

TUNGO 2!



TusCon 21

November 11-13, 1994

Guest of Honor

Judith Tarr

Fan Guest of Honor

John Theisen

Toastmaster

Edward Bryant

Featured Guests

John Vornholt
Mike Stackpole
Simon Hawke
Kate Daniel
Joanna Russ
Larry Hammer

Jennifer Roberson
Liz Danforth
Katherine Lawrence
Catherine Wells
Janni Lee Simner
Hayford Peirce

CHAIR:

PROGRAMMING:

ART SHOW:

CONSUIE:

VIDEO:

GAMING:

MASQUERADE BALL:

MASQUERADE DJ:

DEALERS:

TREASURER:

SECURITY:

PROGRAM BOOK:

PUBLICITY:

REGISTRATION:

Sue Thing

Brian Gross

Cristi Simila

Bruce & Peggy Wiley

Fred Kurtzweig II

Henry Tyler & Scot Glener

Brian Gross & Daniel Arthur

Simon Hawke

Julie Hamann

Sue Thing

Gary & Rebecca Hayes

Daniel Arthur

Nora Rankin

Frances Gross

Special Thanks:

Jim Corrick, Barry Bard,
Bobbie Seaman & the
Executive Inn Staff

Cover:

Deb Dedon

Artwork:

Deb Dedon & Gary Hayes

TusCon 21: We're Legal!

Well, somehow we've done it. TusCon has survived twenty-one years (some might question whether our wits have survived). Somehow, we were able to twist Sue's arm into stepping up to the captain's seat one more time. We threatened Brian with no reading material for a month to get him to organize programming (despite his wife's ardent and plaintive pleas), and everything else snowballed from there.

We have truly "gone legal" this year, by incorporating into a non-profit organization to handle TusCon, BASFA (Baja Arizona Science Fiction Association). This will help to smooth the way for future TusCons, and potential pro & fan gatherings. (Anyone want to get involved? Just let us know.)

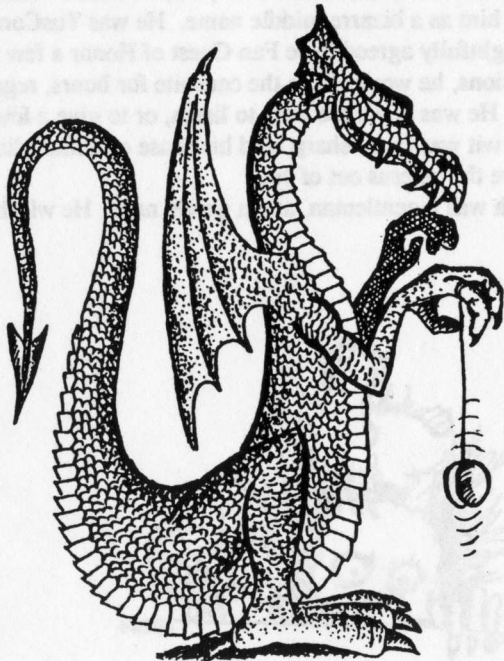
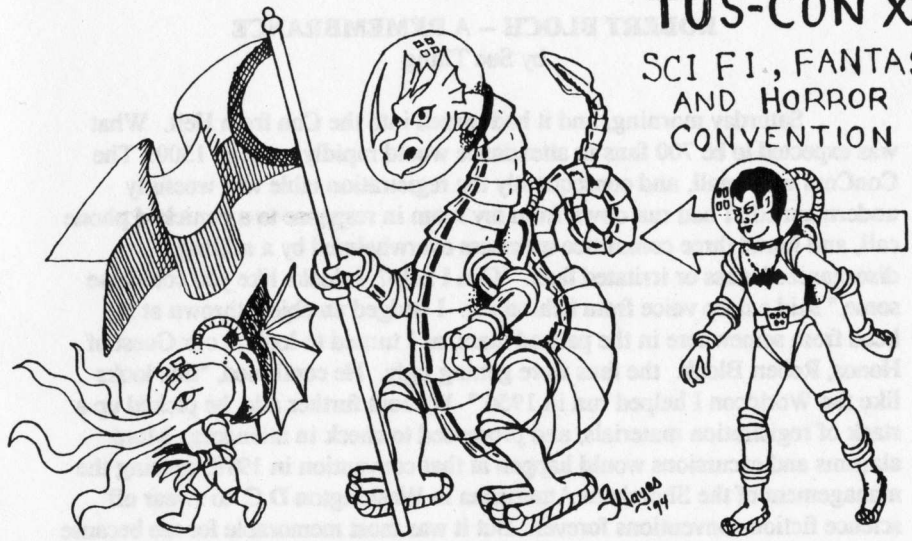
So we hope you enjoy what we've got lined up. More guests, more panels, more readings, perhaps more talent than we've ever collected at TusCon before. So don't be shy. Get to know the wonderful writers and members of this convention. Listen to a few readings. Buy a few books, and get them autographed. Make sure you have a great time, because you know what they say: "you're only twenty-one once".

Daniel E. Arthur
Editor



TUS-CON XXI

SCI FI, FANTASY
AND HORROR
CONVENTION



ROBERT BLOCH – A REMEMBRANCE

by Sue Thing

Saturday morning, and it had turned into the Con from Hell. What was expected to be 700 fans in attendance would rapidly swell to 1500. The ConCom was small, and consequently the registration table was woefully undermanned. I had run down from my room in response to a panicked phone call, and found three committee members overwhelmed by a milling, disorganized mass or irritated fans. "Can I help? It looks like you could use some," said a deep voice from behind me. I dodged an object thrown at my head from somewhere in the packed mass, as I turned to look at our Guest of Honor, Robert Bloch. The fans were getting ugly. He continued, "this looks like the Worldcon I helped run in 1956." Without further ado, he picked up a stack of registration materials, and proceeded to check in attendees. More alarms and excursions would happen at that convention in 1978, causing the management of the Shoreham Americana in Washington D.C. to swear off science fiction conventions forever. But it was most memorable for me because that was the first time I met Robert Bloch.

He knew and corresponded with H.P. Lovecraft; it's well-known they each wrote stories killing the other off horribly. He worked for years in Hollywood, and knew Peter Lorre and William Faulkner. His best known work was made into a memorable film, and ever after, Robert Bloch would have "Psycho" attached to him as a bizarre middle name. He was TusCon's Guest of Honor once, and delightfully agreed to be Fan Guest of Honor a few years later. At those two conventions, he would sit in the consuite for hours, regaling the fans with anecdotes. He was never too busy to listen, or to give a few words of encouragement. His wit was razor-sharp, and his sense of humor diabolical. His stories could scare the bejesus out of you.

Robert Bloch was a gentleman, and a gentle man. He will be greatly missed.



JUDITH TARR
by Beth Meacham

Write an introduction for Judith Tarr, they said. Sure, I said blithely, not considering the enormity of the task. So I started with the basics: Judith Tarr is a scholar. She earned an M.A. in 1983 at Cambridge, and her Ph.D. at Yale in 1988. Her field of concentration is Medieval Latin Literature; Intellectual History, AD 900-1200; and Old and Middle English. She teaches Classics, and enjoys reading Roman literature and poetry in the original Latin. She is the author of seventeen novels. She is a full time writer, who lives up the road from me here in Tucson, Arizona.

And then I looked at that and realized that, true as it may be, it didn't begin to describe either Judith (the writer and scholar) or Judy (the other one.)

Judith Tarr, the writer, is a painstaking craftswoman who spins her fantasy novels out of the threads of history. When she's planning a book, she applies her scholarly discipline to the task; she seeks out references both popular and obscure, and immerses herself in whatever period she's investigating. Her conversation becomes peppered with facts great and small, little tidbits that will turn up eventually, transformed by her particular brand of magic. She writes in a white-hot blaze of creativity, snarling all the way as the scenes take shape on the screen, but then the scholar and professional returns, and subjects her work to a level of detailed scrutiny that would send many other writers screaming in terror. And out of that method come historical novels like LORD OF THE TWO LANDS, THRONE OF ISIS and THE EAGLE'S DAUGHTER, fantasies like the Avaryan sequence, and lovely YA novels like HIS MAJESTY'S ELEPHANT.

But this is only one side of Judith Tarr. There's another. Judy Tarr is a horsewoman. She owns and trains a Lipizzan mare, Capria, one of the most lovely horses you'd ever hope to see, and talented to boot. Judy expects to train Capria to High School Grand Prix level dressage, which is very highly trained indeed. She'll do it, too. Judy has recently bought Dancing Horse Farm, out in Vail, and plans to stock it with Lipizzans and Lipizzan-Arab crosses. Judy's goal at the moment is to establish a herd of Lipizzan-Arab crosses.

Judy is also a fine cook, who has been known to reduce strong men to drooling infants by describing some of her desserts. She has a remarkably wicked sense of humor, which does sometimes come out in her short fiction written under the influence of Mike Resnick, and a subtly Irish temper to go with her muted freckles, big blue eyes, and almost-red hair.

So go talk to her. Make sure that you're facing her and that your face is lit; Judy is hearing impaired, 'though she is so good at lip-reading that many people don't know it. If you like wide-ranging, fascinating conversation punctuated by lots of laughter, you're going to have a great weekend.

Note: LORD OF THE TWO LANDS was recently nominated for BEST NOVEL in the 1994 World Fantasy Awards.

Judith Tarr: A Selected Bibliography

by James A. Corrick

- THE ISLE OF GLASS, Bluejay, 1985 (The Hound and the Falcon #1)
THE GOLDEN HORN, Bluejay, 1985 (The Hound and the Falcon #2)
THE HOUNDS OF GOD, Bluejay, 1986 (The Hound and the Falcon #3)
THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING, TOR, 1987 (Avaryan Rising #1)
THE LADY OF HAN-GILEN, TOR, 1987 (Avaryan Rising #2)
A FALL OF PRINCES, TOR, 1988 (Avaryan Rising #3)
A WIN IN CAIRO, Bantam Spectra, 1989
ARS MAGICA, Bantam Spectra, 1989
ALAMUT, Doubleday Foundation, 1989
THE DAGGER AND THE CROSS, Doubleday Foundation, 1991 (Sequel to ALAMUT)
BLOOD FEUDS, Baen, 1993 (with S.M. Stirling, Susan Schwartz, and Harry Turtledove) (part of the War World sequence created by Jerry Pournelle)
LORD OF THE TWO LANDS, TOR, 1993
HIS MAJESTY'S ELEPHANT, Harcourt Brace, 1993 (young adult)
ARROWS OF THE SUN, TOR, 1993 (Avaryan Rising #4)
BLOOD VENGEANCE, Baen, 1994 (with S.M. Stirling, Susan Schwartz, and Harry Turtledove) (part of the War World sequence created by Jerry Pournelle)
THRONE OF ISIS, TOR/Forge, 1994
SPEAR OF HEAVEN, TOR, 1994
THE EAGLE'S DAUGHTER, TOR/Forge, scheduled 1995



THE VELVET FOG

An appreciation of Ed Bryant

by Simon Hawke

Those of you who are younger probably do now know who the Velvet Fog is, unless you happen to have been fans of Night Court. You may recall the Judge Harry Stone, played by Harry Anderson, was a great admirer of jazz singer Mel Tormé. Many years ago, some music critic called Mel Tormé "The Velvet Fog," a reference to the fact that his singing style was as smooth as a dry martini, and seemed to envelope the listener in a soft and gentle mist. Well, to me, the real Velvet Fog has always been one Edward Winslow Bryant, and all you need to do is listen to his voice to get just an inkling of why he's more deserving of the title.

Admittedly, Ed Bryant does not sing. At least, in all the years I've known him, I've never heard him sing. I do know that if Ed was not a writer, he'd like to have been a musician, but despite that smooth-as-silk voice, Ed admits he has no real talent in that direction, except for his appreciation of the art. Ed has always been on the cutting edge as a music fan, and can discourse quite knowledgeably on the subject, as he can on a wide variety of topics -- serial killers, for instance. And sharks. And body piercing. Ed has long had a fine appreciation of the macabre.

I first met Ed Bryant in the seventies. I think it was 1976 or thereabouts, when I received an invitation to attend the Milford Writers Conference in Telluride, Colorado. Ed was running the conference, which was no small thing, as it had been founded by none other than Damon Knight, who passed the torch to Ed himself. It was an invitational workshop for professionals and I was flattered to have been asked, as I was only just beginning my career.

Ed arranged to pick me up at the airport. I was familiar with Ed's work, but had no idea what he looked like. However, I had told him what I would be wearing and he recognized me right away. There weren't too many people getting off the plane who were wearing head-to-toe black leather. I was in my Jim Morrison phase at the time, but Ed looked even cooler. He had long, shoulder length brown hair and he was wearing jeans, a work shirt, an embroidered vest and a black cowboy hat with silver conchos. I thought he looked a bit like Spencer Dryden, the drummer for the Jefferson Airplane. Or maybe one of the Fabulous Furry Freak brothers. (I know, it's before your time. Ask Ed, he'll tell you all about it. He knows about comics, too.)

During the wee-long conference, I had a crash course in Ed Bryant, and was very much impressed. I watched him ramrod a workshop that included the likes of Connie Willis, George R.R. Martin, William Wu, Karl Hansen, Cynthia Felice, Kevin O'Donnell and others, all established pros.

Each and every one of them held Ed in high regard. And my own respect for Ed continued to grow. At the end of the week, the locals of Telluride held a reception for the visiting writers. I recall George Martin, who was single at the time, was hesitant to go. Connie and Cynthia twisted his arm. They said there would be single women there. George grouched that Ed always got all the girls. At the party, Connie and Cynthia pointed out to George three attractive young women who were obviously unescorted. Before George could even make a move, Ed left the party with all three. My respect for him went up a few more notches.

On the way back down to Denver, Ed let me drive his car. I recall going about 95 down winding mountain roads with steep drop-offs, taking the curves in full four-wheel drifts. Ed never panicked. He just sat there very calmly holding onto the grab strap for dear life. Later, he confessed that it wasn't my driving he was worrying about. "You obviously knew what you were doing," he explained, laconically, "it's just that all four tires were pretty bald" Cool under pressure. Smooth. That's Ed.

When I moved to Denver, Ed took me under his wing and introduced me to the science fiction community in Colorado. A great many of my closest friends today are people I had met through Ed. For a few years, we lived around the block from each other, and we frequently had breakfast together at the Greek place on the corner. I often gave Ed rides to the airport as he jetted off to one convention or another. He was always in very high demand, and continues to be. However, it's not just because he is an entertaining raconteur. Yes he's won several Nebula Awards, and is a consummate craftsman as a writer, but it's much more than that. Aside from being personable and very approachable, Ed has always believed in the community of writers, and has gone out of his way to help and support not only his established colleagues, but neophytes, as well.

For a number of years, I participated in Ed's Northern Colorado Writers Workshop included such luminaries as Connie Willis, Sherri Tepper, John Stith and Dan Simmons, to name just a few. It was pretty heavy company, but whenever Ed critiqued a story, everybody listened and took notes. His remarks were not only incisive and to the point, but gentle, even-tempered, and good-humored. I have only known Ed to lose his temper once, and it was in defense of a friend. Me, as a matter of fact.

A woman in Denver had been spreading some malicious gossip about me to anyone who'd listen. It wasn't true, and Ed knew it. He called this woman and absolutely blistered her ears. I found out about it later from this woman's roommate. She was there when Ed called. She said she could hear Ed's voice over the phone from clear across the room. It takes a lot to get a rise out of Bryant, but defame his friends and you'll find out that the Velvet Fog can quickly become a storm.

There are many writers out there who get a lot more press than Ed Bryant. They're more commercial, they make more money, and they have more fans. But if you want to know who Bryant's real fans are, ask all the writers he's encouraged, many of them big name pros now. Ask students who have benefited from his teaching. Ask teachers who have had him lecture at their schools. Ask bookstore owners for whom he's organized events. Ask editors who wish he'd write more novels. And ask people who have met him at conventions and experienced his special aura. I call it The Velvet Fog. It's subtle, but it seeps into your bones. And it's a nice feeling. Trust me, I know.

Edward Bryant: A Selected Bibliography

by

James A. Corrick and Daniel Arthur

AMONG THE DEAD, Macmillan, 1973

PHOENIX WITHOUT ASHES, Fawcett, 1975 (with Harlan Ellison)

CINNABAR, Macmillan, 1976

2076: THE AMERICAN TRICENTENNIAL, Pyramid, 1977

(edited with Jo Ann Harper)

WYOMING SUN, Jelm Mountain Press, 1980

PARTICLE THEORY, Timescape, 1981

TRILOBYTE, Axolotl, 1987 (published with THE SHADOW ON THE
DOORSTEP by James Blaylock)

NEON TWILIGHT, Pulphouse, 1990

THE MAN OF THE FUTURE, Roadkill Press, 1990

THE CUTTER, Pulphouse, 1991

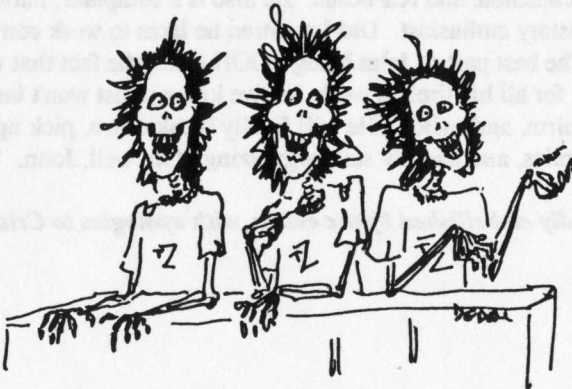
FETISH, Pulphouse/Axolotl, 1991

THE THERMALS OF AUGUST, Pulphouse, 1992

DARKER PASSIONS, Roadkill Press, 1992

"The Fire that Scours", Omni, October, 1994

FLIRTING WITH DEATH, Deadline Press, scheduled 1995



JOHN THEISEN

by Cristi Simila

John Theisen, man about town. John Theisen, leader of men. Nah; John Theisen, intrepid space explorer, fearless denizen in the face of danger. Nah.... Sigh.

When I was asked by John to write this brief appreciation, I, a somewhat besieged mother of two somehow said yes, with visions of "what?" in my head, as I screamed at the odd kid about the latest little calamity. (Maybe next time I should threaten not to take them to *Star Trek: Generations*. They might behave for a few hours.)

I don't know when or where we met, or for that matter how long I have known John. But since he freely admits he's not sure either, we've mutually decided "at least since the last Ice Age", and we'll leave it at that.

What else can I say? I see him everywhere at Arizona conventions. Well, not *everywhere*, mostly Programming Ops and Green Room, often rushing to and from panels with stacks of name plates, with a glazed-yet-determined sort of underdog look in his eyes. In fact, I don't think I've ever seen John when he wasn't working. Wait. That's not true -- I remember seeing him at a party once at a con. He was sort of twitching and starting to foam at the mouth. I imagine he was thinking of convention duties, because he was absent-mindedly polishing an ashtray over and over again with his left sleeve.

We selected John as our Fan Guest this year because he works, hard and constantly, whenever he has been needed. Because John is somewhere in an office panicking, tearing his hair out and generally carving himself an early gravestone (HERE LIES JOHN THEISEN, "CONNED" TO DEATH), programming at many Arizona conventions has thrived.

There is more to John than Science Fiction conventions. John is a writer for the gaming industry, now works for the State (D.O.C. Ft. Grant), taught at the New Mexico State University at Carlsbad, is a cat aficionado, and is fond of chocolate and red-heads. He also is a computer, hard science and military history enthusiast. Did I mention he likes to work conventions?

The best part of John being FGOH is not the fact that we get to finally thank him for all his tireless work, but we know it just won't last. John will start to squirm, and twitch. He will finally break down, pick up a clip board or box of supplies, and happily start organizing. Oh, well, John. We tried.

Unabashedly embellished by the editor, with apologies to Cristi (but not John).



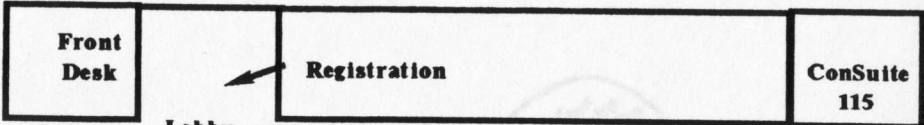
C.J. Simila

Custom
Jewelry Design

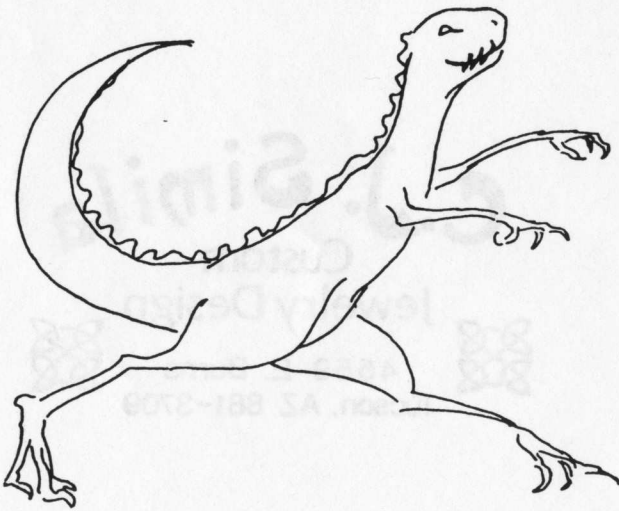
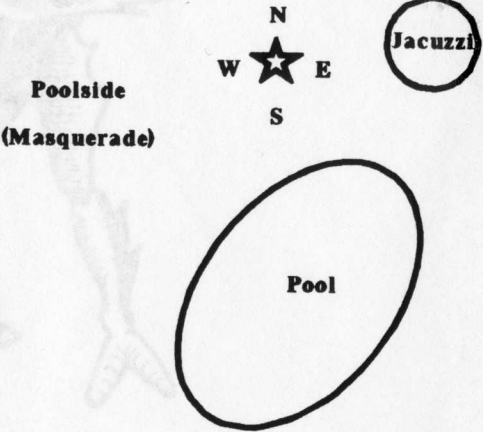
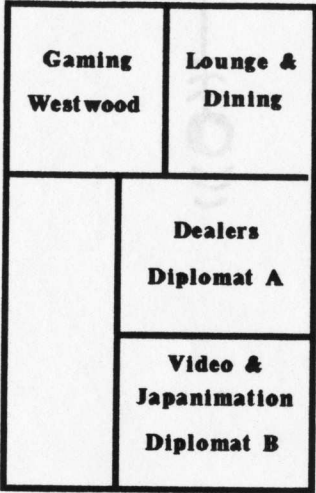


4559 E. Burns
Tucson, AZ 881-3709





Lobby



RESTAURANTS

The restaurant at the Executive Inn is open for breakfast from 6:30 a.m. until 11:00 a.m. daily (they may open slightly later on Sunday). Check with the restaurant or front desk for lunch and dinner hours.

There are many restaurants on the Miracle Mile/Drachman strip. CoCo's is right next to the hotel (please note they don't take checks). There is a Village Inn one block north of the hotel. For a great steak, check out the "Pack 'em Inn" steak house, 2 blocks east of the hotel, where the waitress cooks your steak just the way you like it. For fast food, there's a What-A-Burger just east of the Pack 'Em Inn. For great Mexican food, there's always El Fuente, just north of the Hotel, on the west side of Miracle Mile.

MEMBERSHIPS

A word about membership badges. You must wear your badge at all times to gain access to all convention activities. If you lend it, lose it, or allow it to be stolen you can replace it; for the current membership rate. Exceptions may be made on an individual basis by the head of registration, for visiting dignitaries from the Gamma Quadrant only.

SECURITY

Our weapons policy is a simple one: if you pull it, our lovely and charming security personnel with put it back for you.

Please, no real or realistic firearms, no projectile or projectile-throwing weapons of any sort, all edge or spiked weapons must be in a sturdy sheath or have all edges and points covered with a material hard enough to prevent accidental injury, and all weapons must be peace-bonded securely to the body. Tucson city ordinance also prohibits the carrying of any and all martial-arts weapons such as nunchuku and shuriken.

We at TusCon like to think that we have a fairly liberal weapons policy. Please help us to keep it that way. We reserve the right to check all weapons, and 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.



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CONSUIITE

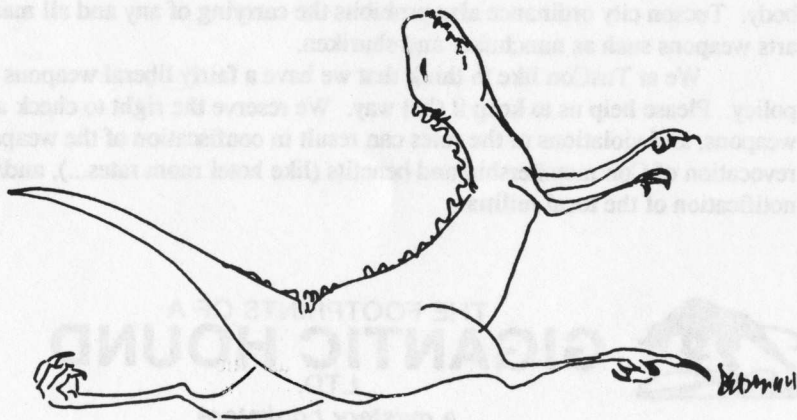
TusCon's legendary Consuite will be open from 3:00 p.m. Friday until the wee hours, 10 a.m. Saturday until the wee hours, and from 10 a.m. Sunday until ????. Please note that the Consuite will be closed during the Meet the Authors party Friday evening, and for the Masquerade Saturday night. There will be a Cash Bar set up by the hotel during these events. Also note that this year's consuite is DRY (no alcohol). There will be the usual ample selection of munchies, eats and soda. TusCon's traditional chili will be served Sunday, during the Dead Dog party.

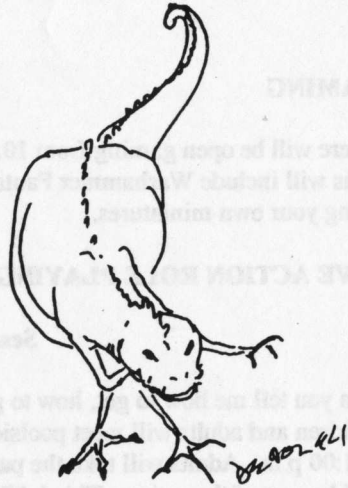
MASQUERADE BALL AND FURRY CRITTER STOMP

This year's masquerade will be held Saturday night, from 7:00 - 11:00 p.m. poolside. The Furry Critter Stomp features the effervescent Simon Hawke as DJ, revisiting an earlier career from an altogether different galaxy (and perhaps timeline?). There will be a contest for Best Costume, so don't be shy; drag, push or pull something out of your closet, or portable black hole, and join in the fun!

DEALER'S ROOM

The TusCon dealer's room will be open Friday 2 p.m. - 8 p.m., Saturday 9 a.m. - 8 p.m., and Sunday 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. Stop by and browse through a select choice of books, jewelry, artwork, music, gaming supplies and other treasures from distant stars.





ART SHOW

The TusCon 21 Art Show will be open Friday from 2 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. It will re-open at 10 a.m. Saturday, closing at 6 p.m. Sunday, hours will be 10:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m. The Art auction will begin at 2:00 p.m.

Generally, two bids will send a piece to auction. A one-bid piece may, at the director's discretion and evil whims, go to auction. Pieces with a **FLAT SALE** price only (no minimum bid indicated) may be purchased for that **FLAT SALE** price only. Such pieces do not go to auction. Pieces with **BOTH FLAT SALE** and **MINIMUM BID** prices indicated may be purchased for the **FLAT SALE** price only if there are no marked bids. Similarly, a bid may be placed if no **FLAT SALE** price has been marked by a buyer. Pieces with **MINIMUM BID** price only indicated cannot be sold directly (no "flat" sale).

Keep track of your bids and assume that any piece you bid on will show up at the auction. Be prepared with cash, travelers checks or personal checks to claim your purchased art work at the close of the auction. Sorry, TusCon can't do credit. All personal and traveler's checks will require identification - a driver's license and bank card will suffice.

Think before you bid. You will be held responsible for any marked bids or flat sales. Purchased art work may not be removed from the show prior to closing on Sunday. If you must leave prior to closing, please make arrangements with the art show director. And, should your courage or cash flow fail, and you wish to withdraw a bid or sale, you **MUST** first clear it with the art show director. If you have any questions, ask the art show director. You should be able to find her easily, as she will probably be the huddled mass in one corner, randomly assaulted by two children, and drinking a caffeine-free, sugar-free soda between gasps & contortions.

GAMING

There will be open gaming from 10:00 a.m. Saturday, until 2:00 p.m. Sunday. This will include Warhammer Fantasy, and Warhammer 40K. Feel free to bring your own miniatures.

LIVE ACTION ROLE PLAYING (LARP)

Sesame Street

Can you tell me how to get, how to get to Sesame Street? Muppets, monsters, children and adults will meet poolside, by the patio, Saturday from 12:00 p.m. to 1:00 p.m. Adults will take the parts of their favorite characters and children will be part of the action. This LARP should prove to be fun for kids and parents alike!

Vampire: The Masquerade tm

A dry wind blows outside the building tonight. Amidst the sounds of music and revelry, you stand alone in a hallway. Straining, you can just hear the muffled cadence of a heartbeat beyond the door.

You only have to take a little.

A familiar ache begins in your mouth, near your teeth.

They'll just feel a little weak.

The Hunger builds, pulls at your soul, as the heartbeat gets closer. "Is someone at the door?" A voice calls out from the room.

Mortals die. Does it really matter how, or when?

The knob starts to turn. Your hand, claws extended, reaches for the throat...

As the door opens, the light in the hall flickers once, twice, out..

Monsters we are, lest monsters we become.

Welcome to Vampire: The Masquerade tm. A live role-playing experience where you, the player, become one of the undead in an eternal struggle between the human that you were, and the ultimate predator which you have become. The jyhada begins Friday night, and continues on through Saturday. See the registration desk for information, and remember: *there are no such things as vampires.*

Brought to you at TusCon 21 by the Sanguine Epiphany.



CAPT SPIFFY'S
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We do practically no live animal testing! (really.)

(COOL!)

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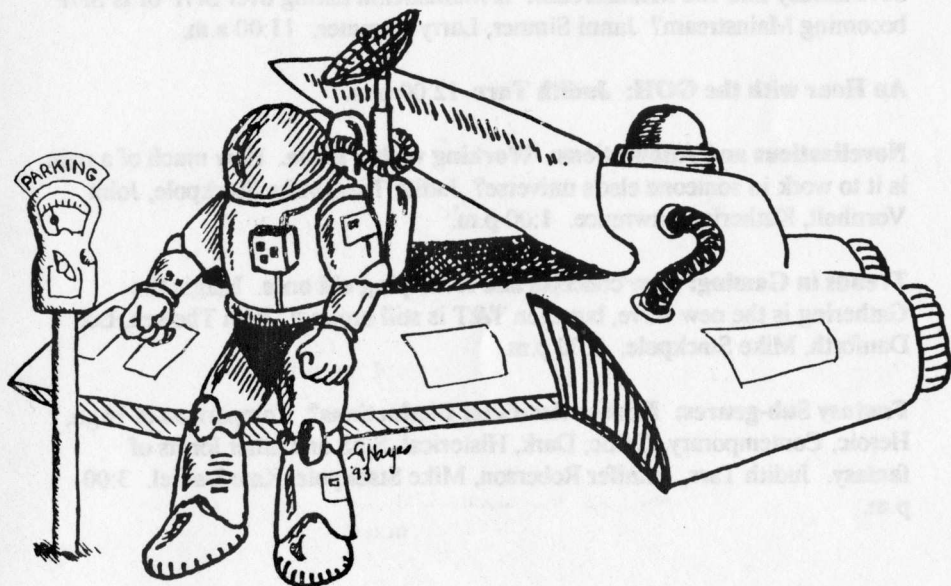
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TusCon 21 Programming

Friday

Manned Space Exploration: informal round-table discussion with John Theisen and Randy Rau. 3:00 p.m.

The "PC" Thought Police: has it all gone too far? How does this affect your writing, public speaking, etc.? John Theisen, Mike Stackpole, Joanna Russ, Randy Rau. 4:00 p.m.

Writing for the YA Market: is anything taboo anymore? Also a look at the markets, different genres, and "talking down". Judith Tarr, John Vornholt, Kate Daniel, Katherine Lawrence, Janni Simner. 5:00 p.m.

An Hour with the FGOH: John Theisen 9:00 p.m.

Saturday

"Limitations" of Hard Science Fiction: how much science is enough/too much -- and how do you tell? John Theisen, Catherine Wells, Larry Hammer, Hayford Peirce, Randy Rau. 10:00 a.m.

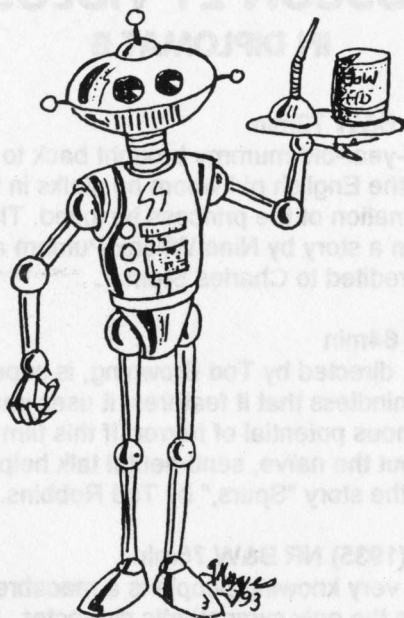
SF/Fantasy and the Mainstream: is Mainstream taking over SF/F or is SF/F becoming Mainstream? Janni Simner, Larry Hammer. 11:00 a.m.

An Hour with the GOH: Judith Tarr 12:00 p.m.

Novelizations and Adaptations: Working with a Bible. How much of a pain is it to work in someone else's universe? Judith Tarr, Mike Stackpole, John Vornholt, Katherine Lawrence. 1:00 p.m.

Trends in Gaming: new concepts and revamping old ones. Magic the Gathering is the new wave, but even T&T is still around! John Theisen, Liz Danforth, Mike Stackpole. 2:00 p.m.

Fantasy Sub-genres: Real or Artificial Distinctions? Comparison of High, Heroic, Contemporary, Celtic, Dark, Historical, S&S and other forms of fantasy. Judith Tarr, Jennifer Roberson, Mike Stackpole, Kate Daniel. 3:00 p.m.



Privatization of Scientific Research: Who owns the Future? More basic research is privately funded and less government funded. John Theisen, Catherine Wells, Larry Hammer, Hayford Peirce, Randy Rau. 4:00 p.m.

Electronic Publishing: A look at the new area of electronic publishing. What does this mean for other forms of publishing? Gloria McMillan. 4:00 p.m.

An Hour with Toastmaster Ed Bryant 5:00 p.m.

Sunday

The Changing Face of Fantasy Art: what's hot, what's not. A look at current trends. Liz Danforth, Randy Rau. 11:00 a.m.

"Limitations" of Historical Fantasy: how do you deal with recorded history and still tell your story? Judith Tarr, Jennifer Roberson, Janni Simner, Larry Hammer. 12:00 p.m.

The Internet: informal round-table discussion. Liz Danforth, Catherine Wells, Larry Hammer. 1:00 p.m.

Check your pocket programs for reading dates & times.

TUSCON 21 VIDEOS

IN DIPLOMAT B

The Mummy (1932) NR B&W 72min

Boris Karloff is the 3000-year-old mummy brought back to life, and the dark, arresting Zita Johann is the English girl whom he stalks in the streets of Cairo because she is the incarnation of the princess he loved. The screenplay by John L. Balderston is based on a story by Nina Wilcox Putnam and Richard Schayer; the cinematography is credited to Charles Stumar.

Freaks (1932) NR B&W 64min

Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. Adapted from the story "Spurs," by Tod Robbins.

Bride of Frankenstein (1935) NR B&W 75min

This caricature by some very knowing people is a macabre comedy classic. The monster (Boris Karloff) is the only sympathetic character. James Whale, who had a good gothic sense of humor, directed, with Elsa Lanchester as Mary Shelley in the prologue, and then as the Bride. This Bride drives the poor monster to despair. Written by John L. Balderston and William Hurlbut.

The Wolf Man (1941) NR B&W 70min

One of the finest horror films ever made: Larry Talbot (Chaney) is bitten by werewolf Lugosi, survives to carry the curse himself. Literate and very engrossing, with superb makeup by Jack Pierce, atmospheric music (re-used in many other Universal chillers) by Charles Previn and Hans J. Salter. Written by Curt Siodmak.

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956) NR B&W 60min

People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. Directed by Don Siegel. Based on a Collier's serial by Jack Finney; the adaptation is credited to Daniel Mainwaring. Cinematography by Ellsworth Fredericks.

Also Featuring:

**Forbidden Planet, The Time Machine, It Came from Outer Space,
Tarantula, The Mole People, The Deadly Mantis,
The Abominable Dr. Phibes, Dr. Phibes Rises Again!, Theatre of Blood**

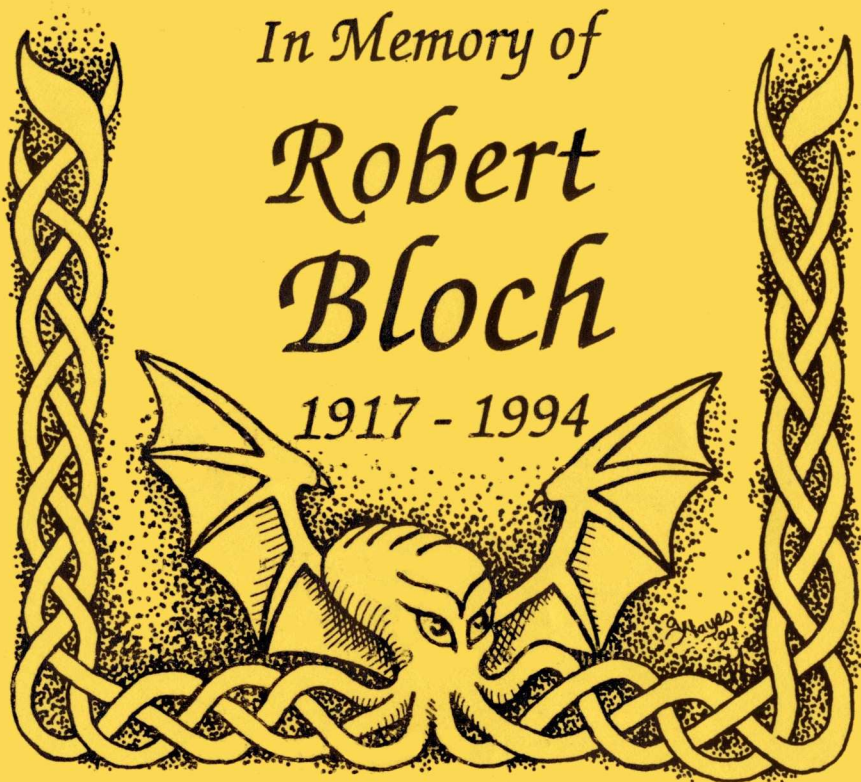
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