

Anthrocon '99

Valley Forge, PA July 1st - July 4th 1999



ANTHROCON '99

JULY 1ST - 4TH

VALLEY FORGE, PA

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A MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN



A Message from the Chairman

The Furry Revolution has begun...

...and you are right in the middle of it!

Greetings, my furry friends! On behalf of the Board of Directors of Anthrocon, Inc., I want to welcome you to **Anthrocon**

1999. We have come a long way since our humble beginnings as Albany Anthrocon so many years ago—well, two years ago, at least. In that short time we have seen our membership increase exponentially in spite of early hardships and the change in venue to the Philadelphia area. We are ever grateful to our members who have come back each year and helped us turn our little gathering into the East Coast's premiere Furry convention.

Anthrocon is all about anthropomorphics—"furies", as we affectionately know them. Every day we are surrounded by anthropomorphized animals, so much so that we have grown to accept them as part of the natural landscape. Talking tigers urge us to eat cereal. Furry sports mascots cavort at the sidelines. Children cuddle in their beds with little bears wearing sweaters. These lie at the heart of modern day Furry Fandom. As furry fans, we see these familiar icons differently than most. To us, they are art. For some of us they represent the amalgamation of mankind with the nobler traits of the animal kingdom. For others, they serve to bring us closer

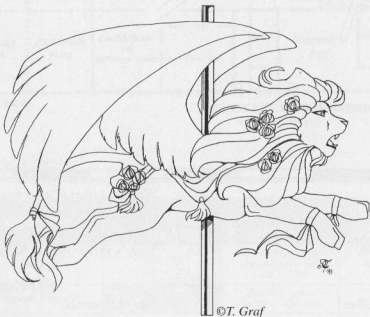
to a kingdom that we can never fully be part of. Together, we make up this strange and hard-to-define phenomenon known as "furry." Anthrocon, therefore, is for all of you for whom the world of anthropomorphics is more than a mere collection of advertising gimmicks.

This year we have the good fortune to host Mr. S. Andrew Swann as our Guest of Honor. Mr. Swann is well known to many as the author of the *Moreau* series of stories. I am also very pleased to have Ms. Vicky Wyman with us as Art Guest of Honor. Ms. Wyman holds a special place in my heart, as it was her enchanting *Xanadu* series of comics that first introduced me to the world of Furry Fandom.

I have heard a lot of people say that Anthrocon works as well as it does because "Uncle Kage is in charge." That can't be further from the truth. Anthrocon works because of its dedicated, eager, and diligent staff. Behind the scenes are dozens of people who have put in very long hours and given very much of themselves in order to make this a smooth-running convention. I may be the chairman, but if I were to fall in a hole tomorrow the staff would hardly know I was gone. They would carry on and provide you with the best convention experience you can imagine. I would not have it any other way.

I would be remiss if I did not acknowledge the staff of the Hilton Valley Forge, who have gone above and beyond the call of duty to help make Anthrocon a success. Usually a hotel won't give you the time of day once the contract is signed, but everyone at the Hilton, from the sales office staff to the maintenance crew, have gone out of their way to help us prepare. A special thanks must go to the staff at Kobe, some of whom gave up their vacation time so that Kobe could accommodate us, for their continual support and encouragement.

In closing, let me say again that Anthrocon is for all of you. If there is anything we can do to make your convention experience more enjoyable, please let us know!
Samuel Conway, Ph.D. "Uncle Kage"



name, our location, our look, how we did business... the list can go on for quite a ways.

Every revolution has something of a slow start. Would we be able to work together? Would people be interested in coming to see us in Valley Forge instead of Albany? Would the effort put into an online registration system prove worthwhile? Would people appreciate the new conbook format? Could we implement an efficient and fast registration system at the door? So many questions, and only one way to get the answers. We hope that you find our efforts to be worthwhile. Almost every decision we made and implemented centered around putting you, the con-goer, first. We wanted to make things bigger, better, stronger... without making this the Six Million Dollar Convention.

Take a look around. Then please take a few moments and let us know how we did.

The Conbook Editors

A Message from the Editors

"Conventions. Very dangerous. You go first."

And thus was Uncle Kage inducted into Anthrocon management.

"You sure this won't hurt?" he asked.

"Oh no, not at all. Its like riding a bicycle," we assured him.

What we neglected to mention was that this bike didn't have its training wheels, was missing the handle-bars and Kage was about to ride it down an Alpine ski jump, blindfolded. All things told, we're not sure who is more surprised that he made it. Some of us lost bets. Kage lost a few years of his life. However, as these stories usually go, there's a happy ending.

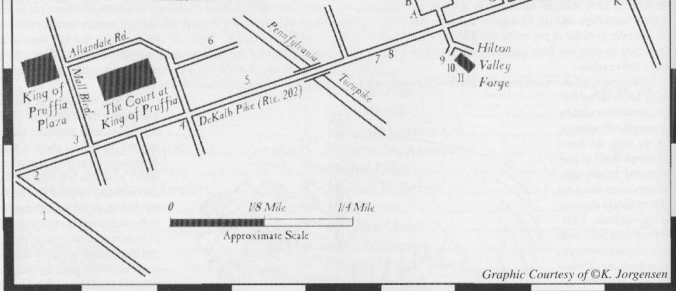
You're currently being a part of it. Welcome to Anthrocon '99. Much like this year's theme, this convention was a revolution for us as well. Not only did we change our management style, we changed our

WELCOME TO VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA

A Guide Showing the Near By
Dining & Service Provider
Which are Located in the Vicinity of

AnthroCon '99

Hilton Valley Forge
251 West DeKalb Pike
King of Prussia, PA 19406
610-337-1200



Graphic Courtesy of ©K. Jorgensen

Dining

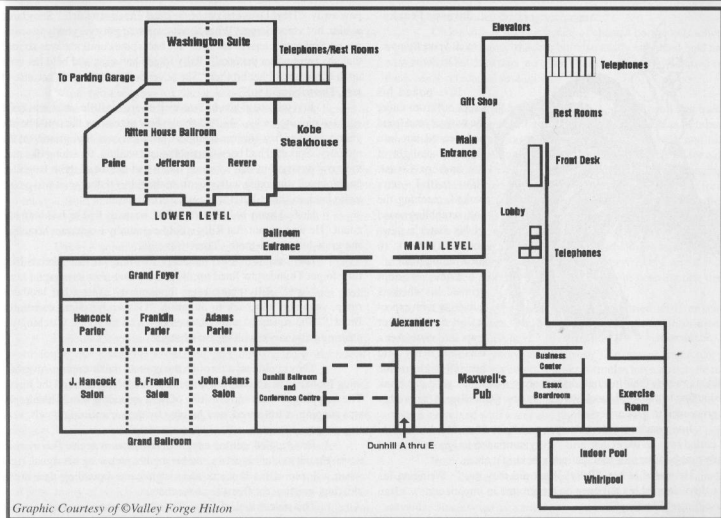
- 1 Lone Star (Steakhouse)
- 2 Chili's (Tex Mex)
- 3 Sullivan's (Steak and Chops)
- 4 McDonald's (Fast Food)
- 5 Burger King (Fast Food)
- 6 Amedeo's (Sandwiches, Italian)
- 7 Hooters (American Mixed)
- 8 Red Lobster (Steak and Seafood)
- 9 Kobe (Japanese Steakhouse & Sushi)
- 10 Maxwell's Pub (American Mixed)
- 11 Alexander's Cafe (Breakfasts)
- 12 Einstein Bros. (Bagels, Light Fare)
- 13 Acme Market (Supermakert)
- 14 Peppers (Italian)
- 15 Michael's Deli (Kosher/American)
- 16 Dairy Queen (Ice Cream, Fast Food)
- 17 Lee's Hoagie House (Sandwiches)
- 18 House of Hunan (Chinese)
- 19 Pizza Hut (Pizza)

- 20 WaWa Market (Groceries)
- 21 Dunkin Donuts (Donuts, Light Fare)
- 22 Starbucks (Coffee, Light Fare)
- 23 Tony's Pizza (Pizza, Italian)

Services

- A Tower Records
- B People's Dry Cleaners
- C Office Max
- D Queen Theater
- E State Liquor Store
- F Progress Bank
- G Kinko's
- H Michale's Art Supply
- I Buckley Pharmacy
- J CompUSA
- K Staples
- L Henderson Professional Bldg.
- M CoreState Bank
- N PNC Bank

ANTHROCON, VALLEY Forge HILTON HOTEL



Graphic Courtesy of ©Valley Forge Hilton

Event	Location	Schedule			
		Thursday, July 1st	Friday, July 2nd	Saturday, July 3rd	Sunday, July 4th
Registration	Lobby	Pre-registration 6 PM - 11 PM	Normal Registration Single-Day Passes 8 AM - 10 PM	Normal Registration Single-Day Passes 9 AM - 8 PM	Single-Day Passes Pre-registration 2000 8 AM - 4 PM
Artist Alley	Grand Foyer	Not Open	9:45 AM Signup 10 AM - 6 PM Open	9:45 Signup 10 AM - 6 PM Open	9:45 AM Signup 10 AM - 3 PM Open
Dealer's Room	Grand Ballroom	6 PM - 10 PM Setup	10 AM - Noon Setup Noon - 7 PM Open	8 AM - 10 AM Setup 10 AM - 7 PM Open	9:30 AM - 10 AM Setup 10 AM - 4 PM Open
Adult Dealer's Room	Hancock Parlor	Not Open	8 PM - 8:30 PM Setup 8:30 PM - 1 AM Open	8 PM - 8:30 PM Setup 8:30 PM - 1 AM Open	Not Open
Art Show	Dunhill Ballroom	6 PM - 10 PM Setup	10 AM - 8PM Check-in 2 PM - 8 PM Open	10 AM - Noon Check-in 10 AM - 8 PM Open	10 AM - Noon Open 1 PM - 3 PM Auction 1:30 PM - 4 PM Sales
Adult Art Show	Franklin Parlor	Not Open	8:30 PM - 1 AM Open	8:30 PM - 1 AM Open 12:30 AM Bids End Midnight Auction	Not Open
Charity Auction	Ritten House Ballroom	Not Open	Not Open	2 PM - 5 PM	Not Open
Masquerade	Ritten House Ballroom	Not Open	Not Open	11 AM - 1 PM Rehearsal 7 PM - 9 PM Masquerade 9 PM - 10 PM Photo Shoot	Not Open
Dances	Ritten House Ballroom	Not Open	DJ Flufftamp 11 PM - 4 AM	Purple Nurple Live 11 PM - 4 AM	Not Open

ANTHROCON '99

Jurassic Prank

by J. Scott Rogers
(Dr. Skorz)



© A. Schurman

Juvi poked his snout out from under the wispy cycad frond and peered out into the hazy sunlight of the ancient forest. His tufted ears perked, catching the soft, scrabbling sound of his sister's paws scurrying back to their hiding place.

The rodent grinned, his whiskers quivering with expectation as his sister leapt into view over a deadfall. Rilly held her tail high as she

beelined towards their hideout, disappearing under the cycad in a blink and skidding to a stop. She took several breaths, glanced up at her brother and proceeded to groom herself.

Juvi watched with wide eyes and leaned forward, his muzzle still curled into an expectant grin. Rilly continued to ignore him and calmly grabbed her rear foot, patiently licking it clean.

He stared at her, "Rilly! What did they say!" Wringing his paws, Juvi slapped his tail once on the ground in impatience. "...clean yourself later! Fleaface!"

Rilly looked up cockily and smiled. "They say..." she paused until the male's ears turned a distinct shade of red, "...that the Beast is coming and should be here before you could eat a dragonfly." She beamed a smile as if the news justified her tease.

Juvi's ears relaxed and he giggled a chattering, nervous laugh, ignoring her smug smile. "Oh..ho! Rill! This is going to be the *best* one yet!" He dashed around and peered back into the shaded clearing, his tail quivering with excitement. "We're gonna get Thunderjaw today!" The rodent narrowed his eyes and concentrated on the clearing. "You can't see or hear a single *one* of 'em!" He squeaked a shrill whistle with two fingers and watched, then nodded at an invisible partner.

Rilly succumbed to the excitement and took her place beside Juvi, her whiskers fanning the air rapidly. She watched the clearing as a score of her brothers and sisters appeared out of the forest's cover and scampered quickly out of sight again. "Ohh.. Juvi! You remember when we got ole' Hornhead so ticked with those maggots in his ears that he ran himself smack into the Blackbubble pit...?"

Juvi chittered and interrupted her story, "...and then we all dared each other to hop on his head before he sank??" The rodent smirked and quickly poked her in the ribs. "We all jumped on except *you*! You just sat there, pecking out at us from behind a fern!" He narrowed his eyes and leered a challenge. "I bet you *watered* that fern, too, dincha'?"

The female pursed her lower lip into a pout and slapped his

paw away. "Hey! I was just out of the nest! That's not fair!..." She glared at him, her voice rising. "What about the time I got everybody to scamper up Spiketail's legs to chew on her backspines until she was so mad that she went under the lake?" Rilly folded her arms and held her nose up in contempt for her brother. "She never bothered *us* again because of *me*! The tribe said so!"

Juvi winked at her, he was well aware his little sister was quite equal in playing tricks. She had shown how ingenious she could be at a young age, her first success being her proudest one. Juvi grinned at the memory. Spiketail had been screeching and wailing, thrashing like mad to throw them off of her, so much that it had the lot of them laughing, hopping and squeaking with glee from the ride. Of course, it was a cold swim back to shore, but it was well worth the fun!

He had many before Rilly's first, so many that he had long lost count. He was certain that Rilly would eventually lose count herself as she grew long in the tooth. There was still...

Juvi caught himself suddenly frowning. It had taken a long time to get Thunderjaw lined up. *What were they doing wrong?*

"Juvi!" Rilly planted her foot smartly against her brother's rump, snapping him back to attention. "Get ready!. Here comes the Beast!!" She squeaked and crouched down on all fours, watching the clearing with nary a whisker twitching.

They could feel it through the ground, the thumping, reverberating footsteps of Thunderjaw as he came thrashing through the forest. The snapping of vines and crushing of flora preceding him. Thunderjaw was running at full speed, and judging by the ear splitting howls, very very angry...

Juvi giggled, getting caught in the moment again. *This was too easy!* He put two of his claws into his mouth, preparing his signal, right when a dozen of his brothers and sisters came bounding past in the clearing, goading the Beast to chase them.

The rodent looked up as Thunderjaw came roaring past, not without a glint of respect at the dumb, lumbering creature with its mouth of scythe-like fangs, heavily clawed toes and its intimidating size, large enough to squash any of them... Juvi whistled his signal.

Instantly, the other rodents scattered, disappearing into the undergrowth. Thunderjaw was too large to stop his momentum and continued crushing into the forest. It happened quickly, the terrified scream prickled the fur on Juvi's neck as Thunderjaw plummeted down the concealed glacial fissure.

Juvi sat on the edge of the fissure next to his sister, staring down into the darkness. He should be happy, but found himself unable to join the cacophony of celebration. Instead, he stared grim faced over the edge.

"Did you see how fast he fell? That was fantastic!" Rilly squeaked as she pranced in joy around her brother. "I can't *wait* for our next one!"

If finally dawned on Juvi what had been bothering him. Despite his tribe's revelry, the forest was quieter than it ever had been before. He looked over at his sister quietly and laid a paw on her shoulder. "The next one, Rill? I'm not sure there will be a next one..." The female cocked her head at him, grinning as if he was playing a joke on her.

Juvi sighed. "You know, we don't really see many Beasts around here anymore..."

"THE FURRY REVOLUTION"

Gouache Isn't Some Kind of Stew: Explanation of Artistic Media

by PeterCat Kappesser, Art Show Director

While browsing the Art Show, you may wonder about all the different types of materials artists use to create their works, indicated as the "Medium" on the bid sheets. This guide will help you understand the differences between the various types of media.

Basic Definitions

Pigment—Finely-ground particles of material that give color to a paint or ink. The pigment must be mixed with some kind of binder to make it fluid and allow it to adhere to the canvas or other surface. Different types of paints or inks use different binders, which require specific painting or drawing techniques.

Dye—A soluble material that gives color to some types of inks, which are generally less colorfast than pigmented inks. Most markers and inkjet printers use dye-based inks.

Mixed Media—A work created by the use of several media and/or techniques.

Drawing

Pencil—Graphite (black) or colored, can be used for anything from simple, quick sketches to detailed, carefully-shaded works resembling black-and-white photographs.

Prismacolor, Caran D'Ache (or Carrandache)—Brand names for professional colored pencils.

Watercolor pencil—A type of colored pencil with water-soluble pigment. The artist can apply the color with the pencil, and then use a wet paintbrush to smooth and blend the color if he or she desires.

India ink—Ink with pigment made from carbon; it will not fade with prolonged exposure to light, unlike the inks made for many technical pens, many of which are not water-resistant and not light-fast. India ink can be used with nib pens or brushes and is the preferred medium for creating cartoons and comic book illustrations. Such drawings are usually first done in pencil, then overdrawn in ink. For original artwork of the type sold in the Art Show, an inked drawing (known as "line art") may be colored with color pencils, watercolors, or some other medium.

Sakura ink—Invented by the Sakura Corporation in Japan, a water-based, pigmented gel ink, which dries and cures (undergoes a chemical change) to become waterproof, fade- and chemical-resistant.

Rapidograph—Brand name for an ink pen, usually used for technical drawings with dye-based ink.

Pigma—Brand name for pigmented ink pens. Pigma Micron is a fine-point waterproof, fade-proof and smudge-proof pen used for sketching and technical drawings. Pigma SumiBrush Pen has brush-type points and very black ink for cartooning or other drawing.

Marker—A pen with a felt tip soaked in dye-based ink. Generally should not be used for original art, as it will fade over time, but may be used for quick, temporary works such as costume designs, advertisements, or other commercial art intended to be photographed for reproduction.

Sharpie, Pantone—Brand names for markers.

Pastel—Chalk mixed with pigment and pressed into sticks for drawing. Since chalk itself is white, the resulting colors are light and subdued. Easily smudged; pastel works are usually coated with a spray fixative to make them less prone to smudging.

Comic Crayons—Thinner and harder than traditional pastel, they are ideally suited to drawing and sketching. Their hardness allows for a

crisper, more detailed drawing technique.

Charcoal—A stick or pencil of charred hardwood, softer than a graphite pencil. Easily shaded, but also easily smudged, and as with pastels, charcoal drawings are often coated with a spray fixative to help them resist accidental smudging.

Painting

Watercolor (abbreviated WC)—A type of paint that uses gum arabic to bind the pigment to the paper. It comes in blocks or tubes, and is applied with a wet brush. The colors are transparent, and may be mixed while wet or allowed to dry between applying layers for a different effect. It requires skill and practice to control this challenging medium, with its transparent overlays of color and small margin for error.

Acrylic—A type of paint that uses acrylic resins to bind the pigment to the canvas (or other surface). Easier to work with than oil paints, faster drying, and water-resistant.

Oil—A type of paint that uses linseed oil to bind the pigment to the canvas (or other surface). They dry very slowly, and the canvas must be prepared properly to keep the oils from deteriorating the canvas.

Casein—A type of paint made from dried milk, mixed with water and dry pigments. Widely used for commercial illustration until the development of acrylics.

Gouache—(pronounced "gwash") An opaque watercolor paint. Also called *illustrator's colors*. Newer formulas have an acrylic binder, which are easier to use and dry more quickly than traditional formulas.

Tempera—A type of paint which uses egg (yolk, white, or both) as a binder, mixed with water and pigment. It is very fast drying so does not lend itself to blending very well. It was the primary form of painting until the introduction of oils.

Enamel—A class of paint that cures (undergoes a chemical change) after drying, becoming more durable. Air-dried enamels can take weeks to cure to full hardness, and will not dissolve easily with solvents. Since water is a mild solvent, waterproof paints are usually enamels.

Lacquer—A class of paint that dries fairly quickly and does not cure after drying. They often dry to be harder than enamels (even after the enamel has cured), but lacquers will dissolve easily with solvents.

Gesso—A material used in the preparation of a surface for painting, to make a smooth, hard, non-yellowing surface that is very absorbing.

Airbrush—A device that uses compressed air to apply paint. Depending upon the design of the airbrush, the amount of pressure, etc. the artist can produce anything from pencil-thin lines of color to uniform coverage of broad areas, as well as subtle tonal gradations.

Surfaces for Drawing and Painting

Bristol Board—Smooth, rigid, thick paperboard well-suited for ink, watercolor, or other media. Invented in Bristol, England.

Illustration Board—Drawing paper mounted on stiff paperboard.

Watercolor Paper—Manufactured for best results when using watercolor; thick and stiff so it will not wrinkle when wetted, with a very rough texture.

Pastel paper—Has a rough, "toothy" surface, the better to grab pastel or charcoal colors as the artist draws.

Canvas—Cloth stretched on a frame or over thick paperboard, usually used for oil or acrylic paint. The cloth texture is quite apparent.

Foamboard, foamcore—Sheets of smooth paper sandwiching

ANTHROCON '99

a core of dense foam, typically 1/16" to 1/2" thick, most often used to mount artwork but sometimes used for cut-out pieces and sculpture.

Cel—A transparent sheet of acrylic, used in the making of animated cartoons. The image outline is drawn in ink and colored with acrylic paints on the back.

Vellum—Paper or plastic film with a slightly rough surface, suitable for drawing upon with a wide variety of materials. Historically, a fine-grained animal skin prepared for drawing by soaking in lime and drying under tension; also called parchment.

Sculpture

Sculpey—A modeling and molding compound that bakes permanently hard in the moderate heat of a home oven. There are several variants with different properties (Sculpey III, Super Sculpey, etc.).

Ceramic—General term for materials made of nonmetallic minerals, such as clay, that have been permanently hardened by "firing"—placing the ceramic object in a specially-designed high temperature oven called a kiln.

Clay—An earthy material that is pliable when wet, easily molded into a form it retains when dry. It becomes hard and holds its shape permanently after being fired in a kiln.

Terra Cotta—Literally, "baked earth." A baked clay, usually reddish-brown in color.

Marblex—Brand name for a self-hardening clay prepared in moist form and ready to use. Modeled objects are permanent without firing, but not waterproof.

Glaze—A transparent and/or colored coating of mineral oxides applied to ceramics and fired to produce a smooth, protective and usually glossy finish.

Amber—Fossil remains of resins derived from conifers. Can be carved or etched for jewelry, pendants, etc.

Papier maché—Shredded paper, or paper strips, mixed with paste and molded into shape, then allowed to dry.

Celluclay—Brand name for instant papier maché.

Styrene—One type of thermoplastic (softens when heated, hardens when cooled) popular for model making and sculpture.

Collage—From the French verb *coller*, meaning "to glue." A form of artwork in which various objects, pictures, etc. are attached to a surface. A photomontage is a collage made of photographs.

Décollage—The opposite of collage: the removing of images superimposed on each other, such as the deterioration that takes place when outdoor posters are layered one on top of another and allowed to create a new image through decay of various parts at various rates.

Kinetic Sculpture—A sculpture containing moving parts.

Fabric Arts

Counted cross stitch—A method of embroidery in which a design is transferred from a printed graph onto even-weave fabric. The stitcher uses embroidery floss (a type of thread) to place X's on the fabric according to the desired design.

Canvas—Closely woven, plain-weave fabric made of natural or synthetic fibers.

Prints

Prints—As commonly used in the Art Show, multiple copies of an original work of art. The method of making the copies contributes to the quality (and price) of the print.

Limited Edition—In reference to a print, when the artist has pledged to make only a specified number of prints.

Photoprint—Essentially, a photograph of artwork created in some other medium, such as a painting. Fairly expensive per copy.

Offset Lithograph—A photomechanical printing process allowing fairly inexpensive copies of color or black and white artwork, which are often mistakenly referred to as "lithographs."

Photocopy—An inexpensive method of copying line art. In the photocopy machine, a mirror reflects an image of the original onto a photosensitive drum. Colored toner powder is then sprinkled onto the drum; the toner adheres to the parts of the drum that had not been struck by light (the darker parts of the image). A piece of paper is pressed against the drum, transferring the image to the paper. Heated rollers fuse the toner to the paper, producing a copy. Photocopies may fade or deteriorate over time, or the image may transfer if the paper is pressed against certain plastics.

Color Photocopy—A moderately expensive method of copying color art. As with regular photocopies, the image may fade or deteriorate over time.

Laserprint—A method of printing images from a computer. The technology is similar to photocopying, but instead of a mirror reflecting an image onto a photosensitive drum, the computer controls a laser which "draws" the image onto the drum.

Color Laserprint—A method of printing color images from a computer, using color photocopy technology.

Inkjet print—A method of printing images from a computer. Dye-based inks are sprayed onto paper under control of the computer. Generally poorer quality than a laserprint, but the printing device is much less expensive. Recent technical advances have resulted in near-photographic quality output.

Hand-Colored Print (abbreviated HCP)—Usually produced by the coloring of a black-and-white line art offset lithograph or photocopy with colored pencils, watercolor, or other media, to produce a "semi-unique" artwork.

Remarque—A small original sketch applied to a lithograph or other print, to make it unique.

Fine-Art Print—A work of art created using a printing technique, such as engraving, etching, or lithography.

Engraving—The printing process of drawing on a soft metal plate, usually copper or zinc, with a hard steel needle. This process is very spontaneous and can almost be called the same as drawing with a pencil. The print from this is characterized by the softness of line caused by the small burr that is left on the sides of the furrow made with the needle. This burr breaks down very fast and changes the look of the print during the course of the print run. The number of prints possible is very small, about 30 or so.

Etching—A printing process in which a copper or zinc plate is coated with a wax or similar protective shield and then the drawing is produced on the surface with a needle. Only the coating is cut, not the plate. When the drawing is complete, the plate is submerged in an acid bath and the areas that were exposed by the needle are cut by the acid. Then the plate is cleaned and inked and then wiped so ink is only in the recesses. The plate is then put in a press where it is pressed hard against a damp print paper. The resulting print is a reverse of the original drawing on the plate.

Lithography—A fine-art printing process in which the artist draws on a smooth slab of stone with a grease pencil. When the stone is wetted and then covered with ink, the water will not adhere to the grease markings, while the ink will. A piece of paper is then pressed to the surface, producing a print. This is a delicate and time-consuming process, capable of producing only a limited number of prints, which are thus rather expensive.

"THE FURRY REVOLUTION"

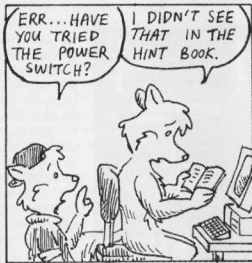


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LIMPIDITY

©Po Shan Cheah

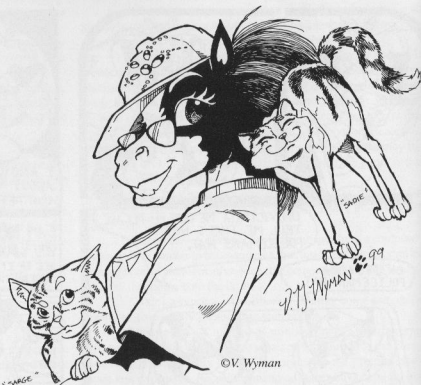


ANTHROCON GUESTS OF HONOR

Artist Guest of Honor

Victoria Margaret Wyman
Xanadu Fantasy

Vicky is a third generation artist who has been drawing, sculpting and writing for over thirty years. In addition to Xanadu and Xanadu 2000, she has written extensively for Anime House, Anime Janai, Revision X and Ever Changing Palace. She's done artwork for any number of fan publications and several gaming companies, including Avalon Hill and Gamelords. She's also done an assortment of odd and interesting things, such as designing costumes for theatre and television, designing logos for businesses, and writing instruction manuals for people who want to learn to make dolls. Currently she spends most of her time designing and crafting one-of-a-kind artist dolls and teaching classes on the subject. When she has a moment to breathe, she writes. She likes cats and had, at one time, as many as four of them. At the moment, she has two; a little old lady named Sadie and a meatloaf masquerading as a brindle-calico named Sarge. She collects ceramic cats, has a great affection for an anime series called "Lupin III", and a driving interest in the *Titanic* and other Boats That Don't Float. She's been working in Furry fandom for about twelve years, give or take and her personal favorite furry character is Usagi Yojimbo, by Stan Sakai. She's been a guest of Conference, Anthrocon and Balticon, a general science fiction convention. In the future, she hopes to do more writing and would like, someday, to do computer animation. When she gets time, that is.



©V. Wyman

Writer Guest of Honor

S. Andrew Swann

Author of the Moreau Series

Forests of the Night. (DAW Books Inc, July 1993)

Emperors of the Twilight. (DAW Books Inc, Jan. 1994)

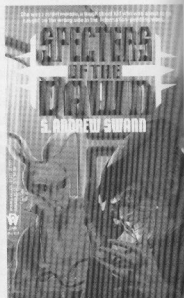
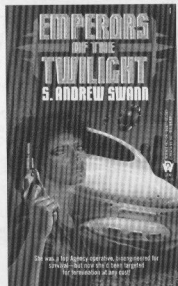
Specters of the Dawn. (DAW Books Inc, Aug. 1994)

novels deal with a genetically engineered underclass known collectively as moreaus. The latest novel, *Fearful Symmetries* picks up the life of the first book's main character, Nohar Rajastahn about fifteen years after the first novel.

Mr. Swann, who in real life goes by Steven A. Swiniarski, lives in Cleveland where he has resided for most of his life. He's studied engineering at Cleveland State University, but has spent most of his adult life as a full-time novelist. He is recently married and the Swann/Swiniarski family includes on very small cat and one (comparatively) very large horse.

He has written fifteen novels which range from hard-core space opera, to contemporary horror (written under his given name). Four of these books can be accurately be labeled "furry."

The first three of Swann's



Information about his books can be found on his website at:

<http://www.sf.net/people/SASwann>

FEARFUL SYMMETRIES, S. ANDREW SWANN



Excerpt from *Fearful Symmetries*

By S. Andrew Swann

Nohar woke up to monochrome night and was instantly alert. He didn't immediately know what had awakened him, but he felt an unease in his gut that he instantly translated into threat. He tensed, unmoving, focusing on what he could perceive.

The wrongness quickly coalesced into a series of rapid realizations. He heard nothing, the forest had fallen into a silence that was unnatural. Something had startled the nearby insects and night-birds into quiescence. Large predator, probably human. The second impression came rapidly upon the first, a smell that was alien to the woods. Petroleum-based, it made his nose itch.

The smell had him moving even before the final impression reached his conscious awareness. He rolled off the bed to take cover on the floor even as he realized that the shadow that the front window cast on the wall had acquired a new bulge at the base of the frame, as if someone had set something on the sill.

Something that contained a lot of petroleum-based hydrocarbons.

Something that exploded three seconds after Nohar had hit the floor.

Nohar hugged the floor, curing up to expose as little of himself to the wash of heat as possible. He felt debris from the window scatter itself on his back like hot coal. He could smell the acrid scent of burning hair, then it became to painful to breathe through his nose.

The moment the explosion was over, he rolled, putting out a half dozen small fires on his back. Adrenaline was already coursing through his veins, awakening ancient programmed combat reflexes. The flames engulfing the ceiling took on an unnatural clarity. They seemed to roll from the front of the Cabin like breakers on hell's own ocean.

Nohar heard another explosion. There was little concussion, but he could taste the chemicals in the air. Another firebomb.

The blast from the front window had knocked his bow from the wall. He rolled across the floor, not daring to stand, and grabbed it and the two arrows that hadn't spilled from its attached quiver.

Nohar's cabin had turned into an oven, and he knew that in a few seconds it would become a crematorium. The doors and windows were useless for escape, engulfed in rolling orange fire.

Nohar slammed his fist into the floor. The blow was partly martial art, partly adrenaline, and mostly desperation. Luck was with him. The board under his fist gave with an anemic crack and a puff of dry rot. He dropped the bow and grabbed the boards to either side, pulling up and out with all the strength his aged muscles could manage.

The boards came up with the squeal of protesting nails. Even so, it was almost too late. The air was searing his lungs, and he could smell his fur burning again.

Nohar grabbed the bow and drove through the hole, landing face first into the soft earth under the cabin. There was barely room for him to roll and put out his smoldering fur.

Nohar rolled away from the hole he made – he could feel it sucking air from underneath the cabin. He knew he'd only given himself a few moments. Now that the dry wood of the cabin had caught, it

would become a bomb itself. In a minute or two the heat would make the whole building combust into a fireball worse than any of the arsonist's explosions.

Nohar looked around for an escape route. He didn't have much choice. The cabin sat on four cinder-block posts, but the ground was sloped so that the rear and the left sides of the building were too close to the ground for him to wiggle out from. The front of the building was a mass of fire where debris had fallen.

That left one way out. Nohar crawled toward the right side of the building. When he reached the point where he could emerge, his brain finally caught up with events and asked, *Who's done this? Why?*

And, most important to his current survival, *Were they still out there?*

Someone wanted him dead, and if they wanted it badly enough to torch his cabin, they probably wanted him dead enough to have a sniper watch the building for escapees. Luckily for him, the right side of the cabin was the route that offered the most cover. There were less than three meters between him and the lip of the bluff that curved around the clearing in front of his cabin.

It could just as well be thirty if a sniper had a bead on him.

Nohar pulled his bow out in front of him. It was awkward, but the sight had an infrared setting. He looked around at the woods, squinting through the IR noise that the fire was pumping out of. Above him the structure of the cabin groaned, as if it was in pain.

There was someone. A humanoid figure crouched on the crown of the bluff down towards the front of the house. He had a rifle, at the ready, pointed too close to Nohar's location.

Them above him, Nohar heard the sound of his cabin reaching its flashpoint, a roar that shook the ground beneath him. Nohar had no time planning, his reflexes took over.

He rolled away from his house, across the three meters of exposure, dropping over the bluff and into the wooded area. He felt dirt spray him as shots from the woods missed him, thudding into the ground.

Even in the woods, he was way too exposed. The exploding fire lit everything like a spotlight and the bluff's shadow was still rosy lit by reflected light.

He rose with an arrow fully taut in the bow. In a single fluid motion, raised the bow to position, loosed the arrow, and began a scramble along the bluff towards the sniper's position.

His action assumed that his arrow would find the gunman.

The assumption was valid.

He heard other gunshots, but none connected with him. They were coming from places that weren't covering his escape route, and the distraction of the cabin blowing up gave him a little leeway as he ran along the cover of the bluff.

He landed next to the rifleman. The man had taken a header backwards after being struck by the arrow. An arm and leg were bend at ugly angles. The rifle had spilled another four or five meters down the slope.

Nohar stopped next to him. He was human, dressed in black combat gear. He'd been wearing night-vision equipment that the fall had knocked askew. He wore an armored vest, from which Nohar's arrow pointed up at the sky. While the armor might have prevented impalement, the man didn't seem much better off. He was gasping for breath, and his lips were flecked with blood.

Nohar bent over the man, intending to shake some answers from him, find out why this attack was happening. But the look at the man's face told Nohar it was hopeless. The man's eyes didn't track, and

ANTHROCON '99

his pupils were fixed. There was no reaction when Nohar leaned over him.

"Shit," Nohar whispered, the first time he spoke since awakening. The words tasted like smoke.

Even as he bent over his would-be-assassin, Nohar began sensing movement in the woods. They moved quietly, not quietly enough. Whatever was going on wasn't over yet.

Nohar dropped his bow and sidestepped to pick up the fallen man's rifle. It wasn't designed for hands his size, but it was manageable. He kept moving, quietly, low to the ground.

They were getting too close. The first time he'd had surprise going for him. Now, if these bastards got a clean shot at him, he was dead. He could hear them in front of him, closing. Between the light coming from the fire, and those guys' night-vision equipment, Nohar gave it a minute or less before someone had a clean shot.

Nohar put a tree between him and the sounds, putting his back to it. He checked the rifle over. It was a Colt Special Operations rifle—Nohar had heard the thing called "Black Widow." It was American military issue, designed for cover operations. It was matte black, light, fired caseless ten-millimeter rifle ammo. It was made mostly of composite carbon fiber, and carried a combination silencer/flash suppresser that was built into a barrel that was almost as thick as the body of the gun. Even with the silencer, its shots could punch through the bad guy's body armor as if it wasalsa wood.

It had a digital scope with a night-vision setting. Nohar adjusted the sight, and flipped the Widow from single-shot to full auto.

He took a deep breath, and when he felt ready, he dove, flattening upon a bed of pine-needles as brought the rifle to bear.

Someone saw something, because Nohar could hear bullets whizzing through the trees above him. The silencer-muffled gunshots sounded like a fist slamming into wet concrete.

There were two of them, their motion—lit by the fire—was unmistakable to Nohar's eye. Despite the flash suppressors, to the scope, every shot was an obvious flare. Nohar let go with two bursts.

He got up and ran toward the hole he'd made in the encircling enemy. He stayed low, using as much of the cover as he could. He avoided firing again, because any more shots would be a signal flare to the Bad Guys, he could hear the others closing on his location.

The world became a blood-tinted chaos as his engineered reflexes took over. Somehow he made it through the hole before the others closed on him. He jumped over the corpse of one human in a commando outfit and didn't pause.

He could feel the presence of others in the woods around him, but he couldn't stop to determine where they were. Instinct told him that if he ever stopped moving he was dead. He dodged tree after tree as the slope steepened on its way downward.

The forest floor was pine-needles that slid as he ran. Soon the slope was difficult enough that every third step was a near stumble down the side of the hill. In the distance he heard the humans, their pretense of silence gone. He heard their radios, their running steps through the woods, and eventually he heard the fans and smelled the ozone exhaust of an aircar somewhere above.

The aircar was unlit, and eventually it left Nohar's hearing. If he was lucky that meant that the canopy was way too thick for whatever video equipment that was installed on it.

He ran for miles down the mountain, adrenaline fueling exertion far beyond what his body should have to endure. It was shortly after the aircar left his awareness that Nohar realized he felt the pursuit of the

heavily-armed humans.

He slowed, the panic fueling his muscles draining away with every step. The beast the genetic engineers had designed into him, the instinctual combat machine, confused his sense of time; minutes could be hours, or vice versa. It was sinking into him that what had seemed like a few minutes of panicked escape had been a run down the side of the mountain. The sky above him was lightening, and the slope was flattening out.

He could feel it in every muscle in his body. He looked at the weapon in his hand, the rifle he'd taken. It was empty. Somewhere during his escape he'd emptied the thing. He didn't quite remember, the whole episode was blood-tinged blur in his memory.

Who are these people? Nohar thought. What they hell do they want with me?

Empty, the Widow was useless to him, so when he passed a fairly deep creek, he ditched it.

Nohar stumbled down the rest of the way to the highway. He didn't leave the cover of the woods when he finally reached the roadway; a naked moreau would attract too much unwanted attention. Enough people were giving him that kind of attention.

After dawn had passed, and Nohar was walking in full daylight, he came in sight of a small rest-stop off the highway. There was little there but a scenic overlook and a set of rest-rooms, but what attracted Nohar's attention was the public comm box.

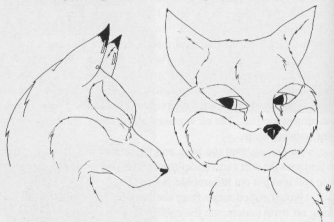
He crouched in the woods across the highway from the rest stop. There was one blue Plymouth Ariel mini-van sitting in the parking-lot. Nohar stayed crouching, fatigue dripping from every pore of his body. Every muscle in his body ached, all the way down to the base of his tail. He felt as if his muscles had been torn off his body and then reattached at random.

Staying awake was a major effort, but he kept his attention focused on the little family van. Eventually its family returned. Two adults and a pair of kids. As he watched them, Nohar felt an irrational wave of enmity toward them, the two middle-class pinks and their children. The parents probably his age, but nearly half their lives in front of them. Their kids, happy, smiling, safe...

Nohar felt sick watching them, sicker at his own reaction.

Eventually the Plymouth and its family drove off, leaving the rest-stop deserted. Once the car had disappeared around a bend in the road, Nohar dashed across the street to the comm box.

He hoped Stephanie was still willing to talk to him.



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“THE FURRY REVOLUTION”

FURRY REVOLUTION



IN THE WILD, WILD WEST!

©M. Carspecken

ANTHROCON '99

The Post

by Atara

As the moon eased free of the horizon and began her slow ascent into the darkening sky, Scout bleakly opened his eyes. He sat up gingerly, examining himself for injury. Except for the painful lump on his head, he seemed to be unharmed.

The ashen light of the moon seeped through the smoke around him, revealing the devastation. His unit was in shambles. Bodies lay strewn across the rocky ground, and low moans filled the air as those left alive cried for help.

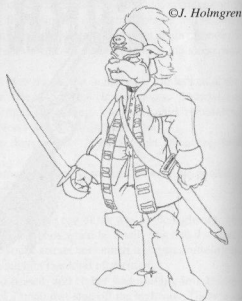
Lifting his nose, the Labrador scented the wind for any sign of the enemy. Only the smell of his fallen comrades filled the air, a fetid stench of blood and pain. A shiver ran down his spine. Could their defeat have been complete? His commander's words echoed from his memory: "Defend the post at all costs!" He squinted through the murk, trying to make out the post and the low hill on which it sat. Had the enemy gotten through?

Scout slowly climbed to his feet and limped through the wreckage toward the post. Paws reached out to him as he staggered past, soldiers begging him for help. He clenched his jaw, forcing himself past them and their cries. He had to know.

His legs were shaking under his weight when he reached the top of the hill. He stumbled the last few feet to the post and looked behind him once more at the destruction. Surely it could not have been in vain. With a trembling paw the canine opened the small metal box mounted on top of the post. He looked inside.

Scout fell to his knees as his unsteady legs finally gave out. He howled his despair and disbelief to the indifferent moon.

The box was stuffed full of bills, magazines and advertisements for long-distance services. The mailman had gotten through after all.



January 27th - 30th 2000

The San Mateo Marriott

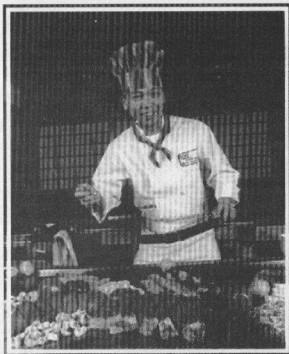
Further Confusion is a convention centered in the San Francisco Bay Area for fans of animals and anthropomorphics. In addition to providing a forum for organized and informational events, the convention is designed to promote a sense of community among "furrries".

The four-day convention will feature workshops and presentations representing the broad range of interests within Furry Fandom. Events will include costuming ("fursuit") presentations and a masquerade, an art show and dealers area, writing presentations, and evening dances.

Further Confusion • P.O. Box 1299 • Cupertino CA, 95015-1299

<http://www.furtherconfusion.org/>

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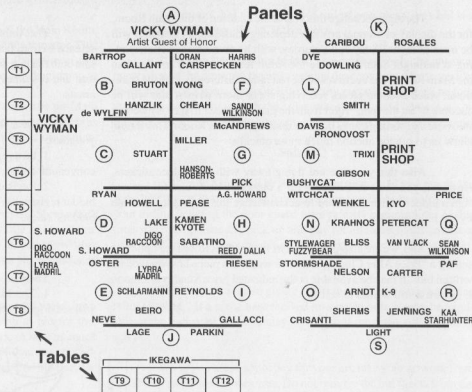
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ANTHROCON ART SHOW LAYOUT

Where to Find Your Favorite Artist

Art Show Main Room

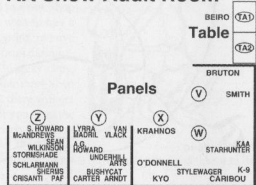
Artist	Main Room	Adult Room
Kim Arndt	O4-O6	Y4
Richard Bartrop	B1	
Mitchell R. Beiro	E7-E8	TA1
David Bliss	N7-N8	N7-N8
Heather Bruton	B4-B6	V1-V3
Bushycat	M9	Y5
Caribou	K4-K6	W4-W5
Margaret Carspecken	F7-F8	
Steve Carter	R7-R8	Y7
Po Shan Cheah	F2-F3	
Colin Crisanti	O9	Z5-Z6
Dalia	H1B	
Capricia K. Davis	M1	
Richard de Wylfin	B9	
Digo Raccoon	D7-D8, T6L	
Lela A. Dowling	L2	
Thomas K Dye	L1	
Fuzzybear	N9B	
Steve A. Gallacci	I1-I4	
Rebecca S. Gallant	B2-B3	
Roz Gibson	M7-M8	
Mary Hanson-Roberts	G3-G4	
Cleo Hanzlik	B7-B8	
Daniel P. Harris	F9	
A. G. Howard	H9	Y9B
Shawntae L Howard	D9, T6R	Z1T
Laura A Howell	D2-D3	
Lance Ikegawa	T9-T12	
Lisa A Jennings	R2-R3	
K-9	R4-R6	W3
Kaa Starhunter	R1	W1-W2
Kamen Kyote	H4-H6	
Krahnos	N4-N6	X6
Kyo	Q7-Q8	X1-X3
Daphne Lage	J1-J3	
Patrick Lake	D4-D6	
Michele Light	S1-S6	
Loran	F6	
Lyrra Madril	E2-E3, T7R	
Matthew McAndrews	G9	Y9T
Annette Miller	G5-G8	Z9
		Robert S Ryan
		Neil R Sabatino



Art Show Hours of Operation

	Main Room	Adult Room
Friday	2 - 8 pm	Friday 8:30 pm - 1 am
Saturday	10 am - 8 pm	Saturday 8:30 pm - 12:30 am
Sunday	10 am - 12 Noon	Auction Mid. - 1 am
Auction	1 - 3 pm	
Sales	1:30 - 4 pm	

Art Show Adult Room



ANTHROCON ART SHOW

What's New At The Anthrocon Art Show

The biggest change this year is the addition of the Adult Room, for the display of original artwork depicting adult subject matter. It will be open at night Friday and Saturday, with its own voice auction starting at midnight Saturday. Since the Adult Room is much smaller than the Main Room, this auction will be run rather differently than the traditional voice auction: pieces receiving six or more written bids will be auctioned "on the spot," right from the panel, without first closing down the room and sorting things out as is done in the Main Room. This should allow us to run the auction much more quickly.

Also this year, we are doing away with the bidder stickers. However, you must still register for a bidder number, and fill out and sign a bidder registration card to acknowledge that you agree to abide by the bidding rules.

And, we are also giving artists in the Main Room the option of setting a "Price After Closing" for their work. If a piece has received no written bids, it may be available at the indicated price Sunday afternoon if the artist still wishes to sell it.

How To Buy Art At The Anthrocon Art Show (Bidders' Rules)

The Anthrocon Art Show is an exhibit of original artworks of a science fiction, fantasy and/or fanciful nature, offering for display and sale both flat (e.g. sketches and paintings) and 3-dimensional (e.g. sculpture and costumes) artwork created by both professional and amateur artists.

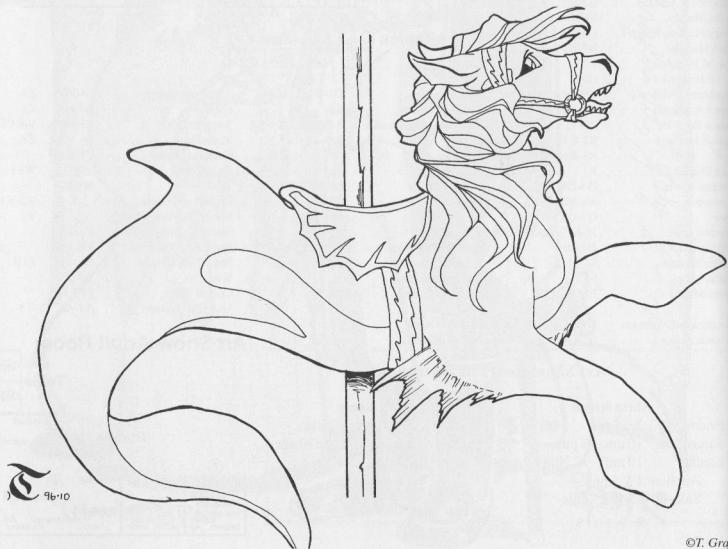
To be a "bidder" (i.e. a prospective buyer of original artwork) you must:

1. Be a registered member of Anthrocon, as evidenced by your convention badge;
2. Register at the Art Show Control Table to fill out and sign a bidder registration card, acknowledging that you agree to abide by these bidders' rules.

Areas of the Art Show

There are three distinct areas of the Art Show.

1. The Main Room is the largest part of the show. Here, you will see original artwork depicting subjects suitable for all ages to view.



©T. Graf

ANTHROCON ART SHOW

This room will be open during the day and evening Friday and Saturday, and Sunday morning. If a piece receives six or more written bids, it will be sent to the voice auction Sunday afternoon.

2. The Adult Room, about one-third the size of the Main Room, is for the display of original artwork depicting adult subject matter. This room will be open only at night Friday and Saturday. Pieces receiving six or more written bids will be auctioned off on the spot beginning at midnight Saturday.

3. The Print Shop shares part of the space occupied by the Main Room, and is for the immediate sale of multiple-copy items (such as limited-edition photoprints, serigraphs, lithographs, photocopies, laserprints, etc.) at a fixed price.

Bidding

Each piece of original artwork is tagged with a Bid Sheet which provides information about that piece, including its title, the medium, the name of the artist, and the minimum bid at which the artist is willing to sell the piece. If an artist does not wish to sell a given piece, it is listed as "NFS" (Not For Sale).

On the Bid Sheet are several lines where you may write down your name, bidder number, and the amount you wish to bid for that item. The amount of the bid must be in whole dollars, at least as much as the minimum bid specified by the artist, and larger than any preceding bid on the bid sheet. Write legibly on the next numbered bid line. Do not cross out any previous written bids.

Written bidding for the Main Room closes at 12:00 noon on Sunday. The Art Show will be cleared of all art at that time. Any art with fewer than six bids is sold to the highest bidder. Six written bids will enter that artwork in the voice auction, which takes place Sunday afternoon from 1:00 to 3:00 pm. At the voice auction, the art is open to further bids by other people. Therefore, you should attend the voice auction to defend your bids on pieces you are still interested in buying. If there are no voice bids, the art will be sold to the highest written bid.

In the Adult Room, the procedure will be somewhat different. The voice auction will begin Saturday night at midnight, right in the Adult Room, with the auctioneer checking each panel and calling for voice bids on the pieces that have already received six or more written bids. Written bidding continues until 12:30 am; thus, in the early stages of the auction, if you miss out on a voice bid for a particular piece, you will still have the chance to place a written bid on another piece. After the written bidding closes, the voice auction will continue until all pieces have been sold. Pieces sold in the Adult Room will be bagged and tagged and available for pickup Sunday afternoon in the Main Room during sales hours, 1:30 to 4 pm.

Be careful. When placing a written bid on items, assume that you will be the winning bidder on all of them. In this way, you will avoid having to pay for more art than you can afford to buy. If you have reached your limit for Art Show purchases, wait until you have lost an item to a higher bidder before bidding on another item. Also, return to the Art Show Main Room before closing (12 noon Sunday) to check the bid sheets to see what items, if any, you have won by written bid and which items will be going to the voice auction. You may keep a record

of your bids on the back of this sheet.

Be serious. Do not make a bid unless you mean it. A bid is a legal obligation to buy that art at that price.

If you are the winning bidder, you purchase only the physical possession of the artwork; the artist retains the copyright. If you wish to make copies of a piece you purchase for any purpose, you must negotiate the right to do so with the artist, whose name and address are on the back of each piece or can be obtained from the Art Show Director.

Sales

Art Show Sales will be Sunday afternoon, 1:30 to 4 pm, in the Art Show Main Room. If you have an afternoon flight to catch, show your airline ticket to the door guard for a priority place in line. At this time you must personally pick up and pay for all items of art you have won by written bid or voice auction. You must show your con badge for identification.

This year we are also giving artists the option of setting a "Price After Closing." If a piece has received no written bids, it may be available at the indicated price Sunday afternoon if the artist still wishes to sell it.

When you are ready to pay for your art, take your artwork from its table or panel to the sales area. Do not remove the bid sheets from the artwork! If you have purchased more pieces than you can carry, or need access to a locked display case, ask for help from an Art Show staffer.

For payment we accept cash, Visa, MasterCard, American Express, Discover, traveler's checks, and personal checks with id. Proof of id will be required of all buyers at time of payment. You must pick up and pay for your own purchases. Remember: You bid, you buy. We will track you down after the con if you fail to collect and pay for artwork on which you are the winning bidder. We will file criminal fraud charges if you try to pass us a bad check.

Print Shop

The Print Shop is for direct sales of multiple copy items at a fixed price. One sample of each item is displayed either on the artist's panel in the Art Show or on the panels dedicated to Print Shop merchandise. If you wish to buy a copy of a particular print, remove one of the item slips from the envelope attached to the display copy, and take the slip to the Print Shop sales table. The clerk there will get a copy of the print for you from the sales stock. If there are no more item slips in the envelope, the display copy is the last one available; remove it from the panel and take it to the sales table for purchase.



© S. Palmer

PANELISTS AND PROFESSIONALS

Scotty Arsenault - <YERF Creator and Grand Poobah>

Cartoonist and animator, Grand Poobah of Yerf.com, creator of Sully Fox and Heebas, artist for Tales of the Fehnnik, a sharp dresser and a good friend.

Andrew B. Beauoin - <Teacher>

He was born in the small State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. His main hobbies are writing, drawing, sewing, and just being the foxie that he is. He has not sold any work yet, because he deems it unsellable. Andrew is one semester away from becoming an elementary school teacher, and will use Anthros in his classroom as teaching tools! Right now he is working at a summer camp, which is one of the historic Providence Plantations.

Bard Bloom - <Co-Creator of World Tree, Role-playing Game System>

Bard has been playing and running RPG's since the entire industry was three little tan books. In the last decade or so, the games have grown furrier and furrier. He is attending Anthrocon to show off World Tree, a furry fantasy RPG.

Victoria Bloom - <Co-Creator of World Tree, Role-playing Game System>

Eric Blumrich - <Visual Artist>

Eric Blumrich has wasted the lion's share of his life pursuing a career in graphic design and the ultimate triumph of world socialism. He doesn't get out much, and currently works as an animator and digital artist.

Tom Brady - <Panelist>

Tom Brady (AKA Duncan da Husky) has been involved in furry fandom for two years. He is a chemical engineer by trade, and makes his residence in Joliet, IL. Tom enjoys cooking and hiking and wastes entirely too much time on Yiffnet (look for him as DuncHusky). He has co-facilitated discussions on furry spirituality at AAC98 and Duckon 8.

Thomas G. Brady - <Writer>

Has a number of fanzine credits, including stories in FurryPhile, Anthrology, New Furrotica, Hunca Munca, and Refractions.

Mat Butler - <Panelist>

Mat Butler is a year old computer geek. His most distinguishing furry feat is that he is disgustingly familiar with the innards of FuzzBall TinyMUCK. (He ported it to the Alpha architecture for SocioPolitical Ramifications, where he's a wizard incognito.)

J.D. Calderon - <Publisher>

J.D. Calderon has been in comic books for as long as he can remember, starting Golden Realm Unlimited, his own comic book company, while still in high school. J.D. not only published and edited the many books that Golden Realm produced, he was also responsible for creating and writing all of the titles. Some of his works through Golden Realm include *Tall Tails* (with Daphne Lage), *Reever*, and *Dream Weavers*. J.D. recently completed work on *La Blue Girl* and is now doing the *Demon Beast Invasion* mini series for CPM Comics/Bare Bear Press. He has also worked on *Phantom Quest Corp.*, and *Tenchi Muyo!* for Pioneer Comics.

Jeff Carr - <Panelist>

He is an extremely funny and friendly guy who's been a furry fan for years.

As a cartoonist, he's looking for a writer for his dark and evil rabbit, Amorpheus. Character: Amorpheus E. Bunny, a very evil rabbit with his own "tail" to tell. All he has written so far is a basic origin story with established characters. He is searching for an open-minded writer.

Edward P. Casanova - <Attending Pro>

Po Shan Cheah - <Creator of Limpidity Web Comic>

He is an amateur cartoonist and toon furry artist, and the creator of Limpidity the web comic. He began cartooning on a regular basis in August of 1996 so he's a relative newcomer to the field. He

currently resides in northern New Jersey where he works as a computer programmer.

Arnab B. Chowdry

Arnab, known to most as Kashra, is one of the younger members of the fandom, and is attending AnthroCon for the second time. He comes from Rochester, NY but will soon be moving to Baltimore as an undergraduate student at Johns Hopkins. His interests include biophysics, computers, writing, and sketching, among many others. He identifies himself with a German Shepherd Dog, and doesn't bite, usually.

Richard Concepcion - <Producer & Performer>

Richard Concepcion began working with puppets on Public Access cable TV in New York for fun and self-expression shortly after becoming a broadcast engineer for Manhattan Cable TV (now Time Warner Cable of New York City) and in 1983 created the character Rapid T. Rabbit to be sort of the mascot that the Big Apple never had. Sixteen years and over 450 episodes later, "Rapid T. Rabbit and Friends" still broadcasts every Monday afternoon at 5pm over Manhattan Neighborhood Network.



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Richard has always been a fan of television cartoons and his fascination with puppet characters stems from being a regular viewer of the Muppets on "Sesame Street" and prime time.

That interest grew into full costume character performing after Rapid T. Rabbit brought a number of fursuited characters onto the show for guest appearances. Richard's desire to bring RTR up to mascot-size proportions was helped along by Carol Spinney, the puppeteer who performs as Big Bird on "Sesame Street", when he helped Richard to acquire a costume built to match his puppet character.

As a fully costumed character, RTR has been a regular fixture in the Easter Parade on 5th Avenue in New York, as well as other events, including the Pasadena CA and Ocean City NJ DooDah Parades. In addition, Richard has done costume appearances as over 25 characters within the past 12 years, including Bugs Bunny, Michigan J. Frog, Chuck E. Cheese and the Care Bears.

With his many other furry friends providing technical help and content offerings, Richard still produces the Rapid T. Rabbit Show completely hands-on, and edits all the videotape.

Richard Cook - <Attending Pro>

Heriberto V. Cruz - <Attending Pro>

Carole Curtis - <Creator - Writer of Katmandu>

Carole Curtis is the creator and writer of *Katmandu*, a dramatic series that explores life on a world of sentient humanoid cats. Illustrated by Shawntae Howard, the narrative follows family tales related by healer Leahtrah Middlesmith of her "American Indian" ancestor, Liska Mitsel-Eman, woman warrior. Each story arc is complete in three issues. Liska is based on stories of the true-life Woman Chief and other women of importance in the histories. Carole researches Native American customs for her tales, and enjoys science fiction. *Katmandu* originally appeared at Antarctic Press and ran for six issues with art by Terrie Smith. Vision then picked up the series for an additional 7 more. *Katmandu* continues quarterly under the Shanda Fantasy Arts banner.

Mike Curtis - <Creator - Writer of Shanda the Panda>

Mike Curtis is the creator and writer of *Shanda The Panda*, the long-running "slice of life" comic. The heroine Shanda Bruin is a theater manager who loves and is loved by Double R, a Cajun Raccoon, and Terri, a lesbian cricket. The continuing stories detail the lives of Shanda and her friends and theater crew, focusing on relationships that span generations and sexes. Talents that have illustrated *Shanda* have included Mike Sagara, Carla Speed McNeil, Michele Light, Terrie Smith, Christina "Smudge" Hanson,



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Charles Ettinger and many others. Mike collects *Superman* and used to write *Richie Rich*. Shanda made her first appearance at MU Press, before going to Antarctic for 14 issues. Vision published 7 issues, and *Shanda The Panda* is now coming out from SFA. With issue 25, *Shanda* becomes the longest running anthropomorphic "slice of life" comic.



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Melissa Drake - <Artist & Web Designer>

Canadian Melissa Drake's first drawing was of Tom and Jerry, when she was 2, and she's been drawing funny animals ever since. First introduced to the fandom in 1995 on the Trapline BBS in Canada (now defunct), she quickly found that some people really did appreciate drawings of sexy vixens! Currently 19 and working on a comic (aren't we all?) she spends most of her time not doing schoolwork, obsessing over ferrets and on 4 mucks, FurryMuck and Tapestries as MelSkunk, Sinai as Quicksilver and The Lion King Muck as Apuoyo. She hopes to be taken seriously one day, but if not, will continue to live off of fanboys at cons.

Earle Malcom - <Artist>

Born in Newfoundland, Canada, Malcolm unknowingly started drawing Furrys over ten years ago. Through a role-playing game, using the characters he created, he drew them, not knowing if anyone else did the same until moving to Ottawa, Ontario. There he met Naill MacConnaill, who introduced him to the amateur press association, FNC. That was 1995, that was where he found the Furry Fandom. From then on he's used his teachings from Animation class, watching Japanese anime and Chinese Kung-fu movies and the self-teachings from the several hundred comics he's collected to draw his own brand of furriness. One full of action, just like his short stories from way back. He's also used his talent to help Shawntae Howard, by inking his title, *Extinctioners* from Vision Comics and Matt Henry, with *Milikardo Knights* from Mad Badger Studios. And so, between his job, comics and several commissions, he draws, planning to someday using those same characters from ten years ago.

Darrel L. Exline - <ConFurence Co-Chair>

A Computer Network Engineer in real life, Darrel Exline dove into Furry Fandom in 1987 when changing from playing "RuneQuest" and "Space Opera" to "T.M.N.T. and Other Strangeness." The Polar Bear rolled up back then is still the persona of his furry alter ego, "Jym Chago".

Having attended CF-Zero after reading about it on the Tiger's Den BBS, Darrel has never missed attending a single year, including

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the 3 years he lived in Dallas (communicating via his popular FurNet BBS "The Polar Den") and during the 3 years he was sweating it out in Tempe, Arid-Zona (*Not* a place for a polar bear to be).

Back in San Diego in early 1996, Darrel became an active Staff member of ConFurence. When Mark and Rodney stepped down as Co-Chairs, the remaining staff members elected Darrel (along with Z'sane Klinkler) to take their place. All of Darrel's spare time is now spent feverishly struggling to organize CF11, and make it the best furry con ever!

Sean Foltz - <Web Creator>

He discovered the existence of furies in '93, founded SOS - Save Our Skunks in '95, and started doing Skunk Aficionado in '97. Anthro and toon skunkettes are his favorite types of furry art (surprise) and he's one of the few cigar smokers in fandom. Check out his website at <http://www.skunked.com/sos/>

Rebecca Frey - <Artist - Dealer>

Tim Gadd - <Writer - Scholar>

Eric K. Goodwin - <Attending Pro>

Daniel Harris (Daniel Slyder) - <Panelist>

Daniel is one of those people that your mother told you never to make friends with. He hails from the furniture capital of New England, Gardner, Mass. After spending the larger part of his early life watching cartoons with cute animals in them, and generally rotting his brain, he attempted to draw some of them. An artist (hack) was born, and, after stumbling upon furry fandom in 1997, he has continued to sand his skills down to a dull edge. He also began attending Franklin Pierce College in 1997. He is an artist on Yerf, and has his comic strip, "Franklin and Pierce," published in his college's newspaper.



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Kevin J. Herda - <Attending Pro>

Shawntae Lamont Howard - <Artist>

Ever since he was able to draw a pencil Shawntae has been drawing. His stick figures of the Super Friends would evolve to box pictures of Transformers, which in turn changed into pictures of X-Men and Spiderman. It was in 1989 when he discovered the world that would later "to him" be called furry art with the discovery of the comic book Hamster Vice and the TV cartoon show Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Inspired by the art and characters he created his own band of ninja characters which consisted of a group of fighting kangaroos would eventually evolve into his new group of characters the Extinctioners.

He is the current regular artist on the comic Katmandu created by Carole Curtis and is the creator, writer, and artist of the new action comic Extinctioners. His work has also appeared in the American Journal of Anthropomorphics #4, New Horizons numbers 1,2,3, &4 and the S.O.S. fanzine special #2. He is also a rabid Chicago Bulls fan and loves reading mail (so long as it's not a bill)

B.J. Hughes - <Professional Mascot, Fursuiter>

B.J. Hughes, AKA Blitzer T. Wolf and T. Wolf on FurryMUCK. I am also the mascot for Hershey Bears professional hockey and Hershey Wildcats professional soccer.

Christopher P Ings - <Attending Pro>

Lisa Jennings - <Computer Artist>

[See Con Staff Bio]

Jeff Jonas - <Panelist>

Mejeep deMeep ferret (Jeff Jonas) loves the way affection for anthropomorphics manifest itself in so many ways. Teddy bears, plush animals, hand puppets, costumes & fursuits assume any personality we imagine for them. "Plush" is the trademark for the soft furry animals, and furies enjoy their plush in infinite ways: as mascots, for gentle hugs or in ways similar to Calvin and Hobbes. He does what he can to facilitate folks knowing about plush, and being at ease how to integrate plush with their imaginations.

He discovered "furry fandom" in the 80s as the New York furies met in the back room of the C/FO (anime club). There's still a lot of crossover among anime & furry fan and for him it was the bridge that linked his interest in animals, animal spirits & anthropomorphics.

Melissa E. Kantor - <Attending Pro>

Bryan M. Keller - <Attending Pro>

Joe Kennedy - <Special Event>

AltarSkunk is Deacon Joe Kennedy. A soldier of 20+ years, I am studying to become a Roman Catholic Priest and an Army Chaplain. An avid collector of everything Skunky (my favorite animal), I discovered Furrydom two years ago and love it! I came for the Skunks and stay for the Friends.

Peyton King - <Publisher, Phoenix Graphics>

Robert King - <Professional Fursuit>

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 where the enthusiasm and creativity of the costumers from inner 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 Duckcon since 1991.

Allen Kitchen - <Writer>

Allen Kitchen found furry quite by accident through Usenet. He became active in the fandom in 1996. In real life he is an electrical and computer engineer and builds robots for the space program. He enjoys writing, reading, art, puns, computer games, puzzles, and building large shiny machines that scare the neighbors

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Daphne Lage - <Artist>

Daphne Lage is a comic book artist and cartoonist who specializes in fantasy themed artwork. When she's not working on commissions, prints, portfolios and related memorabilia, she's working on her comic *Tall Tails*, which will be published in *Furlough* from *Radio Comix* starting in June. In the meantime you can check out her main website at: <http://www.advani.net/~egoraven>.

Tall Tails website at: <http://www.advani.net/~egoraven/ttmain.htm>

Patrick M. Liss - <Attending Pro>

C. Alan Loewen - <Writer>

C. Alan Loewen has mostly been employed with various non-profits and presently lives near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. His previous jobs include radio programming and scripting, newsletter publishing, park ranger, inner-city security guard, counselor, youth worker and clergy. A published non-fiction author, he presently has three published anthropomorphic stories with a novel collecting its share of rejection slips.

Mike W. Macklin - <Attending Pro>

The over sized white wolf with the mattress-sized paw.

Steve C. Martin - <Artist>

Brian Miller - <Publisher>

Brian Miller, owner of SilverFox Publications, is a fairly recent comer to furrydom. An artist, writer, and publisher of such things as *FURST*, *Furrotica*, and *FurryPhile*. In reality, Brian is a silvery plush fox (I prefer that to fat!!) and is hiding inside the human suit he wears. He is married to the real force behind SilverFox, the lovely Annette "Penguin Lady" Miller, and have two cute kits of their own.

Melissa A. Morse - <Attending Pro>

Jay R. Naylor - <Attending Pro>

Michael B. Nelson - <Attending Pro>

Sara Palmer - <Artist>

Artist GOH Anthrocon 2000

She's been drawing since she could remember, but stopped largely to focus on the sciences in school. After a fling with Organic Chemistry, she decided art was more suited for her and pursued a degree in sculpture from California State University Long Beach. Again, she was thwarted in her endeavor by a raise in tuition she could not bear, and decided to pay the bills by getting her license in Veterinary Technology in 1994. When illness made that impossible to do, she once again switched back to art, now drawing full time. She has been drawing heavily, on a daily basis since October 1996, and strives to do a bit better and improve the quality of her work with every piece she does.

Programming note: Sara has accepted the offer to be next year's Artist GOH. We look forward to having her and presenting her works as a Professional and respected Artist.

Charsie H. Patterson - <Attending Pro>

Susan Parkin - <Artist>

Susan Parkin is a relatively new name to the furry fandom. In fact, AAC'97 was her first real con experience. She's earned a BFA in Illustration from Moore College of Art and her work has appeared in *Tracks* (a newsletter serving her local SCA community, Buckland Cross) and *Furst*, from SilverFox Publications.

"I've drawn furrries since early grade school, I just never really knew that there was a whole fandom out there holding cons where they would share artwork and ideas. Up until 1992, I knew nothing about it. That's when I met Al Mackey and started hearing bits and pieces about it. He showed me a place called YiffNet some time later, but it wasn't until March of 1997 that I logged on myself. The very next month, I found myself being talked into going all the way up to Albany for a convention with people that I had only ever met online. It was.... quite an adventure! I've been hooked ever since! Thanks, Kes!"

Courtney D. Phillips - <Attending Pro>

Steve Plunkett - <Professional Puppeteer>

He has been puppeteering professionally since 1992, and entered the furry scene in 1994, first appearing at Duckcon, then CF6 through CF9. He has done many shows locally, performing for various venues, such as day cares, retirement homes, corporate family picnics, as well as the local wild animal park. His puppets and I have appeared in two newspaper articles, on the local news several times, as well as on a nationally broadcast cable TV show. His characters have become well known through the furry community, and now include Fifi the skunk, Odie the otter, Scarlett the fox, Gracie the squirrel, RC raccoon, and his newest character, Bianca Bunny.

He has also performed at AAC1 and 2, as well as Further ConFusion this past January. He has been a guest of honor at Duckcon once, as well as playing a very active role in the furry programming there, especially with the *Furry Variety Show*. He is probably the key fur responsible for bringing *The Raccoon Song* to furry fandom. If you don't know of that song yet, ask around. :) He is also on staff at the new Chicago furry con, *Midwest FurFest*, and promise to make puppetry a part of that con.

For AC, he is trying something new, in bringing together several puppeteers to work together. He has never done this before, but he is excited about bringing puppetry to furry fandom, and getting more furs involved. He is hoping AC will allow him to expand what he does, in working as a team, instead of exclusively solo. Feel free any time to come up to him. He and his puppets, and all of his characters love having their pictures taken.

Come visit Steve at his home page <http://members.aol.com/todfox/index.html>

Amy Pronovost - <Artist>

Amy Pronovost is more commonly known as 'Amara' by online people of every genre she inhabits. She is just as interested in SF and Star Wars as she is *Funny Animals*...just don't call her a furry. :) Do visit her at her website <http://www.flyingarmadillo.com/>

Michael W. Raabe - <Attending Pro>

Sean M. Rabbitt - <Attending Pro>

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Ross H. Reddick - <Attending Pro>

Adam T. Reiss - <Attending Pro>

Kevin R. Richardson - <Professional Lettering Artist>

He has done lettering for several nationally distributed anthro features, (including current issues, New Horizons #5 'L.A.P.D.O.G.S.', and Pawprints #10, 'Hero by Chance'.) He has studied lettering theory extensively, and is able to demonstrate the differing styles of 'greats' of the past such as Jack Kirby, Stan Lee and Will Eisner. He can also explain everything from the importance of the correct font style, to separation and flow of text bubbles, overlap, use of gutters, bolding and emphasis, size, etc. to affect the mood and progression of a sequential-art story.

Michael Russell - <Professional Puppeteer, Creator of Vicki Fox, Writer-Artist>

Come visit Michael and Vicki at their home page: www.vickifox.com/mm.htm

Derek J. Sailor - <Attending Pro>

Jason Sander - <Attending Pro>

Michael Sawyer - <Panelist - Spirituality Workshop>

"Furry Spirituality," including the pre-scheduled daytime meeting and an ad-hoc evening meeting (which ran in parallel with PNL from 10PM or so until some god-awful hour the next morning, around 2 or 3AM) conducted by Aetobatus was so well received that an entire workshop this year is being coordinated by him.

Dirk Schmidt - <Artist>

Come visit Dirk at his web site www.fireball.org

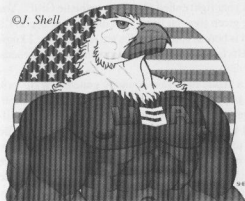
Peter, Schorn - <Writer>

Peter Schorn is a professionally-published author with some "furry" credits to his name: as "C. A. Morgan" he wrote for the late Mark Wallace's series Vixen's Keep, and under his own name he wrote for the Furkindred series, both of which were published by MU press.



PANELISTS AND PROFESSIONALS

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Robert Skegg is a Silicon Valley electronic hardware engineer who makes and collects teddy bears, hence the nickname TeddyRuxpin. He learnt sewing from mother who was a professional seamstress, made odd plush for fun, then got into teddy bears with a collectors/artists club in Dallas, TX. To promote their charity operations he made Berry Bear, a teddy bear costume, in 1991. On moving to California in 1995 he made an animatronic Teddy Ruxpin costume, appearing in it for TR's 10th anniversary. His latest costume is Twinkle, a Fuzzle, also animatronic.

Terrie Smith - <Artist>

Terrie has been drawing since she was 3 years old (although she would admit to having improved in the last few years.) She has done many subjects (from elves, to centaurs, to anthropomorphics, and yes, even Killer Tomatoes) using pencils all the way to a computer tablet, and most everything in between. She's currently doing several comic projects, as well as RPG & novel illustrations.

Beth A. Snyder - <Attending Pro>

Mika J.D. Sorvari - <Scholar>

Mika J.D. Sorvari is a Finnish post-graduate student of Comparative Religion, with a Bachelor's degree in Psychology. He has now been in the furry fandom for five years, making appearances at MUCKs and conventions alike, on both sides of the Atlantic. This is his second year working as staff at Anthrocon.

Jean Stine - <Publisher/Writer/Editor>

She is an SF/horror writer/anthologist and former research assistant to G. Roddenberry (during the original ST). Her SF novel *Season of the Witch* (Masquerade) was made into the movie *Synapse* in 1995 starring Karen Duffey of MTV and other movies. She is a former editor in chief of *Galaxy* and Starblaze Books, as well as being a former editorial consultant for Leisure Books and Carroll & Graff.

Her stories have appeared in *Amazing* and *Galaxy* (not while she was editor!) Anthologies co edited with Forrest J. Ackerman include *New Eves: Science Fiction with the Extraordinary Women of Today and Tomorrow*; *Reel Futures: 16 stories that became great science fiction movies*; and *I, Vampire: Spine-Tingling Interviews with the Undead*.

Zack J. Taylor - <Attending Pro>

His work has also appeared in *The Lyric*, *Tournaments Illuminated*, and the anthology *Giants in the Earth*. His web writing may be found in Jimmy Doolittle's e-zine *Fuzzy Logic*.

Robert Skegg - <Professional Fursuit>

Peter "WhiteFire" Torkelson - <Further Confusion Co-Chair/Artist/Writer>

Peter Torkelson, often known as WhiteFire on the Internet, is an artist and fan of anthropomorphics. His interests within furry fandom include artwork, writing, role-play gaming, MUDs/MUCKs, movies, and just about anything else in the field.

He is also active in providing things back to fandom in an effort to help build and promote a sense of community. Online, he provides fur.com, which serves *TapestriesMUCK*, the *Furry Resource Page*, www.gotfox.com, and many other useful services. Offline, he is one of the founding board members of *Anthropomorphic Arts and Education* (AAE), a nonprofit organization dedicated to providing educational services and funding charities of interest to furry fans. In January of 1999, AAE organized a new *Furry Convention* by the name of *Further Confusion*. WhiteFire took a lead role in the 1999 convention as co-chair and this year is the Chairman for *Further Confusion Y2K*, coming in January of 2000.

Come visit WhiteFire at his web site: <http://www.fur.com/wfire>.

Ken Turner - <Attending Pro>

Terry Wessner - <Feral Workshop Coordinator>

Glen Wooten - <Attending Pro>

Glen Wooten: engineer by training, everything else by trade. He is a tireless defender of the rights of creators and will lecture on copyrights at the drop of a hat (but not a cap). He also bothers people about bringing good business ethics & practices to conventions (especially art shows). He is very lucky to be married to Terrie Smith.

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ANTHROCON '99

No Humans

By Plong

"I'm sorry, sir, but we don't serve humans here," sniffed the headwaiter, peering disdainfully down the length of his muzzle at the unwelcome interloper. "I'm afraid you will have to take your patronage elsewhere."

The haughty tone of the maitre d' made Anthony's skin crawl, but he was not one to make scenes. He swallowed his urge to lay a solid punch on the muzzle of the snooty vulpine, and quietly withdrew back to the street. He hooked his jacket over his shoulder with a thumb and turned to address an unheard protest toward the restaurant's visage.

"There should be a sign," he said bitterly. With a sigh of mixed disappointment and chagrin, he turned from the restaurant and strolled down the block toward Roseport Street. Three prior establishments had also turned him away, and Anthony was beginning to wonder if he would have to settle for the bland food back at the hotel. When he reached the corner, he scanned the cross street in both directions to see if there were any eye-catching signs.

A bistro to his immediate right looked very appealing. It was designed in a classic French style, with ornate plasterwork and wrought iron. The café sported an outdoor patio, slightly raised from the level of the sidewalk and fenced by a long strand of velvet rope. Strewn about the veranda, in a seemingly random layout, were several plastic tables with individual red and white canvas parasols. Anthony had no doubt that the tables would be full by evening, but the patio was empty at this early hour, and the quaint umbrellas were closed and wrapped. Any thoughts he may have been entertaining about dining there were quashed by the pictogram on the door.

The sticker bore the silhouette of a male human enclosed in a bold red circle, with a slash running diagonally across it. The meaning of the sign was clear in all languages, *We don't serve humans here.*

"And I thought things were bad at home," he groused aloud. "I'm glad I didn't bring the wife this trip."

"What's that, buddy?" said a voice from behind him. Anthony turned, and discovered that the speaker was an aged ocelot morph sitting in a rickety metal chair. The old cat's grizzled muzzle was shaded under the brim of a grey tam - into which he had cut strategic ear-holes - and a neat stack of newspapers on a foldout table beside him made his occupation apparent.

"Oh, uh, nothing," stammered Anthony quickly - mortified that he had walked past the ocelot without noticing him. "Well, almost nothing. I'm visiting from out of town and I was hoping to grab something to eat. Nobody in this town seems to want to serve humans, though."

"Silly politics," chuffed the ocelot, "it's getting that way all over this city. This place," he waved in the general direction of the French café with a spotted hand. "No great loss if you ask me. Had the misfortune to eat there once. Only once. Smug waiters, bad food."

The old ocelot pushed back his tam and scratched his forehead in thought.

"Aye ya!" he said, "I know a place." The little feline pointed down the block past the bistro and said, "Follow this street for three blocks and hang a left. Go down to the next light,

and look for a place on your right called 'The Pennywhistle Grill'. You can't miss it - got a big green sign out front. Not the fanciest decor, I'll grant you, but the food is honest and the prices are reasonable. I know the owner - good lad. His family has been in this town for three generations."

"Sir, you are a gentle fur," said Anthony gratefully. He took one of the newspapers and passed the old feline a five-dollar bill, steadfastly refusing to accept any change back. The directions were not difficult to follow, and a few minutes later he stood outside The Pennywhistle. Similar to the restaurants that had turned him away, there was neither a sign nor sticker indicating that the place would not serve humans. The old ocelot had seemed honest however and Anthony strode confidently into the eatery.

The stylishly old-fashioned dining area was sparsely populated by other patrons. Anthony looked around for a moment before selecting a relatively secluded table for himself. A saurian waiter approached him from the bar, bearing a menu in one hand and a water pitcher in the other. The server stared him coldly through slitted reptilian eyes without speaking.

"I was told that you serve humans here?" said Anthony meekly.

The lizard morph gave a hiss of sharply drawn breath and replied in a sibilant voice, "It ssskines me to do sssso, but I have to earn a living. What do you wish to order?"

"A human," said Anthony, licking his striped muzzle hungrily, "medium rare."



©S. Howard

"THE FURRY REVOLUTION"



©C. Wong

ANTHROCON '99

The Fox, the Hounds, and the Forge General George Washington and Never Quite Losing It

By Loquacious O. Kentaurus

It was with some admiration, perhaps more contempt, that they called him 'The Old Fox,' for there was something about George Washington that brought out the sporting instinct in the British. They had the advantages of a superbly equipped and led army, an unchallenged navy, and the wealth of an empire behind them. It would surely be a swift and decisive rout of the 'Rabble in Arms' that clustered behind George Washington, that would come to carry a flag striped like the Washington Coat of Arms. His Majesty's army should have flushed him, hounded him, and brought their fox to bay. Instead, the Fox beat them.

It is true that George Washington had military experience, but, as the British never tired of pointing out during and after the Revolution, it had been a long and painful experience of failure. In 1754, under the orders of the Royal Governor of Virginia to look for French in British North America, Washington had fired upon a party of sleeping Frenchman and started a war that raged in Europe and throughout the world for

seven expensive years. Washington himself had soon been forced to surrender an aptly named 'Fort Necessity' to the counterattacking French, who paid him the backhanded compliment of forbearing to take him prisoner. Washington's role as General Braddock's aide in the British disaster at Ft. Duquesne in 1755 had not covered him with glory, but rather Braddock's blood. It surely amused those British in the know that their American opponent had wanted to be an officer in the Royal Navy, before his brother Augustine had pointed out how limited his opportunities would be there.

And yet... There were ominous signs, if the British had thought to look for them. Washington looked like a leader, six feet tall, with a face that projected an air of lofty calm, often truthfully, and he never had great difficulty in getting soldiers ranging from Virginia backwoodsmen to European noblemen to follow his command. He had a knack for getting out of impossible situations, with his army, if not his reputation, intact, and he knew how to bide his time and wait for his moment. He appeared at the 2nd Continental Congress in full uniform when the Colonies needed an experienced General, fit the bill, got and kept the job. He had pride, and a temper too, and the two of them kept Washington going long after another man, another fox, might have ad-

HAPPY ANTHROCON 1999!!

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“THE FURRY REVOLUTION”

mitted that he was beaten and gone fatally to ground.

It started badly, and got worse. Washington took command of what was left of the army that the British had driven off of Bunker Hill, Breed's Hill too, and the British had occupied Boston. And yet... Lord Howe and his men woke up one morning to see grinning down at them the mouths of British cannon, taken from a British Fort Ticonderoga and full of British powder from captured British ships. Washington had sent five small schooners to sea, and the fox had found the hens unwary before the British sea dogs could react. Howe pulled out of Boston, soon into New York.

Coming at him by land and by sea, the British deftly forced Washington and his army out of Harlem and Fort Washington. The Redcoats chased the still-green Continental Army all the way through New Jersey. Washington found himself repeatedly beaten by British maneuverability, British equipment, British training, British experience. And yet... The fox proved a wily beast. The British drove Washington and his army across the Delaware, only to find that he had taken every boat he could find with him to the opposite side. No matter, a force of Hessians was left in Trenton to keep the fox at bay while the bulk of the British army went back to warm beds in New York City. The Hessians celebrated a Merry Christmas, 1776, and woke up to hangovers and Continental Bayonets. 'The Old Fox' had recrossed the river in the night, and taken the Hessians and their warm uniforms as belated presents from British overconfidence. General Cornwallis came forth to seek vengeance, and the Fox fled back across the river, back BACK across the river, and a portion of Cornwallis's army left at Princeton found themselves again at the wrong end of an American musket.

That wasn't exactly sporting, and the British facing Washington, at least, got dramatically and successfully more businesslike. Lord Howe was an intelligent and affable man, and Loyalists to the Crown allowed him to flank and rout Washington's largest army ever at the disastrous battle of Brandywine Creek the following year. Disastrous, but not decisive. They had beaten him New York, they had beaten him in New Jersey, and now Pennsylvania, but they had never quite beaten George Washington with his back to the wall. Washington's troops broke and ran. Most of them made it. They had all of Pennsylvania in which to make their escape.

Still, again, Howe and his army had taken Philadelphia, and the beds were warm and the food was plentiful in the city, and added to that was justified pride in yet another victory when Washington launched an overcomplicated attack upon an isolated part of their army at Germantown. And yet...

Valley Forge today has almost been engulfed by what has become of William Penn's 'Green Country Towne' of Philadelphia. Now it is a place for conventions and office parks, exempt from Philadelphia's head tax. But it was only twenty miles from Philadelphia, and it and Washington's army stood in between Howe and the 'bloody rebels' of the Continental Congress who had had the cheek to declare independence from their rightful sovereign the July before. There should of been food, except that the farmers preferred British coin to Continental dollars and disasters, and the winter should have been warmer than was

the winter of 1777. Congress should have sent help, it didn't, and men and horses starved and died.

But, if the British let their guard down again, Washington was close enough to take advantage. If the British came out to end the chase then and there, Washington had twenty miles of space-time to get ready to fight or run for it, and there was still a lot of Pennsylvania behind him if he needed it. Meanwhile, the men starved, sickened, died, deserted, and drilled under a Friedrich von Steuben, a Prussian drillmaster with a forged resume, and Washington would later write that 'Freedom is a light for which many have died in darkness.'

Washington's refusal to stand and be destroyed, plus sympathy for the Rebels cost Howe his job, and Sir Henry Clinton found the Colonials less likely to run and fighting harder at Monmouth Court-house. The British moved back to New York and the French had come to think that revenge for the British evicting them from North America might come in arranging for the British to be thrown out, too. Washington kept Clinton nervous in the North, while the British decided to see if things might go better by taking the war down South.

On the whole, things did not. The American general commanding in the southern colonies was Nathaniel Green, Washington's chief of supply at Valley Forge, and, accordingly, a man used to accomplishing a great deal with next to nothing. Worse, the British found themselves on another fox hunt, when a grim South Carolinian named Francis Marion made their lives miserable with a series of hit-and-run-like-hell raids that won him his own title of 'The Swamp Fox.' The British won victories, but victory itself had the same elusiveness as Washington.

It had to end sometime, and once again, General Cornwallis marched out for vengeance. Green's men under General Morgan beat Cornwallis's best hunter, Banastre Tarleton, at Cowpens, South Carolina, in 1781. Terrified American militia were told that they could run if they just fired three volleys and if they could get past the trained Continental regulars thoughtfully stationed behind them. Washington had won the confidence and allegiance of a romantic, yet competent French Marquis named Lafayette, who had a habit of retreating when the British were too strong for him and then hitting them when they were no longer expecting the blow. The bloody foxes weren't playing by the bloody rules. Cornwallis asked Clinton for reinforcements and got them; Lafayette got Mad Anthony Wayne and troops of his own, and Cornwallis got nervous. He retreated to the safety of the Yorktown peninsula, where his army could be reinforced or rescued by sea, but...

The French won a battle against a badly-commanded British fleet off the Virginia Capes, which was about as likely as Washington managing to pull out of New York and get himself and still more troops down to Virginia before Clinton could react, which also happened. Now a French Fox, the Swamp Fox, and the Old Fox were holding the fox hunters at bay until Cornwallis himself finally realized that 'the game was up,' and surrendered. British fifers played the tremendously appropriate air, 'The World Turned Upside Down' and laid down their arms. The British had beaten George Washington, chased George Washington, and humiliated George Washington. They also surrendered to George Washington. It was all crazy. Crazy like a fox.

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THE GREAT VALLEY NATURE CENTER

Charity Auction Information and Rules

The genre of anthropomorphics is an entertaining field. It deals heavily in the appreciation of the theme of animals crossed with humans. Authors and artists use anthropomorphic principles in varying degrees to design fantastic, intelligent characters and marvelous new imaginary species. However, we should never overlook our real-life counterparts of this mix and, as the human portion of this blend, assist our animal friends in any way we can to ensure a better future for all of us.

This year, Anthrocon has chosen to support The Great Valley Nature Center (GVNC), an organization located near Valley Forge, PA. The following explains the GVNC's operations as detailed by our GVNC representative, Tom Pascoello:

The Great Valley Nature Center is a non-profit, 501-3 tax-exempt organization dedicated to providing quality environmental education and recreational experiences for schoolchildren, organized groups and the general public. Our historic facility resides on a 10 1/2 acre site that encompasses a variety of habitats, including a small stream, wetlands, a large pond, fields, and woods. A fieldstone bank barn, built sometime between 1790 and 1815 now serves as our education building. This building houses a please touch exhibit area with interactive displays and games for children, indoor animals such as reptiles, mammals and amphibians, a small nature gift shop, an auditorium, and a teacher resource library. A Native American Village, springhouse, farm animals and Bird of Prey Center complete the outdoor facilities.

Our goals at the Center are to stimulate awareness and understanding of our planet and to promote a sense of responsibility and the skills for its care. In order to meet these goals we offer an extensive and diverse array of environmentally-based programs designed to accommodate the needs of any age level, from pre-school through to senior citizens. Most students are under the age of 15, although we have greatly expanded our programs for teens and adults. The socioeconomic range is also great, including both underprivileged students from the urban centers and affluent Main Line residents. Special programs are offered for special needs groups, including physically and learning disabled children. The number and variety of programs delivered by GVNC is remarkable. In 1998, approximately 30,000 people (mostly children) received environmental education programming either at the Nature Center's facility in Chester County or at off-site locations.



The Nature Center houses a variety of animals which are vital for educational programs both on and off-site. A newly built bird of prey center provides a home for permanently injured raptors which cannot be released back into the wild. These birds, such as owls, falcons, hawks and eagles serve as "animal ambassadors" helping to broaden public awareness and appreciation. Donations to the Center not only care for these magnificent animals but also to educate thousands of people to

help care for our environment.

The GVNC has a hands-on facility as well as a trail system and a Birds of Prey Center. They run approximately 30 programs concerning the environment and animals, many as hands-on experiences as well as several directed towards the mentally and physically challenged. They are home to various animals, many injured and unable to be released to the wild. These animals include, but are not restricted to sheep, hawks, reptiles, chinchillas, hedgehogs, and tarantulas.



You can reach The GVNC and their representative, Tom Pascoello, at gvncee@nmi.com, by phone at 610-935-9777, or visit their homepage at <http://www.libertynet.org/gvncee>.

Mr. Pascoello or another GVNC representative will be on hand during the Auction to receive the bidders' payments so that it does not pass through the hands of any Anthrocon staff member. There will also be several panels featuring staff members and/or animals from the GVNC where you can receive further information on their organization and speak with them outside the Auction.

The Anthrocon Auction will be supporting this beneficial charity by selling specialty items to the highest bidder. Artists, creators, and other generous collectors donated these specialty items. Artwork, software, and other original material not available anywhere else but at Anthrocon will be sold to help raise money for this year's chosen charity.

Last year, the Anthrocon Auction raised over \$3,200 for Whiskers, a group that provides rescue and human services to homeless, injured, or otherwise troubled felines and their owners. The total was one of the largest raised from an Auction for charity at an anthropomorphic-themed convention and the largest for Anthrocon itself.

Before the auction, items that have already been donated will be on display in the Art Show. The auction itself will begin on Saturday afternoon (please consult your program/schedule) in the Ritten House Ballroom and will run for approximately 2-3 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 but at Anthrocon.

Bidder Information Sheets will be available for your perusal. If you feel you would like to participate by donating an item to the Auction to be sold, see the Auction Director, Brian Harris, before the event.

Please help us support our friends at the Great Valley Nature Center by joining us for the 1999 Anthrocon Auction on Saturday afternoon.

ANTHROCON '99

Favor Returned

by Tara A. Maune

20 December 1777 - We've finally reached our winter camp at Valley Forge yesterday. It's defensible and almost pretty with the fresh blanket of snow. I've been assigned to help build the huts, which gives me a chance to wander into the woodlands for building supplies. It's not sooon enough, though. The tent leaves me chilled to the bone as my bedroll and clothes are threadbare.

While I was in the woods gathering logs yesterday, I spied something. The snowfall made it difficult to see and when I turned my head, all I saw was a flash of a tail. One too large for most animals I've seen in Pennsylvania before.

21 December 1777 - Some of the men in my regiment also saw something strange in the woods. We discussed it around the fire last night and debated whether the wee people were in America as well as back home in our dear Ireland.

When the last of the milk rations were distributed, we decided to follow an old Irish tradition. We each set aside a portion of our milk in one tin. Then later we brought the tin into the woods at twilight. Of course, we all hid ourselves to watch like a pack of young lads. And surein' they came. First we saw a raccoon the size of a bear. Then others - deer, foxes, skunks - about that size also emerged from some dark pocket of the woods. The de-

tails were hard to make out for we only saw their silhouettes against the purple/red western sky. But we could definitely tell that they all wore clothes and held themselves upright on their hind-legs. They passed the milk tin from one to another and each brought the tin up to their muzzle to drink. Even in America, these animals seemed at odds with the rest of the game in the woodlands. Perhaps they are the wee people me da told me about back in Ireland.

22 December 1777 - We found the wee people's paw prints in the snow when we returned to the woods yesterday. We agreed then to keep setting aside a portion of whatever rations we had to share with the wee people.

15 January 1778 - My stomach hurts something terrible from the hunger, and my bones ache with cold. Many of the men in my hut developed a rattling, tearing cough and fever. Many are sick in the camp now; foraging and hunting fill my days. Surein' there's little food left for the wee people with so many camped here. I keep leaving some firecake out for them each night. I don't have time to wait and watch any more, we have to keep watch that the Torries aren't sneaking up on us.

21 January 1778 - I hear supplies may arrive from Congress soon. The rations are even poorer with many of us quarantined. Doc says every one in my hut has "new-mone-ya." I've got a fever, but my cough isn't that bad yet. I can't stomach any more firecakes and the icy water makes my stomach cramp.

29 January 1778 - I dreamed that the wee people came into our hut last night. They made us drink some warm broth by the light of the candles they brought. It was bitter and hard to stomach, like the herbs my grandmother gave me when I was sick. It was strange being tended by these large animals that acted like men, but they were kind and gentle. Though none of them spoke to us in English, their smiles were warm. Then they stripped us carefully of our nightshirts and bedrolls and placed us in finer, warmer ones. We slept wonderfully well then.

30 January 1778 - They visited again last night, the raccoon, skunk, all of them. The raccoon was female and her forepaws were soft and warm when she touched my forehead and pulled back my hair. She was dressed much like our women do, but with a space in her chemise and skirt for the tail. The others were dressed likewise in Colonial fashion. Their eyes shone bright and their fur, where visible, was sleek in the candlelight. They quickly and firmly returned us to our original clothes and bedrolls - both cleaned and repaired during the interim. Then we were fed more broth with some potato and peas. There was also honey-sweetened tea. It made me feel a bit stronger and eased my fever and the weight on my chest. I don't think I've ever slept better that night.

12 February 1778 - Doc finally let us break quarantine and leave the hut. I can't believe how many people are gone. Many left, many died, many are still out foraging.

But I'm not as surprised as Doc. He says he can't figure out how we all recovered so well and so quickly - let alone survived when so many others died. The men in my hut believe my story; some even remember seeing them. But many others tell me it was just a fever dream.



©J. Groat

"THE FURRY REVOLUTION"

Hindsight

by Michael McGee

It seemed like a really good idea at the time. Then again, all stupid ideas do.

I've lost count, I think, of the number of years that have passed since we decided to "take what was rightfully ours." Things have changed, sure - but a lot of things have stayed the same, and that worries me. It's as if we've... we've filled the space left behind.

I'm writing this because I'm getting on in years - coming up on eighty-four, I think, and I want to make sure it's all nice and straight before I lapse into total senility.

I'm also one of the last people alive that was a human before I "switched over" to my current form, that of a mix of human and tabby cat genetic traits. So I remember what it was like when we had humans here.

The history texts will say that it was a time when our people were oppressed.

Apparently, we were treated like what we were mixed with - animals. Putting it bluntly, that's bullshit - it's not as if we didn't have a choice in the matter. Becoming a morph was entirely voluntary - and there were lots of reasons to become one. It became a thing of fashion in some places, and the enhanced abilities you could get from a spliced animal template were a great help in private industry. A lot of people were making the switch...

... too many, I guess.

After a while, people became restless with their current forms - I guess once you've switched once, it's all too tempting to do it again. That's when we discovered that the wonderful technology of genetic splicing had a downside - after one or two templated switches, the body grew a tolerance to the genetic surgery required. No one was able to figure out why, or how to stop the body from becoming immune.

That's when several dozen multinational corporations essentially, died. Swallowed under a heap of lawsuits. And when the dust settled, many morphs had a comfortable living with their settlements... but there were no companies left with the technology to do any further research, so they were essentially stuck in that form. I guess money's cold comfort when you can't walk down the street without being stared at.

So the morphs, over time, began to stick to their own - distrustful the so-called "normal" people. They - we, I guess - we felt more comfortable amongst people whom knew what it was like. And you couldn't really have expected the "normal" people to sit easy, either. Distrust led to hate... hate to violence...

Well, to be honest, I'd never given it much thought at the time. When you ask some twenty-year-old kid if he wants to fight for the rights of his people, of course he's going to join up. He imagines marches, handcuffing himself to campus staircases, speeches, petitions. And sure - that's how it all started. Our group was just one of dozens, slowly but surely gaining strength. We signed petitions, canvassed, marched... at

first.

I don't remember the first time I picked up a gun, to tell the truth - it's become just another lost memory over the years.

I do remember the first time I fired it, years later.

I can still see his skull, split open like a rotten watermelon. And I remember seeing his eyes, boring into me like laser beams. I remember the sound of the gun - it roared. It roared so loud. The smell of gunpowder washed through the air.

I don't know what was worse. That I killed a man and, years later, I can't even remember who the hell he was, or why he had to die... or that I hadn't quit the movement, right then and there. If I had had a brain in my head, I would have. But I was just a stupid, stupid kid...

The years rolled by, and the tide began to turn. Some of the movements managed to obtain, uncover, or steal the old technology and patents that began this whole mess in the first place, and the result was, putting it bluntly, the eventual death of every human on planet Earth.

©K. Pease

It wasn't our movement. That I'm sure of. I was higher up in the organization then, and I knew just where to look when I was looking for a secret. But it was still my fault. It was still all our fault.

But I knew it was an intentional virus. There are certain things a person just knows for sure, given enough time and experience. It's what police term "cop instinct."

And my instinct was telling me that some crazy, crazy genecooker had decided the best way to solve the problem of human-morph racism would be to eliminate the former.

And so it went - they died. Nothing anyone could do - they died. Now, you may look at the pictures in the history books and see the streets that were littered with the dead or dying, but take it from me: you have no idea what it was like. The stench wasn't the worst part - the silence wasn't either. It was the total, gnawing guilt that ate me up - guilt over being the one who wasn't going to die.

And, well... so it went. After the bodies were cremated and buried, we set about the task of re-establishing society, in the husks of the one we'd just killed. And you know what the funniest thing

was? The thing that absolutely, positively slays me to this day?

A couple years after we'd become established, we were doing it again. Telling the same old jokes and harboring the same stupid feelings. Cat jokes, dog jokes, rodent jokes.

It usually starts with jokes. And then it graduates to quiet discrimination, then not-so-quiet discrimination, then violence, hatred, prejudice...

And no photograph. The crowning touch.

It's been almost forty-five years since my wife died, me sobbing on her chest, screaming out my rage. Forty-five years. And I can't remember what she looked like. I can't remember what any of them looked like. It is as if someone just... just painted over them. Painted over them in the broad, polluted canvas of my life.

Maybe that's for the best. After all... what's so important about the way you look, anyway?



RULES OF CONDUCT

1999 Anthrocon Standards of Conduct and Other Miscellany

The primary purpose for Anthrocon '99 is to have fun. To ensure that the greatest number of people achieves this objective, we must establish the standards of conduct, that is the behaviors that will and will not be accepted at the Con.

The standards of conduct for Anthrocon '99 will be strictly enforced by the safety and rules officers, hereafter referred to as Security. 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 Anthrocon '99, and must be presented and/or surrendered to any Security staff member requesting it. If you have any problem with any action taken by a Security staff member you may take the matter up with the Chief of Security, Mr. Jeremy Kidd or the Con Director, Dr. Samuel Conway.

General Rating of the Convention

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

6 am - 6 pm	Rating	G - PG-13
6 pm - 10 pm	Rating	PG-13 - R, Parental guidance is suggested.
10 pm - 6 am	Rating	PG-13 - NC-17, Ages 15 and under require supervision.

These ratings apply only to convention functions and not public areas. In public spaces (those open to other non-convention hotel patrons), the Rating will be PG-13 at all times.

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. Blatant and obviously intentional breaches of the rules will result in immediate revocation of membership.

Public Displays of Affection

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 one's self, 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

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.

NOTE: Anyone found exposing themselves to a minor (less than 18 years old) will be turned over to the authorities and expelled from the con immediately for the remainder of the con, and barred from further cons for a period of five years.

Disorderly Conduct

Please remember that you are a guest of the 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 hotel 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 hotel security personnel are empowered by Anthrocon '99 to confiscate your con badge if you do not comply. If this occurs you must take up the issue with Chief of Security Kidd. This standard includes any and all fighting, any inappropriate horseplay, or any actions that directly or recklessly cause undue disturbance to any con or hotel function, or 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 enjoys their time at the Con.

Anthrocon accepts no liability for events or actions by individuals in the confines of private hotel rooms. Anyone intending to host a party is strongly suggested to check for Anthrocon badges on partygoers, and to deny entrance to any person who is not a member of the convention. Responsibility for incidents occurring in hotel guestrooms rests solely upon the individual in whose name the room is rented.

The 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.



©1999 Scotty Arsenault

RULES OF CONDUCT

Harassment (All Types, Including Sexual)

Harassment includes but is not limited to the following: 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 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 also encourage the injured party to press charges with the police department.

To explain what assault is; any physical contact done with the intent to cause physical injury, or actions of a reckless nature (i.e., rough horseplay, etc) that cause physical injury to another person is an assault, and is punishable by fines and/or imprisonment.

If any person or persons assaults a convention security officer, we will press charges to the fullest extent of the law, both criminally and civilly.

Menacing is defined as when, by physical or verbal means, a person intentionally places or attempts to place another person in fear of death, imminent physical injury. Menacing is punishable by fines and/or imprisonment. Note: It is misdemeanor to stop someone from leaving an area or confining someone against his or her will. This means that if someone says let me out, you let them out or you may find yourself locked up yourself. This is what is referred to as trapping in the heading and is called unlawful imprisonment.

As with indecent exposure to a minor, convention privileges will be revoked and the guilty person barred from further cons for a period of five years.

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

Weapons Policy

The following are the Anthrocon '99 Weapons Policy. This is to ensure the safety of all those attending the con.

No weapons or items may be carried, openly or concealed which are illegal in the state of Pennsylvania. This is of ultimate importance to keep in mind. There are items such as sword canes and ball-song (butterfly) knives, which are legal to own and carry in some states that are not legal in others.

No firearms, real or replica are to be carried, openly or concealed. This includes air-soft weapons, squirt guns, BB or pellet guns, cap guns, or any other item that bears a close resemblance to any firearm, modern or antique. (See exceptions below)

No destructive devices, real or replica, are to be carried, openly or concealed. This includes grenades of any type, claymore mines, sticks or bundles of TNT, pipe-bombs or simi-

lar devices.(see exceptions below)

No impact weapons are to be carried, openly or concealed. This includes brass knuckles, kubotans, saps, billy clubs, batons or any similar device. (See exceptions below)

No laser-pointers, laser-aiming device or similar device may be used in public, save for legitimate purpose such as a seminar, display, or other convention sanctioned event.(see exceptions below)

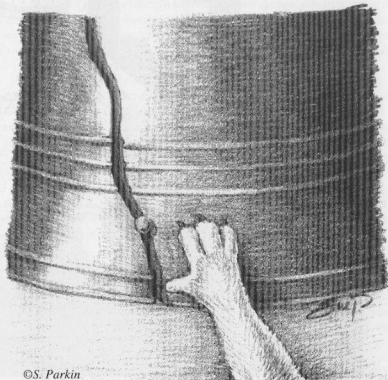
Prop weapons and other costume weapons may be carried, so long as they are part of a costume. However, the weapons must be secured in a holster or scabbard, and must be presented to security for inspection and peace-bonding prior to their carriage at the convention. The final decision of what constitutes an acceptable or unacceptable item is the discretion of the Chief of Security.

The only exception to any of these rules is for the purpose of any convention-sanctioned costume event. Any person wishing to include a prohibited item must contact security in advance for approval of the prohibited item, then must be escorted from the place where the prohibited item is stored, to the event, then back to the storage place for the item at the conclusion of the event.

Brandishing of any weapon, real or replica, is not permissible. Brandishing is defined as the display of an item for the purpose of real or implied threat. Whether or not this was the intent of the brandisher is moot.

Those licensed to carry any of the above mentioned or similar items, will be asked to secure said items at a location other than at the con. If they are subsequently found to be carrying 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.

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



©S. Parkin

*"La Revolution de Pelage
n'a pas besoin de licornes..."*



ANTHROCON MASQUERADE

Anthrocon, Inc.'s Financial Policy

©K. Pick

Anthrocon, Inc. is a Pennsylvania-incorporated non-profit organization exempt from Federal taxes under section 501(c)7. It is owned and staffed entirely by volunteers. Any income beyond that which is required for convention operations is to be donated in its entirety to a single charitable organization. Membership is open to any person with an interest in Anthropomorphic fiction regardless of race, nationality, religion, philosophy or sexual orientation. The following are policies governing financial transactions with Anthrocon, Inc.

PAYMENTS:

Anthrocon, Inc. is happy to accept as payment any of the following (drawn on US funds only): Cash, checks, money orders, travelers' checks; Mastercard, VISA, American Express, Discover cards. We are unable to accept foreign currency, credit cards not listed above, IOU's, barter, or any other form of payment.

RETURNED CHECKS:

Returned checks will be subject to a \$20 service charge. Failure to reconcile the debt or to pay the service charge will result in denial of membership privileges until such a time as the full debt is reconciled. Repayment of the original debt plus the service charge must be made via cash in person or via money order.

CHARGEBACKS:

Anthrocon, Inc. will make every reasonable effort to resolve in an amicable fashion any disputed credit card charges. Attempts to avoid payment by disputing charges for goods supplied or services performed by Anthrocon in good faith will result in denial of membership privileges until such a time as the full debt is reconciled. Repayment of the original debt must be made via cash in person or via money order.

REFUNDS:

Anthrocon, Inc. will issue refunds for registration fees if the request for a refund is made prior to three weeks before the first scheduled day of the convention. Refunds will not be made after that time; rather, credit will be issued for the following year.

Anthrocon's liability for defects in workmanship on items sold in the "Anthrocon Store" is limited to replacement of the item or refund of the actual purchase price, provided that the request for such is submitted within 60 days of purchase.

Anthrocon, Inc., places no warranty, real or implied, on the convention services it performs. Requests for refunds that are made on or after the closing date of the convention will not be honored. Requests for refunds of dealer table costs made after three days prior to the first scheduled day of the convention may be subject to a \$30 fee per dealer. This fee represents the cost to Anthrocon for an individual vendor permit, which is non-refundable.

Art Show space reservation fees are handled separately from the main convention funds. If reservation is canceled or unclaimed, a refund of the reservation fee paid will be issued on request. Mail-in, shipping, and other service fees are not refundable.



Anthrocon Masquerade Information

Welcome to Anthrocon, the anthropomorphic gathering of fans and professionals this July 4th weekend to discuss and be entertained by furry stories, events, and other activities. If you keep a close eyes out, you might even see a *real* furry wandering around amongst the people!

But why search for them when we can bring them to you at the Anthrocon Masquerade! This event is designed to provide an atmosphere where costumers can entertain you with their costuming and performance skills, giving you an evening of wonder before the all-popular Saturday night dance.

The Masquerade will consist of two parts. First will be the Masquerade itself where you may join other attendees in audience to view performances by our fandom's top costumers. The second part will be a Photo Opportunity where you will be able to mingle with the performers and other costumers and get your pictures taken with them.

The Masquerade will be held in the Ritten House Room on Saturday evening. For all costumers, there is a mandatory rehearsal for the show in the Ritten House Room on Saturday morning. Please consult your schedule/program for exact times.

Please remember that there is no flash photography allowed during the event. If you would like to participate in the Masquerade or the Photo Opportunity, please either contact the Masquerade Director, Brian Harris, before the rehearsal or show up at the rehearsal on Saturday morning. If you have any other questions, please contact Mr. Harris, as well.

ANTHROCON '99



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"THE FURRY REVOLUTION"



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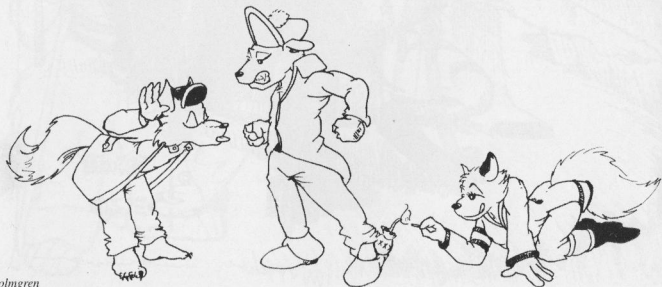
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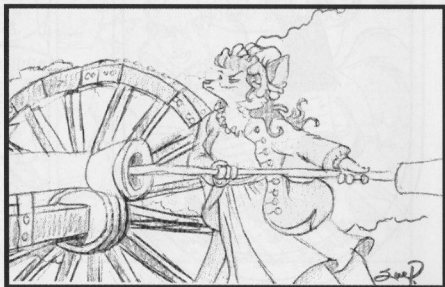
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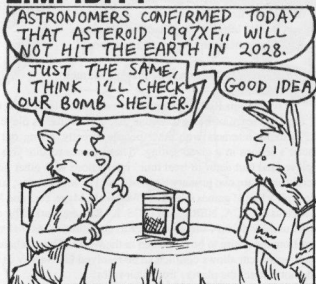
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ANTHROCON '99

The World of Gaming

by Brian Johnson

The world of gaming has changed since 1975 when the fledgling company Tactical Studies Rules released the first booklet called "Chainmail". Today, the gaming industry is a multi-billion dollar affair, as intricate as any other past time. Herein you will find a summary of the types of Gaming commonly available today, along with places to go on the World Wide Web to get more information about something that strikes your fancy. Most games also have Conventions dedicated to them, where you can go to meet and play with other people who share your interests.

The most common types of gaming are "Table-Top" Roleplaying Games (RPGs), "Live Action" RPGs, Collectible Card Games (CCG's), Miniatures Wargaming, Board Games, and Computer Games. Each type of gaming has its own lingo, rules and requirements. They also vary in the costs associated with starting up, and playing. Typical costs, and requirements, will be discussed in each section.

Be sure to use the vast resources of the World Wide Web to research the type of gaming you are interested in. Each game has a following of players, many of whom have put up excellent sites dedicated to their favorite games. These sites often list tips, info, tricks, trivia, and other information of interest to the players of those games.

Table-Top Role Playing Games

Table Top RPGs are typically played by a group of players, who are guided through a world by a Game Master. The GM creates a world, or uses a published world, and sets up Adventures for the players. These worlds are filled with treasure, combat, vast places to explore, and various GM controlled characters that the players must interact with, to get what they want, or need.

Currently, Table Top RPGs offer the widest spectrum of Gaming including games with an incredible diversity of themes: High Fantasy, such as Advanced Dungeons and Dragons by TSR; Science Fiction, such as Rifts by Palladium Books; and even "Generic" systems, such as GURPS by Steve Jackson Games. Generic systems are able to represent any form of theme, or background, you could possibly imagine. Each system has its own set of rules and guidelines for adventuring in their world or worlds. These rules govern what your character can do during general game play, in combat, and during other special occurrences that may arise.

Table Top RPG's only need a comfortable place to play, such as a den or living room, paper and pen/pencil, and a selection of dice. Some people like to use miniatures of their characters, and the adversaries they face, so they can visualize combat scenes better. However, this should not be confused with Miniatures Gaming, which is typically only combat-oriented.

To get started in a Table Top RPG is arguably the lowest startup cost, of all forms of gaming. Most first-time players will join a group of established players, and be able to use their books to generate the persona they will use during the adventures. This group introduction also means that Table Top RPG group members will help 'newbies' with creating their first character. Over time you will want to purchase your own books and dice. Books tend to range from \$15.00 US to \$25.00 US, depending on size. Dice can be a terrible addiction, as there are hundreds of variations. A typical set of RPG dice consists of a D4, D6, D8, D10 ('tens'), D12, D20, and a special D10 ('hundreds'), and usually costs less than \$5.00 US.

For additional Information about Table Top RPGs:

TSR: <http://www.tsr.com>

Palladium Books: <http://www.palladiumbooks.com>

Steve Jackson Games: <http://www.sjgames.com>

Live Action Role Playing Games

Live Action Role Playing Games allow a player to actually 'live' the experience of being someone else for awhile. A player in a LARP actually interacts with other people directly, acting out their character's actions in a given setting. These games require you to be part player and part actor in 'real time' interactions with other people. Currently, there are two primary types ofLARPs. Modern-day, such as White Wolf's line of games (Vampire, Werewolf, Mage, etc.) and Medieval, such as the SCA, NERO, and IFGS. LARPs are marked by a system that usually doesn't use dice to resolve a situation, as that would detract from the desire to be immersed in the world. The mechanics of the gaming system allows conflicts to be resolved in a variety of ways that do not distract the players from their roles.

Modern Day LARPs take place 'now'. Players act out their scenes in locales like buildings, college dorms, and other 'public' places.



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"THE FURRY REVOLUTION"

Occasionally, a Player's home will be host to a game. In a few cases, a group of players will have purchased or rented meeting halls, and other places where they can play. The most common of these is White Wolf's series of games, where people can play Vampires, and other characters who 'live' in the real world, but must hide their identities from the 'mundanes', or the regular humans. This allows the game to be played almost anywhere, as discretion is the rule. Conflicts are resolved through a simple system of 'bidding'.

Each player is created with the use of Rulebooks and given powers and abilities. The game system allows you to use those powers, usually through a series of hand-signals. A Storyteller governs each game and guides the players along in the world. Startup costs for this kind of game are also low, as you can dress in clothes you already own, and use another player's books for the first few times. Eventually, you will want to purchase your own books, which range in cost from \$15.00 US, to \$30.00 US. Also, you may wish to purchase clothes and props for your Persona, which can be as cheap or expensive as your heart desires.

Medieval Fantasy LARPs are played with each person assuming a role, typically of a warrior, thief, or spellcaster. These LARP systems rely on using safe weapons made from foam, and other soft materials. These weapons enable people to actually engage in mock combat. The games are played in larger buildings or in outdoor locations, such as parks or camping grounds. Some games are also held in people's homes, though these games are often non-combat events.

The costs of Medieval LARPs is more expensive than most games. You usually need to buy 'garb' (your costume), and pay a small fee for each "event" you attend. Events typically happen on the weekend, and run all day. Some events are camping events, which run overnight. For these you will need to provide yourself with camping gear. Finally, you will eventually need to purchase, or make, your own weapons. These costs for these items vary from system to system. Typically, however, you'll spend about \$50.00 US, initially, and anywhere from \$5.00 US to \$50.00 US for an Event. The higher cost Events should be 2 or even 3 day camping weekends, and in many cases provide food. An important note is that these games are most often very active, with lots of moving around, and aerobic exercise. In addition, in spite of all safety regulations, accidents *can* happen, just like in any other athletic sport. Be prepared, and follow *all* of the rules and guidelines set forth by the people running the game.

A slightly different form of this is the Society for Creative Anachronism, or the SCA. They are more of a "Historical Recreation" society, and they are quite large, including Chapters on American Aircraft Carriers. This group engages in combat with full armor, and weapons crafted of rattan, much like the weapons made to practice some forms of oriental martial arts. However, there are also entire sections of the SCA dedicated to non-combat activities, historical recreation and research, etc.

For additional information about LARPs:

SCA: <http://www.sca.org>

IFGS: <http://www.ifgs.com>

NERO: <http://mgcd.com/nero/neroindex.htm>

White Wolf: <http://www.world-of-darkness.com>

Collectible Card Games

Collectible Card gaming arose a short while ago and quickly rose to dominate the Gaming Industry. The basic concept is to have a "Deck" of cards, which you use to compete against one or more other players. Each system has its own set of rules, and its own set of Cards. The most well known game of this genre is called "Magic: The Gathering", by Wizards of the Coast. Also, many players attempt to collect a full set of the cards, thus increasing their value.

To build a Deck, you purchase packs of cards, usually sold in 60-card "Starter Packs", and 8-12 card "Booster Packs". The Starter Packs also come with a small rules booklet. Most game systems also sell a large rules booklet, with more examples and illustrations. In addition, you can purchase individual cards from most gaming stores.

One of the most important aspects of this game is its "Collectivity", as certain cards are more rare, than others. These rare cards are usually more powerful, and can assist you in defeating your opponents. However, they are also more expensive, should you wish to buy one from a gaming store.

The greatest advantage of these games is that all you need is your deck, and a place to play, such as a table. Collectible Card Games are extremely portable, and are typically very fast-paced.

Startup costs for a CCG tends to be under \$10.00 US for a starter deck, and about \$3.00 US for a Booster Pack. Individual Cards, however, can cost anywhere from 25 cents US for the most common cards, to literally hundreds of dollars for the most rare.



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For additional information about Collectible Card Games:
Wizards of the Coast: <http://www.wizards.com>

Miniatures Wargaming

Miniatures Wargaming involves using a collection of painted miniatures to represent an army, which you command on the battlefield. Genres for this type of gaming range anywhere from medieval and fantasy warfare, to Napoleonic, to World War and modern battlefields, all the way up to far-future battles on distant worlds. Some of the more popular Games in this genre include: Warhammer and Warhammer 40K, by Games Workshop, Heavy Gear by Dream Pod 9, and Warzone by Target Games.

These games tend to take up several hours per battle, with particularly large battles running for a full day, or even multiple days. A weekend of gaming can easily be filled by a handful of battles.

The games require a large tabletop or other playing field. You also need to purchase or build a selection of terrain. Finally, you need to purchase the figures and vehicles for your army. These requirements make this type of game the *most* expensive, short of Computer Games. A basic Figure costs around \$3.00-\$5.00 US. "Leader" Characters can cost as high as \$12.00 US. And vehicles range from \$10.00 US for the smaller bikes and cannons, all the way up to hundreds of dollars for the gargantuan "Titans" of the Warhammer 40K Game Universe. Terrain can be made fairly cheaply, with enough terrain to cover the standard 4 foot x 8 foot gaming table costing around \$25.00 US, plus household goods like cardboard tubes, and Pringles potato chip cans.

A side note about playing Workshop Games: 95% of all "Official" games require you to use the latest rules, and the latest figures and vehicles. And, regrettably, they re-write their rules every few years, often requiring you to purchase new figures. While this game has the largest active following, it does make it more expensive than other options, and their figure and vehicle costs tend to be 10% to 20% more than other, similar, game systems.

For additional information about Miniature Wargaming:
Games Workshop: <http://www.bloodowl.com>
Heavy Gear: <http://www.dp9.com>
Warzone: <http://www.target.se>

Board Games

Board Games include the usual slew of out-of-the-box games, from Parker Brothers' classic Monopoly, all the way up to Strategic Battle Simulations such as Axis and Allies, and Supremacy. These games vary in theme, and rules, but pretty much break down into "Family" games, and "Simulation" games.

Family games, such as Monopoly, Sorry!, and Parcheesi are simple, easy to play games, usually relying more on chance, than strategy. They are great games to keep up in the closet, and pull out on rainy days. The Rules are simple, and almost everyone can learn how to play. Even Risk is a simple "Simulation" game. These games tend to cost between \$15.00 and \$20.00 US.

Many very enjoyable board games are made in Eu-

rope, and available here in the US. You can find more information about these games on the newsgroup rec.arts.games hierarchy.

A variant of the Family game is the Trivia game, where players compete to answer questions from a variety of categories, act out the answers, or otherwise pit their knowledge against everyone else.

Simulation Games, such as the games from Avalon Hill, typically use either plastic pieces, or cardboard counters, to represent units that are commanded on a tactical or strategic battlefield, which is printed on a hard-backed board map. These games are often quite complex, representing days, months, or years of actual "time". Such games are played over the span of hours, one game easily taking up an entire day. These games also tend to be more expensive, ranging anywhere from \$30.00 US to \$100.00 US. Several games, such as Supremacy, even have expansion sets, which add more rules, and pieces.

Both types of games have the advantage of being very storable in their boxes, and very portable. However, it is suggested that you play these games on a table, to avoid giant feline and canine monsters from stomping all over your battlefields.

For Additional Information about Board Games:

Hasbro: <http://207.121.187.219/home.html>
(Hasbro owns almost every board game company, including Avalon Hill, Parker Brothers, and Milton Bradley.)



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PROGRAMMING DEFINITIONS

Computer Games

Computer games require a computer to play, but are often the best games for solo play. These games cover the full range of genres. You can play strategic games such as Civilization, first-person "Shooter" games, such as Quake, air combat simulations, children's games, and even hop into a Starfighter, and fly off into the Star Wars universe.

These games require a computer and most of the games available require an IBM compatible to play. Many games can be networked allowing you to either play solo, or play against other humans over your office network, or the internet. Games range anywhere from \$9.95 US for the older games in the discount bin, to \$40.00 US for new games, all the way up to \$100.00 US for really complex games, but games that expensive are rare.

In addition, since computer technology is constantly advancing, the newest games require the newer technology, which means you'll have to upgrade your sound cards, and video cards, which can cost anywhere from \$50.00 US to \$250.00 US. You usually need at least a Pentium-II computer, and 32 megs of memory (the more, the better!), plus a large amount of hard drive space. Finally, many action games need a form of controller like a joystick, which can cost anywhere from \$50.00 to \$200.00 US for a full stick and throttle combination. This can make playing Computer Games quite expensive.

A variation of Computer Games are the large variety of Online Games available. These games, ranging from text worlds like MUDs and MUCKs, to the fully graphical worlds like Ultima Online and Everquest, give a new dimension to game playing, combining Computer Gaming with Roleplaying. Games like Everquest, and Ultima Online require you to buy the software, and pay a monthly fee for access, which requires a credit card. They also tend to require the same hardware as other forms of Computer Games, and a very fast modem. The text-based games are less flashy, but tend to have more Roleplaying involved, and no access-fees. These games, like their Tabletop cousins, cover all sorts of themes and genres.

For additional information about Computer Games:

There are really far too many links to select just one or two, as every computer game has a Web Presence. The best way to locate computer games is to go to a software seller, and select a few games there. When you find games you like, go to their Web Site, and support that company. If you hear about a game that sounds particularly exciting, chances are, you can probably look it up in a web search engine before racing out to buy it.



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Types of Events at Anthrocon

Workshop - A workshop is a directed series of courses with a fixed agenda intended to teach or improve a certain set of skills or abilities. A workshop may have one or more facilitators working interactively to teach the members of the workshop. The members of the workshop are expected to have some prior knowledge in the field being taught and may be asked to complete coursework during a workshop session, or between sessions of the workshop. Most workshops may consist of three to four, one- or two-hour sessions.



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Seminar - Seminars cover a range of subtopics within a given field. A seminar consists of many meetings over a period of time. Each meeting may be held as a panel, a workshop series, demonstrations, or even a group discussion where people are encouraged to share concepts and ideas. As with workshops, seminar participants are expected to have at least some exposure to the overall subject being presented.

Artist Demos - During an artist's demonstration, a single (or small group) of artists will physically perform to show a particular talent or concept. Demonstrations are open to all, and people watching may be encouraged to ask questions on the work in progress.

Hands-on Demos - A hands-on demonstration is where the participants are invited to work with the facilitator to engage in a physical activity designed to demonstrate or improve a particular skill or ability. Unless otherwise designated, the attendees of the demonstration must provide appropriate materials.

Examples:

- Working on opening paragraphs for fiction stories.
- Live modeling of people or animals.

Round Table Discussions - A round table discussion is a meeting on a given topic hosted by a moderator and having a number of speakers who share knowledge on the given subject. The moderator will pose a question, or accept a question from the audience, then invite the speakers to discuss the question or topic. A moderator would typically share some knowledge of the topic being presented, but does not actually participate in the discussion.

Panel - A panel is a fixed time discussion (typically one hour) on a specific topic led by a Facilitator who is knowledgeable or informed in the given subject. Panel members may be of any level of expertise within the subject matter, and work to motivate the attendees to discuss the pros and cons of the given topic, and to ask questions of the panelists. Anyone may attend a panel.

SIGs - Special Interest Groups have no facilitators or planned activities. Rather, they are simply a gathering of people who may share a common interest in a particular subject or activity.

PROGRAMMING DEFINITIONS

Programming Terms

Professional - A professional is someone who fits into one or more of the categories listed below:

- Devotes a large portion of time, regularly, toward development in the chosen field.
- Recognizes a significant income due to work in the chosen field.
- Has been recognized in the past as an authority in the chosen field.
- Has been paid to appear and to speak about the chosen field.

Semi-Professional - A semi-professional is someone who fits into one or more of the categories listed below:

- Spends a good portion of non-work time toward development in the chosen field.
- May earn some money from work done in the chosen field.
- May have been recognized as a person with a strong involvement in the past.

Expert - An expert is someone who fits into one or more of the categories listed below:

- Holds a degree from an accredited school, or has undergone extensive training in the chosen field.
- Teaches the chosen field at an accredited school, institution or workplace.

- Paid to assist in workshops, courses, or training in the chosen field.
- Recognized as an expert by peers in the chosen field.

Hobbyist - A hobbyist is someone who fits into one or more of the categories listed below:

- Has publicly spoken about or distributed work in the chosen field.
- Regularly participates in the chosen field by contributing.

Amateur - An amateur is someone who fits into one or more of the categories listed below:

- Has not spoken about nor distributed work in the chosen field other than to family or friends.
- Has some knowledge in the chosen field from partial training or personal experience.
- Regularly attends classes, panels or lectures to learn more of the chosen field.

Orator - An orator person is someone who fits into one or more of the categories listed below:

- Has little to no experience or exposure in the chosen field.
- Can communicate well and would like to talk on the subject, were the background available.
- Would be willing to research and gather information in order to create or help present on the chosen topic.



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ANTHROCON ARTISTS' ALLEY

Anthrocon Artists' Alley

Anthrocon Artists' Alley is dedicated to the spirit of allowing attending artists who do not have the means to obtain a dealer's table to display and market their work.

Hours of Operation

Friday, July 2nd, 1999
10am - 6pm

Saturday, July 3rd, 1999
10am - 6pm

Sunday, July 4th, 1999
10am - 3pm

Availability of Tables

All tables are available on a first come, first served basis each day. Having a table on one day does not guarantee a table on the next. The Artist Alley administration table will open at 9:45 AM each day. You may sign up for a table at that time, even if you are already in place at a table. You may not "reserve" a table before that time by placing your belongings on it, or by leaving them there from the previous night. Tables are available to artists wishing to display their own artwork.

Unfortunately, we can not accommodate people acting as agents for artists, or for people reselling other people's art. Such items are for the Art Show, not for Artist Alley. Likewise, only artwork created by the artist, not general merchandise, can be displayed. Artist Alley is meant to be a showcase for rising young furry artists; it is not an inexpensive alternative to the Dealers' Room.

The table must be staffed by the artist for the majority of the time the table is held by that artist (We understand that artists, like other attendees, are here to enjoy the convention and need to eat, drink, and, well, you know...). Inquiries will be made if we notice that a table is repeatedly left vacant for long periods of time, or if a substitute is in place for longer than is reasonable, and your table may be given to another poor artist for whom we had not had room.

All materials must be removed from the table when the artist checks out. Artist Alley will be located in a major hotel thoroughfare, and Anthrocon accepts no responsibility for materials left unattended. This includes artwork, personal items, and garbage.

Anthrocon is unable to provide power drops for displays in Artist Alley.

Items generating an unacceptable noise-level are strongly discouraged. This includes portable stereos, computers, handheld game units, etc. Repeated complaints of excessive noise may result in loss of

table privileges.

Sales of Artwork

Traditionally, sales of art at an Artist Alley has been possible only because of certain "gray areas" in tax laws; other conventions in the past have simply ignored those legal vagaries. With recent trends in Furry fandom, however, it is necessary for every convention to adhere strictly to all state and local ordinances. Anthrocon will not be made a target of mischievous or vindictive vandals who enjoy reporting tiny infractions to the authorities as major felonies; hence, we are compelled to remain at all times in full compliance with the law.

Ordinarily, each vendor (defined as a person collecting monies for the sale of merchandise or services) must have a PA sales tax license, and additionally must be registered with the local township through the convention for a vendor's permit. The fee for these vendor's permits are charged to the convention and are currently limited in number. There would not be enough for everyone, and the costs associated with obtaining additional permits would be prohibitive. We could not conduct Artist Alley in the traditional fashion without charging exorbitant fees to the artists and compelling them to collect sales tax. Thus, in order to allow for sales in Artist Alley we have devised the following system. We apologize if it seems inconvenient, but the alternative is to forbid any sales from taking place whatsoever.

Anthrocon will be the centralized dealer for the entirety of Artist Alley, selling the items there on a consignment basis. We will collect the money and the necessary sales taxes, and will distribute the funds to the artists. Anthrocon is thus responsible for keeping the paperwork in order and for filing the tax forms, and everything is kept legal.



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ANTHROCON ARTISTS' ALLEY

In Order to Purchase Artwork

The artist will fill out an Artist Alley-supplied sales slip, which lists the piece(s) for sale, the name of the buyer, and the price of the sale.

The customer will take this slip to the Artist Alley Admin Table, pay the sale price plus applicable sales tax and fees, and receive a receipt for his purchase.

The customer can then return to the artist with the receipt to pick up the artwork.

Due to the strictness and severity of the local and state laws regarding our merchants, we absolutely can not allow the direct exchange of cash for merchandise or services within the Artist Alley, or within any other area under the control of the convention. Anyone found in violation of this rule may be subject to losing their Artist Alley Table privileges for a period of time. Further violations may result in expulsion from Artist Alley or from the entire convention. All decisions of this nature will be carried out by the Anthrocon Artist Alley Director or Artist Alley Staff as designated by the Director. Additionally, if such a violation occurs in the presence of a state or local official who has come to monitor our activities, the guilty party will be solely responsible for fines or other legal penalties that may be imposed.

Payment arrangements

The sales form (supplied by Anthrocon) is filled out by the artist and given to the customer.

The customer pays at the Admin Desk, which will be close by. A sales tax of 6% will be added as well as an administrative fee of 4%; this is not intended to profit the convention, but rather to offset the added cost of paperwork and permits which we must obtain.

The administrator prints 3 copies of the official receipt:

- 1.Desk Copy
- 2.Artist Copy
- 3.Customer Receipt

The customer takes copy 2 and 3 to the artist to pick up the artwork.

The artist keeps copy 2 for the tally at day's end.

The artist receives payment at the end of the day, or upon check-out from his table.

Rating of Artwork

Artist Alley is subject to the same rules regarding "appropriate display" as are all facets of the convention. The general rule here is that all artwork on public display must have a rating no greater than PG-13 except in clearly designated areas - and Artist Alley is not one of those clearly designated areas. If there are questions on suitability, or if discrepancies arise, the Artist Alley Director will have the final authority.

Most artwork can be sold in the Artist Alley. Items of an adult nature may be sold, provided that these items are not on public display. Adult materials must be either covered, or kept in a clearly marked binder that is not accessible to minors, as outlined below. You must also make sure that this material is discreetly handled when viewed. Please, if you wish to display uncensored art in binders or portfolios, keep them in separate binders or places. Don't just have a tag between the regular and adult stuff.

Keep the merchandise and displays reasonable and respectable. (i.e. no cheesecake/beefcake/sheepcake/skunkcake books where minors can grab 'em, or see things that they shouldn't, according to PA law.), and no "naughty bits" showing. Post-it notes or other suitable masking are acceptable, though again we ask that it be done tastefully. The safe bet here is to remember that there are minors present, and assuming that that little kid standing behind your "adult" customer is actually the son of the local police chief would be a sensible idea. Please remember also that there are other people out there that may not share your taste in art and who may be more easily offended by graphic works. Our goal is to keep the atmosphere comfortable for everyone.

In case of a disagreement or problem that can not be resolved with the Artist Alley Director, an appeal may be made to the Convention Chair. No other person has the authority to handle an appeal, and the Chair's decision is final.



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ANTHROCON VOLUNTEERS

Volunteer Guidelines for Anthrocon '99

Thank you for your interest in helping out behind the scenes at Anthrocon '99! From the CEO on down, our convention relies on volunteer help to keep things running smoothly and professionally. We can't thank you enough for lending a hand — but we can certainly try to make it worthwhile. Other than the nifty perks that are outlined below, you will get to experience the awesome world of running a convention. You'll get to see how things work backstage at one of the fastest-growing Furry conventions around. You may even get to chat with some of our guests away from the hustle and bustle of the crowd.

Our volunteer staff covers everything from assisting the guests to the more mundane jobs of moving furniture and setting up panels for the Art Show. Every job is key to the convention's success; no task is too small, and any time that you are able to volunteer is appreciated. A few (but certainly not all) of the jobs for which we need volunteers are listed below:

Setup and tear down of the art show and dealers' room; perhaps the most crucial of all tasks! This is from (tentatively) 6 PM and on Thursday night and after 4 PM Sunday afternoon.

- Door guards for the art show and dealers' room.
- Host for the Internet room and the various lounges.
- Masquerade helpers
- Art and charity auction runners
- Drivers (must have a car!)
- Setup (and cleanup) for the dances
- Registration helpers
- Video room helpers
- General gofers

If you know you will have downtime through the con, contact the Volunteer Coordinator and let him know when and what you'd like to help with. The Volunteer Coordinator will contact the appropriate director with your name and contact information. It is important that you contact us through the Volunteer Coordinator and not through the individual directors. It allows us to keep track of your hours, and prevents over- and under-staffing of positions.

Why Keep Track of Hours?

Here's where we make it worth your while!

If you volunteer for...	You get...
Up to 5 hours	A very nice mention in next year's con book and on the website.
5-10 hours	That, plus a 15% discount for items bought at the Anthrocon store.
10-15 hours	All that, plus a free Anthrocon T-shirt
15-20 hours	All that, plus a complimentary membership to AC-2000.
More than 20 hours	Heck, we'll make you a staff member!

Hence, it is very important that you help us to keep track of your hours. We want to make sure that your hard work and dedication is appropriately rewarded. Oh, did we mention that hours spent helping

out during setup and tear down at the times mentioned above count double?

How it All Works

You will report to the volunteer table located in the lobby outside the dealers' room and check in with the esteemed, honorable etc. Volunteer Coordinator. If you have not already signed up for a position, he will show you where help is most critically required and will help you find a job that best suits your talents (and the amount of spare time you have). You will be given a slip of paper on which your hours will be recorded. You will report to the director in charge of that function. The director will note your "time in" on your sheet as well as your "time out" once the job is done, and will sign the sheet for you. You should keep this sheet with you at all times. Bring it back to the volunteer table to have the hours recorded. When you have reached the required number of hours for a free T-shirt, you will be sent straightaway to the Anthrocon sales desk to pick it up. Likewise, when you have enough hours for a free membership (yay!), you will be sent right to Registration to have yourself signed up. Remember, you must have your sheet signed by the director in charge of your function or by a duly-appointed staff member, and you must check your hours in with the Volunteer Director in order to get credit.



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ANTHROCON VOLUNTEERS

In Brief

1. Go to the volunteer table.
2. Get your assignment and time sheet.
3. Work; have function director sign the time sheet.
4. Return to the volunteer table.
5. Get neat stuff!

Here are some ideas to keep in mind if you plan on volunteering:

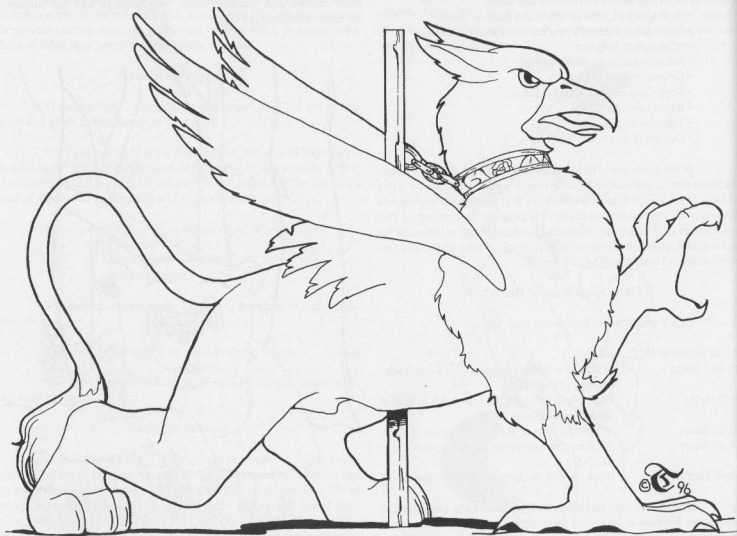
Appropriate Dress and Behavior: All volunteers will be expected, while on duty, to maintain a demeanor appropriate to the area. All the rules of the convention are in force for volunteers, sometimes more so, and must be followed at all times. You are representing Anthrocon, after all! Each Director may have different rules and preferences for appropriate dress, so please contact the director in advance if you are unsure.

Budgeting Time: Everyone who works at Anthrocon is a vol-

unteer, including the directors, so we all know how busy things can get and how time can suddenly vanish. Please try not to overextend yourself by volunteering for everything, and then having to bow out because you have worn yourself down or a scheduling conflict has arisen. Those things happen, of course, but if too many people back out, the Directors are stuck doing everything and wind up as babbling wrecks. We would love to have a huge pool of volunteers, but at the same time we understand that you are a paying member of the convention and are here to have fun. Thus, try to plan your volunteer time carefully.

The director you work under is in charge of the area that you volunteer for. If you have any problems with the job, please talk with the director first. If your concerns are not being addressed, please go to the Volunteer Coordinator with your concerns. We will do everything we can to see to it that your volunteer time is as rewarding to you as it is to us.

If you sign up for a job and find out later that you cannot make it, **please** tell us as soon as you can. Don't leave us in the lurch. We are counting on you.



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“THE FURRY REVOLUTION”

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ANTHROCON '99

Team Player

by Will A. Sanborn

I had to smile as I watched Christian interact with Tasha, seeing him loosen up and treat her with genuine adoration. He'd seemed so out of place here in Alaska, having made his way through the desolate backcountry to check up on his childhood friend. He'd clearly been expecting my living quarters to be far more austere than he found, though I knew Christian still felt out of place without city conveniences at his disposal.

The moment he'd arrived, the dogs had of course been overjoyed at seeing a new visitor. He'd been a little overwhelmed at their jumping and pawing at him in their enthusiastic greetings, so I'd led him into the sitting room to escape the ruckus. We'd found Tasha there, and Christian had seemed a little taken aback at seeing her quite at home, curled up in one of the chairs. He'd had little mention of it however, and had taken his spot on the couch, doing his best to ignore the tufts of husky fur attaching themselves to his clothing. Tasha worked her usual magic on him in short order, and soon he was sharing his tea biscuits with her, patting her head gently as she smiled up at him with those ice-blue eyes.

Eventually, Tasha had gotten her fill of attention, and had nuzzled his hand affectionately before excusing herself from the room quietly.

"Wonderful dogs, aren't they Christian?" I remarked as Tasha was leaving.

"Yes John, they are quite unique, but a little rambunctious," he replied.

I just smiled at that. I'd spent more time than I cared to remember around huskies in general, and these ones in particular. I could certainly appreciate his statement.

"Well yes, they can be a bit of a handful at times, but that's what also makes them so perfect for this climate; they're very intelligent and independent. Out in the wilderness you need a team of dogs that can not only look out for themselves, but for you as well."

Seeing Christian's acquiescent nod, I continued. "Not only are they smart to begin with, but I got them from a breeder who promised these dogs were smarter than average, and quite loyal as well... I have to say I agree with him on both counts. They took a bit of getting used to, but they took a shine to me and we've made a good team. It's funny, but once you've been around them for a while, you can really tell how smart they are... We almost communicate on a certain level."

I read Christian's dubious expression and smiled. "Oh, nothing earth-shattering, but their moods are easy to read, and sometimes they even get a bit more than that across..." I paused briefly, then continued. "Anyway, they were with me when I found that lucky strike, and if it hadn't been for them, I would've never gotten it all out of the backcountry. I'd never seen so much gold hauled out of one place before!"

"That's what I don't understand, John," Christian interrupted.

"If you struck it rich, why are you still up here? Why haven't you come back to civilization and lived it up? It's what you always dreamed about."

I smiled and gestured around the well stocked cabin. "Oh, things here aren't that bad. It may not be as nice as a house down in the lower forty-eight, but this place still has some things to offer, especially if you have the money for it... Besides, the dogs like it here."

"You mean you're staying here for the dogs? You've become that attached to them?"

"Well, not exactly, it's more like it's the other way around," I let out a small chuckle, glad to share my unusual story with him. "You see, the dogs had become very fond of me. I was planning on selling them to another prospector, even though I liked having them around. However, it seems they had other ideas. That night, after hauling the gold back to the cabin, I'd unloaded the sled, taken care of the dogs, then gone off to bed, ready to make the trip to the assayer's office in the morning. Heh, imagine my surprise when I woke up to find the gold missing."

"The dogs... they took it?" The incredulous look on Christian's face was enough to make me laugh once again.

"Yep, I told you they were smart, didn't I?"

"But why, what use would they have for the money?"

"None whatsoever, my friend, except that they knew that's why I'd be leaving, and they didn't want that. It seems they would much rather stay with me than have a new master."

"So the gold is gone? It can't be!"

"No, of course not, they weren't that mean to me, they just played a little trick to keep me around... You see, they hid the gold out in the woods somewhere. They've hid it quite well as I haven't been able to find it. I tried following them a couple of times, but they'd split up and run in different directions to confuse me. Oh, they had fun with that game."

"So, they're keeping you hostage here then?" Christian asked, his voice ringing with disbelief.

"Oh no, not hostage, I could leave anytime I wanted to, but then I wouldn't have the money now would I? They bring me some of it from time to time, enough to live quite comfortably here, but if I ever want to see it all, I understand they want me to look after them for the rest of their lives. It's a pretty good life, and the summers here can be quite nice. I enjoy having the dogs around too, they're a fun team, and I know I'll miss them when they do finally leave me my inheritance..."

I was interrupted as the door was pushed open and Tasha made her return to the room, her ears perked up at attention and her tail wagging merrily behind her. With a cursory glance in my direction, she trotted over to Christian and dropped something in his lap. Picking it up, his eyes went wide as he examined the small lump of gold.

He turned to stare at me, while I chuckled, having figured that was what she'd been up to. "See? Tasha is quite taken with you! It's not every day we get visitors here. She likes you and wanted to repay your kindness." I urged him to keep the thing. "Go on, take it. There's plenty more where that came from, even if I can't get at it just now..."



©K. Pick

"THE FURRY REVOLUTION"

Setting Records

by Allen Kitchen

Outrageous applause greeted the Otter as he came out on stage. He smiled and waved to the audience there in the television studio, then walked over to his desk and chair. Snuggling his outrageously colorful tie, a trademark of his, he sat down amid the gleeful shouts from the crowd. He then waited a moment as the cheers and applause subsided.

"Hello everyone! And welcome once again to everyone's favorite sports show, IRONPAW!"

Once again the crowd went wild. Once again he smiled for the cameras.

"Well, thanks for that heartwarming greeting. I am, of course, your host, Beamer!"

More applause.

"We send our cameras around the planet in search of the most spectacular sporting events known to morphkind. We've seen Mountain Goat wrestling in the Andes. We've gone deep sea diving with the Whalekin.

"But today marks a landmark event in the history of our show. In the 3 decades we've been broadcasting, today's event is the first one that we bring to you from the event site itself! Live! All for the enjoyment of you, our faithful viewers!"

Even more applause. Beamer held up his right paw to signal quiet.

"Okay, Okay. I know you're all excited about this. I'm pretty excited too, but this is only a 1 hour show. So let's get right to it shall we? We are here at the beginning of the annual SpearGate Marathon; a torturous 10 mile run through the heart of old Downtown SpearGate, long since destroyed in the Tailless War. And with us tonight, is the very man in charge of the organization which manages it. Please join me in welcoming to our stage, Rick Bottom!"

The curtain at stage right parted, and in walked Mr. Bottom. The Burro wore a resplendent charcoal-gray pin-striped suit. It matched the color of his fur almost perfectly. The smiling executive turned to the cameras and waved as the studio audience clapped and hooted their

approval. The stage band played some inspirational racing music from some long-forgotten film as he walked across the stage and sat down in the chair beside Beamer's desk. "Hello Mr. Bottom. And thanks for coming here today."

"No problem, Beaker. I watch your show all the time."

"That's Beamer." The otter corrected, still smiling. "So. How long have you been in charge of this marathon?"

"This is my first year to be in charge of operations. When the race first began, I was just a contestant in the crowd. A racer. And now I run the race without actually running the race."

A small laugh rippled through the crowd in polite acknowledgment of the Burro's attempt at wit.

"Well, that's great Mr. Bottom. Or can I call you Rick?"

"Sure Beeper. Rick is fine."

The otter's face only showed a flicker of annoyance at the mispronunciation of his name.

"Olav Rick. I understand that this year's race is going to be different somehow?"

"You bet." Rick then reached into his pocket and pulled out a crisp, brand new, 1000 credit note. He held it up to the audience, who all gasped and ahhed at the sight of so much money. With a cocky smirk, he set the note down on Beamer's desk.

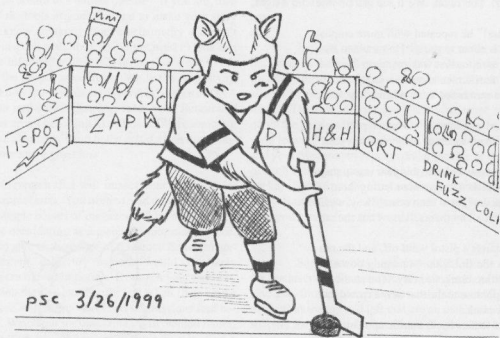
"I have 1000 credits here, Beater." He confidently told the confused otter. "They all say that this year, the winner of the race will also set a new speed record for the 10 mile course. What do you say? Want to take me up on it, hmm?"

Beamer scratched absentmindedly at his ear as the audience murmured in amazement.

"You realize that the record for this race has stood unchallenged for 19 years."

"That's right. And this is the year that we finally break that record! I have 1000 credits here to back me up on that boast. So what do you say, Mr. Sports Personality? Care to take the bet, here on international television?"

Immediately the studio audience began chanting and jibing for the otter to accept the bet. After a couple of moments, the otter grinned and pulled out his wallet. He withdrew out a set of 100 credit notes,



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ANTHROCON '99

letting the crowd count them out for him as he laid them one at a time next to the burro's cash. The band began a drumroll and crashed the cymbals every time another bill hit the desk. There was a fresh round of applause after Beamer put down the tenth note with a theatrical slap.

"Well, Rick. I can't have you making me look like a coward on my own show. Besides, I could use some extra spending money. This record has stood solidly for almost two decades, ever since the legendary "SlickFoot" ran the race and died at the finish line."

The burro smiled back at the otter.

"You don't think it'll fall today, do you?"

"I have 1000 credits here, and they all say that you're full of beans."

The crowd roared! This challenge between two of the best-known sports personalities in the business was unexpected, but clearly enjoyable. The excitement of the race was all but forgotten in the excitement of the moment!

"Okay Beamer! You're on. We'll see in a bit just who's right, and who's broke."

"That's Beamer!" he repeated with more emphasis. "And yes, the race is about to start." He turned out back at the large projection monitor that was rising up from behind his chair. The 12 foot screen showed a group-shoot of rabbits, each wearing a numbered vest, all lined up at the starting line.

"Hey, wait just a minute!" Beamer protested. "That's not even half as many racers as there were last year!"

Rick nodded.

"One of the changes we made this year was to stage our runners." He explained. "Rather than letting them all take off in one big block and get in each other's way, we let the faster runners go first all by themselves. Thus the rabbits all leave first."

With that, a starter's pistol went off, and the rabbits leaped away from the finish line, charging down the path toward the monolithic blackened city. The studio audience added its own applause to the that of the crowd seen lining the course of the track.

Beamer turned to face Rick, a smile upon his face.

"That's been tried before though." He said confidently. "About 3 years ago, in the New Hebrides Open. The results were unimpressive."

"True." Rick concurred with a nod. "But that's not the only change we've made to the race. See, this year we opened up competition to allow groups that we previously discriminated against to race with everyone else. Within their own block of course."

"Oh? What group was prevented from racing in the past?"

Just then, another gunshot rang out, and the image on the screen spun as the camera panned to the right to see the next cell of racers. Beamer's eyes widened as the picture stabilized.

"The Carnivores!" Rick laughed out loud.

Sure enough, the next group of runners were all carnivores. Wolves, cheetahs, and jaguars all raced after the preceding rabbits. Each of them was wearing a num-

bered vest, flapping in the wind. And every one of them was smiling from ear to ear as they sprinted down the road.

It wasn't clear how they found out about their situation. Somebody must have shouted out a warning. But suddenly the slowest rabbit in the back of the group looked behind him, let out a terrified scream, and put on a burst of speed that quickly put him yards ahead of everyone else. Then the others glanced back as well, curious as to what could cause such acceleration.

Within seconds, all the rabbits were busy trying to break their previous personal best records. Nobody was screaming anymore; everyone was too busy gulping air. The rabbits' ears all flapped straight behind them as they raced into the ruins of the once great city.

Rick guffawed as he reached out to collect his money from the horrified Beamer.

"Come to Papa." He laughed. "Daddy needs a new pair of running shoes!"



©N. Weber

"THE FURRY REVOLUTION"

So You Want to Be a Published Writer

by Stacey Kathleen Wenkel

You love reading, you love writing, and you have an imagination that just won't quit. What better qualifications could you have to be the next best selling science fiction, fantasy or horror writer? Hold onto your hats, here are some things you might want to know before you take pen to paper or work your fingers to the bone on the keyboard.

Research

Do I really have to do research to write my story? The answer to that question is: It depends. Are you writing about a subject with which you have a lot of experience? Are you one of the leading experts on molecular biology and biochemistry writing a story about the uses of alien tissue in the search for a cure to a human disease? If you are, then you probably have all of the tools at your disposal to make your story believable. If you don't know anything about biochemistry and don't know a mitochondria from a cell wall, then you might need to look in a biology text book for the information that will bring your story to life and make it ring true to the people who know. While the majority of your audience might not know that a virus carries around pieces of DNA inside of them, you'll run into a biologist who reads your fiction and wonders why your viruses aren't behaving like viruses. So researching the topic you want to write about can't hurt and it could mean the difference between an okay story and a great one.

Another area of research that will impact your potential for getting published is market research. You need to read magazine guidelines. You need to read sample copies of magazines. You need to get a feel for the market you're considering as a place for your masterpiece. The last thing you want to give to the editor of a science fiction magazine is your slap-stick western. A literary magazine would very likely drop your heroic space opera like a hot potato. Research your markets, find out what sort of fiction they're looking for and when they accept submissions. Some markets will return unopened submissions sent between October and April. Watch out for magazines with themed issues. If you don't have a story that fits within one of their themes, find a different market for them.

Editing, Revising and Rewriting

I can hear the stammering from the audience now. "Awww, do I have to?" The answer is, "Yes." You must edit your fiction. No matter how good you think your story is, you have not turned out a perfect story free from grammatical flaws, misused words, overused words and scenes that likely need to be reworked.

Edit, revise and rewrite until you are confident that you cannot make the story any better. Then give your manuscript to a friend (or a dozen) who will give you honest criticism about it. Listen to that criticism. Sometimes one reader will have a problem that amounts to nothing more than a dislike of your narrative style. But if you receive the same response from several readers, the chances are that you need to change that part of the story. If one reader declares a motive unclear, that single reader may have missed your clues. If five make the same declaration, make your clues less subtle. You know the story, you're

more likely than any other reader to miss problems because you see what is in your head rather than what is on paper.

Manuscript Formats

Most magazines and publishers want to see manuscripts a very specific way. A manuscript is not your chance to display your abilities with page layout or graphical design. You want to send the manuscript in the format that is easiest for editors to read. This is, generally, on 8.5" x 11" paper with one-inch margins at each side, double-spaced between lines (not words). The font should be a fixed width font; that means each character takes up the same amount of space. A "l" takes up as much room as an "m". Generally, Courier 12-point font is the best. If you don't have Courier or Courier New, use Times New Roman or another fixed width font. Also, you have to make certain that the font is dark or that your photocopy is clear. If you find an error, you can fix that on the manuscript, but if you find many errors, print out a fresh copy.

Include, on the front page, your name, address and phone number count of the story in the top left corner of the manuscript. Your can include your email address here, as well. The word count of your story should be in the top right corner of the manuscript, across from your name. The title of your story and your name should appear halfway down the page and the story should start a line below your name. If you wish to write with a pseudonym, your real name appears in the top left and your pseudonym appears under the title of the story. In the top right of each following page, include your last name, the title of your story (or key words from the title) and the page number (for example, Wenkel/Story Name/Page 2). If you do not want your manuscript returned to you, you can include the word "Disposable" in the top left of the manuscript.

Some markets have particular formats in which they want to see manuscripts, for example, Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy magazine asks for manuscripts with a minimum of 12 point Courier font and margins at the top and left that are an inch and a half. If a market has a specific format that deviates from the standard manuscript format used by most writers, then they will specify in their guidelines what that format is.

Guidelines will also tell you if the publication accepts electronic submissions and what formats they will take. Be careful, here. Electronic submissions don't always mean you can email the editor your story. They might prefer to see it on a floppy disk. Remember, never email a story to an editor who does not accept e-mail submissions. The unsolicited story will usually be deleted unread. Never submit the only copy of your manuscript to a publisher. Always keep a copy in your files in case the manuscript should be lost.

Word Counts

A quick word about word counts; when in doubt, use the word count provided by your word processing program. This number will generally be smaller than the editor or publisher's count, but it will give an estimation of the amount of space your story will take in a publication.

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For short manuscripts, you can use the following formula to determine a word count closer to the one the editor or publisher will use:

Average number of characters per line x Average number of lines per page divide that number by 6 then multiply the resulting number by the number of pages in your manuscript.

For longer manuscripts, you can safely assume 250 words per page and multiply by the number of pages.

Submission Packets

The two most important items to include in your submission packet are the story and a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE). If you want your story returned, make certain that your SASE is large enough to hold the manuscript and contains enough postage to cover the weight.

In addition to the story and the SASE, you can include a cover letter. Again, you should make sure you read the guidelines of the publication to find out what information they want in their cover letter or whether they want a cover letter at all. Most often, you can include the title of your story, the word count, and any publishing credits or professional expertise that relate to the submission. Under no circumstances should you tell the editor what a fantastic story your submission is. Also avoid the impulse explain your story to the editor. The cover letter will not sell your story, your writing will sell the story.



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Never send a manuscript certified or registered mail. Editors are busy people and they don't want to stand in line at the post office to sign for your manuscript. If you want to ensure that your manuscript has arrived, include a self-addressed stamped post card (SASP).

If you have not received a response in a reasonable amount of time (many market lists will provide information on publication response time), send a polite inquiry to the editor and include a SASE for the editor's response.

Acceptances and Rejections

There are generally four categories of responses to a submission sent over the transom with any number of flavors in each category. Here are the basics of each:

The Form Reject - This is a photocopied form letter that thanks you for sending your submission and tells you the magazine is unable to accept it. Sometimes there are reasons given for why manuscripts are commonly rejected (improper manuscript format, a story that's been done so many times it is cliché, or a story that's just unbelievable).

The Rejection With Feedback - Sometimes this is a checklist with some common errors or suggestions checked off. While not as helpful as an editorial critique of your work, you may still get some idea why your story was rejected. Sometimes the rejection comes back with a note from the editor telling you where the story went wrong or why the story didn't work for him. Remember, however, that unless an editor specifically requests a rewrite, you should not send the rejected story back if you decide to make changes based on the editor's comments. Instead, send your next story, which will probably be closer to what the editor is looking for.

The Request for Rewrite - This response is almost a, "yes," but you shouldn't get your hopes up too high too soon. A request for a rewrite could be as simple as fleshing out a scene or adding another scene to make the story flow better, or it could be more complicated than that. When an editor requests a rewrite, you are still not guaranteed a sale. You might not want to make the changes the editor suggests, or if you do, they might not do enough to bring it to the level the editor wants to see.

The Resounding "Yes!" - Very rare and often a long time in coming, this is the happiest of moments for a writer. The editor agrees that the work submitted is indeed the masterpiece the writer believes it to be. What follows this joyful message (sometimes in the same package) is the contract. Once signed, and a copy returned to the publication, you'll receive a check and, in many cases, a contributor's copy of the publication.

While a number of writers search for some pattern, some scheme in the rejections from magazines in order to find themselves closer to an acceptance, remember that a rejection is still a rejection, even if it contained helpful or encouraging comments from the editor. The only cure for the rejection blues is to get the rejected manuscript back out the door and get to work on your next masterpiece.

"THE FURRY REVOLUTION"

Payment and Rights

The guidelines for a magazine or anthology should state the intended rate of payment and the rights the publication wishes to buy from you. If the guidelines do not tell you exactly what the publication wants and what they wish to offer for it, send a query to their address and include an SASE for reply.

Payment is generally broken down into three categories: professional, semi-professional, and other. These break downs are, in part, done to let the writer know if she is writing at a specific level. In addition to payment, there are other aspects that will define whether a magazine is actually considered, by the industry, to be a professional magazine. (For more information on industry standards, see the SFWA or HWA webpages.)

Professional markets pay a minimum of three cents a word for your fiction or article. Semiprofessional markets pay something under 3 cents a word, be it \$5 for a story, a penny a word, or 1/4 cent a word. Other markets don't pay in cash, but may offer other forms of payment such as contributor's copies. If you want to be a professional writer, shoot for the top first, with your fiction, and work your way down from there. Don't assume that because you've never had a story published, that no one will be willing to pay you for your story.

Once you know what payment rate you get, you also need to know if you will be paid on acceptance or on publication. If you are paid on acceptance, you will receive a check after the editor receives a signed copy of the contract (sometimes within a specified time after that). If you are paid on publication, you will not receive payment for your story until it is printed in the magazine or anthology.

Don't assume that because someone has given you money for your story, that the editor or magazine owns your story and you cannot do anything with it again. The only time you give up the right to resell a story or article is when you sell All Rights. And if you sell All Rights to a publication, they should compensate you pretty heavily for doing so. Once you sell all rights, the company who owns the rights now can make action figures, posters, movies, a TV series, all based on that single story and you won't see any money for any of those items. Once you sell All Rights, you cannot resell that story or article, either. So be wary of a publication that asks for all rights.

Some more typical rights asked for by publications include the following:

FNASR - This is First North American Serial Rights and, unless you're selling to an e-zine or a magazine outside the United States, this is the most common right to sell to a magazine. Note that if you've sold a story once, you cannot sell FNASR. That's what first means.

First English Language (Serial) Rights - This is like selling FNASR, except you're not limiting your sale to publications in North America. Generally, First English Language (Serial) Rights are sold to magazines or anthologies in the UK, Australia or US magazines that have distributors in the UK or Australia. Once you have sold First English Language (Serial) Rights, you cannot sell FNASR.

One Time or Reprint Rights - If you have sold a story previously to a magazine or anthology or an e-zine, this is the right that you're selling. The right to use your reprinted story once in that publication.

World Wide Electronic Rights - While this doesn't have an accepted legal definition, this generally implies you are letting a publication print your story or article in an e-zine of one of the following formats: web-zines, email-based publications, or CD-ROM publications. Be very careful to read the contract before you sell World Wide Electronic Rights and determine when those rights will revert to the author.

The rights that you do not sell, you still own. You could sell a brand new story to the *Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, and then, a year later, sell it to a web-zine, and at the end of the year, receive a request to publish it in *The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror* anthology. Once you've sold a story the first time, later sales are just icing on the cake.

Contracts

The contract sets in stone the payment a publication is giving you, the rights the publication is buying and the exclusivity of the arrangement. Most publications want you to guarantee that your story will not appear in another magazine or anthology before it appears in their magazine/anthology. They also want some guarantee that the story will not appear in another publication the day after theirs appears on the



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stands.

The contract will also state if the publication buys a one-time option on certain rights. Many magazines buy a one-time option on anthology rights. This is often because they publication creates a Best Of anthology. Payment for your work appearing in that anthology will be determined by a future contract.

Additionally, a contract should have a reversion clause. If your story is not printed within a certain amount of time after the contract specifies it will be printed, all rights should revert back to you. If you have received payment on acceptance for that story, you might have to return the money, or you might be able to consider that a kill fee; this should also be stated in the contract.

Agents

What I'm going to tell you about agents will barely scratch the surface of what you need to know about finding an agent, when you should find an agent, and what you should do when you have him.

You don't need an agent if you are only selling short fiction. Because most agents work on a 10 to 15 percent commission, selling short fiction isn't going to earn them a living anymore than it will earn you one writing it.

You also don't need an agent before you've finished your first novel. Once you've finished your first novel and edited it until it is perfect, you can either begin sending it to publishers, or begin sending it to agents.

Other Resources

The number of resources for writers aspiring to be published is enormous. You can find sections of book stores dedicated to technique, classes offering to teach the basics, and websites with more articles about how to write, where to submit and what to do when you get rejections.

The Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America (SFWA) can be found online at <http://www.sfwaw.org/>. They have a number of good articles about the basics of writing and more advanced issues such as world building and jump-starting a stalled writing career, as well. The website also includes information about qualifications to become a member of the SFWA.

Speculations is a resource for anyone who wants to write speculative fiction. While primarily a print magazine, they have a website with a few articles as well as the Rumormill, a place to ask questions about a number of different writing-related topics. They can be found online at <http://www.speculations.com>. The website also includes subscription information for the magazine.

Horror Writers Association (HWA) can be found online at <http://www.horror.org>. They have articles about horror-specific areas of writing as well as a FAQ about agents. The website also includes information about qualifications to become a member of the HWA.

The Gila Queen's Guide to Markets provides articles about writing and markets for many different types of writing, not just science fiction, fantasy or horror. The website includes a few sample articles as well as subscription information. You can find the Gila Queen at: <http://www.gilaqueen.com>.



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ANTHROCON STAFF

Gary "SolarFox" Akins, Jr. - <Official Staff Photographer>

"I'm gonna put you in the movies
So that all the furs can plainly see
The greatest Con that ever hit the big time
And all you've gotta do is, act naturally..."

Gary has been attending furry cons since ConFurence 5, and has been doing the highlights tapes for Anthrocon since day one - all much to the dismay of his bank account! When he's not editing videotapes, he programs PIC micro-controllers during the daytime and writes furry stories at night. (His anthro-pulp murder mystery, "Who Killed Kathleen Gingers?", is available in a collected book for the first time at this con, so those of you who've been following it since 1995 can FINALLY find out whodunnit!) He considers caffeine to be a vitamin, so if found unconscious, please administer coffee immediately.

Jeigh Baldwin - <DJ Fluffalump>

Jeigh lives in Laramie, Wyoming (no, that's not a suburb of Denver). He's been attending the University of Wyoming for more years than he can actually keep track of anymore. His goal is to get a degree, preferably in computer science with a minor in physics, but he's been at it so long that he's pretty much ready to take anything they'll offer him.

After a hairbrained idea in 96 to take a semester off and go down to Florida to work for Disney, Jeigh discovered DJ'ing. He bought his first song on vinyl while he was in Orlando and it promptly melted in his car (which didn't have air-conditioning) while he was trying to take it home. Becoming heavily active in the Orlando club scene (ie, shaking his booty), Jeigh had to move back to Wyoming where he discovered the only club scene around was the one where you make quilts.

Several forays into Colorado later, he discovered The Tornado Club in Fort Collins, Colorado, where he started spending every Friday night (see the above reference to booty shaking). After a bit of schmoozing, he was in good with the DJ and spending a lot of time in the booth, running the lighting board, watching, and learning. Before too long he was hanging out with the staff after hours and learning to mix while there wasn't a crowd to annoy with bad mixes. Soon they had him mixing a song or two for the Friday night crowd (Jeigh, I've gotta go pee! Take over!) where he gained a reputation for having the worst mixes they'd ever heard.

After a few tries he finally started to get good at it and not too much later he was mixing for most of the night on Fridays with a reputation of being one of the better DJ's in Fort Collins. He's now mixing on Wednesday nights at The Parlor in Laramie, as well as Friday and Saturdays at the Tornado Club. He does various gigs all over Colorado and anywhere else that'll take him on as a DJ. He spends most of his free time still being amazed that people are paying him to do this, and any time that's leftover is being dedicated to the endless effort of trying to get his degree.

Dr. Samuel Conway (Kagemushi) - <Anthrocon CEO>

Samuel Conway, better known in the fandom as "Uncle Kage," holds a doctorate in organic chemistry and is a pharmaceutical researcher when he is not enthraling audiences with his stories. He

is the chairman of Anthrocon, a writer, a local expert on raptors, an emergency service worker, and still manages to find time for FurryMuck.

Capricia Davis - <Art Show Staff>

Capricia Davis lives in Tampa, Florida where she does internal tech support for the local telephone company. She got a degree in physics because she thought it was fun, thereby supporting the popular belief that all furs are crazy. Though her interest in anthropomorphics goes back to the days of waking up way too early on a Saturday to see cartoons, blame — err, credit for her introduction to furry fandom lies squarely on the shoulders of Chip Unicorn. She plays Rriar@FurryMuck and Icewing@Furtoonnia. For fun she writes, draws, does pottery, brews, works in the garden, makes candles, and generally makes a mess.



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Jeff Eddy - <Art Show Assistant Director>

Jeff Eddy continues to refine the lurking skills he adopted in 1995, and frequently cannot even pick himself out of a crowd anymore. He can draw only slightly better than a cinder block, but writes at least as well as a particularly erudite house cat. Some writers value him for his editorial skills, consisting mostly of waving his arms around and mumbling words like "milieu". In his spare time he enjoys bird spotting, and disbelieving the universe. His Siberian Husky "Rio" is the only life form that can stand him for long periods of time.

Dan "Key" Eloff - <Senior Staff Slave>

Dan Eloff, better known to many by a variety of names - amongst those Ciaran "Key" Ferguson, (The) Fox, Foxyboy, the Official SillyFox, HeyYouYeahYou!mTalkingToYouGetYourTailOverHere Now and several others - is an experienced GoFer (GoFox, as he insists, bearing no resemblance to Prairie Dogs or their ilk). Holding Master's degrees in Peon, Advanced Today, and Breathless & Aimless Racing About To Accomplish Impossible Tasks, Dan serves as Slave to Anthrocon's Senior Staff. He will often be found with his Mistress and wife, Ronni Eloff aka Mistress Taisia aka She Who Must Be Obeyed - the Program Director; Jonah Safar aka Points aka He Whose Sleep Is Never Attained - Support Services Director; and Samuel Conway aka Kagemushi aka Uncle Kage aka The Cockroach Dictator And Leader Of All - Anthrocon CEO.

Ronni "Taisia" Eloff - <Programming Director>

Under the guise of improving her life, Ronni took on the enormous task of bringing to Anthrocon a comprehensive set of entertaining programming tracks last year and creating a 5 year arc. She returned this year to continue the arc, expanding from 35 pros/panelists to over 150 pros/panelists. She has found a cocoonspiraator for next year, Bard Bloom who will help continue the trend.

She has been in the Science Fiction community for over 20 years, bemused at the changes the internet has brought to conventions



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in general.

Living in California with her husband Key (The Official Con Slave) she spends most of her time doing *Something*... be it conventions, costuming, LARPing, web designs or databases.

Do come by and say, "Hi." to her at the Programming desk. She loves to hear from the convention membership about Programming.

David "Traxx" Estridge - <Registration Staff>

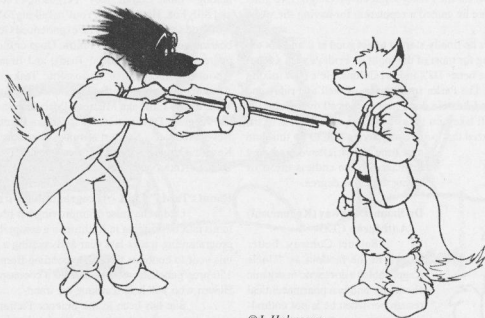
Hailing from the sunny desert of Arizona, that is where I spent most of my life. I dropped out of high school my senior year and appropriated my GED. Much like the almighty Al Bundy I played high-school ball and even road the pines for one game with Arizona State after I made it as a walk on for the team. I've since moved twice from sunny San Diego to the shores of Austin, Texas. I work as a Team Lead for a Tech Support company at the moment. I currently have a zen sort of dedication to the pursuits of fragging people. I'm young, often grumpy and generally verbally energetic. Currently in Austin I reside with my roommate of two years, the veritable giant Shades_Mckatt. I can't program a VCR for the life of me but I do have the natural inborn talent of stepping on and destroying things. Other than that I'm just a guy. Oh, yes, while this is certainly not typical of me I have to make note and wave to Kierne otherwise he will get all pouty and feel left out. 'Hi Kierne!'

Dale Farmer - <Art Show Assistant Director>

Abducted by trekkies at a tender age, Dale has been pressed into unpaid labor at various nefarious "Sci-Fi" conventions for many years. Working under terrible conditions, in strange places, Dale has somehow survived his ordeal. Someday, with your assistance, Dale can be rescued from his years of drudgery. Please help, the need is great.

Amanda "Ursula" Geyer - <Staff>

Issa BrrBahr from, like, California, y'know? Drawing since she could pick up a writing implement, now she's primarily a digital creature. She didn't start going to conventions until about 5 years ago, now she's hard-pressed to stay away. Offerings of CocaCola (preferably cold) work well, if you need something from her. She is the typing half of the John&Amanda unit. 8 cats, 2 dogs, and more computers that aren't operational than computers that are dominate her abode (Gargoyles House), and she can generally be found on FurryMuck or FurrySpaceMuck as "Ursula."



©J. Holmgren

Brian Harris - <Charity Auction Director, Masquerade Director>

Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the anthropomorphic fandom community for over 7 years. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY when he was a student at SUNY Albany and now resides in Silver Spring, MD where he works on many top-secret projects at America Online. They gave him a neat hat with his email address on it. Brian occupies his time collecting comic books, playing computer games, and is on the executive staff of the Free State Pinball Association in College Park, MD.

With the experience of many conventions from around the country under his belt, both as staff and attendee, he is the director of the Charity Auction for the third year in a row. Believe it or not, he also chose to take on the mantle of Masquerade Director for Anthrocon 1999. If you see him, please stop him before he makes things any worse for himself.

Andrew J. "Shades McKatt" Hicks - <Registration Staff>

Andrew Hicks is a native Pennsylvanian, having lived in the Harrisburg area of the state from 1974-80, and again from 1989-96, when he moved to Austin, Texas. He is currently employed as a helpdesk technician for Dell Computer Corporation. About 4 years ago, he first tuned into FurryMuck via a 'peek' application written for his somewhat antiquated VAX account at college, allowing him to view the IP address one of the students was connecting to. A bit inactive on most other MU*s, save for the new FurrySpaceMUCK being run by Slipstream, Andrew has acted as a well-known figure in the Space-Themed sections of FurryMUCK since his arrival in August of '95, acting as the slightly more active half of the megacorporation Mckatt/Graywing Enterprises. He has a Bachelor's Degree in Political Science from Lebanon Valley College, Pennsylvania, and pursues RPGs, computers, and Deadlands(tm) as his current hobbies. His primary goal while visiting Philly: "Hit South Street, eat a Cheesesteak at Jim's Steaks." Andrew is easy to locate, just look for the 6'7" redhead!

Brett Hughes - <Masquerade Master of Ceremonies>

BJ Hughes is an 11-year veteran of fursuit performing. He has made appearances in ten different states from New York to California, and his talents have been used by local and national charities, TV and radio stations, and professional sports teams. He currently performs as the mascots for Hershey Bears hockey (American Hockey League) and Hershey Wildcats

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soccer (A-League). In addition to costumed characters, BJ Hughes also does puppetry and ventriloquism, EmCee duties, party DeeJaying, and music production and editing.

BJ's trademark characters are T-Wolf and SK-1, a dance/urban music duo. SK-1 comes fresh from a recent appearance at Duckon in Chicago where he hosted the Furry Variety Show, and he will be maintaining some semblance of order at this year's AnthroCon Masquerade.

Lisa Jennings - <Art Show Staff>

Lisa Jennings has been floating around furrydom since 1982. Combining her technological and artistic skills, Lisa was one of the main animators for the furry adventure game "Inherit The Earth." While working with Dreamers Guild, she also assisted in the animation for "Dinotopia" and "I Have No Mouth But I Must Scream." Since then, she has moved into a more technical field in her profession and has shifted more towards computer-assisted illustration as her hobby. Her company Dancing Stoat Enterprises is preparing to publish the long-awaited second edition of "Other Suns", the first furry-focused Science Fiction role-playing game.

Brian C. "Slipstream" Johnson - <DoGooder>

Brian C. Johnson is the disposed ruler of Mundania, driven from his homeland for attempting to paint a few buildings Pink. Fleeing from the Krylon Empire, on-board the last train out of Dodge, Brian has been pushed, filed, stamped, indexed, briefed, de-briefed, and numbered. But his life is his own, albeit a life full of Obscure References, and Sci-Fi Toys. He leads a quiet life now, pursuing the Holy Grail, and someday he hopes to be TWO of the 225,676 Brian Johnsons in the United States. Until then, he works as a Network Admin, runs a Muck called "FurrySpace", and lives in California, feverishly avoiding BBQ Chicken Pizza. (<http://www.furryspace.com>)

Stephen "Simtra" Johnson - <Art Show Staff>

Stephen "Simtra" Johnson recently moved to Jacksonville, Florida soon after graduating from the University of Central Florida to get a job as a programmer. He first found furry back in 1988 on a story list on old Apple BBS. In 1993 he discovered furry on the Internet when someone left a furry portfolio next to him at UCF and then showed him the avatar flip site (Who are you so I can thank you!) In the last year he has become more active in the fandom by working here at Anthrocon and Further Confusion.



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PeterCat Kappesser - <Art Show Director>

PeterCat Kappesser has been interested in furies most of his life. In spite of a dearth of furry material, he enjoyed what he could — mostly in science fiction books such as C.J. Cherryh's "Chanur" novels and others. The late-80's CBS series "Beauty and the Beast" led him to meet other fans of the series online and eventually in person at cons, where he began helping out at art shows. On the Internet, he created the Furry InfoPage <www.tigerden.com/infopage> and in his FurryMUCK persona as Rhal, maintains a list of furry-themed MU's.

Loquacious O. Kentauros - <Staff Writer>

The fellow signing himself Loquacious O. Kentauros is a scholar of the past, however and whenever you find him, whether it be of ancient seafaring, various aspects of military technology, old fantasy literature, or old images, or old friends. Future's less friendly, and probably involves him selling something, sooner or later.

Writes poetry, some of it good, writes historical fantasy, some of it published, draws badly, needs to work on that... Corresponds with a great many interesting sentients, ranging from centaurs to sea folk to dragons to small, furry carnivores, hence his presence here in the realm of Furry Fandom.

Can be found on Fluff, Unbridled Desires, and Furry, too much of the time really, usually good for a joke or an argument, has defended his self-invented title of Top Pun of Furry on numerous occasions, with a great deal of collateral damage each time. Tries, with varying degrees of success, to make people glad they've met him, tries, with no success at all, to get a job teaching.

Jeremy "Wolf" Kidd - <Security Director>

Born and raised in the wilds of Eastern Canada, Wolf Kidd spent the first 20-odd (sometimes very odd) years of his life in and around Montreal. Seeking better employ, he moved to California to go back to college. Now married, he resides in New Jersey, for reasons even he hasn't quite figured out yet.

Jonathan "Carraig" McDermott - <Registration Staff>

Considering he spent three years in the Coast Guard and is a licensed merchant mariner, Carraig's habit of portraying pirates of various sorts online is probably a bit odd. Being a furry for the past six years makes the mix even more interesting. Currently a network administrator, an amateur almost anything-else, and an avid science fic-

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tion gamer, this is his second Anthrocon in as many years, and he would like to dedicate his performance to—whoops, sorry, daydreaming there. Anything else is “subject to change without notice” though the exercising of this clause is fairly rare.

M. Mitchell “Major Matt Mason” Marmel - <CEO’s Lackey>

M. Mitchell Marmel was born in a log cabin in downtown Philadelphia in 1962, which raised a couple of eyebrows as the last log cabin in downtown Philadelphia, an edifice built by the original settlers, had been razed in 1955 in order to build the Independence Hall National Monument. Raised by a pack of wild squirrels, Mr. Marmel soon grew to strapping young manhood, then overshoot the mark a bit, at least vertically. Today, under the obvious nom de plume of “Major Matthew Mason”, Mr. Marmel lives quietly on his Mercedes ranch in South Philadelphia, surrounded by adoring fans, the occasional field mouse and a pack of wild creditors, whose numbers he periodically culls to keep the rest in line.

Karl Maurer - <Dealer’s Room Co-Director>

A long-time fur, he started the Fanzine FurVersions back in the mid 80’s. He’s been active in fandom for many moons, and is the current publisher of FurVisions and FurPlus. Active in SF Bay Area fandom, he’s helped start Further Confusion, as well. He’s also been helping at cons since way back, including CF 0.. He’s also been a Co-Director of Anthrocon’s dealer’s room since the start.

Karl F. Meyers - <Art Show Staff>

Karl F. Meyers has been in “furry dom” since 1992, and has been writing and telling stories longer than that. A former Genie Beastie Boarder and long-time member of the Dallas Brawl Update, he is also a member of Rowbrazzle and North American Fur, and has had stories published in FurVisions and PawPrints. He has done live storytelling panels at a number of conventions, including AAC ’97, AAC ’98, and Further Confusion. He has also done on-line storytelling, as a veteran and past host of the “StoryTellers’ Circle” on Brazilian Dreams and Forgotten Paths.



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Jason “creature” Murdock - <Art Show Staff>

Jason “creature” Murdock is now living in Washington, DC, literally living and dying in 3/4 time on a 1/4 brain. The eternal optimist is hoping to land one of those nice government jobs you see on “60 Minutes” or “Dateline NBC”’s “Fleeing of America.” :)

Andrija Popovic - <Art Show Staff>

Returning for a third year as an Art Show staffer, Andrian has seen his life change enormously. His story “Sleeping Dragons” saw print in last year’s conbook and he’s published other tales on the Web (<www.byte-me.org/~vuk6/storywarn.html>). He’s also moved into the wilds of Stafford, Virginia, found a new job with the Association of Air Medical Services, and begun a slew of new writing projects. Once he’s settled down financially, he can finally purchase a few very lovely computer programs and begin his bid for world domination.

Shawn “Leonid” Reed - <Art Show Staff>

Shawn “Leonid” Reed was born an Army brat in 1975. After living in many locations worldwide, he went to college at Worcester Polytechnic Institute in Worcester, Massachusetts, and discovered furrydom by way of the Internet. He’s not well known because he doesn’t participate in newsgroup discussions, he doesn’t write furry stories, nor does he have anything published in ‘zines. He does, however, dabble into amateur cartooning when time permits and contributes to the Yerf.com community. Currently, Shawn works for Electric Boat in Connecticut. His projects involve mechanical components in the Virginia and SeaWolf class submarines.

J. Scott “Dr. Skorzy” Rogers - <Art Show Assistant Director>

Originally from the quaking lands of Southern California, he’s since emigrated to the Heart of the Commonwealth (of Massachusetts) to discover the ultimate sushi bar. He works as a Biomedical Research Scientist at UMASS Medical Center, investing a majority of his life studying stress-activated proteins, eavesdropping on how they talk to one another and discovering a Biotech patent application so cunning you could put a tail on it and call it a weasel. He’s written a few bits of anthropomorphic fiction, pursues outdoor activities and cares for his rats when he’s not wearing his lab coat.



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Ray Rooney - <Video Room>

One of the old furts. Corrupted by toons as a youth (the usual suspects: WB, Kimba The White Lion, etc.) and went on to discover Underground Comix and the early days of the comic specialty market. Discovered I was not the only furry fan via anime fandom (C/FO). Got active in '88 when I held the first E.Coast Furry Party. Tried hand at fan publishing until life took a swerve on me. ("I'll be back.") Collect furry films and vids.

Edward and Marguerite Rutkowski - <Volunteer Office>

Ed and Marg are a husband-and-wife team who have been planning and conducting science fiction and fantasy conventions for longer than many of us have been around. Ed has been in charge of volunteers for Philcon for several years running, and has graciously offered his services (and those of his patient wife) to us this year.

Jonah E. Safar - <Director of Support Services>

Programmer by day, Jonah is also a programmer by night, and afternoon and early evening, and that time just before dawn, you know, that time everyone says that it's darkest. This year, he's helping the very capable and dictatorial—er, lovable roach, Kagemushi. And, because he didn't have enough to do, he took on the task of coding the online registration system, maintaining the Anthrocon website, making coffee, making copies, holding phone conferences, and anything else that needed to be done that there weren't enough hands to take care of. He also protested the fact that someone else wrote his bio for him.

Will A. Sanborn - <Art Show staff>

Will A. Sanborn is in his late twenties and works as a hardware-design engineer, currently employed in the ubiquitous networking/communications field. In his spare time he enjoys entertaining flights of fancy, science-fiction, fantasy and anthropomorphics. A big hobby of Will's is creative writing, and he enjoys sharing his stories with the fandom. He likes hiking in the summer and cross-country skiing in the winter, and also checks out the roller-coasters at various amusement parks for the thrill of the wild rides. Will definitely likes Pina Colodas, but is not too fond of getting caught in the rain.

Mika J. D. Sorvari - <Charity Auction and Masquerade Staffmember>

Mika JD Sorvari is a Finnish post-graduate student of Comparative Religion, with a bachelor's degree in Psychology. He has been among furies for five years now, wasting much of his state-paid time on the various furry MUCKS, learning about the curious sub-culture that is the furry fandom.

DeWayne Stuart - <Dealer's Room Director>

Electronics nut, picked up a bit of furry interest in the late 80's helping Karl Maurer with the fanzine FurVersions. Ed Zolna kept the interest alive thru the '80's and early '90's, 'till I heard about this con in LA, asked Karl about it, and went on a lark. The rest is history?

Been working furry cons since CF-5, and Karl and I run Reg at CF and now Further Confusion con. I am also the story editor for FurVisions and FurPlus published by Karl

Maurer. Have also been AAC's and now AC's Dealer's Room Director since the start. For a 'living' I'm an electronic technician at San Francisco International Airport, and have been a tech for (gasp!) 28 years+. (I'm the nut with the interactive electronic badge with the marquee around it.)

I have a tendency to rant about Windows and it's ilk. :-)

Not having enough furry art in the world, I'll be bringing my daughter, Shannon, who's first 'official' appearance as a furry artist was AAC '97.

Shannon Stuart - <Dealer's Room Assistant, Artist>

A newish fur, 16 this year old, a (practically) rabid fan of the Sailor Moon series, and has been drawing Sailor Moon stuff and furry stuff for the last two years. She has proven invaluable as an assistant at cons, and has a lot of fun as well. She even acquired her first 'fanboy' at AAC '97. (Thanks, Brian!)

After spending some time with Carole Curtis and Darrell Benvenuto (THANKS!) at AAC '97, she's been improving her art and has been a featured artist in FurVisions, published in Yarf!, Women in Fur, Magic Carpet and the CF-9, AAC '98 and FC program books, was 'official' staff artist for Further Confusion, as well as FC's Charity Auction Director, as well as on the Web with illos for a couple of Will Sanborn's stories and a mess of Sailor Moon pics. More work is pending publication. (Artist of the infamous Sailor Shetland and Chibi Smurf



©M. Giles

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In tiger form, she's a tiny creature with orange and black striped fur, has a tendency to shed, and loves to cuddle. In human form, she's Tamlin, an altruistic masochistic femme who wears her keys right and her politics left.

Tigerwolf - <Internet Room Services>

Like so many furies, I'm one who was overjoyed to find such a vast number of others interested in anthropomorphics. Though a 'furry' inside since a kid, discovering the rest of the community didn't occur until the Internet opened the door back in 1993. Tigerden was founded in 1994 in part as a way to try to contribute something back to the fandom, since my artistic talents are zero. Since that time, we've provided Internet room setups for various furry cons, artist web page hosting, muck hosting, and individual accounts for those lacking other facilities. Despite the proliferation of the 'net, and its various free services, we've tried to provide what we could to the rest of the furry community. In addition to the Internet services, I've worked cons in various behind-the-scenes capacities.

Stacey Kathleen Wenkel - <Conbook Editor>

Stacey, kidnapped as a small child by evil purple bunny men from Neptune, has been held hostage for quite some time in an odd sort of futuristic place that is black and purple, like a giant bruise. There, an angry muse forces her to write for her captors. She hopes that some day, the 12-million tibble ransom will be raised and she will be released. In the mean time, she returns for her third year in the position of Anthrocon's conbook editor and the keeper of the dragon's sanity (some might say she's been a bit stingy with it lately). When she isn't working on the conbook, placating the dragon, creating end-user documentation at her day job, or playing high priestess, she defends her Angst Crown by writing science fiction, fantasy and horror (not necessarily in that order). Sometimes, one might actually catch her with a pencil in hand and a sketchbook on the desk in front of her. Her fiction has been published in Jackhammer, an ezine with a weekly theme.

J. M. Wilde - <Spackle>

Somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, between

T-shirt :-)) She debuted at the CF-9 art show, and sold most of her art. At the AAC '98 show, she was the second-highest selling artist in the art show, causing a rash of attention and commissions, which she's just now finishing up. She's also prepped a mess of art for the Anthrocon art show, so watch for it. And watch for her costume, Furry Sailor Saturn

Tam Tiger - <Registration Staff>

Tam Tiger is an irresistibly bouncy ball of fur and energy.

NORAD and Mount Kenai/McKinley/Kenai, there is a dark basalt crypt where Boo rests. Once a year, the High Priest Rafas and High Priestess Leknew perform the Awakening Ceremony, using the Mighty Cattle Prod and Promises of Sugared Snacks. Boo then awakens, tests the pentagram around the High Priest and Priestess with some Foul Language, and then resigns himself to his fate.

Boo then proceeds to take all tasks appointed to him, as befitting his title. He occasionally offers suggestions, such as printing the conbook in 12 DPI to save ink, and putting little moustaches on all the artwork, but creativity is not the strong point of Spackle. The Mighty Cattle Prod is used, Sugared Snacks are withheld, and Boo goes back to work.

At the end of it all, Boo is sent back to his crypt with an exclamation of the words, "Back, Foul Moocher. Eat not our Sugared Snacks Anymore! Quit Putting Yanni in the Sacred CD Player! Wear Not The High Priestess' Undergarments On Your Head!" Boo sighs, and returns to his slumber.



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ANTHROCON '99

Battle Call

By W. Davis Hack

The barks and yips subsided to a low growl. The chairdog nodded, "I know that this has developed into a unforgivable situation, but by acting rashly, we'll be playing right into the cats' hand. Those felines may seem relaxed, but they are not stupid."

"Damn the cats!" a springer spaniel snarled. "They've crossed the line, and they should be punished! If we strike now, they'll never know what hit them! We can hold their capital within a week, if we start now!"

The deep voice of one of the St. Bernard boomed from the back of the room, "The cats have never violated the Covenant before? Why should they start now, suddenly? It doesn't make sense."

A wirehaired terrier piped up, "We know they raided the borders. Maybe they think we'll take these losses without a fight."

A collie spoke up, "Well, it was only one garrison. One small storehouse that we didn't assign a single guard to protect. I think we have to ask ourselves if we want to break the Covenant over this one storehouse?"

A Chihuahua in the front row growled, "And where does it end? Do we keep giving up our territory one warehouse at a time? We need to answer this *now*, before something like this happens again. This is not the time to appear weak in front of cats. We know how sneaky those little feline bastards can be, so we have to show them that we will not allow them to take our goods on our land without paying the price!"

There was a howl or two of agreement.

The wolfhound shook his head, "Members of the committee, we have to decide what to do, whether it is nothing, or we break the covenant. Whatever the decision, every member must agree to support it."

The room went silent. The dogs looked back and forth to each other. Even to the Saint Bernard and the collie, it soon became evident that the fire in the room far outweighed the cost of the breaking of the Covenant.

The collie stood up first. "Fellow canines, I will support whatever action this committee chooses, regardless of how much it pains me to do so. I agree that we must show a unified front to our feline neighbors. I just hope it's one of reason and of compassion."

The wolfhound nodded, "Agreed. We will then take our vote. Those of you supporting punitive action against the Felines, please stand."

Most of the room stood. It was obvious that there was no point in asking about any other options. "Thus the pack as ruled. We will now discuss options of attack against the felines."

A small rat, smiling in an unnoticed corner, scampered into a small hole in the wall where there were three other rats.

The rat spoke quietly, knowing about how keen the ears of the dogs could be. "Comrades, our plan is working. After the dogs and cats wipe themselves out, we shall be able to take both lands without any effort. Hurry, we must check in with the good news."

The rats all nodded, and headed for the outside night, leaving the dogs to plot their own downfall.

The Anthrocon Debt Fund

Albany AnthroCon 1997 was a popular success, receiving praise from many members for its atmosphere and good spirits. However, this came at a price: with higher than expected bills from the hotel for function space and other expenses, and a shortfall in anticipated membership, the con was left several thousand dollars in debt.

Learning from that experience, the con is being much more attentive to its finances. By getting revenues from advertising as well as con memberships, and by striking barter and donation deals for goods and services, the expenses of running the 1998 con did not exceed our income, and we hope to do at least as well this year.

Yet, we are still left with the debt from 1997, debt which must be paid back. Last year, a number of artists helped by donating artwork to be auctioned off, with the proceeds going to help pay off the debt.

We express our sincere gratitude to them, and appreciate their generosity.

John Barrett,	"Felicia Transformation"	(\$20)
Caribou,	"Teddy Doe"	(\$15)
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"THE FURRY REVOLUTION"

Time and Friends

By Cyndi Hoffmann

Clo/Chloe and Kituko Diaka are Copyright © 1998 J.M. Wilde, and used with permission

Dr. Yevengi Barsoukov, Summa Cum Laude and captain of the Gorbachev Medical Institute's system-ranked chess team in 2382, came into the room with his favorite portable chessboard. "Ready to fall at the hands of the master, Chloe?"

Chloe looked up from brushing her tan fur, her ears turned toward the young human scientist, "Have you forgotten who won the last match, Ven?"

Ven laughed. "Oh, dear, dear little ocelot woman, I can't lose today. I was just given a tenured position, so I won't have to rotate back to Earth. In another year or so, they might give me a position with the Pasteur group, and I can leave the world of crop genetics behind."

Ven walked over to the table and unfolded his board, made by his great-great grandfather, and began to set up the pieces. He happened to look up to see a rare sight. Chloe was motionless, her tail not even twitching. Her ears were back flat against her head.

After an awkward pause, Ven asked, "What's wrong? I thought you'd be happy that I was staying?"

Chloe looked up, "You're not with Pasteur group?"

Ven was puzzled, "I'm with the Whitten-Smythe Group. Why does that matter now?"

"Why are you here, Ven, if you're not with Pasteur?" Chloe was still motionless, but her ears were now up slightly, if not turned toward Ven.

He answered truthfully, "You are the best chess player in the compound. I didn't believe it at first, when they told me about you. They were right, you are very good." Ven blushed slightly, "After a while, I just started to enjoy your company."

Chloe stood up, and her tail began to move in slow arcs again, "No other reason?"

"No, Chloe. None at all. Some of the doctors in Pasteur ask me a couple of casual questions, but nothing very scientific."

Chloe blinked, "So you know nothing about me?"

Ven relaxed a bit, "Other than the fact that you could teach a computer a thing or two about chess, nothing at all."

Chloe took a deep breath. She spoke in a low steady tone, "Yevengi Emilovich Barsoukov, I am, at my last birthday, 67 terran years old. My designation before Dr. Abbington gave me the name of her great-grandmother was HBX-034. Basically, the whole Pasteur Group is studying me, and trying to figure out how my cells regenerate at an accelerated rate without becoming cancerous. I am, quite literally, a one in two-hundred trillion lady."

Ven looked up, chuckling. The laughter died out as he saw her vertical-slit green eyes, and he knew that she was telling the truth. "Dr. Abbington? Dr. Emily Abbington, the founder of the Foundation?"

Chloe nodded, "Yes. I grew up with her, and she was just like a mother to me. She would often read to me, and she would let me on her restricted datalink and not make fun of me for asking silly questions." She looked to the floor for a moment, "When she died, I thought I would never have a friend again. Until now."

Ven blushed. "Surely I couldn't have been the only person

who visited you in all this time?"

Chloe looked a little sad, "Well, I know most of the staff, but it was always a distant relationship. They were friendly enough, but it seemed that they only saw me as a pile of unusual genetic material. I really didn't mind, and I was helping Dr. Abbington's dream. After a few years, I began to believe that myself. I thought you were just the latest in a string of new geneticists who got 'Freak Duty'."

Ven stood up and walked to the ocelot hybrid. He firmly grasped both of the cat-woman's shoulders, and kissed her on each cheek. "My friend, it has never been 'Freak Duty,' and your wit and your vitality have won my respect." He grinned and hugged his friend, "Besides, it's not nice to pick on old ladies."

Chloe let out a snort of mock-indignation as her ears came up and her tail began twitching. "I'll show you old." She returned the hug with enough vitality that Ven grunted. When the friend finished the hug, she looked at each other and just smiled.

At the moment, the door slid open. A mob of fur and fang filled the room. Ven instinctively jumped in front of Chloe, "What's going on here?"

The mob paused for a moment. Ven noticed that it was some of the hybrids that had been released by their own consent, as well as some of the hybrids that had stayed with the Foundation. Faces and eyes from many different species stared back at Ven and Chloe. A lemur-hybrid moved his way to the front of the crowd, "That's the doctor in the crop lab we couldn't find. He's the last one."

A wolf-hybrid snarled, "The Last Norman! Kill the Norman, and we will all be free!"

The crowd of hybrids seemed to lunge as one for Ven, and pulled him into the mass of anger and hate. Chloe could only see a small open space that the other hybrids surrounded. Chloe tried to reach her friend, but the others wouldn't let her pass. She saw the flash of steel as a makeshift spear with a kitchen-knife point was lifted to plunge into that space the others had surrounded.

Clo began to scream and thrash, "NO! NO!"

Kituko heard the screams from the street, and ran into the alley, his stunner drawn. When he reached the old ocelot, He saw that she was alone and sleeping in some old cardboard, but caught up in some sort of nightmare.

The cheetah knelt down beside her and put a hand gently on her shoulder, "Clo? It's okay, Clo. It's just a dream"

The ocelots eyes sprung open with a look of terror that made Kituko pause and look behind him. Clo looked at Kituko and paused, as she began to breath normally. "Police-Kituko? Clo sorry to sleep here. Clo will move on." She stood up and began to gather her bags from the garbage in the alley.

Kituko helped Clo up, marveling again at how spry she was for her age. The fact she lived on the streets and be so healthy was no small miracle, either. "I'm not with the Police anymore, Clo. But I was looking for you. You've always been such a help to me, I thought I would take you to see the fireworks tonight. I know how you like pretty things, and the show for the Freedom Bicentennial is going to be spectacular."

Clo looked up at the sky, "Thank you, Police-Kituko, but the sky-lights always make Clo sad." The ocelot thought she saw a face in the sky, a face without fur, but the vision left, and she only saw stars.

PHOTOGRAPHY POLICIES

Anthrocon '99 Convention Photography Policies

Part of any convention is the ubiquitous camera, whether it is digital, film or video. If you are one of those toting such an item around, you should be aware that Anthrocon maintains a number of rules to protect those who you may be filming, and you should be aware of the limitations put on your lens.

Anthrocon '99 is a private event, open only to convention attendees (members) who have paid their appropriate fees. While in the convention area, photography for the use of professional photographic journalism is prohibited.

All convention spaces allow photography for personal use unless it is specifically prohibited, or otherwise limited. If in doubt, please check with staff present in any area. Photography is not allowed in the Art Show, or Adult Art Show. Likewise, during the Masquerade, flash photography will be prohibited. If you are informed that you are not taking pictures properly, or that you are not allowed to be taking photos in the current area, your film may be confiscated and you may be asked to leave the area. Repeated or flagrant violations may result in loss of convention privileges.

Except in areas designated as "Photo Ops," photographers must respect people's requests not to photograph them. Pictures in a "Photo Ops" area should be limited to the performers. A person may state their wish not to be photographed by visibly trying to avoid the camera, attempting to block line of sight, or via verbal request. If any of these cases, the photographer should immediately desist from attempting to take the photo. If you feel that someone is trying to take a photograph or otherwise record you, and that your wishes to not be recorded are being violated, please contact a security member. At no time should physical contact between people, or people and equipment be made during a dispute.

Con attendees may place photographs taken for personal use on personal web pages, provided the pages are not used for commercial purposes. These should be pages mainly intended for the extended

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We thank you for helping us to make this a better, and more comfortable, convention for everyone. Special thanks to Aetobatus for proposing an initial draft.



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Helpful Pointers for Photography

USE PROPER FILM – Film speed is very important. Basically, the higher the speed number is, the ‘faster’ the film is. A ‘fast’ film needs less exposure time to get a complete picture, and therefore needs less light. Depending on your camera, you can use a very fast film (800 speed or greater) to get good pictures without a flash – Handy to have in an event like the Masquerade which doesn’t allow flash photography.

KEEP NOTES – Get yourself a little memo book and keep it with you. This is good for keeping track of names (really good if you put your pictures on a web site), URLs, or general technical information about the shot (f-stop settings, shot numbers, etc).

BE POLITE – Keep in mind that some people just don’t like being photographed. Even if the person is in a Fursuit (usually an open invite for photographs), it’s always nice to ask permission first, warn the person if you’re using a flash, and thank them for their time. Courtesy can never be overdone.

BE LIGHT-AWARE – When using a flash or a mini-spotlight mounted on a camcorder, keep in mind that nearly any clear glass surface will bounce light back if you hit it straight on. This includes, but is not limited to, eyeglasses, windows, or even pictures hanging on the wall behind the subject. If you keep an eye out for these ‘light traps,’ you can try to get angles which will avoid flares.

KNOW YOUR EQUIPMENT – Try to carry that user’s manual with you, or have it someplace you can get to it, especially if you just bought your brand new digital camera/camcorder/film camera. Know the limits of your equipment, and if you get into a situation where you aren’t sure if the shot will turn out (less of a problem with video cameras), try to take a couple of different shots with changes in the iris/f-stop, angle, resolution, etc.

BE PREPARED – Try to keep a bag or fanny pack with spare film/tapes/flash cards and batteries. Don’t trust the fact that you just put fresh film/tape/batteries into your beast. Things go wrong or just accidentally pop up. If you don’t want to miss anything, lug those spare items along.



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The directors and staff of Anthrocon would like to extend a special 'thank you' to all the people who helped out with their generous monetary assistance. It is with their help that Anthrocon was able to provide many of the services and amenities at a quality level people have come to expect of Anthrocon.

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Thank you for attending Anthrocon '99, we hope to see you again next year!



