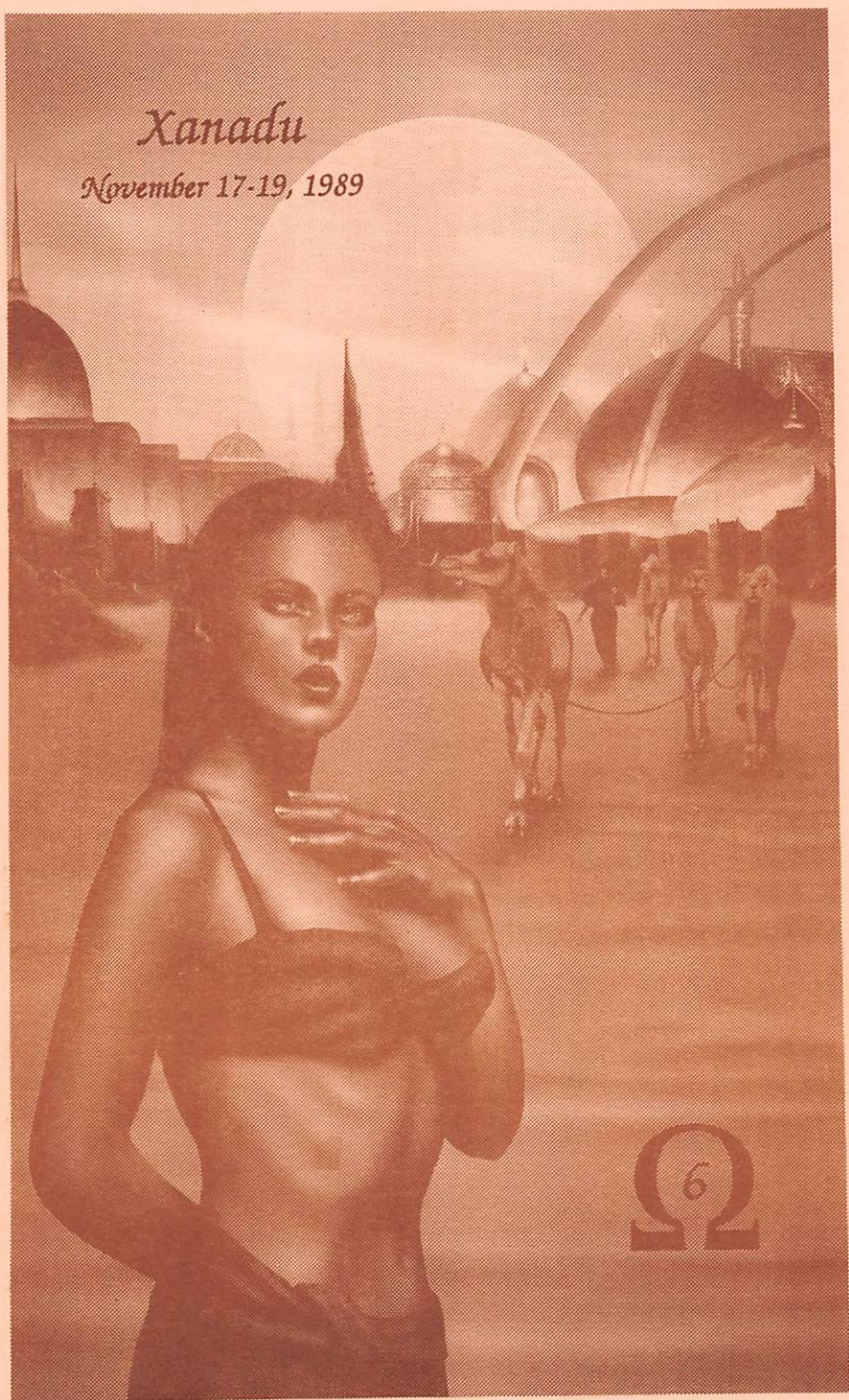


Xanadu

November 17-19, 1989



Ω
6
Ω

Xanadu 6 (Omega)

Guest of Honor
Sharon Webb

Artist Guest of Honor
Debbie Hughes

Master of Ceremonies
(The Real) Bob Tucker

Special Guest
Mark Maxwell

Fan Guest of Honor
Brad Strickland's Cooler

Xanadu 6 Con Committee

Founder Dan Caldwell

Chair Courtney F. Bray

Art Show Ann Robards

Cover Art Debbie Hughes

Huxter Room Mike Griffin

Masquerade Sue Phillips

Operations / Logistics / Security Lee Sessoms

Program Book Teri Lucyshyn

Publicity Charles Rutledge

Registration Helen Pieve

Treasurer Zanny Leach

VIP Liaison Charles Rutledge

All rights revert to the artists and authors that have contributed to this program book. Copyright © 1989.

Table of Contents

<i>Con Committee</i>	2
<i>Table of Contents</i>	3
<i>Untangling the Webbs</i>	4
<i>Debbie Hughes</i>	6
<i>The Young Prince</i>	8
<i>Chattacon Advertisement</i>	9
<i>Magic Carpet Ride (Guide to Xanadu)</i>	10
<i>Mark Maxwell</i>	12
<i>Brad Strickland's Cooler</i>	14
<i>The Masquerade</i>	16
<i>Phoenixcon Advertisement</i>	19

Untangling the Webbs

(a field guide)

by Brad Strickland

Talent runs in families, evidently. As proof, regard the Webb clan of Blairsville, Gainesville, and Stone Mountain, Georgia: a veritable network of writing power.

The first one alphabetically is Bryan Webb. Now, Bryan is best known to SF writers as a fount of all knowledge on the subject of how to beat the IRS — uh, that is, on how best to go about our patriotic duty of paying federal income taxes. However, Bryan is also a writer. He has turned out multitudinous articles on various subjects, none of them closer to his heart than sports cars and racing. More, not long ago Bryan entered the realm of fiction with a story in *Graystone Bay: The Sea Harp Hotel*. It was sort of eerie and warped, not unlike certain sections of the United States Tax Code. Bryan is also the paterfamilias of the group and generally can be spotted in his native habitat, the bar, where he probably will be engaged in counseling some new writer on the subject of royalties, deductions, and depreciation allowances.

Jerri Webb, who now lives in Gainesville, is not yet a published writer, but she is going for that honor. Jerri, the daughter of Bryan and Sharon, has completed the manuscript of a young adult novel. It is reported **not** to touch on taxes, but with Jerri's medical knowledge (and the horror gene she inherited from dad), it might just possibly deal with that other unpleasant certainty.

Sharon Webb, who is also a registered nurse, is the mother of the group. She began her writing career early, and under an assumed gender, when she published mystery stories in *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine* under the pseudonym "Ron Webb." Clever, huh? She is well-known to Southern fans, and to Southeastern pros she is sort of an informal den mother for both SFWA and HWA members, keeping us all up to date on storm warnings, hot tips, and the latest in computer hardware and software. Sharon has published a great many

short stories (my own favorite is “Shadows from a Small Template”) and novels in several fields: the Earthchild Triad is a group of three young-adult SF novels dealing with immortality, morality, and the arts. *The Adventures of Terra Tarkington* is a far-ranging space-nurse novel with some of the most outrageous puns ever released (and quite an attractive cover. Yes, sir. I could look at them — uh, it — for hours). More recently, Sharon has turned to the field of the medical thriller and has done extremely well with two novels, *Pestis 18* (germ warfare and terrorism on the Georgia coast) and *The Half Life* (which has some characters not directly representing, but bearing certain resemblances to, people we all know and love). In addition to her SF work, Sharon has been known to review software (especially music software) for various computer magazines. She is also a paper doll aficionado. Get her to tell you about the time I visited her and sat on a terrorist.

Away down in Stone Mountain we find yet another Webb, this one a Wendy. Now, Wendy has a great deal of native charm and good taste; and, she is a sparkling jewel among the diamonds in the rough that make up SFWCC (The Science Fiction Writers of Cobb County. This makes her the Cobb Webb). Wendy, in addition to being a horror writer, is an actress of growing repute. From a small nonspeaking role in *Blood Salvage* (she’s one of the judges in the front row at the beauty contest early in the movie. Look for the pretty lady with the enormous hat) she moved on to a starring role as a disgraced nun and concerned single mother (well, I said she was disgraced) in *The Laughing Dead*, with more acting assignments coming up. But we know her as a writer, with short stories in *Women of Darkness*, *Graystone Bay: The Sea Harp Hotel*, and (rumor hath it) in Charlie Grant’s prestigious *Shadows* series. Wendy has completed one dark fantasy novel, *Widow’s Walk*, and is currently working on another novel-length work. Wendy is master of a superbly evocative style, whether she is writing of ghostly doings on the coastal islands of Georgia, or of the unexpected, ah, bargains one might find at a Midnight Madness sale.

Ladies and gentlemen of Xanadu, I give you the Webbs. Enjoy them, for separately they are wonderful writers, and together they are practically a publishing dynasty.

Debbie Hughes

by Jerry Page

Every writer has a litmus test for artists which is carried around in his own skull: how *he* sees his own story. What an artist does for other people's stories is nice, of course — but what that artist does for my story proves or disproves genius. Over the years I've been reasonably lucky. The first story I ever sold was illustrated by an artist who drew in the terrain exactly as I had seen but never described it. I've had stories illustrated by Jeff Jones, Steve Fabian, and other top artists who did wonderful jobs.

I wrote a story called "Waygift," which is rather special to me. It appeared in Scott Edelstein's anthology, *Future Pastimes* more than a decade ago, and the central idea was so personal a vision that I despaired of ever even seeing an adequate job of illustrating it. This year it's being reprinted in Elizabeth Saunders' *When the Black Lotus Blooms*, and for the first time, there's a drawing with it. And there it all is. My characters, their universe, and the emotions behind them that are the crux of the whole story. It's the most perfect sort of drawing there is, from the way a writer looks at things: from the inside out.

It's by Debbie Hughes.

The first time I ever met Debbie was not that long after the story initially appeared. It was at her sister Diane's house in Atlanta. The Hughes sisters are two of the most remarkable women I've ever met, strikingly intelligent and gifted. Debbie was not yet an artist at the time. With her strong facial features and blonde hair, she looked more like a model.

(By an interesting coincidence, I can support that statement with another drawing in *When the Black Lotus Blooms*. It's by Bob Giadrosich, and Debbie makes a very intriguing subject in it).

She was born in Lexington, Kentucky, but grew up in Atlanta. She attended Furman University for four and a half years, and

although there was an early interest in art, she only became serious about it and science fiction illustrations in 1983 when she met Mark Maxwell. Her growth was rapid. Her art was pulling down awards at science fiction conventions within three or four years. Among the convention art shows where she's been singled out for honors are the 1987 PhoenixCon, the World Fantasy Convention in 1987, Deep South Con 26, the 1989 Libertycon, and the 1989 Lunacon.

She and Mark have been guests at the 1989 Unicon in Washington, D.C., and are scheduled to be the guests in 1990 at Libertycon. They've had showings at the Museum of Science and Energy in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and at a Dreamsmiths showing in Decatur, Georgia. They collaborated on medical illustrations for a police instructional tape on forensic investigation.

She has illustrated four paperback covers outside the SF field: *End of the Rope*, *Integrity*, *Freedom*, and *Why This Christian is a Skeptic*, all by Claude C. Crawford.

For three or four years she was the singer in the band HQ, for which Mark played bass. Other interests include dancing and costuming. I can testify from personal experience that for a fantasy writer to dance with her is to be inspired to write about goddesses. As for costumes — well, it is hard for any man to see her in her Egyptian dress and not grow intensely and hopelessly jealous of Mark.

For the past five or six years, I've had the pleasure of watching her develop as an artist and her paintings are always a source of both joy and wonder for me, as good paintings — and good stories, and good music, and well, good anything — always are. They carry an emotional impact that is at once personal and universal, the way art is supposed to. She has only been doing this since 1983; she's still learning.

And the great thing is that those of us who plan to watch her continued growth over the next several years will learn along with her.

After all, good artists are also teachers.



The Young Prince

by Maureen Dorris

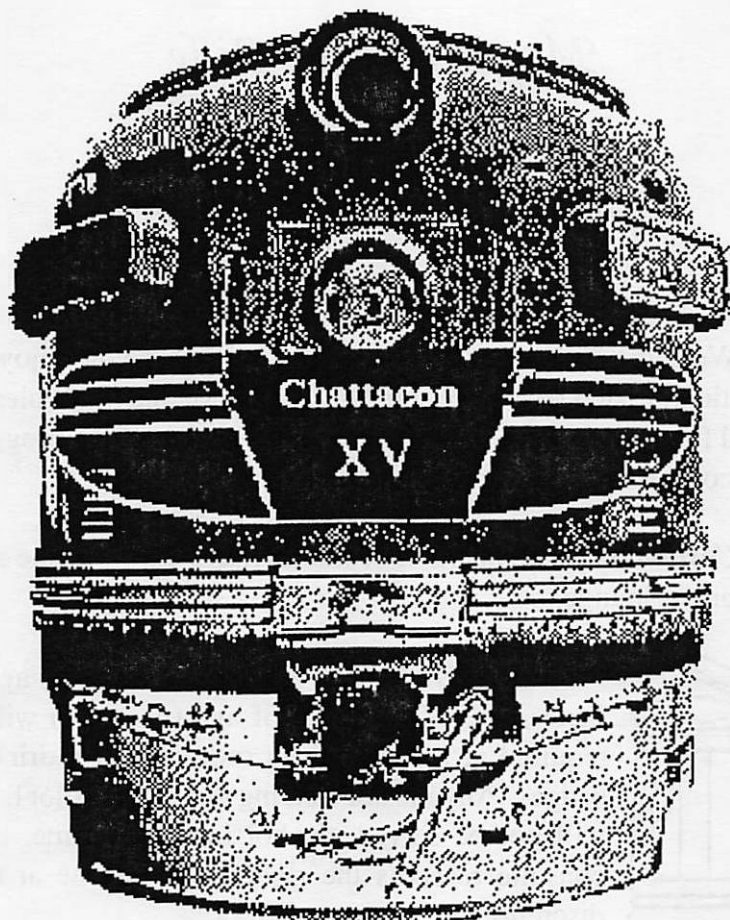
There once was a wonderful kingdom called Sci Fi which was ruled by King Wilson "Bob" Tucker. It was a lovely place to live, and King Bob was a most loved king. The king had a beautiful daughter, but he wished for a son. One day, his wish was granted. He called the new little prince Bob. The young prince grew up healthy and happy in the land of Sci Fi. Everyone loved him, and he learned much from the wise men of the kingdom.

But, trouble started when Prince Bob became a young man and discovered all the joys of being an adult. The subjects of the kingdom kept hearing, and telling, stories of the young prince's exploits. One of these stories involved Rally Racing on his mystical beast, a Jag 60, with other young men in the kingdom. About this time the young prince also discovered the young ladies of the kingdom, as well as a magic drink made by the Wizard Tanqueray.

Since the subjects called both the king and the young prince "Bob," there soon was much confusion over who had won the Rally, the king or the prince. And, who was that dancing with the beautiful girl at the ball? The king, being very wise, soon realized that something had to be done to straighten this all out. So, he made a Royal Decree that from that day forward, the young prince should be known as *The Real Bob Tucker*.

When the young prince was older, it was decided that he should take a grand tour of all the kingdoms to search for a bride. He was given a magic whistle to wear on a chain around his neck. This magic whistle, when blown, would summon a genie who would solve all of his problems. This proved very valuable in his travels.

While in the kingdom of Florida, he met and fell in love with the lovely Princess Joan. They married, and are living happily ever after. They occasionally visit the kingdom of Sci Fi where all of the subjects are glad to see them, just as we are this weekend.



CHATTACON XV

January 12-14, 1990

at the

Chattanooga Choo-Choo

Guest of Honor

Michael P. Kube-McDowell

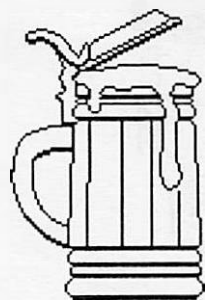
Magic Carpet Ride

—or—

Guide to Xanadu Omega

Welcome to Xanadu Omega. We hope that you enjoy the convention. Listed below are some general guidelines and rules we must all follow during the convention. For a listing of the program, please consult the pocket program guide.

Costumes: No weapons or costumes may be worn in the hotel restaurant or lounge.



Drinking Age: The legal drinking age in Tennessee is 21. Proof of age (photo id) will be required at registration in order to get a drinking badge. Anyone not wearing the proper color badge will not be served alcohol in the consuite. The consuite reserves the right to id anyone at their discretion.

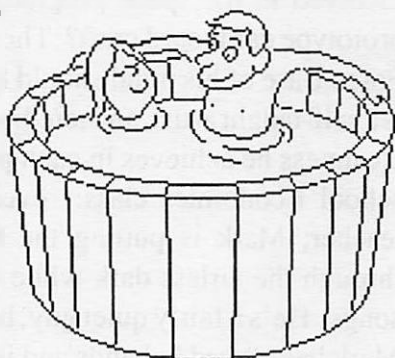
Registration: Convention attendees should wear badges at all times, except for the contestants during the Masquerade. Anyone not wearing a badge will be denied access to the convention functions. All members will be asked for identification to verify age, and for acceptance of checks written to the convention. The convention reserves the right to refuse to sell a membership to anyone.

Weapons Policy: All weapons worn in public areas, including outside the hotel, must be peace bonded. Weapons with blades and imitation firearms are permitted if they are securely fastened in a scabbard or holster with a safety strap. Removal of weapons from restraining devices is not allowed. Working projectile weapons,

Laser Tag™, Photon™, and other tag or assassin games are not allowed. Convention and hotel security reserves the right to inspect any weapon at any time. Weapons used as part of the Masquerade may be used on stage if safe. Huxters may sell weapons in the Huxter room if they are properly wrapped when sold. If you purchase a weapon, please take it to your room immediately. Tennessee laws forbid the wearing of weapons or weapon look alikes in the hotel lounge. **Anyone violating these rules is subject to immediate confiscation of their weapon until the end of the convention.**

Post No Bills: Don't post any signs on the hotel walls, or on the inside of the elevators. We will be providing easels and boards to post signs and flyers during the convention.

Pool and Jacuzzi Hours: The pool is open from 8:00am until midnight. Please, no glass in the pool / jacuzzi area. Towels are provided in the pool area, so leave your's in your room.



Handicap Access: Access to the atrium and function areas is available via ramps. The hotel is three stories high, and has two elevators.

Art Show: We have a fine art show this year. The auction will be held on Saturday night. Please consult the pocket program guide for art show and auction times.

The Last Supper: This is the theme of this year's Saturday banquet. Break bread and pass wine, er, grape juice with none other than Dan Caldwell. Tickets will be available at registration.



Mark Maxwell:
Urban Guerrilla at the End of Time

by Jack Hunter Daves

This talented artist was born in Alabama on an experimental fruitbat reserve. At the age of ten he glued fur all over his body and left home to join the space program as a test pilot monkey.

Ok. You win. I lied. He was born in Alabama and he was involved in the space program at an early age. Remember those prototype cardboard craft? The one Mark flew over the Edwards Air Force Base of his mind should be hanging in the Smithsonian. Mark is a self-taught artist, an incredible fact when you see the precision and cleanness he achieves in each painting. I can see him now in a high school Economics class: everyone else is dozing, including the teacher; Mark is putting the fins on some strange craft blasting through the airless dark while humming one of those heathen rock songs. He's a fairly quiet guy, but I guess he's a rebel in his own way. Mark has played in bands and is a man moved by music. Maybe one day they'll do a huge Hawkwind retrospective record set and he'll get to do the cover. Unlike most of us, Mark's art career didn't peter out when we graduated from high school. He's worked hard, and I can tell by his discussions at slide shows that he's very meticulous and often does loads of research for each painting.

His first convention art show was in 1981, and since then a rather wide audience has been admiring his work. I'm talking **international** acclaim here. He has space art touring the Soviet Union with the Dialogues Exhibit, the hottest thing to hit Russia since the Siberian atmospheric blast in the early 1900's. Two German paperbacks will feature his art on their covers, and he'll be included in a book coming out in Poland.

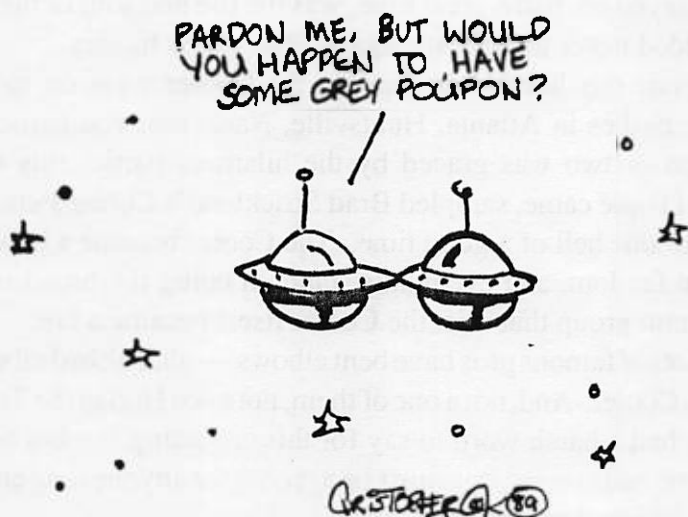
He lives in Knoxville, Tennessee, in the neighborhood used by Karl Edward Wagner for the setting of this oft-anthologized short

story "Where the Summer Ends." Karl has the area infested with little freaked-out Japanese monkey-demons who live in the enveloping kudzu. Gees, Mark! If I come and visit, promise me you'll lock the windows!

There is something about Mark's work that isn't discussed enough, and that is his wry sense of humor. Think of the disappointed aliens, after accepting Voyager's invitation, finding a ruined, dead Earth in "RSVP." And, Voyager's meteor detector knocked off leaving a few twisted wires. Take a look at "See Rock City": A colony in a hollowed-out asteroid complete with an in-joke for Tennesseans.

A sense of wonder exists in Mark's art, either in the dynamics of perspective, or naturally in the lovingly rendered subject matter. Some space artists manage to make interplanetary scenes almost drab. Others, like Mark, create the feeling of awe that the genre demands.

New publications with Mark's work include *Visions of Space* from Paper Tiger Press, and a calendar for the year 2001.



Picture courtesy of *From the Center of the Universe*.
Artwork by Christopher Cook.

Brad Strickland's Cooler

by Brad Strickland's Word Processor

Sometimes destiny can be stranger than fate. I realize that statement makes no sense whatever, but it sounds like something HE might write. Anyway, the destiny of a Styrofoam Cooler is often chosen by the person who buys it from the 7-11: it could live out its life as a minnow bucket, as a beer container, or even as a temporary home for gerbils.

But Brad Strickland bought this particular Cooler on his way to a Chattacon. It seems that someone was throwing a party and Brad was supposed to bring some goodies. He bought the Cooler for a buck twenty-five, little knowing that he was launching a fan favorite on a great career.

The party went well, but as usual, Brad pooped out early. The Cooler stayed on, had a great time, was the life and soul of the party, and decided never to go home again. The rest is history.

From this humble beginning, the Cooler went on to throw fantastic bashes in Atlanta, Huntsville, Nashville, you name it. A Worldcon or two was graced by the hilarious parties this Cooler hosted. People came, sampled Brad Strickland's Cooler Punch, and stayed for one hell of a good time. The Cooler became a byword in Southern fandom, and eventually, fandom being the broad-minded and tolerant group that it is, the Cooler itself became a fan.

Lots of famous pros have bent elbows — uh, **rubbed** elbows — with this Cooler. And, not a one of them, not even Harlan the Terrible, has ever had a harsh word to say for this crusading symbol of good times to be had at cons; this **must** be a record for anyone long engaged in fanac of any description.

But, of course, time takes its toll. There came a period in its life when Brad Strickland's Cooler was shabby and run-down, burnt out, ready to gafiate. Fortunately, early on a Monday morning at one of the most sustained dead-dog parties ever held in Atlanta, a young man

named Jeremy Moon wandered past. This was probably during the visit to Atlanta chronicled in Brad Strickland's forthcoming novel *Wizard's Mole*, but the slob didn't actually mention the occasion. Anyway, Jeremy had become a wizard whose advertising slogans worked magic. He took one look at the shabby Cooler, and intoned "Be New and Improved!"

And, lo, it was so. At this Xanadu we honor a fan more dedicated to partying than most; one that never misses a con if possible; one that has become the envy of all inanimate objects once possessed by pros. Let's all get together and show Brad Strickland's Cooler that we appreciate its long and distinguished career in fandom.

Come on, everybody—*It's Party Time!*



Picture courtesy of *From the Center of the Universe*.
Artwork by Christopher Cook.

The Masquerade

Information Provided by the Middle Tennessee

Chapter of the Deep South Costumer's Guild

(Please check the pocket program guide for information regarding the time and place of prejudging, as well as the Masque itself)

At assembly, you will be given a number for your order of appearance. You will be called by number for prejudging. Stand 6 to 10 feet from the judge's table, turn slowly to show the details of your costume. Then, move closer to the table to answer any questions. Do not do your presentation, it will be judged on stage.

While others are being judged, you will have spare time. Use this time to relax, check your costume, or relieve yourself, but don't wander off. If you need something, send a gofer for it.

Gofers: (Go For)s are your friends who have volunteered to help you in your hour of need. They will try to help you; let them. Make your needs clearly known. Catchers will be at the steps leading to and from the stage; let them give you a steady hand up and down if you have even the slightest difficulty seeing or stabilizing.

It is best to bring a repair kit for your particular costume. In many cases, the Guild will have an all-purpose kit in the assembly room, but it may not have everything you need. A gofer will watch the table and assist you. You may leave your glasses, room key, or whatever with the gofer; don't leave valuables, leave them in your room.

Amenities: Cold water and straws, at least, should be available. If you are wearing a mask, prepare a hole for the straw. Large meals or excessive drink before the Masquerade may cause you discomfort, or hinder your performance, and should be avoided.

Presentation: Use the stage, such as it is, to your full advantage. Groups should not bunch up. Walk the length of the stage to let

the audience see you well. Turn to show the back of your costume. Say any lines you have toward the audience in a loud, clear voice. Don't expect there to be a microphone, but use it if it is there. Most top costumers lip sync to a prerecorded cassette tape. (The Guild has prepared a brief guide on recording, *Cassettes for the Masque*, available at registration.) Whether you use a tape or not, keep your presentation to one minute, or less. Large groups should ask the Masque Chairperson for permission to use more time. At most cons, more time is not a problem, but don't take it for granted and then get upset the day of the Masque because you are not automatically given all the time you want. Write ahead of time to be sure. Use the time you need to show your costume, but don't be boring. One minute is a long time on stage. You may use any talent you have to add character to your presentation, but remember, this is a Masque, not a dance recital, singing audition, comedy club, or talent show. Your costume is what is being judged.

Please: Get accustomed to your costume before the Masquerade! Can you see? Breathe? Walk? Crawl? Or whatever you need to do for your presentation? Can you sit down while waiting, and climb stairs to the stage? If not, tell the Masquerade staff so they can help you.

Eligibility: A costume manufactured for sale or rent is not eligible for award, even though you may be allowed to show it. Although parts of a costume may indeed be purchased, original input and workmanship, time, and effort, will be most highly considered.

Worldcon and NASFIC winning costumes are considered to have moved beyond competition at lesser conventions. Their creators *are* encouraged to show such costumes, out of competition, for the enjoyment of the audience, and as an additional bow for their triumph.

A costume worn during the convention (prior to the Masque) as a hall costume becomes a hall costume, and is ineligible for a presentation award at the Masquerade. Professional performers wearing costumes that are used in their profession are also ineligible for award.

Near nudity can be exciting to the presenter, and most of the judges and audience; however, lack of a costume is lack of a costume,

no matter how much time you have spent on developing a great body. Children will be present at the Masque, as well as local security. If you are overly blatant, the con will not bail you out.

Competition costumes should not be shown in competition for more than one year. After that they should be retired and used as hall costumes, or revamped into new costumes.

Recreation Costumes: Any recreation costume should have a copy of the picture or written description that it is made from. This should be given to the judges who may not be familiar with the particular source from which you have taken your idea. Copies will be returned to you. Put your name and convention room number on the copies. Worldcon requires two different views of each pictorial source.

Necessary Rules: No flames or flammable liquids. No projectile weapons. Check the con rules separately, and ask if you are not certain. Weapons are to remain sheathed (including the assembly area) except on stage. Any device or part of a costume that presents a clear danger to others, or their costumes, may be banned. Such items include sharp edges, spikes, nails or other items that could scratch, cut, snag, or puncture. Either dull or cover all such parts before the problem occurs. Liquids may not be used in any way that might get onto other costumes or cause the floor to become slick. No foul-smelling product may be used. No flash pots, or smoke devices.

This information has been provided by the Deep South Costumer's Guild as part of its effort to improve Masquerades for everyone's benefit. There is a great deal more to successful costuming than can be included here. If you are interested in learning more, watch for panel discussions at conventions, or ask a Guild member for more information. Other information is available at Masquerade registration.

The Masquerade is for fun, try to enjoy the experience! Good luck and thank you for entering.



"SF From A to Z"

Atlanta's Literary SF Convention

Phoenixcon 5

May 4-6, 1990

Guest of Honor **Piers Anthony**

Artist Guests of Honor

Ron Lindahn &

Val Lakey Lindahn

Fan Gasts of Honor

Steve & Sue Francis

Toastmaster

Tim Zahn

Holiday Inn at Powers Ferry Landing & I-285.

Membership \$15 until Oct 22, \$20 until end of Jan.

Info: PhonenixCon 5, 1579 Monroe Drive, Box F-218,
Atlanta GA 30324

What's Where

1st Floor

Registration - In front of Salons A - D
Video Room - Salon A
A Gaming Room - Salon B
A Programming Room - Salon C
Art Show - Salon D
More Programming - Atrium
Huckster Room - Cumberland Room

2nd Floor

Consuite - Balcony
Operations - Rm 3236
Other Gaming Room, RPGA Tournament -
Suite 1228, 1230

Autographs and Notes