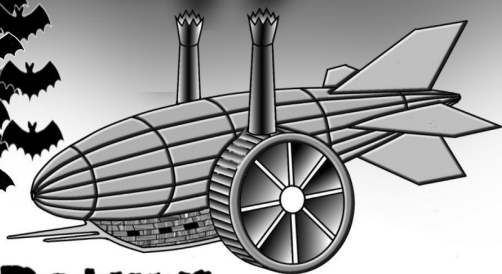


HusCon 36



Return of the Masquerade



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TusCon 36

MOVIE PRESENTATION

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ONE

The mission to Mars was a hoax
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(Movie Location: Video Rm./ Discussion: St. Augustine Rm.)

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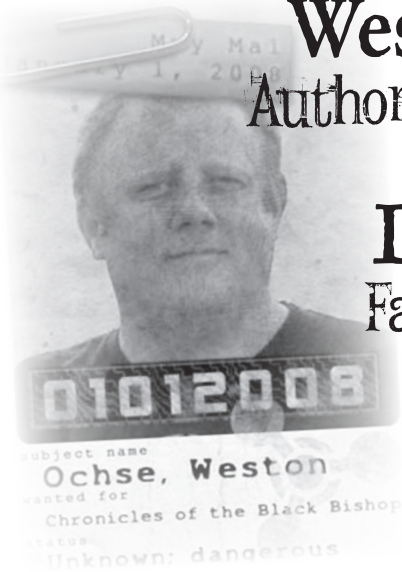
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EDITOR'S FIRST & LAST

October 31. I'm struggling to write, still a bit groggy, second cup of coffee in hand, the cobwebs ensnaring my brain just starting to loosen. It's Halloween, time for spooks and goblins, jack-o-lanterns, black cats and the shrill voices of children knocking on doors with "trick-or-treat!" Some celebrate All Hallow's Eve, Samhain, or All Souls Day. Some, two days after, celebrate Dia De Los Muertos. Some celebrate the fall harvest, others, the dead. What better prelude, then, to TusCon, with horror author Weston Ochse as Guest of Honor (perhaps he'll dress as a zombie for the masquerade – I've always thought he had a great face for zombie makeup)?

By the time you read this, Dia De Los Muertos (Day of the Dead), will have passed. In Tucson, the annual All Souls Procession held each November is one of the finest examples of what past TusCon attendee Somtow Sucharitkul likes to call "Spectacle!" Anyone can and does join in, adorned with all manner of masked costumes, corpses, skulls and skeletons. Painted bodies traipse by, along with tall, elaborate puppets and bright, multi-colored contraptions. Belly dancers and drummers propel the crowd. Perhaps you were there, gyrating through the annual parade, celebrating the memory of those who have passed on to other planes. Perhaps you threw the names of those dear to you into the fiery cauldron at the end of the parade. Many souls have left us since last TusCon, but many souls remain!

Un-dead Toast Master Ed Bryant is back; don't miss him in Wolf Forrest's screening of "The Laughing Dead." Fan Guest of Honor Liz Hanson will smile by, happy not to be ~~slaving over~~ working the con. If you get a chance, ask Special Guest Paul Carter about some of his favorite pulp covers.

This year marks the jubilant return of the masquerade as CosPlay, with a Steampunk theme. Don't miss the Video Room tributes to those who've passed in the night. Go to a panel or three. Stop by and see if you recognize any characters in the Anime room. Stick your head in Gaming, but try not to get sucked in for the whole con. Above all, don't forget the motto of this editor: "When in doubt, buy, Buy, BUY from the Dealers Room and Art Show!" Eat as many Marji cookies from the ConSuite as you can stuff down your throat. Believe me, you'll want them to line your stomach and esophagus before you partake of Bruce's chili on Sunday.

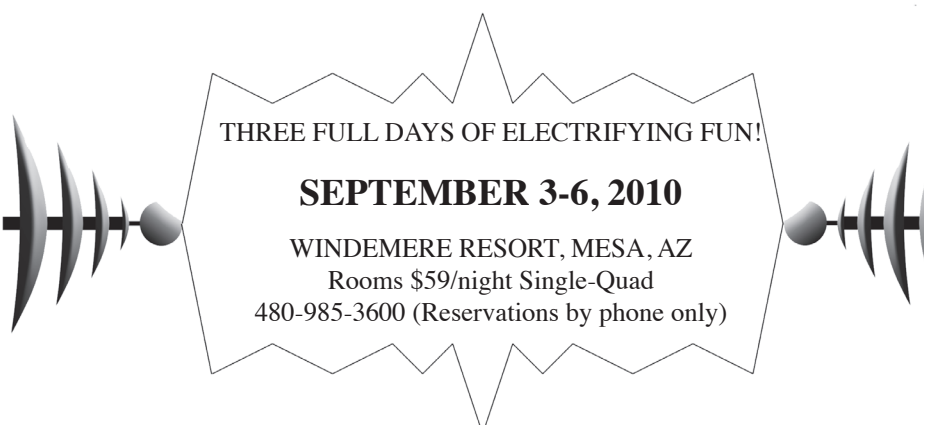
– Daniel Arthur





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THE ORIGINAL WESTON

by Yvonne Navarro



I wonder if the world was ready for Weston Ochse when he was born?

You think I'm kidding. I'm not.

Our esteemed Guest of Honor has written numerous stories, non-fiction articles, reviews, and of course, novels. He is the coauthor of the two wildly popular collections, *Scarecrow Gods and Other Inbred Horrors* and *Appalachian Galapagos*. His

work has won the Bram Stoker Award and been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. He is personable and intelligent and an avid Elvis Presley fan. His love for Elvis goes beyond the normal memorabilia, extending into a realm that includes a life-sized, talking animatronic Elvis head and a personalized license plate that reads BLUELVIS. To get even more personal, he is an attentive, considerate husband to fellow author Yvonne Navarro, a watchful, protective father to son Zachary and daughter Alexandra, a responsible owner of Great Danes and handfed parakeets, and a diligent and trusted employee of good old Uncle Sam.

But beyond the Weston Ochse so many know and love... ah.

As a child, the Weston we know – let's call him *The Original Weston* – would be the sole reason behind a Tennessee school purchasing and installing its first intercom system. Why? So that the teacher could call the principal when The Original Weston misbehaved (again), and the principal could demand, for everyone to hear, "**Weston Ochse, come to my office right now!**" As a slightly older child, The Original Weston would chase old men down the street, threatening them with dead snakes until his victims would literally **pay** him to be left alone.

With his mother's readings of Ishmael Reed's *I Am a Cowboy in the Boat of Ra* rolling through his brain, The Original Weston started writing at an early age. His first short story was published in a school newsletter... and then immediately pulled and banned. It seems the you-get-what-you-deserve message behind a boy who disobeys his mother and takes a forbidden shortcut through the woods was a bit too much for his peers and teachers. It's a safe assumption that the reason behind this was the somewhat graphic detailing of the boy's tragic ending as a hungry bear's **buffet de child**. Following that, the disciplinary measure visited on The Original Weston for swearing in school – the task of

writing a paper explaining why one shouldn't do so – backfired when The Original Weston set out a full list of all the words that his teacher, shall we say, wasn't expecting to see in his assignment, along with painstaking and detailed explanations regarding the precise meaning (and proper spelling) of each.

I won't go into great detail about The Original Weston's U.S. Army years after high school, because our fair government wouldn't want a lot of that to become public knowledge (and probably not for the reasons most people think). Suffice to say not only did he receive training in human intelligence, he went on to become an expert at it. Having a conversation and a drink with Wes is pure entertainment: his sense of humor, sparkling blue eyes and engaging grin go perfectly with a ready sense of humor and his undivided interest in everything about you. And it isn't until later – a day, a week, whenever – that you realize he somehow persuaded you to give him your social security number, your bank PIN, and that location where you buried the key to Uncle Henry's secret safety deposit box. And while The Original Weston tells everyone he said "No, thank you," certain people in the know are convinced that somewhere in New Guinea is a warehouse in which a New Guinea tribal princess, the gift of a certain tribal chief, waits patiently for The Original Weston's return.

But The Original Weston has been reined in and those days are behind him. Now he spends his time in sunny southern Arizona, writing, working, and enjoying the clear, clean air by the Huachuca Mountains. He's completed more novels, stories, and articles, earned his Master's degree in Creative Writing, and even been awarded a job promotion. The world can rest easy and we can all sit back and enjoy Weston's great fiction. After all, with titles like *Seven Stains in the Jesus Pool*, *Tender Hearts Taste Better in Butter*, *Chorus of Earthly Rage*, *Swimming Naked with Thoreau*, and *The Qualities of Mercy* (that one really makes you wonder), what could we possibly have to be nervous about?

What, indeed?



Appreciation for **LIZ HANSON**

by Larry Vela

I started going to conventions in 1981, and one person who has always stood out in my mind is Liz. At many of the conventions she was generally helping out on committee doing ConSuite or Security. In the ConSuite, Liz always made me feel welcome, and did a great job of providing the comfort food.

I became friends with her during a LepreCon convention where she and I traded news about folks who were on their way to becoming well-known writers and artists. Later, I would only see her at TusCon conventions after she and Eric Hanson dropped out of Phoenix fandom for a while. The two of them would go to a steak house on Saturday before TusCon's Masquerade with a group of Tucson and Phoenix friends each year. One year she invited me to join them, and to this day we still enjoy this tradition.

As I was gearing up to chair LepreCon 31, I asked several people to be on staff. The one person I had in mind for food service was Liz, who accepted without hesitation. She became valuable part of the core committee that came up with ways to make it a better convention. Liz worked hard at serving attendees the best possible food on a budget. When I ended up taking on the chairmanship of LepreCon 32, Liz accepted doing the same job at back-to-back conventions.

Over time Liz became one of my closest friends, someone I could talk to about things. She really stepped up to the plate when we were talking about who would chair LepreCon 34, and said she would do it. Liz took the role as Chairman with the determination that it would be the best that it could be.

With her hard work and support of conventions over so many years, Liz richly deserves her title of TusCon 36 Fan Guest of Honor.



PAUL CARTER NEVER FISHES...

by Gloria McMillan

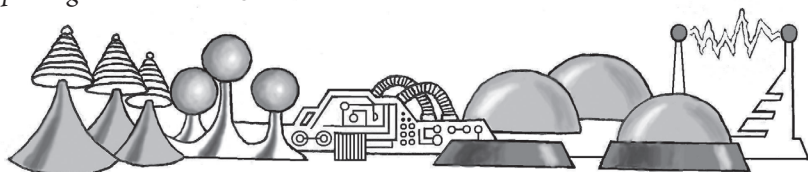


Sometimes the pro writers get a glazed stare and you know they aren't listening to you, a nobody. They are waiting to hear the Magic Words of Praises. Then – Bling! – a connection with momentary attention. Paul Carter is not like that.

As long as Paul Carter has been coming to TusCon, he has been stealthy. A man of mystery. Although we knew that he taught history as the University of Arizona, we never knew, for instance, that he was Phi Beta Kappa, nor how many books he had written to great academic esteem. His 1972 study *The Creation of Tomorrow: Fifty Years of Science Fiction* was the first analysis of magazine SF. Isaac Asimov found Paul's understanding "impeccable." And he wrote published stories, such as "Unbalanced Equation" in *F&SF* January, 1956, "In Excelsis" in *F&SF* March 1984, "Joram Among the Dogs" in *F & SF* August, 1988, and more. He wrote contributions to Marion Zimmer Bradley's *Fantasy Magazine*, and fiction for anthologies edited by Judy Lynn Del Rey, David Gerrold, George Zebrowski, and numerous others. In addition to his SF history, Paul has written eight other history books, covering eras of U.S. history.

But, we did not know of this because Paul comes to conventions in stealth mode, as if he were a naïve neo-fan with nothing better to do but to listen to whomever he is talking to, hearing our achievements, our hopes, our dreams. Look around. You will find Paul in some corner really listening to somebody, but never fishing.

What I like most about Paul are his quiet, boyish grin, and the wonderful slide shows of the Science Fiction and Fantasy pulp covers he showed at the old Executive Inn. Paul's many books, articles, stories and reviews are too numerous to list. Paul, thanks for being our special guest at TusCon 36. – Ed.



“To Hell You Ride”

by Simon Hawke

Telluride, Colorado.... Long before Tom Cruise discovered it, before the iconic Dead concert, before the film festival and the general Californication of the place, this was where I got to know Ed Bryant. At the time, I was just a young, fledgling SF writer living in New York, with only a few published short stories to my credit. I had never been a fan, somehow having missed out on the entire phenomenon of fandom and SF conventions during my formative years, probably because I was much too busy crashing motorcycles and hanging out with various disreputable types in various disreputable places about which the less said the better. I'm much more reputable these days. I've given up drugs; I've given up drinking; I've given up smoking. I've been happily married for ten years. (Who knew any woman could put up with me that long?) I even have a job and a clean driver's license. If it wasn't for the fact that I still ride motorcycles and collect tattoos, I'd be just another boring mundane. Okay, well, maybe I've become an "alternative mundane," since I really haven't written anything in quite a while. Amazing how a regular job eats up your time....

Anyway, let's get back to Telluride.... This was, what, 1974, '75? Something like that. (I'm not too good with dates. Or numbers. Something to do with the Sixties....) Somehow, I got invited to the Milford Writers Conference, so named because it was originally hosted by author Damon Knight in Milford, Pennsylvania (I think, I'm not too good with places, either....) and now that it had been taken over by Ed Bryant, it had been moved to Colorado, because that was where Bryant hung his hat. Literally. He had a hat. A big black one. I think he stole it from Spencer Dryden, who used to play drums for Jefferson Airplane. (Jefferson Airplane? The band Grace Slick was in before Starship. Starship? Oh hell, ask your parents....) The only time I've ever seen an author with a bigger hat was Steven Brust, who stole his from Erroll Flynn, apparently, but this isn't about him....

Where was I? Oh, right. The Milford Writers Conference. If I recall, I was invited because the late Roy Torgeson introduced me to Karl Hansen, with whom he said I had a lot in common. I can't recall what we were supposed to have in common, other than the fact that neither of us have written anything in years, but that was then, not now, and we were both still writing. Karl was a doctor. I assume he probably still is. Not a PhD., an actual MD, with a bushy Viking beard and straw blond hair and a strange affinity for biker bars, but this isn't about him, either....

Karl apparently convinced Ed that he should invite me to this conference. I don't know how or why. Or maybe I just don't remember. I think the only thing I

knew about Ed Bryant at the time was that he had won a couple of Nebula awards and was a friend of Harlan Ellison's. (Actually, that's two things.

I'm not too good at counting, either....) I figured that anybody who could put up with Harlan could probably put up with me, so I decided to go.

I flew in to Denver. (This was before they moved the airport to Kansas.) Ed met me as I got off the plane. We'd never seen one another before, but I knew it was him because of the hat. Either that, or it was one of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers. (Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers? Gilbert Shelton. Gilbert Shelton? Oh hell, ask your grandparents....) Ed put me up overnight with some local fans, about whom I remember absolutely nothing save for the curious fact that they had two side-by-side toilets in their bathroom. This may have something to do with obscure symbology and the side-by-side bathtubs in the erectile dysfunction commercial. Tom Hanks could probably explain it all, but this isn't about him....

The next day, we drove up to Telluride, which was somewhere in an isolated box canyon at the very tippy-top of the Rocky Mountains. (The last time I had been that high, somebody at a biker run had slipped me a joint laced with PCP and I spent the next six hours lying facedown on the ground, clutching at the grass with both hands, convinced that if I let go, I would fall UP.... Never, ever, **ever** accept a doobie from a biker who got it from a cop who stole it from the evidence locker. Not a good idea, trust me.) There were several of us who made the drive together in Ed's emerald green Gremlin. (Gremlin? American Motors economy car. American Motors? Oh hell, forget it....) Back then, the celebrities hadn't yet discovered Telluride, so visiting writers were a big deal. They didn't have an airport, and there was only one road leading into the canyon and that had been closed all winter, so I think we were the first outsiders they had seen since the snow melted. They put us up in a couple of local bed and breakfasts, which would probably cost about several grand today. The town was really very picturesque, very Old West looking, with wooden sidewalks and saloons with swinging doors, just like in Bonanza. (Bonanza? The show Lorne Greene was in before Battlestar Galactica. No, not the one with Edward James Olmos, the **original** one. Oh hell, Google it or something....)

Somewhere on a
dark Colorado
mountain road,
two writers
hurtle toward
destiny....



OMG



Among the other writers gathered for this convocation, all of whom I was meeting for the first time, were George R.R. Martin, Kevin O'Donnell, Connie Willis, Carol Emshwiller, George Guthridge, William Wu, Cynthia Felice, Karl Hansen, P.C. Hodgell, and Pamela Lifton Zoline, who wrote a short story about the heat death of the universe that was in Ellison's *Dangerous Visions* anthology (the one that was actually published). She was very New Wave and very British and she spoke like James Joyce wrote, which meant I couldn't understand a bloody word she said, but this isn't about her....

I had never been to a writer's workshop before, not even an amateur one, and this one was supposed to be a pretty big deal. You had to have published, and you had to be invited by a professional writer who vouched for you. I had already published several short stories in some of the genre's more prestigious magazines, so I came in with a bit of a chip on my shoulder. It took Connie Willis less than two minutes to knock it off in her first critique of one of my submitted stories. And while I was looking for that chip on the floor, George Martin crushed it to splinters with his critique. I had never heard of Connie Willis before, so it was a simple matter to dismiss her as a snippy little bitch, which I believe I did, but I had actually read some of Martin's work and he had won the Campbell Award for best beard in science fiction or something, and it wasn't so easy to dismiss him. (Oh, by the way, never, ever, **ever** call Connie Willis a snippy little bitch. Not a good idea, trust me. She'd give Simon Cowell a case of shrinkage. I'd tell you what she did, but this isn't about her....)

All in all, I had a pretty good time, even if it did take my ego down a few pegs. Not only did I have the benefit of meeting and workshoping with some very talented people, but I got to drink with them in Telluride's saloons. (I was still drinking in those days. I gave it up in '95. It made my hands hurt. People kept walking on them....) Today, if any of us showed up in Telluride, they probably wouldn't even let us in, but back then, it was anything goes. The town was full of hippies and redneck stoners. I recall standing on the sidewalk with the marshall of Telluride, who wore cowboy boots with spurs, a leather vest, a western shirt, a cowboy hat, two Colt peacemakers in a double holster rig, long hair and an earring. As we stood there, a guy in a battered old pickup truck drove by with a freaking marijuana TREE in the back. He and the marshall waved at one another. And I thought, "Man, I've **got** to move to Colorado!"

On the way back down to Denver, Ed let me drive his Gremlin. Now, back in those days, I drove cars pretty much the same way I ride motorcycles, and although Ed never said a word about my driving, he pretty much white-knuckled it down those curvy, steep mountain roads all the way to Denver. When we recalled the story some years later, I asked him if my driving worried him and he said, in that laconic tone that totally defines him, "Well, no, you seemed to know what you were doing. It's just that all four of my tires were completely bald...."

I eventually moved to Denver, where Ed and I lived around the block from

one another. He had this little railroad flat on top of a dilapidated house that had been converted to apartments. It was full of sharks. Not the house, Ed's apartment. Model sharks, toy sharks, stuffed sharks, paintings and drawings of sharks, dishes with sharks on them, rubber sharks hanging from the ceiling, a shark throw rug, a shark shower curtain, a shark mobile, I think he may have had shark pajamas, too, but that could have just been a hallucination, I'm not sure. It all had something to do with a short story he wrote about a woman who had herself turned into a shark so she could devour her boyfriend or something like that. (Come to think of it, Ed **did** know my first wife, but this isn't about her....) Apparently, fans gave him all these horrible things and the amazing part of it was that he actually **kept** them.

One of the things I learned about Ed was that he was genuinely nice to fans, which spoke well of him, and continues to speak well of him, I suppose, even though I haven't seen him in over a decade and for all I know, he may have turned into a curmudgeon. I Googled a recent photo of him and saw that while his hair was going white, it was still long, which has become his trademark, I suppose. I'd like to say that I can't picture him without long hair, except I've seen a photo of him when he was young and it was short. It was kind of like staring directly at an eclipse. Well, we're all getting older. I saw a recent photo of Ellison and his hair was white, too. And he'd gained a lot of weight. We spoke briefly on the phone a while ago and discussed how long it's been. He thought perhaps he owed me money. He was under the impression he had bought a story from me for *Last Dangerous Visions*. He hadn't. I guess when you get older, the memory is the first thing that goes and you start to ramble and stuff. But this isn't about him....

Ed and I had a lot of breakfasts together at the Greek place down the street from where we lived. I used to watch his apartment and water his plants for him when he left town to Toastmaster any number of conventions. We even dated the same women a couple of times. (I'm not sure what that says about them, or us. It's probably best not to dwell upon it.) Ed saw me through a painful divorce, and even loaned me the money to get drunk. And when you consider the fact that Ed is not a wealthy man, coupled with how much I was capable of drinking back then, it goes to show you what a stand-up guy he is.

And I guess that is the bottom line. Ed Bryant is a stand-up guy. Oh, and he writes pretty well, too. (Wonder if he still has the hat?) Telluride was a long time ago. It's been a long, hard ride since then, and we've each seen people that we've known and cared about fall by the wayside. But we're still standing. Kind of reminds me of a line that Steve McQueen had in "The Towering Inferno." (Yeah, that guy Sheryl Crow sang about. Him.) He was asked by Paul Newman how things were going as they were fighting a fire in a skyscraper, and McQueen said it was kind of like the guy who jumped out of a sixty-story building. As he fell past the open windows on each floor, people heard him saying, "So far, so good; so far, so good...."

So far, so good, Ed. I miss you, man.

PROGRAMMING

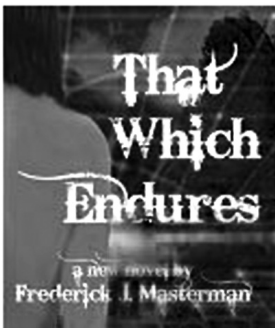
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7

- 5:00 Star Trek: Heresy or new revelation? *Hanson, Vornholt, Wiley.* McArthur.
Reading: *Frankie Robertson.* El Dorado.
- 6:00 Convention Primer. *De Priest, Ochse, Vela.* St. Augustine.
The Geek in all of us. *Simner, Hanson, Daniel, Edwards, Wiley.* McArthur.
Reading: *Elaine Charton.* El Dorado.
- 7:00 Meet the Guests. Gold Ballroom.
- 9:00 What's that Byte? *Cassidy, Billick.* Gold Ballroom.
Classic vs. Modern Horror. *McMillan, Niswander, Cook, Bryant.* St. Augustine.
New and noteworthy in 2009. *Edwards, Wiley, Hammer.* McArthur.
Reading: *Jill Knowles.* El Dorado.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8

- 10:00 Ghost Hunting Techniques and Equipment. *Bradford, Gross.* Gold Ballroom.
Painting Demo. *Gilead.* St Augustine.
How Writers Fit into the Publishing Business. *Stackpole, Vornholt, Charton.* McArthur.
An hour with Special Guest Dr. Paul Carter. El Dorado
- 11:00 Ghost Stories Q&A. *Bradford, Gross, Petithory-Hayes.* Gold Ballroom.
Retelling Fairytales: How does the medium and the culture affect the story? *McKiernan, Lloyd, Dedon.* McArthur.
An Hour with Fan GoH Liz Hanson. El Dorado.
- 12:00 We Know What You Read. *Shetterly, Welch, Wells.* Gold Ballroom.
Shameless Self-promotion for the Creative Introvert. *Charton, Gilead, Summers.* St. Augustine.
Reading: *Mike Stackpole.* El Dorado.
- 1:00 Mass Autograph Session. Silver Ballroom.
Art Demo: DAZ Studio. *Vela.* St. Augustine.
A World Without Children: the social implications of a declining birthrate. *Daniel, Dedon, De Priest, Hanson.* McArthur.
- 2:00 The Secret to Being a Published Author. *Bull, Niswander, Stackpole, Summers.* Gold Ballroom.
Meet the Fan Groups of Arizona. Silver Ballroom.
An hour with GoH Weston Ochse. St Augustine.

- 3:00 Religion in Fiction. *Shetterly, Welch, Wells, Dedon, Hammer*. Gold Ballroom.
The Once and Future Game: Table top vs. MMO vs. Single player. *Billick, Vornholt, Thing*. McArthur.
Reading: *Dennis L. McKiernan*. El Dorado.
CosPlay pre-judging. Gazebo.
- 4:00 CosPlay Presentation. Gold Ballroom.
How Much Sex is Too Much? Whose genre is it anyway? *Knowles, Mitchell, Summers, Robertson*. St Augustine.
The Hero as God's Champion. *Dedon, McKiernan, Niswander*. McArthur.
Reading: *Pamela Lloyd*. El Dorado.
- 5:00 Teaching Old Tropes New Tricks: Making formulae interesting. *Lloyd, Shetterly, Stackpole*. Gold Ballroom.
Psychological Horror vs. Viscera. *Knowles, McMillan, Ochse, Navarro*. St. Augustine.
Cover Art in the Digital Age: Computer vs. hand-drawn. Does it still sell books? *Gilead, Vela, Niswander*. McArthur.
Reading: *John Vornholt*. El Dorado.
- 6:00 Art Demo: Surreal Shadow Critters. *McMillan*. St. Augustine.
Ghost Tour of downtown. *Rebecca Petithory-Hays* (2.5 hours. Wear walking shoes.) \$5.00 fee.
- 7:00 Belly Dancing by *Dance of Arabia*. Gold Ballroom.
Cross Genre is still Big. Why? *Knowles, Mitchell, Cook, Robertson*. McArthur.
- 8:00 Regency Dance hosted by *Marty and Alice Massoglia*. Gold Ballroom.
Indie Film Production. *Paul Edwards*. St. Augustine.
Reading: *Kate Daniel*. El Dorado.
- 9:00 Time Travel: Can I have a mulligan? *Billick, Cook, Daniel, Vornholt*. McArthur.
Reading: *Ed Bryant*. El Dorado.
- 9:30 What's that Byte? *Billick, Cassidy*. Gold Ballroom.
- 10:10 Discussion: Capricorn One. St. Augustine.

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9

- 10:00 How to Survive the Zombie Apocalypse. *Ochse, Edwards, Navarro, Bryant, Billick.* Gold Ballroom.
Stargate Universe: Successful spin off, or Lost . . . in Space? *Hanson, Gross, Wiley.* McArthur.
Reading: *Michelle M. Welch.* El Dorado.
- 11:00 The Art of Novel Writing: How other people do it. *McKiernan, Ochse, Stackpole.* Gold Ballroom.
- 11:15 Bard Bard Memorial Previews. Buckley.
- 12:00 The Business of Creativity: Practical financial matters. *Gilead, Vornholt. Hultstrand, Jacques.* McArthur.
Reading: *Janni Lee Simner.* El Dorado.
- 1:00 Art Auction. Gold Ballroom.
Non-traditional Publishing: from specialty press to the digital age. *Ochse, Stackpole, Summers, Wells, Cook, Hultstrand.* McArthur.
Reading: *Adam Niswander.* El Dorado.
- 2:00 The Future of Libraries. *Hanson, Edwards, Wells.* St. Augustine.
Art Demo: Book Mending. *Michelle M. Welch.* McArthur.
Reading: *David Lee Summers.* El Dorado.
- 3:00 Creative Partners who live and/or work together. *Hammer, Simner, Ochse, Navarro, Shetterly, Bull.* St Augustine.
Reading: *Nickolas Cook.* El Dorado.
Weavers of Dreams: small press publishing. *Hultstrand, Jacques.* McArthur.
- 4:00 A World Made of Birds. *Dedon, De Priest, Hanson.* St. Augustine.
Reading: *Emma Bull.* El Dorado.
- 4:00ish Dead dog party featuring Bruce's nuclear chili. ConSuite.



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CONSUITE

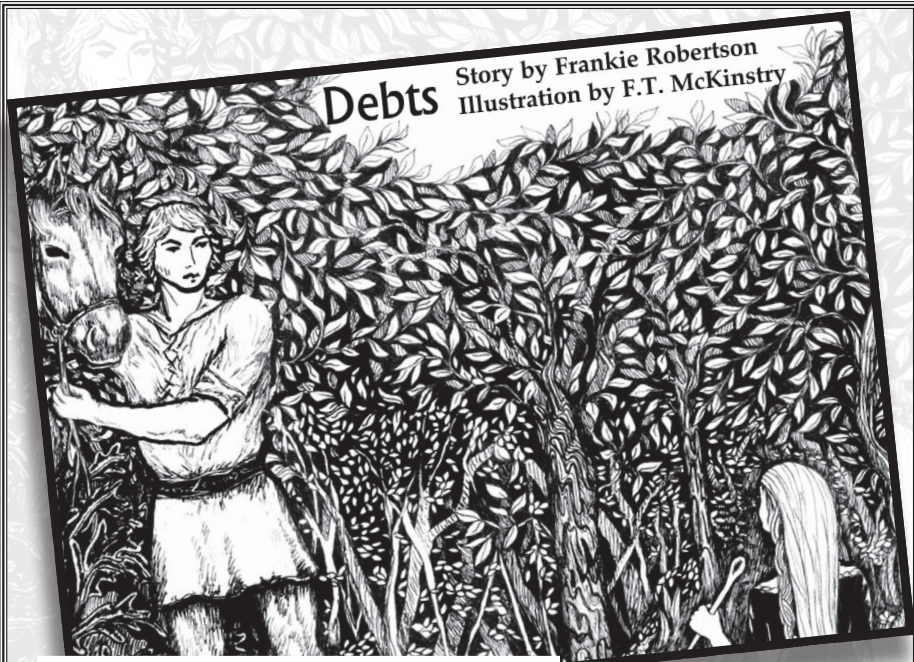
This year's ConSuite features Marji Kosky's signature chocolate chip cookies. Hours are as follows:

Friday opens at 2:00 pm, closes 7:00-9:00 pm for meet the authors, then open 9:00 pm until ?

Saturday open at 9:00 am, closed from 5:00-7:00 pm, then open 7:00 - ?

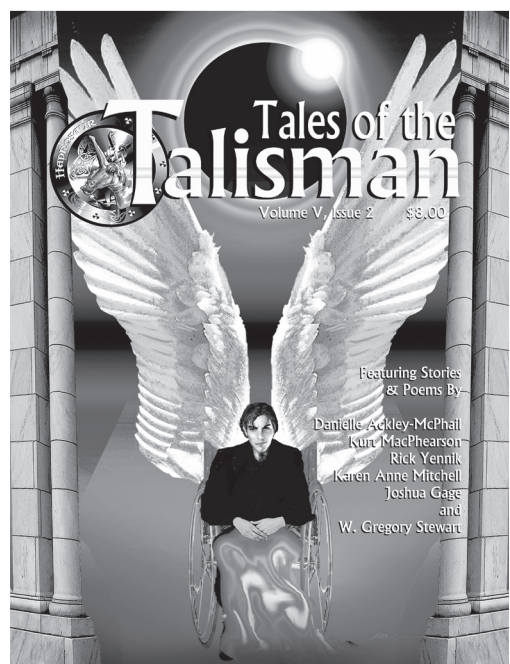
Sunday 9:00 a.m - ? Dead Dog at 4:00 pm

Bruce's "Son of the Mother of all Chili" will be served Sunday afternoon; make sure you've got your Tum's handy!



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Illustration by F.T. McKinstry



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VIDEO ROOM

by Wolf Forrest

In addition to those tributed in the video program, here's the roll call of some of those whose spirit has moved on, and who made life more interesting in the infinite: Lou Jacobi, Soupy Sales, Joseph Wiseman, Vic Mizzy, Barry Letts, Pavel Popovich, William Safire, Arnold Laven, Army Archerd, Majel Barrett-Roddenberry, Frank Coghlan, Lonny Frey, Henry Gibson, Patrick Swayze, Mary Travers, Mr Percival, Dick Berg, Ted Kennedy, Dominick Dunne, Donald M. Grant, Don Hewitt, Robert Novak, Les Paul, John Hughes, Sam, Budd Schulberg, Harry Alan Towers, Billy Lee Riley, Corazon Aquino, Clayton Hill, Virginia Carroll, Gosta Werner, Gidget, Frank McCourt, Walter Cronkite, Robert McNamara, Gordon Waller, Dallas McKennon, Charlie Brown, Karl Malden, Billy Mays, Fred Travalena, Gale Storm, Michael Jackson, Ed McMahon, Bob Bogle, Mickey Carroll, Koko Taylor, David Eddings, Paul O. Williams, Joan Alexander, Frank Aletter, Dom DeLuise, Jane Randolph, Danny Gans, Bea Arthur, Jack Cardiff, Ken Annakin, Mark Fidrych, Huey Long, Dave Simons, Jack Wrangler, Frank Springer, Maurice Jarre, Irving R. Levine, John Mayhew, Dan Seals, George Kell, Jade Goody, Ron Silver, Millard Kaufman, Coy Watson, Jr., Betsy Blair, Sydney Earle Chaplin, Joan Turner, Paul Harvey, Al Lewis, Howard Zieff, Robert Quarry, Socks, Travis, Corky Trinidad, Molly Bee, Philip Carey, Richard Gordon, Shirley Jean Rickert, Lux Interior, Ingemar Johansson, Billy Powell, John Updike, Susanna Foster, Andrew Wyeth, Andy DeMize, Tom O'Horgan, Pedro Aguilar, Ray Dennis Steckler, Don Galloway, Cheryl Holdridge, Sam Taylor, Pat Hingle, Olga San Juan, Patricia Kneale, Edd Cartier, Eartha Kitt, Ann Savage, Harold Pinter, Majel Barrett, Dock Ellis, Sam Bottoms, Van Johnson, Bettie Page, Dennis Yost, Sunny von Bulow, Odetta, Paul Benedict, Herb Score, Preacher Roe, Yma Sumac, Studs Terkel, Tony Hillerman, Delmar Watson, Anne Pressly, Richard Blackwell, Marilyn Ferguson, John S. Barry (inventor of WD-40), and our dear friend Marion Kawulok, lost to us in January.

THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN (MICHAEL CRICHTON TRIBUTE) –

USA 1971 131 MINUTES G FRIDAY 1:45 PM

Crichton mutated for the last time on November 4, 2008, having enjoyed unprecedented success in getting his work to the screen, including *Terminal Man*, *Jurassic Park*, *Congo*, *Rising Sun*, and *Sphere*. *Andromeda Strain* was his breakthrough project – a taut thriller concerning an alien microorganism that has attached itself to a probe returning from space, and crashes in New Mexico with disastrous consequences for all but two of the inhabitants of Piedmont. What keeps the crying baby and the sterno-drinking rummy alive? Project Wildfire is there to answer this question and stop this virulence from unleashing a pandemic. “Andromeda’s perfect for existence in outer space – consumes everything, wastes nothing!” reveals Dr. Jeremy Stone, played by Arthur Hill—the film also features David Wayne, James Olson, and Kate Reid, with a cameo by Crichton himself (as a bearded doctor, seated, in surgical garb). Directed by Robert Wise, with terrific pre-CGI effects by Douglas Trumbull.

CAPRICORN ONE – SPONSORED BY THE TUCSON SPACE SOCIETY

USA 1978 123 MINUTES PG SATURDAY 8 PM

As 2009 will be remembered as the 40th anniversary of Apollo 11's triumph, and its attendant re-emergence of conspiracy theorists who still swear the moon landings never took place, it's timely to re-examine this film as the mother of space hoaxes. Everybody's favorite celebrity fugitive, O.J. Simpson, along with Sam Waterston, and James Brolin, are astronauts placed at the center of a cover-up, due to evidence that the Mars flight they're scheduled to make may be doomed to failure from the start. Elliott Gould (along with a fine supporting cast of Hal Holbrook, Brenda Vaccaro, Telly Savalas, and Karen Black) is the journalist alerted to the hoax by a ground technician, after an

empty spacecraft has already been launched. Although the flight is Mars-bound, Apollo hardware is used throughout the film.

CORPSE BRIDE – USA/UK 2005 77 MINUTES PG SATURDAY 8:30 AM
Tim Burton's charming allegory of mistaken identity has its roots in a Jewish folktale—and all the darkly comic asides that rise from such a background are thusly illuminated. Victor is a nebbish ne'er-do-well pledged to Victoria—however, the rehearsal goes so badly that Victor shambles into the woods to practice his vows, inadvertently marrying a corpse by placing a wedding band on the roots of a tree! The subsequent trip to the Land of the Dead (which is much more spirited than land of the living) has its own roots in *Beetlejuice*, and the ensuing tug-of-war between Victor, Victoria, and Emily (the corpse bride), and the seamless fusion back and forth of characters living and non-living allow the viewer to ponder just how all this will play out. A sub-plot of the grieving Victoria's follow-up marriage to the ruthless Barkis only complicates things.

CRY OF THE WEREWOLF (NINA FOCH TRIBUTE) –
USA 1944 63 MINUTES NR SATURDAY 9:55 AM

Dying on December 5, 2008, a day after Forry Ackerman, Foch was an under-appreciated actress, often playing aloof, foreign women of mystery. Her role as Bithiah in the 1956 version of *The Ten Commandments* is probably her most recognized. Dipping a toe in the horror genre, Columbia had made *Return Of The Vampire* the previous year, with Foch as Bela Lugosi's victim. *Cry Of The Werewolf* is one of her other few genre credits. Owing much to Lewton's *Cat People*, *Cry* features Foch as Celeste, a gypsy princess whose mother Marie Latour was suspected of being a loup-garou, and whose subsequent exposure is led by the director of a New Orleans museum dedicated to memory of Latour. Elsa Chauvet (Osa Massen, *Rocketship X-M*), the curator's assistant, has a background similar to Celeste, and may also be implicated in the recent murder of both the curator and a museum guard. A footnote: The curator is played by the father of science fiction author Fritz Leiber, Jr.

DEATH RACE 2000 (DAVID CARRADINE TRIBUTE) –
USA 1975 80 MINUTES R FRIDAY 5:40 PM

Carradine's death on June 4, in the most *UNUSUAL* of circumstances, puts to rest a chapter of one of the more storied acting families of Hollywood. Carradine obviously made his mark with *Kung-Fu* (and more recently with *Kill Bill*), but his association with producer Roger Corman goes back to *Boxcar Bertha*. Corman gave the director's reins to Paul Bartel for this tale of a futuristic cross-country race with no holds barred. Sylvester Stallone as the pompous Machine Gun Joe, Mary Woronov as Calamity Jane, and of course Carradine as the black-clad Frankenstein, are among the many drivers attempting to score additional points by running down pedestrians as well as taking out their opponents. Of course, the sport has its own crazed fanatics who will gladly sacrifice themselves. No less a biting satire now than thirty-four years ago, *Death Race*, although visually dated in spots, has enough meat left on the bone to satisfy all but the most jaded of enthusiasts.

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DOC SAVAGE: THE MAN OF BRONZE –

USA 1975 100 MINUTES G SATURDAY 12:45 PM

Now a cult/camp favorite, Ron Ely of tv's "Tarzan" moved effortlessly into the ripped-shirt role made famous in the paperback series bylined by Lester Dent (as Kenneth Robeson). Producer George Pal's last film plays the storyline a little too tongue-in-cheek, although the supporting cast is well-rounded. Doc and his Fabulous Five try to avenge the murder of Doc's father Clark, traveling to the country of Hidalgo where they meet international smuggler Captain Seas, keeper of the Green Death, and hoarder of a vast gold treasure. A sequel is promoted at the end of the film, but poor box office returns negated that prospect. Another script by Philip Jose Farmer was completed, where Savage meets Sherlock Holmes, but this too was never produced.

GOTHIC (NATASHA RICHARDSON TRIBUTE) –

UK 1986 87 MINUTES R SATURDAY 5:20 PM

A skiing accident took her life on March 18—Richardson, always the glamorous ingénue, leapt into the pages of film history with an interesting body of work. After a few minor roles spanning 1968-83, she became an instant hit in *Gothic*, playing Mary Shelley to Julian Sands' Percy Shelley, Gabriel Byrne's Lord Byron, and Timothy Spall's Polidori, concerning that fateful weekend in June of 1816 when both the plots of "Frankenstein" and "The Vampyre" were hatched. Ken Russell's often flamboyant style is tempered for the sake of historical believability, although the nightmare sequences are startlingly similar to scenes from *Altered States* and *The Devils*. The same theme was explored two years later in *Haunted Summer*.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE aka SCHLOSS VOGELOED –

GERMANY 1921 81 MINUTES NR FRIDAY 4:10 PM

A year before F. W. Murnau stunned the world with his pilfered version of Stoker's novel in the guise of *Nosferatu*, came this tale which pre-dates *The Old Dark House* by eleven years. A hunting party is forced to stay inside Lord Vogeloed's castle because of bad weather, and shortly thereafter, a mysterious Count Oetsch arrives, who may have murdered one of the guest's former husband, who happened to be Oetsch's brother. Dual identities, confessions offered in the dead of night, and an effort to find the real killer blend effectively in this whodunit. Although the Expressionism of contemporary films like *Caligari* has been abandoned for a more prosaic style of camerawork and set design, *Castle* is still regarded as a cornerstone of silent cinema.

ICE FROM THE SUN –

USA 1999 116 MINUTES NR SATURDAY 10:15 PM

This film is a brutal, primitive departure from the standard world of sf/horror. Filmed entirely in Super-8, it depicts an alien entity from a third world called the Presence. Alison is recruited by the forces from Heaven and Hell to stop the Presence, by forcing him to confront his human past and all its attending emotions. Only then will his ice-bound prisoners be freed. At times this film feels like a RPG on LSD. Its unrelenting imagery may be hard for some to watch. Those with a predilection towards industrial or goth film and music will be the last members standing (or sitting, or remaining in the video room).

IT CONQUERED THE WORLD (BEVERLY GARLAND TRIBUTE) –

USA 1956 71 MINUTES NR SATURDAY 2:30 PM

Garland (who died the same day as Nina Foch) had many genre credits including *Not Of This Earth*, *The Alligator People*, and *Curucu, Beast Of The Amazon*—here she gets to interact with one of Paul Blaisdell's wacky monsters created for Roger Corman— the loveable "Beulah", the alien from Venus hell-bent on domination of the earth. Though it has been referred to as the teepee monster, the cucumber creature, and other ridiculous sobriquets, it looks more like a lemon juicer with werewolf fangs and crescent wrench arms. It was redesigned after Ms. Garland kicked the squat prototype mockingly, shouting, "You? You conquered the world?!!" In a nod to *The Day The Earth*

Stood Still, the creature's first task on earth is to shut down power to everything in the vicinity while dispatching parasitic, bat-like, mind control devices. Lee van Cleef is a rocket scientist aiding and abetting the creature, while Peter Graves is his colleague who finds out too late what really happened to the satellite they put in orbit.

JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS (CHARLES SCHNEER TRIBUTE) –

UK/USA 1963 104 MINUTES G SUNDAY 4 PM

Producer Schnee became inanimate on January 21, but his partnership with animator extraordinaire Ray Harryhausen produced a dozen gems, including *20 Million Miles To Earth*, *It Came From Beneath The Sea*, and the *Seventh Voyage Of Sinbad*. He has said that *Jason* was his favorite, and it's easy to see why. Though the classical myth has been simplified to appeal to a wider audience, it wields substantial power and splendor after 46 years, recounting Jason's epic search for the Golden Fleece, with a myriad of obstacles in his way. Who can forget the chilling moment when Talos comes to life? The hydra, Harryhausen has said, was particularly difficult to bring to life in that he had to remember how each head was moving after each frame was shot.

THE LAUGHING DEAD (FORRY ACKERMAN TRIBUTE) –

USA 1989 91 MINUTES NR SUNDAY 1 PM

Art imitates life. We lost sf/fantasy/horror's #1 fan on December 4, 2008—he who will be also known by his many aliases—FJA, the Ackermonger, 4SJ, Dr. Acula, et. al—and to most, he'll always be Uncle Forry. In his over fifty cameos in film, he was always himself, mugging for the camera, and in *The Laughing Dead*, he plays what is now his last and permanent role – a corpse. It's very brief—in a cave, next to author Bill Warren. TusCon attendees will be delighted to see out perennial toastmaster Ed Bryant as a bus driver, and many locals have bit parts. The film was shot in and around Tucson, as former GOH Somtow Sucharitkul writes and directs a lurid tale of tourists traveling in Mexico to visit Aztec ruins—billed as S.P. Somtow, Sucharitkul also plays the evil Dr. Um-Tzek looking to be reincarnated as an Aztec god—needing lots and lots of hearts to accomplish his goal.

LET THE RIGHT ONE IN –

SWEDEN 2008 115 MINUTES R FRIDAY 11:35 PM

Finally, a fresh take on the vampire genre. Eli and Oskar are twelve years old (Eli is really 200, but looks twelve) who find mutual support in their own special weirdnesses. Oskar is bullied at school—he takes comfort in keeping a scrapbook of recent murders, and Eli is one of the undead. One of the undead that requires a procurer of blood, namely an older man named Hakan who's also a pedophile. In a claustrophobic setting where snow shrouds the gruesome murders in a muffling quietness, the relationship between Eli and Oskar grows critically dependent until her true history is revealed. And that's the way it is.

THE PRISONER: “The Schizoid Man” (PATRICK MCGOOHAN TRIBUTE) –

UK 1967 51 MINUTES NR SATURDAY 6:55 PM

McGoohan, who “deep-sixed” January 13, made the eclectic role of Number 6 a classic for the ages. Hot on the heels of his hit series “Secret Agent”, McGoohan (who co-created the series) found a special niche playing a former intelligence expert who resigns his position, and is now held captive in a mysterious seaside village, monitored by a large white sphere. This episode finds Number 6 awakening to find his appearance radically altered and given the identity Number 2. He soon confronts the new Number 6—a scheme by the new Number 2 to undermine his resistance to escape, and erode his sanity.

RABID (MARILYN CHAMBERS TRIBUTE) –

CANADA 1977 91 MINUTES R SATURDAY 3:45 PM

Chambers, passing into oblivion April 12 via cerebral hemorrhage, is best remembered as a porn star in *Behind The Green Door*, but her work in this little-seen Cronenberg film reminds us that she was not one-dimensional. A partial remake of the *The Parasite Murders*, it focuses on Rose (Chambers)

as a recovering victim of a motorcycle crash, and after experimental plastic surgery using her own mutated cells to grow new tissue, she develops a taste for blood, and those that live go on to infect others. What's particularly nasty is her method of procurement—not the usual fangs, but a phallic-like syringe growing from her armpit! Shot in and around Montreal, the scenes in the shopping mall at Christmas time are priceless.

RIVERWORLD (PHILIP JOSE FARMER TRIBUTE) –

CANADA 2003 90 MINUTES NR SUNDAY 7:20 PM

Farmer, crossing the river Styx on February 25, created a boundless body of thought-provoking fiction that found few outlets on the screen. This entry, a condensation of his many books, only touches on the intricate universe where historical personages intersect, in favor of a storyline more suited to cable audiences. Jeff Hale, an astronaut, crashes and is reborn on Riverworld, along with every other human that has ever lived, only to form tribal cliques. With help from Sam Clemens, a warlord named Valdemar, and some mysterious black-hooded beings, Jeff tries to defeat the Roman Emperor Nero who wants to reclaim his title as supreme ruler of the land.

SATURN 3 (FARRAH FAWCETT TRIBUTE) –

UK 1980 84 MINUTES R SUNDAY 5:50 PM

Fawcett and Michael Jackson, who both died on June 25, erupted in the 70s as pop-culture icons and never looked back. Fawcett's television credits go back to *Mayberry RFD*, and had one genre credit (*Logan's Run*) before appearing in this film. She is a scientist (Alex) stationed on Saturn's 3rd moon with her lover Adam (Kirk Douglas), growing food hydroponically with assistance from three robots, when another scientist named Benson (Harvey Keitel) arrives with a new robot named Hector. Hector is supposed to streamline the project which has been lagging behind, but the lovers are unaware that Hector has been given a human brain and begins to take on the characteristics of the unstable Benson—including his lust for Alex. Nominated for a Golden Raspberry Award.

SHOCK WAVES –

USA 1977 85 MINUTES PG FRIDAY 10:05 PM

With recent entries like the video game "Call of Duty" and the Norwegian film *DEAD SNOW* making Nazi zombies popular again, capture the magic in its original form with this movie. Combining elements of *Zombies Of Mora Tau*, *Night Of The Living Dead*, and *The Frozen Dead*, Ken Weiderhorn's directorial debut involves a yachting party stranded on a remote island after their boat, captained by Ben (John Carradine), struck an old freighter. The atmosphere is dripping with southern Gothic – indeed, an abandoned hotel in Florida was used as the headquarters for Peter Cushing – the aging battalion leader of an army of dead amphibious SS troops that were created for submarine warfare, purposely sunk aboard a freighter when World War II ended and their value rendered nil—the same freighter that Ben's yacht collided with, thus arousing its inhabitants. This was Brooke Adams' first feature, looking stunning in a bathing suit.

THEM! (JAMES WHITMORE TRIBUTE) –

USA 1954 94 MINUTES NR SATURDAY 11:05 AM

Whitmore died February 6 from lung cancer – although his turn as the Miracle-Gro spokesman is freshest in the minds of viewers, we have his Captain Benteen from TZ's "On Thursday We Leave for Home", the stalwart dad from *The Next Voice You Hear*, and the librarian from *The Shawshank Redemption* as gentle reminders of what a long presence he was on both big and small screen. *Them!* ushered in a wave of giant bug movies, and Whitmore, playing Sgt. Peterson, is trying to solve a string of murders in the New Mexico desert where sugar seems to be a common factor. The ants are always accompanied by a high-pitched whine (actually a chorus of tree frogs)—telegraphing a sense of both loneliness and foreboding in this noir-ish entry, one of the better post-atomic "It's not nice to fool Mother Nature" productions.

THE TIME TUNNEL: "The Kidnappers" (BOB MAY TRIBUTE) –

USA 1967 52 MINUTES NR FRIDAY 9:05 PM

May, who died January 18, will always be remembered as the “man in the can” in the TV series *Lost In Space*. Playing the innards of Robot B9, no one ever saw his face. In this episode originally aired March 24, 1967 Bob May plays Adolf Hitler (deceased, fortunately)—one of many historical luminaries acquired by the Curator (Michael Ansara) on a distant planet in the star system Canopus. When Dr. Ann McGregor is kidnapped from Project Tic-Toc to lure Doug and Tony—the alien’s plan is to gather information from the collected humans for an in-depth database of all Earth’s important inhabitants, which puts them in a permanent vegetative state – their mission is to find and exploit their captors’ weaknesses and return Ann to the Time Tunnel HQ.

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH (J.G. BALLARD TRIBUTE) –

UK 1970 99 MINUTES R SUNDAY 8:30 AM

Jim Danforth’s long admiration of Ray Harryhausen pays off in this charming parade of prehistoric reptiles. Ballard, whose eclectic output of science fiction put him the realm of the avant-garde, died April 19, and whose seminal work “The Atrocity Exhibition”, had one excerpt, “Crash” filmed as movie by David Cronenberg. Billed as “J.B. Ballard” in the credits, his treatment for this film included an explanation of the creation of the moon, which sadly, has been excised, although the cataclysm at the end of the film suggest a phantom holdover of that which may have been filmed. Victoria Vetri is a member of a tribe that routinely sacrifices blondes to the sun, and tries to avoid being eaten by dinosaurs – there is one scene, however, where a dinosaur offers a rather maternal instinct. Although the opening has an English narration, the film is dialogued entirely in cave-speak. Akita! Akita!

THE WILD WILD WEST: “Night of the Lord of Limbo” (RICARDO MONTALBAN TRIBUTE) – USA 1966 51 MINUTES NR SUNDAY 10:15 AM

Montalban, who died January 14, will be remembered mostly for a trio of roles – as the spokesperson for the Chrysler Cordoba and its “rich Corinthian leather”, as Mr. Roarke from “Fantasy island”, and as Khan from Star Trek’s “Space Seed” and the 2nd movie. His many TV credits include “The Man from Uncle”, “I Spy”, and “Gunsmoke”. In this entry, he’s Noel Bartley Vautrain, a stage magician who has taken Artemus Gordon to a parallel universe. In pursuit of his friend and colleague, James West discovers that an old grudge held by Vautrain may indeed change the outcome of the Civil War.

VAMPIR aka DER TRAUM DES ALLAN GREY –

FRANCE/GERMANY 1932 74 MINUTES NR SUNDAY 2:40 PM

Director Carl Dreyer’s relatively short film catalog are essentially impressionistic tone poems, and *Day Of Wrath* may be his crowning achievement, one of the greatest in the history of cinema. *Vampyr*, based loosely on Le Fanu’s “Carmilla” and financed by its star Baron Nicolas de Gunzburg, has Allan (David in some prints) Grey arriving at a lonely inn, only to encounter nightmarish events (shadows that move independently of their owners) and bizarre characters, including a ferryman with a scythe and a consumptive female who may be a victim of vampirism. It’s a pale film—an interesting bridge between the silent and sound era, and was originally shot in three languages – it also contains a most unusual way to destroy a vampire’s associate.

“Make me a sergeant, and gimme the booze!”

– Olin Howlin (as Jensen), from his hospital bed in the alcoholic ward, after confirming the existence of giant ants in the L.A. storm drains in *Them!* –



TUSCON 36 VIDEO ROOM

presents a special screening of

HELLRAISER: DEADER WINTER'S LAMENT

(2009 USA 30min rated R)

November 15, 2009 at 12:20am

Writer/Director: Jonathan S. Kui

Starring: Pete Mizzo, April McCullough, Gina Montrone, Seema Ramji, Herman Eppert, Oleg Volinsky, Meagan Moir, Drummond Doroski, Monica Dus, Brittany Mosher, Nadia Suen, Spencer Hall, Jaclyn Reid, Veronica Carr, Daniel Moody, Heather Blaikie, Irina Belkovskaya, Dan Aitchison, Matthew Bialowas and Spencer Teplin.

Synopsis: In 2005, a mysterious cult leader known only as Winter died in an attempt to summon and control the Cenobites with the assistance of his resurrected followers, the Deaders. This film explores the background of the character Winter, while intersecting events from three entries into the Hellraiser series.

From writer/director Jonathan S. Kui:

"In Spring of 2006, while the HELLRAISER: PROPHECY fan film was in post-production, I was working at the lab bench and had an idea... What if Natasha's mentor, "Professor Merchant," referenced in HELLRAISER: PROPHECY was actually the man who would become Winter in HELLRAISER: DEADER? Could his background be filled in? Could we explain how he obtained the powers he displayed in DEADER? Could we elucidate exactly where in the Lemarchand family tree he fit in?"

"My idea was to take elements of HELLRAISER: BLOODLINE, HELLRAISER: DEADER and the fan film HELLRAISER: PROPHECY and weave together a prequel that would explain how Winter came to end up in Romania with powers, and a cult, and most importantly, his purpose. I felt that the best way to tell a story of that nature would be to take inspiration from an atypical story structure, and I decided to model the script after Christopher Nolan's MEMENTO."

"It's important to add that this will NOT be a slasher film. This will not be a "person finds the box, person solves the box, Pinhead comes and rips them apart" film; those who think that all of the Hellraiser films should have been more like HELLRAISER III: HELL ON EARTH will NOT enjoy this film.

Likewise, fans who are not more than passingly familiar with HELLRAISER: DEADER may become rather lost..."

"This film will be geared towards those who really enjoyed HELLRAISER: DEADER and are well-versed in Hellraiser mythology beyond just the films."

Come join Wolf & Fred in the Buckley Room for many special films and rare treats. The Video programming starts Friday, November 13 at 1:45 pm and continues through Sunday, November 15 until 9:00 pm – we are open around the clock!



ANIME ROOM



Hey, folks! Guess what? The Anime room is back!

We'll be firing up the projector on Friday afternoon for the early-birds with some popular series episodes. Then, following Meet the Authors, we'll be showing 'Steam Boy' to celebrate the return of the Masquerade and this year's feature themes of CosPlay and Steampunk!

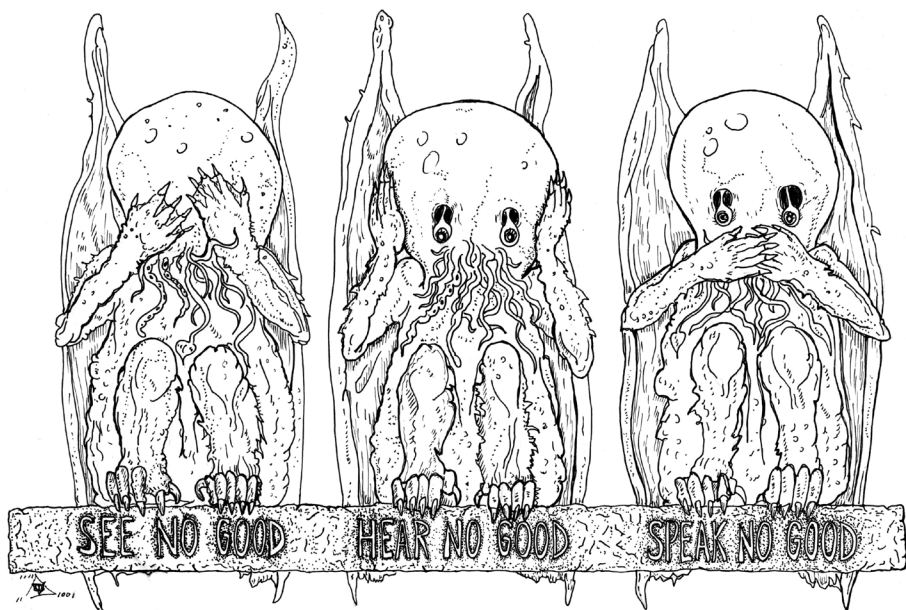
Our schedule also will feature Saturday Morning Cartoons full of Fruits Basket and other kid-friendly series. There's so much to show you, we don't know when to stop, so other than some meal breaks and special events, we will be going 'til 1:00 am both Friday and Saturday night! Sunday will bring you a feature-length film or two as well.

We hope you're as excited to hang out with us as we are to show you our favorites!

Anime, Anime, rah, rah, rah!

- Ed.





BARRY BARD MEMORIAL MOVIE PREVIEWS

Once again, we bring you the thrills and excitement of upcoming films. If you've never been to one of these previews, you're in for a treat. First you'll get to see the latest Hollywood trailers. Then, there will be a free raffle for some great movie SWAG.

So, get up early enough on Sunday to be with Barry at the movies **Sunday, 11:15 a.m.**

(even though he's no longer with us in body, he will always be part of TusCon).

DEALERS ROOM

Dealers room hours:

Friday 3:00-6:00

Sat 10:00-6:00

Sun 10:00-3:00

Our dealers have wonderful treasures the likes of which can only be had at TusCon! Stop by NOW to do your holiday shopping and beat those malls and troublesome on-line deliveries!



MORE THAN THE LADY AT REGISTRATION

- By Rebecca Hayes

Thank you!

Marion:

I am writing you this letter to tell you some things I wanted you to know. First off, to thank you for being my friend these past 10 years. I tried to remember when we first met - I know it was at a TusCon, but I can't remember the date. I do remember you going to Eric's School recitals with me, and when he got Chicken pox. It seems you have been a part of my life forever and a part of my family. I know they say you can't pick your family - I guess I got lucky with you as a friend! There are so many things I want to thank you for. It seems you were always there for me when something insane happened in my life. When Gary got hit by the Truck, Eric's hernia surgery, when Griffin got sick, and when my mom died. I don't know how I would have survived without you being there for me.

I remember all the good times - the evenings we spent at the opera, especially Turdot and The Phantom of the Opera. The Renaissance Fair, weekends spent at TusCon talking in our room, shopping trips, and especially the Gem Show and Lunches. I remember silly things, like the time you told me about your mom wanting to get rid of your miniskirts. I remember one time when I was getting into the van you had the Lion King playing, though usually you like to listen to Bob Marley. The stories you told me about the octopus and his mate is the one that stands out in my mind. I remember the things you liked: teapots, mice, geishas, dragons and sparkles. I still say there's a dragon hiding somewhere. I wanted you to know how much I love you as a sister and a friend and I wanted you to know I will always remember you with lots of love. No matter what, you will always be a part of my life. I will hold you in my HEART always and forever.

*Rebecca Hayes
1-15-2009*

I was asked by Sue to write something about Marion Kawulok. Most people at TusCon knew her as the lady that took care of making sure all of the registration information was correct and that you got your badge. I asked Marion why she liked the Registration so much. She replied "I am the first person they see and I get to meet everyone."

I really don't know how old Marion was when she passed; she wouldn't tell. I know she was at least 10 years older than I am, and I'm not telling either! I first met Marion At TusCon when we were still at the old Executive Inn. It was my first art show in the old, dark back rooms of the hotel. She showed up, helped with putting up and taking down the panels, gave me her phone number and the rest is history. She helped me with the Art Show and Sue and Frances with Registration. Within a few years she was running Registration and doing a great job. She seemed to always be there if I needed extra help with the Art Show. In my mind it was kind of an odd friendship – she had three college degrees and had taught Marine Biology at Berkeley. I dropped out of high school, got a GED and had one semester at U of A under my belt. I asked her once why she helped me out and she said someone did it once for me her; she never told me who it was. I only hope I can pass the favor on to someone.

Marion had lost her husband, Ed, only a few years before I met her and I know she missed him terribly. They traveled and lived in Hawaii for a while. She told me that she was really glad when they left and got back to the mainland, as she really didn't care for the big storms.

Marion's favorite things: TusCon, Birthdays (Marion and my son Eric shared a December 22 birthday) and the Gem Show. Boy, could she shop! She was quite a person, with a big heart. When you are at the Registration desk, spare a kind thought for Marion and remember her with a smile. She will be missed!

– Rebecca Petithory-Hayes

October 26, 2009

Good bye Marion; we truly will miss your quiet, steady presence at the convention.

- Ed.



COMPUTER GAMING

TusLAN: The Best Little Computer Gaming LAN Party in Arizona!

TusLAN is a combination LANparty and video gaming room located in the Copper Ballroom. All participants in TusLAN will be members of the host, TusCon, and all members of TusCon may participate in TusLAN. Participants are invited to bring their own computers and set them up with a local area network provided by TusLAN. Additionally, some computers & video gaming consoles will be provided by TusLAN and/or its sponsors for participants to use. This will allow participants to play multi-user computer and video games without the time lag experienced on the Internet, and with personal interaction with the other players. TusLAN has been held at TusCon since 2000.

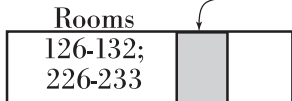
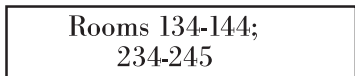
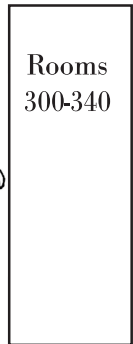
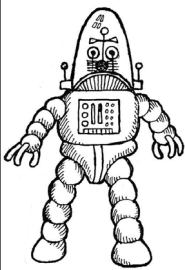
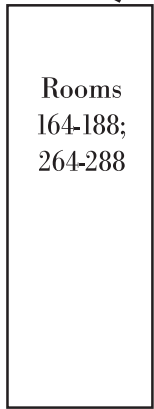
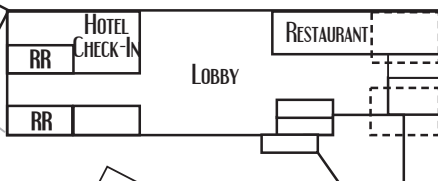
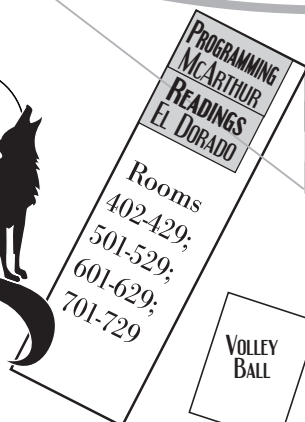
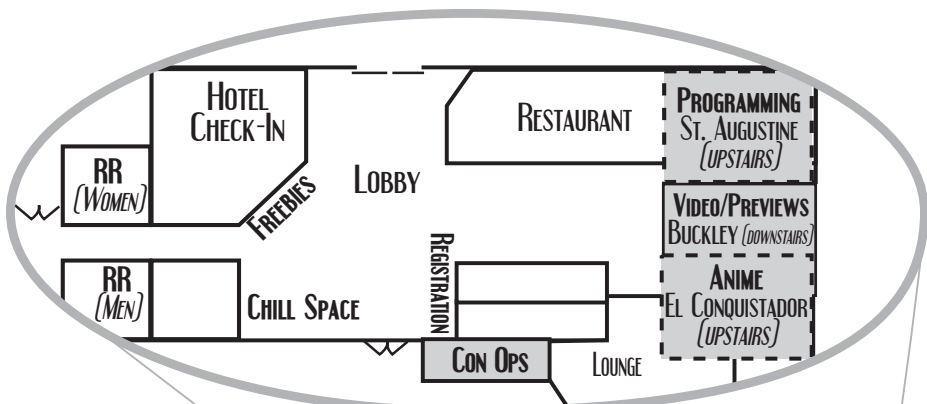
WEB: <http://www.tuslan.net/>

Check out the web site for details. Specifics of tournaments are still being determined, so if you have any preferences, please let us know.

The primary games anticipated at TusLAN are: Unreal Tournament 2004 and mods, especially ChaosUT and the ECE Bonus Pak; Star Wars: Battlefront2; Battlefield 2, & World of Warcraft. We will also have console games.

Discount for TusLAN members! Every TusLAN participant who brings a computer (Bring Your Own Computer: BYOC) will only have to pay \$15 for Saturday, \$30 for all three days! Participants who volunteer for staff duties will only have to pay \$20 for their TusCon/TusLAN membership. Participants who bring additional computers or other LAN equipment for TusLAN use will be given additional discounts. Members bringing computers (BYOC) must register with the TusLAN Director: Avery Davis.

DON'T FORGET TO COME TO TUSCON 37
JIM BUTCHER - GUEST OF HONOR
NOVEMBER 12-14, 2010



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