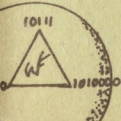




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# GUESTS OF HONOR

george c. c. martin

con bounds

bobbi armbruster

james a. corrick

TUSCON 7

CON COM

Chair

Programs

Art Show

Trivia Bowl

Publications

Films

ConSuite

Masquerade

Memberships & Registration

Sharon Alban Maple

Deb Dedon

Wolf Forrest

Sue Thing

Cristi Simila

Trini Ruiz

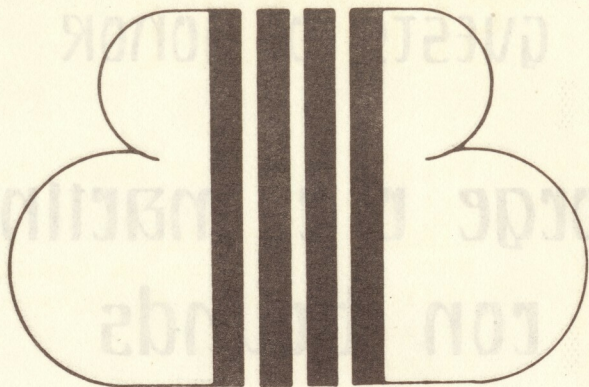
Kurt Stubbs

Pati Berridge

Mike Bushroe

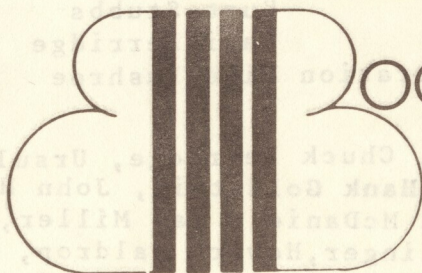
Special Thanks

Debbie Barncastle, Chuck Berridge, Ursula Brice, Richard Cook, Hank Goldstein, John Hugh Kevin Munday, Joseph McDaniel, Gay Miller, Eric Thing, Gail Selinger, Howard Waldrop, Alan Prince Winston, Dr Irving Yall and many others...



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# SCHEDULE

## Friday

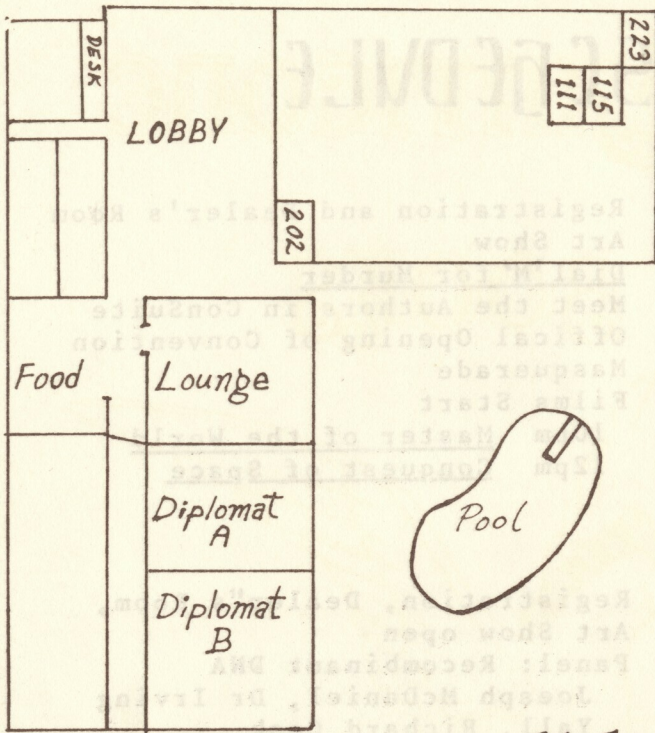
- 12am-9pm Registration and Dealer's Room  
12am-6pm Art Show  
5:30 Dial 'M' for Murder  
7:30 Meet the Authors in ConSuite  
8:00 Official Opening of Convention  
8:15 Masquerade  
10:00 Films Start  
10pm Master of the World  
12pm Conquest of Space

## Saturday

- 10am Registration, Dealer's Room,  
Art Show open  
10:30 Panel: Recombinant DNA  
Joesph McDaniel, Dr Irving  
Yall, Richard Cook  
1:00 Trivia Bowl  
2:30 Art Auction  
4:00 Readings from Works in Progress  
George R.R. Martin, Vernor  
Vinge  
6:00 Films Start  
6:00 Shorts  
6:30 Quackser Fortune Has A  
Cousin In The Bronx  
8:00 Doc Savage  
10:00 Destination Moon

## Sunday

- 10am-5pm Dealer's Room  
12pm-4pm Art Show  
1:00 Banquet and GOH Speeches  
4:00 Art and General Auction  
8:00 Dead Budgie Party in ConSuite  
5:30 FILM in ConSuite The Naked Jungle



## KEY

LOBBY: REGISTRATION

ROOM 202: ART SHOW, UPSTAIRS

ROOMS 111, 115: CON SUITE

ROOM 223: GAMES, UPSTAIRS

DIPLOMAT A: DEALER'S ROOM

DIPLOMAT B: PANELS, FILMS,  
AUCTIONS

## ART CREDITS

Chuck Berridge 10, 12, 16  
 Deb Dedon 8, 10  
 Wolf Forrest Cover, Inside Back Cover, 4, 22  
 Frank Kelly Freas 9, 10, 13  
 Hank Goldstein 6  
 Trini Ruiz Inside Front Cover, 5, 22  
 David Schow 15, Namebadges  
 Sleepyhawk 16



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## GEORGE "TWO HUGOES" MARTIN

This is the seventh Guest of Honor Program book piece I've written about George R.R. Martin.

\*sigh\*

One of the advantages of getting old is seeing your friends become richer and more famous than you.

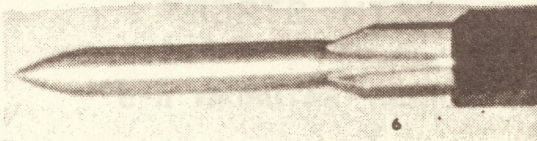
\*sigh\*

George R.R. Martin has been a friend of mine for a long, long time--longer than either of us really cares to admit. We met through the mails in 1962, when he bought a funny book from

me for a quarter. He still has the funny book. (Brave and Bold #28, Justice League of America vs. Starro the Conqueror.)

George and I wrote for the fanzines then--the comic book fanzines. But whereas everybody else was writing scripts, we wrote stories. "Text stores" they were called in funny-book parlance, and they were usually illustrated by somebody who was about as good with a pencil as we were with a typewriter. (You can imagine.)

George lived in a swamp in Bayonne, NJ in those high school days. Then he went off to the untamed Illinois wilderness, where he attended the Northwestern U School of Journalism, and got a BA and an MA. His MA apprenticeship was in Washington DC as a stringer for several southern newspapers. What he spent most of his time doing was rushing over to the Department of Agriculture and getting the latest chicken brooder research to flash out over the wires.





(George had a miserable time in DC. "Cheer up. George," I remember writing, "there are three ladies for every guy in Washington." "If there are three women for every man here," he wrote back, "somebody has six.")

Then George spent two years in VISTA as alternative service to the draft, where he worked as information and education director for the Cook County Legal Aid Society. He put out this marvellous newsletter, where he got owners of asbestos factories to give him quotes like "Money spent on anti-pollution devices is money poured down a rathole!" the day before they went to a non-compliance hearing. And so forth. He also ran chess tournaments on weekends, spending 48 hours at a stretch in dim artificial light, where he developed his strikingly fungoid skin pallor.

After that, he taught English, SF and journalism at Clark College in lovely Dubuque, Iowa. He's just now moved to Santa Fe, where he continues his search for the perfect Mexican-food breakfast. (Taco Village, East 6th St., Austin, TX -- paid adv't.)

But most what George did during all this time was to write. And I mean write. Gardner Dozois fished one of his stores out of a slush pile in 1970, and Fred Pohl was faced with the choice of either printing "The Hero" or bringing out an issue of Galaxy with ten blank pages. Pohl chose the cowards way out. So then George thinks he's a real writer, and begins to sell to Analog, and Vertex and Gallery and F&SF and anthologies, while I'm selling to places like Famous Monsters of Filmland and Crawdaddy! and Zoo World, for god's sake.

And these stories are "With Morning Comes Mistfall" and "Song for Lya" and "...for a single yesterday" and with Lisa Tuttle he writes the Windhaven stories, and he's appearing all over the place.

And you crazy people insist on nominating for Hugoes and Nebules, and in 1975 you give him a Hugo for "A Song for Lya" and I figure that's a fluke, but this year my sister and brother of writers give him a Nebula for "Sandkings" and then, you people who should know better, give him two-

count 'em-two Hugoes for "Sandkings" and for "Way of Cross and Dragon". Geez.

So, I hope against hope, maybe it's time for George to blow it. Not a chance. His career has taken an ominous upward turn lately. New directions, with stories like "Remembering Melody" in the upcoming Twilight Zone Magazine, and his new novel, Fevre Dream, which is simply magnificent in the parts I've read.

Well, hopefully, George will get so rich and so famous that I'll never have to write another one of these things again.

Well, rich, maybe. Riches, George can handle. Fame. never.

Two weeks ago, George was through here for a convention, and afterwards, we were going through his boxes of old funny books he'd got out of the attic of his mother's house after fifteen years. We were rollicking and drooling on the floor. "Wow! Look! Cosmo the Merry Martian #5. Wow!" "Looka this! Sea Devils #13 with the wash cover and art by Kubert, Haath and Andru & Esposito!" "Wow, Yow! Oh boy! Strange Tales #106 with Human Torch vs PastePot Pete! Yarr!" Honk. Feep. Bibble-bibble. Gibber. Etc.

Leigh Kennedy looked up at us from her desk.

"You guys have sure come a long way since 1962." she said, and went back to reading a book.

In my case, of course, she's right.

Howard Waldrop



The damnable question isn't so much "Why is Jim Corrick Tus-Con's latest Toastmaster?" but rather, "Just who in hell is Jim Corrick anyway? Ahh, let's go find some beer ..."

To the former, we gleefully cite the turndowns: Liza Minnelli was having adeno-  
idectomy; Stephen King opted out to search for a good book not written by Stephen King; Huck-  
leberry Hound was in-communicado; Lew Murphy was comatose, you get the idea. Monroe Simmons also refused but said, "Why don't you ask Jim Corrick? Ever since he was a Fan GOH at last year's Solarcon his head has swelled so much he'll do it for free if you lay a title on him." And so, inexorably, the axle of destiny fell. Or something.

To the latter, James A. Corrick III (the "A" doesn't stand for anything; go figure that) is the urbane chap who squeezes by at cons by dint of his passing resemblance to Terry Carr. He was born in Astoria, Oregon, holds two Master's degrees (Biochemistry and English) from the U of Tennessee, and is an eleven-year veteran of the teaching profession, thereby vindicating Mr. Shaw. Jim is also the author of a snappy little short story titled "Who Calls Me Villain?" -- this being published in Roy Torgeson's Chrysalis 6 last year just after he burst upon the fiction horizon with a penetrating epic called "High Rise." The editors of Ace magazine, in their infinite good taste and wisdom, chose to retitile said epic "Pie in the Sky;" at any rate, it is a work that contradicts rumor by proving Jim does have a sense of humor, however sleazy and pornographic it may be.



Not to put too fine a point on it, but Jim is also the founder of Tus-Con, the man who conceived it and made it fly nearly a decade ago. I met him at Tus-Con III. The first thing he tried to do was hustle me into forking over for next year's membership. Such diplomatic tact led him to be a mover/shaker behind the success of Iguanacon in 1978 -- no, really!

And despite what he says, Jim has proven to be a friend of not inconsiderable worth since our historic first meeting, as well as the kind of near-bottomless fount of research trivia everyone needs two or three of. He is about the only serious book collector I know and his credibility on the whos and whats of sf is iron-clad -- ask him anything. He won't swill alcohol or smoke in your presence, and is easily bought. He'll be the one in the corner where the conversation is lively. But only in the corner. In the back. In the dark. Caveo!

David Schow



### THE BOUNDER



I first met Ron Bounds at the 1974 West-ercon as he was being carried to a couch by two red-headed fem fans. 30 days before, at a fan party, he had picked up a girl and severely damaged his back, but still managed when the time came to crawl out of bed and fly the 3,000 miles to the convention. What can I say--that's the Bounder. He has a history of doing strange things like that. In 1964 he journeyed to his first con, Pacificon II,

3,000 miles from home, by hopping a Trailways bus and living off Spanish Peanuts. Ten years after that first Con, he was Co-chairman of the very successful WorldCon, Discon II.

He's a convention junkie. You can recognize Ron at a convention by the ever-present attache case, his constant note taking, and the frantic circles he runs in. Then there are the three or four fem fans who usually follow him around mentioning the important things they know he's forgotten and should remember. They're his memory. It's a fool-proof system Ron's taken years to successfully develop. You see, Ron's the first person to admit he has a mind like a sieve (but remarkably, he can remember in great detail the exact ingredients that make up a Nuclear Fizz.).

Yet Ron has a cool personality that can weather any crisis. How many men, while traveling through England, would just whip out a roll of Scotch tape from his attache case and calmly proceed to repair the canopy of a 300-year-old four-poster bed he had just managed to destroy while reaching for the light?

In 1976 Ron married Bobbi Armsbruster, one of the redheads from the '74 Westercon. Immediately thereafter, he whisked her off to West Germany along with boxes of board games, his science fiction collection, and his secret stash of empty Hershey's Chocolate Syrup cans. His job kept them in Germany for 2½ years, where they both learned to order meals in 2½ languages--English, German, and Bavarian.

True to the science fiction fan in him, Ron earns his living as a spacecraft design and test engineer. At work, at least, he can truly justify his thoughts being 22,300 miles away.

Ron is one of the nice people in Fandom. Ask him a question, and he'll answer amicably. Mention you want to meet a Pro, he'll literally drag you over make introductions. Ask a favor, and Ron will rush out to do it, if he doesn't forget midway through what he's rushing to do. Need a good friend?--look no further. You won't find any better.

---Gail Selinger



I am honored to have Bobbi Armbruster as a friend, and delighted to have this opportunity to introduce her to you.

Her fanac is widespread. She's been vital to many conventions--as a committee member--a helper-out at the masquerade--or simply as a morale-builder for the committee. Her nearly-unfailing good cheer and good humor make her invaluable.

She helped make LASFAPA, the Los Angeles-based monthly apa, international, with her contributions from Germany,

and those zines are still fondly remembered for their warmth and good sense.

Her Iguanacon report was published (to widespread applause) in RUNE, the large-circulation clubzine of MINNSTF.

Broad as it is, fanac is just the tip of Bobbi's particular iceberg. Her interests extend into many more fields.

Religion, for one. Her position as Official Goddess in the Order of the Owl--where rank is determined solely by merit--gives her a unique perspective on the subject.

Politics, for another. She is the cofounder and co-chair (with present writer) of the Committee to Free the Sharks (also known as The Committee to Steal the Whales), an organization of which more is destined to be heard in the eighties and nineties.

Bobbi's interests go farther afield yet. Ask her about Daisy Chain International--unless you think you'd rather not know.

Science fiction, mysteries, sex, and hot fundge sundaes--she is enthusiastic and knowledgeable about them all, and can speak entertainingly on each subject, and more besides. Ask her a question. Stand back.

Alan Prince Winston



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# TUSCON VII MEMBERSHIPS

- |                              |                         |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. <i>George R.R. Martin</i> | 41. Karen Kuykendall    |
| 2. Bobbi Armbruster          | 42. Mark Christiansen   |
| 3. Ron Bounds                | 43. Cody                |
| 4. James A. Corrick          | 44. James Shibley       |
| 5. David Schow               | 45. Bob Cain            |
| 6. Vernor S. Vinge           | 46. Bob Cain, Gof       |
| 7. Alicia Austin             | 47. Bruce Farr          |
| 8. Alicia Austin, Gof        | 38. Kim Farr            |
| 9. Sharon Alban Maples       | 49. Sandy Kahn          |
| 10. Cristi Simila            | 50. Sandy Kahn, GOF     |
| 11. Wolf Forrest             | 51. Nancy Strowger      |
| 12. Trini Ruiz               | 52. Linda Williams      |
| 13. Mike Bushroe             | 53. Sam Stone           |
| 14. Sue Thing                | 54. Isabelle Stone      |
| 15. Patricia H. Berridge     | 55. Robert Brice        |
| 16. Deborah C. Dedon         | 56. Bob McMillan        |
| 17. Gay Miller               | 57. Robin Krevitsky     |
| 18. Gloria Anderson          | 58. Suzy Krevitsky      |
| 19. Ursula Brice             | 59. Things for Thinkers |
| 20. Paul Coltrin             | 60. Tom Daeffler        |
| 21. Michael Geesing          | 61. The Comic Corner    |
| 22. Benita Grunseth          | 62. Henri S. Koonce     |
| 23. John Hughes              | 63. Kim Boege           |
| 24. Charles Roten            | 64. Carrie Larson       |
| 25. Sleepyhawk               | 65. Brant Boyd          |
| 26. Eric Thing               | 66. Virginia Stone      |
| 27. Robert Ayala             | 67. Samuel Edward       |
| 28. Carol Oberlitner         | Konkin III              |
| 29. Judy Sampson             | 68. Diane Stusnick      |
| 30. Carol Ann Schiller       | 69. R. Cook             |
| 31. Lenny Dorsky             | 70. Tom Struck          |
| 32. Marion Geesing           | 71. Cris Johnson        |
| 33. Flounder Miraglia        | 72. Tracy Scheinkman    |
| 34. Katherin L. Morse        | 73. Frank Taylor        |
| 35. Norm Cox                 | 74. Al Mallis           |
| 36. Amber Sagler             | 75. Jan Lucas           |
| 37. Alice Gallagher          | 76. Mary Parchman       |
| 38. Dorothy Gallagher        | 77. The Data Game       |
| 39. Marty Massoulia          | 78. Terry King          |
| 40. Terry Wadsworth          | 79. Jim Nintzel         |



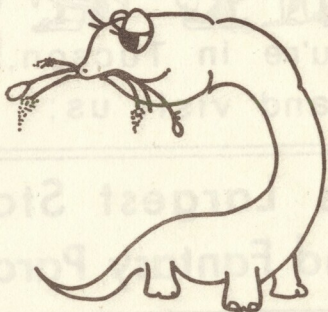
A NOTA BENE ON THE TUS-CON MEMBERSHIP CARD FROM

THE ILLUSTRATOR

The Tusconosaurus Oblivious (native name-badger denizen and the last of the true egg-eating dinos) featured on this years membership card is the same creature that graced last year's and shall continue to appear on the badges of the next two (or more) Tus-Cons. Consider the card as a camera-frame, moving into ever-tighter closeup with each card, thus, a progression of magnification from year to year--provided that: A) There are more Tus-Cons; B) I live; and C) The Tus-Con Committee doesn't keep losing the artwork, like they did this year. Such snafus are only resolved by doing the design over again; only then will the original be located. Everything turned out okay which makes such behind-the-scenes b.s. unnecessary to all but trivialists, which means this is the perfect place for such a rant n' rave. It could only happen at a Tus-Con. .

David Schow

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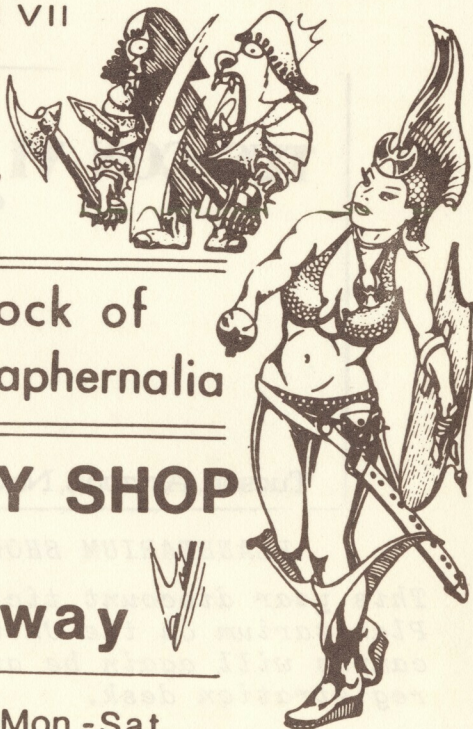
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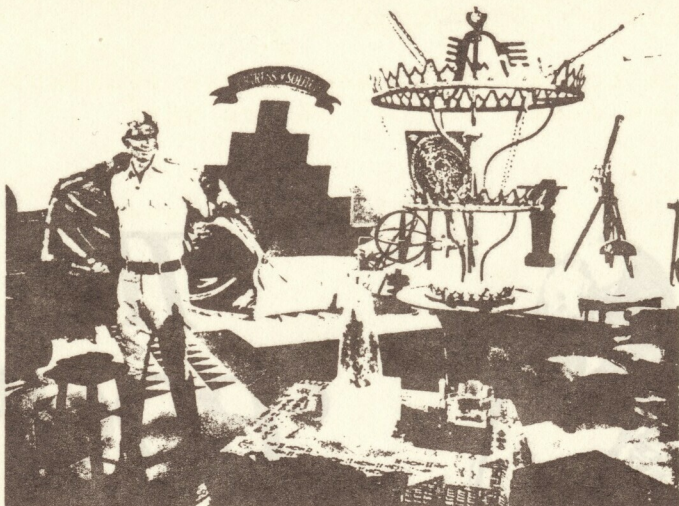
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*Doc Savage*

## FILM PROGRAM NOTES

### *THE NAKED JUNGLE*

The Naked Jungle is a strange little gem of a film of South American plantation owner Charlton Heston whose lands are directly in the path of an immense swarm of army ants who devour all animals and vegetation they encounter. While lesser men flee from the advancing ants, tough Chuck Heston and his wife, played by the beautiful Eleanor Parker, are determined to stay and fight. Together with those of the plantation workers who elect to stay, the plantation becomes an island surrounded by what must be one of the strangest villains in any film. Charlton Heston did all of his own stunts in the film which included being bowled over by a four foot high wall of water. William Conrad also appears in this uniformly well cast and well acted George Pal film.

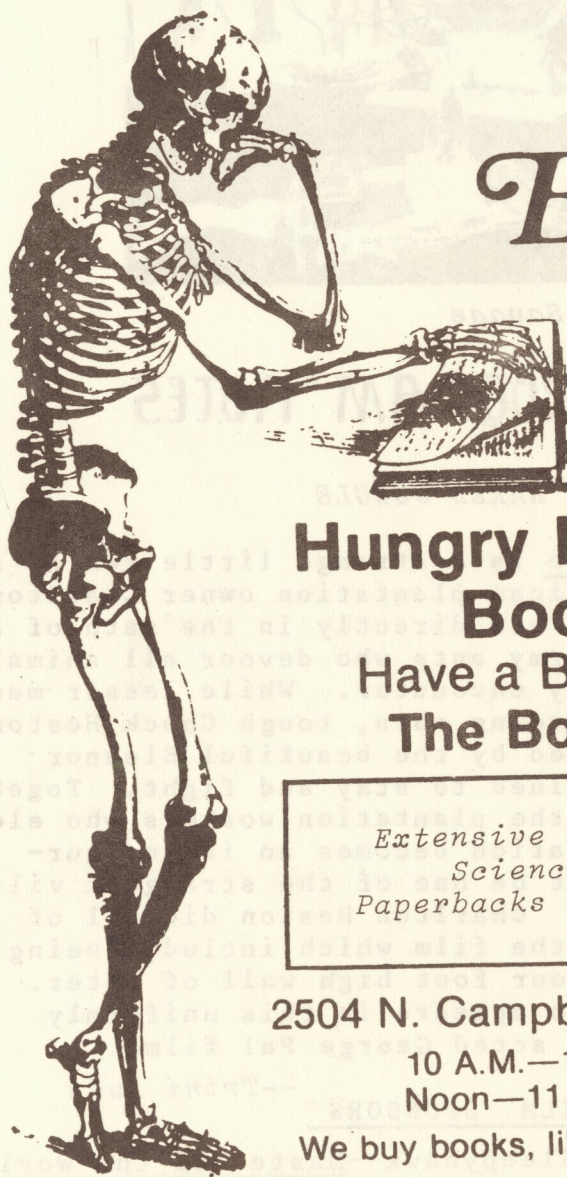
*--Trini Ruiz*

### FILM SPONSORS

Cristi Simila and Sleepyhawk--Master of the World

Sue and Eric Thing--The Naked Jungle

Trini Ruiz--Quackser Fortune Has A Cousin In The Bronx and George Pal Puppets



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## QUACKSER FORTUNE HAS A COUSIN IN THE BRONX

This seldom seen film is an off-beat (some would say off-color) comedy with Gene Wilder and Margot Kidder. Wilder plays Quackser Fortune, a manure salesman who gets his raw materials from the horse-drawn wagons of old Dublin, Ireland. The impending arrival of the gas-powered automobile spells the end for Quackser's business, such as it is. At this point a beautiful American exchange student, in the person of Margot Kidder, enters his life and a bizarre romance ensues for this incongruously matched pair.

Quackser Fortune is certainly an indescribably "different" film that must be seen to be disbelieved.

--Trini Ruiz

## THE CONQUEST OF SPACE

Almost any movie producer or director can tell you horror stories about the studio's interference in the production of their films. The George Pal film that suffers most as a result of of front office meddling is The Conquest of Space. The film is not nearly the space epic that Pal had originally planned as a trilogy of stories relating to humanity's exploration of the Solar System. Paramount Pictures involvement eventually pared the storyline down to just one voyage of exporation, to the planet Mars. Constant rewriting of the script forced upon the screenwriters resulted in some of the most inane dialogue ever heard in a film not made for T.V. Examples: "Spaceship to wheel, spaceship to wheel. Come in wheel."--Eric Fleming on the radio. "You lousy two-timin' tomato."--Phil Foster to bosomy image on T.V. screen.

The movie's best scenes are those of the voyage itself and in particular the suspenseful landing on Mars. Special effects are difinitely the star in this, George Pal's Fourth entry into S.F. film. Along with The Great Rupert and The Naked Jungle, Conquest of Space is one of the most obscure and infrequently seen of Pal's Films. After you see it you'll

understand why.

--Trini Ruiz

### DESTINATION MOON

At a time when Science Fiction films were a dead issue among the major studios, George Pal independently produced Destination Moon, the film that not only started the S.F. movie boom of the fifties, but whose effect can still be seen in many of today's S.F. films. Exactly as the title implies, the film centers around the construction and flight of the first spaceship to the Moon and is presented in an almost documentary style. With the success of Destination Moon, and The Day the Earth Stood Still the following year, Hollywood got off to a fine start at the beginning of the So-called S.F. boom but this quickly degenerated into formula monster-on-the-loose films following the release of The Thing in 1951.

Pal and Robert A. Heinlein spent many years in a fruitless attempt to interest a major studio in the film before finding the backing to produce it independently. Fortunately meeting Heinlein at the 1976 WorldCon in Kansas City, this reviewer had the opportunity to speak to him for a few minutes. One of his comments on Destination Moon was as follows: "Back then we were trying to make a movie about a first flight to the moon that was as accurate as could be made with the knowledge we had then. Considering that it was committee work, I think we succeeded quite well. I'm proud of it." Heinlein worked on only one other film before leaving Hollywood, never to return.

On the technical side, superb special effects (Lee Zavitz and John Abbott) secured for Pal his first of many Academy Awards in that field. Chesley Bonestell's magnificent space artwork and eloquent photography by the almost legendary Lionel Lindon contribute much to the film's realism.

--Trini Ruiz

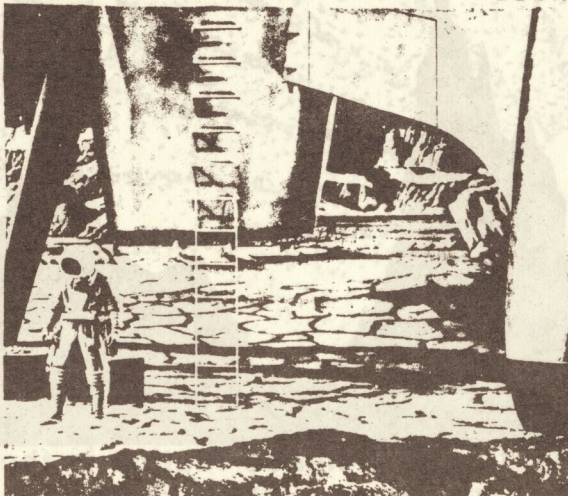
## MASTER OF THE WORLD

Jules Verne's novel "Robur the Conqueror" and its sequel "Master of the World" have been combined in this effective minor classic starring Vincent Price as Robur and Charles Bronson as U.S. Government Agent John Strock. Vincent Price portrays Robur as a sort of poor man's Captain Nemo in what is basically a low budget 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. In the screenplay, skillfully composited by Richard Matheson from the two Verne books, Robur becomes a man of much loftier principles than the Robur of the books.

With the superior technology represented by his flying battleship over the wooden ships and horseback mounted armies of the Victorian Era, Robur hopes to eliminate wars by forcing all nations to abandon their weapons and armies. How could anyone find fault with such a worthy goal? Well.. Charles Bronson does. At one point Bronson opines that "We are dealing with a madman who would willingly destroy the world in order to save it." He does not object to Robur's goal, but only to his method of achieving it.

Although showing its age, Master of the World is still a vastly entertaining film. American International has produced few S.F. films as good as Master of the World. Remember, these are the people who foisted Meteor on us last year.

--Trini Ruiz



Yes this is the third Tus-Con to be held here at the Inn. Third time is the charm. The staff is reasonable people but if you do have trouble, please refer it to Sharon Alban Maples.

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Try the Westwood Room for good food, but take warning they keep mundane hours.

GAMES ROOM

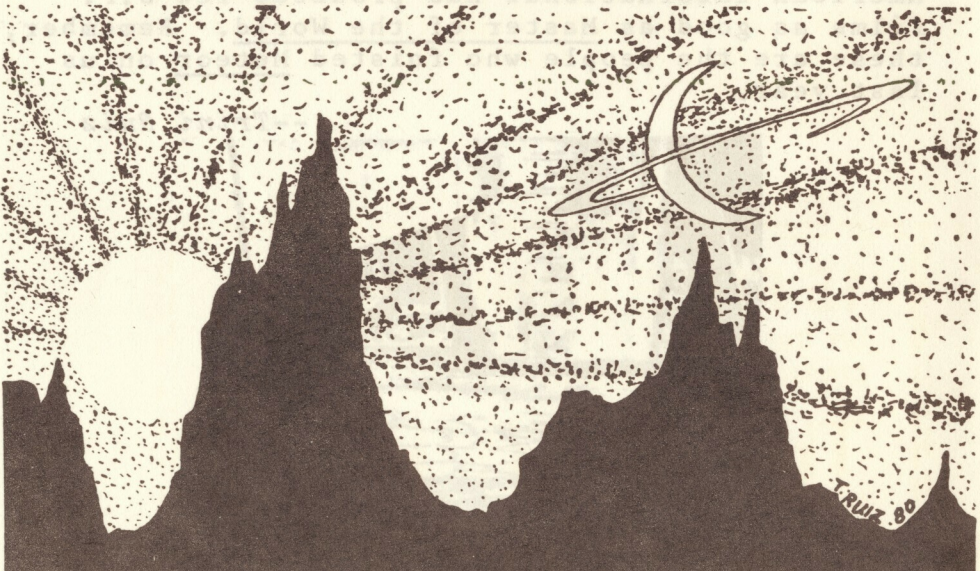
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# WESTERCON-35

July 2-5, 1982  
PHOENIX, AZ

**Gordon R. Dickson**, Pro Guest of Honor  
**Fran Skene**, Fan Guest of Honor  
**David Gerrold**, Toastmaster

**Registration**

Attending, thru Dec. 31, 1980: \$10

Attending, after Dec. 31, 1980: \$15

Supporting: \$ 6

**Please make checks payable to WesterCon-35**

**The Adams Hotel**

Central & Adams, Phoenix

Single or Double: \$29<sup>00</sup>

Triple: \$34<sup>00</sup>

Quad: \$39<sup>00</sup>

Suites: Inquire

**WesterCon-35**

P.O. Box 11644

Phoenix, AZ 85064

