

Buffalo NASFiC 2024

Program Book



July 18 - 21, 2024 Buffalo, NY

World Fantasy Convention 2024

NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK

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October 17th – 20th

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Welcome From the Chair

Welcome to our first NASFiC. I don't remember when Buffalo has had a science fiction convention of this caliber. I hope we can make this an event that will inspire others to work to reinvigorate fan run science fiction conventions in Western New York and Ontario, Canada.

The last big fan run convention in the area was the 2003 Worldcon in Toronto, Torcon 3. It was a great convention, the closest big convention I had been to. That was 21 years ago. The landscape of conventions in the area has changed. Where there used to be a few dozen fan run conventions, there are less than a handful left.

A few of us thought that maybe it was time this part of the country got a WSFS-type event. While we don't have the space for a Worldcon, a NASFiC was doable. We decided to bid for the 2024 NASFiC, since Glasgow, Scotland, was selected to hold the Worldcon this year.

Here we are. We have the opportunity to introduce science fiction fandom to a new generation of fans, who only know comic-cons and game shows. This NASFiC is our opportunity to show local fandom what they are missing. As we all know comic-cons are derived from fan run science fiction conventions. Fan-run science fiction cons started in the 1930's. It was a way for fans who only knew each other through the magazine letter columns to meet and hang out. Love for science fiction, movies, comics and gaming brought us all together.

Fandom is a community. It was small to start out, but it has evolved into a "Kaiju" of its own. Commercial cons see us as a way to make money. Having a huge dealer's room with stuff for sale, having more and more guests. Giving you the choice to spend hours in line to get a brief interaction with a guest, but only after you pay them money for an autograph or picture. Then after a few hours you go home. You bought a ticket to be entertained for a few hours, instead of a membership giving you time and space to make friends.

The most important reason for you to attend our NASFiC is that this is where the friends you have known for years, and the friends you have yet to meet, will be. Your friends who like Lovecraft, your friends who like Star Trek or Star Wars, those who like Thunderbirds or Spirited Away, or games, or cosplay, all have a place here.

Sometimes you don't need to know who the guests of honor are. It's the fact you go to a con to socialize. To play a game with people you don't know, to get costuming help and ideas from others., to spend some time getting to know other people or our guests. Take a picture? Sure! Ask permission first, but no one's going to stop you or charge you. You're a member of the convention, which comes with some responsibilities: be a decent person, and have fun.

We're trying some new things (like a burlesque), and trying to bring you events, programming, and people we think you'll like and want to hear more from. At the same time, we have many of the things that every convention should have: from panels and a con suite, to an art show, cosplay competition, gaming, a dance, and whatever else we can think to bring to you. Partake in one event or as many as you can want over the weekend. The con doesn't end until after the "dead dog" party on Sunday.!

Thanks for hanging out!

Wayne Brown, Chairman

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Some Important Hours

	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Art Show	4pm – 7pm	11am – 6pm**	10am – 5pm	10am – 2pm ***
Con Suite	6pm – 10pm	9am – 12pm	9am – 12pm	9am – 4pm
Dealers Room	4pm – 7pm	11am – 6pm	10am – 5pm	10am – 2pm
Programming	5pm – 10pm	10am – 12am	10am – 12pm	10am – 4pm *
Registration	12pm – 8pm	10am – 8pm	10am – 8 pm	10am – 12 pm

*The last panels end at 2pm. **There will be a Reception, from 6:30 to 8pm Friday night. ***Sales Only

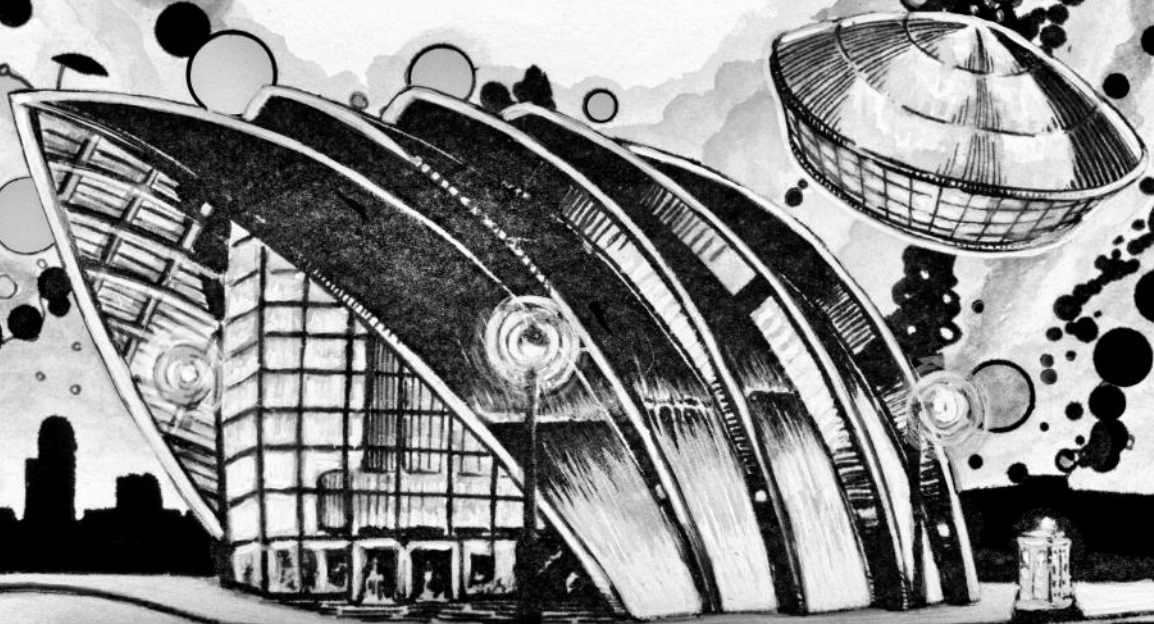
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Glasgow 2024

A Worldcon
For Our Futures

8th–12th August 2024

SEC, Glasgow



www.glasgow2024.org

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Committee and Staff List

Chair

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Webmaster

Contest Admin

Chair Liaison

Press Liaison

Wayne Brown

Alexia Hebel

MJ Duhan

Bill Hebel

June Vernon

Wayne Brown

Note: All information is correct as of the time of publication. For updates, check your pocket program or our newsletter, *The Buffalo Burgher*.

Events

Frank R. Paul Awards

Masquerade Director

Asst. Masq. Director

Masquerade Judges

Masquerade MC

Cosplay Repair

Dance

Wayne Brown

Frank Wu

James Hinsey

Sharon Sbarsky

Suford Lewis

Tony Lewis

Exhibits

Art Show Directors

Staff:

Mail-in Art

Art Show Setup

Dealer's Room (Pre-con)

Dealer's Room (At-con)

Fan Tables

Lisa Hertel

Saul Jaffe, Andrea Senchy

Ira Donewitz, Sharon Mannell

Andrea Senchy

Andrea Senchy

Brendan Lonehawk

Mark Hertel

Maria Daggett Eskinazi, Daisy Eskinazi

Facilities

Space Planning & Maps

Dockmaster

Logistics/Ops

Ops Staff

Party Liaison

Move in Move out (MIMO)

David Ennis

David Ennis

Kevin Allen

Andre Lieven, Deb Lieven

Rene Gobeyn, Dorsai Irregulars

Kathy Lehman

Joni Brill Daschoff

Guest Liaison

Liaisons

Debi Chowdhury

Debi Chowdhury, Lin Daniel, Walter Hunt, Jill Mitchell, Nancy White,

Connie Trieber

Hospitality

Con Suite

Party Czar—shopping

Amy Kauderer

Amy Kauderer

Lisa Shears

Member Services

Registration Tech

At Con Registration

At Con Sales to Members

Volunteers

At Con Volunteers

Information

Accessibility

Con Office Mgr/Badges/Awards

Alexia Hebel

Syd Weinstein

Cat Morton

Linda Pierce

Evelyn Ryan

Connie Trieber

Todd Vaarwerk

Linda Pierce

Programming

Staff

Zambia (Program Software)

Pocket Program

Chuck Rothman

Deb Atwood

Jeff Mierzejewski

Chuck Rothman

Land Acknowledgement

We would like to acknowledge the land on which the Hyatt Regency Hotel and the Buffalo Niagara Convention Center operates, which is the territory of the Seneca Nation, a member of the Haudenosaunee/Six Nations Confederacy. This territory is covered by The Dish with One Spoon Treaty of Peace and Friendship, a pledge to peaceably share and care for the resources around the Great Lakes. It is also covered by the 1794 Treaty of Canandaigua, between the United States Government and the Six Nations Confederacy, which further affirmed Haudenosaunee land rights and sovereignty in the State of New York. Today, this region is still the home to the Haudenosaunee people, and we are grateful for the opportunity to live, work, and share ideas in this territory.

Kid's Programming
Filk Program
Game Program/Game Room

Kristen Siebert
Erin Bellavia
Jason Gough

Publications

Advertising/Marketing
Flyer / Ad Design
Program (Souvenir) Book
Newsletter: The Buffalo Burgher
Asst. Editor
Social Media
Sign Master

Jill Mitchell
Jill Mitchell
David Ennis, Jill Mitchell
Jill Mitchell
Lew Wolkoff
Marilyn Mix
David Ennis
Marilyn Mix, Jill Mitchell

Technical Services—Tech Director

Deputy Tech Director
Technical Staff

Liana Olear
Larry Schroder
Art Coleman, Eric Fleisher, Suzanne Hediger, Eric Honour, Jeff Poretshy, Allon Stern, Joshua Stern

Treasurer

Finance Advisor

Bill Vernon
Alexia Hebel

Virtual Con Tech Director

Virtual Platform Director
Discord Fan Tables
Discord Member Management
Discord Parties
Ring Central Events—Thanks, Glasgow!
Staff
Virtual Advisor

Sam Kopel
Hobbit
Maria Daggett Esknazi
Chris Holloway
Kathy Lehman
Matt Ravenmoore
Jeff Mierzejewski
Alan Bond



ASTRONOMICON 15

NOVEMBER 7-9, 2025



RIT INN AND CONFERENCE CENTER
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Author GoH:

Lawrence M. Schoen



Artist GoH:

Ron Miller



Music GoH:

Klingon PoP Warrior





Alan Dean Foster

by

**Christine Cohen, Vaughne
Hansen, and William Reeve**

What can you say about a man who has traveled all corners of this world and created several of his own? Who was told by his loving wife, JoAnn, that she would no longer accompany him to places “where the mosquitos are bigger than birds.” Who once shared chocolate milkshakes with John Carpenter to talk about Dark Star? Who ran the literary portion of the Festival of the Pacific Arts in Palau in 2004? Who studied martial arts until his teacher left for a career in acting. (To be fair, that teacher, Chuck Norris, was encouraged to do so by his own teacher, Bruce Lee.)

It’s not easy to cover it all, but we’ll try.

Alan Dean Foster was born in New York and grew up in California some years ago. In his words, “I did not start writing by candlelight with a quill pen on parchment while the horses neighed nervously in the stable and anxious riders in topcoats pounded the cobblestones outside waving lanterns and shouting, “To Arms, to arms!” It only feels like that, sometimes.” A voracious reader, he discovered that he was also a writer when he wrote a letter to August Derleth and it was bought as a story for The Arkham Collector. That was quickly followed by sales to Analog, Galaxy, Worlds of If, and his first novel to Betty Balantine – all by the time he was 25.

In college on track for life as a solicitor, he made a life-changing discovery: the Film Department at the UCLA School of Fine Arts. Another discovery was the legendary Virginia Kidd Alan has worked with

her, and subsequently her eponymous agency, for the entire length of his career, to their great pleasure and honor.

Alan’s thirst for travel and world-building culminated in his seeing corners of the land far beyond tourist destinations. As he put it, “Stuck on one planet, so trying to see as much of it as possible.” The Amazon Rainforest, The Galapagos, Turkey, Eastern Europe, New Zealand, Australia, Borneo, and many far reaches of Africa. And a few years ago, it was time to see a part of the world he’d not yet visited. Where to? Paris, and most notably Nôtre Dame de Paris, a mere few months before the devastating fires.

But he has also always drawn from those things nearest and dearest to him for inspiration, too. Alan and wife JoAnn live in Prescott, Arizona, in a mid-century house built of brick salvaged from a turn-of-the-century miners’ hotel / brothel. The very walls helped inspire Alan’s Mad Amos Malone tales. The Fosters share their home and yard with their tribe of cats and assorted wildlife including roadrunners, coyotes, eagles, red-tailed hawks, skunks, and the occasional bobcat. JoAnn’s large collection of houseplants – her rainforest in miniature – were the inspiration for Midworld. Their shared love of music reached into the world of Spell singer.

Beyond building entire worlds for the Pip & Flinx series, the Commonwealth, and the Spell singer

(continued on p. 50)



Nilah Magruder

A bio

Nilah Magruder is based in Maryland. She returned there, to her childhood home in 2019, after 9 years in the San Fernando Valley. Now she's back on the East Coast, managing a small wooded property, a garden, two dogs, two cats, and 6 chickens.

She is the author of *M.F.K.*, a middle-grade graphic novel and winner of the Dwayne McDuffie Award for Diversity, *HOW TO FIND A FOX*, and *WUTARYOO*. She has published short stories in *Fireside Magazine* and the *All Out: The No-Longer-Secret Stories of Queer Teens throughout the Ages* anthology.

Nilah has also written for Marvel Comics, illustrated children's books for Disney-Hyperion, Scho-

lastic, and Penguin, and works as a writer and storyboard artist in television animation. She is currently making graphic novels for middle-grade and young adult readers. When she is not working, Nilah is baking, gardening, and snuggling with her assortment of cats and dogs.

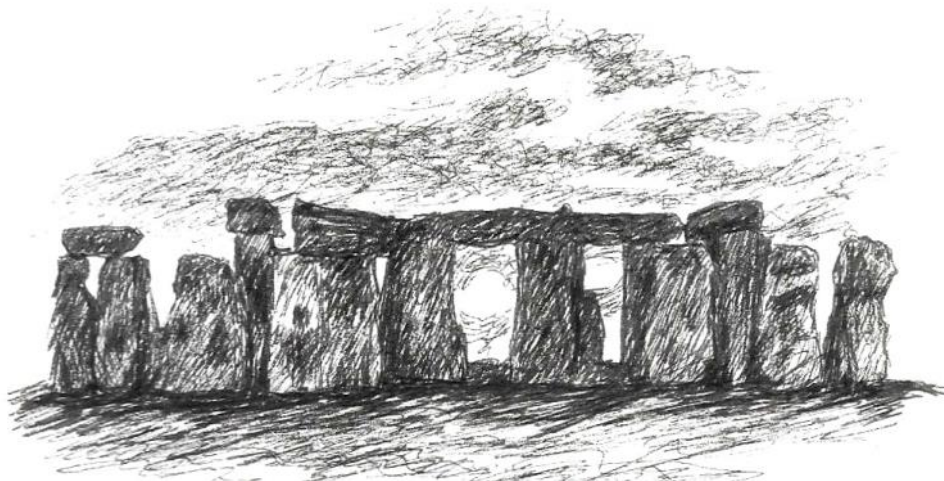
Her website is <https://www.nilahmagruder.com/>

Q: What should a new reader read first?

A: I'd start with *M.F.K.*, my first graphic novel. *M.F.K.* won the inaugural Dwayne McDuffie Award for Diversity in 2015. <https://insighteditions.com/products/m-f-k>

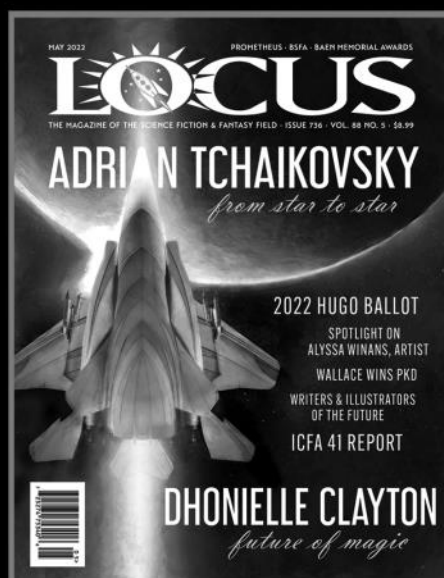
Q: What is your best known work?

A: Probably *Spider-Byte*, who I co-created with Alberto Jimenez Albuquerque for Marvel.



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SCAN ME

Art by Francesca Myman



Cheryl Ntummy

Virtual Guest of Honor

An Introduction

By

Oghenechovwe Donald Ekpeki

Cheryl S. Ntummy is a Ghanaian writer of short fiction and novels of speculative fiction, young adult fiction and romance. Her work has appeared in FIYAH Literary Magazine; Apex Magazine; World Literature Today; Best of World SF Vol. 3 and Year's Best African Speculative Fiction 2022, among others. Her work has also been shortlisted for the Nommo Award for African Speculative Fiction, the Commonwealth Writers Short Story Prize and the Miles Morland Foundation Scholarship. She is part of the Sauútiverse Collective, which created a shared universe for Afrocentric speculative fiction, and a member of Petlo Literary Arts, an organisation that develops and promotes creative writing in Botswana.

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GAMING

The Game Room is a space for attendees to come, relax, and play boardgames. Open throughout the entire convention with hundreds of titles to pick from, the Board Gaming Library has something for any kind of board gamer, from the oldest classics of Chess and Checkers to modern staples like Splendor and Mystereum. With modern classics like Pandemic, Ticket to Ride, and Settlers of Catan, and a massive range of games with genres from Family, Co-Op, Party, Strategy, Take That!, and much much more, there's some-

thing for everyone to enjoy.

We offer more than table games too! Since 2010 the Artemis Spaceship Bridge Simulator game has been letting >players turn their living rooms into spaceship bridges. Come to the Franklin Room and play the all new version, Artemis: Cosmos, for free before it is released to the public. Take the opportunity to ask our staff about writing interactive story adventures for starship crews!



Kaja Foglio

A Bio

by

Herself

Kaja attended the University of Washington's Fine Arts Department, where she learned how to see past the façade of cultural stereotypes surrounding an object, to be able to discern the artistic principles that said object was attempting to express, and then elucidate these principles with an awareness of the artist's purpose, while acknowledging (without necessarily condoning) said artist's own cultural biases and place in history. She also learned not to be embarrassed about asking to be paid for doing so.

While there, she was heavily involved with the local chapter of the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA), a group devoted to the study and recreation of mainly Medieval European cultures.

A local comic shop owner introduced her to Phil, and they married in 1993. Also in 1993 (it was a very good year) was her first professional commission. It came from a small-time, northwest game company called Wizards of the Coast. WotC commissioned Kaja to provide art for their new collectable trading-card game *Magic: the Gathering*. Over the years, she provided the art for over fifty cards, some in collaboration with her husband.

She also provided cards for many other games, including *Shadowfist*, *Jyhad AKA Vampire: The Eternal Struggle*, *Netrunner*, *Lord of the Rings*, *Battlelords of the 23rd Century*, *Legend of the Five Rings*, *Clout*, and *XXXenophile*.

She founded Studio Foglio, LLC in 1995. Originally, it was a marketing engine for *Magic: The Gathering* art prints, but studio activities quickly expanded into the broader publishing field. In 1998 she illustrated the omnibus edition of *The Chronicles of Master Li and Number Ten Ox* (The Stars Our Destination Books).

These days, she is primarily known as the co-writer, graphic designer, and webmistress for the successful comic series *Girl Genius* with her husband, Phil. In an interview, she coined the term 'Gaslamp Fanta-

sy' to describe it, and this has since expanded to become an accepted sub-genre within Steampunk.

Girl Genius debuted in 2001 as a regular periodical comic. In 2005, the Foglios stopped issuing periodicals, and began publishing *Girl Genius* online as a free webcomic, updating three times a week, and thereafter publishing yearly collections. The 21st Volume: *An Entertainment in Londinium* is due to be released this year.

The Foglios jointly won the first Hugo Award for Best Graphic Story, 2009 for '*Girl Genius, Volume 8: Agatha Heterodyne and the Chapel of Bones*,' won the same award in 2010 for '*Girl Genius, Volume 9: Agatha Heterodyne and the Heirs of the Storm*,' and then won a third time in 2011 with '*Girl Genius, Volume 10: Agatha Heterodyne and the Guardian Muse*'. With that, they temporarily bowed out of further consideration in this category.

They have novelized the first five volumes of their popular comic as the *Agatha H.* series and are currently working on the sixth.

There have been a number of games based on *Girl Genius*: *Girl Genius Munchkin*, by Steve Jackson Games, *Girl Genius— The Works* by Cheapass Games, and a *Girl Genius GURPS* supplement.

In 2023, a video game based on their comic: *Girl Genius: Adventures in Castle Heterodyne* (Rain Games) was released to great acclaim and is available in a variety of formats.

Kaja and her husband live in Seattle and have two children, Victor and Alex, both of whom are determined to make a go of it in the creative field, and good luck to them.

She is fond of improbable Japanese romance mangas, exotic travel, video games, and is a firm believer that a Lady of Quality cannot have too much chocolate.



Phil Foglio

A Bio

by

Himself

Phil attended the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, where he earned a BFA in Cartooning with a Minor in Animation. He was nominated for the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo, along with Robert Asprin, for the slide show *The Capture* in 1975.

He was an enthusiastic science fiction fan and fanzine artist. He helped found *Moebius Theatre*, a science-fiction improv comedy troupe that continues to perform at conventions. Nominated for the Best Fan Artist Hugo in 1976, he won in 1977 and 1978. At that time, he removed himself from further consideration in this category, more fool he.

Phil's first professionally published art was for "Taking the Fifth" in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, (1978). He went to the first Gen-Con that year, and showed his portfolio around. As a result, he did several covers for *Dragon Magazine* from 1979 to 1982, but came to most gamers' attention in 1980, when he began the comic strip "What's New with Phil & Dixie" for *Dragon*. Each month covered a different angle of role-playing, poking fun at the world of tabletop RPG characters and games.

In 1982 he began illustrating Robert Asprin's *Myth Adventures* series for Donning/Starblaze; doing covers and interior illustrations for the next fourteen books in the series. In 1985, he adapted and illustrated the first novel, *Another Fine Myth*, into a comic series- *MythAdventures*- for WaRP Graphics. He also illustrated the *Myth Fortunes* Board Game.

Later in the 1980s, Phil created a comedy/science fiction/detective comics series *Buck Godot*, collected in two volumes: *Buck Godot: Zap Gun for Hire* (1986) and *Buck Godot: PSmIth* (1987). *Buck Godot: Gallimaufry* was later serialized as a black and white comic. In 1989 he published the adult comic *XXXenophile*, which ran for eleven issues. Regarded by many as the "most literary adult comic ever", it is the only adult comic ever nominated for an Eisner Award. He also co-wrote the comedic science fiction novel *Illegal Aliens* with Nick Pollotta in that year.

Nor did Phil's pace slacken with a new decade! During the 1990s and 2000s, he provided numerous illustrations for magazines, book covers, computer games, boardgames, and card games for publishers such as Steve Jackson Games, Cheapass, & Spiderware Software.

In 1990 he moved from Chicago to Seattle, Washington, and in 1993 married Kaja Foglio. His career continued apace, as in 1991 he was hired by Wizards of the Coast to illustrate and design characters for the board game *Robo-Rally*, while in 1993, he produced card art for Wizards of the Coast's other game, *Magic: The Gathering*.

His *What's New?* strip was resurrected in the 1990s in Wizard's own *Duelist* magazine, with the satire now aimed at collectable card games, and it lasted for the magazine's entire run. It then returned to *Dragon* in issue #265 (November 1999), running to issue #311.

(continued overleaf)

In 2001 Phil & Kaja released the first issue of *Girl Genius* as a quarterly comic book series. In 2005, they were the first publisher to take an existing commercial comics property and put it online for free. Within a year of becoming a free webcomic, sales had tripled, and their readership had climbed to over 100,000. As Phil has put it, “Giving our stuff away for free was the best business decision we ever made.” Their readership has continued to grow, and *Girl Genius* updates every Monday/Wednesday & Friday. Once a year, they collect the new pages, and produce another collection. The latest, *Volume 21: An Entertainment in Londinuim*, is due to be released this year.

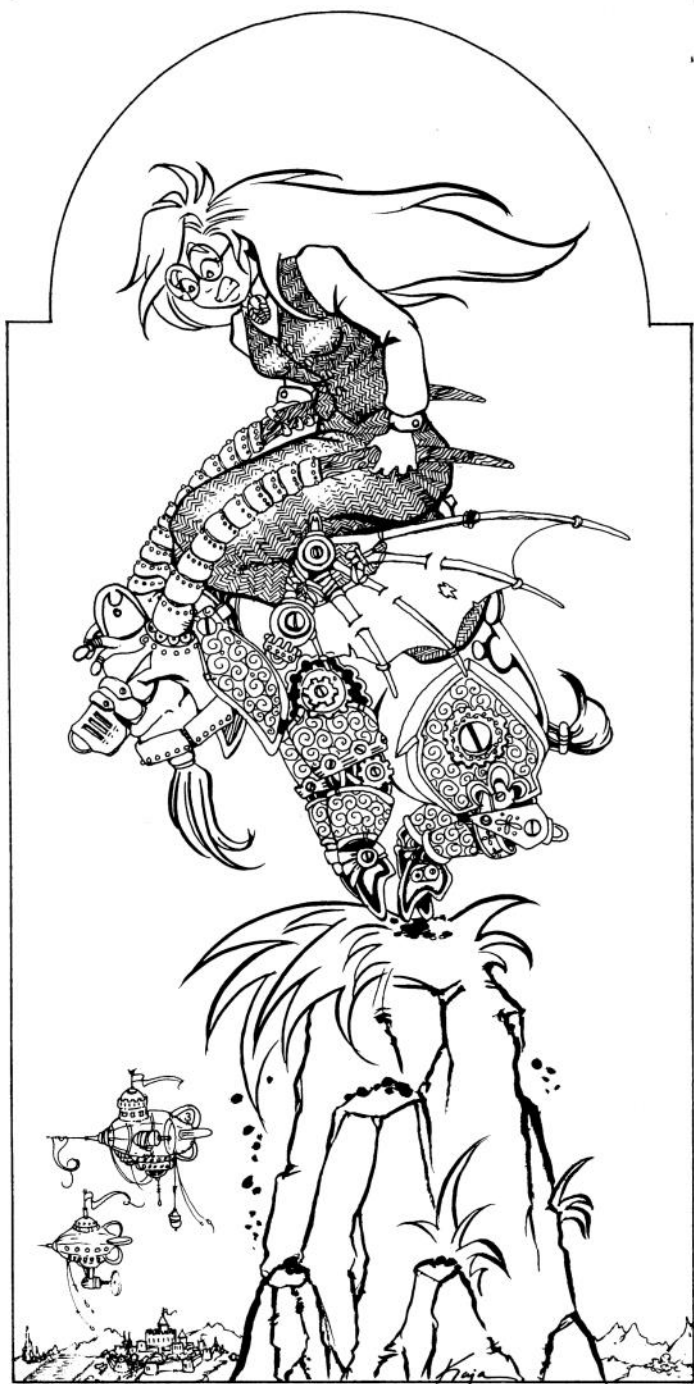
Phil was a Professional Artist Hugo nominee in 2008, and in 2009, but didn’t win in that category. Phil and Kaja did win the first Graphic Story Hugo Award for *Girl Genius, Volume 8: Agatha Heterodyne and the Chapel of Bones* in 2009. They then won the category again in 2010 for *Girl Genius, Volume 9: Agatha Heterodyne and the Heirs of the Storm*, and yet again in 2011 for *Girl Genius, Volume 10: Agatha Heterodyne and the Guardian Muse*. At this point, they announced that they would take a hiatus from the category.

Prose novel versions of the *Girl Genius* story began in 2011 (*Agatha H. and the Airship City*). There are four books in the series to date, and they are currently working on the sixth. This, and the continuing saga of *Girl Genius*, held the Foglio’s attention through the 2010s.

Expanding his horizons again as the 2020’s dawned, Phil released a stand-alone novel in 2022, *The Night Sheriff*, about a monster who protects an amusement park. And in 2023, Phil won a Reuben Award from the National Cartoonist’s Society for Best Webcomic: Longform.

There have been a plethora of games based on *Girl Genius*, including *Girl Genius Munchkin* and *Girl Genius GURPS*, and in 2023, Rain Games released a video game: *Girl Genius-Adventures in Castle Heterodyne*, which is available on a number of different platforms.

Phil continues to live in Seattle with his lovely wife. They have two children who grumpily insist they are now adults, thank you. He enjoys travel, video games, and old books. And getting *Girl Genius* into new and exciting trouble.





LAin2026.org

A bid for

Worldcon

**August 27 - 31
2026
Anaheim
Convention Center**



Suford Lewis

By
Leslie Turek

Once upon a time, a Los Angeles teenager went out with a Caltech guy whose idea of a hot date was to attend a meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society. The guy is long forgotten, but the teen became entranced by fandom and decided to stay. Mentored by Bjo Trimble, Suford¹ developed a passion for science fiction and fantasy art and cos-tuming that continues to this day.

Moving to the East Coast to attend Radcliffe College, Suford was encouraged by Bjo to check out the MIT Science Fiction Society, but that didn't happen right away. It wasn't until two susceptible freshmen arrived at the dorm that she acted. Somehow she knew that I and my roommate, Cory², were the right people to join her on the trek across Cambridge to the only SF club in the area at that time.

At MITSFS, we all found ourselves right at home. Cory and I started editing the MITSFS fanzine, and Suford soon found herself in a relationship with the patriarch of MITSFS, grad student Tony Lewis, to whom she was soon married. An ardent Trekkie, Suford instigated a group of us to picket a local TV station on a very cold winter evening to protest the cancellation of the original Star Trek series. In the next few years, she helped found the New England Science Fiction Society, ran the art show at the early Boskones, worked on the first Worldcon in Boston, Noreascon I, and chaired Boskone 10 in 1973. While working as a software engineer by day, Suford continued with her fannish interests, helping to run art shows, contributing to APAs, and winning a number of awards for costuming.

Several of us in NESFA developed an interest in horseback riding in those days, and Suford joined in with enthusiasm, owning two horses in succession, Jackpot, and Cinnabar. But she eventually gave up

riding; her career became more intense, and she and Tony had their brilliant and lovely daughter, Alice, in 1979.

Her many other interests included the works of Georgette Heyer and Regency fandom, comics and anime, Gilbert and Sullivan, and the works of Lois McMaster Bujold, whose work she edited for the NESFA Press. And, of course, cats. There have always been cats in her life.

For Noreascon II, she was liaison with our Fan Guest of Honor, Bruce Pelz, whom she'd known from her days in LASFS. Her particular project was to help Bruce complete the Fantasy Showcase Tarot Deck that he'd been working on for many years. In addition to contributing a card herself ('Strength'), she helped nudge all the artists to finish their pieces and got it all together in time to print and offer for sale at the convention to honor Bruce. She also edited the Noreascon II Memory Book.

For the Noreascon Three bid, she directed and choreographed an elaborate group costume based on the Mad Tea Party from 'Alice in Wonderland'.

In the non-fannish world, Suford is a committed feminist, and when she discovered that the Association for Computing Machinery was not particularly friendly to women, she helped to form the Association for Women in Computing, and was its president for five years. In 1995 she travelled to China as part of a People-to-People trip for Women in Computing Technology.

Over the years, Suford has been honored for her many contributions to the SF fan community. She was a Founding Fellow of NESFA, was the winner of the Big Heart Award in 2008, and now she is Fan Guest of Honor at the Buffalo NASFiC. I hope you

(continued on p. 51)



Photo by and copyright © Andrew Porter

Tony Lewis

An Appreciation

by

David Gerrold

What can I say about Tony Lewis that hasn't already been said – especially in court depositions?

It is not well known, but the term SMOF started with Tony Lewis. Today, it means "Secret Master of Fandom," but when Tony was the only SMOF in the world, it meant "Sacred Master of Fandom."

He came by this title because he was the first one to stand up and say, "You shall not pass!" (A line that was later purloined by some Oxford professor who thought he might write a little trilogy someday.) This happened at the 1902 proto-Worldcon in Birmingham, England. The guest of honor was H.G. Wells – well, he was local to the convention and they did have a limited budget. To no small degree, this pissed off Jules Verne who thought he deserved it more, because he was Le Dean de Scientific Romances. Or something like that. (I'm not going to bother translating that into French, the last time I tried to speak French in Paris, they drove me to the airport and put me on a plane to Quebec.)

But the aforementioned proto-Worldcon attracted a membership of over 400 people, including a sizable contingent from France. This was in the days before the chunnel and before hovercraft, when ferry service was often challenging. But this particular delegation arrived determined to avenge the upset to Le Deande Scientific Romances. And as is well known, the ensuing food fight was so legendary that it inspired the pie fight sequence in Blake Edwards' film of

The Great Race. Neither Verne nor Wells accepted the offer of cameos in that film, perhaps due to a lingering animosity. This was despite the opportunity to meet Natalie Wood. Grudges in fandom can outlive the heat death of the universe.

I mention all this because Tony Lewis was the one who stood between them and shouted, "Not with the trifle!" Thus starting the tradition that Tony Lewis is not a man to trifle with. (You in the back, sit down and stop complaining. When they asked me to write about Tony, they didn't offer me enough to make me behave myself.)

Since that mostly forgotten incident, which I have been asked not to rehash here, but because that request fell on mostly deaf ears (my hearing aids were turned off), I ignored it – but since that mostly forgotten incident Tony Lewis has taken the honorific SMOF as a personal validation. Although in his daytime identity, he appears to be a mild-mannered con committee member, at night he dons cape and tights and goes out to fight crime. (Yes, the sight of Tony Lewis in cape and tights has caused more than a few criminals to turn themselves in, begging for sanctuary.)

The point of the above side quest is that Tony Lewis has been a legend in fandom since anyone thought to ask who sawed Courtney's boat.

It is because of my enormous affection for Tony (and Suford) that I have not written anything

(continued on p. 49)

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The Return of the Frank R. Paul Awards

by Frank Wu

When asked who is my favorite science fiction artist, I always say Frank R. Paul (4/18/1884 - 6/29/1963). His masterpieces still astound, nearly a century later, still tickling some animal part deep in my science-fiction brain.

Consider his most famous work, the cover for the August 1927 *Amazing Stories* [displayed on page 18], reprinting H.G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds*. FRP joyfully painted Martian tripods galloping through the burning countryside, blasting out death rays and plucking victims from horseback as they futilely try to escape. Many of his other covers depict thrilling action scenes: A fleet of disc-shaped ships, use mechanical tentacles to tear away the great architectural monuments of Earth – the Woolworth building, the Eiffel Tower – and abscond into space. FRP painted this back in 1929 – probably the first mag cover ever depicting a flying saucer, but endlessly reproduced since, and predating the actual term (and craze) by two decades! (November 1929 *Science Wonder Stories*).

Some of FRP's other "greatest hits": A U-boat crew fighting for their lives against vicious pterodactyls, plesiosaurs and mosasaurs (AMZ, Feb. 1927)! An attack fighter shaped like a "Flying Buzz-saw" chopping other planes to pieces (*Air Wonder Stories*, April 1930)! A robot gladiator in a colosseum, challenging a fearsome lion who's already slaughtered a bunch of mere humans (AMZ, Oct. 1928)!

As impressive as these paintings are today, imagine how shocking they were back when most people didn't even own a fridge, and many were afraid to get a phone because it might carry germs from afar. One reader wrote that the robo-gladiator was "too lurid for ordinary quiet people" (AMZ, March 1929, p. 1146).

Maybe, but imagine their effect on those receptive to the bold and weird and exciting.

An FRP *Amazing* cover was the first science fiction image seen by a young Arthur C. Clarke. Same for Forrest J. Ackerman. Ray Bradbury wrote: "Frank R. Paul romanced me with future architectures when I was eight, summoning me to cities lost in the Time Ahead until he landed me in shocks of joy, in the colored facades and high-rises of the Chicago World's Fair." (*Infinite Worlds*, Vincent di Fate, p. 5).

Some other random FRP factoids:

Major conventions (like this one!) have half a dozen guests of honor. The first Worldcon was attended by the likes of Asimov, Campbell, de Camp and Bok, but there was only one Guest of Honor: FRP.

FRP's August 1929 *Science Wonder Stories* cover was, according to Ron Miller, "The first color painting of a space station ever published in the U.S."

FRP did *all* the covers and many interiors for *Amazing Stories*, the first science fiction magazine, from its inception by Hugo Gernsback in 1926, until Gernsback lost control of his publishing empire in 1929. FRP's work for AMZ included: *The Island of Doctor Moreau*, *The Land That Time Forgot*, *Robur the Conqueror*, and the first Skylark of Space and Buck Rogers stories. FRP had actually worked for Gernsback for over a decade before AMZ, on earlier magazines like *Science and Invention*, *Electrical Experimenter* and *Radio News*. His work for Gernsback continued his entire life, including *Air Wonder Stories*, *Science Wonder Stories* (later combined into, simply, *Wonder Stories*); *Science Fiction Plus*; and various Christmas booklets Gernsback published for years.

FRP was incredibly prolific. My official FRP website - <http://www.frankwu.com/paul.html> - catalogs over 220 covers and 600 interiors, but that list is incomplete (and, as many of his works were unsigned, incompletable). Indeed, Julius Unger suggests FRP did 1000 (!) interiors (*Fantasy Fiction Field*, no. 13).

How was he so prolific? According to his grandson, my pal Bill Engle, FRP would work on several pieces simultaneously; he'd open a tube of paint and go, bang, bang, bang, adding red to each one. Meanwhile, his children (and later grandchildren) would read aloud various stories, pointing out scenes to illustrate.

Bill added another tidbit: FRP always dressed formally, in a tie, just to walk across the hall from his bedroom to his studio. And he wore the

(continued on p. 19)

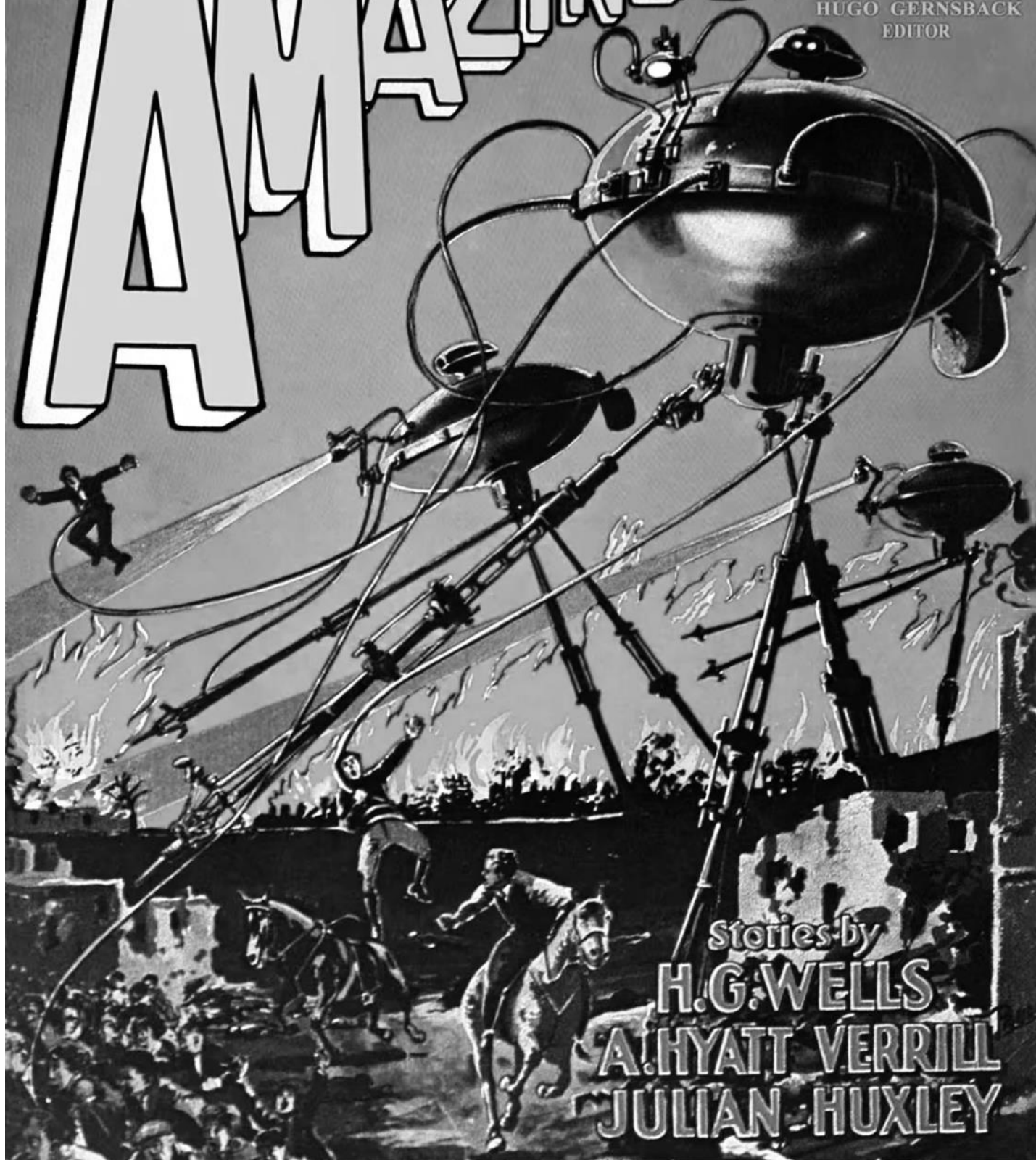
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(Awards, continued from p.17)

same pair of socks over and over again until they wore out, because his wife, who was color-blind, would otherwise mix them up in the wash!

The (original) Frank R. Paul Awards

The first iteration of this award was administered by Ken "Khen" Moore (?1943-2009) and other committee members of the Nashville, Tennessee convention Kubla-Khan on behalf of the Nashville Science Fiction Association from 1976 to 1996; each winner also served as the convention's Artist Guest of Honor. For more information: https://sf-encyclopedia.com/entry/frank_r_paul_award.

This year, working with Bill Engle and a panel of judges, I spearheaded reviving the FRP awards. The judges this year are: Brianna Wu (my awesome wife!), Alan F. Beck and Jannie Shea.

When we were trying to decide on a convention appropriate for presenting the new awards, Wayne Brown, chair of this convention asked me, "What do we have to do to get you to hand out the Awards at the con?" He was kind enough to provide us a liaison, Linda Pierce (who also helped with judging) and is even helping to foot the bill for the pins and trophies this year. I highly appreciate all that Linda, Wayne and NASFiC have done to help us re-launch the awards.

The awards will include both a trophy (featuring a 3D print, modeled by yours truly, of the "Tiger-bot" smashing a car, from the cover of the September 1935 *Wonder Stories*), and an honorarium of \$500, and will be presented in two categories: Best Book Cover and Best Magazine Cover.

Past Frank R. Paul Award Winners

1976: John Schoenherr
1977: Frank Kelly Freas
1978: Vincent Di Fate
1979: Michael Whelan
1980: Boris Vallejo
1981: Jack Gaughan
1982: Paul Lehr
1983: Richard M Powers
1984: Alex Schomburg
1985: Ed Emshwiller
1986: Victoria Poyser
1987: Ron Walotsky
1988: Ron Miller
1989: Ron Lindahn and Val Lakey Lindahn
1990: Darrell Sweet
1991: David A Cherry
1992: Doug Chaffee
1993: Alan M Clark and Kevin Ward
1994: Tim Wilson
1995: Larry Elmore

2024 FRANK R. PAUL AWARDS (for 2023 calendar year)

BEST BOOK COVER

NOMINEES

Zen and the Art of Starship Maintenance; Cover Art by Pawel Dabrowski
Where Peace Is Lost; Cover Art by Serena Malyon
Year's Top Hard Science Fiction Stories, Number 7; Cover Art by Maurizio Manzieri
Through the Storm; Cover Art by Kurt Miller
Ravages of Honor, Book 3: Lineage; Cover Art by Kurt Miller
Last Dragoners of Bowbazar; Cover Art by Tran Nguyen
The Surviving Sky; Cover Art by Leo Nicholls
The Firelighters; Cover Art by Tan Ho Sin
The Last Day and the First; Cover Art by Tomislav Tikulin
Mystery Murder Madness Mythos; Cover Art by Tomislav Tikulin

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Unbreakable; Cover Art by Julie Dillon
Starter Villain; Cover Art by Tristan Elwell
Untethered Sky; Cover Art by Jaime Jones
Bookshops & Bonedust; Art by Carson Lowmiller
The Pomegranate Gate; Cover Art by Serena Malyon
Thermopylae Protocol; Cover Art by Kurt Miller
Brainwyrms; Cover Art by David Vincent Palumbo
Garro: Knight of Grey; Cover Art by Neil Roberts

NOTE: The rules state that no artist can have more than 2 nominations; 3 Kurt Miller pieces scored highly enough to be nominated, so the lowest scoring was moved to the Honorable Mention listing.

(continued. on p.51)

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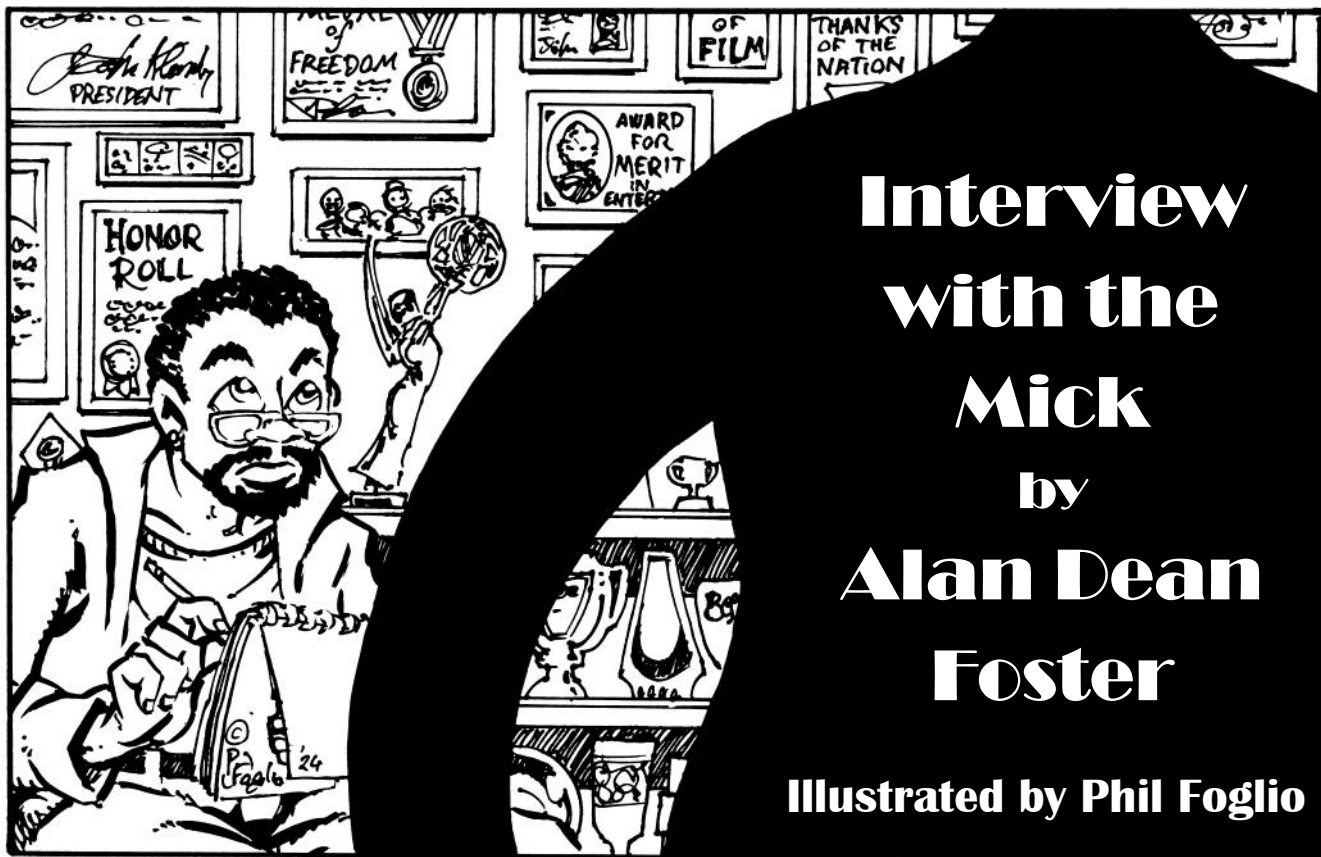
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Many had tried for years to get an interview with him. With the star. With the legend. With the one and only. With the Mick.

America's first black movie star.

I'm still not sure why he agreed to talk to me. Maybe I just hit him at the right time, on the right day. Maybe from a legal standpoint enough time had passed. Perhaps he was just in the mood when he got my request. Or maybe it was the coincidence, one I used shamelessly. So I managed to get a number, and without much hope, called it.

"Hey, this is the Mick."

I just held the phone. At first I thought it was a gag, a joke. When people find out you're a writer, they're always playing jokes on you. But the voice, even though it was much lower and darker than the stage voice, was unmistakable. Smooth and silky, like the difference between milk chocolate and dark chocolate. When, stunned, I failed to respond immediately, it continued.

"You the writer who tried to contact me last week? Wanting an interview? The one with the same birthday?"

The birthday. That was it. Trying to think of something, anything, to use as a ploy, a lever, to try and worm my way in, I had mentioned that the Mick and I shared the same birthday. Different year, of course—the Mick was older than I—but our birthdays are officially the same: the eighteenth of November.

"Yes, that's me," I replied, regaining a little poise.

There was silence at the other end. For a bad moment, I thought he had hung up. Then the voice again,

The pause was briefer this time. Contemplative. "I'll give you an address. Tomorrow, three in the afternoon. Don't be a rat and be late."

* * *

The address in Malibu was not on the beach but up in the hills, set well back from the ocean. There was a wall, a gate, a rambling California-style ranch house, a couple of out-buildings, and what appeared to be a good deal of land surrounding and protecting the main residence. The servant who met me at the entrance was quiet as a dormouse. His presence combined with the size and privacy of the estate

implied that the Mick was, as rumored, well-off. I was glad it was so. I'd known too many big names who'd been profligate with their money only to end up in the Actor's Home, or worse.

"Real estate." The servant answered my query as he escorted me down a long hall paved with saltillo tile the color of old leather. "Your host was no fool. He started buying land in the Valley when the studio moved out there from the city."

The den where he left me was spacious, airy, with a sweeping view of hills, chaparral, and in the distance, the cool Pacific. The walls were covered with art, mostly from the California impressionist school. Walls and shelves were crowded with mementos of the Mick's matchless career. Framed or plaqued magazine covers. *Time* magazine, *Life* magazine, so many more. Some of the hundreds of products bearing his likeness. The special 1932 Oscar. I was still perusing them when he joined me.

Dressed in shorts and a Lakers t-shirt as well as slippers and his trademark gloves, the Mick greeted me with a gracious handshake. I was surprised at the strength in his fingers. I shouldn't have been. A strong grip was a common trait among performers noted for their command of physical comedy. Harold Lloyd, for example, had made a practice of dangling from all sorts of structures even though he'd lost his right thumb and forefinger in an early prop bomb explosion.

"Something to drink?" While his tone was casual and inviting I knew he was watching me, sizing me up.

"Whatever you're having." I was still nervous as I unpacked and set up the recorder. He looked toward the doorway.

"The usual, Franklin."

"Yes sir." The soft-voiced servant who had escorted me disappeared, presumably in the direction of the kitchen.

He was back in a couple of minutes with a tray and two exquisite glasses half-filled with a dark purple liquid. The elaborate cheese tray was not unexpected. The contents of the glass was. Wine. Very fine wine, even according to my uneducated palate.

Noting my reaction, the Mick grinned. That grin had made millions of filmgoers smile. "When you've lived in California for as long as I have, and can

pick the brains of people who know what they're talking about, you have the opportunity to build a pretty good cellar." Holding his glass up to the light, he swirled the liquid within, then leaned back into the couch opposite mine and gazed across at me. "What do you want to know?"

For the tenth time, I checked the recorder to make sure it was powered up. Trying to think of something to break the ice, I said, "It's kind of a shock seeing you with a drink in your hand."

He chuckled. "We made mostly family pictures. Back in the old days, stars of family pictures didn't drink. At least, not on screen. Studio parties, now, that was something else. I didn't go to many of the public ones, but in private...." He didn't need to elaborate. I started to relax. "How did you and Elias first hook up?"

The Mick turned wistful. "Back in '28, Elias was on a train from New York to L.A. So was I. We ran into each other in the dining car. He thought I was one of the attendants. Not surprising. Not a lot of black folks traveling cross-country in those days. When he found out I was also from the Midwest, we just started talking. I told him I was going to Hollywood to try and get into moving pictures. He told me about the legal problems he'd been dealing with in New York. Asked what I could do. I told him I could do most anything." The Mick's grin widened.

"Course, any actor presented with that question's likely to say the same thing. I was pretty cocksure in those days. Told him I could act, sing, dance, do stunt work—whatever was necessary. He said he'd give me a try. We spent the rest of the trip experimenting with different characters. Like Chaplin, everybody in those days had to have a character, at least to get them started. Until they achieved some audience recognition. He'd suggest one, then I would, and we'd go back and forth until we settled on what we both thought was a real appealing screen type. Sort of an everyman, everyboy. Elias could do the character almost as well as I could myself. Was a great whistler. Smart guy, he was. I saw that right off.

"We worked hard in L.A., trying to get that first picture in shape. Then sound came in and turned the business upside down. Well, Elias knew I had a good speaking voice, but for comedy he wanted something specific. So we worked on that too until we got it just right. Dubbed what we could into the picture

that had been shot silent. The rest is history. When it finally premiered, the audiences just went plain crazy.”

It was my turn to smile. But not for long. “There was no problem with you being, uh...?”

“Black? Not at that time. It was the Roaring Twenties. Bootleg booze, no Production Code in Hollywood, jazz everywhere, Harlem—man, do I remember Harlem! When Betty had some time off from Fleischer and I could get to New York, she and I would meet up and....” Again the contented chuckle. “Couldn’t get away all that much, though. After the success of the first film, we really got down to work.

“Not that Elias wasn’t aware of the potential problems. But like I told you, he was one smart man. He could an-ti-ci-pate. Before we started work on that first film, he came to me with some white gloves.” Putting down the glass of fine shiraz, the Mick held up both hands. “Gloves just like these. We fought about it at first. ‘I’m not going on screen looking like some damn Pullman porter or some big city doorman!’ I remember telling him. But he was patient about it, and eventually I gave in. Became kind of a trademark.”

“I know,” I said, admiring them. They were maybe the most famous gloves in the world. “You give Michael Jackson that idea?”

A small smile. “Mike and I had always been good friends. As to the gloves, or in his case, glove, I ain’t gonna say. Anyway, Elias, he figures me wearing these big white gloves all the time, that’ll kind of mute my blackness, if you know what I mean.” He shook his head. “Most of the time they never even let me take the damn things off in the shower. And those shoes. Same deal. On the couple of occasions when I did have them off....” His voice trailed away a moment before resuming. “Studio spies in the audiences saw some people getting uncomfortable. They didn’t know why they were getting uncomfortable, but the studio did. Or at least, they thought they did. So that clinched it for the films. The gloves stayed on.”

“You bitter about that?”

He shrugged. “You wanted to work in Hollywood back then, you did what the studio told you. Wasn’t just me. Everybody was under contract. It stayed pretty much the same everywhere, until Bette Davis had it out with Jack Warner.”

“Are you upset you don’t get more recognition

as a pioneer in breaking the color line in films?”

He looked out the window, toward the distant Pacific. “Sometimes it dogs me. Then I look at my bank account and the resentment kind of goes away. What I tell myself is that I was so good, so successful, and made so many people happy, that at least while they were laughing they forgot I was black. Not everybody in my line of work could say that. You had to walk a fine line. Look at what happened to poor Bosko. He did his best to break through, but they kept sticking him in films like ‘Congo Jazz’ where it was tough to make any kind of crossover impact.”

“Yeah,” I murmured. “Whatever happened to him, anyway?”

The Mick shrugged. “Didn’t have the versatility I did. Or the appeal. Couldn’t fully connect with white audiences. Spent some time back in the ‘50’s working the door at the Sahara in Vegas. His original girlfriend Honey is still alive. They got married after he dropped out of the business. She’s got a condo up in Reno somewhere. I get a card from her every Christmas.”

“Speaking of marriage,” I asked, treading carefully, “what about you and Minnie? People must have wondered.”

A deep sigh. “It was against studio policy, all the studios, for certain stars to marry one another. Especially big stars of family pictures. MGM was notorious for that. The other Mick finally married Ava Gardner, but that was during the War, and studio control was beginning to slip. Rooney and I got along swell. Two big stars who saw eye-to-eye on a lot of things.

“As for Minnie, she’s fine. I won’t tell you exactly where, but we’ve got a place near Cap Ferrat. Bought it way back in the thirties. While I was tied down with work here, she and Josephine Baker used to hang out a lot, work on dance routines together. Minnie and I never tied the knot formally, but we’ve been around each other since the beginning. Not a conventional arrangement, maybe, but it never was a conventional relationship. It suits us.”

“I’m glad to hear that things worked out.” I meant it.

“Wish you could’ve seen how things were in the old days.” The Mick was in full swing now, reminiscing. “Back in the ‘30’s, the 40’s. The Troc, the Grove, Romanoff’s. Good times. I used to hang out

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Grove, Romanoff's. Good times. I used to hang out with the other black actors and we'd talk craft. They're mostly all gone now. Stepin Fetchit—if your given name had been Lincoln Theodore Monroe Andrew Perry you'd have gone and changed it, too. Step was a smart guy, nothing like the jivin' roles they gave him. Became a millionaire, then blew it all. He passed on a while ago. Noble Johnson—great guy, great voice. The tribal chief in the original *King Kong*, remember? And Rex Ingram—now there was an actor! I always wished for some of the heavy dramatic roles he got. First black student to get a Phi Beta Kappa key at Northwestern. Best genie in the history of film." He sighed again, remembering. "Good days, those were.

"But I was bigger than any of them. They took a poll one time, and the two most recognized people on the planet were Chaplin and me. Charlie and I used to get together a lot, too. Try out new routines on each other." Suddenly and unexpectedly, his tone darkened. "Then things changed."

I had a pretty good idea what was coming. "Changed how?"

"To this day, I'm not sure. It wasn't Elias's fault, I know that. He kept pushing for me. But the business was changing. Stockholders, outside interests. Goddamn audience research. Said I was 'too nice'." He eyed me evenly. "Can you believe that? Too nice. Not edgy enough. For awhile, I didn't know what was going on. Only that all of a sudden I was playing supporting roles to a dog. A damn dog. Oh, the dogs were okay. We got along fine. You know there were more than a dozen Lassies, more than a dozen Rin-Tin-Tins? Well, there were plenty of versions of that dog, too." He shook his head. "I'm not 'edgy' enough, and then have me backing up a dog named after the God of the Underworld. Figure *that* one out." He shifted on the couch.

"So who do they promote as the studio's new star? The Don, that's who—and I ain't talkin' about no New York real estate developer. Don and I, we got along okay. When the studio signed him, I was one of the first to help him out, show him the ropes. Wasn't his fault the studio picked him to take my place." Abruptly, he sat up on the couch and leaned toward me, those wide eyes hard and unblinking. "Anything about the Don strike you *right off*?" I didn't reply. The Mick's voice rose as he leaned back.

"He was white, man! I mean, anybody could

see what was going on, even if they wouldn't admit to it out loud. I guess I should've seen it coming. Elias always told me the shakeup was forced on him by the money men, the damn bankers. Naturally nobody would own up to the real reason. They say the worst kind of racism is subtle? Well, you won't find a more blatant example in the history of Hollywood than this one.

"Oh, I fought it. Elias fought it. But in the end, even he had to knuckle under. To his credit, the studio kept me on. Mostly still in supporting roles. It hurt, sure, but it beat the hell out of being dropped completely. And occasionally something decent comes up. Holiday specials and such. I'm still working, after all. But it was never the same again."

It was silent in the room for a long moment, the recorder doing its work quietly as we both stared out the window, glorying in the same Southern California sunshine that had brought filmmakers to the L.A. basin in the first place. The same sunshine that tried, but couldn't quite wash away the stain of what the Mick was saying.

"Sorry," he finally muttered. "Been a lot of years waiting to get that off my chest."

"No problem," I assured him. "Times have changed. You look great. Don't you think the studio would give you a straight leading role today, without trying to—camouflage reality?"

He shrugged again. "Don't know. I turn down most of the scripts they send me. More supporting roles. More toeing the line. Hollywood." Suddenly he sat up straight, reached down, and pulled the t-shirt off over his head. The right glove came off, then the left. He kicked off the slippers he'd been wearing. Clad only in red shorts, he stood up in front of me and spread his arms wide. "Take a good look. This is how I am. This is how I should be but hardly ever got the chance to be. This is my *real* voice." He smiled sardonically and his tone soared a couple of octaves. So familiar. "Hi, kids—hahaha!" Then it dropped back down to its natural, deeper level. "What do *you* think? Could today's audiences handle it? Could the older folks, who only know me from the carefully crafted screen persona?"

"I don't know." I mustered a sincere smile. "But I do know it sure would be interesting to try. You ever talked to Spike Lee? Shonda Rhimes? Let it all hang out. A lot of time has passed. A lot of changes have come and gone. It just might fly. *You* just

might fly.”

He sat back down. No shirt, no gloves, no shoes. Just the shorts. The simple transformation that resulted was astounding, a revelation. “You know, I might. I just might. After all these years. Might even finally get me a real dramatic part, and I’m not talking about climbing no beanstalks.” Rising, he shook my hand. I looked down at those gloveless fingers. Revelation.

“Thanks, fellow Scorpio.” The chuckle bubbled up again. No matter what history had done to

him, I reflected, you couldn’t keep this performer down. Not the Mick. “I’m gonna have my agent make some calls. See what eventuates.” He smiled full force. The same smile that invariably made the whole world smile. You had to smile back. You couldn’t help yourself.

“Who knows?” he said as he escorted me down the wide hall toward the front door. “Like Step, one of these days they might even decide to give me an Image award.”

It’s our honor to be the first to publish Alan’s story, and to have the opportunity to reprint Cheryl Ntummy’s (following the art insert). If your appetite for these authors has been whetted, you can get more of them, both at their GoH speeches, and during their readings, which will be held in the Grand Ballroom ABC, and available as part of the Virtual Program as well.



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With love and gratitude,
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The Wayward Children of Asase Yaa

by Cheryl Ntumy

Originally published in World Literature Today (March 2024)

The wound is smaller than last time, tiny teeth marks ringing the circumference. It started as a dull ache drawing her out of her dreams; a vague, colorless sensation. Now that she's conscious, the ache has blossomed into pain, red and real and raging.

Asase Yaa curls her knee into her belly so she can reach the wound. Her middle finger sinks into the bloody hollow and she bites back a gasp.

It only takes a cursory glance around her to find the culprit. One of her babies. When she finds him, her heart can't help but soften. There are telltale flecks of blood on his jaw and yet she is moved by the reckless way he slumbers, limbs sprawled with abandon. She reaches out with her uninjured leg and nudges him into a fetal position.

Rising, she checks on the other children – still snoring, except the older ones who didn't come home, little rebels – and then hurries to clean up before they wake. She places a fresh poultice over the new wound and wears her cloth loose around her so it rides low on her hips, the hem covering her ankles and the wounds.

The shift in seasons warns of her of the approaching festival, another glittering get-together where all the mothers in the cosmos commune and commiserate. She fantasizes about skipping it, but she has no choice. Governed by the same laws as the other mothers, pulled in the same direction, around the same sun, she goes where the orbit takes her.

The festivals never bothered her before. There was a time when she relished the drumming and dancing, the colourful camaraderie, the steady flow of wine and wisdom. But now she feels the eyes of the other mothers on her like shivers, barbed words hooking into her skin.

She is tired of wounds, and less tolerant of harm in-

flicted by those she didn't give life to.

She arrives at the festival on schedule, dressed as cautiously as she could manage, but the mothers have eyes like daggers that cut right through her disguise.

"Are you thinner, Asase Yaa?"

She forces a smile. "The pattern on my dress is slimming."

"Nonsense! A mother must be luscious. You dwindle each time we glimpse you."

"You have lost your glow."

"Did she ever glow, really?"

"Come, don't be nasty. All mothers glow."

"Well, *technically*..."

She places both hands over the small bulge that holds her next brood, and tries without success to keep her desperate gaze from the gloried, glistening bellies of the others. Their pregnancies form flawless arcs beneath silky dresses strewn with stars, lending a richness to their cheeks and a thickness to their hair. Their moons trail them like lovestruck suitors, while hers judges her in cold, white silence. They are lush, those other mothers, swollen with the promise of devoted, dutiful, disciplined life. Their children are not like hers. Their children are...good.

"Look at the hollows in those collarbones! Like they were scooped out with a spoon!"

"No hips to speak of..."

"Such dry skin..."

"Is that another injury on your leg?"

Scandalized gasps.

"And you continue to allow it? This shameless abuse?"

She keeps her smile on and throws in a tinkling little laugh for good measure. "Calm, my sisters. All is well. We ebb and flow, you know that."

They look at her with wily eyes that see through her defenses, and whisper behind their rings.

"Her own children. Can you imagine?"

"Wicked creatures."

"She lets them run wild, that's the problem. Children need boundaries."

"Children should care for their mothers. We give them life, they grow strong and tend to us. What sinister beings could fail to grasp this?"

"She should punish them. Teach them respect."

"How? Don't you see how weak she has become?"

"Keh! Me, I can't even look at her."

"If I birthed demons, I'd drown them all."

She waits an agonizing eon for the cycle to draw her away from them and back to blessed solitude. For days afterwards, she hears their words ringing in her ears: If I birthed demons, I'd drown them all.

###

The children are awake and hungry. Always hungry. They descend upon her, suckling until her breasts give no more milk, until her very essence rises into their gaping maws.

"Don't be greedy," she chides them, and they bite down, regardless.

She loves them. She loves them and loathes them and the conflict will damn her, if it hasn't already.

In the night, when they are asleep, she drags herself to the edge of the abyss and gazes into nothingness. She feels the hunger of the unborn brood already. It gnaws at her, a riot in her womb. They tear at the walls, impatient to be out, to live and walk and feed like their brethren.

"Don't be greedy," she chides them, and they nibble away.

###

Weeks before the next festival, Asase Yaa rises earlier than usual and creeps away from the children. She has many wounds to tend to, scrapes and gashes and gouges.

The children are never sated, no matter what she does. What flaw has made her produce young with such voracious appetites when her milk is finite? Her children are all need, all fierce desire, but they are hers and they are perfect, so the fault must be hers. She is not enough. She must be harder on them, teach them to behave, but how, when they never listen?

She sobs into the darkness with passion she didn't know she could still summon, tearless, racking sobs, because the children have drunk her dry.

"Mother, don't cry."

At first she thinks she has imagined the voice. She's losing her wits now, and the other mothers will shake their heads and pretend to sympathize while they laugh at her torment behind plump, healthy hands.

"Mother, don't cry."

She opens her eyes. "Go away, you're not real."

"Of course I'm real."

She searches the shadows for the owner of the voice and finds one of her children standing nearby, watching her.

"What are you doing here?" she asks.

"I came to tell you that you don't need to worry anymore. I have solved the problem. No more hunger."

She's too tired to make sense of his babbling. "Why aren't you asleep with the others? You should go back. You need your rest."

It is then that she sees the blood on his feet, and his hands, and splattered across his chest.

Her stomach clenches with fear.

"What did you do, child?"

He smiles.

“What did you do?”

“I killed the others. All of them.”

She starts to keen.

The child looks confused by her reaction. “Don’t cry, Mother. I had to do it to save you. Everything will be well, you’ll see. You’re free now.”

“No, you don’t understand. That’s not the way...”

But before she can say more, he leaps into the abyss and is gone.

###

She finds the bodies of the other children close to their sleeping place, piled high like firewood. It’s a day and a half before she can find the strength to bury them.

###

She births the next brood three days later. They come out fighting and wailing and ravenous. They feed and feed, too young to understand that her milk shouldn’t taste so sour and her blood shouldn’t run black as tar. She knows she is ill. She knows her illness will spread to them. But no matter how hard she tries to push them away or ration their intake, they refuse to stop. They climb over her face and shoulders, locking limbs with each other in their furious need.

For hours there is no sound but their suckling, as though the universe paused to listen and has been shocked into permanent silence.

“Don’t be greedy,” she chides the children, and they lick their little fingers.

###

She stumbles into the next festival, head reeling, stars dancing before her eyes. Her dress is torn and bloodstained, her head and feet bare. She has made no effort to hide the wounds this time. What would be the point?

She reaches for a drink and the glass slips from her hands, shattering into pieces on the pristine floor. The other mothers scream in horror and refuse to

speak to her, and she is too weary to care.

###

When Asase Yaa wakes in the morning, all her children are dead. The ground is littered with their tiny bloated bodies and the soil beneath them has reddened with their blood. She throws herself on top of the little corpses and tears at her hair, weeping until she is worn out with despair. She falls into a deep hibernation, her battered body desperate for rest, waiting to see whether it will ever be fertile again.

###

It takes time, but the poison leaves her. She becomes lush like the others once more.

When her belly swells with life, she is rich and ripe and beautiful, and at the next festival the other mothers eye her with envy.

“It won’t last. You know what your children are like.”

“Enjoy this brief respite. As soon as they come out...”

“But you do look lovely tonight. I love your dress!”

“Did your eyes always sparkle like that? It’s been so long since you were healthy, I don’t remember...”

Their pettiness can’t touch her. “It will be different this time,” she tells them. “This brood is not the same. I can sustain them. I am more than enough.”

“Yes, but that’s what you said before.”

“And before that.”

“Maybe you should consider...you know...”

“You should. It’s the sane course of action.”

“Better to be safe.”

There’s an awkward silence. She bites her lip, hurt, but too proud to let them see it. “I’m birthing my babies. Every last one.”

They sweep away, shrugging plump, rounded shoulders.

“Each mother to her own.”

“A shame, though.”

“Don’t say we didn’t warn you.”

###

Her new brood is beautifully formed, small and healthy and fierce. There are thousands upon thousands of them, every last one hungry.

She is bursting with milk, producing more than the children can hope to drink. And because they see abundance they grow cruel and careless. Before she knows it, the children have children and they, too, have children and her milk is still flowing but it’s not as rich as it used to be, and she starts to feel the strain.

“Feed me, my children,” she begs them, “so I can make more milk. If I sicken, so do you. Take care of me so I can keep you alive.”

They promise to do so, but run off laughing, and get caught up in the wonders of existence, and forget.

A marvel, really, how they forget to feed her and yet always remember to feed themselves, how they manage to be so clever and yet so dull. A vile thought – she flings it away, afraid it will taint her love for them, but the

thought only slinks into the shadows and multiplies, and when she’s asleep it creeps back inside her with its young and they replicate until her mind is a hive of resentment.

When she wakes, her body is all pain. She looks down at her spindly arms, her bite-dotted thighs, her protruding ribs. She knows she won’t last much longer. Then she feels a gnawing ache in her womb, and realizes that she is pregnant again.

###

Asase Yaa births her last brood. They emerge ravenous, descending upon her with their older siblings in a flurry of licking tongues and tiny teeth. They don’t realise she is dead until their own bodies begin to fall, writhing on the ground and then dissolving into dust.

At the next festival, the other mothers pour libation in Asase Yaa’s honour.

“Such a pity!” they murmur.

“A tragedy, indeed.”

Her ghost wanders the star-seeded sky, keening.

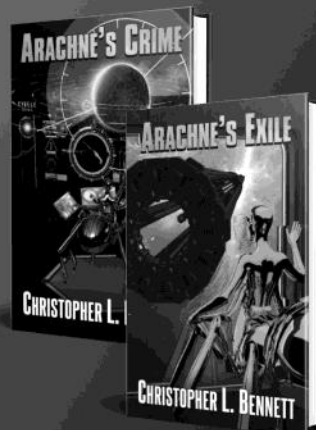
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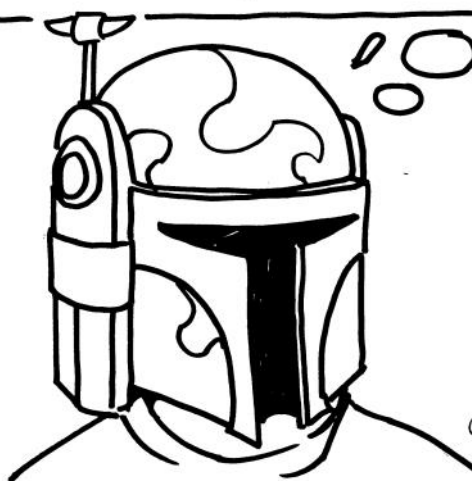


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Virtual Programming

We're excited to introduce our Virtual Program. We're able to have this because Glasgow Worldcon 2024 has generously sponsored our efforts. We'd like to greatly thank Glasgow for their support.

So here's what's going on with the virtual con. First, we'll be streaming everything that will be happening on the main stage directly to the virtual platform. That will include the GoH speeches, opening and closing ceremonies, the Frank R. Paul award presentation, and the masquerade.

Even more enticing is the prospect of a truly hybrid system, where at-con attendees and virtual members will be able to interact, while the program events will be based at con in some cases, and based in virtuality in others.

The Virtual Readings program will also be streamed live into the at-con reading room. Two of our Guests of Honor will be reading: our Author GoH, Alan Dean Foster, and our Virtual GoH, Cheryl Ntuny,. Also, we'll have readings with Michael Swanwick and a host of other authors.

Finally, we'll also be featuring virtual chat rooms for socializing and breakout sessions to discuss specific topics, or to continue a panel item.

Note that all persons with an attending membership in Buffalo NASFiC 2024 has full access to the virtual program.

Dealers Room

The Dealers Area is located in the Exhibit Hall in the Convention Center. There is a wide variety of merchandise to provide you with many opportunities to exchange your hard-earned money for t-shirts, artwork, tribbles, wooden puzzles, and books, both new and used. A list of dealers can be found on page 30.

Masquerade

The Buffalo NASFiC Masquerade is a costume showcase celebrating creativity in our world, the worlds outside of us, and worlds yet to be explored. This is the place to do that! It will be presented on our main stage on Saturday night. Please read the Masquerade Rules [see page 34] before filling out the Masquerade Sign-up form. We will have awards for both Workmanship and Presentation following the International Costumers' Guild guidelines.

Art Show

Welcome to the 2024 Buffalo NASFiC Art Show. The Art Show is in the Convention Center, featuring art from numerous science fiction and fantasy artists, and other genre illustrators and creators.

Our Artist Guests of Honor, Phil and Kaja Foglio, as well as our YA Guest of Honor, Nilah Magruder, will have their artwork prominently displayed. The art exhibit will open on Thursday afternoon, and run through Saturday evening, with sales on Sunday. Much of the art will be for sale to our members.

The NASFiC Art Show will be run by members of the East Coast Art Show Crew, who work on art shows from Baltimore to Boston.

Con Suite

Come to the Con Suite to relax, sit, and chat with other con members. Don't be shy, I promise we don't bite. ~~Well, not without an invitation!~~ In addition to meeting up with old friends, you may find new friends and all around fun people to hang around with.

We will be serving various refreshments throughout the day. Coffee and tea will be available in the morning along with assorted breakfast foods. Soda pop and water will be available all day along with general snack items. Lunch and dinner you will find sandwich fixings and small items that can be microwaved.

There is no extra charge for the items available in the Con Suite. They are all included in your membership. I hope that we see you in the Con Suite!

Masquerade General Rules

All entrants must be members of Buffalo NASFiC 2024, and must check-in at the Masquerade sign-up table. You will be able to update or change your information until the end of tech rehearsals.

Your presentation should be no more than 60 seconds on stage. If you have several participants on stage you may be allowed up to 90 seconds. Please email to discuss with the Masquerade Director (masquerade@BuffaloNASFiC2024.org) if you think your presentation will be longer. The Masquerade Director has final approval.

Each entrant may appear only once on stage. You may enter another costume, but it must be on another Masquerade entrant's person, or as a prop in another entry.

The Masquerade is rated PG-13; there may be children in the audience. No flagrant nudity; there must be some display of skill in creating and executing a design. The judges will not award what Mother Nature created. Remember, no costume is no costume.

Costumes that have won major awards (excluding Honorable Mention) for presentation or workmanship at previous Animé North, Costume-Con, or Worldcon competitions are ineligible to compete for an award, but may appear as Out-of-Competition. Commercially made full costumes, purchased or rented, may be shown only as Out-of-Competition. Exceptions for assembled costumes require that the entry be significantly different than just changing minor pieces of the costume for competition.

The Masquerade Director has the full authority to eliminate anyone from the Masquerade on the grounds of bad taste, danger to self and/or others, violation of the above rules, or any other reason deemed sufficient. There is no appeal. Offers of cash and/or chocolate and/or libations will not help.

If you feel any or all of these rules don't apply to you, you are wrong. If you feel you need an exception, you must convince the Masquerade Director long before the masquerade. Offers of cash, chocolate, or libations won't help here either.

Safety

Safety is our paramount concern. There will be absolutely no flame, fires, sparks, or other fire hazards on stage. This is a legal requirement and is strictly enforced. Other special effects must be clearly described to the Masquerade Director, the stage manager, and the tech crew at the tech rehearsal in order for us to determine that they are (1) legal and (2) safe. Strobe lighting, for example, has the potential to be harmful to members of the audience. Smoke or fog machines could set off the fire alarms.

The stage crew will be stationed in the wings at both the stage entry and the stage exit to help you up and down the stairs, move props on and off stage, and catch you if you stumble. You need to let us know how much assistance you need, especially if your vision is obscured by a mask or by not wearing your glasses, or if your costume limits your range of movement. The more assistance you need, the earlier you should let us know.

There also will be a marked safety zone at the back of the stage and crew members at the front and sides of the stage to try to stop you from stepping off the stage by mistake. If you step into the safety zone, the crew will immediately halt your presentation and shout "STOP". If you hear someone shout "Stop!" during your presentation, do so; you are in immediate danger of falling off the stage! However, if you dance, run, hop, skip, or jump so fast that the stage crew cannot stop you, you are responsible for your own safety.

Backstage can be a dangerous place. Follow crew directions and keep away from the electrical equipment. Small children must be under the supervision and control of a responsible adult at all times (both backstage and on stage).

If your entry includes displaying a weapon, the Masquerade Director must clear it and your routine ahead of time in order to ascertain that it will not harm other entrants, the judges, or the audience. No sharp edges or points will be permitted. Before and after the show, weapons must be carried to and from the Green Room in secure wrappings and must be peace bonded.

(continued on page 22)

Weapons that shoot or eject projectiles will not be permitted. If you intend to point a weapon at other members of your entry or at the Judges or audience, you must demonstrate in advance to the Masquerade Director that the weapon **DOES NOT WORK**.

Entrants may not use substances, including makeup or costume elements that could turn rancid, or be smeared on, or stain other costumes. This is generally known as the “No Peanut Butter” rule. All parts of your costumes must leave with you.

Entrants may not throw anything at the audience.

Costumes needing electric power must be self-contained – no extension cords.

No live animals (other than guide animals) may be used in any Masquerade.

We discourage the use of radio-controlled or other wireless devices as part of an entry. We do not know what sort of interference will exist in the hall during the show. It would be unfortunate to base your entry on something that doesn’t work when you are on stage.

Following each presentation, a stage crew member will make a single pass across the stage to remove small items (such as small props, cast-off cloaks, or cover-ups) left there by the entrant. If multiple items are left behind, or if the item is heavy, large, or requires special handling, the entrant should provide sufficient roadies to remove all props left on stage in a single pass. Items must be easily removed by hand – there is no time to wash or sweep the stage during a show!

Entrants should surprise the audience. **NEVER** surprise the Masquerade Director, the M.C., the tech director, the tech crew, or the stage crew. No exceptions to the “never surprise the crew” rule will be permitted, and entrants who attempt to do so will be disqualified. If you are planning something unusual or unique, please inform the Masquerade Director well in advance of the masquerade.

Tech Rehearsal

Entrants will be required to attend a tech rehearsal. This is an opportunity for the stage manager and the tech crew to work with you to assure that sound and lighting support your presentation. Entrants who do not participate in the tech rehearsal may not appear in the masquerade.

You don’t need to wear your costume for the tech rehearsal; however, you should bring the costume to hold up for the lighting designer to see and

create their cues. Also wear the shoes you will use for your presentation and any parts of your costume that will impede your movement or vision, or both.

The default lighting will be stage dark, lights rise on entry, fade to black at exit; other patterns may be arranged with tech.

Photography

Official Photography: The official masquerade photographer will photograph your costume(s) before the show starts.

Fan Photography: Fan photography may take place from the audience during the show, using available light (**NO FLASH**). For the safety of those on stage, use of flash photography during the show is strictly prohibited. The Masquerade Director will stop the show and have the house lights turned on until those using flash have been ejected from the hall. In addition, there probably will be an on-stage “photo run” for fan photographers after the last entry’s presentation (while the judges are deliberating); if so, your participation would be optional.

Masquerade Green Room

Come to the Green Room when it opens officially (approximately two hours before show start). Check in with the person at the check-in table. You will learn your number in the running order and will be assigned to a den of entries just before and/or after you, where you will be in the care of a den parent. Go to your Den, introduce yourself to the den parent assigned to you and take a seat. Please stay with your den until it is time to go to the Workmanship Judge or to the stage.

Your costume must be completed before you get to the Green Room. No sewing, gluing, soldering, welding, other construction work or extensive make-up work may take place in the Green Room. Exceptions are for the final assembly of large costumes and props or unexpected repairs. If you need anything, let the den parent assigned to you know. We plan to provide light refreshments and to have a staffed repair table should a costume need repairs. The repair table provides glue, safety pins, needles and thread, tools, basic makeup, and so forth. It is for last-minute repairs only.

The Green Room and backstage area are intended for entrants, roadies, and masquerade staff only. Entrants are asked not to invite other friends or family into the Green Room. However, a parent or guardian of young fan entrants are required to accompany their children in the Green Room.

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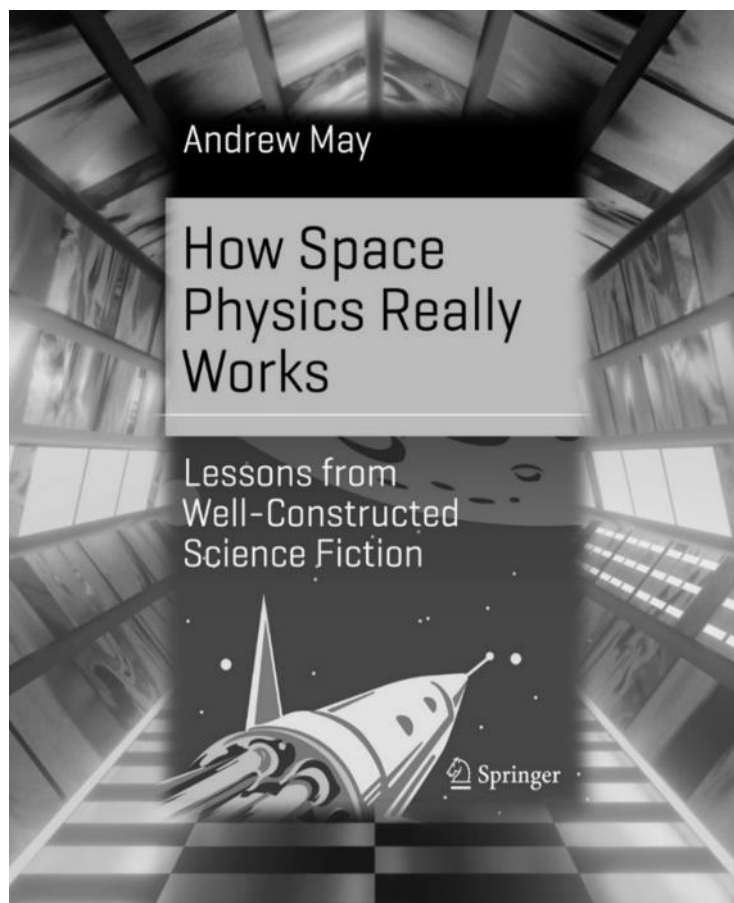
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This information is current as of press time. For changes, please refer to the pocket program.

Dawn Ray Ammon	Peter Glaskowsky	James D. Macdonald *
Jim Belfiore	Michael Green Jr.	Nilah Magruder
Wayne Brown	Leigh Grossman	Derwin Mak
Ed Buchan	Elektra Hammond	Maria
D. Cameron Calkins	Vaughne Hansen	John G. McDaid
Jake Casella Brookins	Peter Heck	Duncan McGregor
B. A. Chepaitis	Lisa Hertel	Jeanne Mealy
Pauline Chow	James Hinsey	Christie Meierz
Neil Clarke	Merav Hoffman	Jeff A. Menges
Brenda Clough *	J. F. Holmes	Jeff Mierzejewski
Christine Cohen	Bill Horst-Kotter	Elizabeth Moon *
Lawrence C. Connolly	Bob Hranek	Ira Nayman
Joy Day	Walter H. Hunt	Cheryl S. Ntuny *
Nick DiChario	JMac	Joshua Palmatier
Dita Dilman	Entwife Judy (Johnson)	David Ritter
Brian Cory Dobbs	Leslie Johnston	Sam Robb
David Dvorkin	Eli K. P. William	Roberta Rogow
Gary Ehrlich	Dr. Karen	Chuck Rothman
Oghenechoywe Donald Ekpeki *	Allan Kaster	Matthew S. Rotundo
Bill Fawcett	Herb Kauderer	Lawrence M. Schoen
Clif Flynt	Daniel M. Kimmel	Martin L. Shoemaker
Kaja Foglio	Mur Lafferty	Alex Shvartsman
Phil Foglio	Kate Landis	Janna Silverstein *
Alan Dean Foster	Geoffrey A. Landis	Richard Sparks
Matthew Foster *	Tris Lawrence	Jasper Stage
Gregory Frost	Suford Lewis	April Steenburgh
JF Garrad	Tony Lewis	Dr. David Stephenson
David Gerrold	Jacqueline Lichtenberg *	Ian Randal Strock
Laura Anne Gilman	Robert P. Lohman	Mike Substelny

* indicates the guest will be present virtually.

(continued on p.35)

Artists Showing

This information is current as of press time. For changes, please refer to the pocket program.

A. L. Raden
www.radenstudios.com

Abranda IcLe
www.abrandaicle.com

Alan F. Beck
www.alanfbeck.com

Christy Grandjean
www.goldenwolfen.com

Dan Cortopassi
danielcortopassi.com

David Lee Pancake
www.davidleepancake.com

David Mattingly
davidmattingly.com

Elaine C. Oldham
www.dreamlightgraphics.com

Ellis Bray
inklore.art

Heidi Hooper
www.heidihooper.com

Ingrid Kallick
ikallick.com

Jeff A. Menges
www.jeffamenges.com

Jeff Sturgeon
www.jeffsturgeon.com

John Granacki
www.johngranacki.com

Johnna Klukas
www.tranedtermite.com

Jordan Popovich

Joy Alyssa Day
glasssculpture.org

Judy Peterson

Kathryn Landis

Lisa Hertel
www.cogitation.org

Nilah Magruder
www.nilahmagruder.com

Peri Charlifu
aegeangoods.com

Phil & Kaja Foglio
www.girlgeniusonline.com

Raymond VanTilburg
artofrayvantilburg.etsy.com

Sandra SanTara
www.windwolf.com

Sarah Clemens
www.clemensart.com/fantasy1.htm

Scott Zrubeck
www.madmoravian.com

Shirley Meier

Theresa Halbert
www.dragonragz.com

Theresa Mather
www.rockfeatherscissors.com

Thomas A. Nackid
tomnackidart.blogspot.com

Tomi V. Welch
www.instagram.com/tomiwelch

Wayne Fowler
www.instagram.com/fantasiesisaw



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www.philcon.org

www.facebook.com/Philcon.PSFS

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Some of our Planned Panels

Note: A very small selection. May change between press time and the convention

African SF

The field is opening up to writers from Africa. What is fueling it? What is the long-term effect? Who are writers to look for?

Alien Worlds on Earth

The weirdest places on the planet that have led to writing other planets

Books to Film

How to Get There, What [Not] to Expect

Costuming for Cheapskates

Using what you already have!

Diversity in Fiction

How is it done well?

Fighting In Fiction

How to make your fight scene knock people out.

Flavors of AI

Is there any ways it could be acceptable? What is the outlook for the future?

Great but Forgotten Books and Movies

Forgotten Classics of the genre.

Heinlein: How does he hold up today?

Robert Heinlein's first short story, "Life-Line" came out 85 years ago this year. Is Heinlein still relevant? Is his work too dated to appeal to modern readers?

How I found fandom

How did you get involved in Fandom? What are some do's and don't for attending your first convention?

How to Buy Art

What are tips for buying?

Improvistional Storytelling

Panelists craft a story in real time.

Marketing your Self_Published Work

How to market your self-published work?

Not Just Jules Verne: SF in the 19th century

Who were some of the 19th century authors who created science fiction tales?



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Overused Concepts in Fantasy/SF

What tropes and concepts have been far too common?

Short Story Collections

What do you recommend? Are there any ones by recent authors?

Small Press is Alive and Well

A look at the current state of the small press.

Storytelling 101

Grabbing an audience by the ear and by the heart.

The Folklore of Space

What are the legends of the future?

The Rise of AI in Writing

Why is the Hero's/Heroine's journey so popular? What are some variations that are overlooked?

Tropes and Why We Love Them

Which ones are still strong and which are overused?

Truly Weird Aliens

What are truly alien aliens, not just humans with funny foreheads and a tentacles added? How do you create them? What are some examples?

What do Women Really Want?

What sort of stories appeal to women?

Writing Fan Fiction

Do you write fan fiction? Have you in the past? What sort of fan fiction interests you?

(Tony Lewis, continued from p.17)

factual in the above essay. If you have seen The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, then you know that when legend becomes fact, print the legend. I have known Tony Lewis since I was an awkward newbie, fumbling my way through the con hotel having been told there was a left-handed copy of The Right Hand of Darkness in the dealers' room. (I think someone might have been pranking me.) Tony (and Suford) have always been a welcoming

and even joyous presence in fandom. And it is my great honor to love them both so much (not a joke) that I will write a deranged fantasy about them, because without fantasy, without dreams, without imagination, without a place to celebrate all of this – we might as well still be living in trees, screeching about who has the biggest pair of coconuts.

Tony and Suford are two of the greatest joys in this community. I love them both, more than mere words can say – and I hope they will forgive me when this is published.

(Alan Dean Foster, continued from p.8)

series, Alan has published more than 20 stand-alone novels covering the genres of SF, Fantasy, thrillers, noir, and memoirs. These works have been translated and published on every continent of the globe. (Yes, we like to think there is a copy of the novelization of *The Thing* in a station in Antarctica, and if there isn't, someone needs to remedy that!)

And since we've mentioned the novelizations - it's a well-known "secret" that the first Star Wars novelization was penned by Alan and credited to George Lucas. Many years later, Lucas himself made this knowledge public. To the delight of all movie fans who "just need more," his novelizations have expanded the realms of *Alien*, *Aliens*, *Alien 3*, *The Thing* (1981), *Clash of the Titans*, *Pale Rider*, *Transformers*, *Terminator Salvation*, and *The Force Awakens*, to name a few. Alan's follow-up novel to Star Wars, *Splinter of the Mind's Eye* was intended to be the budget-friendly next tale in the film series, but the runaway success of *A New Hope* took the studio into the direction of the big-budget *Empire Strikes Back*. *Splinter* has since become a cult classic, inspiring aspects throughout the canon, with Lucas noting, "...it is an amazing, if unexpected, legacy of Star Wars that so many gifted writers are contributing new stories to the Saga. This legacy began with *Splinter of the*

Mind's Eye, published less than a year after the release of *Star Wars*."

More recently, as Alan says, "The days when I would ride over a jungle road, holding my backpack, on the back end of a 150cc Honda at 50mph to get to a rainforest airstrip are past..." and so his memories of his copious journeys live on in his mind and through his pen. Thoughts of exotic destinations a far and wide and as near as his backyard continue to bring to life marvelous adventures for us all to share. It is a delight to have him be with us for NASFiC, his first con in a few years.

What's next on Alan's radar? More books, more stories, and more film work. Alan is script consultant on Lumen Actus Productions' *Island in the Stars* which is slated to begin production in late 2024. It's being filmed in one of Alan's favorite places to visit, Australia.

Alan's new novel, a Lovecraftian tale titled *The Moaning Words*, will be out this summer via Hippocampus Press. And who knows, maybe the next story will be about Buffalo?

Any way you slice it, it has been a remarkable life thus far, and we are all so lucky that Alan Dean Foster has shared it with us in so many fantastic ways.



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BEST MAGAZINE COVER

NOMINEES

Clarkesworld 201, June 2023; Cover Art by Pascal Blanche
Uncanny, May-June 2023; Cover Art by Antonio Javier Caparo
Clarkesworld 205, Oct 2023; Cover Art by DOFRESH
Uncanny, Sept-Oct 2023; Cover Art by Grace Fong
Clarkesworld 202, July 2023; Cover Art by Sergio Rebolledo
Fiyah, Winter 2023; Cover Art by Raki Sy
Analog, Sept-Oct 2023; Cover Art by Tomislav Tikulin
Analog, May June 2023; Cover Art by Eldar Zakirov
Asimov's, July Aug 2023; Cover Art by Eldar Zakirov
F&SF, Nov-Dec 2023; Cover Art by Alan M. Clark

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Asimov's, March-April 2023; Cover Art by Dominic Harman
F&SF, Jan-Feb 2023; Cover Art by Kent Bash
Star*Line, Vol. 46, Issue 1, Winter 2023; Cover Art by Austin Arthur Hart
Prehistoric Times, Spring 2023; Cover Art by Kurt Miller
Analog, Jan-Feb 2023; Cover Art by Tomislav Tikulin

NOTE: AI-generated images and art from stock image companies (or derivatives thereof) are ineligible; three covers (Asimov's, Jan-Feb, 2023; Asimov's, May-June 2023; and Galaxy's Edge, May 2023) scored highly enough to be nominated but were disqualified on these grounds.

Award website: <https://www.frankwuwrites.net/frank-r-paul-awards>

Frank Wu is a 4-time Hugo Award-winning artist, and a science fiction writer with 7 appearances (soon 8!) in Analog magazine. His official FRP website is <http://www.frankwu.com/paul.html>. It won the ASFA award for Best Archival Web Page in the first year that award was given.

(Suford Lewis, continued from p.16)

will enjoy meeting Suford at the convention and talking with her about any of her diverse interests.

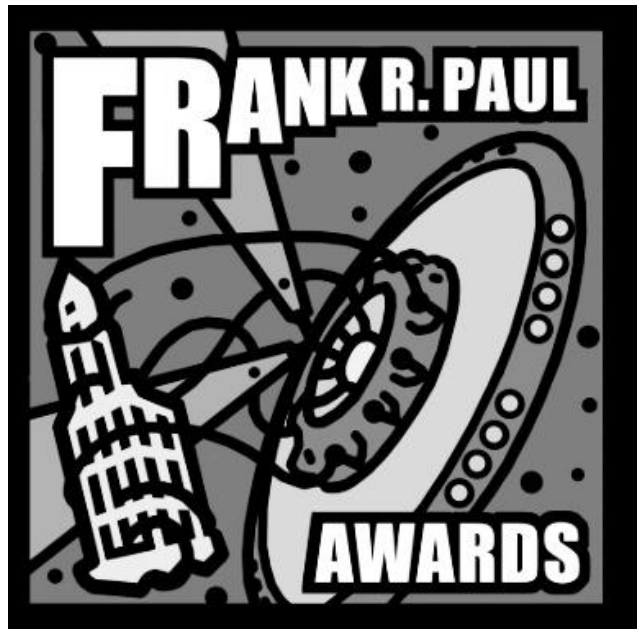
(1) She told me how her nickname 'Suford' came about. Her maiden name was Sue Hereford, and in elementary school she insisted on the proper pronunciation: 'Her-e-ford'. So of course the boys decid-

ed to tease her, as boys do, and they turned that into 'Hairy Suford'. Deciding to not let them get the better of her, she adopted the name 'Suford' and has used it proudly ever since.

(2) That roommate is now known as Cory Panshin, Hugo-winning co-author of *The World Beyond the Hill: Science Fiction and the Quest for Transcendence* (1989).

(Progr.Participants, cont. from p. 44)

	D. G. Valdrón	Frank Wu
	Michael A. Ventrella	Brianna Wu
Mary A. Turzillo	Stephen R. Wilk	Scott Zrubeck



Convention Policies

Code of Conduct

This Code of Conduct is to provide guidance to all Buffalo NASFiC 2024 (hereafter referred to as “BUFFALO”) convention members. It is to help ensure that the behavior of one individual does not adversely disturb the rest of the members. It applies to all pre-con, at con, and post-con activities that are related to BUFFALO. All members are encouraged to read this Code and ask questions of anything that they do not understand.

BUFFALO is prepared to deal with any violations of the code as legally, rapidly, and efficiently as possible. We hope that all members will help to make BUFFALO an enjoyable experience for all, by respecting the rights of all attendees while in attendance. BUFFALO reserves the right to revoke membership and eject any individual at any time from BUFFALO. No refunds will be provided. Failure to adhere to the code of conduct may result in:

1. Convention Operations talking to all parties involved in an incident; Possible mediation by the Con Chair.
2. Verbal warnings.
3. Turning the individual in to hotel/convention center staff/security.
4. Revocation of membership and ejection from BUFFALO.
5. Contacting local law enforcement.

BADGES

BUFFALO is a membership event and membership badges must be worn at all time by all members and staff. There are always mundanes (normal people) running around the hotel. We want to be able to tell US from THEM. A badge is only valid for the individual to whom it was issued. Badges may not be shared. BUFFALO requires that all individuals 12 and over have membership badges for the convention, and that they be clearly visible by being worn above the waist when at BUFFALO.

PERSONAL INTERACTION

We ask that you respect others so that everyone is comfortable and feels safe while attending BUFFALO.

1. Harassment of others will not be tolerated and is a violation of the code of conduct.
2. If someone asks you to leave them alone or tells you no, walk away, and do not approach them again. There is no reason for you to have any further interaction with them.
3. Discrimination of any sort is not tolerated and is a violation of the code of conduct.
4. Discrimination is not limited to gender, race, ethnicity, age, religion, sexual orientation, gender identity or physical / mental disability.
5. If you feel that you have been harassed or discriminated against: A. Tell the individual that their behavior is inappropriate. Sometimes this is sufficient. B. If you do not feel comfortable talking with the individuals involved, or if talking to them once does not work, please immediately report the situation to any BUFFALO committee or staff member. If possible, provide a badge name or name and a physical description of the person or persons involved. The committee or staff member will notify Convention Operations and / or the Con Chair.
6. PLEASE: Keep in mind that unless an incident is reported, nothing can be done.
7. PUBLIC PARTIES: Specific party rules will be published separately and provided to all party hosts.
8. Due to crowding, costume props should not be taken to parties. Please especially leave all props that resemble weapons safely in your room; save them for Masquerade night.
9. Only certain convention hotel rooms are available for parties and all parties must be coordinated with BUFFALO.
10. No one under 21 will be served alcohol. Hosts are required to card anyone who wishes to drink at their event. Attempting to drink while under 21 or knowingly serving alcohol to someone under 21 is a violation of

the code of conduct, and could subject you to removal from BUFFALO.

11. Recreational pharmaceuticals (the usual and unusual illegal drugs) are also illegal at the con. In fact, if whatever you are going to do is illegal outside of the convention, then it is illegal at the convention. We the convention committee will not defend or support anyone caught violating the law. We will instead revoke your membership and leave you to the mercy of the courts.

HOTEL INTERACTIONS

We ask that you follow any and all rules set by the convention hotel.

The person whose name the room is rented is solely responsible for the conduct of all individuals in the room and the condition of the room. Excessive trash, any act of vandalism, deliberate or excessive damage to hotel room and its contents, or any negative interference with hotel staff that may present a hazard to said hotel staff will result in the hotel taking control of the situation. Individuals, regardless of whose name the room is rented in, will be billed for said damages by the hotel. In addition, individuals may be evicted from the hotel and / or the convention and may also face criminal charges.

SMOKING

The City of Rochester and County of Monroe do not allow smoking in any public buildings, including hotels, restaurants, or the convention center.

PETS

Only service animals are allowed in hotel and convention function spaces.

WEAPONS

1. Regardless of any government permits, no actual weapon or item that can be mistaken for a weapon may be carried (openly or concealed) on properties being used for BUFFALO at any time, unless it has been peacebonded by Convention Operations. If a member wishes to carry such a weapon, it must be presented to Convention Operations upon entry to BUFFALO. The Convention Operations staff is the final arbiter of what weapons require peacebonding, or if a particular weapon is prohibited. If anyone is unsure what is realistic, Convention Operations will be happy to check it. Working firearms will not be allowed! Peace-bonding materials will be available at registration.
2. Any actual weapon or item that can be mistaken for a weapon that is purchased in the dealer room must be wrapped and immediately transported to a hotel room or vehicle. If the purchaser wishes to use the item during the convention, refer to the previous section.
3. If an actual weapon or item that can be mistaken for a weapon is part of a masquerade costume, it must be transported to and from the masquerade wrapped securely unless it is peacebonded. The masquerade director must approve of any weapons used in the masquerade.
4. Live steel is prohibited. Convention Operations is the final arbiter of what is considered live steel. Using any weapon (actual, realistic or toy) in a threatening or harmful manner is a violation of the code of conduct.

Gillibean

*wishes to congratulate the staff and committee of Buffalo NASFiC 2024
on the planning and execution of the 16th North American Science
Fiction Convention.*

It's not dead yet, Jim!

Privacy Policy

Buffalo NASFiC 2024 (hereafter referred to as “BUFFALO”) recognizes that personal data is valuable and needs to be treated with respect. Our intent is to keep it safe, only needed access and remove it when no longer needed.

This policy includes information on what data BUFFALO collects, how we collect it, and how we use it. The personal information collected by BUFFALO is stored and managed using the guidance of California Consumer Privacy Act (CCPA) and EUs (General Data Protection Regulation) GDPR.

Changes to This Policy

BUFFALO may change this policy. When changes are made, we will update our website with the changes.

General Information

In regard to the storage and management of the data collected by BUFFALO, the convention acts to ensure that all personal data is:

- Collected for lawful purposes
- Processed legally and fairly
- Relevant; and not excessive
- Kept up to date for accuracy
- Destroyed two years after the convention
- Kept secure
- Only accessed by authorized BUFFALO staff
- Not shared without permission

How We Use This Data

In order to conduct the business of BUFFALO, we collect personal data submitted to us by people who interact with our convention in order to provide the agreed upon services and to share information and updates regarding our services and events. This may also include providing relevant information to future worldcons.

Personal Data

BUFFALO’s personal data includes information, facts, and interests that identify and are tied to living people, including such things as name, contact information, and professional history. Sensitive and personal data may also be collected from some individuals.

Required Personal Data

While a variety of data types may be requested and collected for use by BUFFALO, only an individual’s name, email, street address, and country is required for membership.

Sensitive Personal Data

Sensitive personal data is collected for the purposes of making health-based accommodations, enhancing diversity, and identifying topics of a sensitive nature that potential program participants would be comfortable talking about as part of BUFFALO’s program. Sensitive personal data may include such things as racial or ethnic origin, political opinions, religious or philosophical beliefs, disability, or medical needs, etc.

Accessing/Updating Data

Members may view their registration-related information and they can update all of their data themselves. Alternatively, they should contact Registration (registration@buffalonasfic2024.org).

Destroying Data

All data collected on individuals will be changed, deleted, or modified upon request. In addition, all personal data in the BUFFALO systems will be deleted three years after the convention unless we have a legal requirement to retain it.

Securing Data

Data collected by us will be stored securely and managed through appropriate protections.

Data Processing

All third-party data processors contracted by BUFFALO, which store, access, and house information via cloud services, on websites, in apps, etc. will be compliant with relevant data regulations.

Financial and Biometric information

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BUFFALO does not collect either Financial or Biometric information. All payments are processed through 3rd party vendors such as Stripe and no payment information is held by BUFFALO.

Contact

If you have any questions or further concerns about this policy or BUFFALO's data policies, please contact the Data Protection Officer for BUFFALO at DPO@buffalonasfic2024.org.

Respiratory Virus Policy

This is the disease mitigation policy which will be in effect during our convention. We will always abide by US, New York State, and Buffalo, New York laws at a minimum for our physical convention. We have chosen to add some stronger mitigation recommendations. **We reserve the right to revise our policy to be more restrictive if dictated by new circumstances.**

Policy

Please note that we use the term “member” throughout this policy as shorthand. The policy applies to all members and all types of attendees.

- The Buffalo Hyatt Regency Hotel, The Buffalo Convention Center, and the walkway connecting the two, are open to the public. We cannot enforce masking in these areas.
- We strongly recommend that every member wears a mask, particularly indoors or in crowded areas, such as the registration area and program rooms.
- We strongly recommend that every member is vaccinated and boosted against all major communicable diseases for which vaccines are available to them.
- We will not require proof of any vaccination at the convention, given vaccine allergies and international policy variability.
- We strongly recommend that every member tests daily for COVID-19 and when they have any relevant symptoms. We also recommend testing for flu before the convention.
- We will not require proof of a negative test at time of badge pickup or for spot checking.
- We strongly recommend that every member regularly and effectively washes and dries their hands. When this is not possible, we recommend that hand sanitizer is used.
- We strongly recommend that online and on-site members get sufficient high-quality rest, hydration, and nutrition for their personal needs.
- Please do not physically attend the convention if you have any new and potentially-contagious symptoms which have begun within the previous week. Such symptoms include coughing, sneezing, sniffing, running a fever, or having digestive issues.

We will enforce the Code of Conduct in all applicable situations, including when another member's choices about disease mitigation do not match yours. This includes, but is not limited to, mitigations by masking, social distancing, or physical contact. For example, you may neither encroach on someone's space who has asked you to stay 6 feet away nor may you yell at someone who is not wearing an N95 mask.

Policy Context

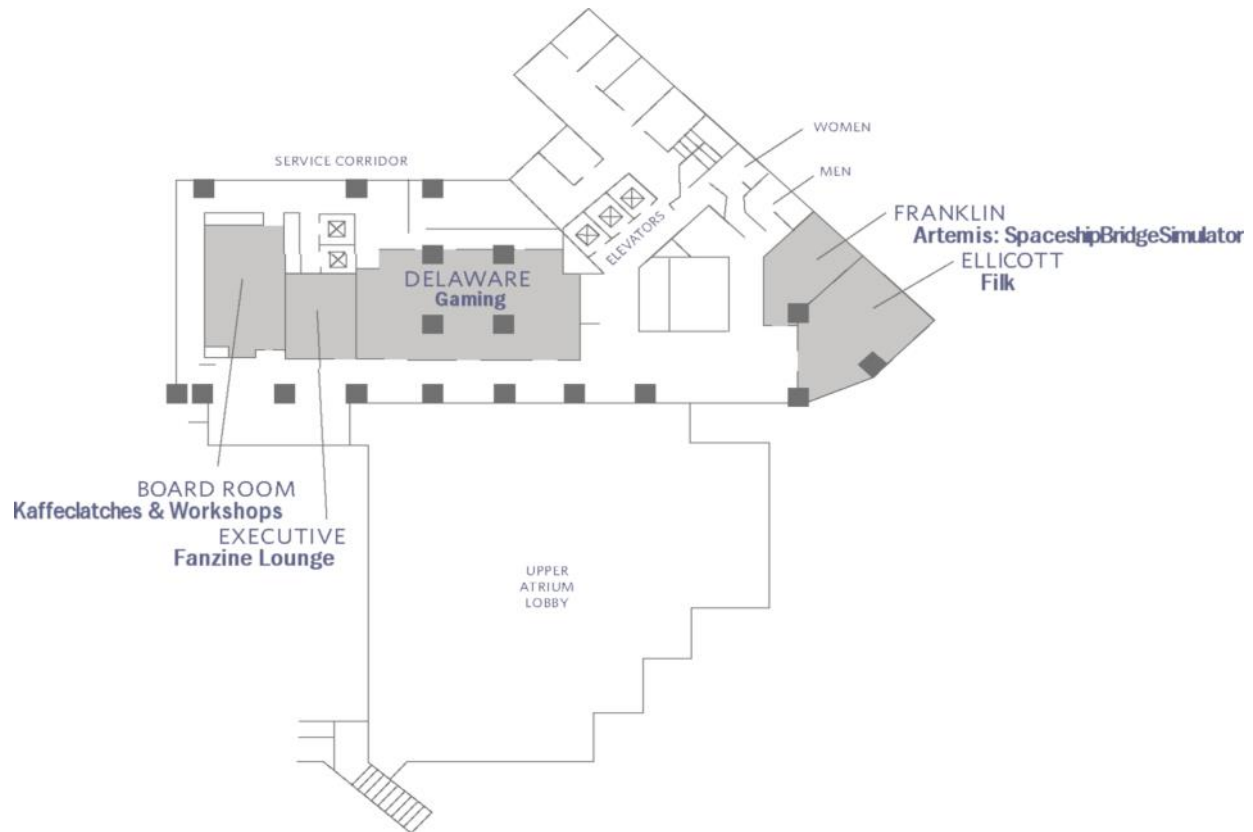
The COVID-19 pandemic has highlighted that conventions need to be more mindful of contagion as a whole. We need to be thoughtful and deliberate about our responsibilities regarding contagion by actions such as looking at current government policies and discussing situations around mutually-exclusive accessibility requirements.

As an international team, we are acutely aware that different governments have different policies and availability of vaccines. We also know that some people are unable to be vaccinated for a number of entirely valid reasons (e.g. allergy, age).

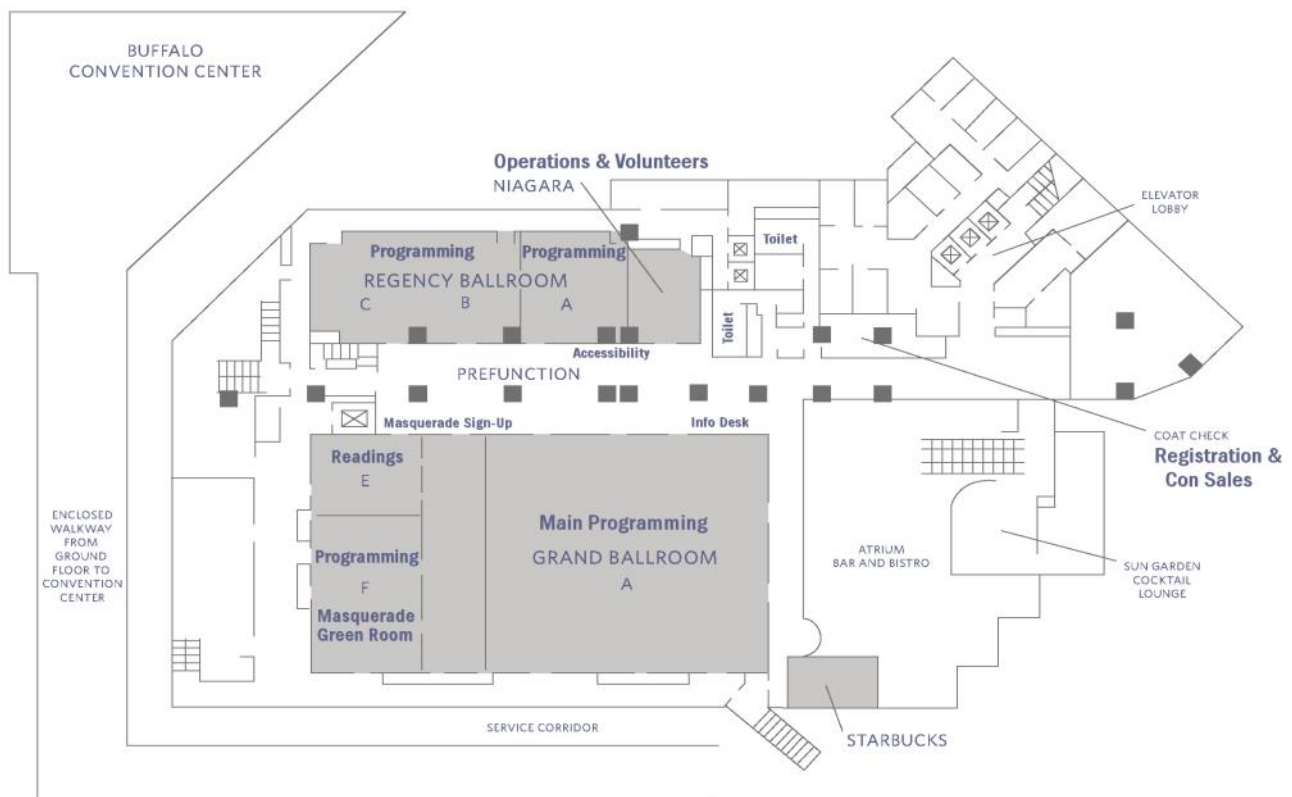
Our policy is based on the Center for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) recommendations in The United States of America for respiratory virus guidance in effect at time of publication, June, 2024. We have augmented those recommendations with additional mitigations and recommendations for our members. The CDC's Respiratory Virus Guide can be found at <https://www.cdc.gov/respiratory-viruses/guidance/respiratory-virus-guidance.html>.

If you have any questions, you can contact: info@buffalonasfic2024.org.

Hyatt Regency Maps

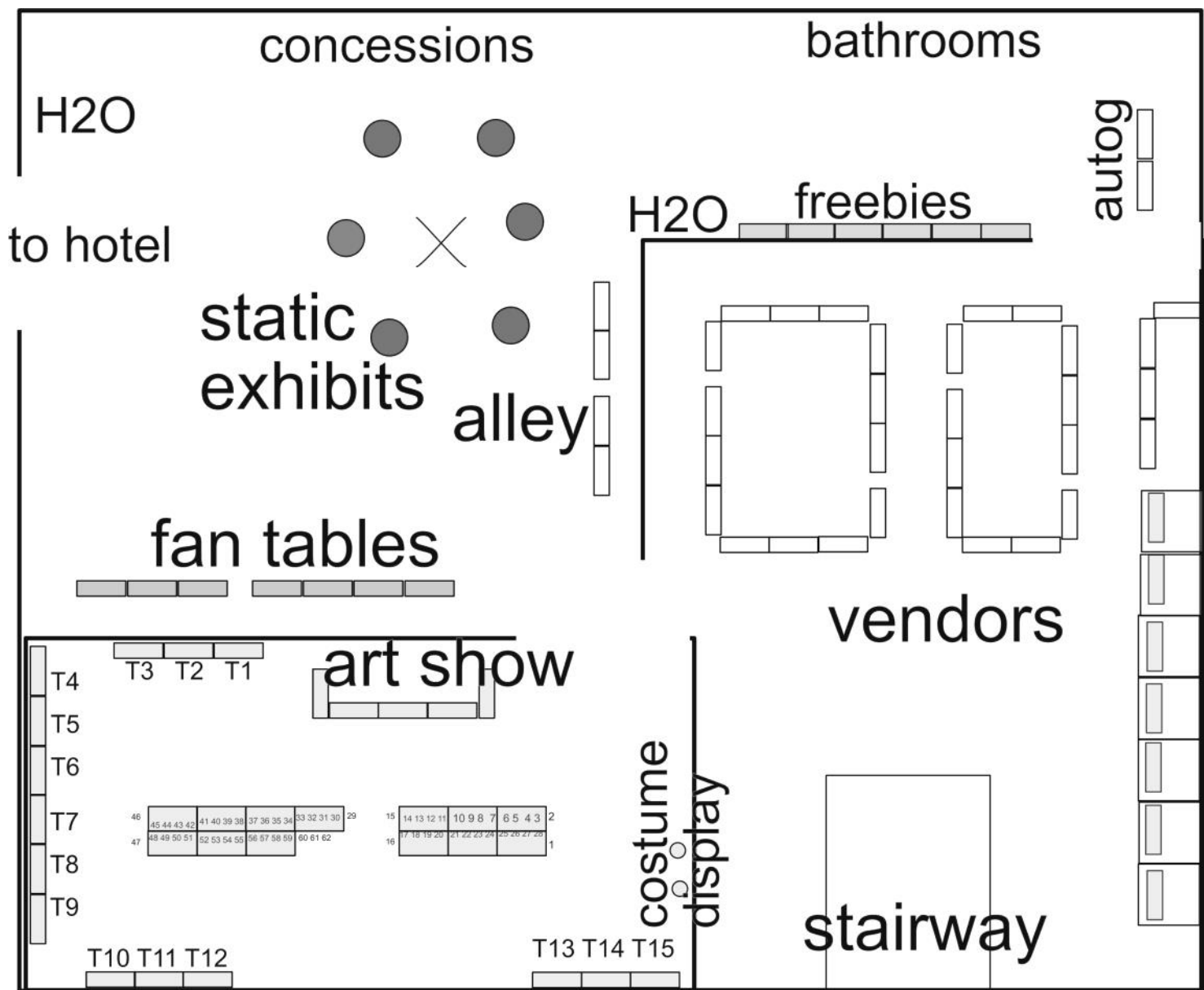


Second Floor



Mezzanine Level

Convention Center Map



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Xisi Shaul

Guests of Honor

Martha Wells
Donato Giancola
Bridget Landry
Alexander James Adams

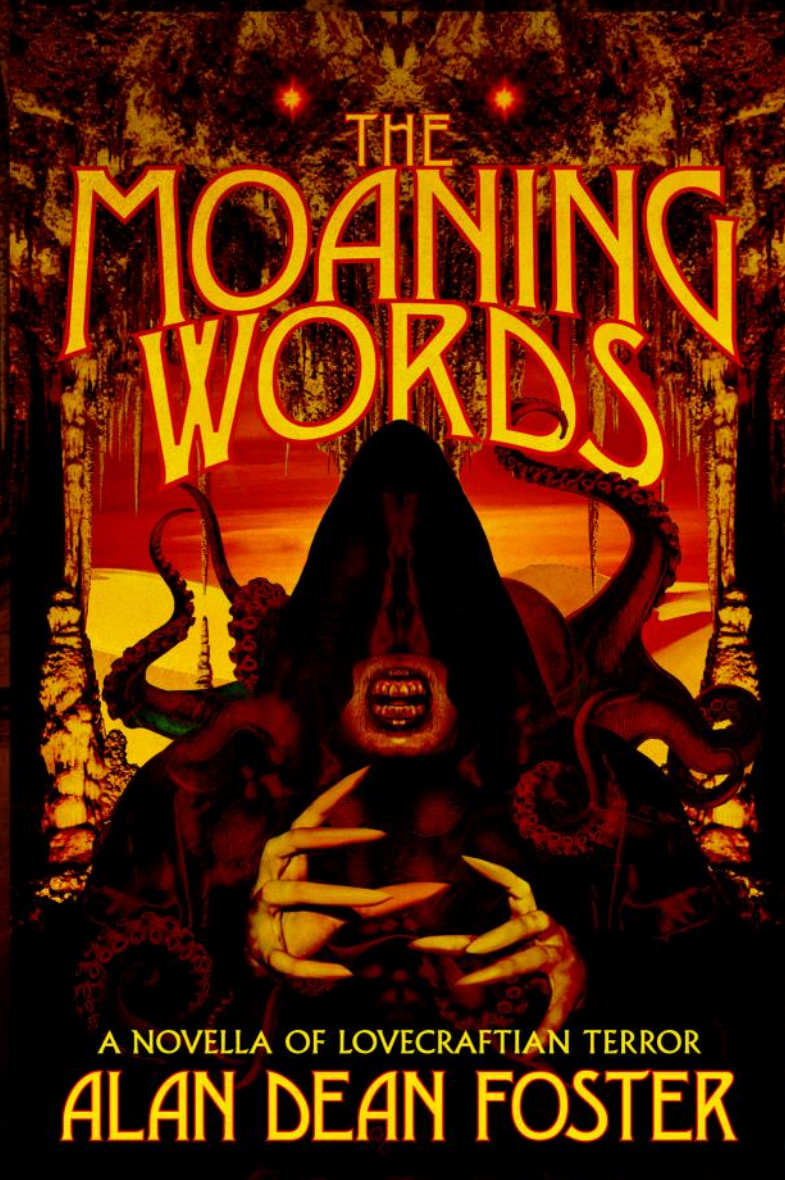


<https://seattlein2025.org>

SCI-FI LEGEND ALAN DEAN FOSTER HAS TAKEN ON STAR TREK, STAR WARS, ALIEN —AND NOW THE HORRORS OF LOVECRAFT'S CTHULHU MYTHOS!

What do three widely separated and seemingly unrelated individuals—Marc Levaseur, a young poet in Paris; Emily Cosgrove, a Ph.D. student in archaeology working in Pompeii; and Demyan Yegorov, a Russian scholar—have in common? They each have a portion of an ancient inscription from the *Necronomicon* of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred. Can the fourth and final segment of the inscription be found? The three explorers hope to find it in an obscure region of the Arabian desert—nothing less than Irem, the City of Pillars. But will the cosmic forces opposed to them allow them to succeed in their daring mission?

Alan Dean Foster, whose prodigious work in the realms of science fiction, fantasy, and horror has made him a legend in his own time, has written a compelling and action-packed short novel that draws upon some of the most intriguing ideas in the tales of H. P. Lovecraft and brought them into our own time—but he has retained the atmosphere of ancient evil that makes Lovecraft's work so distinctive.



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