



HELIOsphere 2019

HELIOsphere 2020

April 3 – 5, 2020

DoubleTree by Hilton
Tarrytown, New York

Guests of Honor:

Claudia Christian

“Commander Susan Ivanova” on *Babylon 5*

Co-Author of The Wolf’s Odyssey series

Morgan Grant Buchanan

Co-Author of The Wolf’s Odyssey series

Early Bird Registration Opens

Sunday Morning of HELIOsphere 2019

Welcome to HELIOSphere 2019

They say the third time is the charm. Some also maintain that if you successfully do something three times, it's now a tradition.

So ... welcome to New York fandom's newest tradition, HELIOSphere!

With our third convention, we continue our quest to bring New York area fandom something new and different, not just open and inviting to the novel and innovative, but actively pursuing it, while still very much a part of and grounded in fandom as we know it.

We'd like to thank our wonderful Guests of Honor, Charlie Jane Anders, Laura Antoniou, and Tom Smith, and our super talented Featured Artist, Alan Beck, for gracing us with their presence and participation. Additionally, much thanks to all of our other guests, some of them new friends with us for the first time, some of them now old friends.

The heliosphere, where the solar wind blows away the interstellar medium, is the bubble defining the extent of the solar system. Our HELIOSphere is a weekend long bubble where fandom and our dreams hold sway, where we can immerse ourselves in any of a number of activities. Check out our program, participate in a Books'N'Brews session with a favorite author, play a game, sing in a filk circle, show off your new cosplay ... there's plenty to do.

Join us and enjoy.

About NASF³

New Amsterdam Science Fiction and Fantasy Fandom is the corporate entity that presents HELIOSphere, but it is more than that.

We are a club and group of fans into Science Fiction and Fantasy in all of its forms. We are readers, gamers, costumers, cosplayers, and more.

NASF³ is incorporated in New York as a Not-for-Profit Corporation and has 501(c)(3) tax status. We are all volunteers, and if you're interested, we invite you to check us out and get involved.

Mary Catelynn Cunningham
Chair, HELIOSphere 2019

Gabi Morel
President, New Amsterdam Science Fiction and Fantasy Fandom, Inc.

The Committee and Staff of HELIOSphere 2019
www.heliosphereny.org

The Board of Directors of New Amsterdam Science Fiction and Fantasy Fandom, Inc.
www.nasf3.org

SAFER SPACE POLICY

HELIOsphere Convention and the Board of New Amsterdam Science Fiction and Fantasy Fandom intend to have an enjoyable and friendly event; therefore we have set up the following rules to make our space safe and fun for all. Any violation of these policies or other behaviors that the Convention Chairs and Event Staff deem inappropriate will result in actions up to and including, but not limited to, revoking the offender's membership and possible removal from the hotel.

Be respectful and courteous towards other attendees.

Unacceptable behavior is generally any behavior that annoys, alarms, or threatens another person or group. This includes unwanted physical contact, following someone around a public area without their consent, or threatening to physically attack someone. If you approach someone and they tell you "no" or to leave them alone, you must do so and have no further contact. If you fail to honor their request, they may have a legitimate complaint of unacceptable behavior.

Harassment of convention members online or in electronic venues will be treated as seriously as physical harassment. If you aren't sure what constitutes harassment, err on the side of caution and restrict your contact.

If you are having a problem, please ask any convention staff member for help. They will assist you in reporting the incident and make sure that you get any help that is needed.

You can also come to the Info Desk in Grand Pre South (near registration)

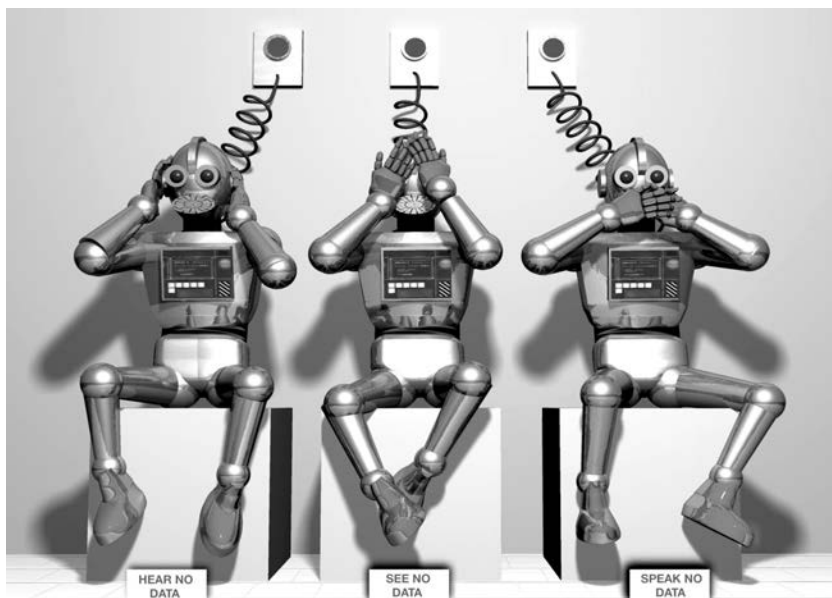
Please remember that we need to know about any incidents during the convention to be able to take immediate action. If you have been accused of harassment and feel that a committee member's response was unjustified, you may appeal to the Convention Chair, but their decision will be final.

If you wish to report an incident after the convention, or would like to express your concern about an incident that occurred outside of the event involving a convention attendee, you can contact the Incident Response Team at irt@heliosphereny.org at any time.

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To Double Exposure, for their support of our gaming area

www.dexposure.com/envoy/

To Capclave and Philcon, for their continuing help and advice

www.philcon.org www.capclave.org

To all of our staff and friends for all of their hard work

And as always, to Danny ... we are able to be here because of you

An Excerpt from “Ghost Champagne”

Charlie Jane Anders

1. Comedy

You know what I wish? I wish I could just reach into someone's chest and pull out their beating heart and show it to them, like a movie villain. (And then I would put it back and their chest would seal up and they would be fine. I'm not a monster!) But imagine how great that would be, whenever the endless string of entitled assclowns start screwing with you — just reach in, and ZOOOOOOOP! *Oh, what's this? It's your heart. In my hand! You wanna say something now, huh? I didn't think so.* I mean, I would only use this power in extreme circumstances, like when one of the developers in my day job starts mansplaining to me, or when I'm super bored in a meeting. Speaking of which, why is it OK to text in a meeting but not to play Candy Crush? That's discrimination.

My comedy set is off to a pretty good start, and then I notice my ghost at a third row table, right between the canoodling pierced hipsters and the drunken yuppies.

Some days I hardly notice my ghost, but lately she's in my face a whole lot more. Today she's wearing a lacy loligoth dress that I wish I owned in real life, and a little hat over her wavy dark hair, which is a little shorter than mine. She's drinking a Sidecar or an Old Fashioned, because yeah, even ghosts must obey the two-drink-minimum rule at Sal's Comedy Cellar, and she watches me go through my set with the usual disaffected look on her face, like *been-there-done-that-and-died*.

I do what I always do: ignore her. Even when she knocks the candle off her table and turns the floor into a minefield of broken glass and hot wax. Fuck her. Remember the toolkit. Keep going, look

past her — I try to gaze instead at my boyfriend Raj, sitting on a stool in the back. The ghost doesn't matter. She had her chance to be alive, she obviously blew it.

We've reached the butt-jokes section of my set. (Dick jokes are for lesser intellects, but butt jokes are sophisticated and brilliant.) And then, Raj gets up and walks upstairs with the rest of the comics, right when I'm getting to the part about how my man has a big butt, and why is there no female equivalent of an ass man? (Nobody ever says ass woman, which just sounds like the worst superheroine ever.) Raj just up and walks out on me. I see my ghost out of the corner of my eye, giving me a look like, What can you do?

I stumble through my set, but the energy is all gone. And I don't even get any love for my spiel about how Japanese toilets are so great, with the heated seats and the jets of warm water, it's like being rimmed by pixies — I sat on one and my butt finally forgave me for the horseback-riding lessons I took when I was twelve. My ghost gets so bored, she knocks over someone's beer glass with the back of her hand, CRASH. The crowd is a goddamn humor sponge. Fuck all of these stupid people, why do they pay \$15 just to zonk out in public, when they could stay home and watch the Homophobia Channel for free?

When I get upstairs to the sidewalk after my set, Raj and the other comedians, mostly dudes, are standing out front smoking. Even though Raj doesn't smoke. It's a cool dry night. They nod at me, and then start talking about how Raj and I should have kids. You should have kids so you can enter the America's Funniest Mom competition, you would crush that,

says Roddy, who's basically just a pair of sideburns in search of a face. You should have kids so you can get some fashion cred, cuz you know, kids are the perfect accessories, says the bleach-blond sunburnt Campbell. We should have kids so I can be a stay-at-home dad instead of just unemployable, says Raj, choking a little on his cig. If you had kids, you could get a sick reality TV show on public access cable, with your crazy family and shit, Roddy says. I realize that Raj put them up to this, he asked them to broach the idea of having kids, and this is the way they've chosen to go about it.

I just roll my eyes and walk away, heading down Bleecker towards the F. I'm not going to sit through the rest of the night waiting for Raj's set, after this shitshow. My ghost slouches on the other side of the street, loitering outside the CVS and the fetish boutique. She gives me a friendly wave, and I ignore her.

She didn't laugh once during my comedy set, but now my ghost looks at me, sees my angry tears, and laughs. Ruefully, which goes with the territory, I guess.

I forget the toolkit for once, and just stare at her. As if this time, there might be some clue. Just like always, my ghost looks exactly like me, except older. And dead. She has the tilde-shaped scar on her chin, that I got rock-climbing when I was 19 (and she had it before I did.) She's gazing into the fetish shop, through the aluminum shutters.

2. Authority

Why is my own ghost haunting me, anyway? Do I die in the future, and decide that instead of going to whatever afterlife a shitty comedian, lapsed Evangelical, and unfulfilled techie goes to, I'd rather go back in time and haunt my own living self?

Is this a curse? A punishment for some mistake I don't know I've made, or maybe will make? Most of all, why is my ghost such a bitch?

I went to every stupid medium and spiritualist, and got a big goose egg. I went into therapy, and my therapist just wanted to give me pills to make me stop seeing the ghost — but as soon as Dr. Jane reached for her prescription pad, my ghost went Full Poltergeist. She started in with the diplomas on the walls, and then got into the dolls and the office computer, and finally the antique furniture. Dr. Jane's classy office turned into a tweaker's love nest. Dr. Jane couldn't stop hyperventilating, until I held her like a colicky baby for like ten minutes.

Whatever. I stopped worrying about the ghost, since she mostly minds her own business, and I've got a life to live. Trust the toolkit. Trust the toolkit.

Raj grovels for three days, and I finally sort of forgive his ass. He's the sweetest guy when we're not around other comedians. Which, we're both trying to break into comedy, so.

I get mad all over again when Raj gets invited to be in a fancy comedy showcase the following week, and I'm somehow skipped over. But Raj gives me a dozen foot-rubs and cleans the bathroom, and offers to help me shop for a wedding present for my mom. What do you get your mom when she's marrying a woman the exact same age as you? (Seriously, what?)

But. I notice that when I find out about being left out of the big comedy show, which is headlined by a B-list comedian whose set is basically listing *Star Wars* toys he used to own, my ghost seems to get a little less transparent. I can make out the tiny lines on her/my face more clearly.

She's perched on the wooden stool by the kitchen-counter of the teeny one-bedroom that Raj and I share in Green Point, and she's holding a mug of chai that smells of cinnamon and seaweed. I notice she's got her ears double-pierced, whereas mine are just single-pierced.

Raj notices I'm staring into space, and asks what's up. He's got big friendly eyes and a wide pouty mouth, and hair like a single blue flame. He touches my left palm with his right index finger and I kind of melt. I tell him nothing's up, I'm just thinking about the big presentation at work which, since we're both living off my income, is kind of a thing. He kisses me — hot butterflies! — and tells me to knock 'em dead.

My ghost has a seat in the back of the conference room for my presentation, where I yak about some of the challenges in our next code push. I mostly love being a project manager, except my company keeps changing its business model. This month, we're making an app to help people use their Spotify playlists to get laid, I am not even kidding. It's called Remixr. I'm doing a pretty solid job of talking through the workflow issues we've been having. Except one of the coders named Mickey keeps engaging in microaggressions: spreading his legs real wide in his chair, throwing paper balls at the trash right next to where I'm standing (his aim sucks), and yawn-laughing while I'm talking. Everyone else is just bored, probably playing Candy Crush under the chrome table.

Over by the window, my ghost is staring out at the Shake Shack across the street, as if she could really go for a extra-large chocolate shake and fries right now. She's wearing sweatpants, in a professional office setting. Her expression plainly says that being a ghost has certain perks, and

giving zero fucks about stupid product meetings is one of them.

I breathe and look away from the ghost, but I keep snagging her in my peripheral vision. The thought that's always in the back of my mind surges forward: *You're going to lose your mind, it's in the cards.* The corner of my eye has become my whole field of vision, putting my ghost front and center. I start mumbling and repeating myself, until the bun-haired VP of product, Marcia, thanks me for my efforts, and says we should move on.

In my dreams, I'm a semi-famous turbo-geek who rocks the comedy scene every night. I have this fantasy of going to some city to give a TEDx talk, where I somehow make everybody laugh and rethink their whole way of looking at everything, and then since I'm already in town, I might as well just go perform at the local comedy spot that's been begging me to show up. I actually enjoy the whole process of making things happen, helping code come together, and putting out products that enrich people's lives. (Even when it's something like Remixr.) I like the problem-solving, and I feel like I'm good at making smart people pull their heads out of their butts. Usually.

A few hours after the big presentation, I stumble into one of the 100 company chatrooms, and notice a couple of the C-level execs talking about the upcoming workforce reduction — and then they notice that I'm lurking, and immediately bail and delete their own conversation. I look up from the screen, where the words "possible strategic layoffs" are fading to white, and see my ghost. She's closer to me than ever — just peering over my cubicle wall — and I can hardly see through her at all.

Charlie Jane Anders: An Appreciation

Cecilia Tan

Charlie Jane Anders is magical. I'm convinced. For one thing, I can't remember clearly when we met. I'm pretty sure that's because the meeting happened in an alternate dimension where instead of food, everyone's brains are fueled by loud guitars, craft cocktails, and MSG. It was there we struck a pact to transport ourselves into the darkest timeline — here — to bring enlightenment and healing through kickass speculative fiction, creatively positive sexuality, and subverting gender norms.



If you look back in time you'll see the evidence of this mission going back decades. Charlie Jane has always been a bridge-builder, a connector, a node. She has always been breaking down the walls between categories and liberating the words, people, and ideas therein. Although her fiction career got going with short stories in the nineties, by 2002 she had founded — with partner Annalee Newitz — a genre-agnostic pop culture magazine called *Other*. (A 2004 article in the San Francisco Chronicle described *Other* as “upbeat in the face of leftist despair over the global geopolitical situation, vaguely obsessed with sex, gender and bodily functions, technologically savvy and occasionally wonky,” but perhaps they were describing the founders, as well ...) Like many small press ventures, *Other* did not last, but another thing Charlie Jane founded around the same time, the raucous post-modern reading series known as Writers with Drinks, is still going to this day. At Writers with Drinks, post-apocalyptic bestsellers rub elbows with post-punk memoirists and everyone, the audience included, revels in the magic of fiction.

But you won't only find this evidence that Charlie Jane is here to rewire the brains of the oppressed denizens of the 21st century in the work she has done promulgating the writing of others (although there's more, much more — don't even get me started on the Bookstore and Chocolate Crawl, or on the way her enthusiastic, sporadic book reviews on the Gawker geek hub i09 could crash a publisher's website). It's on every page of her fiction. NPR enthuses that *All the Birds in the Sky* “overturns sci-fi and fantasy, gently” and “meld[s] the two genres in a way that opens a profound, poetic new perspective on each.” Fiction is one of the best ways to inspire positive change in this world and I challenge you to read the book and not come away with hope beating in your breast.

If the list of awards she has won is any indication, it's working. And what a sparkling list of awards it is, including nearly all the big ones: the Hugo, Nebula, Theodore Sturgeon, and Locus Awards. And how did she manage such an incredible string of accolades? As she said in her acceptance speech for the William L. Crawford Fantasy award a few years back, “I have a confession to make. *I made it all up!*”

She is an otherworldly talent, and we're incredibly honored to have her in our midst.



Tom Smith

Tom Smith is, of course, the mechanical wonder of the age. Seemingly lifelike, except for the left eyebrow, the automaTom was activated in singer-songwriter mode some thirty-four years ago and hasn't really stopped. The resulting perpetual motion engine is world-famous for having illuminated the Ypsilanti Junior Varsity Mime's Academy athletics scoreboard uninterrupted since 1996.

No one is exactly sure *how* the automaTom came to be. While rumors persist that the original design came from a secret laboratory in Detroit, there is no proof of any sort of early life, apart from the extensive school records, family photographs, living relatives willing to identify him in a court of law, and the remnants of a few carefully burned polyester plaid suits. (There is circumstantial evidence of bellbottoms.) So, unannounced, unexpected, and unamplified, in 1985 he burst onto the filk scene, much like a pimple from the forehead of Zeus.

The resulting furor was limited mostly to the Michigan-Ohio Valley, where the general reaction was "... Oh, good lord, *now* what?" What indeed.

The ensuing decades have been fraught with fraughtness. After some twenty albums, many recorded concerts, twenty-seven nominations for the Pegasus Award for Excellence in Filk, fourteen Pegasus Awards, and dozens of Guest-of-Honor-ships across the U.S. (including the 2015 WorldCon and this year's upcoming NASFiC), and a spot in the 2005 class of the Filk Hall of Fame, the automaTom's physical shell is beginning to wear down. As he was one of only three unique creations by the mad genius who spawned him, and all three were MOB's (My Own Build, as they say in the Lego biz), there is no warranty. So, its movements are more ponderous than they were thirty-four years ago. Fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on your point of view), his singing and songwriting modules are in perfect working order, and will probably keep cranking out new material and even worse puns until we lure him into a basement with barbecue and brick him in.

* * *

Okay, that was perhaps not the entire truth. I was overwhelmed by that meme you might have seen, where your National Public Radio name is a favorite pattern and the name of a dead singer. Next thing I know, I'm writing either a feature story for *This American Life* or a Stump The Listener anecdote for *Wait Wait Don't Tell Me*.

... a-heh. But I digress.

I don't get out to New England much. And when I first heard it was in Tarrytown, my brain immediately started in with the Heckle & Jekyll jokes. Man, you kids don't know how unlucky you are to live in the Information Age. Back when there were really only three big networks — ABC, NBC, CBS — they actually PROMOTED an ENTIRE SATURDAY MORNING filled with cartoons! It was a big deal! And we're not talking good stuff like *Avatar: The Last Airbender*, or even first-wave *Transformers* or *GI Joe*, no no no no no. We're talking the *classics*! Some of the best designed, most popular, bone

stupidest stuff you've ever imagined. Frankenstein Jr. and the Impossibles. Space Ghost, which is like Dragonball Z or Bleach if it had even less plot. The Banana Splits. *Anything at all* by Sid & Marty Krofft. The Robonic Stooges, fer gosh sakes. An actual cartoon show about the Harlem Globetrotters, if they had superpowers. And the Betty & Veronica wars, or Daphne vs. Velma ...

... ahem. Once more, I digress.

Anyway. Don't get out this way much. Darn shame, because I have many friends here, and it'll be great to see them again. If you happen not to be one of them, please come up and say hi! Hugs are always free, autographs are free, CDs are cheap, I'm Crosshatch Garcia, and this ... is NPR.

Despite being a damn near radical Leftie in Trump's America, Tom Smith is very active online. Visit his main site at filkertom.com, buy his music at tomsmith.bandcamp.com, get his new music first at patreon.com/filkertom, and hang out with him at facebook.com/filkertom.

Best,
Tom Smith
www.tomsmithonline.com



Tom Smith—An Appreciation

Merav Hoffman

The year is 2011, and I'm standing in a deserted industrial stairwell in a huge building in New York City. The voice on the other end of the phone doesn't have its usual robust cheer, or even the usual cheeky flirtation. I feel like I'm squinting to hear him. The speaker is turned all the way up. From the other end of the line Tom Smith says, "I'm so sorry about this." from his hospital bed.

What Tom is sorry about is the fact that he can't attend my convention, because he went to a Christine Lavin concert and when she invited him up on stage, he managed to rip a tendon and it "rolled up like a window blind" inside his leg. He was in hospital awaiting surgery.

This is, oddly, how Tom and I became friends. Sure, there was this whip smart singer-songwriter, who was part of my community, who was able to turn out a song on a dime, and could do riff-style comedy with the best of them, but we weren't friends yet. In that moment on the phone, I suddenly saw the person. The very vulnerable, alone person, who was on the other end of the line, in a strange hospital, dying to hear a friendly voice. That was the moment, for me, where I really started to get to know him.

Tom is a deep person. He's humbler and shyer than most people would think, and not an "aw, shucks" kind of humble. He's a person possessed of a strong gift, that allows him to share his thoughts through music. You only have to listen to *Starlight and Saxophone*, or *A Boy and His Frog*, to realize that this is a deeply empathetic person, who gravitates to the hard emotions. Loss, loneliness, a sense of isolation. Sure, he also writes cheery, irreverent earworms that you'll never get out of your brain, no matter how hard you try, but those are two sides of the same coin. Humor is a hard emotion too.

Tom is there to make you laugh, and while he will probably also make you cry, he wants to find that part of you that isn't willing to laugh and work around it until he finds the way into your heart with humor. And then you will laugh even harder, because getting there was a journey between you and the artist on the stage. Tom wants you to feel something, and to share it with him, because there's only one of him and there are an awful lot of you in the audience.

Tom is a joy onstage. He seems indefatigable, and endlessly creative. He has a one-liner for every hiccup in the sound system, and a story about a time it was worse, like the time the wires got crossed between his concert and a very formal coming-out ball, and they kept cranking the sound higher and higher, because no one in the audience could hear him over the music from next door ...

After that moment in the stairwell, I got to know Tom better through the deep regard of his friends. When it came to light that Tom was in trouble, they all flew into action with plans to help. Harold Stein organized a benefit CD, and at the absolute last minute

before my con, we put together a concert to take the place of his GoH spot, where artists came from all over the Northeast to perform his songs. Christine Lavin came to MC the concert, and she brought Tom Paxton with her on her phone, and led the crowd in song. On my phone, I had Tom Smith, who was listening to a whole room of people, singing to him, singing him love and good wishes, and a speedy recovery.

It wasn't until after that that we really got to be friends. Three years later, he came and actually got to be the guest at my convention, and we put on his terrifying creation *The Rocky Horror Muppet Show*, because Tom really enjoys playing with his friends. He also put on a spectacular show with Judi Miller that people are still talking about. Especially their performance of *Operation Desert Storm*.

When Tom is at full speed, there is no one zanier, smarter, or cheekier. He's an enormous, shameless flirt, who communicates at exactly the right speed to get you on his wavelength. Tom works at every frequency, and I think that's what makes him so successful, and so beloved. If you haven't had a chance to see him in concert, well, what are you waiting for? Tom is probably playing somewhere you can go hear him right now. Put down this program book and go hear Tom Smith!

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Alan F. Beck And The Mouseopolitan Museum Of Art

Frank Wu



Around the time of Y2K, I met Alan when we were both starting out in our art careers. I met a lot of other young artists, too. All of us newbies, wannabes, unknowns.

We would gather as a group in front of a Bob Eggleton masterpiece, and stare at it for hours, analyzing it as only artists can. Breaking down the

brushstrokes. What colors did he use to transition from the shadows to the highlights? Did he paint light colors over dark, or dark over light? And how did he get things to glow like that?

And as I saw all these eager young artists hanging their own work at the convention art shows, I wondered: Who was going to make it? Who, years hence, would still be doing art? I wished the best for all of them, but the difficult fact is that making art is hard. And making a living doing art even harder. If you look at a typical class of undergrad art majors, barely any will be doing art ten years after graduation.

But I had high hopes for Alan. He was eager and friendly, and he worked really, really hard.

I was impressed by his experimentalism. Back in those days, use of computers in art was novel, as were photo-quality inkjet printers. But Alan was using both like a pro. Sometimes he'd go full-digital with truly weird pieces like "The Herd," which features odd creatures with human heads on antelope bodies with Dali-esque, stilt-like legs. Other times, he'd use a computer to assist in laying out a particularly complex piece, and do the actual work completely in acrylic paint. Other times he'd mix it up — doing essentially the entire painting in acrylics, with small bits of digital detail printed out, cut up and seamlessly integrated into the painting.

But it wasn't just the breadth of technique that was interesting; his chosen subject matter was broad, too. Now he was doing a portrait of Isaac Asimov as a robot. Now he was depicting an alternative universe wherein the Titanic is sunk by the Nautilus. Now he was doing a sad scary clown in a spacesuit. Like a box of chocolates, with an Alan F. Beck, you never knew what you were going to get.

Way back in the day, he was doing some exceedingly cute little paintings of a baby dragon named Nogard and a kitten named Jackpot. And he was selling the original paintings and prints — they were going like hotcakes! And deservedly so — they're absolutely adorable, as we see them napping together, playing in spaghetti, trying to learn the harmonica. My favorite is the one wherein Nogard holds up two fingers behind Jackpot's head like bunny ears.

And then eventually Alan started on his major work (so far!). That would, of course, be his world-famous Mouseopolitan Museum of Art. Here we have Napoleon, Leonardo, Henry VIII — with all their finery accurately reproduced, but with mouse heads. And ...



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All of the pieces have truly terrible, pun-ishing titles. My vote for the best/worst is the portrait of the late Chinese leader, “Chairman Maouse”.

Again, these work not just because of the funny titles and funny ideas, but Alan put the time and effort into reproducing the rest of the painting right. The George Washington as a mouse only works because Alan reproduced the whole painting of him crossing the Delaware, with all the soldiers around him rowing and pushing ice out of the way. Alan’s “Star Wars” parody (“Mouse Wars”) only works because hidden in the background is R2-D2, also with mouse ears.

And while you are visiting the Mouseopolitan, don’t forget to see the sculpture garden. Where Alan — ever the master of multiple techniques — shows off his sculptures of “The Mouse Thinker,” the “Terracotta Mouse” soldier, and “Mousefertiti.”

Yes, out of all the young artists starting out when I did, Alan is one of the few who made it. And he deserves it — he’s put in the work. (Every couple years there’s a new wing added to the Mouseopolitan Museum. That’s how you build a career! One piece at a time, brick by brick!) I’m also glad because he’s genuinely a nice guy. He’s a political liberal, but he’s not preachy or screechy about it. Instead, he gave me a little button with a slash through the number 45, and in the slash is the image of a resistor. Get it? That’s his sly, sometimes subtle (and sometimes not) humor.

Oh — and before I send you off to check out the Mouseopolitan, I want to mention one last thing. Alan sings. But he never talks about it (he’s so shy and humble). But next time you see him, tell him that Frank asked you to ask him to sing a little song for you while you admire his art!

Laura Antoniou: An Appreciation

Cecilia Tan

Laura Antoniou, for those who don't know, is a New Yorker, an erotica writing icon, and a serious nerd. She dove into the deep end of the nerd pool young, attending Star Trek cons in the city while growing up in the seventies. Early on she discovered the fun in putting on outlandish costumes and living in a fantasy world. Did she find parallels when she dove into the downtown leather scene not much later? Oh, probably. What is certain is that she brought a prodigious imagination together with writing talent to produce one of the true "classics" of erotic fiction, *The Marketplace Series*. It's not a stretch to say the BDSM canon runs from *The Story of O* to *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty* to *The Marketplace*.



The *Marketplace Series* now spans six books, the latter three of which are George R.R. Martin-esque in their ambition and scope. The books take place in the real world but center around a fictional international secret society of consensual owners and slaves. What sucks many readers in is how complete the worldbuilding feels, much like it would in an urban fantasy. You know that feeling that if you could just stumble into the right bar, you could run into Anne Rice's vampires or some friends of Harry Potter? It's the same with Laura Antoniou's trainers, spotters, and slaves. I'm pretty sure I've seen them at the Chicago Eagle, the Boston Ramrod, and down at the Lure. (Oh wait, the Lure isn't there, anymore.)

But this is not an appreciation of *The Marketplace*. It's just that one cannot talk about Laura's talents or her pioneering career without it. Pioneer is a tough word — brings to mind dying of dysentery on the Oregon trail, doesn't it? — but Laura is a tough cookie. She's a pioneer in that sense of forging a path. In the world of leather and BDSM she was still in her twenties when she began working with an infamous figure in the New York publishing scene, Richard Kasak. Kasak's Masquerade Books and its many imprints were responsible for putting out tons of "smutty books" in shopping mall bookstores and chains everywhere in the mid-nineties. Kasak, unlike some of his competitors, embraced the "new feminist" attitude of sex writing and the rising tide of queer authors. Laura was a big piece of that. She had read all the "classics" by then, not only Rice's *Exit to Eden*, but the queer BDSM canon of Pat Califia and John Preston and Larry Townshend. "I was thrilled," she wrote in a 2016 blog post. "Because the quality was so much better [in the queer writing than in the hetero stroke books] and the stories more coherent and thought provoking and the characters and situations, even if unreal or improbable, were easier to relate to. But the one thing that was missing for me was a sense of a world where the characters looked like the people I was hanging out with when I was finally old enough to do so."

Laura found inspiration in what was missing. Like so many writers, she "wrote the story I wanted to read." She "just wanted a different story. Where sexuality swings along a multidimensional model instead of a binary." This idea, which comes into full flower in

The Marketplace, found a ready outlet at Masquerade Books. Instead of trying to force his writers into parroting the heteronormative porno book formulas of the past, Kasak let everyone into the orgy. *The Marketplace* debuted in 1993, first published under the pen name Sara Adamson. The Adamson surname was a nod to Mitch and Gerri Adams, two of Laura's early mentors in the leather scene. (Mitch was known throughout the leather community as a top flogger maker and he and Gerri went around the country selling them and giving workshops on flogging and BDSM.)

Speaking of pen names, one of the other projects Laura worked on for Kasak was publishing various short story anthologies including *Leatherwomen*. Back in those days when most writers were still not on the Internet, word took a while to travel, and although she would later be deluged in manuscripts, in order to meet the deadline on the first *Leatherwomen* volume, Laura pluckily forged ahead and simply wrote many of the stories herself. (I leave it to you to figure out which ones!) She also wrote gay erotica under a male pseudonym for Masquerade and—I think—even at least one “Anonymous” in the Victorian style.

But Masquerade, like so many publishers, was swept away in the changes and upheavals that befell the book industry at the turn of the millennium. Publishing as a whole went into a post-9/11 slump and so did many writers. The Marketplace found a new home with Mystic Rose Books, a small press in Connecticut run by Molly Devon and her husband Philip (the self-published authors of a BDSM how-to book much loved within the community entitled *Screw the Roses, Send me the Thorns*). During the 2000s, Laura's infamy within the leather and BDSM communities only continued to grow and she was a much sought keynote speaker and leather contest judge, but her writing output dwindled compared with the nineties. Book five of the Marketplace (*The Reunion*) came out in 2002. After that, Laura edited a couple of other small press anthologies, published a few short stories, and did a stint as a columnist for *Girlfriends* magazine. (Remember print magazines? Yeah.)

The world would wait over ten years for Laura's next book — a mystery set at a leather convention entitled *The Killer Wore Leather* — and thirteen years for another Marketplace book. By 2015 when *The Inheritor* was published the publishing landscape had changed again, becoming dominated (no pun intended) by ebooks and digital delivery, and the business model for authors had turned increasingly toward crowdfunding. *The Inheritor* was published via Kickstarter and Laura launched a Patreon. But the biggest change for Laura wasn't the embrace of new technology or revenue streams, it was that she finally came back to the world of nerds where she had first tapped into her fantasies.

She cut back on the number of leather and BDSM conventions she attended and started dipping her toe into cons like, well, HELIOSphere, and others like Frolicon, an Atlanta convention that mixes kink and sf/f, GKE, and Flamecon—the New York area's queer comiccon, because comics and graphic novels are another of her deeply nerdy loves. She was recently asked to write the introduction to a graphic novel (and coloring book!) that couldn't be more perfect for her: *Resistance: The LGBT Fight Against Fascism in WWII*.

So here we are in the 2010s, and Laura has revamped her slate of classes and presentations with a decidedly geekier bent. You can now find her teaching BDSM relationship workshops with titles like “Dungeon Masters FTW: Scripting Geeky Advantures.”

“Never Too Short for a Storm Trooper: Role Playing, Geek Style,” “Put The Porn Down: Finding Erotic and Relationship Inspiration in Geekdom,” and the ever-popular “You May Call Me Villain McVillainface: Using the Evil Overlord Career Guide in Your Kinky Relationships.” In case BDSM relationships are not your thing, and you need some other topic to geek out about with her, you can always bring up cats, horses, Shakespeare, classical art, or the Great British Baking Show.

It’s never easy bridging subcultures or being the person who exists in the sliver of the Venn diagram, but Laura has found home where geekery and kinkery intersect. In fact she has shown us that actually the intersection is more like a big circle of its own. We hear she’s working on a paranormal kinky erotic world where the gay Bears are actually werebears. We’ll be waiting for whatever path she forges next.



Excerpt from *Loaded for Bears*

a Cordon Sanitaire book

(*an unfinished, sadly unpurchased paranormal book I wanna write ...*)

Laura Antoniou

In western Queens, Long Island City was once a wasteland of deserted old factories, disreputable businesses ranging from strip joints, pawn shops and armored liquor stores with more bars and bullet proof glass than many banks. The residents lived in dingy walk up apartments where the windows rattled while trains rumbled both above and below ground, or in vast subsidized housing developments that seemed more like nature preserves for thugs and junkies. But gentrification had found its way to the area, giving rise to shiny new condominiums, art galleries and lofts. Museums moved in, and tiny bistros started popping up next to vacant lots. In true New York style, though, vestiges of the older city remained, hidden in the dark recesses under elevated train tracks, down angled one way streets and behind rusted steel fencing. One remnant of bygone days was a visibly crumbling old armory, its red bricks and dark, pollution grayed stones standing stubbornly on a small block not too far from a huge fortune cookie factory, two massage parlors, a disreputable car service fronting a much more reputable chop shop and a shabby, ancient diner that never closed or cleaned their coffee urns.

Smaller than the many more famous military buildings in the New York City area, this one had been repurposed as a school, a city administration building, extra housing for the National Guard, a warehouse for federal equipment and records, even a makeshift hospital and trauma center for various local tragedies. But it was too small, too large, too drafty, too expensive, too run-down, just too much of a burden to keep it for any one use for more than a few years. When an offer

came to lease it from a private corporation that promised not to tear it down, but who would in fact restore it, a city always in massive debt let it go. The name of the corporation was on record of course. What exactly it did to make the money it took to pay for this folly of a building was not. It was zoned for almost any use — occupancy for residents, businesses, manufacturing, even food service. But as far as anyone knew, it was only used as some sort of living space. Some neighborhood residents argued whether they were artists, students, cult members or even terrorists.

The answer to that question was a qualified yes.

“Therianthropy describes the entire range of humans who turn into animals, or human/animal hybrid creatures,” explained the man in the wheelchair, as the word popped up on a screen at the front of the room. His audience’s response was predictable.

“Yes, that’s what I needed, another academic piece of useless mumbo-jumbo; bloody hell, why can’t we just call them all werewolves?” The speaker, a well set up dark skinned man, spoke with the accent of a native of Northwestern England, particularly the Manchester area. He sighed and spread his legs wide, feet firmly on the concrete floor, his jump boots immaculate, his khakis rumpled. He scratched lightly under the black eye-patch over his right eye socket. He was not alone in his lack of enthusiasm for the word; out of the twelve people present, at least two others groaned and there was a little eye rolling.

“Because they’re not all wolves,” snapped

a tall, elegantly muscular woman seated next to him, even as she jabbed at his ribs with an elbow. She was sculpted and painted of ice, from her close cropped white hair to the thin edged light grey of her eyes. Her jab was hard, aimed well and on his blind side, but he blocked it neatly, taking the force on his forearm instead.

“Damn it, woman, that hurts!” he complained.

“What hurts is how much longer we’re going to be in here unless you just listen for a change,” said the instructor, clicking his pointer. “Come on, Dare, you know they’re not all wolves.”

“Lycanthropes, then! Who cares what you call them? Silver bullets, right? End of story. I’ve got them made in several different loads, twenty-twos, thirty-eights, and ten clips of NATO rounds, ready for action. Are we done now?” Dare made to get up and got himself attacked by the woman next to him again. This time, he was slower to block and caught the edge of her flattened palm on the side of his hand; he laughed and dropped into a half crouch by his chair and delivered a power blow that should have caught her in the chest; she caught his fist in the palm of her hand, but the force rocked her chair backward, where it was steadied by a large man who had been silent until then.

“Let’s have some decorum here,” he said, his gravelly voice thick with authority. He pointed Dare to his chair. “Please! Dare, Sydney. Spar later. On the mats. Not in class.”

“OK, Roland,” Sydney said straightening her chair and raising an eyebrow toward Dare. He sighed and slammed himself back into his chair as well.

Roland looked at the instructor and nodded. “Please continue, Quinn.”

“Thanks, Roland.” Quinn was in his early forties, with thinning hair and rimless glasses perched on a nose belonging to some cherub off a Renaissance painting. He edged his compact wheelchair back away from the screen and said, “Lycanthrope is just another word for werewolf. And Sydney is right, there are many cultures that have legends of people who turn into animals and vice versa. In Greece, the creature might turn into a snake, for example.” The new slide projected on the screen contained a list of words matched with animal/human mixes; no one in the room took notes. But he gamely continued. “There are also weredogs, werocats ...”

“Like that werejaguar we found in Mexico,” murmured a tall man from the other side of the room. His narrow jaw was dusted with a light grey bristle, his intensely blue eyes startling under tousled, greying hair. “That was one mean kitty cat.” He scratched some scars on his left arm thoughtfully as he scanned the list of words. “And silver bullets did nothing to it.”

“Exactly!” Quinn pounced on this interruption. “See, it’s important to know the differences between these creatures, because they don’t all have the same weaknesses! Also, even within the same family of shapechangers, there are different types — some are cursed, some do it through a magical item, like a necklace, or a belt, and some might actually be therianthropes by birth.”

“What about being bitten?” asked a young woman, half her scalp shaved to the skin, the other half of her head draped in the thick ropes of a Persian weave. Her skin was the color of rich dark coffee, her cheekbones wide and high; she was dressed in leggings, tall sheepskin boots and a bulky sweater. She had a phone in her hands, her fingers busy on the slide out

keyboard even as she asked the question. Her twin brother next to her looked up suddenly and glanced around, blinking in confusion, his pupils dilated. He looked at her with a question in his eyes and she started looking around as well, even as Quinn was answering her.

“Well, sure, that happens with some of the different kinds. Not all. I have a breakdown of what we know for sure, you can grab the handout on your way out. Also, there’s the field files, they’re all open access. And, um, there are some that we think might spread their, uh ... contagion, I guess, through sex.”

Dare stopped feigning sleep and opened his good eye. “Now we’re talking. Which ones do you *kill* by fucking them?”

Quinn sighed. “None of them. I mean they make other were-things by having sex with a normal human.”

“Well, if we need to fight some of that kind, I volunteer to be inserted,” laughed Dare. “Sure beats having your bloody throat ripped out by some blood crazed freak. Speaking of which, just to show you that I do the reading from time to time, isn’t it true most of these stories can be explained by cases of the rabies and shite like that? I mean, fine, you got some wog off in a jungle and they’re frothing at the mouth and biting people and why not call him a werewolf or jaguar or werebadger for all I fucking know ...”

“I think the werebadgers are in Germany, actually.”

“No, no, they’re in France.”

“What are you talking about? Skinwalkers can turn into badgers right here ...”

“But a skinwalker isn’t a therianthrope, it’s more like a demon.”

“No they’re not! They’re a holy people, like a priest.”

“The rabies hypothesis is so 1970s. Jesus, Dare, you’ve seen what’s out there, why can’t you just accept they’re all real?”

“Because I’m not a complete headcase wanker, maybe?”

The room erupted in babble and Roland wearily rose to quiet them down, when the door opened and a lanky, russet haired man in jeans and cowboy boots stuck his head in. “OK folks, we’re in. Teams form in fifteen minutes downstairs.”

“Free beer!” said Dare as he shot up. “Grab your socks and cocks, gentlemen, ladies and others, let’s waste some bloodsuckers. Them, I believe in. No matter what you call ‘em. And I kill them without prejudice of any kind.”



Edgar Mouse Poe

PROGRAM DESCRIPTIONS

PANELS

Can You Succeed As a Writer If You're a Recluse? There are plenty of examples of authors that were the opposite of a social butterfly that did well for themselves.

Characterization Shorthand Need to create characters but only have a limited word count in which to fit your whole story? How short story writers can use a few sentences or less to establish three-dimensional characters.

Crossing Genre Boundaries Supernatural thrillers? Paranormal Romance? Steampunk in the Wild, Wild West? Westworld's AI Horror? Often genres are not cut and dry.

Crowdfunding 101 Experienced crowdfunding share how to get started and be successful.

Ethics in Science and SF What ethical considerations have been, are, or should be important for scientists, and for SF creators? Just because something can be done, will it, or should it always be done or written about?

Fanfic Taught Me How To Write Some authors sneer at fanfiction, or even simply hate it ... but for some people it wasn't just amusement, it was EXPERIENCE. The panelists talk about how writing or perhaps reading fanfiction helped them become better writers.

"Gattaca" is Here: Genetic Testing and Engineering in Fact and Fiction What ethical considerations should be in place for gathering and storing genetic data on individuals? What are the potential benefits and pitfalls? How about actively engineering genetic traits in adults or children, how feasible or ethical is this? What stories, movies, or TV shows have had a realistic and/or fun take on this?

Have We Hit Peak Superhero Cinema? Marvel & DC. Numerous movies and TV shows out every year. Expanded Universes becoming the norm. Have we reached an oversaturation of these larger than life stories?

History In Fantasy: How Much Is Too Much? Including accurate historical details in your writing is good and usually encouraged; often you learn fascinating facts and research more. However, it is important to keep the plot on track and not get lost in the weeds of minutiae.

How SF/F TV and Movies Have Influenced Me as an Author Every one has those author(s) that helped shaped their writing style. Join our panelists as they discuss their influences.

How to Be a Good Panelist First time as a participant? Or finding you're not being asked to be a participant anymore and not sure why? Let's discuss what makes a panelist desirable at conventions vs. what alienates an audience ... and con runners.

Kink in Fiction, What's Good, Bad, Realistic, Wonderful Fantasy? A PG-13 discussion ...

Magic = Metaphysics of the Author In almost every instance of where an author has a magic system significant to the story, they're showing their cards in terms of (1) their metaphysics — their beliefs in ultimate reality, (2) their personal worldview, or (3) their views on ethics, morality, politics, or some other minor metaphysical concept. Explore with our panelists as they discuss an author's intentions and the ethics, morality, and politics of the systems they've created.

Myths and Unbelievable Truths of Science Most of us have heard in real life or in SF that we only use 10% of our brains, that adrenaline can give you super-human strength, of amorphous “blob” like creatures, of mind control, creatures with blue or Greek blood, and that a penny dropped from the empire state building can kill a person below. Which of these is true, which is not, come and hear to find out!

Real Military vs. Sci-Fi Military Vets discuss the differences between what it is really like in the military as compared to sci-fi military

Real-Life Ghost Stories There are the fictional ghost tales we love reading and then there are the strange real life occurrences we experience. Not always frightening, sometimes enlightening, but often perturbing, our panelists share them with you.

Sci-Fi/Fantasy/Horror on TV With so much quality SF/F/H content available on streaming services, cable channels, and network TV, we truly are living in a golden age of genre television. Come find out which recent series have captured our panelists’ attention, which veteran series are still going strong, and which forthcoming series show a lot of promise.

Shared Universe: Your Bridge Derailed My Plot How much of a shared universe is shared? Is it just the geography or do you share characters, too? What if they write my characters better than I do? How do I politely say, “That’s nifty. But you’re killing my work in progress”?

Small Scares — The Art of Suspenseful and Horrifying Short Fiction In dark, horror and mystery stories, carefully constructing the elements in each section of the plot helps to build suspense. Suspense can also be heightened by showing characterization. Small scares, well placed, contribute to a satisfying climax.

The Anniversary Year Panel Come and discuss all the movies, books, series, etc. which are enjoying a major (or minor) anniversary this year.

The Evolution and Influence of the “Final Girl” in SF/Horror In days past it was easy to tell who was likely to survive a horror story: a young woman that is usually a virgin. While this “final girl” is still present, many of the common elements of the trope have changed in various ways.

The Extraordinary Voyages of DS9: The Return! Whether you view it as “the thinking person’s Star Trek series” or the antithesis of Star Trek, Deep Space Nine has stood out among the other series for its thematic elements, bringing up touchy topics such as religion and economics into the stories in a more nuanced way than viewed in other entries of the franchise. Our panelists will discuss their takes on the series and why it still holds up for them.

The Hero’s Journey vs. the Team Victory A gang of misfit rebels or the chosen? Explore the story patterns author can use to craft a story and the difference between the Campbell and ensemble casts’ adventures.

Time Travel in Media The idea of time travel has inspired films featuring dazzling visuals and headache-inducing paradoxes. This panel will discuss the best and worst, and what makes them tick.

Tips for Your Kickass Book Club Getting together with friends or even strangers to discuss a book is fun, but there are questions we all have. How do you get started? How do you keep it from being a one-off thing? Our panelists will discuss ways to make your book club, well, kick ass.

Two Stupid Ideas Make a Story It's known that Jim Butcher created his Codex Alera series from two separate silly ideas (specifically "Pokemon" and "The Lost Roman Legion"). In this panel, the audience will present two stupid ideas and either a selected panelist, or all the panelists together, will take the two ideas and try to outline a novel. Figure three or four pairs of ideas addressed in one panel period.

Useless Superpowers Panelists will discuss examples of seemingly useless super powers presented in media (example: turning invisible when no one's looking), along with some examples they have come up with themselves.

Villains Critique the Evil Overlord List The Evil Overlord List is well-known. In this panel, the panelists select a villain(s) and take on their role in reading and discussing selected entries from the venerable List.

**What Makes a Strong Male Character — From The Women's Perspective
What Would Immortals Care About?**

PRESENTATIONS, WORKSHOPS, SPECIAL EVENTS

A Balanced Party Wins the Boss Fight Tank, healer, rogue, mage — they're not simply jobs, they're roles. When a party is missing a key element, a weakness develops and villainy finds a way in. But unless your party actually has at least five different specialists, you should identify which areas of expertise you can claim, and know how to call upon them in times of trouble. Use gamer strategy consciously to maintain the health and fun in your relationships and recognize your individual talents and passions. Know when to go light and clear away trash issues versus when to pop your pots and mods and go all in with a mighty Leeeeroooooooy Jeeeeeenkins! Bonus feature: when figuring out your weaknesses, you will know where you and your partners might need to do some work to help strengthen your relationship.

Alan F. Beck Art Presentation Our Featured Artist will go over his work, including the Mouseopolitan Museum of Art series and more.

Book Design 101 Book Design 101 is a comprehensive workshop about how to design all the elements of a book (exterior and interior) to meet industry standards so that your book doesn't look unprofessional.

BOOKS-N-BREWS What's Books-n-Brews? Some of our presenters have agreed to hold small social gatherings with the attendees, while enjoying one's brew of choice (coffee and tea will be available, beer and other alcohol can be purchased from the bar and brought over). Conversations are casual ... there may be a reading, a sharing of art, a discussion about something the presenter is working on, or even just discovering common interests. Feel free to come and join in!

Creating Mini Hats/Fascinators Join in to make your own mini-hat! We will have the hats, and all manner of trim, beads, feathers, flowers, lace, and more for decorating. A \$5 fee covers materials provided. All ages welcome.

Eyes for Your Costumes Looking for a great inexpensive alternative to contacts? This workshop can help, by using ping pong balls for Character/Costume/Cosplay Eyes. Bonus: it can be seen on stage! A \$5 fee will cover all materials provided.

Faux Fur Ears Workshop Join in to make a set of ears that can be worn for cosplay and costumes! Fur, felt, foam, clips/headbands and wire will be available for you to make a cat, fox, wolf, or dog ears! A \$5 fee covers materials provided.

How Libraries Acquire Ebooks Why doesn't your library have the book you're looking for? How do libraries decide which books to carry and in which formats? Why do libraries treat ebooks differently than paper ones? Peek behind the curtain to learn the nuts-and-bolts about how libraries acquire and lend books, and the special challenges and opportunities surrounding ebook collections.

♥ **Intro to Rope** ♥ Want to explore rope, but are unsure of where to start? Looking for a refresher? In this non-judgmental workshop, learn the basics of safe rope bondage.

♥ **Kink 101** ♥ This introduction to BDSM talk will go over the basics to explore this exciting world safely. Topics will include consent and negotiation, playstyles, and an overview of common toys in the scene. Presented by two members of The Crucible, Washington DC's Alternate Lifestyles/BDSM Private Club.

Three Chords of Chaos Book Launch Come celebrate eSpec Books launch of Three Chords of Chaos: Remastered Edition by James Chambers! Food, fun, and faeries! Also, magic, rock n'roll, and raffles! No greater musician than Gorge ever lived in the Realm of the Sidhe — but they exiled him to the mortal world, where he learned to renew his magic through music. The author will be on hand to sign books, and prizes will be given away! We are also launching be launching two other eSpec books: Mermaid Precinct and The Redcaps' Queen.

Traveling TAFF Party with Treats Party with Geri Sullivan as this year's Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund race nears its end. Learn about the fund that will send a North American fan to this year's Worldcon in Dublin, Ireland. Taste samples from Tree House Brewing Company as well as alcohol-free root beer, ginger beer, and birch beer. Age 21 & over for the Tree House samples; all ages for the soft drinks.

Trunk Story Slam While every author has stories that never quite panned out, some are rougher than others. Come hear from a terrible early story that never got published from Charlie Jane Anders, Laura Antoniou and Cecilia Tan with a musical interlude from Tom Smith. Kathleen O'Shea David, along with Holmes and Watson will share a humorous tale. We will also be hosting a raffle giveaway for some anime goodies courtesy of Right Stuff and Viz.

Types of Punk When thinking of punk genres, most immediately think of steampunk. However, there are several subtypes such as diesel and cyber that are also very prevalent in fiction and fandom. Come learn the differences between these and other punk genres.

What Are All These New Terms Around Gender and Identity I Keep Hearing? This workshop will address the terminology and questions you may have around gender and sexuality. We will talk about common pitfalls that even well-meaning people fall into and how to navigate them. Come ask your questions and have them answered by a mental health professional.

♥ *These program items are adult themed — 18+ only, please.*

Anime

Anime will have three panels and several screenings, including Intro to Anime. We are anime fans, not experts. We want a lot of audience participation to add to what we are saying or to correct us. You will receive a great a handout of anime terms, resources and a list of series. If you are new to anime or an expert please join us to learn or contribute to the discussion.

PANELS:

Intro to Anime Introduction to anime and a great handout containing anime terms and a list of the series to get started. Audience participation is welcome and encouraged.

Comedy in Anime Discussion of the use of comedy and the many series that have it. Audience participation is welcome and encouraged.

Food in Anime Anime has a lot of series about food or where food plays a major role. We will talk about them and how food is depicted. Audience participation is welcome and encouraged.

SCREENINGS:

Ah My Buddha!! Sixteen-year-old Ikkou has raging hormones. When he gets turned on he's literally turned into a super-powerful Buddhist monk! Ikkou's parents send him to the Saienji Temple to train. He must learn to control his desires — but that's easier said than done when he's surrounded by a bevy of beautiful nun trainees.

InuYasha A half demon in feudal Japan is rescued by a girl teleported from today. Their adventures with others they meet along the way. Humor, fighting and romance. A classic.

Ranma ½ The story of a teenage boy who turns into a girl when he gets wet. His father turns into a panda when wet. The father was a student in a school of Anything Goes Martial Arts and is training his son. He stays with his old friend who now run its dojo and commits Ranma to marry his tomboy daughter. Comedy and action.

Jo Jo's Bizarre Adventures The adventures of a man and his descendants who fight supernatural dangers. Unusual animation style characters. Lots of humor and action. Very popular in Japan and America.

Nadesico, Martian Successor The Earth, its moon and its Martian colonies are under alien attack. The war against the "Jovian lizards" has, so far, been a series of disasters. Independent arms manufacturer Nergal builds its own space battleship and plans to launch an offensive to save humanity. Due to a shortage of trained soldiers, they've assembled the most unorthodox crew to ever launch into orbit!

Rental Magica Destroying supernatural monsters ... dispelling dark magic ... it's all in a day's work for the mages of Astral! However, after the disappearance of the company president, his son begrudgingly fills in, but his unfamiliarity with magic could spell bad news for Astral. (*Subtitled, not dubbed.*)

Space Pirate Mito Mito isn't just another space pirate, a three foot tall childlike alien with enough guts to outshine a supernova. Aoi, her earthbound son, has no idea about his mother's infamous career, or even what she really looks like. She's always worn her mom-suit around him, but that gets destroyed when the Galactic Patrol follows her to Earth.

Screeners and raffle prizes courtesy of RightStuf Anime (www.rightstruanime.com) and Viz (www.viz.com).



RightStufANIME.com



Filk

Earlybird Filk

Join us as we start singing. This will be an open Filk for those arriving early

Open Filk (last session of each day)

Life is like a box of ... something, But, I'm sure we'll have chocolates in the Filk room as we sing towards morning!

Chat n Croon

It's early! Come hang out and wake up with us as we sing and recover from having to wake up!

Concert: Tom Smith!!!

Nuff Said!

CIRCLES:

Aliens and Monsters

Sing songs of beings and beasts from the dark, be it the dark of space, the sea's deeps, the shadows of lands real or fantasy.

Bawdy Songs

The Kiddies are asleep, or should be, by now. So, it's time to shake those maracas for all their worth and break out the bawdy songs!

Best Family Songs

Sing songs of family adventure and activities together in this Pegasus Floating Award category.

Best Sing-Along Song

Join in with the Filk!!! A songbook will be provided while supplies last. If you want to bring songs to sing, bring lyric sheets so everyone can join in.

Blood and Battle

Be it lasers and bullets or swords and wizardry, come sing of the action!

Classic Filk

Join us for the songs you don't hear anymore. Sing old fav's or hear something you may have missed all those years ago!

Down To The Sea, in Ships or Boats

We will sing of voyages mighty, great or fantastical. Bring your tales of travel and adventure.

Memorial Filk

Sing to the spirits of those we've lost, either personally or as a community.

Perky Songs

Sing the world awake with glowing eyes and an evil grin!

Rocket Ride and other Space Songs

Sing hard hitting songs of blasting through space or ballads of loss among the stars!

Smashing Faeries and Other Twisted Faerie Tales

Let's see what we can twist out of the realm of fantasy!

Strange Places

Join us to sing of twisted locations or places which could never exist!

Gripe Session and Dead Dog With Tom Smith



DOUBLE EXPOSURE Inc. ENVOY



www.dexposure.com/envoy

Upgrade your gaming experience with community, resources and recognition!



Gaming

We will have an active, well stocked games room, where you can check out a new discovery or an old favorite from what we have on hand. We will also be running sessions or demos of the following:

- Call of Cthulhu RPG scenario
- Castles of Mad King Ludwig
- Cards Against Humanity (several expansions)
- Chez Geek
- Cults Across America
- Cursed Court
- Custom Heroes
- Cutthroat Caverns
- d20 Modern scenario
- Destination Neptune
- Dominion (lots of expansions available)
- Eminent Domain
- Exoplanets
- Firefly the BG (some expansions)
- Five Seals of Magic
- Fury of Dracula
- Kingdom Builder (Nomads and Crossroads expansions)
- Letter Tycoon
- Lords of Waterdeep (w/Scoundrels expansion)
- Mystic Vale (several expansions)
- Nations Dice
- Pandemic: Reign of Cthulhu
- Puerto Rico
- Roll for the Galaxy
- Sentinels of the Multiverse
- Smash-Up! (various expansions)
- Terraforming Mars (w/various expansions or without)
- Tower of Madness
- Viceroy
- Wasteland Express

The d20Modern scenario, “On-Site for the Apocalypse” is set in the universe of Ryk Spoor’s novel, *Princess Holy Aura*. Players are members of the ultra-secret organization OSC (“Obtain, Secure, Counter”) who find that even by the standards of the strange and supranormal they have been trained for, something extremely strange is happening in the Capital District of New York ... 5 player slots available.

We also welcome the participation of Double Exposure’s Envoy Program. Envoy will once again be running Play to Win: check out one of the specially marked Envoy games to play in the gaming room and be entered for a chance to take it home!

Additionally, the following is a very *incomplete, partial* list of what will be available for our members to play and enjoy: Alhambra, Bananagrams, Chrononauts, Citadels, Fluxx (various expansions), Guillotine, Honshu, Kill Dr. Lucky, Legendary Encounters- Firefly, Lost in R’Lyeh, Miskatonic School for Girls, Photosynthesis, Power Grid, Saint Petersburg, San Juan, Scrabble, Settlers of Catan (w/Cities and Knights of Catan), Splendor, Time Breaker, Tzolk’in, Unspeakable Words, Vegas Showdown

Philcon 2019

November 8-10, 2019

The Crowne Plaza Hotel, Cherry Hill, NJ



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Stephani Pui-Mun Law

- **Tim Pratt**
Principal Speaker
- **Stephanie Pui-Mun Law**
Artist Guest of Honor
- **Heather Shaw**
Special Guest
- **This Way to the Egress**
Musical Guest

Rates through 5/31/19:

Adult: \$45; Student &
Military: \$30; Teen: \$25;
Child (7-12): \$20

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