

XANABU 7

May 7-9, 2004, Nashville, TN



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Front cover art by Kevin Ward
Program Book edited by Tom Feller

Xanadu 7 Guests

Guest of Honor: Allen Steele

Master of Ceremonies: Mary Buckner

Artist Guest of Honor: Melissa Stark

Fan Guest of Honor: Bill Payne

Filk Guest of Honor: Bill and Brenda Sutton

Special Guests: Dr. Gangrene and Amy Sturgis

Convention Committee

Dan Caldwell - Chairman

Fredrick Grimm - Vice-Chairman

Fran Bray- Rajah of Registration

Larry Smith - Dictator of Dealer Room

Janet Hopkins- Czarina of the Con Suite

Lynn Harris - Autocrat of the Art Room

Stephania Grimm - Assistant Autocrat of the Art Room

Tom Feller - Potentate of Programming

Thom Osborne - Diplomat of the Dance

Errol Jamborsky - Vicar of Anime Videos

Lynn Harris - Ruler of Rare and Unusual Videos

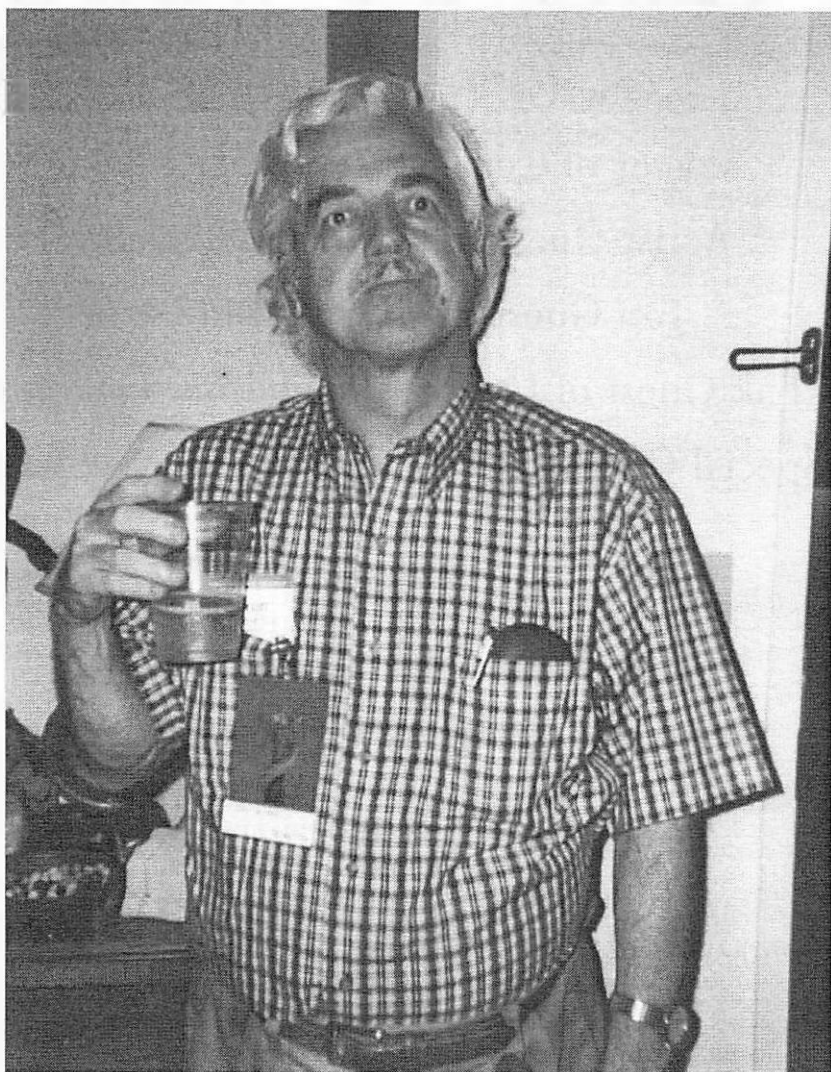
Fred Grimm - All-Powerful Auction Coordinator

Fran Bray- Tyrant of the Treasury

Darrell LuAllen - Grand Duke of Gaming

Ian Harris - Lord of the LARP

Word from the Chairman



I'm only here for the beer!

Party on!

Convention Rules

1. You must wear your membership badge at all times.
2. Beer will not be allowed outside the con suite. No beer will be given to anyone under the age of 21.
3. Cameras are not permitted in the art show.
4. Xanadu is not responsible for lost, stolen, or damaged property or for injuries sustained in the course of the convention.
5. Programmed events and guests are subject to change and/or cancellation without notice.
6. We reserve the right to ask you to leave the convention for behavior unacceptable even by fannish standards. We also reserve the right to NOT refund your money.
7. Please adhere to our weapons policy.
8. No camping in the halls or lobby.
9. Nudity is not a costume.
10. Hotel smoking policy is in effect in all public space.

Charity Auction

Award winning author Charles Grant has entertained fans in the Southeast for years. He has been a regular at Chattacon & Kubla Khan and has always been generous with his time to loyal fans. Mr. Grant has recently been diagnosed with Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease (COPD) and may have to rely on bottled oxygen for the rest of his life.

A Medical Fund has been set up to help with the staggering medical expenses that he and his wife must face. Xanadu 7 has chosen this to be our official charity.

Allen Steele-We knew him When

By Dan Caldwell

A few years ago, a group of fans in Nashville decided we really needed an SF club in town, and, lo, one came into being. Feeling we were on a roll, we had a con, which drew more members into the club one of which was one Allen Steele.

At 14, Allen Steele was the youngest member of the Nashville Science Fiction club. I mostly remember his seemingly perpetual wide eyed grin (which still remains) and his restless energy. Allen found fandom and saw that it was good and proceeded to sample all of the activities the ah... wise and judicious (cough, choke, gag) club leadership inspired him to participate in. Wherever we led, he followed. He wasn't so much into trouble, as he was into... everything. In spite of this dubious upbringing, he managed to get through college, become a reporter, cover the space program and even get some stories published.

Allen always wanted to be an SF writer. He would come home at Christmas and June from his purgatory at Bell Buckle Preparatory School and spin tales of his dubious exploits there. That a kid still in his teens could tell stories that kept a dozen adults twice his age interested indicated he had some innate story telling skills.

I particularly remember one New Years party at Khen's (40 or more fans from across the south, crammed into one house for a long weekend - practically a con - but cons were fewer then and we were desperate). Allen was back from school and showed us the next several chapters of the novel he was working on. We had seen the first few chapters at the end of the summer, more at Thanksgiving, now yet more of it.

That's when I knew he was going to make it as a writer, because at every writing panel I had ever been to they said you had to KEEP WRITING. And Allen was. It took another decade or so, but his short stories got published, then his novels and now he is one of those lucky few who make their living writing SF.

Allen Steele Remembered

By Anita Feller



One peculiar fact of early Nashville fandom was the lack of a generation gap. Nashville had fans from 4 to 74 united in a common interest, unaware of the difference in age. Allen became the resident juvenile delinquent of Nashville fandom at the ripe of old age of 14 and could hold his own with the adults.

Allen always knew what he wanted to do. His goal was to become a journalist. This ambition did not come with vague dreams but with concrete plans of which school he

would attend and what newspaper would employ him. Allen also had a grasp regarding human relationships and a maturity beyond his years in some matters.

One dark and stormy night at a Huntsville convention, 20 people were trying to sleep in a hotel room, what we called the Nashville Sardine Can, while others were determined to party all night. This was a normal evening at a convention. A thirty-year old fan was lamenting his inability to meet and date any females at the con and could not understand his problem. Allen proceeded to explain his theory of how men and women hook up. He said *people project signals which he called red lights and green lights*. He stated *some send signals and some receive. However, some people are not capable of receiving signals as they are not wired both ways and cannot receive indications from others that they are interested*. That was his explanation why they had difficulty forming friendships and romantic attachments. I thought this was a rather mature theory for a fourteen year old and was impressed with the conversation until another fan hit Allen with a pillow. A feather fight ensued, and the normal idiocy for the Nashville group resumed.

Allen Steele: An Anecdote

By Maurice W. Lewis, Jr.

When asked for a memory of Allen in his pre-glory days, the following occurred to me. Something that marked Allen as a writer to be watched was his creative and quirky sense of humor, which showed up in places other than his writing. It was once displayed (along with his political leanings) at a party thrown at a house that I was staying in at the time. You see, my girlfriends annually threw a costume gig for the local fans and hangers-on that they called the "Revival of Evil" party. It was a Halloween-type thing where people were supposed to come dressed as something "evil", their choice of what. Allen, invited to one of these, around 1982, showed up at the door in an outfit that didn't look identifiably "evil". He was dressed in a long trench coat with a fedora hat sitting on his head and grimly serious look on his face. He looked more like a detective wannabe than anything particularly evil. When I asked him what he was supposed to be, he looked carefully first to one side, then to the other. Then, apparently assured of his security, he flipped back his coat label to reveal, gotten from only God knows where, a C.R.E.E.P. button from the 1972 Nixon election. He then intoned in a solemn monotone, "Committee to Re-Elect the President---

Nixon in '84". Given the political leanings of many of the group that were present, there was a great deal of general agreement that not only was Allen's costume definitely evil, but that he might also have been the most evil "creature" there that night. That kind of unconventional way of approaching things marked Allen as somebody with a mind capable of looking at the world in way that could make it interesting to people, a talent he showed later and a definite plus when you're trying to write fiction.



Melissa Gay

By Darrell Luallen

I've known Melissa Gay for many years. And in all that time, she has yet to kick my ass. Melissa is a woman of great joy and happiness; traits that translate directly into her art. She graduated from the University of the South at Sewanee with a B.A. in Studio Art with honors in painting. She shares her life with two intense cats, a unruffled husband, and a joyous baby who has us all fooled into thinking he's not up to something.

It is fitting that I met Melissa through a science fiction convention, even though we both live in Nashville and share many of the same hobbies. Over the years of our friendship, I have always felt comfortable discussing all manner of things with her. This is a testament to her accepting nature. And while I've seen her blush, she is no fragile flower. She can demonstrate vast amounts of patience and still find something positive to say afterwards.

I would hazard that a handful of words from a friend cannot do justice. So, instead, I've enlisted all the members of our gaming group to lend their voices to bring you a list of interesting facts.

1. Is an Alpha Geek.
2. Has an appreciation for Terry Pratchett.
3. Passionate about her art, her family, and her friends.
4. Been a gamer longer than the average college senior has been alive.
5. Can eat a whole large pizza by herself.
6. Eclectic tastes in art, music, and film.
7. Never been afraid to laugh at anything, including herself.
8. Makes the best lemon-face when you zing her.
9. Has a black belt in Wado-ryu Karate.
10. Probably still has her official Dr. Who fan club card.

Above all else, the one thing we all agree that we love about her can be summed up thusly: Her inner beauty, her outer beauty, and the beauty she creates.

If I could put one sentence into her mouth, it would likely be, "They can have my D10's when they pry them from my cold, dead hand!" You could substitute 'paint brushes,' 'Harry Potter novels,' or dozens of other things into that sentence. I think that, and the fact she hasn't kicked my ass yet, says it all about Melissa.

Mary Buckner

By Allen Steele

Several years ago, not long after I moved back to New England, I received a phone call from my sister Rachel in Nashville. A friend of hers, a lady by name of Mary Buckner, was interested in writing a science fiction novel, but she had little knowledge of how to go about submitting it to a publisher. Since Mary knew that Rachel's younger brother had some success in this area, would it be possible that I might be able to give a few pointers?

Since this is something I've done before, and because any friend of Rachel's is a friend of mine, I agreed to communicate with her. The SF field has a fine tradition of "paying forward", and since I wouldn't have sold my first novel if it hadn't been for advice given to me by people like Andy Offutt and Ed Bryant and the late Gordon R. Dickson, I considered it a duty to extend the same courtesy to someone else who was trying to break in. To tell the truth, though, I had little expectation that much would come of this; a lot of people say they want to be writers, but few are willing to make the effort to fulfill their ambitions.

Yet once we began corresponding via email, it soon became apparent that Mary was no mere wannabe. She had a novel in the works, and she fully intended to finish it and send it to market. Over the next few years, she sent letters in which she posed questions about manuscript preparation, the process of submission, how to find an agent, and so forth, and I did my best to give her the straight scoop. Finally, I recommended that she send her book to my own publisher, with the usual warning that it might be turned down. After all, it was going to the slush pile, that lightless place into which many novels fall but very few emerge. The next thing I knew, Mary wrote back to say that her novel had been accepted by Ace. I was nearly as delighted as she was, but since I'd never read anything she'd written, I had no idea what the book was about. Shortly after that, though, her editor sent me a copy of the manuscript, with a request that I submit a cover blurb. I read *Hyperthought*, and discovered that it was one of the best debut novels I'd ever seen: a real mind-grabber, something that's become increasingly hard to find these days. As it turned out, I wasn't the only one who was impressed; the next year, *Hyperthought* made the short-list for the Philip K. Dick Award, a considerable achievement for a first-novel by a heretofore unknown author. When Mary wrote to thank me, my response was that the novel was hers, not mine; she'd done it all by herself, and my contribution was minimal. Now M.M. Buckner is at work on her next novel. I can't wait to see it. And this weekend -- at long last, after all those emails and phone conversations -- I'll finally get to meet the person behind the byline.

I may be this year's Guest of Honor for Xanadu. But this is Mary's victory dance.

Bill and Brenda Sutton

by Dan Caldwell

Bill Sutton started life as a true Yankee by being born in a town near Boston. A year or so later, the family moved to Indianapolis where Bill grew up near THE Speedway. He played trombone in the school band and learned to play guitar by way of being a member of a small garage band. Bill also sang in musical theatre in both high school and college. After college, he got a job with Hewlett Packard in Atlanta and eventually found the local SF club, started going to cons and discovered filking.

Brenda was born in Greenwood Colorado and, as Navy brat, moved a lot. By the time she was 18, she had lived in 18 cities, 3 of them twice. She sang in the choir in grade school and played violin and clarinet. In high school, she worked on the class play and a yearly musical. In college she majored theatre with an emphasis on play writing and took 3 years of voice lessons. In 1984 she was at the LA Worldcon, happened to wander by the filk, liked what she heard and became one of us.

Bill and Brenda first met on the CompuServ Thursday night SF forum. At Baycon, they met in a hotel hallway and, recognizing the name on each others badges, sat down to talk (for 3 hours). Only then did they discover they both liked filking. Eventually, they got married. At a con, of course. The wedding was held at Ohio Valley Filk Festival in Columbus OH in 1987.

In 1989 and 90, they were performing at Atlanta coffee houses on a semi-regular basis. In 1990 & 91, they were filk guests at so many cons, they lost count. About then they started holding their Pagan Circle ceremony on Sunday morning. The idea caught on and is now a regular feature at a lot of cons. Bill has at least 2 or 3 tapes out, Brenda at least one and there is a joint tape "Owling at the Moon" (I think I have missed some here)

Nice people. Nice FRIENDLY people. One of them will probably come over to talk to you before you try to talk to them. They even keep their feet on the ground most of the time.

Bill Payne - A Fan for All Seasons

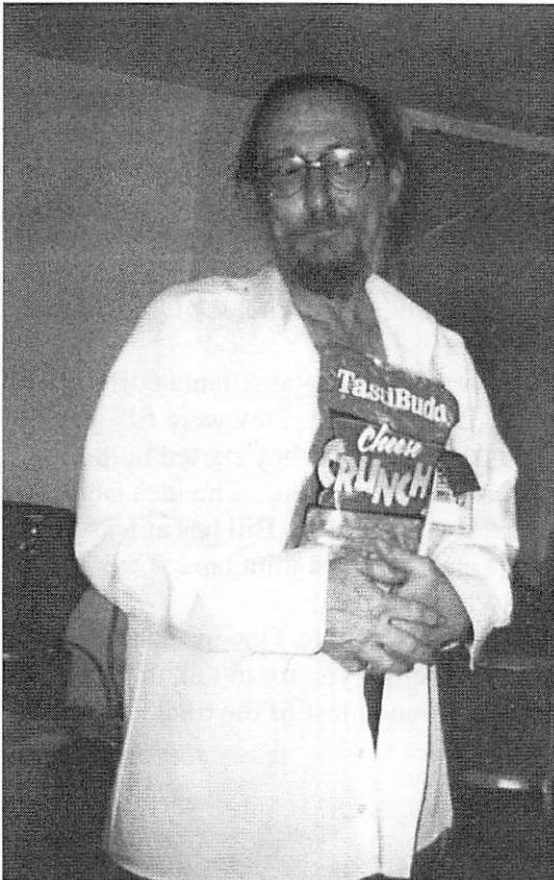
By Anita Feller and Dan Caldwell

Bill has been a cornerstone of Nashville fandom for 25 years. He has not only been a part of the Science Fiction scene, but he has also been busily involved in the Kingdom of Meridies of the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA). Bill has also been a major figure in costuming and masquerade events in Southern Fandom. In each of these he has been devoted to being as helpful to others as he possibly could.

In Science Fiction fandom, he has been an active huckster and done things as diverse as managing con suites and directing masquerades at various conventions. For many years, he was Khen Moore's chief assistant in running the Kubla Khan convention in Nashville.

In Meridies, which is the Southern kingdom of the SCA, he has created his own costume garb, been a successful merchant, and cooked several SCA feasts. The latter makes running a con suite look trivial.

In his private life he has been a graphic artist, typesetter and antique dealer. Bill is a true Renaissance man. Go and talk to this fascinating man. You will generally find him hanging out in the con suite till late in the evening. Those who know him consider him a good friend and a true fan.



Amy Sturgis

In 1998, Amy H. Sturgis received her Ph.D. in intellectual history from Vanderbilt University. Her articles have appeared in journals and magazines such as Mythlore, Parma Nölé, CSL, Seventeenth Century, Reason, Winedark Sea, and The LockeSmith Review, and she has contributed more than one article to Revolution Science Fiction. Her most recent non-fiction work "Make Mine Movieverse": How The Tolkien Fan Fiction Community Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Peter Jackson" will appear in the forthcoming book *Tolkien on Film: Essays on Peter Jackson's Lord of the Rings Trilogy*. Dr. Sturgis teaches science fiction/fantasy studies, media studies, and Native American studies at Belmont University, including the courses "J.R.R. Tolkien in History, Political Thought, and Literature," "The History of the Future: 20th Century History through Science Fiction," and "Harry Potter and His Predecessors," and regularly teaches summer seminars at various colleges across the United States for the Institute for Humane Studies.

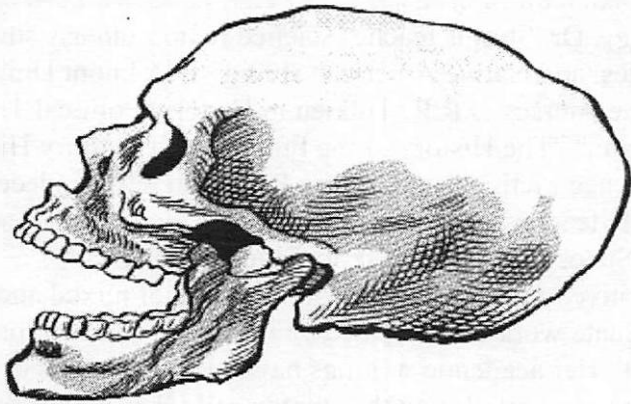
A native of northeastern Oklahoma and of mixed ancestry, Amy's graduate work concentrated on Cherokee Civilization from 1500–1830. Her academic writings have included books on American presidents and articles on the Bureau of Indian Affairs and Native Americans.

The earliest television show she can remember watching was an episode of *Star Trek* and was in elementary school when *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* were released. Besides Tolkien, she cites Robert Heinlein, Ray Bradbury, and Frank Herbert as her genre influences.

Amy has appeared as a special guest at conventions such as PhreakNIC 7, MidSouthCon 22/DeepSouthCon 42, and The Gathering of the Fellowship. Dr. Sturgis also serves as the co-founder and coordinator of the Lómelindi Smial of the Tolkien Society based in Nashville, Tennessee, USA. Under pseudonyms, Dr. Sturgis has sold several pieces of short fiction in the fields of science fiction and fantasy, and she currently is working her first novel. She, her husband Dr. Larry M. Hall, and their Boston terrier, The Shire's Virginia Lórien (a.k.a. simply "Virginia" or "The Hobbit"), live on a small farm outside Lebanon, TN.

Dr. Gangrene

Dr. Gangrene, aka Larry Underwood, is the host of *Chiller Cinema* on Cable Channel 3 in Hendersonville and Channel 19 in Nashville. His web site is <http://chillercinema.tripod.com/>.



Weapons Policy

1. All knives, swords, axes, and other bladed weapons, whether sharpened or not, must be covered by sheaths, cases, or other protective wrapping.
2. All bladed weapons must be secured to the wearer's person or clothing in such a way that it may not be unsheathed without substantial time or effort. Exceptions may only apply in the dealer's room or the Masquerade.
3. All firearms, pellet guns, bows and arrows, and other projectile weapons are forbidden.
4. Toy guns that do not fire projectiles are allowed.
5. No assassination games are allowed.

Art Show Rules

1. Prior to the close of the show for the art auction, if a piece up for sale has no bids, you may purchase it at the immediate purchase price, assuming there is one.
2. Items marked Not For Sale (NSF) are not for sale.
3. If there is no immediate purchase price, if there is already a bid, or if you do not wish to pay the immediate purchase price, the piece will go to the art auction.
4. If an item has at least one bid, it will go to auction.
5. The person with the highest bid will receive the piece.
6. The art show will open on Sunday morning for people to pick up the pieces they bought.
7. Any unsold items will be available for the After Auction Price.

Dealer's Room Hours

Friday: 9:00 AM to 2 PM: Dealers only

2 PM to 8 PM: Open

Saturday: 9:30 AM to 10 AM: Dealers only

10 AM to 7 PM; Open

Sunday: 9:30 AM to 10 AM: Dealers only

10 AM to 3 PM: Open

Xanadu 8/Deep South Con 43

May 6-8, 2005

Author Guest of Honor: Mike Resnick

Master of Ceremonies; Jack Chalker

Fan Guest of Honor: Tim "Uncle Timmy" Bolgeo

Artist Guest of Honor: Darryl Elliott



See our web site at www.secfi.com/xanadu

Call 615-244-0150

Write Dan Caldwell/Xanadu, 3522 Kings Lane, Nashville, TN 37218

Or e-mail XanaduSFCon@yahoo.com