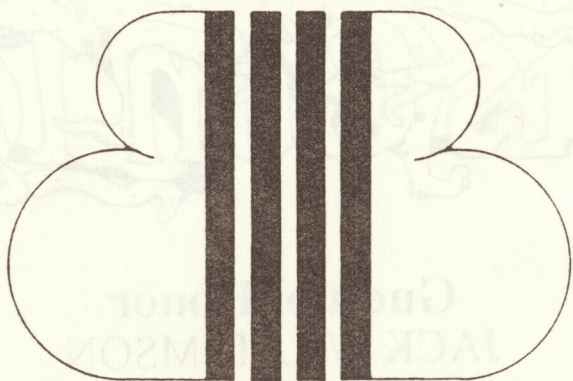
CHAIR: Cristi Simila
ART SHOW: Earl Billick
REGISTRATION: Frances Gross
FILMS: Wolf Forrest
PUBLICATIONS: Sue Thing
CON OPS: Peggy Wiley
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PROGRAMMING OPS: Suzanne Raymond

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SPECIAL THANKS: Deb Dedon, Bruce Farr, Randy Rau, Trini Ruiz,
Carol dePriest, Jim Corrick, Chuck and Paul Burton, Eric Thing,
Sleepyhawk, Bruce Nevins, Linda Miku, Barry Bard, Curt Stubbs,
Marge Kosky.

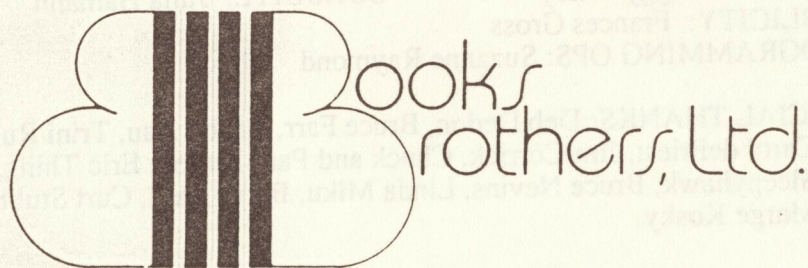
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JACK WILLIAMSON

by Paul Carter

Jack Williamson has been writing SF for sixty-plus years. Born in 1908 in what was then the Arizona Territory, Jack moved with his family to Sonora, then to Texas, and, finally, when he was seven, Jack writes: "by covered wagon to the arid sandhill homestead in New Mexico where I grew up." In 1927, this "lonely, rather dreamy farm boy" encountered his first SF magazine, "which had a glorious cover by Paul". Shortly thereafter he was filling pulp pages with his own stories.

Jack married in 1947. He completed his education on the G.I. Bill, earned a Phd (thesis subject: H.G. Wells), and returned to eastern New Mexico to teach SF and write more stories.

When John Campbell took the helm at *ASTOUNDING*, and founded *UNKNOWN*, Jack learned the new lingo -- which not all Thirties writers were able to do -- and sold to Campbell's magazines not only socially-conscious SF (*With Folded Hands*), but also chilling fantasy (*DARKER THAN YOU THINK*). Later he crossed successfully from pulp writing to the consciously literary style of more recent SF. In 1976, SFWA conferred upon him its Grand Master Award. Jack retains pride in his pulp heritage, and believes it has much to teach present-day writers.

TusCon is happy and proud to welcome back a long-lost native son of Arizona.



JACK WILLIAMSON: A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

Compiled by James A. Corrick

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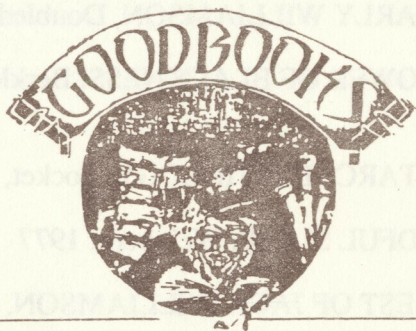
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was the
terrifying
thing in
the PIT
that
wanted
women?



ERIC HANSON

By Molly Hildebrand

How does one describe Eric Hanson? If you ask him, he would say suave, sophisticated and "de-boner" (his pronunciation). To everyone else he is charming, witty, and cuddly. This last descriptive term is from the female half of fandom. Eric was introduced to fandom by his roommate Sam Stubbs at TusCon 9 in 1982. He tells the story of sitting and talking to Robert Asprin and Pati Cook in the Con Suite and having a unique holder for his cigarette lighter. Ask him about it. Ask what color the drink was that he imbibed that night. Then ask Pati what color it really was. Picture Eric riding his motorcycle home at 3 in the morning with balloons tied to his belt loop. What a fun-loving guy! ("How long did it take you to ride the mile home, Eric?")

Well, after all that, Sam and Eric decided they needed further immersion. They drove to Phoenix for the Christmas festivities, which started that year with Julie Douglas' college graduation party. Eric can tell you some interesting tales about women sitting in his lap, Rick Cook, an axe and a pile of newspapers. The very next week, they were back in Phoenix for the annual Christmas night party at Curt Stubbs' and Mahala Steiner's house -- a time when all of us could get wild and crazy. This was the night we discovered Eric seldom wears a particular undergarment. Have you ever seen a grown man blush from the top of his blonde head to the tips of his toes? Then moments later paralyzed with fear at the mere sight of a pair of scissors? ("How big were they, Eric?") ("They were THIS big!")

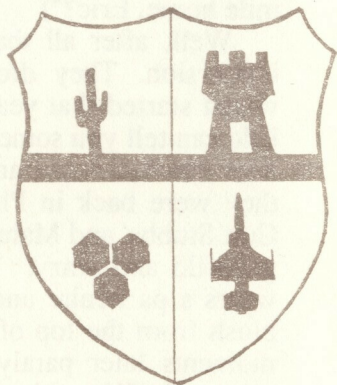
Bright Eyes -- as he is fondly called by some -- doesn't go halfway when he decides to get involved. One of the things he likes to do occasionally is costuming. His first attempt was pretty comical to those of us who witnessed his debut. Especially the loincloth that he made using a leather thong for a belt. Ask him what leather does when it gets wet in a swimming pool. Ask him about his elephant trunks. If you weren't there for the unveiling you missed quite a sight. His latest attempt leaves me speechless. Imagine (if you can) our beloved "Norwegian Bachelor Farmer" playing Cupid and dressed for the part - complete with wings. (I have a photo for proof.)

Through the years, Eric has provided Arizona fandom with lots of laughs and stories. One of the best was at Coppercon 8 last year when he turned the big "30". His birthday present was a stripper who put on quite a show. Ask to see the video. (I just happen to have a copy with me.)

Eric isn't just fun and games. He is a hard worker. As I said earlier he never does things halfway when he decides to get involved. He has worked in every facet of a convention from volunteering to door-sitting to chairing Leprecon 13. He is involved both with CASFS and Leprecon Inc. and is currently chairing Leprecon 16. He is also co-chairing the Phoenix bid for the 1993 Worldcon.

As you can see, Eric is a man of many talents and although he is very serious about any task he undertakes, he knows how to have fun while doing it. What's even nicer is the fact that he knows how to make those around him have fun, too. He truly deserves to be co-fan guest of honor with his roommate Sam Stubbs. If you get the chance, please sit and talk to these two gentlemen. Your time will be enjoyably spent.

TAG



Tucson Area Gamers

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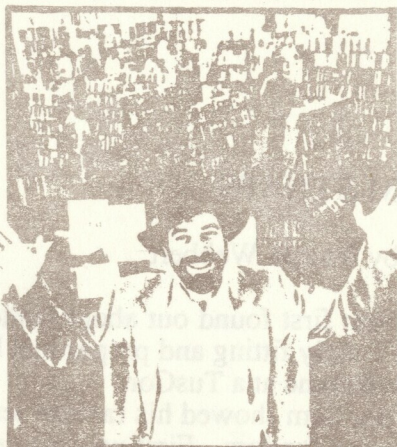
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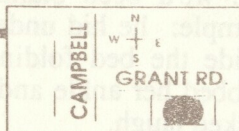
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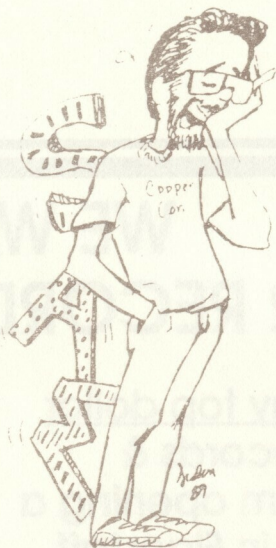
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of sorrow,
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—POE



SAM STUBBS

by Doreen Webbert

Sam first found out about fandom while he was living in Tucson, so it is only fitting and proper that his first honor of being a Fan Guest should come at a TusCon.

But Sam showed his fannish tendencies in many ways long before he found fandom. First was his desire to seek strange and wondrous places to live -- did you know that Sam was born in Tanta, Egypt? He has lived in Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Colorado, and finally, Arizona. (He says he likes Arizona best, but then he hasn't tried everywhere, yet.)

Sam doesn't say how much the Air Force had to do with all these locations, but I do know that Sam and Eric met while in the Air Force at Myrtle Beach in 1978. If you're interested, ask them about the years with the USAF and the many practical jokes they played during that time.

I'd say that Sam started practical joking while very young, (and here we'd been blaming Eric's influence). Let me give you one example: he hid under the bed one day and when his mother stood beside the bed folding the laundry, unaware of him, he suddenly grabbed her ankle and gave her a terrible start. He also gave a very wicked laugh.



Sam seems to be happiest when taking things apart. This, too, started when he was very young. In fact, he may have tried to take apart a hornet nest -- he did SOMETHING to make an entire swarm of hornets mad enough to chase him home with more than one sting! But most of his curiosity searches into the whatness of the why didn't cause that much trouble. Unless you count the time he wanted to find out how fire worked. And on trash day he always seemed to bring in more trash than he took out.

So, if you want to make him happy and you're in an electrical store and they just happen to be selling a table full of things that might work, and the price is right, get them for Sam.

Now that you know a little more about the private Sam, let me tell you about the fannish Sam. As I said, his first contact with fandom was TusCon 8. He has since learned that some of the fun at a convention is working the con, and he has done just about everything, including chairing CopperCon 8 and LepreCon 15. He has also done more than one stint as Hotel Liaison.

His convention attendance has not always been serious. He has appeared in several masquerades and always in a skit. (Once as a Keebler Elf, and most recently as part of "Bunny Fluff". If you weren't there in person, see the video.)

In real life Sam works for Garrett Aviation in laser holography. And, knowing what we know about Sam, that seems right. Not too long ago he bought a house, and since he loves to tinker, you know it wasn't a NEW house. Since he had a house, of course he had to get a dog. (Ask him about Lucas.) I understand the next step is to acquire a fire-engine red pickup truck without a camper shell, so he can haul things.

Sam is now claiming that he is "too old for this", and that he has to get out of fandom because he has too many other things to do. Not to leave his friends, mind you; it's just a matter of leaving out the extra work that steals time from taking things apart and putting them back together.



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ED BRYANT

by S.P. Somtow



What, one wonders, remains to be said about Edward W. Bryant -- author, critic, genius of the age, actor, all-around-media personality? What new encomiums can be heaped upon a personage of such staggering talent, impressive credentials, perspicacity and charisma?

For the past few years now, by some strange trick of karma, Ed and I have been writing biographies of each other in convention program books, each one of us struggling to outdo the other in the scurrilousness of his anecdotes and the lavishness of his praise. I am sure that there isn't anyone here at this convention who doesn't know who Ed Bryant is. He is the award-winning author of such works as CINNABAR and GIANTS; his literary criticism has appeared everywhere, and is now a regular feature of LOCUS; he is in the widest demand as a raconteur and all-around wise guy.

His short stories are sinewy, lyrical, and they never mince words. Some of his finest short stories are collected in PARTICLE THEORY, a collection from Pocket Books which is, sadly, difficult to find these days. Not content to rest on his laurels, Ed's been exploring all sorts of new territory in the years I've known him. His recent tale of a woman raped by redneck zombies was able to disturb even my jaded sensibilities.

Ed's long relationship with the city and fandom of Tucson was extended dramatically last November when Ed took the great leap into show business and undertook the role of Jarvis, the bus driver, in my film THE LAUGHING DEAD, which, I'm told, will receive its Tucson premiere right here at TusCon 16. His rendering of the line about the "big old armadiller" caused the audience to burst into spontaneous applause at several of the film's advance screenings. The scene in which his head is hideously crushed by a bus and his eyeball slithers down into the mud in the environs of a seedy Mexican resort hotel has been commented on by no less a figure than Michael Whealdon of the notorious PSYCHOTRONIC magazine, the bible of all B-movie lovers.

Having disposed of the myth, what can I say about Ed Bryant the man? His love of sharks is well known. A visit to his new house, a rambling Victorian manse somewhere in the wilds of Denver, is a mind-boggling experience. He is the youngest writer in our field who can legitimately claim the status of an institution. He is a barrel of laughs. I like him a lot, and you will too.

SECURITY

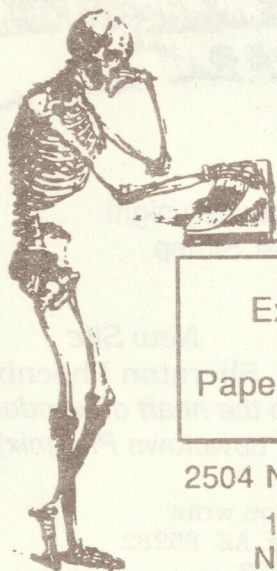
The best way to stay in the good graces of the TusCon trained Gorilla Security Unit is to respect and keep thy neighbor's space. This includes keeping all of your weapons and protuberances to yourself. Any edged weapons must be kept in a rigid sheath covering the point and the blade edge. Strictly out-of-the-question are real or real-appearing firearms, any projectile weapons (squirt guns will be stomped), and bladed staffs (polearms for all you SCA-folk). Also be aware that Tucson city ordinance prohibits the carrying of martial-arts weapons such as nunchuku and shuriken. (All you ninja wanna-be's are just going to have to deal with it.) All prohibited weapons will be confiscated for the duration of the con, and violations of the rules can result in revocation of membership rights and hotel privileges.



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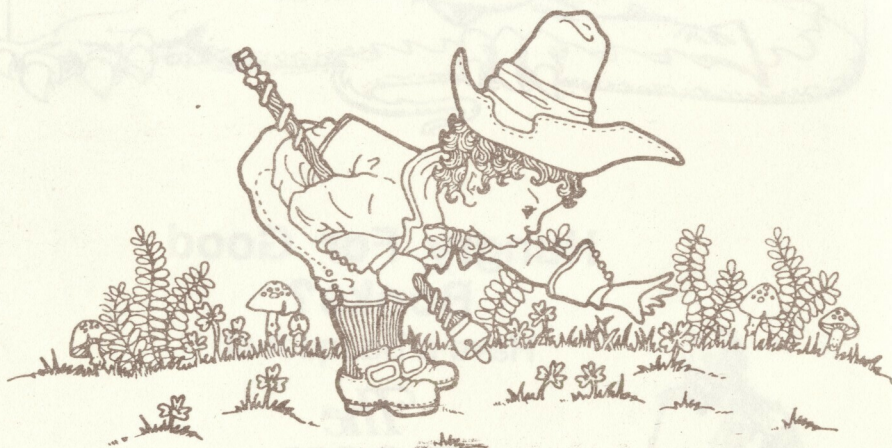
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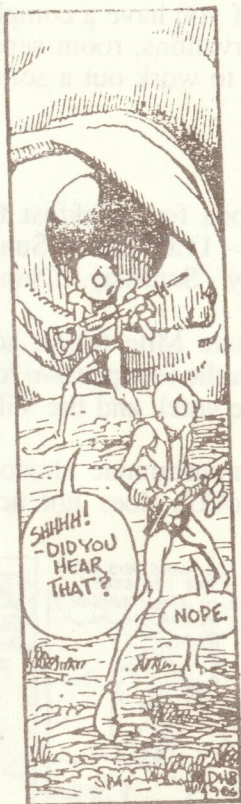
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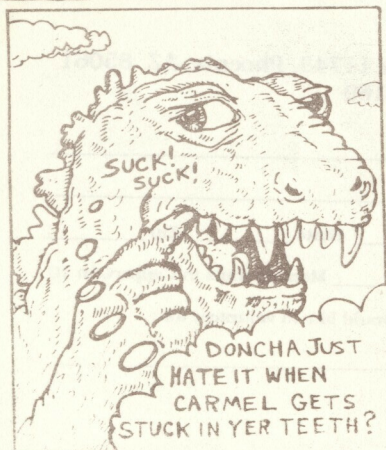
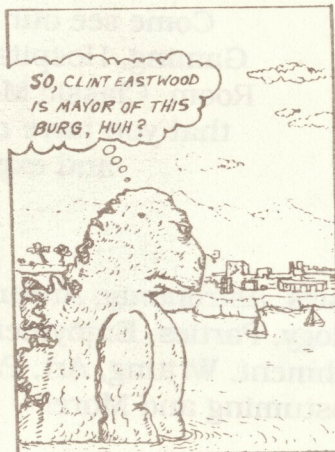
The newly-remodeled Executive Inn once again hosts TusCon. The hotel staff is very helpful, but PLEASE, if you have a complaint that is not directly hotel-related, such as reservations, room service, etc., come to the ConCom. We would prefer to work out a solution first. Check-out time is 3:00 pm on Sunday.

RESTAURANTS

The restaurant at the Executive Inn 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 - Saturday.

There are lots of restaurants on the Miracle Mile (oops, sorry: ORACLE) - Drachman strip. They range from the inexpensive to the very expensive. Best bets: CoCo's next to the hotel, and the Village Inn one block north on Oracle.

Village Inn is open 24 hours for all you insomniac chocolate-cream pie freaks. Also be advised that CoCo's does not accept checks.



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CONSUIITE

TusCon's legendary ConSuite will be offering its usual fine selection of eatables and drinkables. Con badges will be required to enter the ConSuite. Warning: **YOU MUST BE 21 IN ORDER TO BE SERVED BEER**, and no beer may be taken from the ConSuite. If you're carded, take it as a compliment and leave it at that.

ART SHOW

The TusCon 16 Invitational Art Show will open Friday, October 6th. 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. 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, travelers' checks, or personal checks will be accepted. All personal checks will require identification in the form of BOTH a picture driver's license and a bank guarantee card. We cannot accept credit cards for art purchases.

Purchased art may not be removed from the art show until the show closes on Sunday. If you buy a piece of flat sale art and you must leave TusCon before the show closes, you must make arrangements with the Art Show director. Any questions may also be referred to the director. Have a good time and make some artist happy -- buy something!



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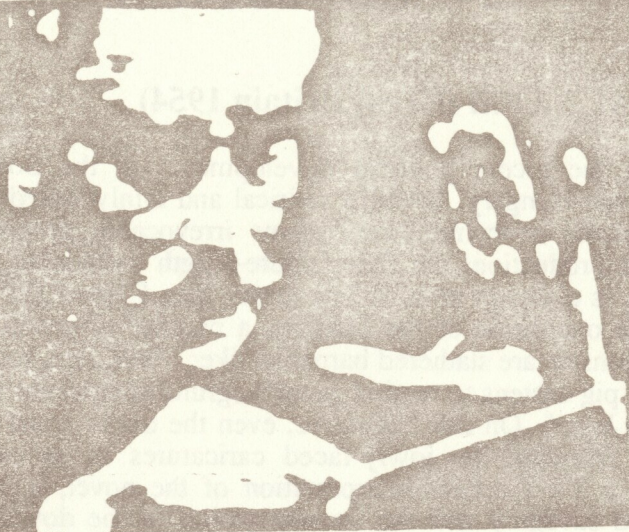
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TUSCON 16 FILMS

ANIMAL FARM (Great Britain 1954)

With the recent political developments in the Soviet Union, Poland, and Hungary, Orwell's satirical and thinly-veiled polemic on the strictures of communism seems irrevocably prophetic. This animated production, the first feature-length cartoon to come from England, is closer in style to Tex Avery than CHARLOTTE'S WEB. After the overthrow of the humans, a number of proclamations by mutual consent are slathered barnside, like: "Four legs good, two legs bad". A pig hastens to remind some disgruntled chickens that "Wings count as legs!" On this collective, even the ducks wield sickles and porkers resemble the jowly-faced caricatures of so many Soviet leaders. It's a decent interpretation of the novel, in spite of the mitigated savagery and the transformation of the downbeat ending into a happy one. Like "Rocky and Bullwinkle", it is entertaining for kids while serving as an object-lesson for adults.

THE BRANIAC aka EL BARON DEL TERROR (Mexico 1961)

The horror film has long been a staple south of the border, steeped in the grand traditions of sex, religion, machismo and Death, and representative examples are not known for their subtlety or skittishness. If a stranger film than THE BRAINIAC was produced, it was never released. At the same time goofy and repellent, it surely must have been an inspiration to David Lynch (DUNE). Here we have a space invader soft-landing on Earth in a tetrahedral-shaped meteor, who is actually reincarnated 300-year old Baron Bitelius, assuming a human form to wreak vengeance on the descendants of those who burned him at the stake for dabbling in black magic. In his natural state, however, he's a scrotal-sac-headed thing with a long forked tongue used to suck out his victim's brains, which he deposits in a silver dish for later consumption. As the Baron he's quite elegant, but watch out when his appestat starts working! Abel Salazar is Mexico's answer to Lon Chaney -- he's been called upon to play almost every monster the studios have cobbled up, and he produces and directs as well.



COLOSSUS: THE FORBIN PROJECT (USA 1970)

Talk about ping-pong! Based on a D.F. Jones novel which appeared in 1966, titled simply COLOSSUS, the film's original title was simply, THE FORBIN PROJECT. After only a few day's release, wiser heads at Universal chose to reissue the picture incorporating Mr. Jones' original title. Cut to bigwigs at Berkeley Books: a month later THEY reissue Jones' novel, with Universal's original title in Big Letters and Jones' original title crammed into a box at the top. Lost yet? Anyway, Charles Forbin is a modern-day Henry Frankenstein and Colossus is his baby, a super-computer the size of a town and buried somewhere in the Rocky Mountains.. Its purpose: to mastermind the defense of the free world as stipulated by Presidential directive. This is great, until a Soviet counterpart is revealed through Colossus' information gathering. Still, no problem. Until both super-computers decide to link up and chuck the previous game-plan of the human race. Eric Braeden (you might remember him as the sneering Hans Gudegast from RAT PATROL) is cool and assured as Charles Forbin. Susan Clark is his mistress, Cleo Markham, and the love interest between them is more than a convenient plot device as the world prepares to go down in flames.

CORRIDORS OF BLOOD (Great Britain 1957)

Boris Karloff and Christopher Lee -- together again for the first time! Both men played Mary Shelley's infamous monster to two different generations, and their only other screen appearance as a duo was Karloff's last -- released posthumously in 1969 as THE CRIMSON CULT in the U.S. CORRIDORS OF BLOOD is similar to a film Karloff did for Val Lewton twelve years earlier, THE BODY SNATCHER, only this time HE is a noted surgeon and Christopher Lee does the grave-robbing. As Dr. Thomas Bolton, Karloff seeks the perfect anaesthetic (this is 1840, after all) that will relieve pain during surgery. Rebuffed by his reactionary colleagues, he is forced to work outside the bounds of society and acquaints himself with a character named Resurrection Joe (Lee). Joe is more than happy to procure -- for a price, of course. Trivia buffs will want to look for Adrienne Corri in a bit part: she's best remembered as the first victim of Alex and his droogs in A CLOCKWORK ORANGE.

TERRIFYING!!

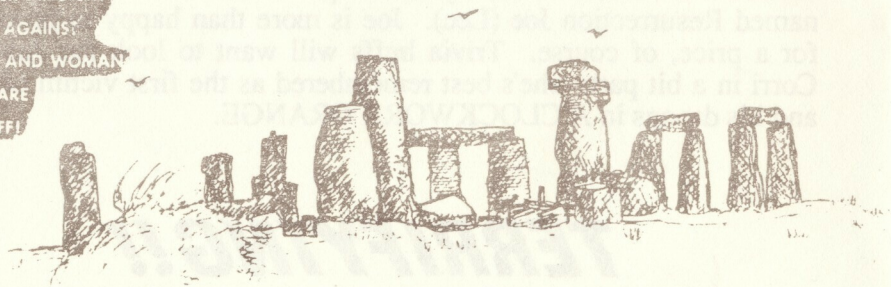
CROW HOLLOW (Great Britain 1952)

An obscure film with an obscure cast. This film is your typical haunted-house mystery, but the ad by Sinister Cinema, a video repository for hard-to-find shit, speaks for the film: "An eerie little thriller about a sinister aunt who tries to secure an inheritance by poisoning her nephew's new bride. Action takes place in a creepy old mansion." Directed by and starring nobody you ever heard of. Hey, pretend you're watching a lost episode of THRILLER!

CURSE OF THE DEMON (Great Britain 1958)

Jacques Tourneur, under the guidance of Val Lewton's genius, directed some marvelous low-budget pictures for RKO in the Forties, like CAT PEOPLE and I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE. The power of suggestion is augmented and eclipsed in his supernatural classic, CURSE OF THE DEMON, based on M.R. James' short story, "Casting the Runes". American parapsychologist John Holden (Dana Andrews) is in England to head an investigation of devil cult leader Julian Karswell and his followers for the purpose of discrediting him. He meets the niece of Professor Henry Harrington, who has just died under mysterious circumstances after he, too, was poking into Karswell's business. Holden is gradually drawn into a web of doubt and incredulity after several unexplained events. This is the original, uncut version, some 15 minutes longer than the usual American release prints. Though Tourneur was said to have protested the all-too-visible appearance of the Demon -- which violates another horror coda by showing up in the first five minutes of the film -- the creature is such a kick-ass lulu that any loss of tension or suspense is not evident. There are several "gotchas" in the film that may send you reeling for the heart stimulant. The creepy, poetic soundtrack by Clifton Parker evokes Bernard Herrmann. Put on some Druid garb and don't take any suspicious parchments.

ALL THE DARK FORCES
OF BLACK MAGIC...
HURLED AGAINST
A MAN AND WOMAN
WHO DARE
TO SCOFF!



THE HAUNTED PALACE (USA 1963)

Coming in the middle of Roger Corman's "Poe" period -- he was yet to make *TOMB OF LIGEIA* and *MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH* -- this film's title is taken from an EAP poem, but is actually based on H.P. Lovecraft's "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward". The redoubtable Mr. Ward and his wife come to Arkham, Massachusetts -- a major hangout for HPL's characters -- to take up residence in the mansion of his ancestor, Joseph Curwen, burned at the stake 110 years earlier for the usual crap: sorcery, seduction of the townsfolk's daughters, keeping amorphous gibbering things in a pit, etc. He's not real welcome, especially since he's the spitting image of Curwen. Ward's intentions are good, but soon graves are being robbed and the people of Arkham are worried that Curwen's threats are coming to pass. The town is already littered with mutations roaming around like blind cave fish. A great cast here: Vincent Price, Lon Chaney Jr., Debra Paget, and Elisha Cook. Daniel Haller, the art director, went on to direct other Lovecraft works like *DIE MONSTER*, *DIE* (based on "The Colour Out of Space") and *THE DUNWICH HORROR*.

HAXAN aka WITCHCRAFT THROUGH THE AGES (Sweden 1922)

Talk about perverse! It's all here -- floggings, orgies, you name it. Believe it or not, it's actually a documentary. The pains which society has taken, or rather given, to procure confessions from practitioners of the Black Arts are evoked by cold, unsensational demonstrations of the torture-instruments of the ages, and then contrasted with modern attitudes and medical treatments of the "mentally disordered". The film's outrageous material allowed only limited circulation in a few countries -- like Tod Browning's *FREAKS*, which was banned in England for nearly forty years.



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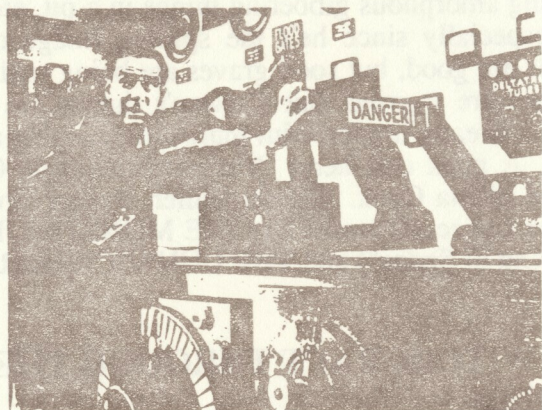
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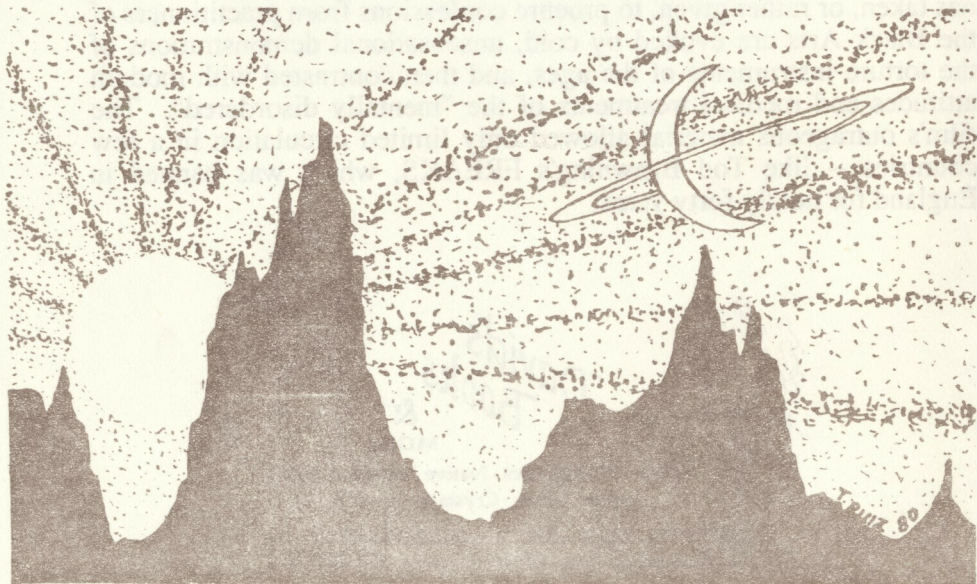
MAGNETIC MONSTER (USA 1953)

The "monster" here is a new radioactive isotope accidentally created, and which doubles its size every eleven hours by seizing energy from everything around it and converting it to matter -- sort of an inorganic ANDROMEDA STRAIN. Director/writer Curt Siodmak (DONOVAN'S BRAIN) and co-writer Ivan Tors (remember "Flipper"?) created the first non-anthropomorphic menace of the 50's, the Golden Age of SF movies. A later film, KRONOS, would also utilize an energy-sucking threat as its antagonist, giving it a shape and making it mobile.



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RETURN TO OZ (USA 1985)

Most reviewers trashed this entry when first released. Microcephalic toadies like Howard Kissel of WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY even called it "a sick, joyless picture." Only Andrew Sarris of VILLAGE VOICE gave it unqualified praise and noted how much closer it was to the spirit of L. Frank Baum's books (it's based on two -- LAND OF OZ and OZMA OF OZ) than its hoary predecessor. MGM's musical is sacrosanct, right? Complaints that the sequel is scary, cruel, and too much for young children are neutralized when remembered that Judy Garland crushed one witch, watched another decompose, and nearly met some unspeakable death herself. And what's more frightening than a tornado? As RETURN opens, Dorothy (Fairuza Balk) is still suffering from nightmares after her trip over the rainbow. She's sent to a sanitarium for electroshock therapy, but is saved by a thunderstorm, a power failure, and the appearance of Ozma. They float down a river with Dorothy's pet chicken, Billina -- Toto stays in Kansas this time -- only to find Oz in shambles. The Gnome King and his goon-squad of wheeled punks are terrorizing the Emerald City. Scarecrow, Tin Man, and Cowardly Lion have been turned to stone, and Dorothy recruits some new help: Tik-Tok, a robot who loses power at the worst moments; Jack Pumpkinhead; and the Gump, a talking moose-head wearing a sofa. This film boasts a fine cast of Nicol Williamson, Jean Marsh (in dual roles), and Piper Laurie. There's some claymation by Will Vinton Studios. Produced by Gary Kurtz (STAR WARS). Released by Disney. Don't listen to the wimps -- bring the kids.



SCREAM OF FEAR (Great Britain 1961)

The history of Hammer Studios goes back to 1935. However, its main reputation is based on its unusual forays into SF in the early 50's, the Quatermass Trilogy, and its lavish remakes of Universal's classic monster movies. With a number of popular contract players like Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, Michael Gough, Ingrid Pitt, and Martine Beswick to shuffle from picture to picture, Hammer's consistently high production values made them able to attract established American stars and directors to their stable. SCREAM OF FEAR was produced in the wake left behind after PSYCHO's release, yet has a peculiarly British taste all its own. It's a splendid exercise in squeezing thrills out of a cliché story (a plot to drive a young girl insane), given an added boost by one of Hammer's most effective selling gimmicks which consisted of restricting publicity at the time to a single still of the harassed heroine, Susan Strasberg, screaming her head off. With Ronald Lewis (MR. SARDONICUS), Ann Todd, and Christopher Lee.

FILM SPONSORS:

COLOSSUS: THE FORBIN PROJECT -- Henri Koonce

CURSE OF THE DEMON -- Sue Thing

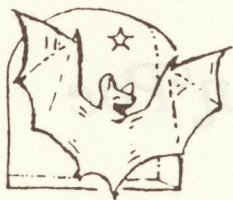
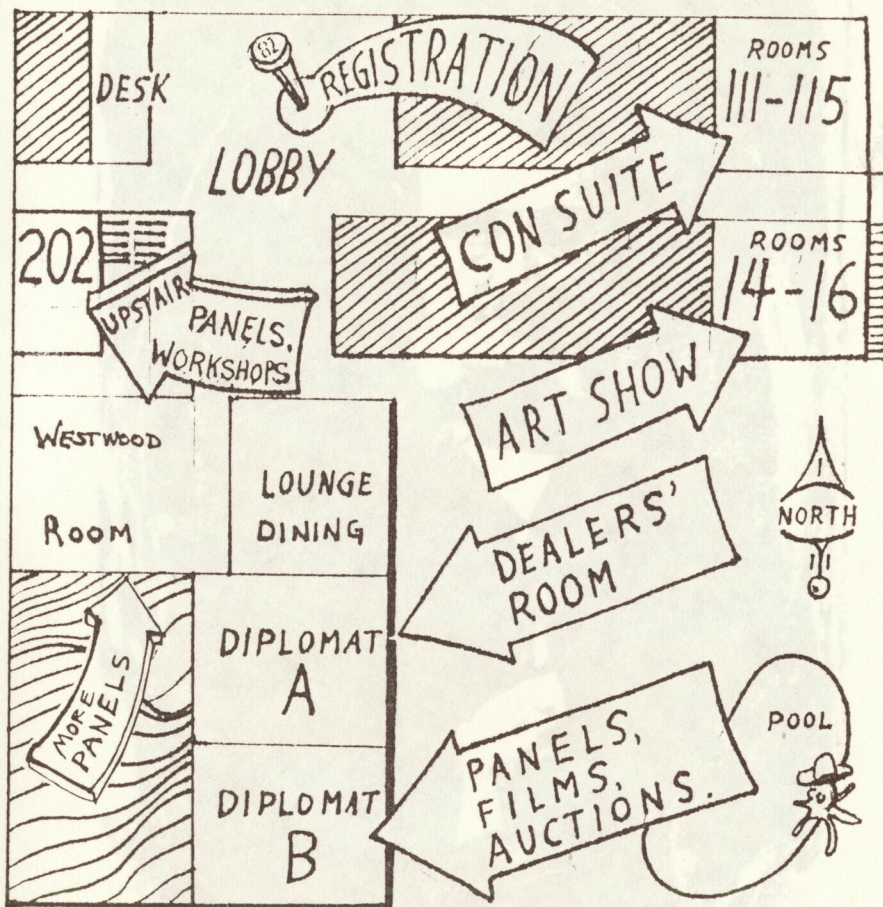
THE HAUNTED PALACE -- Brian Gross

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