

Albany Anthracite 1997

DRANE ARCON DRACONES + LADY EIRA AMABEL
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Daphne Lage
© 1997
8-14

Welcome to Albany Anthrocon

We are pleased to be holding Albany Anthrocon this year with our friends at the Omni Albany Hotel. This promises to be a special time for all of us, those staffing this all new con, and those of you joining us to sample our 'wares.' We have a heavy panel-lineup with something hopefully to whet anyone's tastes... no matter how jaded. The art-show is dedicated to trying to make lines move quickly, the staff is making a committed effort to be as friendly as possible and if all goes well, Registration will be computerized and a breeze to get through.

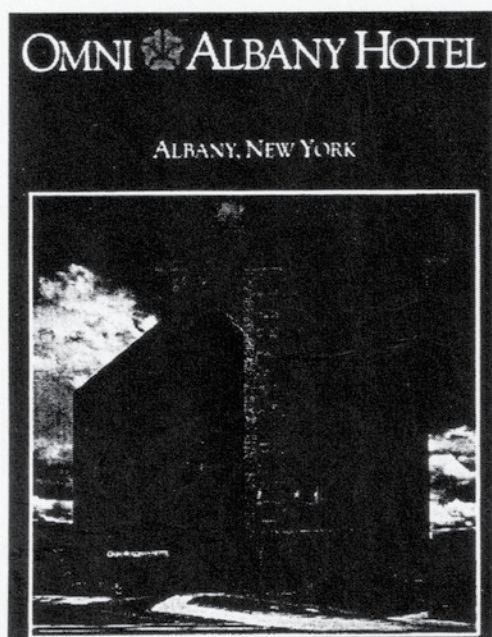
As with anything new however, problems are likely to crop up now and again. All we can do is beg for your patience and understanding. We'll do better next year, we promise!

Please take a few moments to look through the rules printed herein and familiarize yourself with the schedule. Peek through the stamp-biographies we've provided and get to know some of the staff. We might be a load of bloody loonies, but at least we're friendly.

As always, we're always happy for helping hands. If you think you may want to help out, or maybe see if you can't get into the staff list for 1998, stop by the Registration desk and let us know!

Happy Fourth of July!

-AAC Staff



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Matthew McAndrews ©1997

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Albany Anthrocon 1997, Rules and Regulations

1997 Albany AnthroCon Standards of Conduct & Other Miscellany

The primary purpose for AAC '97 is to have fun. To ensure that the greatest number of people achieve this objective, we must establish the standards of conduct, that is the behaviors that will and will not be accepted at the Con. It has come to my attention the possibility of people planning to come to Albany AnthroCon '97 specifically for the purpose of pushing the envelope and/or attempting to scare us into accepting more liberal policies through inaction.

The standards of conduct for Albany AnthroCon '97 will be strictly enforced by the safety and rules officers, hereafter referred to as Justicars. Enforcement will be very simple: your first offense will result in a mark on the back of your con badge and the second offense will result in the confiscation of your badge and the revocation of all con privileges without a refund. REMEMBER: your con badges are property of Albany AnthroCon '97, and must be presented and or surrendered to any Justicar requesting it. If you have any problem with any action taken by a Justicar you may take the matter up with the Director of Safety and Rules Enforcement, Mr. Uwe Lehmann or the Con Director Mr. Roger Wilber.

GENERAL RATING OF THE CONVENTION

The following is the basic setup of ALL convention events unless otherwise noted:

8am-6pm Rating G-PG-13

6pm-10pm Rating PG-13-R, Parental guidance is suggested

10pm-7am Rating PG-13-NC-17, Ages 15 & under require supervision

AND to confirm- yes that means that the Moreaus and Auction will be kept to a rating not to exceed 'R'. What you do after leaving the Auction itself is up to you.

Anyone found to be breaking these rules, either by deed, by posting inappropriate artwork publicly, etc. will immediately be warned and have their con badge marked on the back. A second offense will result in confiscation of the badge and denial to all further official con events.

PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF AFFECTION (PDA'S)

We ask that you apply some common sense rules when displaying affection for you special other. Remembering that not everyone has the same feelings toward what is acceptable in public. A good general rule is "if you have to ask or think twice about whether or not you should do it in public, don't". Kissing, holding hands, etc. will be allowed, regardless of sexual orientation, in all con sponsored areas. The following are some examples of non-acceptable behavior in a public area: groping/fondling oneself or another in the genital or breast areas, pelvic thrusting, etc. Please be courteous and kind, if you feel that you must do any of the above or any other "questionable" behavior, take it to a private room. NOTE: There will be some leeway given during specific types of dances as long it is within acceptable limits for the style of dance and the activity takes place within the designated dance area. (Please remember, there will be no nude dancing in any public area.)

PUBLIC (INDECENT) EXPOSURE

As specified under the NYS penal Section 245.01; no one may appear in public with any of their private parts visible. This includes any part of the areola of a woman's breast unless it is done in order to feed an infant. If you feel a need to expose any portion of your private parts, do so in the privacy of your own room. Please note that even if you are in your own room and you expose yourself to someone in your room in a lewd manner, you can still be charged with public lewdness by the offended person under NYS law Section 245.00.

NOTE: ANYONE found exposing themselves to a minor (less than 15 years old) will be turned over to the Albany police department and expelled from the con immediately for the remainder of the con, and barred from further cons for a period of five years. The person shall be afforded a hearing, were he/she may explain their behavior to a panel of staff members appointed by Mr. Wilber.

DISORDERLY CONDUCT

Please remember that you are a guest

of the Albany Omni Hotel and that there are other guests staying at the hotel. It is only common courtesy to maintain a level of noise appropriate to the time and place. We fully expect everyone to fully cooperate with the Omni's security personnel. If you are requested to quiet down or stop a certain behavior, please do so. One good reason to do so is that the Omni Security Officers are empowered by AAC '97 to confiscate your con badge if you do not comply. If this occurs you must take up the issue with Chief Justicar Lehmann. This standard includes any and all fighting, any inappropriate horseplay, or any actions that directly or recklessly cause undue disturbance to any con function, or con public area. I know that this is somewhat of a broad definition, but as I stated at the beginning, my aim is to ensure that the greatest number of people enjoy their time at the Con. I have based this definition on NYS law Section 240.20.

The Omni hotel has asked us to conform to a few house rules and I thank everyone for following them. These rules are as follows:

No loitering in stairways(wells). This means keep moving, do not plan on chatting in the stairways.

No horseplay or goofing off on stairways.

No horseplay near, on or around any of the railings.

[I would greatly appreciate your cooperation in this. The potential for serious injury is very high in these areas. Anyone falling over a rail faces a drop of up to 40 feet in certain areas. The standard two-strike rule applies to these rules as well.]

HARASSMENT (ALL TYPES, INCLUDING SEXUAL)

NYS law Section 240.26 defines harassment as any behavior that intentionally annoys or alarms another person. This includes but is not limited to: striking, shoving, kicking, any unwanted physical contact, threatening to do any of the above, following someone around a public place without a legitimate reason. Please remember that if you approach someone and they tell you no or to leave them alone, your business with them is done, leave them alone, do not follow them or make them uneasy in any way. Any complaint in regards to harassment shall be dealt with in accordance with Con

Rules and Regulations, Continued

policy, two strikes and you are out.

ASSAULT/MENACING/TRAPPING

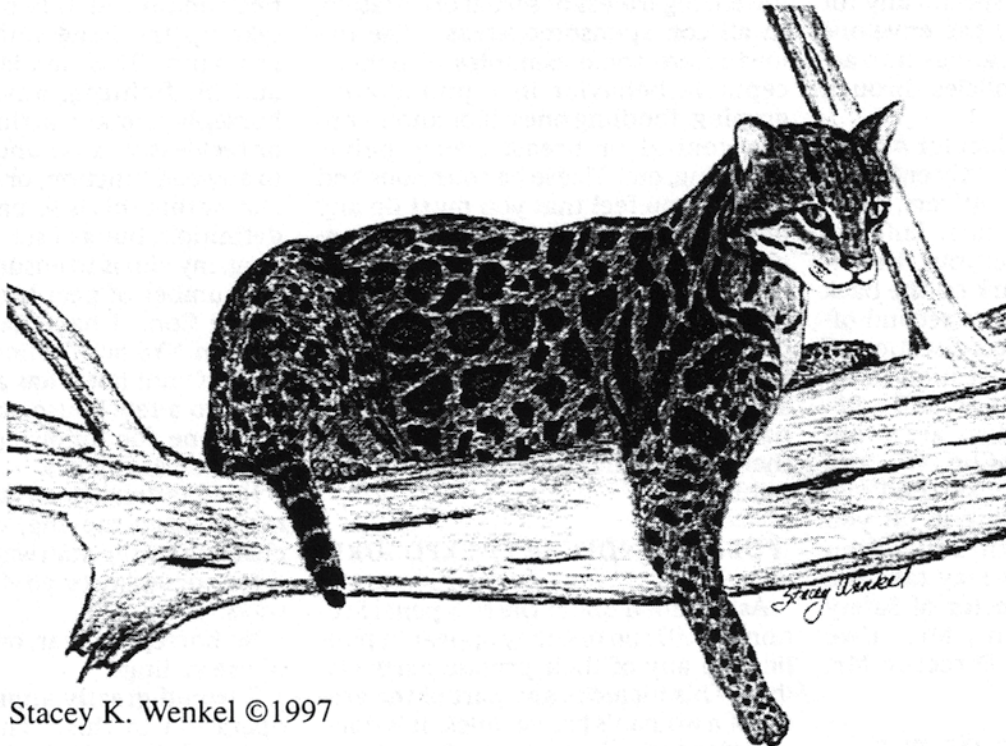
Obviously this is a serious issue. If anyone is found to be behaving in a manner that falls under these areas, not only will they have con privileges revoked, but I will encourage the injured party to press charges with the police department. As with Indecent exposure to a minor, con privileges will be revoked, and the guilty person barred from further cons for a period of five years. The person will be given a chance to explain to a panel appointed by Mr. Wilber the reasons behind their action, and the panel will determine if the ban is warranted.

To explain what assault is (NYS law Section 120.00): any physical contact done with the intent to cause physical injury, or actions of a reckless nature (ie, rough horseplay, goofing off, etc) that cause physical injury to another person is an assault and is punishable in New York State with a jail sentence of up to one year (Class A misdemeanor). IF ANYONE COMMITS AN ASSAULT ON A JUSTICAR I WILL ENCOURAGE THE JUSTICAR TO PRESS CHARGES TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW, BOTH CRIMINALLY AND CIVILLY. THE PERSON SHALL ALSO BE BARRED AUTOMATICALLY FROM FUTURE CONS FOR FIVE YEARS (NO EXCUSES).

Menacing is defined under NYS law Section 120.15 as when, by physical menace, he or she intentionally places or attempts to place another person in fear of death, imminent serious physical injury or physical injury. Menacing is punishable by up to 30 days in jail (class B misdemeanor). Note: it is a Class A misdemeanor to stop someone from leaving an area or confining someone against their will.

This means folks, that if someone says let me out, you let them out or you may find yourself locked up. This is what is referred to as trapping in the heading and is called unlawful imprisonment by NYS law.

NOTE: Anyone found guilty by a court of law of any of the above actions will be barred, irregardless of any panel findings, from future cons for a period of five years.



Stacey K. Wenkel ©1997

WEAPONS POLICY

The following are the AAC '97 Weapons Policy. There will be no exceptions to this policy. This is to ensure the safety of all those attending the con.

The Don'ts:

- No powder guns, air (pump or CO2) guns or blow guns, whether the bearer is licensed or not.
 - + [Replicas will be allowed as props in con-sponsored shows, but cannot be carried around the Con]
 - + [Toy guns, obvious toy guns, ie orange, made of plastic etc. may be carried throughout the con]
- No blades over three inches, (per N.Y.S. Law. This does include broadswords and other SCA'ish armaments),
- No laser pointers are to be used in public,
- No pepper based sprays or mace,

- No blackjacks,
- No brass knuckles,
- No billys,
- No truncheons,
- No ku batons
- No ASP [collapsible] batons.

The What - If's:

• Those licensed to carry any of the above mentioned items, will be asked to secure said items at a location other than at the con. If they are subsequently found to be caring any of these items at any location associated with the con, they will be immediately expelled from the con. If not licensed, the local authorities will be notified.

• Other non illegal prohibited materials: Any other prohibited materials must either:

- 1) Be taken out of the con area and secured or
- 2) the person must willingly

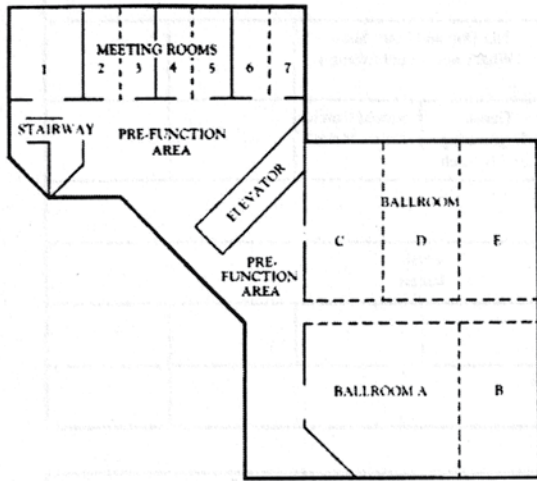
turn over the items to security after signing a non-responsibility waiver, items will be returned at the conclusion of the con.

NOTE: The Omni Hotel has several Safety deposit boxes for use by it's guests. I strongly encourage you to make use of this service to store any firearms or other weapons.

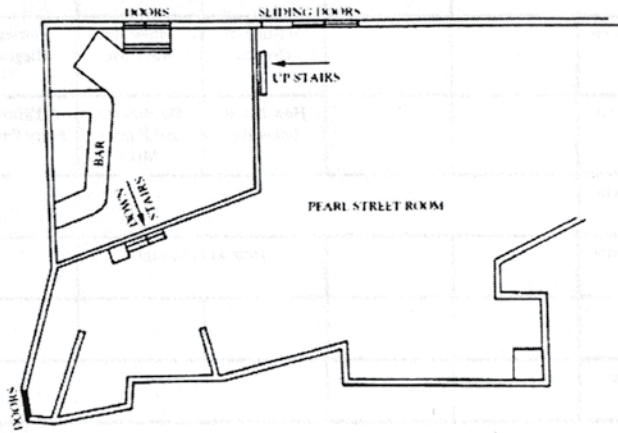
We greatly appreciate everyone's efforts to make this a safe and fun convention for everyone. Have fun, just remember that you are not the only one trying to have fun here this weekend.

Mr. Uwe Lehmann
Chief Justicar
Safety and Rule
Enforcement

The Omni Albany Hotel - Meeting Space



Lower Lobby Level



Pool Level

Graphic courtesy of Omni Hotels

Friday, July 4										
Friday	8am-9	9 - 10	10 - 11	11-noon	12 - 1	1 - 2	2 - 3	3 - 4	4 - 5	5 - 6
Capitol Room								Steve Plunket's Puppet Show and Sing Along		
Meeting Room 2			Collecting Morgue Material	Artist's Materials	Creating a Comic Book Story	Storyteller's Circle	Pencilling Panel	Where do you get your ideas?		
Meeting Room 3			Coyote SIG	What makes a Story Facinating?	The Great Gun Debate	Meet the Guest: Dave Pulver	Meet the Guest: Watts Martin	Meet the Guest: Daphne Lage		
Meeting Room 4&5	Artist's Alley									
Meeting Room 6			Linguistics Panel				Plush Panels			
Hospitality Suite	IFGS Games - Times will be posted at the door									
Pearl Street Room	Gaming Area Open									

Friday	6 - 7	7 - 8	8 - 9	9 - 10	10 - 11	11 - 12	Midnight and onward			
Capitol Room		Truffle Social								
Meeting Room 2						Crayon Madness Ends at 6 am				
Meeting Room 3						Board Games and Cards Ends at 6 am				
Meeting Room 4&5					Gaming Room Ends 6 am					
Meeting Room 6					Plush Fun and Games					
Hospitality Suite					PawPrints Lounge Ends 6 am					
Pearl Street Room										
Other Locations							Carnival Xaotika (12-1)	Club Morte (Dance till the DJ dies. how Goth)		

Dealer's Room - Ballroom D & E from 9am to 6 pm
 Art Show - Ballroom C from 9am to 6 pm
 Movies, Cartoons, Anime - Meeting Room 1 - 24 Hours
 Internet Room - Meeting Room 7

Saturday, July 5											
Saturday	8am-9	9 - 10	10 - 11	11-noon	12 - 1	1 - 2	2 - 3	3 - 4	4 - 5	5 - 6	
Capitol Room					Super Sponsor Luncheon			Live Modelling			
Meeting Room 2			Writing in General	How to Advertise	Furries as Allegories	Small Press Comic Publishing	The Dog and Pony Show (What's new in publishing.)				
Meeting Room 3			How Not to Grow Big	Do Humans and Furrries Mix?	A History of Furry Fandom	The Great Spoooge Debate	Genetic Engineering and Biotech	Should Comic Artists Write?			
Meeting Room 4&5	Artist's Alley										
Meeting Room 6			Tarot as Language			Plush Panels					
Hospitality Suite											
Pearl Street Room			Gaming Area Open								

Saturday	6 - 7	7 - 8	8 - 9	9 - 10	10 - 11	11 - 12	Midnight and onward				
Capitol Room		Charity Auction					R. King's Advanced Costuming Tips				
Meeting Room 2		Filking and Singing Ends at 6 am (or until we all can't take it any longer)									
Meeting Room 3		Board Games and Cards Ends at 6 am									
Meeting Room 4&5		Gaming Room Ends 6 am									
Meeting Room 6		Reading: Elizabeth Bear									
Hospitality Suite	Kage's Story Hour										
Pearl Street Room	Moreau Awards			Masquerade			Club Fur (Let the Fur Fly)				

Dealer's Room - Ballroom D & E from 9am to 6 pm
 Art Show - Ballroom C from 9am to 6 pm
 Movies, Cartoons, Anime - Meeting Room 1 - 24 Hours
 Internet Room - Meeting Room 7

Sunday, July 6											
Sunday	8am-9	9 - 10	10 - 11	11-noon	12 - 1	1 - 2	2 - 3	3 - 4	4 - 5	5 - 6	
Capitol Room			Art Auction								
Meeting Room 2			Instant Plots	Cyberpunk, Anime, and Furryfandom	Inking Panel	From Human to Anthro	Going Beyond Fanzines	Beyond Humans in Fursuits			
Meeting Room 3			Furries and Society	Q&A panel on graphical online gaming	Roleplaying a MUCK Character	Other Frameworks: ideas from other culture	Hooves and Telephones Don't Mix	Fur Wars			
Meeting Room 4&5	Artist's Alley										
Meeting Room 6	Plush Panels										
Pearl Street Room	Gaming						Silly Gather			Con Wrapup	

Dealer's Room - Ballroom D & E from 9am to 5pm
 Art Pick-up - Ballroom C from 10am to 5pm
 Movies, Cartoons, Anime - Meeting Room 1 until 5pm
 Internet Room - Meeting Room 7 until 5pm
 Registration Desk - AAC '98 Preregistration from Noon to 2pm

Panel Information

**Collecting Morgue Material
(reference art)**
Matt J. McCullar

Coyote SIG

Dan "Rainshadow" Pankratz

Hey, all you coyote-lovers! Want to hang out with others of your kind, learn more about the legends, myths, and literature of one of the most successful and clever canines ever to bark at the moon? Then come on down to the Coyote SIG! Bring your art, bring your stories, and bring your plush, 'cause we're gonna do Old Man Coyote proud!

Artist Materials

Chris Berdoz and Jason Jensen

We'll be taking the audience through the process of creating an illustration, and what materials to use in order to do this. Discussion includes everything from B&W and color mediums to what kind of paper to use, plus tips and tricks in using these tools. Any knowledge and/or feedback from the audience would be VERY welcome, as we'd like this to be more of a forum than a straight lecture.

What Makes a Story Fascinating?

Mick Collins and Watts Martin

**Creating a Comic Book Story
from Start to Finish**
Richard Bartrop and
Chuck Melville

The Great Gun Debate
Brent E. Edwards and
Eric A. Schwartz

The Storytellers' Circle
Karl F. Meyers
("Deacon Blues") and company
Once a popular event on Brazilian Dreams, and now appearing on Forgotten Paths MUCK, the StoryTeller's Circle comes live and in living colour to Albany Anthrocon! Join Karl F. Meyers, "Deacon_Blues" of Forgotten Paths and your host, for a session of round-robin story telling that has thrills, laughs, and more plot twists than a Six Flags roller-coaster. Each storyteller adds on where the previous one left off, and you never know just what to expect...or where it will end up!

**Meet the Guest: David Pulver
Matthew Adey and David Pulver**

Join David Pulver for a fascinating panel on the latest work he's done for the Anthropomorphic cause! Prepare to ask all those questions after he introduces himself. Torment the host of the panel, because he's really just a clueless fanboy. Most of all, get the 'inside scoop' on what the Guest of Honor has in the works for the future!

Pencilling Panel

Jason Jensen and Ken Pick

Let's face it. If you're starting out in anthro art, you have to work cheap. And nothing's cheaper than the ordinary pencil and paper you have on hand. Jason Jensen will cover the basics of pencil sketching, and Ken Pick will cover using colored pencils for full-color work.

**Meet the Guest: Watts Martin
Brent E. Edwards and
Watts Martin**

Join Watts Martin for a fascinating panel on the latest work he's done for the Anthropomorphic cause! Prepare to ask all those questions after he introduces himself. Get the 'inside scoop' on what the Guest of Honor has in the works for the future!

**Visiting the Schenectady Post
Office: Where do you get
your ideas?**

**Mick Collins, Watts Martin,
Matt J. McCullar and Ken Pick**
Falklands War Brides (Baaaa!)... Female fox executioners... Breakfast at Tiffany's Skunkettes... Cross the Velveteen Rabbit with Cinderella and Marilyn Monroe... Where does all this weirdness come from? The Shadow knows - and if he doesn't, our panelists might. From 3AM "recreational thinking sessions" to edited-down fanboy babblings to the stuff you read while hiding out from bullies in your high school library and said "I can write better than that!" comes an expedition into the twisted brains of anthro writers. Bring your pith helmet, machete, and canteen.

**Meet the Guest: Daphne Lage
Matthew Adey and
Daphne Lage**

Join Daphne Lage for a fascinating panel on the latest work she's done for the Anthropomorphic cause! Prepare to ask all those questions after she in-

troduces herself. Torment the host of the panel, because he's really just a clueless fanboy. Most of all, get the 'inside scoop' on what the Guest of Honor has in the works for the future!

**Writing in General: Do's and
Don'ts.**

**Watts Martin, Matt J. McCullar
and Ken Pick**

Sturgeon's Law says "90% of everything is crap." Rosenberg's Corollary says "But oh that 10%!" Here is how to up the odds that your furry masterpiece can make the jump from the 90 to the 10.

**How not to grow too big too
fast (publishing)**
Chuck Melville and
Brian Miller

How to advertise
Brian Miller

Do humans and furies mix?
Watts Martin and David Pulver

**Furies as allegories: is all
furry work just 'Animal Farm'?**
Richard Bartrop, Mick Collins
and Ken Pick

Why do you use furies instead of humans? Maybe it's so you can look at humans from an outsider's point of view. Or to show "stupid human tricks" through the rich and ancient language of animal symbolism. Or maybe you just like the exotic look of fur and tails. Or all of the above.

A history of furry fandom
David Bluss, Watts Martin,
Mark Merlino and Ray Rooney

Small Press Comic Publishing
Matthew Henry

The Great Spooze Debate
Brian Miller and
Dan "Rainshadow" Pakrantz

**The Dog & Pony Show! (What's
new that's being published?)**

**Genetic Engineering and
Biotech: What's here, what's
next?**

**Dan "Rainshadow" Pakrantz,
David Pulver and
Eric A. Schwartz**

An overview the stories and art of furfandom easily shows that artificially

Continued on Next Page

Panel Information, Continued

created furies are a mainstay of the fandom, featuring everything from (sentient/sapient?) zoomorphs to humans-with-fur. Many fuffans have wondered just how long it will be before humanity is capable of creating (sentient/sapient?) furred races. What is the current state of the art of genetic engineering and other biotechnologies? Just what exactly will it take to make a whole new organism, part animal, part human? What tools do we need but do not have?

How long will it take? Will we ever get to the point where a living human can be transformed into a living furry, or will we forever be modifying embryos? These questions and more will be speculated on and debated by our panel of biotechnology professionals and SF authors.

Should Comic Artists Do Their Own Writing?

**Richard Bartrop and
M. Mitch Marmel**

A look at writing for comics, what works and what doesn't. How to hook up with a writer/artist. Symbiosis: When the whole is greater than the sum of the two parts.

Kage's Story Hour Dr. Samuel

"Kagemushi" Conway

Several years ago, a group of furies gathered in the lobby of a nondescript hotel to listen to an old scientist telling tales of his adventures and misadventures. Somehow, from such humble beginnings, an annual event has blossomed. Stop by and hear what the old fellow has been up to since last we saw him!

Instant Plots: Just Microwave and Serve!

Karl F. Meyers

Ever find yourself looking to tell a story, but aren't sure where to begin? There are certain basic types of story, that can be placed in different genres and fleshed out in different styles to create that unique tale you're looking for. Join Karl F. Meyers for a look at these archetypes, and how they can be modified to create stories on the fly. Plus, we'll look at stereotypical uses of these frameworks, and how to avoid them. Bring your ideas, and your imaginations.

How would furies change a society's social structure?
**Mick Collins, Carol Curtis and
Richard Thatcher**

Cyberpunk, Anime, and Furry Fandom

**Richard Bartrop, Watts Martin,
David Pulver and Ray Rooney**

**Furcadia - A Graphical Online
Social Gaming Environment**
Dr. Cat

Questions and Answers on the newest system in the works.

Inking Panel — Getting Your Fingers Dirty!

**Chris Berdoz and Chuck
Melville**

A panel about inking pencils and finalizing your drawing, with a focus on inking drawings for reproduction purposes. Discussion includes what materials to use when inking, what effects each tool creates on paper, correcting mistakes, interesting tips and tricks in using inking materials, and also the use of some more unconventional and odd tools in inking.

Roleplaying a MUCK Character
Mick Collins and Jason Jensen

**From Human to Anthro: Models
and Pictures**
Daphne Lage

**Other Frameworks: Taking
Ideas from Other Cultures**
**Richard Bartrop, Ken Pick, and
Mike or Carol Curtis**

See too many anthro societies that look like

1) 1990s America with fur and tails?

2) Star Trek with fur and tails?

3) Dungeons and Dragons with fur and tails?

4) that last porno video you rented with the usual add-ons?

Add a few ideas from other cultures to the recipe and come up with an anthro culture all your own! Just make sure they all can fit together...

**Going Beyond Fanzines: Get-
ting Published**

**Chuck Melville and David
Pulver**

**Hooves and Telephones Don't
Mix: Changing Technology for
Changing Bodies**
**M. Mitch Marmel and Karl
Meyers**

Technology designed for four fingers and an opposable thumb won't necessarily work for pawed, clawed, winged or finned folks. A look at how this problem has been addressed in fiction.

**Going Beyond Humans in
Fursuits: How to Mix Animal
and Human Traits**
**Richard Bartrop and
Mick Collins**

**Fur Wars: Can we find a bal-
ance between spooage and
kiddy stuff?**

Watts Martin and Ken Pick

Somewhere between the Care Bears and the spooage hounds lie Vincent and Catherine... Join our intrepid explorers on a quest for the untitled Third World of anthro fiction - where adult material doesn't mean "adult material", "Yiff" has other meanings, and "furry stories" means fiction that has furies in it instead of "It's FURRY!"

Plush Swap and Adoption

Sad to say, not all plush stay loved and cherished. Here's a place for us to swap, trade, give away or sell those plush for whom the time has come to find another heart and home.

Steve Plunkett's Puppet show!

Always a hit! Steve's puppets are a wonderful expression of anthropomorphics that's for audiences of all ages.

Sing Along With Steve

Hey, you! Yea, you with the hand puppet! Teach your puppet to sing and dance! Steve Plunkett will show you how to better enjoy your puppets or plush with handing tricks and singing! Join in! The more the furrrier!

Silly Plush Games (starring *YOU*)

Silly plush games! We supply the old beaten up plush for you to use and abuse with paddles, rackets, nets and other otherwise familiar games! Bring your imagination and a silly attitude!

Intro to Plush

Why we collect plush animals, what

Continued on Next Page

Panel Information, Continued

they mean to us. All you folks with hand puppets or plush, come and share what they mean to you, what message they seem to convey to others. Plush animals have always been confidants and comforting, yet they can mean so much more.

Care and Feeding of a Plush

Despite all our love and caring, our soft furry friends occasionally need repair or maintenance. How to clean a plush without hurting it and other very useful things will be demonstrated.

Plush Surgery

Whiffert does magic and makes plain flat fur into bears! Other plush patients will be considered.

Costume Props and Presentation Workshop - Masquerade Rehearsal

Major Matt Mason (M. Mitchell Marmel) shares his love of weapons, but gently, as the costumers get tips & hints on how to have a good stage presence. Those without costumes are welcome! The intention is to create a non-threatening place for folks to try their acts, get feedback and particularly for folks with NO planned presentation to get ideas and help on how to best move on stage. All this from the fellow who coached Pete Stoller (Jack Salem) to a "best presentation" award at Philcon '95.

Masquerade

Hosted by Ron Orr

We're trying something a little different at AAC. Instead of the usual competitive Masquerade with its skill divisions and such, we're having something a little more laid-back. Think of it as a furry fashion show, if you like, where you can strut your stuff in the fur and just have fun with it. Of course, we'll have a prize or two for those who have something really interesting in store for the audience! (We do like to acknowledge all the effort you fursuiters put into your creations.)

Afterwards we plan to have all the fursuits gather together and have our very own Furry Petting Zoo, where you can really get up close and personal with 'em, take a few pictures, maybe make a new friend or two if the stars are right.

If you have a furry costume but you're a bit reticent about being up on stage, this could be your Big Chance.

Why not give it a try? We don't bite...

Fursuit SIG (Basic Furry Costuming techniques)

R.C. King

Discussion and demo of Furry Costuming techniques most useful for the beginning and intermediate costumer. Includes: How to make a body suit, How to make a head, Cooling, etc.

Advanced Fursuit SIG (Advanced Furry Costuming techniques)

R.C. King

Discussion and Demo of Furry Costuming techniques most useful for the intermediate and advanced costumer. Includes: Servos and computers and other High Tech, SFX level techniques, etc.

IFGS Live-Action Roleplaying

Come and get a taste of being someone else... while still being in the real world. Spaces are limited and sign-up sheets will be hung outside the gaming area.

Carnival Xaotika

Entertainment of the darker sort. Come see jugglers as they used to be.

Club Morte

They're not dead, they're just dressed that way. Come and do 'gothically correct' light-bulb-changing dance to the DJ's favorite tunes. And if someone asks what you're doing you can say, "It's a Goth Thing."

Truffle Social

Come and sample some of the best truffles and chocolate made locally.

Crayon Madness

Well, we won't let you draw on the walls... but the floor is fair game!

Linguistics Panel

Ever wanted to make your own language? How about trying to make something sound like a new tongue? Movie-makers consult experts to achieve just this effect... now you can too.

Pawprints Lounge

Just a quiet place to see what's out in print-land and chat. Come,

relax and get caught up on what's hip.

Moreau Awards

Who's the latest and greatest in Anthromorphics? You get to vote and decide. We'll give out the awards.

Club Fur

Hip-Hop, Oldies, Techno, Rock, House... if you can dance to it, we'll likely play it. Put on comfortable shoes and be prepared to dance the night away.

The Silly Gather

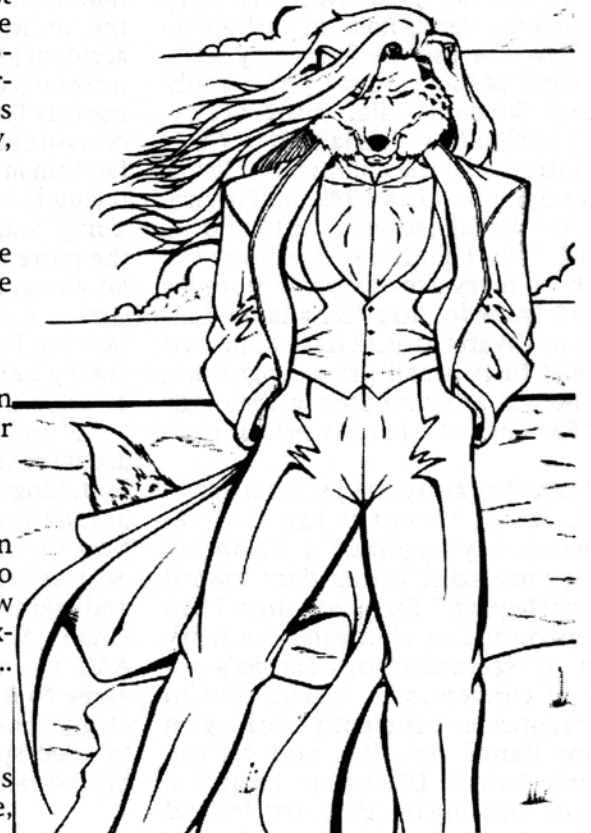
Worked up some steam over the course of the con? Well, come and blow it off with us.

Con Wrap Up

Alright.. what did we do right? More importantly, what did we do wrong. This is where we get to hear what you thought of things so we can do a better job next time. With your help, we can succeed.

Due to timing limitations and scheduling, not all events that may take place are in this schedule. Schedule updates will be posted at the Registration desk and by the Conference Rooms periodically. Thank you for your understanding.

Santo D'Angelo ©1997



Con Staff and Panelists

Daphne Lage Guest of Honor

Born in Valencia, Spain, Daphne Lage has been drawing comics seriously since entering the Manhattan based High School of Art and Design. During her college years at the School of Visual Arts (also in Manhattan), she entered under the tutelage of comic book legend, Will Eisner. During this time she began her publishing career with a short, illustrated story in Will Eisner's Gallery, a college publication for which she was also the editor. Her first comic book series was the fantasy adventure Tall Tails, an unfinished endeavor she still is looking forward to completing. After having some short stories published in several comic anthologies, Daphne is currently inking and lettering La Blue Girl, the comic book adaptation of the adult anime OAV series published by CPM Comics/Bare Bear Press. She is also lettering the Tenchi Muyo! and El-Hazard comic book adaptations being published by Pioneer Comics.

Watts Martin Guest of Honor

Watts has been involved with science fiction fandom since 1986 and furry fandom since 1987, first "appearing" in the fan press with the story "Playing the Hero's Role" in FurVersion 10. This was also the first story set in the world of Ranea to see print; a subsequent Ranea novella, "A Gift of Fire, A Gift of Blood" was serialized in YARF! and introduced the character of Revar the vampire bat. In a 1992 ConFurence poll, the Revar stories ("Gift" and its sequel "The Lighthouse") were voted the best furry stories, over popular comics "Albedo" and "Omaha the Cat-Dancer." Watts' stories have appeared in most furry small press magazines, and he was a contributor to the original "Furkindred" shared world anthology.

Watts has also edited several magazines, most recently the just-re-launched "Mythagoras," a sf/fantasy literary magazine with a slant toward "animal legend." Each year since 1988 he has hosted or co-hosted the furry party at Necronomicon, Tampa's annual sf convention. In addition to Mythagoras, he's currently working on a new Ranea novella, and on the "Funny Animal Liberation Front," a web site focusing on news, articles and

resources for furry fans, and in his spare time tries to keep his real job as an Enhanced Network Analyst with Intermedia Communications. If you ask him about his on-hiatus novel "In Our Image" he will grumble something under his breath and teleport away.

Brent E. Edwards Writing/Artist/Publisher Panels Coordinator

Brent E. Edwards is Chip_Unicorn's character on RealLifeMuck. Unlike Chip, Brent will not do anything for a truffle, and he cannot whicker. However, he does enjoy being scritched under his beard or behind his ears very much.

Within the fandom, Brent created many panels for Confurence East 1, and he is a wizard (administrator) for Furrymuck, the largest text-based virtual world. Outside the fandom, he is a computer science graduate student, working on his Ph. D. He enjoys the Japanese game of Go, contradance, backrubs, science fiction, classical guitar, and writing. He is currently looking for a programming job.

Matthew Adey Staff

Matthew Adey is a hopeless furry fanboy wannabe. He was thrust into the Anthropomorphic fandom quite by accident several years ago, when he was introduced to the internet and consequently FurryMUCK. Matt never really considered himself a part of the fandom at first, and spent a lot of time trying to understand and define what 'furry' was. The more he found out, the more he realized he'd been 'furry' all along, and just didn't know it yet. Growing up watching cartoons, and reading lots of Dr. Seuss and Richard Scarry helped Matt form a lot of his creative thought patterns.

Mundanely, he's happy to have accomplished a focus of this creativity by taking lots of English courses, and graduating with a Bachelors Degree. Now he can look forward to a life of professional restaurant table-waiting and asking customers if they want fries. Finally, Matt is glad to be a part of this AAC, as a member of the staff. He did agree to it happily, and wasn't forced at gun point.... (portion of Bio edited to keep space available) ...and thank his mother and father!

Andrija Popovic Art Staff

A former Penn State film student, current writer, photographer, dreamer and raving Mecha otaku, Andrija Popovic has served as Art Show director for Otakon '94/'95 as well as President of the Penn State Science Fiction society. He was born on March first, 1974 and regrets any inconvenience that may have caused.

J. Scott Rogers Art Staff

I'm originally from So. California where I lived the first 23 years of my life. I graduated from UC-Irvine and decided the lab-rat life was for me. I moved to Manhattan in '89 where I got a Master's in Microbiology from Columbia University. In '93 I moved north a bit to Worcester where I am currently serving out the rest of my Graduate Student Sentence studying very tiny molecules and how they talk to one another...

What I do: Backpacking, Camping, Fishing, Hunting, Baseball and just recently Birding. Oh...some people say I can write. I attempt prose by writing furry speculative fiction with my writing partner Jeff Eddy (P.H. "Brer" Foxxe). We're writing "The Biorg Universe" stories and enjoying every minute of it.

Furry stuff: I've been "into furrydom" since I was a kid...way before I had any clue a "fandom" existed for such a thing. I guess I got "active" in it around '93 when I finally realized that Furrydom wasn't as scary as it initially seemed; lots of good stuff and good people out in that big 'ole furry sandbox that I could like too!

Jeff "Brer Foxxe" Eddy Art Staff

I discovered this Fandom in November of 1995, though I had been following the more mainstream aspects of Anthropomorphic Fantasy for many years. Aside from my ongoing writing projects and watching 'Balto', I'm an avid Birdwatcher and techno-weenie. I currently live on Cape Cod with my Siberian Husky "Rio". Drop by the art show and say HI!

John Geyer Staff

John's just this guy, y'know? He's worked ConFurence's Cabaret Fur le Dance, for the last three years, and

Con Staff and Panelists, Continued

been the stage manager for CF 7 & 8. He can be found as Robin Dubhreighth on TwilightMUCK (twilight.tigerden.com:6010).

Amanda Geyer Staff

Amanda hangs out on FurryMUCK as Ursula or Margaret (more often the latter than the former). She's been active in Furry Fandom since 1994-ish, but has been drawing furry stuff since she could hold a crayon. She's been playing on computers since 1975, and is a graphic designer. Go buy her artwork. Yes, this is a shameless plug. She is also now a member of Furthest North Crew.

Tygger L. Graf Art Show Director

Tygger L. Graf is a Fantasy Artist/ Cartoonist in the Fantasy and Horror genre, who does also cross over into the Anthropomorphic genre. No true formal training, she is 99% self-taught with some guidance from Terrie Smith in 84-88. Now finally stepping into the comics industry with her series Guardian Knights from Limelight Publishing Co., she and her husband D.A. Graf (known for the Ian & Morgan stories Another Day On the Farm and Let Sleeping Gods Lie) are the creator-artist/co-creator-writer wife and husband creative team behind the new dark fantasy/horror comic.

Brian Harris Auction Director

Brian Harris (Rigel) has been active in the fandom community for over 5 years, having been part of the original anthropomorphic community of Albany, NY. He actively coordinates the MD/VA-area furry social mailing list (<http://www.smart.net/~xydextx/dfurry.htm>). With experience of numerous conventions, both as an attendee and a staff member, he is organizing the first Anthrocon Auction at AAC97. He would like to chase tornadoes in the midwest, but since he's a quaint database programmer in Maryland at the moment, he has to settle for the second wildest adventure: Furry Fandom.

Roger "Aloyen" Wilbur Con Dicta... Director

I'm 27, married to Diamond/ Nightdreamer and have a 4 year old daughter. I've been around for a bit.

Was introduced to a Toon Mud and about a year later to a pretty new FurryMuck - that had to be back around 1990 - 1991. I've been on FM ever since (with a few stints on FT and BD) - some might have known me under other names (Valhal, MoonDancer, Obelisk, Carnellian, Nighteyes, C'loet, etc, etc). A few years ago I started throwing the Albany NY Annual Furry Halloween Party which got a pretty steady crowd with a good bit of fluctuation. I began hearing that people out of country had started to hear of my parties. Then at one of them we discussed a little mini-con, the next logical step when 60 people show up to a halloween party. That was about two years ago. I signed a contract in May 1996 to run AAC in 1997. Back then we hoped that 300 total people would show so that we could break even. Then I got flooded and things took on a life of their own. We expect to have AAC '98 next year - how big depends on how much people like what we pull off this year I guess.

If you see me say hi, don't be offended if I'm busy and don't hear you. Real life hugs are welcome.

M. Mitchell "Major Matt Mason" Marmel Grand Poobah and Big Mahoff, Dealer's Room Director

Reverend-Major "Mitch" Marmel's origins are hazy at best. It is known that he was born in Philadelphia, progeny of a CIA instructor and a microbiologist, at the height of the Cold War. He denies any involvement in the JFK assassination as he was only eighteen months old at the time, but a suspicious-looking baby carriage was at the scene. As a youth, Rev. Marmel joined the Boy Scouts, earning merit badges in Small Mammals, Swimming and Stash Hiding. Despite a summer camp incident involving the campfire of a rival troop, several M-80s and some Penthouse centerfolds, Rev. Marmel served well in the Scouts, retiring at age eighteen as the World's Oldest Tenderfoot. After several years spent shuttling between Los Angeles and Philadelphia, Rev. Marmel settled down in the City of Brotherly Love and became an expert in the field of model munitions, earning fame as "Mr. Weapons Policy" at Philcon '88. Following his investiture from the Universal Life Church, Rev. Marmel performed his now-infamous wedding ceremony for

Jim and Rebekah Groat at Confurence 5. His "Smurf Fertility Ritual" is widely credited for the birth of John William Groat at the time of Confurence 6. Rev. Marmel now lives quietly in Philadelphia with his cat, his collection of Spike Jones 78s and his memories.

Raymond "Rune" Rooney Assistant Grand Poobah, Dealer's Room

Charles "Chuck" Lochiel Gonfalonier First Class, Dealer's Room

DeWayne "C>: DELETE WINDOWS" Stuart Man Behind The Curtain, Dealer's Room

Shannon "Sailor San Francisco" Stuart Artist In Residence, Dealer's Room

Karl "Kyim" Maurer Official Chicken Inspector, Dealer's Room

**Will A. Sanborn
Art Staff**
An engineer by trade, Will works for a small image-processing company in Massachusetts, doing hardware design. Besides enjoying anthropomorphics, he's interested in science fiction and fantasy stories in general, and works on writing creative fiction as a hobby in his spare time.

Lisa Jennings Art Staff

Lisa Jennings was born under a rising star — well, rocket. Born on Merritt Island, Florida during the Space Race, she moved to sunny California while still very young and stayed there until 1996, when she voluntarily transplanted herself into the wilds of northern New Jersey.

A natural spacecase born to a Science Fiction fan and engineer, Lisa started drawing starships and animals at 3, then moved her way up to humans later. She's been actively involved in furry fandom since 1981 when she met Mark Merlino, who helped steer her art in a furrer direction. When she's not drawing on paper or computer, she does desktop publishing and fontography, costuming, stuffed toy-making, and the occasional gourmet

Con Staff and Panelists, Continued

cooking of the Renaissance Era. As one of her many side-projects, she is working with Niall Shapero on self-publishing *Other Suns 2nd Edition*, a science-fiction role-playing game with a strongly furry flavor that originally was published in 1983.

She currently lives at Caer Carnivore, a 107-year-old, 3-story Victorian house, along with Ken Sample, Wolf and Anastasia Kidd, 8 cats, 5 ferrets, 4 rats, 10 mice, and the occasional bat in the attic.

Uwe Lehmann
Chief Justicar

Daniel "Fireball" Marsh
Security

Robert King
Plush Staff

Robert King: you'd be hard put to find a stronger supporter of fursuiting (furry character costuming) than R.C. King. He runs the ongoing fursuit discussion via e-mail and hosts the fursuit SIGS (Special Interest Group / Birds-of-a-feather) where the enthusiasm and creativity of the costumers really shows from the inner costume details to motivation and performances. His own costumes are quite noteworthy too, so he speaks from experience!

Furry fan, costumer, and convention organizer. Founding and continuing staff member of Duckon since 1991. Coordinator of Duckon's Furry Track since 1993. Moderator of FURSUIT mailing list since 1994. Coordinator of the Furry Variety Show since 1995. Tired father of two energetic boys since 1991.

Jeffrey "Mejeep" Jonas
Plush Director

Jeffrey Jonas (mejeep) is part of the old NY furry gang that met at the anime club well before furry fandom came out on its own. mejeep's a strong advocate of collecting and enjoying plush (teddy bears/plush animals) and is lending a paw to his plush and fursuiting friends by coordinating the AAC events.

Dorothy VunKannon
Plush Staff

Dorothy VunKannon is a fan, writer, gamer & Wiccan Priestess from New Jersey. She was the partner of the late furry Artist Deal Whitley and is now married to Ken Sample.

Ron Orr
Plush Staff

Ron Orr is a relative newcomer to the furry community. Ron has been actively costuming in and out of the fur since 1983, and moved up to the Big Chair when he organized the Masquerade at CFE2 last fall. Significantly, he agreed to fill the same post here before CFE2...

When he isn't out looking for work, you can find him moping about on-line, where he prefers to be known by his True Name, Tirran.

PS He's not kidding about needing a job...

Steve "Tod_Fox" Plunkett
Plush Staff

Steve's well known in the furry con circuit, with his five years experience of professional puppeteering.

"My act is mainly musical, with a little comedy thrown in. The puppets I use are large Muppet-style hand puppets, custom made for me according to my design. My characters currently include:

- Fifi LaFleur, a cute female skunk.
- Odie, a fun otter.
- Scarlett, a very nice vixen.
- Gracie, a fun and cute squirrel.

I'm a regular performer at Duckon since Duckon3, performing both solo and in the furry variety show, which I also help plan. I have appeared on national TV with my skunk puppet, on a show called Personal FX, showing off my skunk collection, including my skunk puppet, Fifi.

The best recognition for my act came about due to my skunk. I do a song with her taken from Fifi LaFume's version of 'Where The Boys Are' from the Tiny Toons sings album. I've also won a local lip-sync contest using my skunk and have attracted a following locally as well as in furry fandom. As far as I know, I am the only puppeteer doing a furry puppet act. My puppets are meant to be three dimensional furries and tend to draw crowds wherever I appear."

Dr. "Felorin" Cat
Panel Speaker

Dr. Cat has been playing and creating computer games since the late 1970s, and has been on-line since he got his first modem in 1980. He started making computer games professionally in 1982, and has been at it ever since. He's best known for his work on the

Ultima series, his twisted sense of humor, and for folding shiny origami dragons. You can see some of Dr. Cat's most recent work at www.bga.com/furcadia and at www.timesink.com.

Mick Collins
Panel Speaker

Mick Collins has been active in furry fandom since about 1991, writing several short stories, helping to found the FNC Amateur Press Association, and even getting a script of his drawn in *Huzzah!* magazine. His sparse story output is due, he says, to his day job as a recording artist whose output currently stands at some two dozen commercially available recordings. The full-length "Horndog Fest", a collection of furry-oriented songs with his latest band The Dirtbombs, is due in stores in August of this year. A furry-oriented periodical journal of review under his editorship is alleged to be out any day now.

Matt McCullar
Panel Speaker

Creator of Grasslands and Fornax series. He has work in several APA's and Shanda.

Carole Curtis
Panel Speaker

Creator and author of Katmandu, ten issues and counting. Also editor and co-publisher of Shanda Fantasy Arts, publishers of New Horizons, Giants Shanda Animal, and a new semi-annual book SFA Spotlights. Upcoming projects include *Women in Fur*, an all female furry anthology.

Mike Curtis
Panel Speaker

Creator and author of Shanda the Panda, eighteen issues and counting. Also editor and co-publisher of Shanda Fantasy Arts. Upcoming projects include *Valiant Varmints*, an anthropomorphic superhero team book.

Brian Johnson
Staff

Born from the ashes of the Solinar Project, Brian Johnson was cursed with a name which simply screams of banality. Truth be told, he's a bit whacked, what with having to grow up with super powers, and the sarcasm of ten ordinary men. But, it's a living. Having recently moved to the lovely city of Austin, Texas, Brian spends his

Con Staff and Panelists, Continued

time putting people in jobs earning 2-5 times per year more than he does. But he's not bitter:

Dan "Rainshadow" Pankratz Panel Speaker

Dan "Rainshadow" Pankratz has been into furies for as long as he can remember, and he recalls fondly seeing movies like Rikki-Tikki-Tavi and Warner Brothers cartoons as a child. While in high school, he discovered the comic book Space Beaver and began an obsession with coyotes that has lasted to this day. It wasn't until he was halfway through college that he discovered the fanzine YARF!, and six months later he attended his first furry con, Confurence 5. He left the fandom for a while to concentrate on school and other things, but he returned with CF8 and hopes to eventually make a lasting contribution to furrydom. While he can't really draw, he is trying to learn, and it is his dream to one day become a computer animator. His interests include rockclimbing (he is a near-expert level boulderer) and backpacking, most preferably in the Mojave and Great Basin Desert of California and Nevada.

Karl F. Meyers Panel Speaker

Karl F. Meyers has been in the "furry" fandom for about five years, and has been writing stories for almost as long. A former member of GENIE's Beastie Board and regular on the Club Velvet Tail storyboard there, Karl later moved on to the Dallas Brawl Update, where his Knights of Avalon characters can be found in action in almost every issue. He has also had stories published in PawPrints, and is looking for other outlets. A long time member of the StoryTeller's Circle on Brazilian Dreams, he later became its host, moving it to Forgotten Paths when Brazil went down.

Dr. Samuel "Kagemushi" Conway Panel Speaker

FurryMuck's lone insectoid resident, Kagemushi Goro, the samurai cockroach, has traveled far and wide, and is always happy to relate the tales of his life experiences. In real life he is Dr. Samuel Conway, a chemist who works in pharmaceutical research. A native of the little hamlet of King of

Prussia, Pennsylvania, Dr. Conway is an irrepressible storyteller. Many of his tales arise from his years as a disaster relief worker; others come from his laboratory experiences, and still others from his many travels. His stories are sometimes charming, often sardonic, but always, he says, absolutely true.

Eric "Oliver" Schwartz Panel Speaker

Eric "Oliver" Schwartz is a 4th year PhD student in Biomedical Engineering at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, hoping to finish by December. His area of specialization is the effects of mechanical forces (such as blood pressure) on individual cells, especially with regard to gene expression, although he also has training in engineering design and medical prosthetics. He also has had an extracurricular research project aimed towards improving the captive breeding of North American river otters for the last 10 years.

Eric is also a Distinguished Expert marksman with 8 years of competitive target shooting experience, a fan of military hardware, and an avid (maybe rabid) advocate of 2nd amendment rights. He also has 10 years of experience studying the behavior of captive North American river otters and other mustelids, which gives him an interesting perspective on an animal society where ritualized acts of "violence" form a basis of social interaction (as anyone who has ever 'swept' his FurryMUCK character is painfully aware).

Ken Pick Panel Speaker

Ken Pick is one of the unknown Old Guard of anthro fandom, dating back to the very early Eighties. Despite keeping a low profile all these years, he has been sighted in Yarf with a selection of fiction about and around the vulpine Thalendri and in Confurence's Artists Alley with art prints of the same, as well as acting as catalyst and editor for Clint Warlick's Jack Lynch Mysteries (also in Yarf). An Anthro (not a FURRY!), he is here at AAC as a panelist-in-exile from his native Orange County, California.

Chris Berdoz Panel Speaker

I'm a senior at Virginia Common-

wealth University, School of the Arts, majoring in Communication Arts and Design, Electronic Media, which includes video, animation, and computer graphics. I have been published in a few fanzines, and am now a member of "Huzzah!". My work can be seen in Shanda Fantasy Arts comics, Giant Shanda Animal and New Horizons. Currently, I am working on a full issue of a comic book written by Paul Kidd: CyberKitties, for which I am doing layout, pencil, and inks. I will also be working on other short comics pieces for Shanda Fantasy Arts.

Jonah "Points" Safar Most Everything Else Director and Loony

Points somehow got talked into 'just helping a little bit.' We all know how that works. When he's not slaving for AAC, he works as a 'defense engineer' for Raytheon (God help us all) and goes to stress as a wiz on Furry to help his ulcers. What a life.

Stacey "Peppermint" Wenkel Yet More Stuff Director and Co-Loony

Aspiring writer and artist and also defense contractor. Often seen in the company of Points as they attempt to journey the path to insanity together. Will likely end up killing her traveling companion for agreeing to the 'little bit of help' mentioned above... but she's only bitter on the outside.

As always, there are many, many more people who help a con come together and our only regret is that we were unable to list them all here. Our hats (and special thanks) go out to everyone who has helped Albany Anthrocon become a reality this year.

Ken Pick ©1997



Auction Information

Welcome to the world of Anthropomorphics! This genre is a budding field that deals heavily in the appreciation of animals crossed with humans to design fantastic intelligent creations and marvelous new species. But we should never overlook our realistic counterparts of this mix and, as the human portion of the blend, assist our animal friends in any way we can to ensure a better future for everybody.

This year, the Albany Anthrocon has chosen to support a group called Therapy Dogs/K-9 Friends. The following is a short statement from K-9 Friends' representative Andrea Lambeth describing the generous work this group does to help our community:

Therapy Dogs are special animals. These dogs, along with their owners, have been tested by a certified evaluator and registered with Therapy Dogs International. They visit different types of facilities that acknowledge the wonders Therapy Dogs can do.

Established in 1994, K-9 FRIENDS, Visiting Therapy Dogs, a non-profit organization, have a membership of 57 volunteer dog teams who visit over 20 facilities in the capital district. We visit retirement centers, nursing homes, adult homes, the Center For The Disabled, mental health day programs, and head injury facilities.

None of these people are paid in money for their time, just satisfaction of making a difference in someone's life.

Much of the cost of running this organization for the past 3 years has been out-of-pocket expense. The dues are \$10 per year per handler, but this goes very quickly when you add in the cost of mailing, copying, paper, returning long distance phone calls, etc.

K-9 FRIENDS is planning to extend to Massena. They have already started advertising, the Watertown Daily Times is going to do a story on Therapy Dogs next week, complete with picture of one of the dogs visiting a resident. They've been in contact with the only two nursing homes in the area, and the dogs will be visiting hospice patients in the area.

The Anthrocon Auction will be supporting this beneficial charity by selling to the highest bidder items

donated by fandom artists, creators, and other donors who have given us us artwork, animation cells, software, and the benefit of their services without requesting anything in return to help raise money for this year's chosen charity.

The Auction will begin on Saturday at 6pm in the King Street 6 room and will run approximately two hours. Donated items and services will be offered in a pseudo-Auction for bargain prices designed to stimulate your interest in donating to a worthy cause as well as receiving a quality product that you won't be able to find anywhere else at the Anthrocon.

Bidder Information Sheets and Auction Rules will hopefully be available for your perusal. If you feel you would like to participate by donating an item or a service to the Auction to be sold, see the Auction manager, Brian Harris (tag: Rigel), before the event.

Please help us support our canine friends so they can help us in return. Join us for the 1997 Anthrocon Auction on Saturday evening.

Dealer Room

The full schedule for the Dealer's Room is as follows. This is, of course, subject to change depending on room availability and what kind of mood Ye Humble Dealer's Room Director is in.

(All times in military time; anything over 1200, subtract 1200 to get the p.m. time. If you only have ten fingers, use your toes. Creativity is, as always, encouraged.)

Thursday, 3 July

1800-2000 Dealer's setup only
2000-1000 Off limits to all, including dealers*

Friday, 4 July

1000-1500 Dealer setup
1500-1900 Open to public
1900-1930 Dealers only to close tables
1930-0930 Off limits to all, including dealers*

Saturday, 5 July

0930-1000 Dealers only to open tables
1000-1400 Open to public
1400-1500 Dealer's Room closed for lunch break
1500-1900 Open to public
1900-1930 Dealers only to close tables
1930-0930 Off limits to all, including dealers*

Sunday, 6 July

0930-1000 Dealers only to open tables
1000-1300 Open to public
1300-1400 Dealer's Room closed for lunch break
1400-1700 Open to public
1700 on Dealers Room closed; tear down

*Subject to Dealer's Room Director (or designated deputy)'s discretion. But it had better be a DAMNED good reason. The room will be completely secured during this time, with Security personnel present at all times. Security will also have someone sleeping in the Dealer's Room overnight.



Ken Pick
COURTESY - FRIENDS

Ken Pick ©1997

Briendon's First Hunt by Will A. Sanborn

Briendon could barely keep himself still as he sat with his family around their morning fire. Looking over the embers of the fire and out into the wilderness, the young rabbit's mind was burning with anticipation. Today was the day, a day he'd waited so long for, and he was eager to get the morning's meal over with so he could get on with it.

His mother noticed his excitement, and she reached over to playfully scratch one of his long ears. "All anxious for your big day, aren't you Briendon?" she asked, a proud smile forming on her lips.

His eager nod widened her smile. "Well my brave hunter, you'll just have to wait until after breakfast before you go running off with the others."

Briendon's impatience was obvious as his lips curled slightly downward at her remarks, much to the amusement of both his father, and his brother Ashter. "Come on Briendon, you can wait a little longer," Ashter impishly teased him.

Briendon gave him a resigned nod, his ears drooping slightly. He knew his brother was right, that he could wait a little while longer, and without a good meal to start out with it would be hard to keep up with the others in the hunting party. Still, he felt as if he could barely contain his excitement, he was so anxious for his first hunt.

For several months he'd been watching the cycles of the moon, knowing the time of his emergence into adulthood was approaching. Last night had been the full moon of his birth month, and now it was time for him to take his place among the other hunters of their village. Looking at his father and brother he saw the bead necklaces they each wore around their necks, the simple jewelry standing out against the light colors of their chest fur. The necklaces were a symbol of adulthood given to each male by his father after the return from their first hunt, and Briendon was very eager to receive his own token of the rite of passage. He could barely wait for his chance to prove himself, and the morning's meal seemed to be taking much longer than usual.

When breakfast was cooked, Briendon tried to rush through the meal, but slowed his pace a little when he realized that the rest of his family wasn't going as quick as he was. Finally they were all finished, and look-

ing around the village, Briendon saw the hunting party was starting to form. He eagerly rose to a standing position and waited for his father and brother to join him as they smiled at his impatience.

As they were leaving to join the rest of the party, his mother quickly reached out and hugged him. He squirmed a little, thinking that it looked silly for a brave hunter to get a hug from his mother. Looking up at her he saw the warmth in her eyes and relented, hugging her back. When his mother had released him, she watched him leave with the others, a smile on her muzzle and a few tears in her eyes. Ashter caught that, and grinning at him, he gave his younger brother a playful swat on the arm. Briendon returned his brother's affection in a similar manner, matching Ashter's grin with one of his own. Today at the hunt he'd finally get to show his brother his own hunting skills. He no longer would have to watch enviously as Ashter went out with the hunting party and left him behind in the village, for today he was finally joining the hunters.

Soon after they joined the group of hunters, everybody was there and ready to go. The leader noticed Briendon and smiled, pointing out to everybody that it was his first hunt and the young rabbit received congratulations from all of the older males there. Along with his excitement, he felt a growing pride and wanted even more for the hunt to begin, so he could prove himself to the members of his village.

With the congratulations finished, and the members of the party already assembled, they set out into the wilderness, carrying their spears with them in readiness for the hunt. After a short journey, they spotted their prey, large, orange-skinned animals, their bodies long and narrow. The beasts had squat legs, pointed heads and peculiar tails of green tendrils sprouting from their backs. They ate grass to survive, not other animals, so their lack of sharp teeth or claws did not threaten the hunters. However, they still could pose a threat for their size, being larger and weighing more than any single rabbit. It would take a few hunters working together to bring down one of these animals.

Briendon watched and listened to the leader of the hunt as he quietly gave instructions to the rest of the party. They formed small groups of

three or four rabbits each and spread out. Getting into to position, they moved as silently as possible so as to not disturb their prey as they grazed on the grass, the animals oblivious to the imminent danger facing them.

As they made ready to attack, Briendon felt nervous anxiousness stealing over him, mixing with the excitement and boldness he'd felt earlier. Now that they were about to spring on the animals, the tinge of self doubt stung at him. What if he messed up and didn't do it right, what if he couldn't go through with the hunt? Up until that point he'd been sure he'd do wonderful at the hunt, thinking of how thrilling it would be to take down their prey, but now it seemed harder than he'd imagined it would be. Ashter was in his little group of hunters and Briendon stole a nervous glance up at him. If Ashter noticed his younger brother's uncertainty, he failed to acknowledge it, keeping his attention focused on the animals they were stalking.

When they were all spread out and ready, the leader gave the signal and they charged, running towards the beasts. Their approach startled the animals and they were quick to flee their attackers, but the hunters were fast as well. As they ran, Briendon could feel the powerful beating of his heart, his mind and body racing with excitement. Even with his nervousness, the feelings of the chase were spurring him on, pushing him forward. This was it, he was in the midst of his first hunt and it felt wonderful.

Running along with others, he moved his shorter legs as fast as he could to try and keep up with the older hunters. He did fall slightly behind the pack, but not so far as to be out of the hunt; he would not let that happen to him. Their strategy was simple, as they ran, they spread out more and worked to surround as many of their prey as they could, allotting one animal for every small group of hunters. Moving quickly, gaining on the beasts, they soon had a good number of them trapped.

As Briendon's group advanced on one of the cornered animals, and made ready to attack it, he finally caught up with them. A little unsure of what to do he hesitated briefly. While he watched, the others moved around the beast, their spears at the ready, blocking the animal's chance of escape. Join-

Briendon's First Hunt, Continued

ing them, Briendon pointed his own spear at the frightened beast and waited. Glancing at Ashter again, he saw him silently urging him on, a look of determination in his eyes.

All of a sudden, heading an unspoken command, the other hunters thrust forward with their spears, attacking the beast. Moving with them, reacting with instinctive grace, Briendon drove his own spear into the animal, releasing a frightened squeal from it. Having taken first blow to the beast, he felt a surge of confidence run through him. All around him he was dimly aware of the other hunting groups attacking their prey, and of the whines of the animals as they fought the losing battle for their survival. The struggles of their prey and the sounds of the hunt excited him and last vestiges of his doubts were driven from his mind.

The hunters in his group worked quickly, jabbing at the fighting beast with their spears again and again, spilling its thick life essence on the ground, wetting the grass with its sap-like fluids. Working with his fellow hunters, driven on by the thrill of the hunt, Briendon noticed that the animal's struggles were beginning to die down as their prey weakened. Soon its struggles ceased all together. Seeing the beast fall before them, they all were left panting from the excitement and exertion. Briendon almost collapsed from the fatigue that overtook him at the sudden end of the battle, but he braced himself with his spear for support and kept his hunter's stance.

After the frenzy of the hunt had cleared, and they'd recovered their energy, the members of the party surveyed their work. They'd taken down a good number of their prey and were satisfied with the results of the hunt. Briendon himself was very pleased, not only having gone on his first hunt, but he'd also helped kill one of the beasts. He'd overcome his momentary uncertainties and emerged victorious from the hunt. He'd proven his skills, not only to the other hunters, but also to himself.

He knew that his part in the kill was only a small one, and that without the other hunters there, he wouldn't have been able to do it alone. However, nobody hunted alone, it was, by necessity, a group effort. Having taken part in it, he was now considered an adult, and his heart surged with pride at his accomplishment. Still panting slightly,

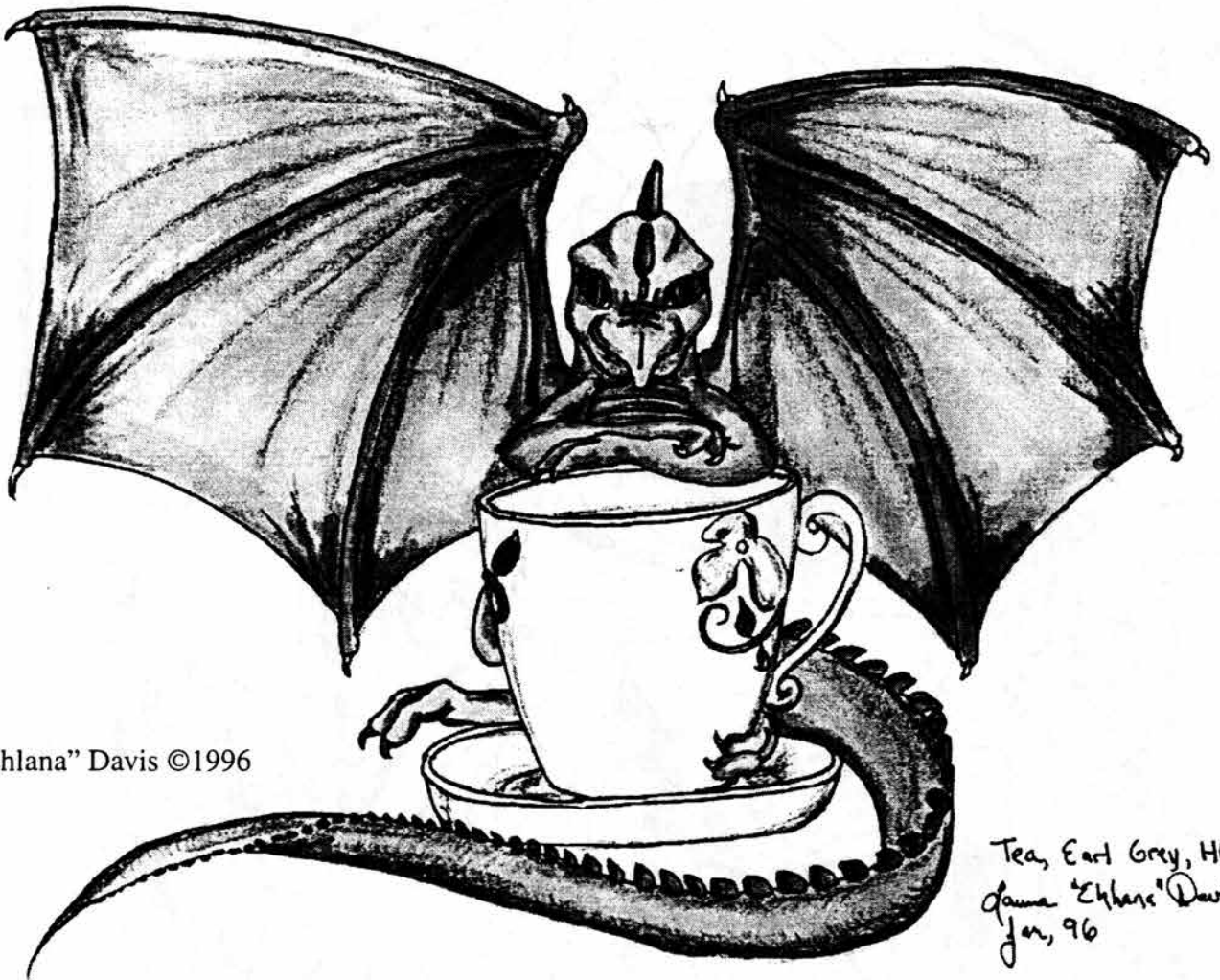
he looked over at his brother to find Ashter smiling at him and their work.

Now he was eager to get back to the village, to help show off the spoils of the hunt that day, and he was quite happy to help carry one of the carcasses home. It was heavy, but he embraced the work with vigor. It was a little hard to keep up with the other rabbits he was helping to carry the beast, but he did his best to match their pace as they walked along. Ashter chuckled a little as his brother had some trouble with the burden, but looking up at him Briendon could see the warmth in his eyes.

When they reached home, the rest of the village watched them as they returned victorious from the hunt. Briendon could see his mother smiling proudly at him as they carried the bodies of animals into the center of the village, and his face reflected her emotions. Tonight they would eat well, and there would be extra celebration marking Briendon's passage into adulthood. The results of the hunt had been favorable indeed and the bounty was plentiful; tonight everyone in the village would get their fill of the sweet taste of carrots.



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Tea, Earl Grey, HOT.
Laura "Ehlana" Davis
Jan, 96



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The Mad Season by J. Scott Rogers

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A story from the "Biorg Universe"

by J. Scott Rogers and J. L. Eddy

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The first rays of the cold, October morning sun had barely kissed the mountain peaks as the wolf Biorg reached the top of the valley's edge. He collapsed to his knees and rolled on his back, panting wearily to catch his breath in the thin, Rocky mountain air. He stared into the brightening sky, watching his breath condense into misty plumes at the end of his muzzle.

I should've spent another month in the gym... he thought to himself and licked his chops with a grimace. His tongue lolled out the corner of his mouth as he again fell to helpless panting. It had taken him three hours in the pre-dawn morning to scale the 2,000 foot mountain slope. The topomaps had promised a strenuous climb, but his decision to climb to this alpine valley was made in the comfort of a heated tent over hot coffee. He had no idea it would be this difficult...

"Great...way for a...wolf...to act!" he panted and sat up, a bit ashamed of his lack of physical fortitude. He admiringly cradled the Weatherby magnum hunting rifle and paired Swarovski scope that had set him back a few paychecks. He felt its weight in his hands, the sharp beauty of the fine optics, the polished burl of the high grade stock. The rifle almost promised a successful hunt.

His eyes wandered ahead towards the misty gray valley. The dark, ghostly silhouettes of old evergreens teased him....

He's here...do you think you can find him?

The Biorg's ears flicked at the forest's inaudible challenge. He discovered the trail of a trophy-sized bull elk four days ago. It took persistence, skill and a great physical effort to track the animal. He had finally determined the elk took refuge in this valley. Every instinct in him told him he would be right.

During the hunt, he often wondered what it must have been like for his four legged, lupine ancestors to hunt down their prey. His ancestors would've found their home in this forbidding terrain. He longed to feel what they felt! The heart-pounding run as his pack-brothers and sisters would encircle their prey. The single-minded

savageness of the kill itself!

Hunting and killing were as natural to pre-sentient wolves as he found putting on his clothes and catching the trans-Hudson shuttle to work each morning. The Biorg sighed as he got to his leadened feet and dusted gravel out of his tail. Nowadays, this particular wolf's responsibilities consisted of making staff meetings, lunching with clients and attempting to sell them very expensive computers.

However, today was the day he'd learn what a real wolf would feel. Today, this wolf-Biorg would make a kill!

He grinned with anticipation and reached for his binoculars. He hesitated, feeling a primal spirit within him. He raised his nose to the air, sniffing cautiously. The scents on the air were mixed, but the scent of elk was not there..

Not that you'd know what an elk would smell like. He chuckled to himself.

He then craned his ears towards the valley, scanning for any sound that might give him a hint. Only the plaintive, lonely song of a mountain Chickadee greeted him.

With a snort, he forced his leadened legs off towards the forest, stopping sporadically to sniff and listen to the icy air. This is stupid!. I've got about as much ability in tracking like a wolf as a human would! He thought. A small growl of annoyance escaped his lips. He had to keep his daydreaming to a minimum if he was going to find his prey... He knew that elk was in there...somewhere If he wasn't certain of this, he'd not have nearly killed himself climbing the ridge to reach this valley.

His heart skipped a beat as he looked down at the ground. The wolf knelt wearily down to examine the ice-rimmed spoor in the frozen mud. His fingers traced the print which was pressed nearly three inches into the mud as a wide smile blossomed on his muzzle. The track was wider than the fingers on his splayed hands and a neat row of them carried off into the early morning mist of the valley.

Right over the deadfall... The Biorg shivered involuntarily with excitement. It seemed his perseverance would finally pay off. He had abandoned the tracks of lesser, easier to hunt elk several times over the last few days. The dreams of bagging this trophy kept pulling at his conscience. The meat

would keep his larder full all year, not to mention the larders of his friends!

The animal's rack? He didn't have a room large enough in his whole house to display the rack! Bagging a bull-elk of this size would put his picture into Field and Stream. He could only imagine what his friend's faces would look like when he showed them his trophy. The same friends that called him "silly" for spending so much time and money hunting for a week in the high country because "he couldn't hunt down a cockroach in New York City".

The Biorg stifled a laugh. The bragging rights he'd have would last a lifetime...

His grip on the rifle tightened and he marched quietly deeper into the mist till he came to the deadfall. He slowly prostrated himself on the pile of dead wood with as much stealth as he could muster and crawled up to the top to peer over it with just his eyes and ears showing.

He gasped in surprise. His prize stood not more than 50 yards away.

The elk was magnificent in the cold, gray silence. It stood quietly like a statue in the rising translucent mist with its head held high, displaying the eight foot wide rack that resembled more the branches of a small tree than antlers. Its muscled neck was thick and ready for the Rutting season. Frozen dew clung to the rough fur on its chest. The elk had not spotted him and seemed unaware of any danger. Its ears were lazily flicking as it dipped its head to graze on the moss.

The Biorg stared, afraid to even breathe. There was his prey, an easy shot. The four days of strenuous hunting these steep, high altitude mountains at had come to this. His thumb carefully flicked off the safety of the rifle. The 7mm cartridge was already chambered. He slowly shouldered the rifle as the elk's head was down and centered the scope's crosshairs just behind its shoulderblades.

At this range, one shot to the elk's heart would drop it dead in place. All he had left to do was to squeeze the trigger.

Maybe I should drop the rifle and attack it with fang and claw! He almost giggled at the silliness of the thought. His legs were numb from the climb and the blisters on the pads of his feet were swelling again.

Field and Stream... The Biorg smiled again. Bragging rights... His

The Mad Season, Continued

finger tightened on the trigger.

Without warning, the elk slowly raised its head and look towards the Biorg with its ears forward. The elk wasn't alarmed, but casually stared back at the wolf with a half-interested gaze. It didn't attempt to run.

The Biorg hesitated. His finger froze in place on the trigger. He was unsure why the bull hadn't turned tail and run - or was it something else? It was quite obvious the elk saw him. Why doesn't he run? Does he think I'm not a threat? Just take him down! You've earned it!

With the other eye shut, he peered through the scope. The reticle remained centered on the elk's shoulderblade. Just one squeeze of the trigger, one shot and the elk would be his. The animal saw him but didn't bother to run...

The Biorg sighed and closed his eyes. He flicked the rifle's safety back on and lowered the rifle, looking back at the elk. It was truly a magnificent, beautiful animal. The bull had been an elusive quarry, taking him over some of the most unforgiving terrain for many tiring, endless miles. Now, there it finally stood before him. He had plenty of time to shoot. By all rights, it should've been gasping its last breath.

The Biorg stood up slowly and smiled at the elk. The realization of why he hunted finally dawned on him. The trophy rack wasn't the reason, nor was the meat all that important to him. It was the chase that quickened his heartbeat!

He had successfully hunted down this extraordinary elk and had the opportunity to kill it. However, he chose not to. Perhaps this is what made him superior to his four legged ancestors? The opportunity to make choices like this? How many people did he know would ever be in this same situa-

tion? How many did he know could be responsible enough to make the decision he made?

The wolf aimed his finger at the elk like a pistol. "Bang!" The elk flicked its ears and turned towards the valley, trotting away at an unhurried pace.

Watching the silhouette of the trophy animal of his lifetime disappear into the mist, the Biorg chuckled to

himself and kneeled down again to finger the animal's impressive spoor. Gone were his picture on Field and Stream. Gone was that magnificent rack...somewhere in his house! Gone was the year's supply of venison...

However, he had replaced these with a memory. A priceless one that would forever remind him of the responsibility he had to himself.



White Innocence by J. L. Eddy

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A story from "The Biorg Universe" by
J. Scott Rogers and J. L. Eddy
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Inspired by the Jethro Tull songs:
"Budapest" and "White Innocence"

The midsummer light was finally starting to surrender as I packed the last of the stuff into the back of the car. A steady drizzle had started in mid afternoon, and was now joined by a thick fog stained a sickening shade of yellow by the Sodium-vapor lamps that kicked on in the twilight. I paused before closing the cargo door and took a quick mental inventory to ensure I hadn't forgotten anything. I still had a good deal of the merchandise I'd arrived with, but at least I'd managed to pay for the trip. With all the electronic entertainment available nowadays, I was continuously amazed that anyone still turned out for printed media.

I secured the cargo door and climbed into the driver's seat with a sigh -it was a long drive back to Boston. The headlights barely managed to cut through the gloom as I drove slowly through the parking lot looking for the exit. Suddenly, a white form loomed out of the darkness into my field of view. I stomped on the brakes probably a little harder than I needed to, and brought the vehicle to a shuddering stop.

The form resolved itself into a young fox Biorg; pure white from the tip of her ears to the tip of her tail. She approached the car with the barest hesitation and tapped at the glass. I lowered the window.

"Hi! They pointed you out as a person who might be heading towards Boston?" Her voice was buttery and sweet. I nodded. "I'd appreciate it very much if you could drop me off in Framingham."

I smiled and reached over to unlock the passenger's side door. "I'd be happy too, Miss..."

"Cain. Terrilee Cain." She opened the door and got in, dropping a rucksack on the floor between her feet and curling her tail carefully over her lap before shutting the door. "Thanks ever so much for agreeing to take me on such short notice. I saw your name on the rider-board, but then someone told me you'd just left. I ran out here to the lot to see if I could catch you."

I nodded absently, not really focus-

ing on what she was telling me. The weather conditions demanded that I keep my eyes on the road, though the individual sitting beside me was eliciting a pull all her own. The realization of this surprised me a little; I'd been around plenty of Biorgs in my life and never really found them attractive. Finally we hit a string of red lights that allowed me a chance to surreptitiously get a good look at my passenger.

The pure white of her fur was of course the most obvious; the faint glimpses of darker skin or undercoat beneath confirmed my suspicions that she was an Arctic variant. I wondered briefly how she managed to keep winter coloration in the summer, but figured it was one of those things that hadn't been included in the genetic prototype. Her figure was slender, her facial features more so — yet there were tufts of fur out of place to imply that she wasn't Vanity itself.

I chuckled at the thought. No, she radiated a sense of... innocence. Not the kind of naive innocence that comes from being blind to the world; but an acceptance of all that was — good and bad. I rolled more thoughts along these lines around in my head as we neared the entrance to the highway, suddenly coming to the realization that I was completely enthralled by her!

I shook my head in annoyance. *This is ridiculous*, I thought to myself. You're happily married with two grown children of your own -the youngest still years older than that female in the passenger's seat! I chalked up my aberrant reaction to lack of sleep, scratching my neck absently and easing the vehicle into the high-speed corridor. Silence loomed as I realized she'd stopped talking, probably realizing I wasn't listening. My face felt flush as I imagined she might have guessed what I was thinking about.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Cain, I was... distracted by trying to get up onto the highway. Please continue! Tell me how you came to go to this little Con."

She'd been staring out of the window into the night, watching the headlights of the cars streak by; now she locked her eyes with mine and flashed a smile that sent thrills down my spine. All rationalizations were immediately cast aside again and I fell deeply back in love with her as I listened to her voice.

Her story was nothing unusual. She was a Freshman college student at

Framingham State College, studying History and Technology or something along those lines. She ran middle-distance track, did some occasional setup/breakdown work for visiting bands at the school's auditorium, and happened to love sci-fi art and animation. She'd been taken to the Con by a friend of hers from school who had decided to stay for one of the end-of-con parties, leaving her to try and bum a ride in order to get back and study for an exam she had the next day. The flash in her eyes as she related this last made me glad I wasn't this particular individual, and I told her so. Her laugh in response set my heart hammering and sent my mind plunging into musings a married man should be loathe to contemplate. She rummaged around in her pack and produced a brush, then fell silent again as she attended to grooming away the tangles from her thick coat.

I'd been attempting to sneak peeks at her throughout her story, but now decided to fall back on unabashed appreciation. The sport of running was very apparent in the shapeliness of her legs and thighs, as was the time she spent lifting and carrying. I could easily imagine the play of teasing muscle below the layer of fur; and well beyond the casual clothes she was wearing.

She looked up and caught me staring, letting out an embarrassed giggle. At this point, I saw no need to attempt to hide my infatuation with her — I imagined I was humming with enough electricity to power a small city. She continued with her brushing without a word, just affording me a shy smile that only deepened the growing... *LUST* I was feeling. I gulped a little at the realization that I was becoming desperately attracted to her and tried to shift a little in the seat in hopes she wouldn't notice.

I was busy running myself through a million mental cold showers when she startled me by speaking again. "So, you've heard my life's story... How about you?", she asked. She continued brushing, turning her attention to her tail; but the question was posed with more than just casual politeness.

"Uhm... er...", I stammered, grateful that it was probably too dark for her to see me blushing. "Not much to tell really. I've been a comic book collector for many years, and..."

She listened intently, fixing me with eyes that could very well have

White Innocence, Continued

been seeing straight through my soul to what was lurking behind. Her brushing had released a little of her personal scent to float on the damp air coming in through the vents, and even my poor human sense of smell was intoxicated with it. I was certain that we would have long since been dead if it weren't for the auto-piloting in the high speed corridor — driving the vehicle was the furthest thing from my mind at the moment. The droning litany I was giving on my life faltered...

Something about the situation had finally filtered through my addled brain. The scent, the brushing, the way she was listening intently... Twin fires flared in my brain and the pit of my stomach. She was reacting to my obvious sexual attentions in kind!

The shock of the situation's metamorphosis from harmless fantasy to the very real potential for adultery shook me out of my reverie. I immediately began to mentally list the reasons why there was no reason a woman like her would be attracted to a white-bearded middle-aged comic book collector of no fame whatsoever. I put every ounce of belief I had into this argument, hoping it would be enough to convince me that she wasn't offering what I thought she was — and saving me from having to make the choice.

I tried to pick up where I had left off, but the salient facts of my dull life didn't seem very important right now. I let the interior of the car lapse back into silence, broken only by the click of the tires on concrete and the hum of the tension between us. The miles seemed to fly past until I realized we were rapidly approaching the exit from the highway that would take her back to college and out of my life. I should have been relieved...

She had been dozing quietly for the last half an hour, as gorgeous and alluring in sleep as she was when awake. The fact that she was comfortable enough to doze off in the situation had almost convinced me I'd been mistaken. Still, as she woke and set about gathering her stuff back into her pack, I searched relentlessly for clues to her feelings... Was the lick of tongue along her teeth significant? When she turned, did she raise her tail towards me? What message is she trying to send in those steel-gray eyes?

"Well, we're almost back to my dorm. Luckily I'll have peace and quiet to study, 'cause my roommate won't

be back until tomorrow afternoon." My heart skipped a beat. "I don't even really need to study though; I'm really good in this class. I just wanted to get out of going to those parties..." She looked right over at me and placed an exquisite hand on the edge of her seat very close to my leg. The story in her eyes was plain to read, and I wanted desperately to be a part of the ending.

A seismometer attached to me would have been going haywire. I was trembling all over and felt like I was going to be sick. My rational side was screaming about how much I loved my wife Carol, and how wrong this whole situation was. My other side was painting very vivid pictures of what one night with this beautiful and willing young woman would be like. Not only were these images a lot more compelling than the ones about duty to my marriage, the irrational half of my brain had enlisted the help of some other organs in arguing it's case.

We both sat in silence as I turned off the highway and navigated the short distance to her dorm. Her hand never left it's position next to my thigh, and mine was not so very far away either. The tension was like thunder rolling in the distance.

We pulled into the parking lot behind her dormitory and I killed the engine. I began the long, long reach across the oh-so-short distance that I knew would end in gripping her offered hand tightly and me breaking my marriage vows for the first time in my life. Images of our coming night together flashed bright before my eyes as I took her hand in mine. She turned to me with joy in her eyes, and I could feel her pulse pounding through the veins in her hand. The moment was electric.

"Thanks for keeping me company on the ride, Ms. Cain..." A part of me gave one last feeble resistance to what I was about to

do, then hung it's head in defeat. "Perhaps we'll meet again some day." I raised her hand to my lips and placed a kiss on her palm.

She slowly removed her hand from my grasp and let it fall into her lap. Surprise lurked behind her stormcloud-colored eyes as she turned to stare into mine on last time — an emotion which was further reinforced when she saw the tears moistening mine. She seemed then to realize why I'd made the decision I had. Her expression melted to respect. She nodded and smiled, bending across the gulf to kiss my forehead; her hand resting briefly on my thigh before opening the door and walking away without a backwards glance.

I wiped the last vestiges of tears from my eyes and backed the car out onto the road. I was smiling, secure in the knowledge that not only had I remained faithful to Carol; I had resisted the urge to sully a beautiful fantasy with the harsh taint of reality. No ending is more perfect than the one you can write yourself — again and again.



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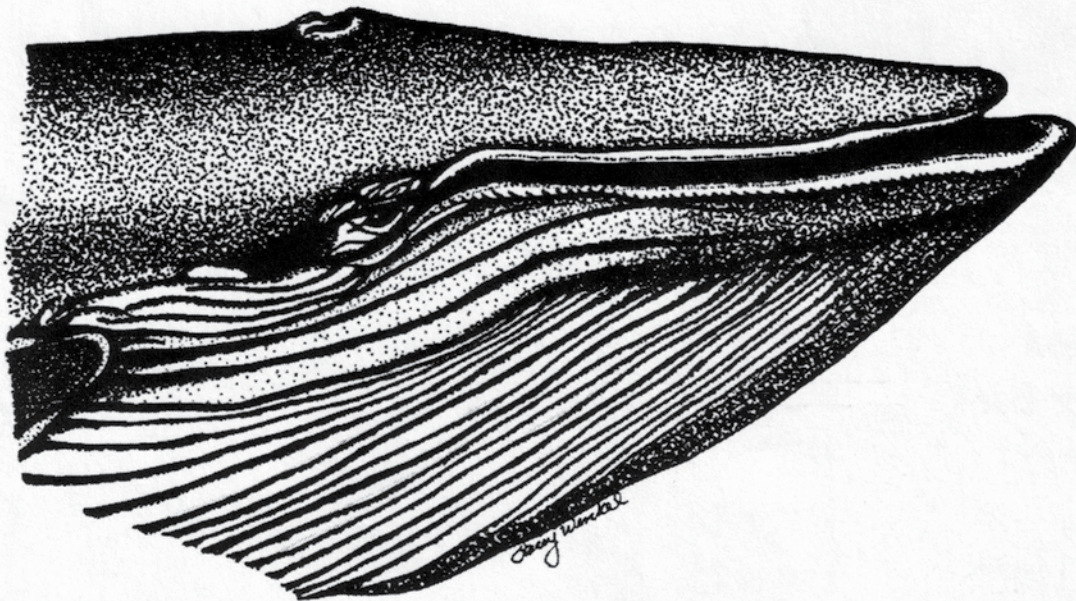
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