



# •TUSCON:10.

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karl.edward.wagner

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ART WORK BY: DEB DEDON, WOLF FORREST, TRINI RUIZ, DAVID SCHOW





A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO  
KARL EDWARD WAGNER  
by David Drake

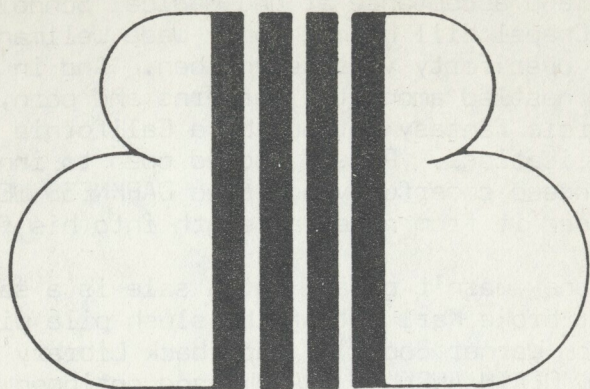
In early 1970, Manly Wade Wellman told me that a young friend of his in medical school wanted to write like Robert E Howard--and had even sold a book. I was amazed that someone with enough brains to get into med school nowadays would also have the very different talents needed to write a publishable novel.

Karl Edward Wagner, Manly's 'young friend' then and now, is an amazing man and an amazingly fine writer.

Karl was born and raised in Knoxville. (His father, a long-time TVA employee, recently retired as Chairman of the Board of that organization.) A city kid in the 1950s could find not only EC Comics on the stands but--if he had a mind to--WEIRD TALES and other pulps in the used book stores. Karl absorbed both. By the time he began to write with an eye to publication in high school, he had added a third element to that amalgam: the Gothic novels of the 18th and 19th Centuries.

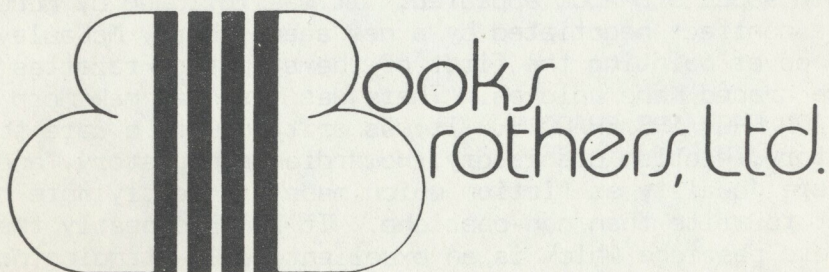
The stories written in high school didn't sell. Sometimes they didn't even come back. The stories written as an undergraduate at Kenyon didn't sell either--at the time. Markets for short heroic fantasy were a circumscribed then as they are now; and besides, the stories were different. Characters in them talked like normal human beings instead of mouthing a mixture of Elizabethan and bull-puckey, for-sooth. Kane, their hero, was...well, he was a Byronic hero-villain with intellect, power, and the ruthless amorality he brought from an age when men were very thin on the ground. Presentday readers have to remember that one authority of the '60s (yes, it was an age which accepted Lin Carter as an authority) seriously suggested that a proper 'swords and sorcery' novel was one in which the hero fought a river dragon in Chapter One; fought a ghoul in Chapter Two; fought a sea serpent in Chapter Three; fought a.... The monsters in Karl's fiction were as apt to be on the side of the hero (a term of convenience) as against him.





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Kenyon wasn't a complete waste of time.. Karl graduated cum laude with an AB in History (with Honors), a Phi Beta Kappa key, and acceptance at UNC Medical School in Chapel Hill. In Chapel Hill he met Manly Wade Wellman, a freelance writer for over forty years even then. And in an off-campus soda shop, nestled among the westerns and porn, was a new line of heroic fantasy put out by a California firm called Powell Publications. Powell looked open to innovation; and they did indeed cheerfully accepted DARKNESS WEAVES when Karl expanded it from novella length into his first true novel.

The money wasn't great; but a sale is a sale, and maybe that's what broke Karl out of the slush pile with Paperback Library (now Warner Books). Paperback Library took a Kane collection, DEATH ANGEL'S SHADOW, and optioned the novel that would become the blockbuster BLOODSTONE. Karl dropped out of med school to write the novel.

And the bottom dropped out of the heroic fantasy market. BLOODSTONE came back by return mail, and DEATH ANGEL'S SHADOW was pulled from the schedule indefinitely.

The next few years were rough, but there were compensations. One of the fans attracted by DARKNESS WEAVES was a lovely girl named Barbara Mott, now a very lovely woman and Karl's wife. F&SF bought a modern horror story, though the magazine returned a Kane novelett which they had already copy-edited. Karl started his own publishing house, Carcosa, to retrieve stories which would otherwise moulder in pulp collections. Through Carcosa he met Lee Brown Coye and heard the story which Karl himself transformed into the frequently and deservedly reprinted STICKS. Finally, Karl finished medical school and became a staff psychiatrist at a state mental hospital. Besides the pay, the experience became grist for INTO WHOSE HANDS in WHISPERS IV.

But after a year of drunks and psychotics, the reawakening fantasy market brought Karl back to full-time writing. DEATH ANGEL'S SHADOW appeared. It was followed by BLOODSTONE--the contract negotiated by a new agent, Kirby McCauley, and the cover painting the first of the stunning Frazettas that have graced Kane volumes. There was the Bran mak Morn novel, LEGION FROM THE SHADOWS. It was written with a care for Roman history, Pictish prehistory, Howardian non-history, and general quality as fiction which made it greatly more difficult to write than non-pastiche. It is also nearly the only Howard pastiche which is an excellent, self-standing novel (more about 'nearly' in a moment). The next Kane novel, DARK CRUSADE, bothered some people because of its realism: the villain is punished exactly as Nixon was...which is to say, not at all.



Warner signed Karl to a three-book contract, leading off with an uncut DARKNESS WEAVES (you have to read the Powell version to believe it) and following with the Kane collection NIGHT WINDS. Karl was offered and accepted the editorship of DAW'S YEAR'S BEST HORROR series. For Bantam, there was the Conan pastiche THE ROAD OF KINGS--and again the problem of trying to write two novels, one of them another man's work, in the same volume. The book remains an excellent work; it was an honor of sorts; and it paid the bills for a goodly while.

But perhaps the most significant of Karl's books is the most recent one from Warner, IN A LONELY PLACE. This collects a decade of Karl's modern horror fiction. The stories are all well-crafted. They are all unrelievedly horrifying. And they--with different choices for different readers--will contain at least part of any reader's list of the three best horror stories he or she has ever encountered. Further, the collection suggests ways I would expect many of Karl's major works to move in the next decade.

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Karl Edward Wagner.

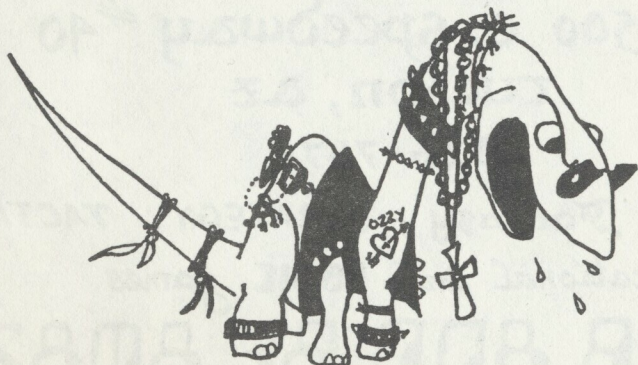


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## THE DARK MUSE STICKS IN THE PINES WHERE THE SUMMER ENDS

or:

Why Karl Edward Wagner is Out Standing in his Field

Karl Wagner is not your run-of-the-mill convention-hopping writer, and I mean that in an especially complimentary way...because he is bigger than me.

Karl is big in the dark fantasy arena as the father of the Kane series, which, despite those viking-esque cover paintings, is not another barbarian clone-epic of the Sword-Sorcery/Fafhrd-Mouser/Conan-Frazetta school. "The Kane stories," says their author, "are basically horror stories in a psuedohistorical setting with a dash of blood and thunder where it's called for. My model wasn't Howard or Conan, but the Gothic novels of the 18th and early 19th centuries. I suppose if I had made Kane an immortal vampire instead of simply a doomed immortal, the series would have been accepted as horror fiction... but it doesn't say in the rules that all horror novels have to be small suburban community soap operas stuck together with menacing children or giant cockroaches or rabid poodles or knife-wielding geeks."

To straight horror, then. Karl is big because his recent chrestomathy, In a Lonely Place, is the best damned single-author collection of the last ten years. Buy it, read it, and see why. "Sticks" (Karl's first sale to the prestigious Whispers, a World Fantasy Award nominee and winner of the 1975 August Derleth Award, presented by the British Fantasy Society) is just one of the seven entries that comprise the contents. Two others, the marvelously surreal "River of Night's Dreaming" and the schizoid nightmare of "Beyond Any Measure," were World Fantasy Award runners-up in 1982 and 1983 respectively. And the balance (we'll get to a couple in a moment) are just as good as any prizewinner.

Karl is big as a conscientious and discriminating editor in the horror field, where there are currently only four editors of substance -- T.E.D. Klein, Stuart David Schiff, Charlie Grant ... and Karl. He has been editing DAW'S Year's Best Horror -- the only anthology of its kind -- since the eighth volume, and is also, along with Whispers assistant editor Dave Drake, a co-founder of the Carcosa imprint. Their first publication, Worse Things Waiting, by



Manly Wade Wellman, was a World Fantasy Award winner in 1975. The second (Far Lands, Other Days by E. Hoffman Price) was a nominee; the third (Murgunstruum and Others by Hugh Cave), another winner.

Odd, isn't it, how accolades seem to follow this man around.

Karl is a big horror fan, and omnivorously well-read in the genre. Ask him about his gargantuan library of old pulp magazines, the clay form which the Carcosa books are molded. Or check out his recommendations for the 13 best horror novels ever (supernatural, non-supernatural, and science fictional; compiled for the June and August 1983 issues of Twilight Zone) -- and see how many you've actually heard of. He also recently filled in for Tom Disch as Twilight Zone's book reviewer.

Karl is big in other important ways, not the least of which is the formidable presence he poses in public. Some folks make the mistake of judging Karl solely by his appearance, and thus conclude he is some sort of havoc-hungry Visigoth, or a character from one of those Kane books. Granted, he looks imposing enough to stuff any five wimp-mush horror hacks into a postal tube and hand-cancel them, fourth class -- wham! Little do the browsers know that they're dancing with an honest-to-god shrink, a warrior whose sheepskin is a frame, not hanging from his bed.

Karl is also big in the sense that he is refreshingly devoid of the egomaniacal self-centeredness that plagues so many of the big fish in the puddle of sf/fantasy/horror. He was the single professional I met at Denvention in 1981 with whom I was able to have a conversation lasting longer than a cursory thirty seconds, and he's not only interested in what you might have to say, but available to argue if he disagrees. "SF pros," he says "generally have tunnel vision along with inflated opinions of their importance as writers. I suppose it's a reaction to having begun as gosh-wow fans, licking the boots of famous pros and longing for the day when they would receive similar adoration."

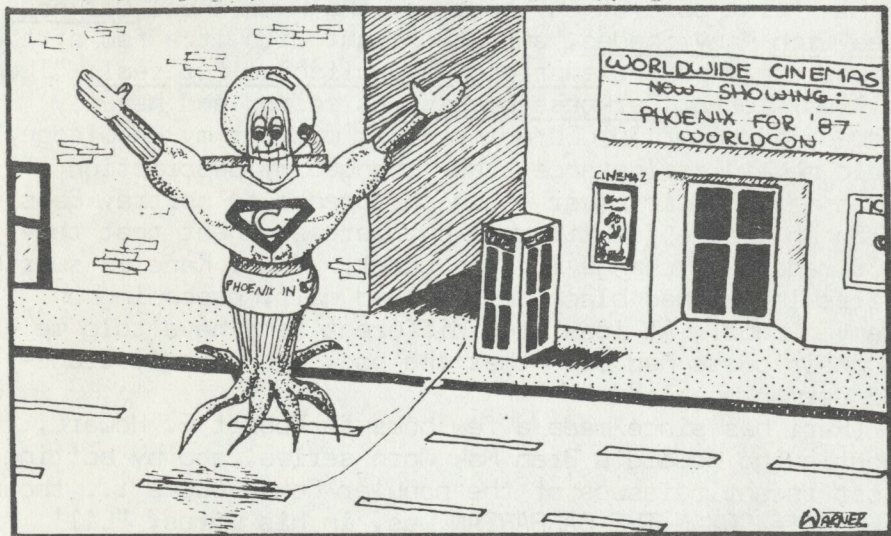
Now here's a guy I can talk to. Just don't be boring. So ... where did he come from?

Karl Edward Wagner (no relation to the composer, or the Austrian neurologist) was born 12 December in Knoxville, Tennessee (Jim Corrick's favored holiday retreat). He took a degree in history from Kenyon College in 1967, and an MD from the University of Carolina's School of Medicine in 1974, moving on to a psychiatric residency at a state hospital near Chapel Hill, North Carolina -- now the home of



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Carcosa. He "took a few years off during med school to fool with a PhD in neurobiology and to be a Haight-Ashbury hippie. I'd been trying to write since high school -- Bloodstone was begun in 1960 -- and when earlier books I'd written began to sell during my residency, I decided to try writing full time. An understanding working wife has made it work, and neither of us miss medicine.

His first sale of any sort was the Kane novel Darkness Weaves with Many Shades, and it brought with it a few of the bugaboos known as the surprises of publishing for real: "The Powell edition of Darkness Weaves was edited and heavily abridged, by about 30,000 words,\* all without my knowledge," he told me. "For instance, they changed my description of Kane to match their cover -- which appears to portray Cassius Clay in an orange jockstrap -- but were so inept that they didn't manage to change it throughout. Thus, Kane is swarthy or fairskinned, had black hair or red hair, depending on where you read. At least two different fans have told me that their guess had been that the book was a badly translated German novel."

(Karl has since made a few bows to Robert E. Howard, by continuing Howard's Bran Mak Morn series, and by editing the most recent reissues of the popular Conan books ... though Universal's CONAN THE BARBARIAN was, in his words, "Lil' Abner vs. the Moonies -- certainly the worst attempt at heroic fantasy ever.")

Karl's first three short stories sales were also Kane tales: "Reflections for the Winter of My Soul," "Cold Light," and "Mirage," all of which appear in the second published Kane book, Death Angel's Shadow. His first non-Kane story sale was "In the Pines," in which an artist becomes romantically obsessed with the spirit of a Prohibition-era woman named Renee who may or may not be haunting his mountain retreat. Renee is quite accommodating -- she sits on his lap but casts no reflection in a mirror; she kisses him quite palpably, but when he opens his eyes she's gone ... and there is blood on his lips.

Then came "Sticks," and all those awards nominations: In 1976, a special World Fantasy Award for Carcosa; a bid for Dark Crusade the following year along with "Two Suns Setting," which took another Derleth Award. In 1979, a nomination for Night Winds. Karl's contribution to the award-winning anthology Dark Forces was "Where the Summer Ends," which winds up with a crackerjack of a punchline. When you're reading that story, cover that final sentence with your thumb to forestall the temptation to peek -- it's that

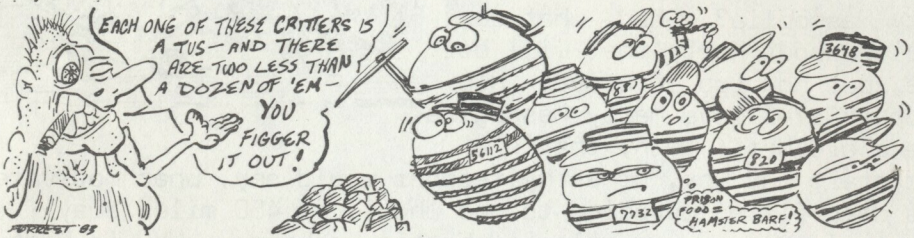
\* About 120 manuscript pages



good.

Karl is also one of the least derivative horror writers I'm aware of, and in sum with the other virtues listed above you have quite a convention-load of reasons for meeting him. Do so while you've got this auric opportunity, and pay attention to what he has to say.

--David J. Schow



## HOTEL

What other hotel would put up with strange beings, memberships asleep in the lobby and hall parties oozing everywhere? Yes, it's the Executive Inn!! (Trumpets) Not only do they allow such goings on but they ask us back!!! And just for us the restaurant will be open for lunch on Saturday and Sunday. Rather nice of them, no? So please folks, having problems? Come talk to us the Con Com or even Security first before leaping at the hotel.

## OTHER HOTEL INFO

Check out time is at 3 pm Sunday afternoon. The hotel will keep your luggage behind the desk if you need a place to store them.

## MASQUERADE

Weather permitting, the Masquerade will be held on the patio by the pool Saturday evening. Jan Howard Finder has graciously agreed to M.C. Scrolls will be awarded in all categories with Best of Show receiving a \$25 certificate from Hancock Fabrics. Anyone wishing to participate in the Masquerade should see Jackie Evenson at registration on Friday from 4-6 pm or track her down by noon on Saturday. A mandatory rehearsal will take place before the show. This is to allow you to find new and exciting ways not to fall over those new furry boots (claws?). All interested parties might want to check out Jan's panel "Presenting Your Costume" on Saturday afternoon.



MARTY MASSOGLIA-

one fan's appreciation

FORREST '83

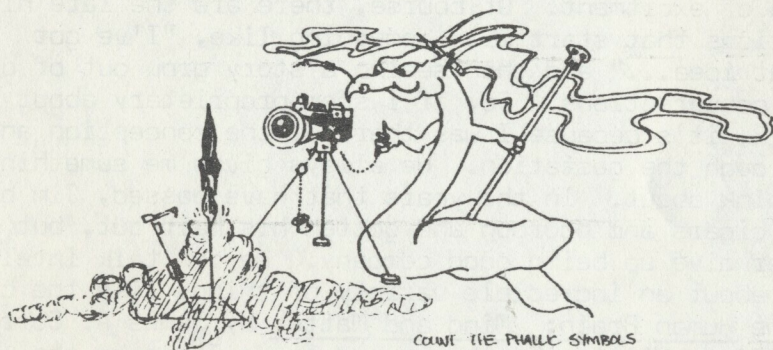
And of course, Marty can smof. Oh, how he can smof. Which brings me to the second 'c'-caring. Not only does Marty care about people, and care enough to stand by friends no matter what they put themselves through, bur he cares a great deal about fandom. He cares enough to be always on duty at a convention even when he has had no sleep and is full party



mode. Always a watchful eye for trouble, or possible trouble. He cares enough to say what he thinks even if that may potentially alienate someone. If anyone is doing something potentially harmful to a convention or to fandom Marty has the guts to put himself on the line and say so. Always tactfully and politely, but very firmly nonetheless. It takes a great deal of caring to stand forth like that and face rejection that courageously.

The fading sunlight has now left the room in total darkness. I strike a match to read the final words in my typewriter. "Good enough" I murmur to myself, "but just barely." I pull my trusty handgun from its place in my desk drawer and rapidly fire four bullets into the typewriter carriage. "Damn slavedriver," I say and pulling coat on head out the door for another night of debauchery. I lose more typewriters that way.

---Curt Stubbs



#### ART SHOW

Tus-Con 10's art show will be slightly modified from previous years. Look for the local denizens who decide not to become members of the convention to pay for their sins (and as you, proud owner of the program book, need not fear). As we desperately want to avoid toilet-paper guy wires to keep our house of cards in order, the new structural supports should please all who are worried about art that goes bump in the night. There will be two art auctions (Saturday and Sunday) unless crowd control and general disinterest become mitigating factors. For further details, consult the rules posted in a conspicuous(?) place in the art show (flashing lights, space tugs on dope, etc.)



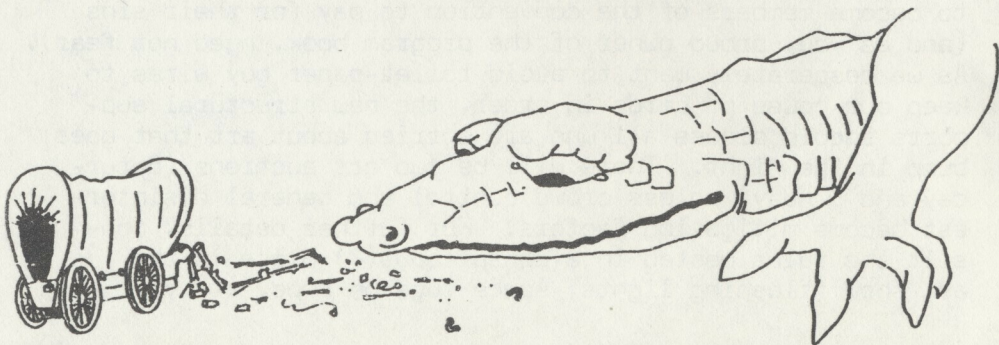
# James A. Corrick - A Not Quite

## Impartial Profile

by Gay Miller Corrick

It was in April of 1976 at Solarcon II that I first encountered Jim Corrick, the paragon of TusCon toastmasters. He sauntered into the consuite with his jacket slung over one shoulder and cut quite a figure with his long hair and distinguished good looks. By the time I had made my way over to the bar, he had lit a Schimmelpennick cigar and poured himself a Jack Daniel's and water. I was impressed. Of course, I was drinking boilermakers at the time. First impressions being what they are, I moved in with Jim in January of 1977.

There are many who think that it must be exciting to live with a writer. It is, but not the way you think, unless the staccato of a typewriter and endless proofreading are your idea of excitement. Of course, there are the late night conversations that start with something like, "I've got this great idea..." and then seeing a story grow out of one of those conversations. So, if I seem proprietary about Jim's work, it's because I was there at the conception and lived through the gestation. He always gives me something new to think about. In the years that have passed, Jim has given up cigars and bourbon and gotten his hair cut, but he will never give up being good company. He can talk intelligently about an incredible variety of things like the brain (as in The Human Brain: Mind and Matter by James A. Corrick Arco, 1983) or William Faulkner, and James Joyce or the history of Astounding/Analog or Doc Savage, or private detective fiction, or Phillip K. Dick, or science fiction books and magazines. He has more projects pending than I have fingers. But most important, Jim is a gentleman and a gentle man.





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compiled by

James A. Corrick

(with the assistance of Karl Edward Wagner)

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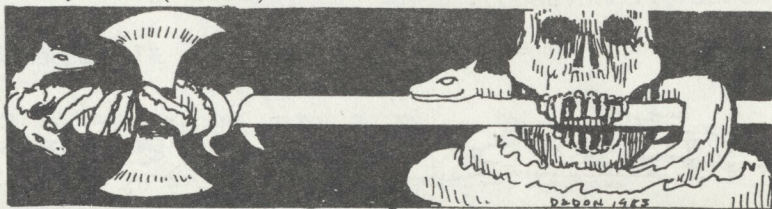




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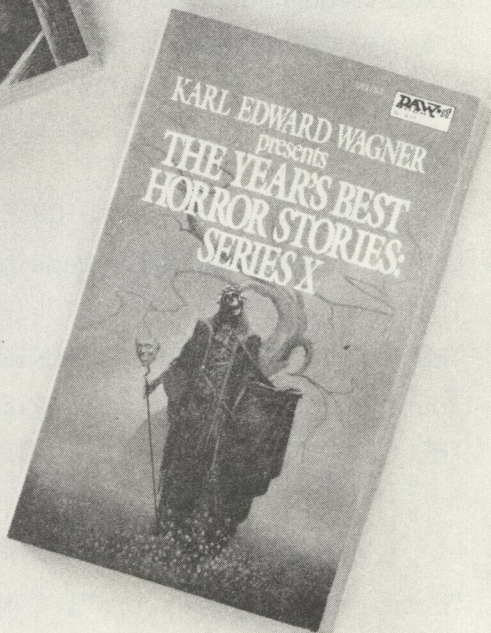
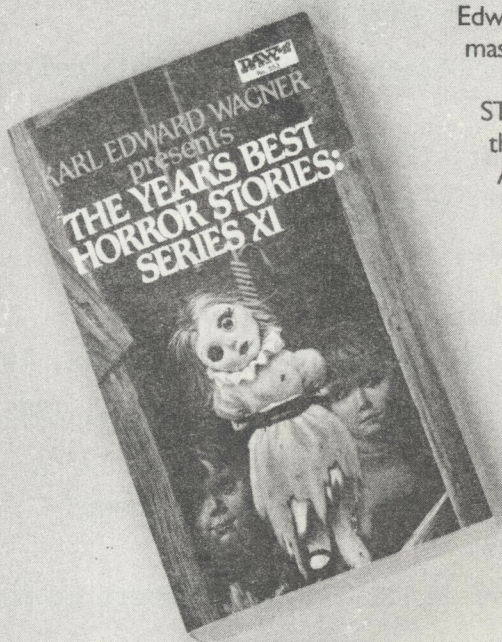
# TUSCON 10

## Guest of Honor

# KARL EDWARD WAGNER

When it comes to horror, Karl Edward Wagner is the supreme master.

His YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES series has received the highest praise from the American Library Association's *Booklist*: "Wagner has done his work well, and DAW deserves the thanks of horror readers...for keeping this anthology going, its price low, and its quality high."



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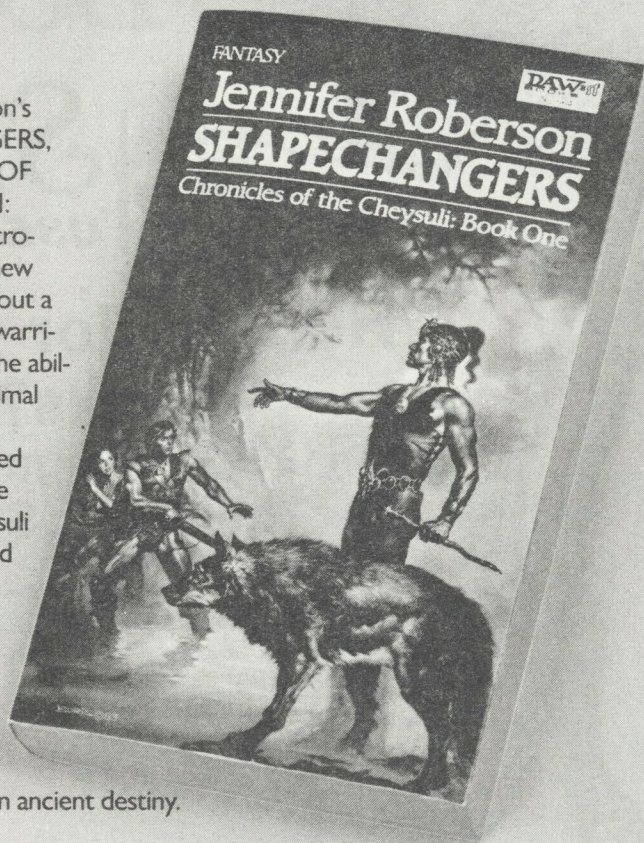


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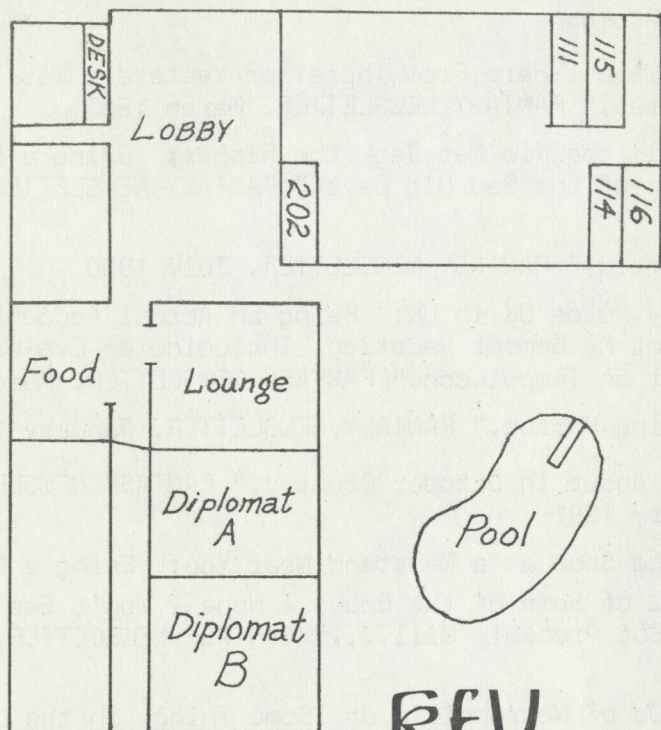
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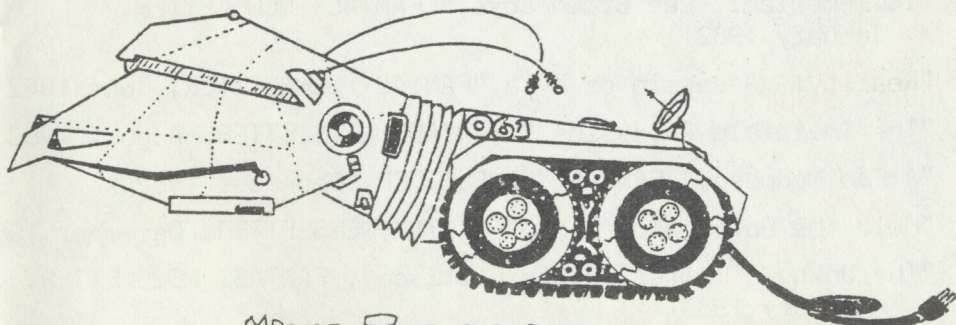
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"Foreword" & "Afterword," CONAN: RED NAILS, 1977

"Fantasy's Unreconstructed Rebel," FANTASY NEWSLETTER,  
January 1980

"How Do We Get Here From There? or Yesterday Was Today  
Tomorrow," FANTASY NEWSLETTER, March 1980

"How Billy the Kid Met Jack the Ripper; Being a Reminiscence of the Bad Old Days," FANTASY NEWSLETTER, May 1980

"Breaking In," FANTASY NEWSLETTER, July 1980

"Fantasy Rules OK in UK: Being an Actual Account of How I Spent My Summer Vacation, Including an Eye-Witness Report on Tadpolecon," FANTASY NEWSLETTER, March 1981

"Harvesting Horror," FANTASY NEWSLETTER, January 1981

"Out and About in October Country," FANTASY NEWSLETTER,  
January 1981

"Appearing Soon at a Newstand Near You; Being a New Year's Review of Some of the Books I Hope I Won't See This Year But Probably Will....," FANTASY NEWSLETTER, March 1981

"New Views of Necrophilia or 'Some Things in the Ground Are Better Left Undisturbed,'" FANTASY NEWSLETTER.  
MAY 1981

"Even a Man Who Is Pure of Heart," FANTASY NEWSLETTER,  
July, 1981

"Celluloid S&S: Boon or Menace?" FANTASY NEWSLETTER,  
November, 1981

"In Memoriam: Lee Brown Coye," FANTASY NEWSLETTER,  
January 1982

"Reality: Assassin or Myth," FANTASY NEWSLETTER, June 1982

"The Invisible Assassins," FANTASY NEWSLETTER, August 1982

"A Fan Madness," FANTASY NEWSLETTER, December 1982

"Hold the Bologna on Mine," FANTASY NEWSLETTER, December 1982

"The Unknown Writer(Dennis Etchison), FANTASY NEWSLETTER,  
February 1983

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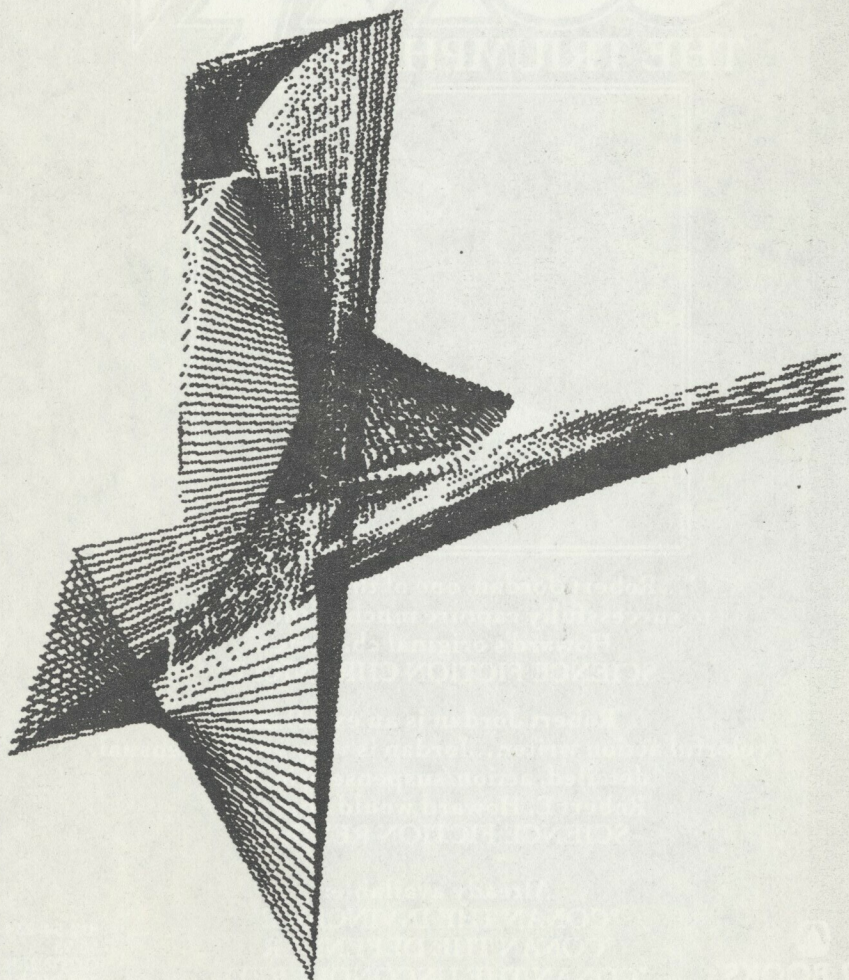




"The Lurkers From Across the Pond," FANTASY NEWSLETTER,  
April 1983

"'...And Others'(David Drake)," FANTASY NEWSLETTER,  
June/July 1983

"The Decline But Not Yet the Fall of the Anthology,"  
FANTASY NEWSLETTER, September 1983





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The Unhistory of Tus-Cons I and II,  
Being a Blatantly Biased and Nonobjective Account  
of Things as We Wished They Had Been

by James A. Corrick

You might say we were impetuous. And it's true since our decision to put on Tus-Con I had all the forethought and planning of spontaneous combustion. In late August of 1974, Carol DePriest and I said, "Let's put on a convention!" And we did--two months later on the week-end of October 25-27, 1974.

Reckless, you say? Not really. Our aims were modest, almost as modest as our finances. We merely wished to set a place at fandom's movable feast. Did we succeed? Well, judge for yourself as you attend Tus-Con X.

Tus-Con X. Nine years and nine actual conventions. Such an event justifies some unrestrained wallowing in history and memory-- a very little history and a great deal of memory.

But back in the fall of 1974, Carol and I had no inkling of this Tusconian future. We weren't thinking much about the future at all. Instead, we leapt into the breach with all the enthusiasm and excitement reserved for the uninitiate.

So, budgeting accordingly, we cut out all nonessentials--a guest-of-honor and a program. This decision brought us an additional benefit. No need for a program book(such as this one in which this fine, informed peice of scholarship is appearing). Nor did we have to worry about sensitive writers ultraprojective of even the most minute syllable(right, Cristi?).

We also found an appropriate motel. The Tucson Inn. Its lure was undeniable. Its meeting rooms were free.

You do get what you pay for. And the only expensive thing at the Tucson Inn was an occasional drug deal. Not that the place lacked attractions. Well, attraction anyway. Mounted in a permanent strafing run over the pool was a WWII fighter. Not suprisingly, the only things floating in that pool were a few mesquite leaves.

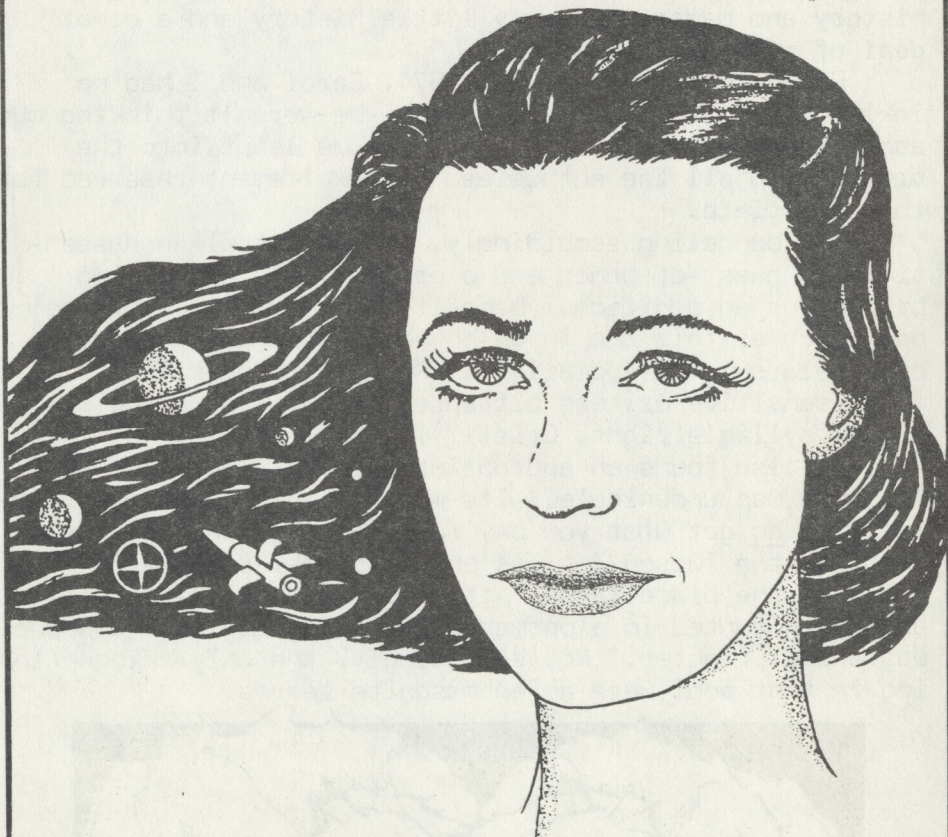




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For all this, 68 people--ten from Phoenix--willingly forked over two bucks. Of that original 68, four have been to every successive Tus-Con. This survivors club--if survivors isn't a too kind a word--consists of Carol DePriest, Trini Ruiz, Curt Stubbs, and of course, myself.

How did we fare with Tus-Con I? Well, we made a grave mistake. We made money. That meant we had to put on another convention since I am a firm believer that SF conventions are not meant for personal profit. Rather, I prefer to see such conventions--at least the smaller ones--as parties thrown for friends and acquaintances. And I like to think that, if Tus-Con has any one tradition, it is an adherence to that view.

With Tus-Con II, we decided to go for it. We would have a guest-of-honor and a program. Not wanting to be too revolutionary--and not having made that much money-- we decided to find our GOH in Tucson. That turned out to be a fortunate decision since we had a natural choice in Tucson's own Evangeline Walton.

Further, to enlarge the committee, we recruited heavily from the then Tucson Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (TSFFA). Our most notable recruits were Trini Ruiz, who took charge of the film program that he still runs to this day, and Audie Kranz, proprietor of the House of No Return.

This growth, however, did not inflame our egos (we were perfectly capable of doing so ourselves, thank you very much). So, we still did not do anything truly rash--or expensive--such as a program book.

With Tus-Con II, we moved down the street to the Executive Inn, as fine and cooperative an establishment then as now. And, we--or to be more honest, I--learned how easy it was to get on radio talk shows to vamp the convention. Whether it was the allure of free publicity or my growing fondness for live microphones, I searched out such shows as far away as Phoenix.

So, on April 4, 1975, we opened our doors on Tus-Con II. For our new, improved convention, we charged a staggering \$3.50 at the door. Whether it was the GOH and program or the extra \$1.50, we nearly doubled our attendance over Tus-Con I. We regaled our patrons with talks on Kirlian photography and



quasars and with films such as NOSFERATU(the original). FLASH GORDON'S ROCKET SHIP, THE HAUNTED PALACE and shorts such as "The Lottery" and "1985." Our dealers room bulged-aided greatly by the four tables bought and stocked with books and magazines by Clint Hiser and his three associates from Las Cruces, New Mexico. And, naturally there were parties.

Of course, with a regularity unequalled even by Halley's Comet, we made a profit. Right? Like hell we did. Actually we over spent. But not by much. Indeed, our overrun was far less than it had cost me to attend the first Leprecon. And we were having fun.

So, Tus-Con III was inevitable. Like winos at a blood bank.

Next Installment: Tus-Con III and IV: Not just out-of-town but--gasp!--out-of-state GOH's and can your system stand the shock?--program books.



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Security is here to help you. They are competent and have no sense of humor. (No feeding them bananas will not improve their outlook on life, the universe and everything, but a bottle of Tully...) Weapons policy is the same as last year: You pull it, you eat it. Security will decide on what is permissible behavior (Remember NO sense of humor). Your first offence will get you a warning, your second will get you expelled from the con. You are warned.



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## THE GREEN SLIME (Japan/U.S.A. 1969)

Far away on the mysterious asteroid Flora (#8) a group of spacemen accidentally picks up some slimy green stuff that hitches a ride with them on their spaceship; its destination: a space station near Earth. On the space station itself, two aggressive, over-achieving spacemen compete for the attention of luscious Luciana Paluzzi and the stage is set for brash heroics and....rock music. If only they knew what was in store for them! After the ship arrives at the space station, the slime, now grown to outrageous proportions attempts to evict the station's owners who, unaccountably, don't like the looks of the new tenants. A pitched battle must perforce ensue between the tasty Earthmen and a slew of evil-looking creatures (probably evil-smelling too from the looks on the actors' faces; or maybe they're just embarrassed). The slime creatures, no doubt shouting their battlecry "better green than dead," throw themselves into the fight-to-the-finish. Perhaps that should read: "..plop themselves into the fight-to-the-finish."

But...who gets the girl?

The Green Slime is gonna getcha'!

-----Trini Ruiz

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in man's history!...

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THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN

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NOTE: NO ONE WILL BE SEATED DURING THE LAST 15 MINUTES



## THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN (U.S.A. 1971)

"Andromeda's perfect for life in space. Uses everything, wastes nothing."

An unmanned American space probe returns to Earth with a virulent cargo aboard. After almost wiping out the population of the New Mexico hamlet where the spacecraft landed, it is taken to a top-secret underground laboratory in the deserts of Nevada. Equipped with every scientific aid imaginable, a team of scientists works around the clock at the "Wildfire Laboratory" to find a way to neutralize the alien organism before it depopulates the entire western U.S.

Based on Michael Crichton's book, "The Andromeda Strain" is one of the few examples of the successful adaptation of a Science Fiction novel into a motion picture. Director Robert Wise once again gives ample proof of his facility with this type of subject matter. The all male team of scientists of the novel have become three men and a woman skillfully played by an ensemble of fine if less well known actors: James Olson, Arthur Hill, and David Wayne and a remarkable performance by Kate Reid as the woman member of the team. Remarkable also since her character didn't even exist in the novel; this was a change even author Crichton approved of. The gleaming, futuristic "Wildfire" lab is as much a character as any of the scientists are. And like many a well conceived character, the lab's personality changes as a result of the events of the story. The streamlined technology which helps the scientists perform their studies in the earlier part of the film becomes more of an impediment than an aid toward the end. Is the film trying to say that technology is not to be trusted? Rather that terrestrial technology may be inadequate for defining a completely alien organism much like the Viking probes attempted to describe the Martian environment by asking questions whose answers were subject to numerous, and sometimes contradictory, interpretations.

The film manages to retain the suspenseful buildup that made Crichton's novel a "terrific read." The dialogue is witty and precise and must be listened to with both ears.

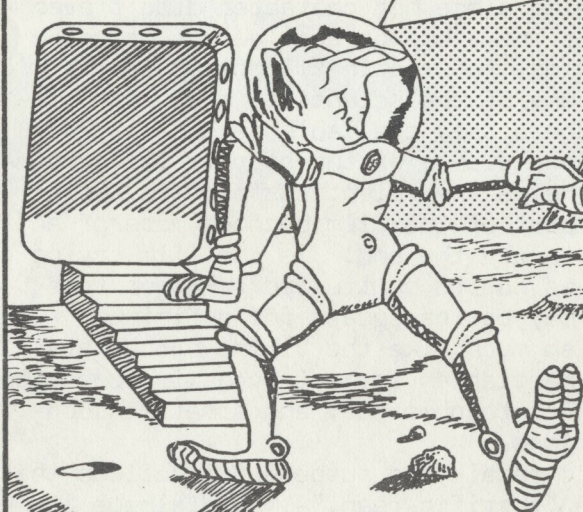
Lest there be any doubt--this has been a rave review.

----Trini Ruiz



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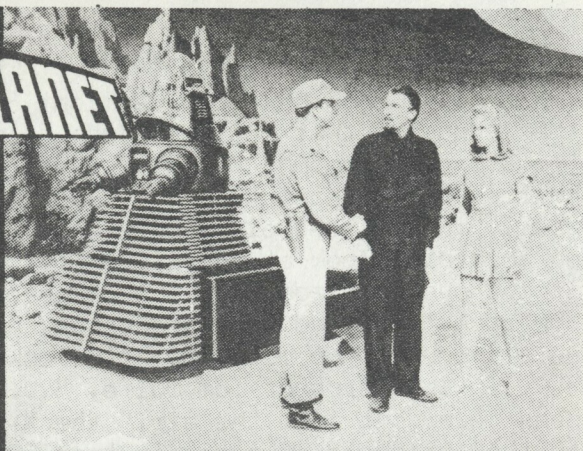
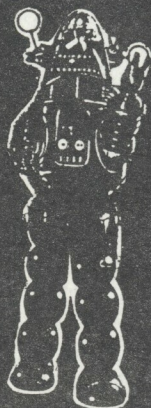
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even in your wildest dreams!

## THE HAUNTING (U.S.A. 1963)

A superior haunted house tale, "The Haunting" is faithfully adapted from Shirley Jackson's novel The Haunting of Hill House. In the movie a group of psychics plans to investigate the supernatural inhabitants of a house unaware that the house has plans of its own.

With good acting by the entire cast, and especially by Julie Harris, "The Haunting" is also the recipient of the highest accolade that can be bestowed on a film by Jim Corrick and that is: "It's almost as good as the book." The film had the good fortune to be directed by Robert Wise from a screenplay by Nelson Gidding (see also "The Andromeda Strain"). Rarely seen today, despite its excellent qualities and fine eerie atmosphere, "The Haunting" is nothing less than a masterpiece of the horror form.

---Trini Ruiz





## X-15 (U.S.A. 1961)

The film "X-15" (or The Right Stuff '61") is part of that subgenre that includes such films as William Holden's "Toward the Unknown" and David Lean's immortal "The Sound Barrier" ("Breaking the Sound Barrier" U.S.A. title). Not really in the same class with Lean's film, "X-15" presents an absorbing look at the lives of the pilots who "...hang it out over the edge" in the dangerous occupation of flying the rocket-powered half spaceship, half airplane X-15, surely one of the most dramatic looking aircraft ever to fly.

In the words of Tom Wolfe, "...the most evil-looking beast ever put into the air," the X-15s journeyed many times to the threshold of space in the '60s and late '50s and brought back the scientific data to which the present day space shuttle owes so much of its success.

This genre, the aeronautical psuedo-history, has antecedents going back as far as "Dive Bomber" (1941) and "Test Pilot" (1938); films usually made with the cooperation of one or another branch of the military's aviation departments. "X-15", the film, contains many exciting scenes of test flights, with excellent photography throughout, interspersed with the personal drama of how they affect their private lives. The recent "The Right STuff" indicates this category of film is still alive in the '80s. Richard Donner, the film's director, went on to become famous ("Superman", "The Omen"). "X-15 also marks Mary Tyler Moore's first movie role and Charles Bronson fans should enjoy their rustic superhero's adventure in a high-tech enviroment.

----Trini Ruiz

Our thanks to the following individuals who this year have sponsored so many films that we're in a quandary as to finding enough time to show them all. Our screen runneth over. To anyone who enjoyed the films as Tus-Con X; these are the people whom you should thank:

Judy Audin---THE GREEN SLIME  
Wolf Forrest---HOPPITY GOES TO TOWN  
Sam Stubbs, Cristi and Sleepyhawk Simila---  
THEY CALL ME TRINITY  
Aleta Ara---X-15 and THE RED BALLON  
Eric and Susie Thing---FORBIDDEN PLANET  
Dorothy Gallagher---THE SECERT AGENT  
Sleepyhawk and Cristi Simila---THE LADYKILLERS  
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IN



# X-15

Exploding With Never-  
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That Were Behind Lock  
and Key Till Now!  
The Story Of  
The Men Who  
First Crossed The  
Space Frontier...  
And The Women  
Who Waited!

The Rocket Ship That  
Challenged Outer Space!



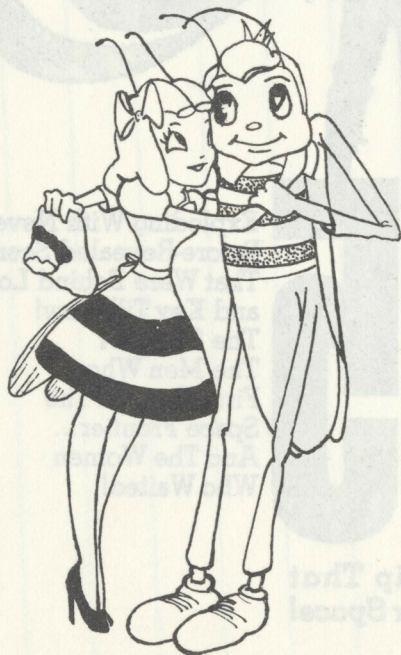


## HOPPITY GOES TO TOWN

The Fleischer brothers, Max and Dave, brought to the screen "Gulliver's Travels", Popeye, Superman, and the inimitable Betty Boop. They solidified their artistic talents for this animated feature, the first to be drawn in a modern style and utilizing an original story. Hoppity, an upstanding American grasshopper with a Henry Aldrich voice, and Honey Bee, his girl, are beset by human and insect villains alike in their quest for the Great American Bug Dream. C. Bagley Beetle, along with henchmen "Swat" and "Smack", make life miserable for the love-smitten couple, only Beetle has designs on the comely Miss Bee. His efforts to provide the local inhabitants with better real estate in the "highlands" are not without their price--for this drastic upgrading of social status, he demands the hand (er, make that "appendage") of Hoppity's girlfriend. And so it goes. . . .

Opening in December of 1941, the film flopped at the box office, and Paramount flagged in its publicity campaign. (Gee, do you suppose they could have been pre-occupied with world events or something?) Despite the smooth use of rotoscoping, the picture was criticized as having its characters jerked around on the screen. The most impressive shot in the film is the opening one--a three-dimensional set was built of the Manhattan skyline in distorted perspective and over 16,000 tiny panes of glass were installed in the wood and plastic skyscrapers. Eat yer heart out, Mr. Disney.

--Wolf Forrest

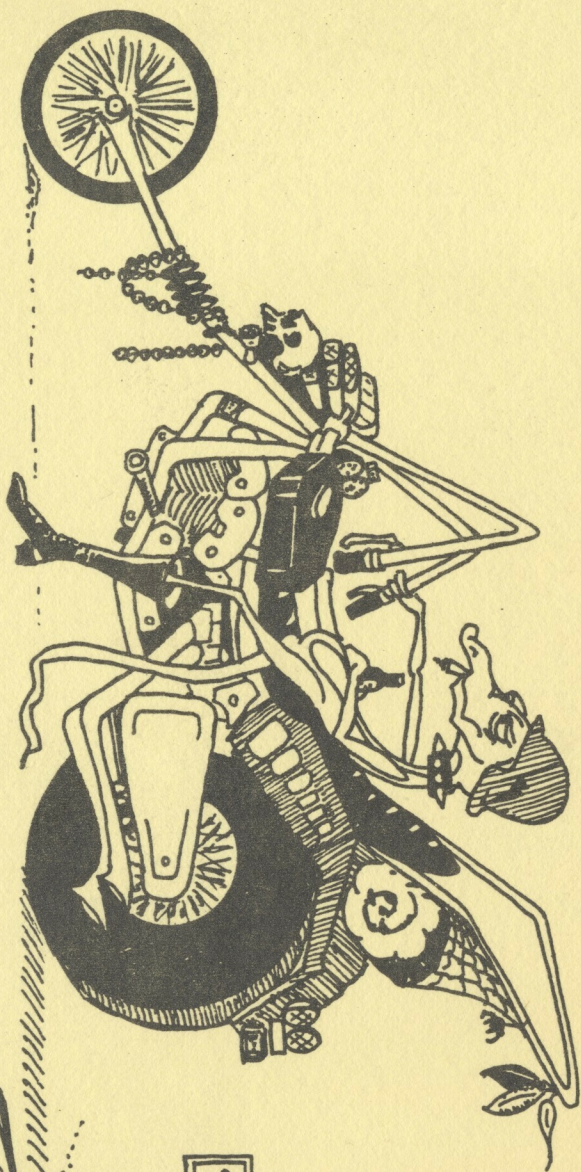








# FRESNO DEMON



COMMON HOUSE  
CAT

