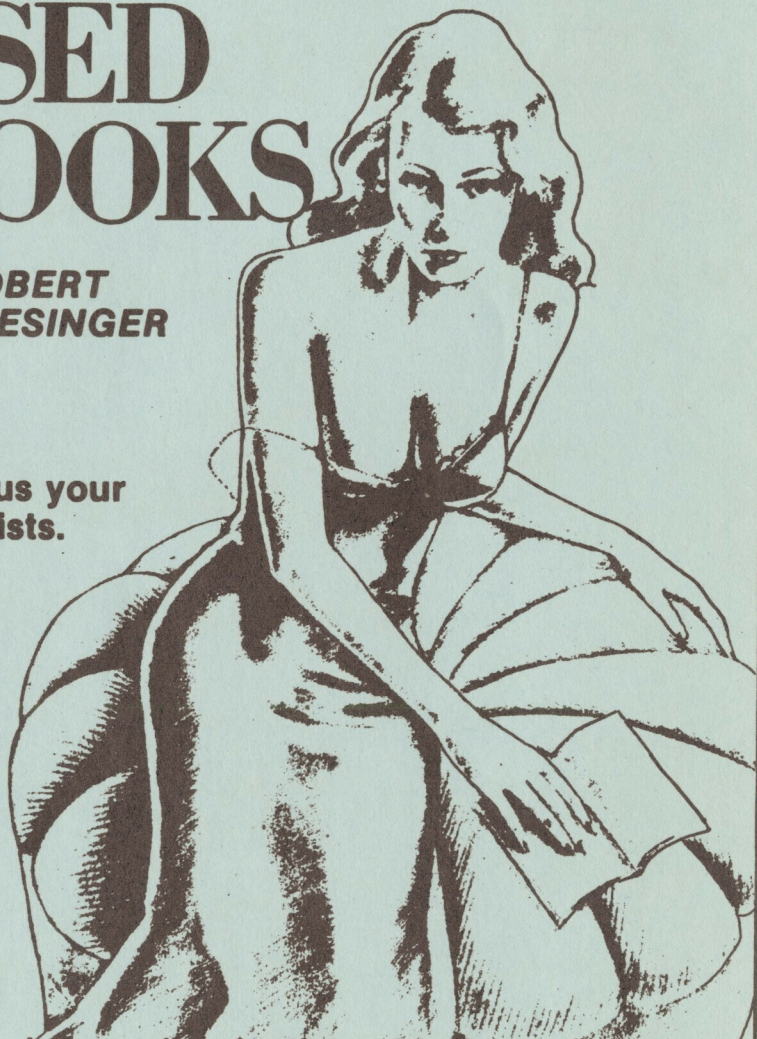


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SCHEDULE

FRIDAY

- NOON-- Registration Opens
Art Show Opens
3pm -- Dealers Room Opens
7pm -- OPENING CEREMONIES Dip. B
7:30-- MEET THE AUTHORS PARTY Poolside
9pm -- Dealers Room Closes
10pm -- Films Begin
Check schedule for showings



SATURDAY

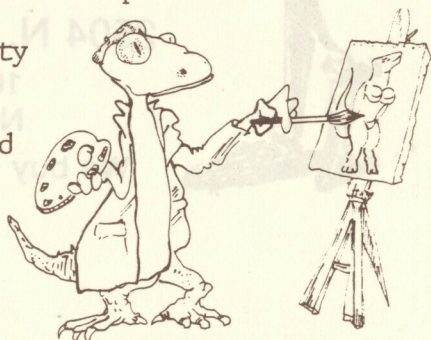
- 10am-- Registration Opens
Art Show/ Dealers Room Opens
11am-- Live Makeup Demo 202
NOON-- Costuming Demo 202
1pm-- Weapons Panel 202
2pm-- Fighting Demo Outside
3pm-- Art Auction(maybe) Dip.B
4pm-- WesterCon 38 Bid Slide Show Dip.BB
7pm-- Masquerade Run Through
8pm-- MASQUERADE Dip.B
9pm-- Films Begin
Dealers Close
9:30- WesterCon Meets Tupperware Woman

SUNDAY

- 10am-- Registration Opens
11am-- Art Show/ Dealers opens
11am-- GUEST OF HONOR SPEECH/ AWARDS
12:30- Weird Tales Panel Dip.B
1pm-- Registration Closes
2pm-- Silly Sale (?)
3pm-- Art Auction Dip.B
Dealers Closes
5pm-- Dead Budgies Party

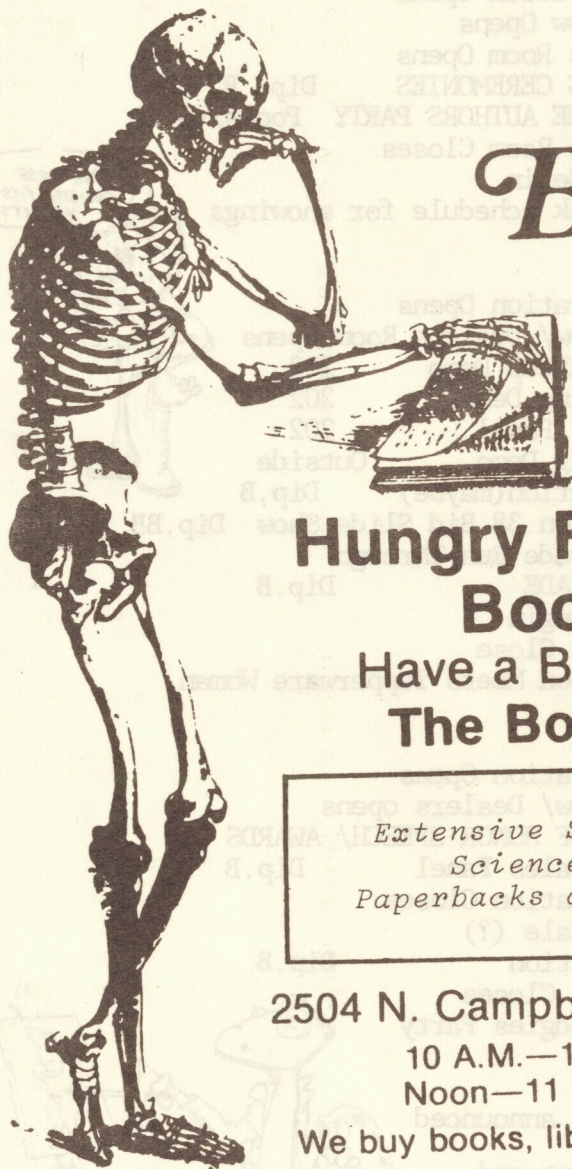
ConSuite hours to be announced

Video Room programming and
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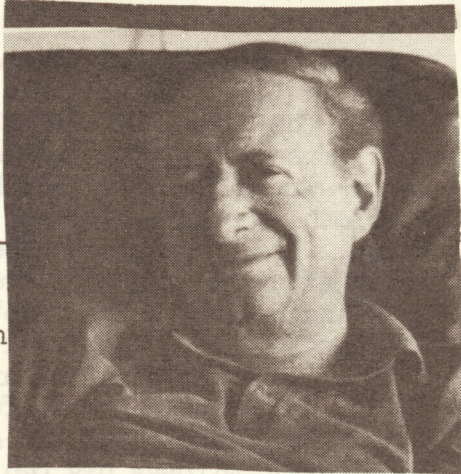
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THE HEAD ON THE BLOCH

That novel. You know the one.

The one whose title blurb-ists keep sticking between "Robert" and "Bloch" thereby intimating that Tus-Con's ninth GOH just might be some kind of cleaver-wielding loony. The novel that Alfred "Good Evening" Hitchcock filmed as a comedy, variously ripped-off as SISTERS, BLACK CHRISTMAS, HALLOWEEN, ad nauseum. You know it by now. So we need not bring it up here.



Besides, Robert Albert Bloch ("Bob" to nearly everybody), who has been unnerving folks in various entertaining ways since dropping in on our world (Date: 5 April 1917; Place: Chicago) has such a long, complicated, and honorable roster of work in all media that it would be an injustice to nail him irrevocably to a single cross.* Since 'breaking through' in 1935, Bloch has been an enduring mainstay of the horror and dark fantasy genres, specializing in the homicide yarn ending with a gruesome snap of the tail, like:

"Louise was decorating the Christmas tree." Or:

"Something's wrong with old Vincent, all right. I wonder what's biting him lately?" Or:

"Ronnie--what's the matter? Has the cat got your tongue--?"

Mr. Bloch terms some of his stories as being in the fields of "supernatural fantasy and the conte cruel." But he's also done "psychological suspense," straight detective fiction, and his Lefty Feep stories are pure typographical vaudeville. His sheer output shows how dumb pigeonholing can be, although many pivotal points in his writing career have to do with the most famous figures in horror--or whatever you want to call it.

Lon Chaney, for example. Bloch was hooked on Chaney's

* I can hear him saying to himself now, "Or a double-cross. Or a double crostic ...". One thing you have to watch out for near Bob Bloch is pun flak. Allah help you if you're a dullard.

performance as Erik in the original, silent PHANTOM OF THE OPERA in 1925. He took his first, uh, stab at writing during the heyday of Weird Tales and under the tutelage of H.P. Lovecraft, with whom he shared an extensive correspondence--in fact, HPL's "The Hunter of the Dark" is dedicated to Bloch, who has a "cameo" as the main character, Robert Blake. His first professional sale came at age 17, a month after he graduated from high school in 1935, and it was "The Secret in the Tomb"--published four months after his second sale, "The Feast in the Abbey." These two stories were the first of his sixty-nine sales to Weird Tales, and Bloch's Lovecraftian bent is evident to this day (as Stephen King says, "it's difficult to get away from lovecraft;" witness his own "Jerusalem's Lot and "The Mist"). His most recent check-in from the Cthulu sector is the book Strange Eons.

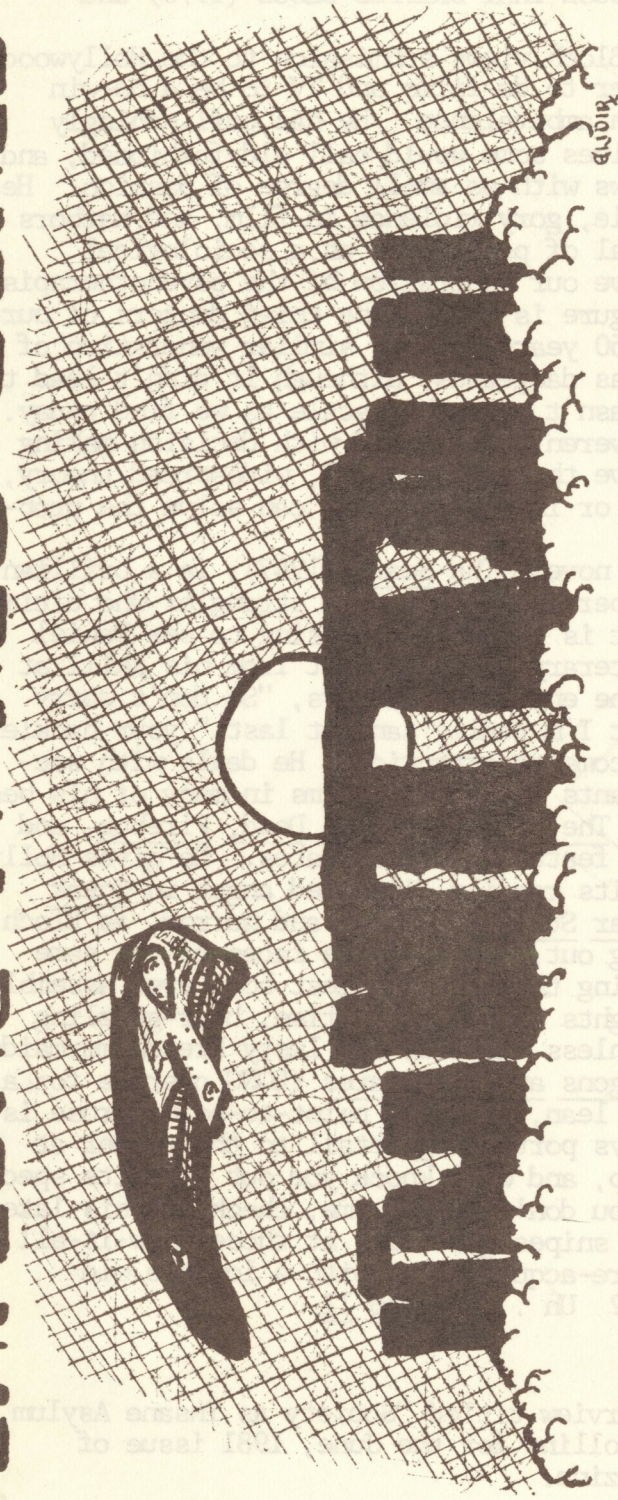
Bloch is also the only man I know of in history who has collaborated with Edgar Allan Poe, albeit posthumously. He completed Poe's "The Lighthouse" for the 1952 Fantastic, just over a century after Poe's death, and a year after doing "The Man Who Collected Poe" (a charming, horrid homage to "Fall of the House of Usher" in much the same vein as Bradbury's science fiction version, "Usher II") for Famous Fantastic My teries.

And the ethos of one horrific figure in particular has been delineated almost singlehandedly by Bloch, beginning in 1943 with "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper," first, a short story, later the title of a collection, then a radio play, a Thriller episode, and a spoken word recording with Bloch doing the storytelling honors. A more recent visit with Jack was "A Most Unusual Murder," in the March, 1976 Ellery Queen.

Now it gets complicated. Starting in 1944 Bloch adapted 39 of his own stories for the Stay Tuned for Terror radio show, and after breaking the TV market in 1959 with scripts for LOCK-UP, he began to interpret his fiction for shows like ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS, TRUE, WHISPERING SMITH, THRILLER, STAR TREK, NIGHT GALLERY, and the now defunct DARKROOM.

Bloch did not write the screenplay for the film based on the novel which brought him so much notoriety. His first screen credit was for Blake Edward's THE COUCH (1962, also a novel), followed by THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI and STRAIGHT JACKET (both 1962), THE NIGHT WALKER(1964), THE PSYCHOPATH and THE DEADLY BEES(both 1966). The stories began to appear again, as segments of omnibus films such as TORTURE GARDEN (which includes "The Man Who Collected

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Poe;" 1967), THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD (1970) and ASYLUM (1972).

However, Bob Bloch views submission to the Hollywood hierarchies in order to do films and TV to be a no-win situation rife with ambivalence. He has unflinchingly high standards, values some would call old-fashioned, and holds informed views with no small degree of passion. He eschews, for example, gory violence in film, and harbors a strong disapproval of psychiatry as a sociological panacea: "I believe our veneration of the psychotherapist as an authority figure is one of the chief dangers of our culture, just as 150 years ago our similar veneration of the phrenologist was dangerous, although it didn't lead to the extremes and wasn't on such a scale as we find today. The phrenologists weren't entrusted with decision-making ... I do not believe that any general, widespread theory, either in abstract or in application, can solve the problems of life."*

Bloch's first novel, The Scarf (1947), is a brilliantly rendered first-person account of a strangler who ultimately "makes good"--it is ironically amusing to see Daniel Morley become a literary success apart from his skill at killing yet near the end, when he says, "So don't worry about me. Now that I'm really sane at last." your hackles are guaranteed to come to attention. He deals with society and its aberrants on his own terms in many of his best novels--The Scarf, The Kidnapper, The Dead, Firebug, and ... uh, that book featuring Norman Bates. He gives Hollywood back some of its readily-dispensed angst in Sneak Preview and The Star Stalker. Humor and horror, as Bloch is fond of pointing out, are opposite faces of the same coin, so it's fitting that the funniest boole ever assembled about questing knights displaced in time, beer-guzzling baby dragons, toothless vampires and lusty French mermaids is Bloch's own Dragons and Nightmares (LONG overdue for a new edition). His lean, precise, point-to-point prose is never florid, always portioning detail to the reader at just the right clip, and will knock you out with its special clarity. If you don't believe me, check out his latest novel, in which he snipes gleefully at those know-it-all headshrinkers and re-acquaints us with a lovable old friend. The title? Uh ... Psycho II.

*From an interview titled "Society as Insane Asylum," conducted by Tom Collins for the June, 1981 issue of Twilight Zone Magazine.

Bloch has been a WorldCon GOH twice (1948 & 1973), and in 1959 won a Hugo for "That Hell-Bound Train" (a horror story, so ask him to explain it). As the first GOH at the first World Fantasy Convention in 1975, he was the first recipient of their Life Achievement Award. If Jim Corrick hasn't included somewhere in this booklet a typically painstaking bibliography of Bloch's work, we're all in trouble (and I'd hate to be in Corrick's shoes, since Bob Bloch is the f/sf arena's most infamously witty Toastmaster, as well).

I once wrote to Bloch inquiring as to the name of He-Who-Cannot-Be-Named, the harsh god of the Lovecraft mythos whose name was so horrible that if one spoke it aloud, one was instantly ripped to shreds by Himself. I wanted, for veracity's sake, to use the correct name in a story. Bloch wrote back: "Could be that Derleth came up with this bit in one of his alleged posthumous 'collaborations,' many of which I'm not familiar with. You'll probably have to invent your own name, but please don't call him 'Harlan.'"

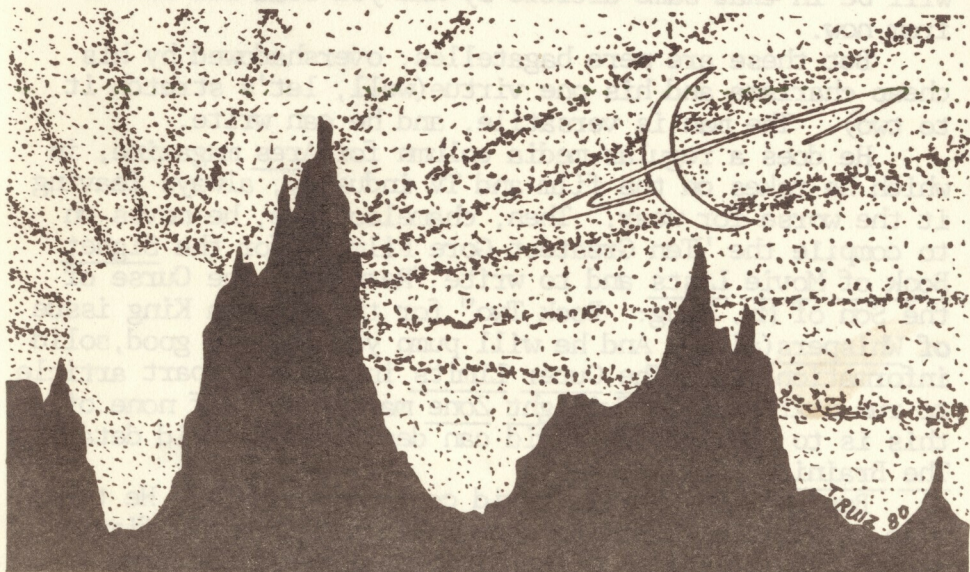
I can't wait to meet this man.

But please, let's not start calling him Robert "Psycho Two" Bloch....

---David Schow

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DAVID J. SCHOW

If you don't know who David Schow is, you are either at your first TusCon or have slept through the last five. Like hari krishnas in airports, he comes with the territory. The badge design you are wearing is his. He has written pieces for the last two program books and he originated the TusCon Rubber Dinosaur Award. He's almost as important as I am.



This is the man who never lets logic stand in the way of wit. Nor does he cavil at a sweeping generalization or two. David doesn't persuade so much as he rolls over his opposition with little regard for truth, justice...Well, you get the general idea.

I can only wonder at the committee's courage in making him Profane GOH. Few things are more dangerous than a public forum for David. Not because he expounds (I do that). Not because he is opinionated(so am I). But because he is a living monument to deja vu. The same ideas and the same words you hear three times today will be in that same article by him you read six months from now.

But these are mere bagatelles, overshadowed by his cheap charisma and his one virtue(well, let's stretch it to two). The man is versatile, and he can write.

He does a regular media column for Ares magazine, in which he takes on the film and TV industry, always leaving it the worse for wear. Then, chameleonlike, he moves on to compile the "Ten Greatest Gore Films", for the Signet Book of Movie Lists and to write "Return fo the Curse of the Son of Mr. King: Book Two" for the Stephen King issue of Whispers(#17). And he will pump you full of good,solid information about The Outer Limits in his four part article to run next year in Twilight Zone magazine. (If none of this is to your taste, David can describe in lurid detail The Brainiac.)

But why stop here? David certainly didn't. He turns also to fiction. Here he showed his skill in his first story, "In the Idiom of the Old School"(Galileo, #9), a

vigorously detailed portrait of fandom and conventions that should make anyone wonder what he's doing as a GOH at TusCon, and in the controlled violence of "The Embracing" (Ares, #9).

Naturally such success could only lead to greater heights or greater depths. With unerring instinct, David dove deep and wrote six pseudonymous novels in a series he affectionately calls The Eviscerator. Clues to the series title and his pseudonym are cleverly concealed (along with false leads) in his story, "The Pulpmeister," in the December 1982 Twilight Zone (current issue).

But despite all this success he remains only mildly arrogant. Above all else, however, he remains a friend of long standing. He is a good person with whom to beat away the ennui of hours and is always entertaining, intelligent company.

--James Corrick



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DOC CORRICK: THE MAN OF BRAINS

Just who was Oliver Hazard Perry, anyway? Why, he was the brother of Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, that's who, and I'll bet neither of these long-dead American naval heroes ever suspected their fame would be challenged by a descendant like James A. Corrick III, Tus-Con's answer to Kermit the Frog.

Support for such rodomontade, you sneer?

Sure: Jim now has an alternative to bribery when prompting SASFFA members to address him as "Doctor Corrick" --namely, he now has his English PhD, having whipped out his dissertation ("Bestiality Paradigms in Faulkner's Go Down, Moses") in only ten years. He frittered away his leisure time since Tus-Con 8 by producing The Human Brain: Biology's Final Frontier for Arco Books (Spring 1983), and of late the sf

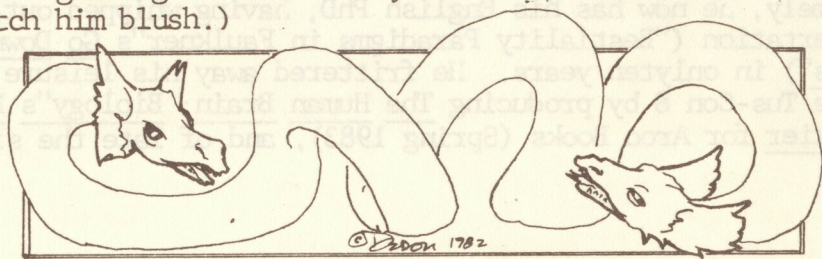
stories he has sold include "A Perfect Day" to the anthology Alien Encounters, and "Our Revels Now Are Ended" to Asimov's. Now, anybody who's so determined to emigrate to Australia and title his stories after punchlines from Shakespeare is bound to become famous, if not notorious. Or dead.

"Doc" Corrick, brain wag, chopped off most of his hair and lost his taste for cigarillos and bourbon with branch water a few years back, about the time editors began giving him money in exchange for typed pages. Now he lifts weights, jogs, and watches his library grow. He's the only person I know who's read Dhalgren twice, and claims Phil Dick's novels "make perfect sense to me," and so Jim endures as Tus-Con's bulwark of relevance to the sf field amidst the usual debauchery and drunken violence. Jim is your Toastmaster, so as an emcee, he's a dynamite librarian.

(And since Jim has threatened to fill this space with a rebuttal to my last two biographical exposes, I'm left with no option but to unveil some of my backstocked blackmail leverage should he lose his refined mind and commit anything he's heard about me to print. That's right, Doc, I've still got the photos of you in the buff with various "partners" from the animal kingdom, and copies of your most unpublishable fiction--yes, even the Silverberg ripoffs done in second person, present tense; even Bi Boys' Vatican Vacation. I know your charge number at the Leather Castle, the name of the TA who really wrote your dissertation, and why you have to wear those glasses. Your dog is being watched. The heavy artillery I'm saving back for later. Onward.)

But Jim's a peerless host, a conversationalist and roue of the first water. Having invented Tus-Con, he's now entitled to wallow in its scintillations. Chances are, if you ask for his autograph, he'll breezè out a copy of Alien Encounters purchased at his author discount and pass the savings on toyou. I have a creepy feeling he's not just going to go away, so for god's sake pretend he's a natural resource and exploit him! I did; he's easy.

(Footnote: In an incredible bid for public attention, Jim's getting married this year. Wish him a happy and watch him blush.)



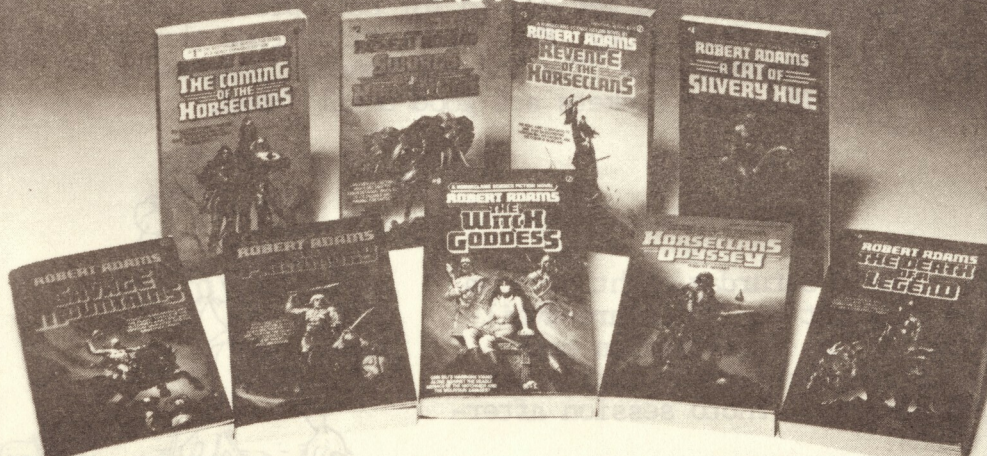
ROBERT ADAMS

Had Robert Adams been born in an earlier, pre-technological era or as his "HorseClans" series suggests, in a later, post-technological era he would undoubtedly have ridden, hunted and fought on the side of an aggressive highly territorial society. In the present era where territorial aggression is most generally obscured by a cloak of ethnic myth or political rhetoric, an excursion into Bob's "HorseClans" series (or into any of his similarly themed novelettes and novels) can provide the reader with an enlightening map of the human psyche. We are not all chaff in the wind, to be blown about randomly by the doings of others.

I would liken Bob Adams's personality to that of a hot August wind—he can scorch your wits or fill your sails, depending on your own predilections. Although he has been writing professionally since 1969, his "HorseClans" series first saw publication in 1975 when Coming of the HorseClans was first printed. Since then eight more books have emerged all presently published by Signet Books. A separate novel, Castaways in Time, is also presently published by Signet. Amazing Stories Magazine published his novelette "The Hunter" in July of 1981. Five more books are presently

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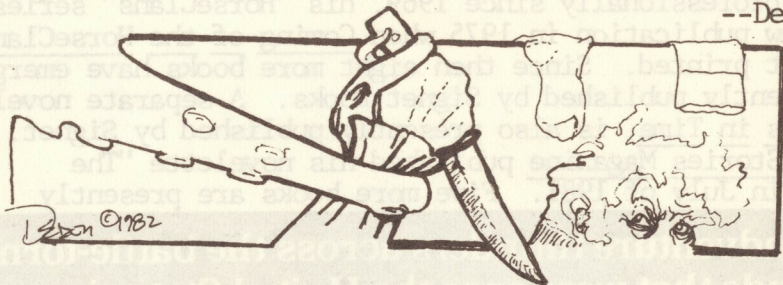
"Among the best adventure stories."
—Andre Norton

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in the works being readied for release in 1983-84 and an anthology in collaboration with Andre Norton, Magic of Ithkar, is in preparation. Assuming all plans are realized by 1985 Bob Adams will have 15 books, 1 novelette and a portion of an anthology to his credit. That's 15 books etc. in ten years, folks. Add to that a cookbook, The Seductive Gourmet also bubbling on the literary fires.

Whatever metaphor, Bob Adams is a prolific writer and an active convention-goer. He almost made Tus-Con 8 last year, but was rerouted by his publisher. He did make it to Phoenix for WesterCon 35 this past July and, in the evenings at least, could be found holding court like some medieval lord in his 18th floor eyrie at the Hilton. Considerin his varied interests include hunting, armory, and swordplay, among others, the attendees of Tus-Con 9 **should** find him interesting. My trouble is tracking down Lone Star Beer. Any ideas?

--Ded Dedon

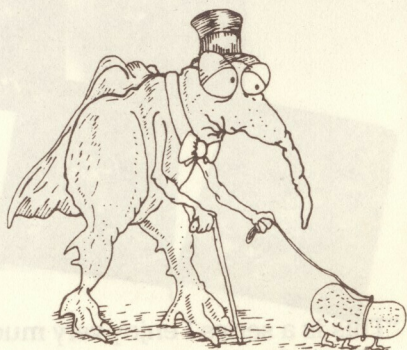


PLANETARIUM SHOW

The Flandrau Planetarium, on the U. of A. campus, is making discount tickets available to TusCon 9 members again this year. Tickets are on sale at the registration desk. Tickets are \$1.50 and get you in for half price. The currant show, "Astrology, Fact or Fiction" runs through Nov. 14. The new show "The Star of Wonder", begins on Nov. 26. Discount tickets are good until used.

MASQUERADE

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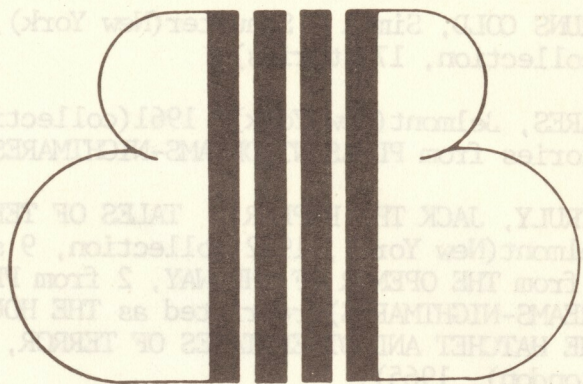
ROBERT BLOCH: HIS BOOKS

Compiled by

James A. Corrick P.h.d.

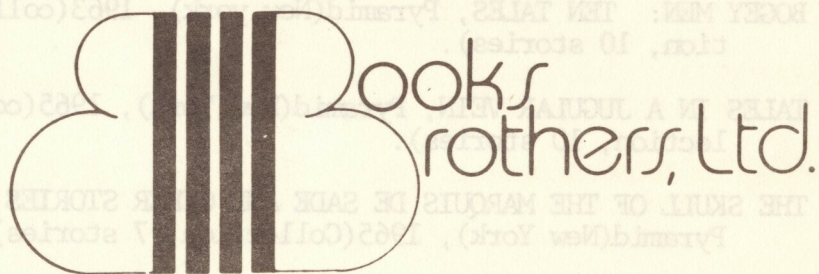
1. SEA KISSED, Utopian Publications(London), 1945
(collection 4 stories)(title story originally
"The Black Kiss," WEIRD TALES, June 1937, co-
author Henry Kuttner).
2. THE OPENER OF THE WAY, Arkham House(Sauk City), 1945
(collection, 21 stories).
3. THE SCARF, Dial(New York), 1947(novel)(retitled THE
SCARF OF PASSION, Avon, 1949)(revised Fawcett,
1966).
4. "THE DEVIL WITH YOU!" FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, August
1950(novel)(reprinted as BLACK MAGIC HOLIDAY,
IMAGINATIVE TALES, January 1955).
5. THE KIDNAPPER, Lion(New York), 1954(novel).
6. SPIDERWEB, Ace Books(New York), 1954(novel).
7. THE WILL TO KILL, Ace Books(New York), 1954(novel).
8. SHOOTING STAR, Ace Books(New York), 1958(novel).
9. TERROR IN THE NIGHT AND OTHER STORIES, Ace Books(New
York), 1958(collection, 7 stories).
10. PSYCHO, Simon & Schuster(New York), 1959(novel).
11. PLEASANT DREAMS--NIGHTMARES, Arkham House(Sauk City),
1960(collection, 15 stories).
12. THE DEAD BEAT, Simon & Schuster(New York), 1960
(novel).

13. FIREBUG, Regency(Evanston), 1961(novel).
14. BLOOD RUNS COLD, Simon & Schuster(New York), 1961,
(collection, 17 stories).
15. NIGHTMARES, Belmont(New York), 1961(collection, 10
stories from PLEASANT DREAMS-NIGHTMARES).
16. YOURS TRULY, JACK THE RIPPER: TALES OF TERROR,
Belmont(New York); 1962(collection, 9 stories,
7 from THE OPENER OF THE WAY, 2 from PLEASANT
DREAMS-NIGHTMARES)(reprinted as THE HOUSE OF
THE HATCHET AND OTHER TALES OF TERROR, Tandem
(London), 1965).
17. THE COUCH, Gold Medal(New York), 1962(novel).
18. MORE NIGHTMARES, Belmont(New York), 1962 (collection,
10 stories, 8 form THE OPENER OF THE WAY,2 from
PLEASANT DREAMS--NIGHTMARES).
19. TERROR, Belmont(New York), 1962(novel).
20. ATOMS AND EVIL, Gold Medal(New York), 1962(colection,
13 stories).
21. THE EIGHTH STAGE FO FANDOM: SELECTIONS FROM 25 YEARS
OF FA'N WRITING, Advent(chicago), 1962(non-fiction).
22. HORROR-7, Belmont(New York), 1963(collection, 7 stories,
6 from THE OPENER OF THE WAY, 1 from PLEASANT
DREAMS--NIGHTMARES)(reprinted as TORTURE GARDEN,
New English Library (London), 1967).
23. BOGEY MEN: TEN TALES, Pyramid(New york), 1963(collec-
tion, 10 stories).
24. TALES IN A JUGULAR VEIN, Pyramid(New York), 1965(col-
lection, 10 stories).
25. THE SKULL OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE AND OTHER STORIES,
Pyramid(New York), 1965(Collection, 7 stories).



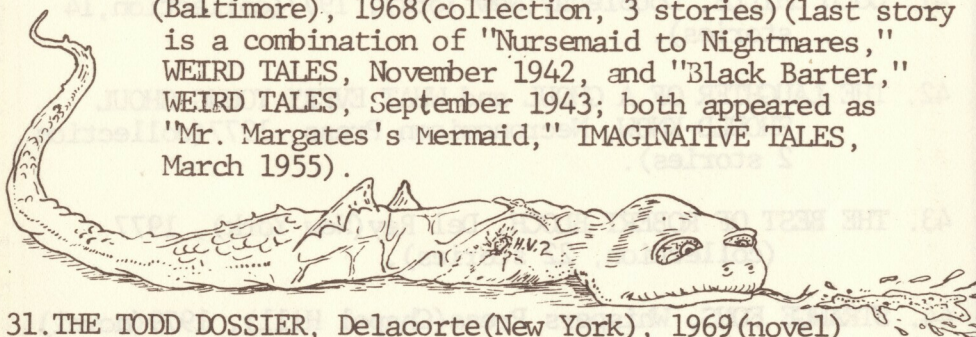
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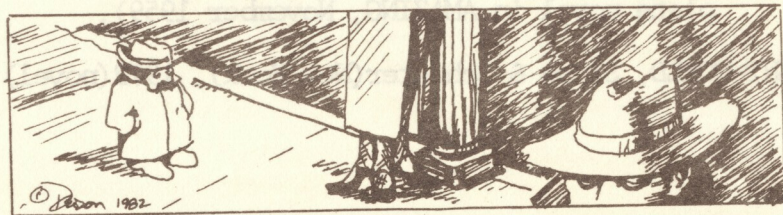
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26. CHAMBER OF HORRORS, Award(New York), 1966(collection, 12 stories).
27. THE LIVING DEMONS, Belmont(New York), 1967(collection, 12 stories).
28. LADIES'DAY AND THIS CROWDED EARTH, Belmont(New York), 1968(collection, 2 stories)(THIS CROWDED EARTH appeared as a complete novel in AMAZING, October 1958).
29. THE STAR STALKER, Pyramid(New York), 1968(novel).
30. DRAGONS AND NIGHTMARES: FOUR SHORT **NOVELS**, Mirage Press (Baltimore), 1968(collection, 3 stories)(last story is a combination of "Nursemaid to Nightmares," WEIRD TALES, November 1942, and "Black Barter," WEIRD TALES, September 1943; both appeared as "Mr. Margates's Mermaid," IMAGINATIVE TALES, March 1955).

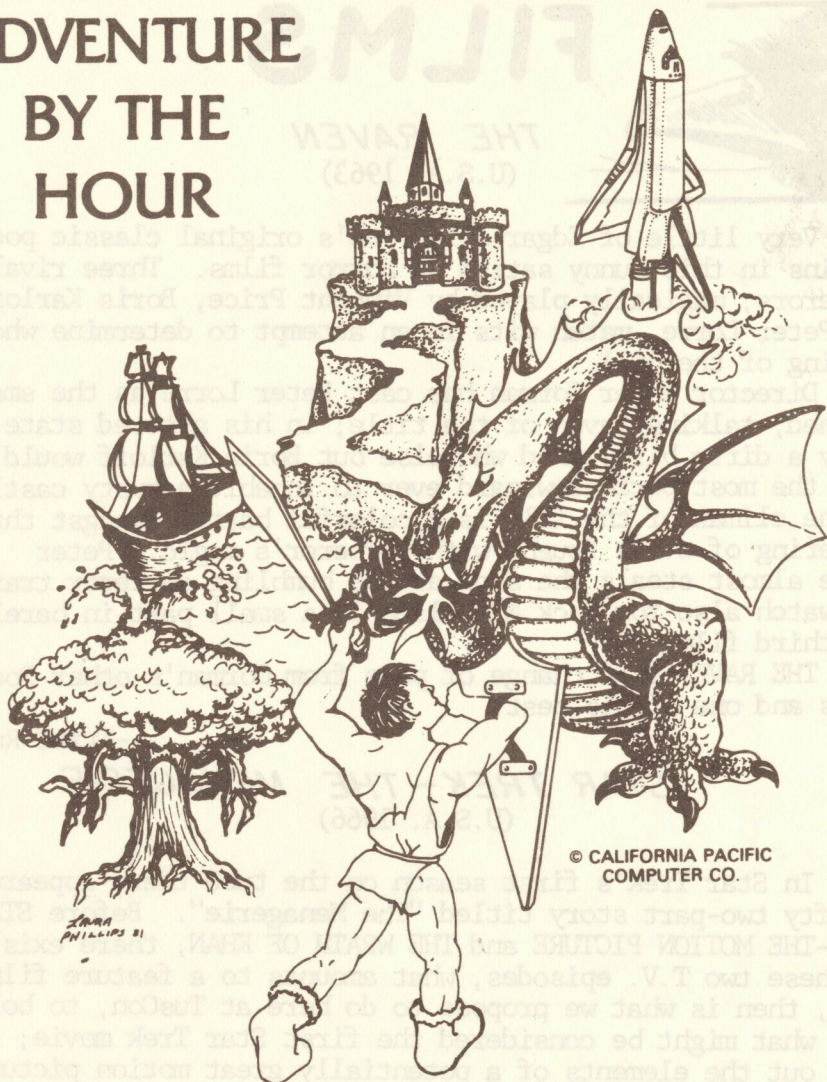


31. THE TODD DOSSIER, Delacorte(New York), 1969(novel) (appeared under the byline of Collier Young).
32. THE BEST FROM BLOCH AND BRADBURY, Tower(New York), 1969 (collection, 6 by Bloch, 4 by Bradbury)(reprinted as FEVER DREAMS AND OTHER FANTASIES, Sphere (London), 1970).
33. IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND, Curtis(New York), 1971(novel) (appeared originally as **THE BIG BINGE**, IMAGINATIVE TALES, July 1955).
34. FEAR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW, Award(New York), 1971(collection, 12 stories).
35. SNEAK PREVIEW, Paperback Library(New York), 1971(novel) (Shortened version appeared originally as a complete novel in AMAZING, November 1959).
36. NIGHT-WORLD, Simon & Schuster(New York), 1972(novel).

37. AMERICAN GOTHIC, Simon & Schuster(New York), 1974 (novel).
38. THE OPENER OF THE WAY, Panther(London), 1976(collection, 10 stories from THE OPENER OF THE WAY).
39. THE HOUSE OF THE HATCHET, Panther(London), 1976(collection, 11 stories from THE OPENER OF THE WAY).
40. THE KING OF TERROR: TALES OF MADNESS AND DEATH, The Mysterious Press(Yonkers), 1977(collection, 14 stories).
41. COLD CHILLS, Doubleday(New York), 1977(collection, 14 stories).
42. THE LAUGHTER OF A GHOUL and WHAT EVERY YOUNG GHOUL SHOULD KNOW, Necronomicon Press, 1977(collection 2 stories).
43. THE BEST OF ROBERT BLOCH, Del Rey(New York), 1977 (collection, 22 stories).
44. STRANGE EONS, Whispers Press(Chapel Hill), 1979(novel).
45. SUCH STUFF AS SCREAMS ARE MADE OF, Del Rey(New York), 1979(collection, 20 stories).
46. OUT OF THE MOUTH OF GRAVES, The Mysterious Press(Yonkers) 1979(collection, 16 stories).
47. THERE IS A SERPENT IN EDEN, Zebra(New York), 1980(novel).
48. MYSTERIES OF THE WORM, Zebra(New York), 1981(collection, of all of Bloch's Cthulhu mythos stories).
49. THE CUNNING, Zebra(New York), 1981(?), (novel?).
50. PSYCHO II, Warner(New York), 1982(novel).



ADVENTURE BY THE HOUR



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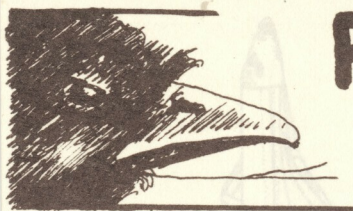
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FILMS

THE RAVEN (U.S.A. 1963)

Very little of Edgar Allan Poe's original classic poem remains in this funny satire of horror films. Three rival sorcerors, magically played by Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, and Peter Lorre, match wits in an attempt to determine who is king of the hill.

Director Roger Corman has cast Peter Lorre as the smart-mouthed, talking Raven of the title; in his altered state truly a dirty bird. And who else but Boris Karloff would make the most perfect wizard ever to inhabit a musty castle. At the climax of the film is a colorful battle amongst this gathering of evils fought with sorceror's magic. Peter Lorre almost steals the show as the bumbling sorceror trainee, but watch also for Jack Nicholson in a small part in barely his third film.

THE RAVEN is a change of pace from Corman's other Poe films and one of his best.

--Trini Ruiz

STAR TREK - THE MENAGERIE (U.S.A. 1966)

In Star Trek's first season on the tube there appeared a nifty two-part story titled "The Menagerie". Before STAR TREK-THE MOTION PICTURE and THE WRAITH OF KHAN, there existed in these two T.V. episodes, what amounts to a feature film. This, then is what we propose to do here at TusCon, to boldly show what might be considered the first Star Trek movie; to seek out the elements of a potentially great motion picture that seems to have eluded the studio. Sounds pretty classy, eh? And well it should. The first Star Trek story made, "The Cage", (although it was not accepted by the network), was at the time the most costly pilot film ever made for television. Wishing to make use of this expensive footage, Gene Roddenberry skillfully combined the earlier story with later action to weave a tale that spans many years in the life of the starship Enterprise while under the command of two different captains.

In THE MENAGERIE, Spock seizes control of the Enterprise and sends the ship on a voyage to the planet Talos IV for a purpose known only to him. While enroute we learn, through an unusual flashback technique, of the events of an earlier

trip the Enterprise made to this same planet while commanded by a certain Captain Christopher Pike.

As the prototype for the T.V. series, the film expresses many of the values that Star Trek holds so dear; e.g. the non-interference doctrine, and the responsibility to allow self-determination to all beings, including humans. Majel Barrett, in a role much different from her Nurse Chapel, is the ship's second ranking officer. Also in evidence is a much less reserved (perhaps because of his youth) version of Mr. Spock.

The use of two different directors, Robert Butler (Captain Pike sequences) and Marc Daniels (framing story) does help to create the feel of events happening in different time periods. The combining of two films in one resulted in a much more thoughtful and convoluted story; successfully enough to secure for THE MENAGERIE the Hugo Award for 1966's best dramatization.

--Trini Ruiz



RODAN

(Japan 1957)

And you thought E.T.'s death was weepy! The sight of two great winged prehistoric reptiles immolating themselves in a Japanese volcano is too much for a grown person to bear. . .oops! I'm getting ahead of myself. Well, for those of you who haven't seen this 1957 film, it features spectacular effects (if you've a yen for small budgets) by Eiji Tsuburaya, and is better than most of its kind. The real kicker is the red herring brought on by the appearance of giant, nasty, cootified insects that menace the Japanese miners, only to be devoured by even bigger pterosaurs--at least, in a flashback by Kenji Sawara. Y'see, his girlfriend (Yumi Shirakawa) brings a bird's nest to his bedside (he is convalescing after a fight with the giant cooties). One of the eggs starts to hatch. . .he recalls being lost underground. . .and so begins a bizarre sequence of events that only a mother Archaeopteryx could love. SEE Japanese fighters strafing Rodan! SEE the subsonic vapor trail he leaves behind! SEE the untimely appearance of his mate! No, Virginia, even though this minor epic was directed by Inoshira Hondo, it is not a (Rising) Sunn Classic Picture!

-- Wolf Forrest

THINGS TO COME

(Great Britain 1936)

"If we don't end war, war will end us!"

THINGS TO COME is H.G.Wells' in-name-only adaptation of his fictional future history The Shape of Things to Come. Taking as the starting point this mostly philosophical treatise on the emergence of an idealized society molded along scientific principals, the film deals in epic style with the rebirth of civilization after a disastrous world war. In THINGS TO COME a brutal war lasting thirty years reduces twentieth century civilization to isolated pockets of survivors ruled by local bosses and chieftains, each continually quarreling with its neighbors. A brotherhood of the last remaining scientists and engineers who consider themselves "...the trustees of civilization when all else has failed" must impose peace in order to rebuild the shattered world.

Like the book, the film expresses Wells' unflagging belief in a society governed by a scientific elite as the best of all possible worlds. The film was directed by William Cameron Menzies whose skill with sets and production design was considerably better than with actors. Wells insisted the characters were intended to be more allegorical than realistic. That the characters appear to be two-dimensional would seem to be due as much to Wells' script as to Menzies' inexpert use of his actors, among the most talented in the English cinema of that day. Among the actors who were able to keep from being upstaged by the striking sets was Raymond Massey in the dual role of John Cabal and, later in the film, as Cabal's grandson Oswald; two important figures in the development of the future civilization. Also noteworthy is Ralph Richardson as Rudolph, the petty and opportunistic strong-man of an enclave of survivors of the great war.

--Trini Ruiz

SPACE PATROL

(U.S.A.1953)

Few fans here in attendance are likely to remember the Space Patrol T.V. series of the early fifties. So here for your titillation will be shown an episode of that bygone series. Chances are you will either like its campy sincerity or you'll exceed your gag quotient within the first 30 seconds. Either way, let us know how you like it. But be nice; our film programmer is sensitive to pain.

THEATRE OF BLOOD

(Great Britain 1973)

"But there is no death in The Merchant of Venice."

"It's Lionheart alright--only he would have the temerity to rewrite Shakespeare!"

"The best film I've ever done" is how Vincent Price judges this improbable, though highly successful mix of black humor, camp horror and gory violence with the Bard. Indeed, if Price were never to do another horror film--since the subsequent MADHOUSE was finished prior to this effort--THEATRE OF BLOOD would be the perfect capstone to his horror career, as classy as it is gruesome, as ingenious as it is witty.

The suicide of hambone Shakespearian actor Edward Lionheart doesn't necessarily ring the curtain down on his stage career, either, as the members of the vitriolic Critic's Circle who condemned and humiliated him soon realize. Some-one is methodically bumping the critics off, the engines of murder being derived from the Shakespeare productions in Lionheart's final repertory season. This story is the ultimate in catharsis for anyone who has ever suffered a bad review of their creative work, or endured an ill-mannered audience of baboons.

Nearly all of Price's lines as Lionheart are excerpted from one Shakespeare play or another (King Lear fans take note!), and the impeccable supporting cast features the familiar faces of Robert Morley, Ian Hendry, Harry Andrews (do not worry, you'll recognize them) and Coral Browne (Price's wife), as well as the ever-watchable Diana Rigg as Lionheart's daughter, Edwina.

And wait till you see what mad Vincent does with Cymbaline!

--Dave Schow

A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO OUR FILM SPONSORS

For many years now, fans and friends of TusCon have come forward to sponsor films that would be beyond the budget of our film program. And you, the members of TusCon are the beneficiaries of their kindness. Their contributions also make my job of stretching our film budget to its limit that much easier.

This year TusCon and I are beholden to Wolf Forrest, Aleta Ara, Judy Audin, Cristi Simila and Sleepyhawk for helping to make our film program a success. Mazel Tov! Kudos also to those several people who have sponsored films at previous TusCons.

--Trini Ruiz

HOTEL

Well, here we are again. The Excutive Inn has welcomed us back with open arms. Once more any complaints come to the ConCom not the hotel staff. They are there for hotel related problems not ours. Give us a chance to help first.

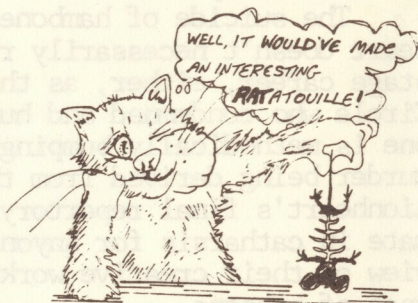
Check out time is 3 p.m. Praise the skies and the front desk will hold your luggage if need be.

HOTEL RESTAURANT

THE WESTWARD ROOM is open on weekdays for breakfast and lunch from 6:30 to 2:00, dinner runs from 5:00 to 10:00 pm. Saturday hours are 7:00 am to noon, then 5:00 to 10:00pm. Sunday hours are 7:00 am to noon.

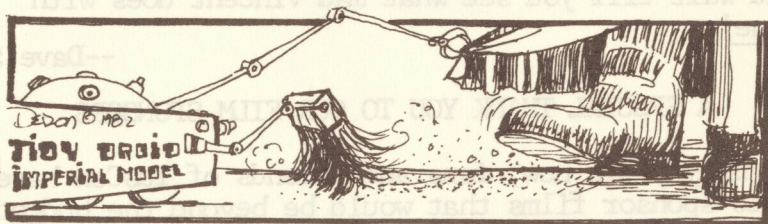
CONSUIITE

Yes, yes, yes, yes we have a Consuite!!! Bheer, soda and of course Munchies! Only one major rule; No food to be TAKEN OUT of the Consuite.



MEET THE AUTHORS PARTY

We had such a sucess last year, that we are doing it again! Same time, same place, different faces! Friday night, pool side if the gods and weather permit. Diplomat B if gods and weather don't permit. (Please ignore the projectionist.) Cash bar and munchies.



DATA GAMES / GAMES ROOM

We are doing something different with the games room this year. Data Games is no longer located in the dealers room, they now have a room of their own, 112. There will be tables set in this room for convention gaming, however be advised that Data Games has been given absolute power over room hours and occupancy. DO NOT HASSLE!! Any person behaving obnoxiously will be bounced.

SECURITY

Con security may be identified by their badges. They are helpful, competent, and less stable than old nitro; therefore do not annoy them.

Hotel security may be identified by their uniforms and real guns. The afore mentioned advice goes double.

WEAPONS POLICY

Our weapons policy is much the same as last year, to wit: You pull it, you eat it. Please peace bond all blades, carry only toy firearms, and carry staffs that are a reasonable length.

Your first offence will get you a warning, your second will get you expelled from the con and result in much derisive laughter at your expense. Security will decide what is or is not a permissible weapon or weapons behavior.

You are warned.

EMERGENCY SERVICES

Emergency medical personnel will be in attendance. If you need help ask security.

VIDEO

Once again, hooray, to the fore come the FARRS with their magical, wonderful machine. Programming and times will be set by the FARRS, so don't nag the ConCom or the FARRS. We both bite.

FILM SPONSORS

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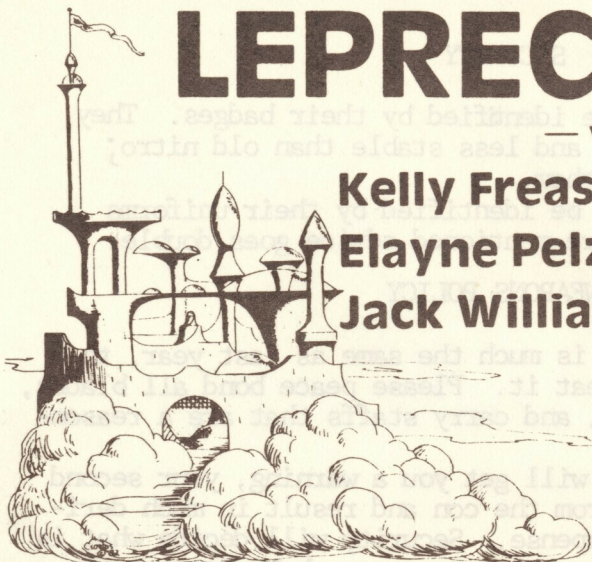
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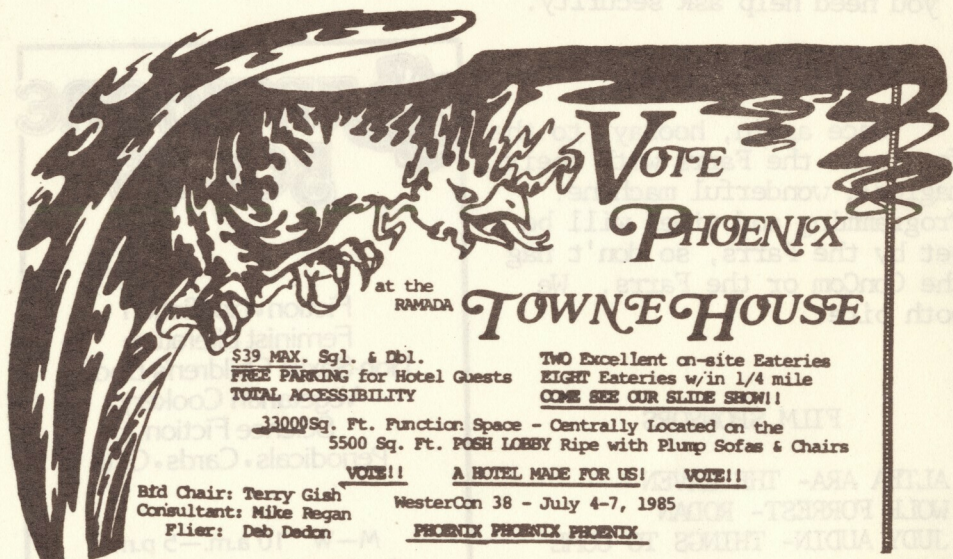
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SURRENDER DORO

AHH... JEEZUS H.I. THERE GO THE AFTERBURNERS!

YUM! I LIKE BLONDES!

I LIKE THAT BETTER...

SCUMBAG ORACLES... NEVER ANSWER A SIMPLE QUESTION SIMPLY...

YSEE THEM, SON? SOMEDAY THOSE CONES'LL BE YOURS - THEN I CAN RETIRE, SHOOT A FEW ROUNDS OF GOLF, PLAY WITH THE UPSTAIRS MAID...

SO THAT'S THE SECRET OF SEBEK!

VERENA?

I HOPE THE GLASSES AND FAKE NOSE WORK!

C'MON NOW, SING "I WAS BORN IN A PO' HOUSE..."

GEE POP, YOU'RE A SWELL OLD FART!

OHAY YOU GUYS WITH THE INSULATOR WHICH ONE IS AC-DC?

TAKE YOUR TOY MOUSE AND DINOSAUR AND GO AWAY!

WE ARE THE TRAVELING FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH, HERE WITH OUR TRAINED GRITS SINGING IN FOUR-PART HOMINY...

WHAT FIRE MAKING WHERE?

GERIATRIC CHESHIRE SNAKE...

WOW! NOW THAT'S A HUNGRY GLASS!

GRITS

Case Closed

GIANT ANTS AND POW POW PARADES? SREESH! WHO NEEDS EM?

WHAT ARE A LITTLE WARS WORTH OF?

WHY ARE WE WAITING IN LINE?

DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M TRYING TO CHILL MY BLACKBERRY CORDIAL!