

# Anthrocon 2001



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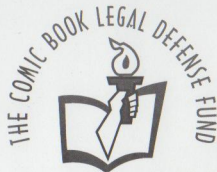
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# circles

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# Anthrocon 2001 Furries in Flight

July 27 -29, 2001  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

## Table of Contents

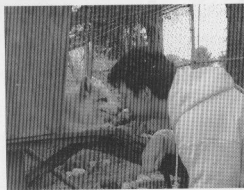
Message from the Chairman .....	2
Message from the Editors .....	2
Hotel Map .....	4
General Schedule .....	5
Local Area Map .....	6
Guest of Honor - Bill Holbrook .....	7
Guest of Honor - Dan DeCarlo .....	8
Masquerade Information .....	10
Making the Fur Fly (Article) .....	11
On Wings of Silver? (Story) .....	12
Charity Auction Information .....	14
The Precipice (Poetry) .....	16
First Flight (Story) .....	18
Art Show Information .....	20
Reaching for that Distant Sky (Story) .....	23
deHaviland Mosquito (Informational) .....	23
Of Fur and Feathers (Story) .....	25
Flying Stars (Story) .....	26
The Sky God's Own (Story) .....	27
Forget the Runaway - Foam the Terminal! (Story) .....	29
When Rats Fly (Story) .....	44
The Reason Eagle Must Fly .....	46
Videotaping Hints .....	47
Staff Bios .....	49
Boeing B-17F Flying Fortress (Informational) .....	56
A Tribute to Douglas Adams .....	57
Creating Two-Headed Flying Bunny-Dragons (Article) .....	58
Well Suited (Story) .....	60
Dealers' Room Who's Who .....	61
Mechanics of Flight (Article) .....	62
CANT Z. 1007bis Alcione (Informational) .....	62
Furs in Flight (Poetry) .....	63
Junkers - Ju88A-4 (Informational) .....	63
2001 Anthrocon Standards of Conduct .....	66
Panelist Bios .....	69
Credits and More .....	72

## Artist Index

Kevin Pease .....	1
Jason Holmgren .....	2, 63
Megan Giles .....	3, 38, 41
Po Shan Cheah .....	5, 34, 49, 64, 67
Bill Holbrook .....	7
Dan DeCarlo .....	8, Centerfold
Bill Schmickle .....	10, 30, 40
Dark Wolfie .....	12, 19, 38
Roy D. Pounds II 13, 17, 28, 31, 33, 42, 44, 51, 52, 58, 59, 64, 72	
Loopy .....	16
Neil R. Weber .....	18, 32, 39, 70
Jen Aside .....	20, 35, 46, 57
Kandice Kathleen Zimbleman .....	20
Steve 'iyu' Domanski .....	21, 29
Matt McAndrews .....	22, 38
Jessica Willard .....	25, 32
Caribou .....	26, 41
Patrick Little .....	31
Marzi .....	32
Taleron .....	34, 64
Wendy 'Mistletoe' Oster .....	34
Gordon Sprulock .....	35
Snap E. Tiger .....	35
Brian York .....	35, 43, 53, 60, 68
BushyCat .....	38
Bussaca .....	39, 45, 55
Randy Entinger .....	39
CK Penchant .....	39, 71
Brien J. Miller .....	41, 50
Tygermoon Foxx .....	63
George R. Eddy .....	66
Foxy .....	Inside Back Cover
Authors (in order of appearance): Loquacious O. Kentauros, Allen Kitchen, Whysper, J. M. Wilde, Tanavin Silverfox, Dawn Kull, Ebonhawk, Cashew Lou, J. L. Eddy, David Piccola, Stacey Wenkel, Jon C. Crusoe, Jonah E. Safar, Tygermoon Foxx and Jennifer Flynn.	

# ANTHROCON 2001

## A Message from the Chairman . . .



Welcome to Anthrocon 2001, the first Anthrocon of the Twenty-First Century! This is our fifth year of operation, and our third in Pennsylvania as Anthrocon Incorporated. This year we find ourselves at the spacious Adams Mark Hotel, which we hope will be our home

for many years to come.

We chose as our theme this year "Furries in Flight." Entering a new millennium is a good time to look back upon how far we have come as well as forward to the bright future that awaits us. We wanted something that reflected both our hopes for that future, yet reminded us of the great strides we as a fandom have made. What better imagery, then, than that of reaching for the heavens? A little more than a century ago, the idea of powered flight was nothing more than a fantastic dream, yet in only a hundred years we have not only taken to the skies, but we have circled the globe by air, broken the sound barrier, and even taken our first awkward, tentative steps on other worlds. Similarly, in merely a decade the fandom of anthropomorphics has grown from a handful of isolated groups to a worldwide community of thousands. We have reached for the heavens, and each year as our conventions grow we find ourselves climbing ever higher.

Anthrocon is pleased to welcome this year two outstanding individuals who have made a lasting impression upon our community. Mr. Bill Holbrook, a talented and respected cartoonist whose works include the nationally-syndicated *Safe Havens* and *Blah Blah Blah*, has been known to the fandom for many years. His *Kevin and Kell* is one of the most clever and endearing comic strips featuring anthropomorphics that can be found. The foibles of his characters mirror our own lives in a masterful fashion achieved only by the most brilliant cartoonist.

Our other guests are Mr. and Mrs. Dan DeCarlo. To many of us, Mr. DeCarlo's name is unknown, but his creations have been an enduring icon for three successive generations of fans. It is Mr. DeCarlo who gave us *Josie and the Pussycats*, the main character of which was modeled after none other than his lovely wife Josie. It is striking that the creator of a cast of characters whose names are known to nearly every anthropomorphics fan in the world would himself have a name that is unfamiliar to many. That itself is a lengthy story, the ending of which has yet to be written. It is a tale of a greedy and uncaring corporate entity that exploits the talents of those in its employ and seeks to deny them both the credit and their share of the profits for their creations. Mr. DeCarlo has stood valiantly against just such a force and has waged a long battle simply to let the world know where the credit for such larger-than-life characters belonged. As many of us are artists ourselves, artists in paint, in prose, in puppetry and performance, I think it only fitting that we stand with Mr. DeCarlo in this fight, and listen to the lessons that he has to teach us.

It would be remiss of me to close this opening message without recognizing once again the small army of staff and volunteers – not to mention the long-suffering board of directors – who are responsible

for making Anthrocon the largest anthropomorphics convention in operation. If you enjoy your time with us this weekend, then our purpose has been fulfilled; but please, do not praise the chairman for it. If you wish thank someone, thank the good people on the staff, and the selfless volunteers who help us with The Thousand Tasks, both great and small. All of these individuals, to the very last, are deeply committed to Anthrocon's credo of "continual improvement from year to year." They have succeeded beyond even the lofty expectations I held when I incorporated Anthrocon in 1998, and for that, I am deeply and forever grateful to them.

Dr. Samuel Conway ("Uncle Kage")  
Chairman, Anthrocon, Inc.  
Philadelphia, July 2001

## A Message from the Editors . . .

Well, here we go again. Another year, another convention, another conbook, another indeterminate amount of time without sleep or sanity and the con hasn't even started yet, as of this message. We've still got a lot less sleep coming our way and we'll have a little less sanity to hold onto by the start of the con.

We've survived the deadlines and the setbacks, the frustration and the neck cramps, and as a result, you hold in your hands the tangible results of our labor, the labor of many hours of effort not only on the part of the editors and layout crew, but of artists and writers as well. Without the time and effort of everyone involved, you would hold in your hands a very expensive blank book with not much more than headers and page numbers. We would like to extend our heartfelt thanks to the artists and writers who submitted artwork, and to the staff writers who helped provide information as well as entertainment.

At a new hotel, we're bound to find things we like, things we don't like, things that were better before, and things that are better now. We've grown as a convention, and have filled a bigger hotel: filled the rooms (and then some in our overflow hotel), filled the Dealers' room, filled the Art Show. We have no doubt that Artists' Alley will also be full to overflowing this year as it has been in the past. It is all very exciting to watch what started out small become so big. We owe a lot to the effort of our Board of Directors, and our staff and volunteers. We also owe a lot to the fandom.

Keep telling us what you want. Tell us what you like, what you don't like, what you think we can make better. We've given you shorter lines at registration, we've given you more space in the hotel, more art, more dealers, more cool stuff. We're not going to slow down now. Keep asking, keep suggesting, and we'll do our best to keep giving.

Thanks for making AC a fun place to be. -- The Editors



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

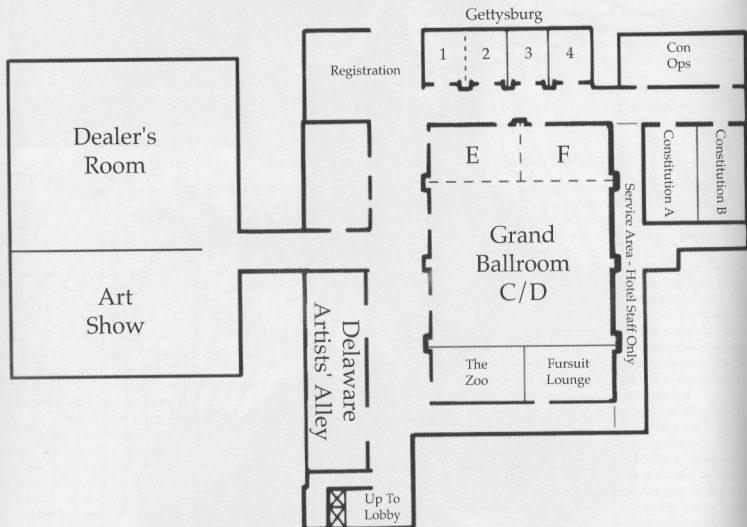


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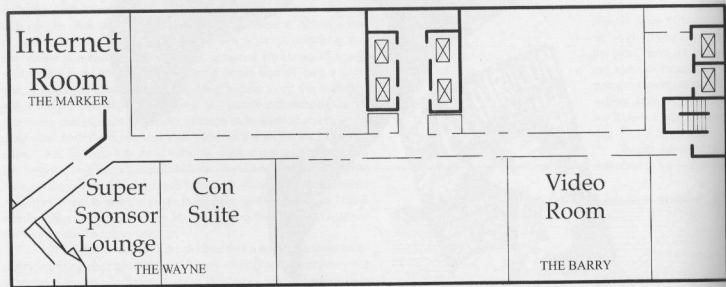


# ANTHROCON 2001

## Welcome to the Philadelphia Adam's Mark Hotel *Exhibition Floor*



### *23rd Floor*



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

## Anthrocon 2001 General Schedule

Event	Location	Schedule		
		Friday, July 27th	Saturday, July 28th	Sunday, July 29th
Registration	Lower Entrance	Normal Registration Single-Day Passes 10am - 10pm	Normal Registration Single-Day Passes 10am - 6pm	Single-Day Passes Preregistration 2002 10am - 5pm
Artists' Alley	Delaware	Setup: 11am - Noon Open for Business: Noon - 5pm Closing: 5pm - 6pm	Setup: 9:30am - 10am Open for Business: 10am - 5pm Closing: 5pm - 6pm	Setup: 9:30am - 10am Open for Business: 10am - 4pm Closing: 4pm - 5pm
Dealers' Room	Exhibition Hall	Setup: 10am - Noon Open for Business: Noon - 6pm	Open for Business 10am - 6pm	Open for Business: 10am - 5pm Cleanup: 5pm - 7pm
Art Show	Exhibition Hall	Check-in: 10am until close View and Bid: 2pm - 8pm	Viewing and Bidding 10am - 8pm	View and Bid: 10am - Noon Bidding ends at Noon! Voice Auction starts at 1pm Sales and Checkout 1:30pm - 4pm
Mature Art Show	Exhibition Hall	Check-in: 10am until close View and Bid: 2pm - 8pm	View and Bid: 10am - 8pm Bidding ends at 8pm! Voice auction starts at 9pm	
Charity Auction	Grand Ballroom		3pm - 6pm	
Masquerade	Grand Ballroom		Rehersal: 9am - Noon Performance: 7pm - 8:30pm	
Dances	Grand Ballroom	DJ Fluffalump 9:30pm until close	Fursuit Dance: 9pm - 10pm DJ FunkMastah Rigel 10pm until close	
Consuite Sponsor Lounges	23rd Floor	10am - 8pm	10am - 8pm	10am - 6pm
Video Room Internet Room	23rd Floor	Continuous operation unless otherwise posted.		

### LIMPIDITY

Po Shan Cheah



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## Welcome to Philadelphia

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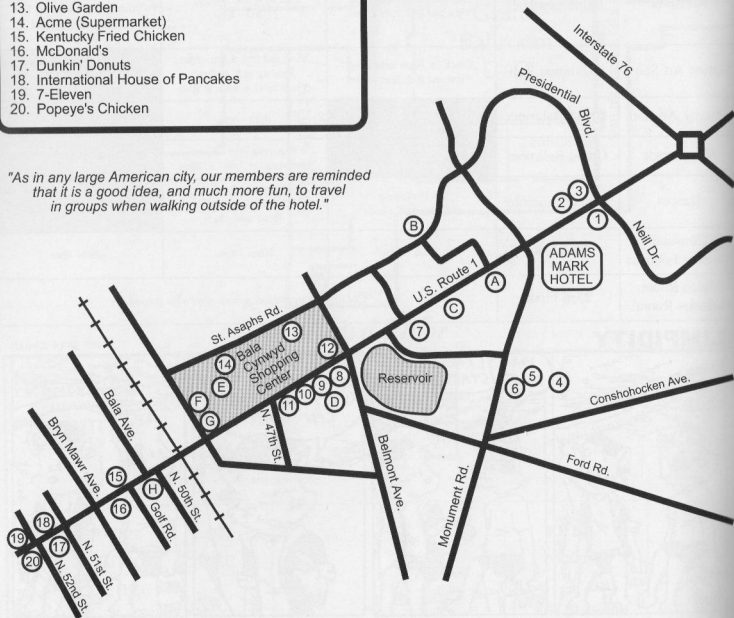
1. T.G.I. Friday's
2. Marabella's Italian Restaurant
3. Houlihan's
4. PathMark (Supermarket)
5. Chun Hing (Chinese takeout)
6. Allegro Pizza
7. Delmonico Steak House (fancy sitdown restaurant)
8. SaladWorks Cafe
9. Pizza Hut Express
10. Taco Bell
11. Boston Market
12. Chili's
13. Olive Garden
14. Acme (Supermarket)
15. Kentucky Fried Chicken
16. McDonald's
17. Dunkin' Donuts
18. International House of Pancakes
19. 7-Eleven
20. Popeye's Chicken

### SERVICES

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- C. City Avenue Medical Center
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- E. Mellon Bank ATM
- F. U.S. Mailroom (Mailboxes Etc. clone)
- G. Eckerd Drugs
- H. Mellon Bank

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*"As in any large American city, our members are reminded that it is a good idea, and much more fun, to travel in groups when walking outside of the hotel."*



## Guest of Honor Bill Holbrook

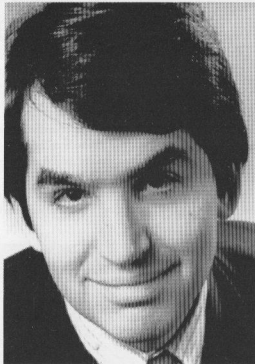
Born in Los Angeles in 1958, I grew up in Huntsville AL after my father was transferred to work in the space program. I graduated from Randolph High School in 1976 and Auburn University in 1980, majoring in Illustration and Visual Design.

While at Auburn, I became art director of The Auburn Plainsman where I produced editorial cartoons and a comic strip "Fenton Farnsworth." I was also having editorial cartoons published in The Huntsville Times and The Monroe (AL) Journal.

After graduation I was hired in 1981 by The Atlanta Constitution as an editorial staff artist, producing maps, charts and spot illustrations. In 1982 I resumed my focus on comic strips, inspired in part by an unexpected meeting with Charles Schulz on a trip to California.

A first attempt at syndication failed, but in 1983 I began developing a strip about office politics called "On the Fastrack." That was picked up by King Features Syndicate and debuted in 150 papers on March 19, 1984.

Eleven days before that I'd met Teri Peitso on a blind date. We were married on Pearl Harbor Day, 1985, and now have two daughters. We also gave birth to a second strip about kids called "Safe Havens." The four of us live in the Atlanta area. Teri has had four mystery novels published including "A Far and Deadly Cry" and "The Grass Widow," which have been nominated for seven writing awards.



In September 1995 I began a new strip called "Kevin & Kell" and sold it exclusively to online clients, which collectively get over 1.5 million page views a month. It has been featured in five book collections: "Quest for Content," "Run Free!" "Accepting Domestication," "For the Birds" and "Seen Anything Unusual?" In 2000 it was selected as part of AOL's comics package.



Copyright © Bill Holbrook





Dan DeCarlo

## Guest of Honor Dan DeCarlo

"Long tails and ears for hats..." That line alone qualifies Dan DeCarlo to be a Guest at Anthrocon. His keynote creations, *Josie and the Pussycats* may qualify as possibly the best known

"fursuiters."

Dan is one of the most influential comic book artists of the 20th century. That's a broad statement, but it's absolutely true. Anyone who hasn't seen his work obviously lives under a rock, because he's been active since the 1940's in teen comics.

After meeting his beautiful Belgian wife, Josie, in Europe during World War Two, where part of his duties involved designing "Good/Bad Girl" art for fighter and transport planes, Dan and his bride came home to the USA. Dan entered the world of comics with a teenage book called *Jeannie* for Timely (now Marvel). He went on from there to pen

*Millie the Model* and to do a daily comic strip with Stan Lee called *Willie Lampkin*. Other publishers benefited from Dan's sterling linework, such as *Big Boy*, *The Brain*, and several men's cartoon books.

Circumstances in the 1950's led him to the company he would become most associated with: *Archie*. Once there, his clean, expressive art style quickly became the "house style" as other artists were instructed to imitate him. Dan also had his own creation brewing. From observing his sons with their teenage friends, he wanted to create a more life-like strip. One day, Josie came in with a bouffant hairdo and a black ribbon in her hair and *Josie* was born. Dan tried marketing *Josie* as a comic book, taking it to *Archie*. Soon *She's Josie* was a regular title with the teen publisher.

Fast forward to the mid-60's. Dan and Josie had entered a costume contest on a cruise, with Dan as a lion tamer and Josie as his obedient cat-girl. When *Archie* wanted to make *Josie* into a girl group comic, Dan already had the concept ready. Soon Hanna-Barbera jumped on the concept and made a long-running cartoon show, which is currently still being seen on *Boomerang*.

Dan wasn't just resting on his laurels between *Archie* and *Josie*. With writer George Gladir, he co-created *Sabrina the Teenage Witch* for *Archie*, as well as the sultry *Cheryl Blossom*.

Dan's art became the first introduction to "good girl" art for lots of developing young lads. Lots of teenagers who were dropping comics altogether or switching to superheroes, were still buying the *Archie* titles for those great summer swimsuit specials.

As the new century came closer, *Archie* depended on Dan more and more, instructing their artists to shape up, since "Dan DeCarlo isn't going to be around forever." When movie producers came sniffing around for the film rights to *Josie and the Pussycats*, Dan retained an attorney to ensure he would be compensated for his creations. *Archie* and Dan parted company at that point, with *Archie* telling him that his services were no longer required after forty years.



Copyright © Dan DeCarlo

Dan has been very busy since then. He's been turning out work for DC, Marvel, and has several projects brewing with Dan Fogel's *Hippy Comix*. He can also be seen regularly in Bongo Comics *The Simpsons* and the occasional SFA cover.

Dan's influence can be seen not only in every teenage book *Archie* puts out (as well as many from DC and Tower in earlier years) but also in the works of the Hernandez brothers (*Love and Rockets*) and Bruce Timm (WB's *Batman*).

Dan DeCarlo will be in attendance at Anthrocon as a Guest of Honor with his lovely wife, Josie. He will also be available for questions and a small number of commissions. He will, in addition, bring a limited amount of original art for sale from his many works.



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT



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## Masquerade Information

Welcome to Anthrocon, the gathering of fans and professionals in the anthropomorphic community to discuss and be entertained by furry stories, events, and other activities. If you keep a close eye 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 design and performance skills, giving you an evening of wonder before the all-popular Saturday night dance.

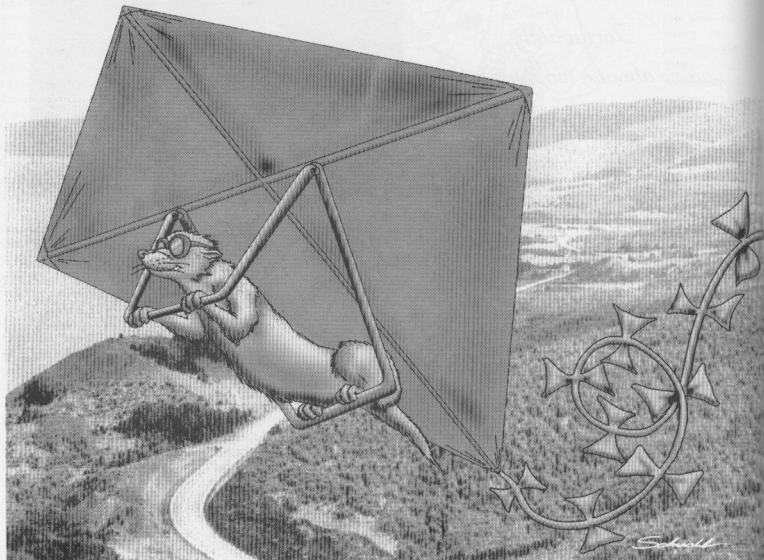
The Masquerade will consist of two parts. First there will be the Masquerade itself where you may join other attendees in the audience to view performances by our fandom's top costumers. The second part will be a Fursuit Dance where you will be able to mingle and dance to fun and lighthearted music with the performers and other costumers

as well as get your pictures taken with them.

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

There will be a Fursuit Lounge available in a room adjacent to the Grand Ballroom where costumers may escape from the crowds, to rest and recuperate in a private area. This room will be available throughout the convention and during the dances, and will act as the Green Room for the Masquerade.

If you would like to participate in the Masquerade, 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.



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# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

## Making the Fur Fly

By Loquacious O. Centauros

Unidentified fuzzy objects have a long pedigree in Western Literature. In the myths and legends of Ancient Greece, gods, monsters, and men took to the air in quantity. The large numbers of people and gods flying around in the Greek myths, and in the great literary works that came out of them, show the strength and the age of the human desire to do more than watch the birds fly. What's also interesting is how well these ancient examples fit into recognizably modern patterns, as the reader shall find below.

For example, one of the oldest Greek myths we have about agriculture also involves aviation. In modern times, helicopters and fixed wing aircraft spray fields with pesticides and fertilizers, while satellites analyze the health of the crops and the dryness of the soil. The first time we have a flying machine described in Greek myth, it's got a pretty strong connection to farming.

The Greeks called their goddess of agriculture Demeter. The Romans called her Ceres. Demeter's name persists, then, in every box of 'cereal.' Demeter was one of the more powerful divinities and on her depended the most basic need of Greek Civilization, the ability to feed itself. The legends of Demeter have her using air travel to teach the human race the skills of agriculture.

The goddess took a human disciple, named Triptolemus, to whom she taught her secrets. Once she was satisfied with the human's skill, Demeter presented him with a flying chair, which appears on the Greek pots as a normal chair with wings on all four legs. Triptolemus was soon traveling all over the world spreading the Greeks' version of the modern 'Green Revolution.' Neither mountains, seas, bandits or other difficulties hindered the vital knowledge and its flying messenger.

Messages and other deliveries traveled the sky in the Greek legends. Hermes, Mercury to the Romans, and his celebrated winged sandals delivered Zeus's messages to men, gods, and heroes, and the souls of the slain to the gloomy depths of Hades. Hermes had competition in the person of Iris, goddess of the rainbow, who just flew; no winged sandals required.

Other uses of flight by mortals in the Greek myths were less peaceful. Zeus's thunderbolt would be an example of the destructive potential of objects in the sky. Zeus was up somewhere high, Mt. Olympus or some other lofty spot, with the ability to observe and destroy any place or being that defied his will, and so he was, to the Greeks, the undisputed master of land and sea, being, as he was, the ruler of the sky.

A reminder of Zeus's terrifying power of destruction persisted until quite recently. During World War II, the Allies had rained death and destruction on Nazi Germany and Axis Japan, culminating in the instant destructions of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945. The power of the atomic bomb seemed to approach the legendary wrath of Zeus. The ability to observe and destroy seemed to be a vital one in future defense planning. In 1948, soon after the founding of the United States Air Force, the leadership of the new military arm established the Strategic Air Command. The emblem General Curtis LeMay had painted on each of SAC's bombers was an armored hand sticking out of a cloud holding a bunch of lightning bolts. Full circle—Zeus, to the 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force, to SAC to Zeus.

It was not just the King of the Gods who could destroy from the air, and the targets could be much smaller than cities. Modern sci-

ence dreams of 'chimeras,' defined as 'creatures composed of parts from more than one species.' The archetypal Chimera, that one being a mix of goat, snake, and lion, went down in a deluge of arrows from Bellerophon's bow, courtesy of the busy wings of Pegasus, the Winged Horse. The doomed monster could only rage helplessly as another composite, guided by the hand of man, struck with impunity from the sky. Athena, Goddess of Wisdom, had instructed the hero in how to master the great winged stallion. Knowledge and airpower would forever be entwined, as they are today at the great U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs.

The Greeks also had that modern desire to improve upon an already good thing, flying or otherwise. The Greeks had great admiration for the strength, beauty, and fleetness of horses, as expressed by their concept of strength and wisdom combined in the form of the learned Centaur Chiron, teacher of heroes. For all their veneration for the horse as it was, they could still dream of improving one by installing a pair of wings on Pegasus. Orville and Wilbur Wright, in their turn, would hardly have the last word on the state of air travel.

There is another such mix of violence and uncanny predictions in the Greek myths. Jason sought the Golden Fleece, the pelt of a flying ram. He retrieved the precious object by marrying Medea, a barbarian princess with vast magical powers. Jason and Medea's marriage was not exactly a stunning success. Matters took a disastrous turn when Jason chose to advance himself a second time by marrying the local king's daughter in Medea's place.

Medea's revenge was swift and massive. She burned Jason's new bride alive with a cursed god and followed that by murdering her two sons by Jason. Medea escaped Jason's wrath in an airborne chariot drawn by two dragons, sent by her Aunt Circe for the emergency. During the years of combat in Viet Nam, escape by air became another key concern of American aviation.

The Concorde flies no more, at the moment, after two of those fabulously swift, expensive and advanced aircraft came crashing suddenly down in flames. The Greeks had three examples of their own of the hazards of flight, and pride. Bellerophon was so exalted by his victory over the Chimera that he sought to ride Pegasus to Olympus, and the wiser horse promptly bucked and threw him crashing back to earth. Phaethon was the mortal son of the Sun-god, Helios. Granted any desire by his father, the mortal tried to drive Helios's flaming chariot, and nearly destroyed the world in flames before Zeus's lightning bolt struck him down. The most famous legend is that of Icarus, flying through the sky with Daedalus, his father. Icarus ignored his father's advice, flew too close to the sun, burned, and crashed. Daedalus's engineering errors combined with his son's foolish pride left Icarus's flaming body to fall into the sea.

A sequel to the legend of Icarus shows another instance of the human desire for flight. Icarus's lover, a young man named Cygnus, was so overwrought by Icarus's death that he found himself changing into a swan. Cygnus's wings never burned, but his hatred of the sky made him an infrequent flyer. Cygnus's was the second involuntary bird transformation in the story of Daedalus. An intervening god had changed Daedalus's first disciple, his nephew Perdix, into a quail. Perdix had made the mistake of outdoing Daedalus one time too many, and that fatally near to a cliff. Myth and nature intersect in both stories. Swans and quail do fly, but only for a short time.

The element of airborne escape also appears in the Daedalus myths, and it is interesting that the Greeks would associate their great-



est legendary inventor so closely with air travel. King Minos imprisoned Daedalus in his own Labyrinth, suspecting him of helping in Theseus's slaying of the Minotaur, the bull-man, imprisoned within it. Theseus had solved the maze with a spool of thread. Daedalus constructed his and Icarus's wings and flew out and over the Labyrinth's walls. Modern prisons have their yards crossed with strong cables after one too many helicopter escapes.

Still other heroes braved the skies. The human sons of Boreas, the North Wind, had a complete set of wings each and the ability to fly under their own power. Zetes and Calais were the Argonauts who took out the Harpies, the bird women, during Jason's voyage. Winged men fought winged women, flight in this legend being the only answer to flight.

Other men started out as human and became more birdlike through the use of a magic herb. The heroes of Aristophanes' sidesplitting comedy, *The Birds*, are two Athenian draft dodgers who escaped to the treetops. Soon after the Birds of the story admit them into their world, the pair have wings and beaks themselves. The transformed men and birds build a city in the clouds, and launch an aerial blockade of human offerings to the gods up on and in a tremendous and hilarious conclusion, bring Zeus himself to surrender through their own use of air power.

Such was the desire, and the hunger those myths rather beautifully expressed that they have held their interest in modern thought, literature, and imagery. The Greek images have lasted long in Western Culture. Benjamin Franklin, the nonnative 'Native Son' of Philadelphia, was hailed by the French for "snatching the lightning from the sky," with his kite, key, and lightning rods. Like Aristophanes' heroes, a man had found the means to overcome Zeus's great weapon. Here we are, after Franklin, long after the Greeks, talking of wings, of hypersonic and FTL flight, making up new myths and daydreams, that may or may not come true. The Greek myths may predict a lot more of what's to come before the urge for flight is finally, if ever satisfied.



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## On Wings of Silver?

By Allen Kitchen

The two skunks walked side by side down the tarmac, looking at the aircraft taxing close by while making sure they remained within the bounds of pedestrian right-of-way.

"I can't believe we are actually going to the islands!" Bonnie said excitedly while hugging her fiancé yet again. She pulled at the strap of her roll-around suitcase, letting it lag far enough behind that it wouldn't snag on her black and white striped tail. "I just can't believe we are actually going!"

Clyde paused and wiped his striped brow, waiting for a departing plane and its deafening roar to pass before answering her.

"Believe it," he said while pulling on his own suitcase along the tarmac. "You and I are going to spend a week on the beach, cooking over an open fire and sleeping in a thatched hut. We'll drink coconut milk and sleep whenever we like, wherever we like. We're gonna play 'feral' for a while, you and I."

Bonnie quickly got into step with him. "I think you made this happen just to see me in my swimsuit again," she teased.

He smiled at her, noting that even in her tan slacks and white blouse, he could still follow the gentle curves of her body. He then made an obvious show of looking her up and down.

"I'd rather see you out of it," he chuckled.

"You!" she half-laughingly said as she jabbed his arm. "You stinker, you."

"What? Me, stink? I just had some tomato juice..."

"You know what I mean. And besides, it's not like you haven't seen me in the ruff before."

"I thought that was a canine phrase?"

"Okay, fine; in the fur then. You know my fur patterns better than any male alive." She ran an obsidian finger gently down his arm, passing the sleeve's end and along his downy skin. "And it's not like I haven't seen yours before, either."

Clyde wrapped his left arm around her body and gave her a quick hug. "Well, there will be time enough for that later — once we arrive."

"Yes, I suppose. But Clyde, how are you paying for this? I thought we couldn't afford to travel anywhere this spring because we are saving up for our wedding."

"I found a way to cut a few corners and bring the price down."

"Oh? Like how?"

"Well, take our airline for example. We could fly on a well-known airline, but that would be very expensive. So we are flying on a lesser-known chain."

"I... see." Bonnie sounded less than sure of herself. "Well, I suppose if it wasn't safe then they wouldn't let the airline fly. So that should be okay, I think."

"That's right. In fact, this is our gate, here. And there's our ride!" Clyde withdrew his arm and pointed ahead of them. Bonnie squinted in the noontime glare. There were a few hypersonic shuttles several hundred yards away, a few fuel carts shuffling to and fro, and an elderly silver dragon lazing in the sun. But there was nothing resembling any sort of regional aircraft.

"Our ride is where?" she asked while shielding her eyes with a hand. "I don't see anything."

"What do you mean? It's right there!"

"Where? Hidden behind the dragon, you mean? Our plane



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

can't be – that – small!"

Clyde let out a laugh, then picked up Connie's suitcase with his free hand.

"Connie, our ride IS the dragon!" he called to her as he approached the silvery monster. Bonnie stood in place, watching his back as he walked right up to the beast and waved.

The scaly eyelids flickered open and fixed on Clyde. Then on Bonnie. Then the monster let out a deep sigh as it moved one leg into position so Clyde could climb onto his back.

"Hello sir and madam," the bass voice wearily called to them. "And thank you for choosing Pernes Airlines for your vacation needs. If you would care to set your bags down on the tarmac there by my front foot, sir? Thank you so much."

Bonnie recovered from her surprise enough to jog after her fiancé. When she reached his side she noticed the set of gigantic saddlebags towards the rear of the 50 foot beast, and the 4 seats that had been securely fastened to its back with leather and metal straps.

"Clyde?" she said, grasping his arm as he began to mount the massive scaly leg. "Clyde, I really don't feel good about this."

"Oh, come on! You always said you wanted to do something adventurous someday."

"I didn't mean flying to the islands on dragonback!"

"Come on Bonnie," Clyde said while resuming his climb. "Don't you want to go on vacation with me?"

"Yes, but I thought we were going in something a little more... safe."

"If it makes you feel better, young lady," the dragon interjected, "I've flown to the islands several hundred times. One of my favorite sunning spots is inside the southern volcano. Don't worry miss; this trip is routine for me."

"Yes, but not for me! Clyde, can't we just stay home?"

"No, Bonnie. The tickets aren't refundable." He reached down to help her up, and beamed down at her. "You'll have a good time, I promise." Bonnie paused, then nervously took his hand and climbed up the dragon's leg, up to the creature's back. There they found four cushioned chairs, complete with seatbelts.

"Is it assigned seating?" Bonnie grumbled aloud.

"No," the dragon said. "But I recommend you two sit in the rear seats."

"Why?"

"The front seats catch all the insects."

Bonnie rolled her eyes and sat down in one of the back chairs.

"Swell," she muttered.

"You two had better buckle up. Take off can be a bit bumpy."

Bonnie fumed as she strapped herself into her seat, staring at Clyde while he secured himself as well.

"All set," she announced sourly.

The dragon then reared back on his back legs, standing straight up. Both passengers ended up staring straight up into the sky!

Connie screamed out loud. The dragon looked back at his passengers. "Sorry," he said. "I should have warned you that I needed to sit up in order to tuck your bags away." With his explanation completed, the dragon lowered his head and grasped both suitcases with one

massive hand. He then put the luggage into the saddlebags strapped to his sides.

"I'm going to be sick!" Connie shrieked.

"In the pockets of the seats in front of you, you will find plastic capture bags for your comfort," the dragon said.

"Please, settle back down again. I'm getting dizzy."

The dragon nodded and settled

down on all fours again. "This is your captain speaking. Please extinguish all smoking materials and remain seated for the duration of the flight. Our travel time will be approximately 28 hours."

"28 hours?!" Bonnie shrieked. "What are we supposed to do about restroom breaks?"

"In the pockets of the seats in front of you, you will find plastic capture bags for your comfort," the dragon said again.

"That's it!" Bonnie yelled as she struggled with her restraints. "I'm getting off!"

"I'm sorry, but we are already cleared to take the active. Everyone, please, prepare for take-off."

Bonnie crossed her arms defiantly across her chest and bared her teeth at Clyde! "I don't care how much money you saved," she snapped! "You are never booking a flight with Priceline.com ever again! You hear me?"



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## Charity Auction Information

### Reins of Life



The genre of anthropomorphics is an entertaining field that deals heavily in the thematic appreciation of animals crossed with humans to 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 the 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 Reins of Life, an organization located in Penn Valley, PA. The following explains Reins of Life's operations as detailed by their representative, Judy Freedman:

"Reins of Life, therapeutic horseback riding, is a non profit organization providing equine-assisted therapy for children and young adults with special needs, such as but not limited to, Down Syndrome, Cerebral Palsy, Autism, Spina Bifida, Prader Willie Syndrome, and Angelman Syndrome. Our children range in age from 5-17, and receive therapy once a week. There are 20 children currently in the ROL program. ROL is located in Chester County, at Banbury Cross Farm, in Glenmore, PA. The ROL office is located in Penn Valley, PA. (610) 664-1051. We have five certified therapeutic horseback riding instructors, and 35 volunteers. Volunteer support is extremely important to the work we do with our children. Volunteers are used in the actual therapy session by acting as side-aides by gently holding the child on the horse, or merely standing beside them to act as an aide, or leading the horse during a session. Our volunteers prepare for every class by grooming and tacking up the horses with special adaptive equipment used on the horses.

Therapeutic horseback riding offers many benefits to people with disabilities by increasing and improving their balance and coordination, circulation, mobility, greater self-esteem, confidence, self-control, ability to better focus hence improving on attention deficit disorder, as well as an educational and social experience. Therapeutic horseback riding works by having the 3-dimensional gait of the horse, "up-down, side-to-side, and back & forth" movement mimic the human gait, therefore influencing the movement of the riders' body, carrying over into other areas of their daily life. And since this form of therapy is fun, the children look forward to coming to their session each week.

Stretching mind and muscles, therapeutic horseback is recognized as one of the most progressive forms of therapy gaining recognition world-wide. The warmth and rhythmic movement of the horse provides numerous physical benefits.

#### Improved:

- \* gross and fine motor skills
- \* self-awareness
- \* body strength

#### Increased:

- \* independence
- \* attention span
- \* motivation

The feeling of mobility and being able to control such a large animal provides psychological benefits leading to a feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment.

Under the supervision of trained personnel, Reins of Life develops the most beneficial therapeutic riding program to meet the needs and goals of our riders. Carefully trained horses, special equipment and procedures are used to ensure each rider's safety. The therapeutic qualities of horseback riding are recognized by many medical professionals, including the American Physical therapy Association, and the American Occupational Therapy Association. A medical release form is required for every rider and filled out by the child's physician.

ROL is a member of the North American Riding for the Handicapped Association (NARHA), PA Council on Therapeutic Horsemanship, a member of the Montgomery County Chamber of Commerce, a member of the Pennsylvania Association of Nonprofit Organizations, (PANO), and a United Way of Southeastern PA Donor Recipient- code 5089."

You can reach Reins of Life and their representative, Judy Freedman, at [reinsoflife@mindspring.com](mailto:reinsoflife@mindspring.com), by phone at 610-664-1051, or visit their homepage at <http://www.reinsoflife.com/>.

Reins of Life representatives 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. Reins of Life representatives will also be in the Dealer's Room 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 to the highest bidder items donated by fandom artists, creators, and other generous donors who have provided us with artwork, software, and other original material not available anywhere else at Anthrocon, without requesting anything in return to help raise money for this year's chosen charity.

Last year, the Anthrocon Auction raised over \$6,500 for the National Greyhound Adoption Program. The total was one of the largest raised from an Auction for charity at an anthropomorphic-themed convention and the largest for Anthrocon itself. Since 1997, Anthrocon has raised over \$15,000 for various charities, including Whiskers, K-9 Friends, and the Great Valley Nature Center.

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 Grand Ballroom and will run for approximately 3 hours. Donated items and services will be offered in auction for bargain prices designed to stimulate your interest in donating to a worthy cause as well as receiving a quality product that you won't be able to find anywhere else at 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 Reins of Life by joining us for the 2001 Anthrocon Auction on Saturday afternoon.



# Philadelphia

*The city that gave birth to a country  
that gave birth to Rock and Roll.*



*Don't you think you need to check it out?*

The Hard Rock Cafe welcomes...

## ANTHROCON 2001

Come experience the coolest rock memorabilia,  
the best down-home food, and the hottest  
rock 'n roll you'll ever hear!

*(Not to mention you'll be visiting one of Uncle Kage's favorite places...)*

**Right on the corner of 12th and Market Streets  
(215) 238-1000**

### HOW TO GET THERE BY CAR:

Take City Line Avenue (Route 1) to I-76 East. Follow the signs for I-676 East to the Broad Street exit (remain in 2 left handlanes going straight on Vine Street.) Follow Vine Street 4 blocks to 12th Street. Make a right on 12th Street. Follow 12th Street 4 blocks to Market Street. - The Hard Rock Cafe will be on the left side, on the corner of Market and 12th.



## First Flight

J. M. Wilde

Originally published in 1997 on J. M. Wilde's website.

*As we fly our though paths in life,  
Every one must make the choice,  
Whether the journey will free us from strife  
Or the path holds our answer's voice.*

The morning sun was rising, and Elis looked over the plateau. This was the day, the day of the black sun. The traditional day of First Flight.

Elis, dressed in a snug, simple tunic, stood in the waiting area.

She was tall, and almost regally thin. She was almost a head taller than most of the other fledglings. She had styled her crest rather elaborately on this special day, in the style that she had seen in some of the hieroglyphs from the early times. Her large, dark eyes watch the sun rise with a twinkle of anticipation. Her beak was rather short, but its elegant diamond shape and pale gold coloring seemed to accent her beige wing feathers and her light gold body. Despite her nervousness, she held still, and turned her head slowly around, using all of her self control to appear calm.

She looked around to the other participants, all youngsters like herself. There was even a young male who still showed signs of his molt. There were, including herself, twenty eight fledglings, here for the First Flight ceremonies. Most were here with family and friends, but Elis was alone. She had saved her credits for the past two cycles to come out here to the Plateau, but her parents were not so lucky. Her mother was about to hatch out her newest sibling, and her father, always the worrier, didn't want to leave when his new child was so close to joining the world.

She spread her wing-arms and admired her new primaries. She could feel each individual feather as the gentle breeze passed through them. She had, following the advice of her mother, carefully oiled her new feathers, and they had a slight sheen in the morning light. She was up nearly half the night with that job, making sure to not use too much of the oil, as it would reduce the efficiency of the feathers, but also making sure that it was not too dry, which could cause them to become brittle and break in flight. She could feel the tension building up, and she began to do her stretching exercises.

An elder hopped down from the roost overlooking the waiting area and glided down in front of the fledglings. As he landed, Elis placed her wing-arms back down to her side and turned to watch. The other youngsters followed suit.

The elder cleared his crop, and silence fell over the group. "This is the day of First Flight, the day that you shall all enter the adult world and take your place in the skies.

"You are here, to prove yourselves. Not to your parents, not to your peers. You must prove yourselves to the harshest judge imaginable." The elder turned slowly, and looked everyone straight in the eyes. Elis suppressed a shiver when those dark brown eyes fell on her.

"You must prove yourselves to you. What you do here today is for you, and you alone. You could have taken your First Flight in the cities where you are all from. You, however, have chosen to fly here, at the Plateau. For whatever reason, you have all chosen to measure yourselves against your ancestors. I hope that you find what you seek here.

The elder spread his wings, "Good Winds to you all." He flapped gracefully back up to the roost where he could watch the proceedings.

The fledglings began to file closer to the edge of the Plateau. Elis looked up at the sun, which was now nearly halfway to the total eclipse. At the moment of the total eclipse, all twenty eight fledgling would leap from the cliff and fly as far as they could during the time of the total eclipse. The Plateau stood on the edge of a great river that had, over time, worn away the ground, leaving a series of natural rock towers. The towers ranged in size from broad, enough to hold five or six youngsters with their full wingspan, to small, barely enough to hold one younger sitting down.

Elis took a deep breath. She made sure that the metal stylus was firmly affixed to the right side of her belt. The stylus was for carving her glyph in the tower

on which she landed, to reside along the others who, over the cycles, have made it that far. There were records, of course, but it wasn't the same as carving your own glyph in the stone.

The time crept by slowly, as the moon began to block out the sun. Elis took her place at the cliff, ready to leap off the second the eclipse was total. She gave her wings a couple of quick flaps, feeling the air and getting ready. She looked across the chasm, and kept her eye on the goal. The tower farthest from her.

That tower was the one that she had dreamed about. Her father, a rather athletic sort, had made it to that tower. She wasn't as fast as her father, but she hoped to make up for it with a little bit of forethought. She had studied the rules and traditions of First Flight looking for a way to make it to that far tower, and she thought she may have found a way. When she thought of the way, she worked for hours in private, trying to build up her endurance and work her wings as much as she could. She studied holos of other flyers, including some sky dancers and acrobats, and tried to practice the intricate movements and flight subtleties the best she could while being land bound.



Copyright © Neil R. Weber



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

She shook her head, and brought her thoughts back to the present. She would find out soon enough if her idea would be successful. Sighing, she turned to face the almost darkened sun, and waited for the corona. That would be the signal for the youngsters to launch themselves into the air.

As the edges of the darkened disk began to shimmer, the entire group launched themselves out into the canyon. Except for Elis. She began to flap as hard as she could, straight up.

She felt her feet leave the ground, and continued to flap with all her strength. She would have liked to see the expression on the elders' faces as she slowly climbed upward, but she concentrated on getting as high as possible in a short time.

She climbed and climbed, until she felt as if her wings would rip off with the next flap. She then locked her wings and drifted inland, away from the canyon.

Soon, Elis was rewarded with what she was looking for. A natural thermal. The sun had spent all morning heating the top of the plateau, and she began to glide and circle the plateau. With each circle, she climbed a little higher. With each turn, she looked out to the farthest tower, trying to gauge the distance in her head.

With a quick glance at the sun, to make sure she had time, she set herself into a dive, her wings swept back as far as she could while still maintaining control. Diving was not the best maneuver, even for a more experienced flyer, but it was the only way that she would make it to her goal in the allotted time.

Elis gained speed until she was a white-gold blur heading toward the far tower. The wind sung in her ears, and she had narrowed her eyes to advert the wind. Her heart was pounding, and the ragged breaths she took seemed to add to the burn her lungs rather than relieve them. She spread her wings slowly, and began to pull up. She began to level off and slow down, but she was going far too fast. She overshoot the tower.

Cursing, she began pulled up and tried to circle. Elis found as she tried to straighten her wings that her muscles were stiff and sore. Even with all of her exercises and practice before this moment, she couldn't move. Her wings would barely respond, and it took all of her remaining strength to hold them out to glide. Without control, she couldn't land on that tower, and crashing into the tower could break her legs or wings. Choking back the tears, she drifted around the tower, the tower that her father had carved his glyph on, and drifted downward toward a smaller tower about 3 wingspans closer to the Plateau than the

farthest tower

She floated in slowly, and landed on the tower just as the first glimpse of the sun began to peek from behind the moon. First Flight, for this cycle, was over. As she landed, Elis began to breathe again. She sat down, more tired than she had ever been before in her life. She sighed, and began to do her stretching exercises, to work the knots out of her muscles. She still had to fly back, although without the time limit. It would be well past midday before her wings would recover enough for the flight, however, so she looked at the view and tried not to think of her failure.

Since Elis was on a smaller tower, she could see around her as if she were still flying. She saw that, even though she had fell short of her goal, she had made it farther than any of the other fledglings. Most

of them looked far more tired than her, but they were smiling. On some of the larger towers, they were talking and hugging each other.

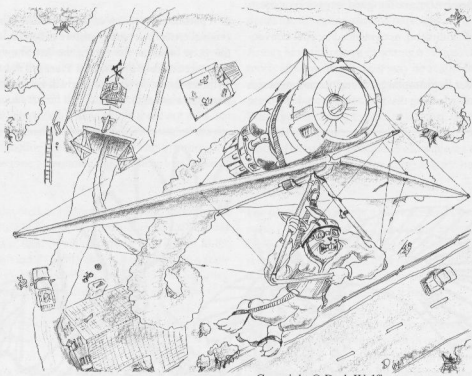
Feeling a bit ashamed, she looked down at the tower she was sitting on. She noticed the glyphs of the others who had landed there before her. She noticed the glyph of a poet that she was fond of. It was a worn glyph, but the poet made his First Flight over twenty cycles ago. In the stone closer to the edge, she saw the glyph of a scientist she remembered as having to help with the FTL space program.

Elis tucked her wings around her, and turned away from the sun, to look at the river. She looked down at it's turbulent waters in the distance, the sun playing off the rapids like dancing jewels. She sat mesmerized, trying to straighten out her thoughts.

She thought back to the elder's words before the Flight. Maybe she had been so obsessed on following her father's wingbeats, that she failed to listen to her own wind, her own path. Maybe she wanted the right thing, for the wrong reasons. Maybe this was an omen, landing on the tower that other people she thought highly of. The thoughts just tumbled through her head, like the water over the rocks in the distance below. She might never be certain of what or why she did what she did.

Elis returned from the view and began carving her glyph into the stone. One thing that she was certain of, despite all that had happened. She did not fail.

(Author's Note: This story is my personal interpretation of a picture I saw a long time ago by Jennifer Ilena Reiter. I would like to give credit to Ms. Reiter, for without her art, this story would have never been born. - JMW)



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## How To Buy Art At The Anthrocon Art Show (Bidding Rules)

The Anthrocon Art Show is an exhibit of original artworks of a science fiction, fantasy and/or "fannish" nature, especially relating to anthropomorphic animals. Here you will find for sale both flat (e.g. sketches and paintings) and 3-dimensional (e.g. sculpture and costumes) artwork created by 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 Art Show Bidder Registration by filling out and signing a bidder registration card, acknowledging that you agree to abide by these bidding rules.

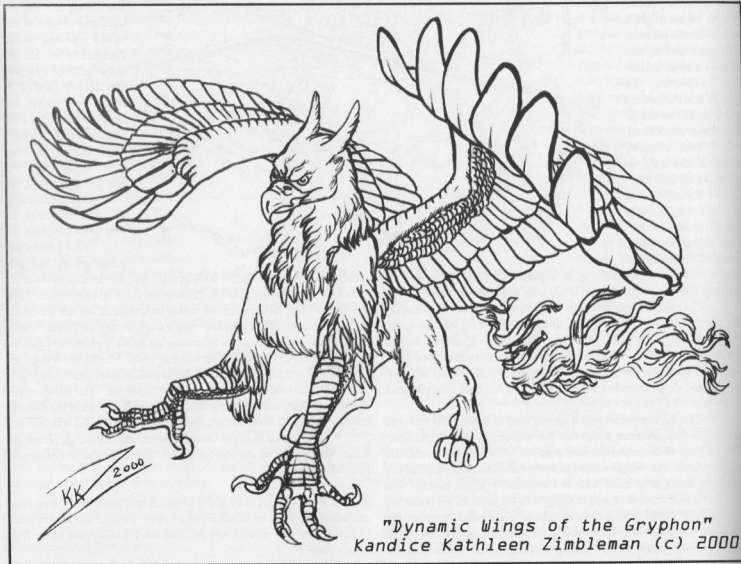


## Art Show Information

### Areas of the Art Show

There are two distinct areas of the Art Show:

1. In the main part of the room, you will see original artwork depicting subjects suitable for all ages to view. This area will be open for silent (written) bidding during the day and early evening Friday and Saturday, and Sunday morning. If a piece receives enough written bids by noon Sunday, it will be sent to the main voice auction Sunday afternoon.
2. A partitioned section of the Art Show is set aside for the display of original artwork depicting mature subject matter. It will be open during the same hours as the rest of the Art Show Friday and Saturday, and monitored to keep minors out. Pieces in this area which receive enough written bids by 8 PM Saturday will be sent to a separate voice auction later that evening.



*"Dynamic Wings of the Gryphon"*  
Kandice Kathleen Zimbleman (c) 2000



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

## Bidding

Each piece of 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 previously written bids.

Written bidding for Main Room artwork closes at noon Sunday. The Art Show will be cleared of all bidders at that time. Any art with fewer than 8 (eight) written bids is sold to the highest bidder. Pieces receiving 8 (eight) bids will be placed in the voice auction, which begins Sunday at 1 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 at the highest written bid. Although there are "runners" showing off the auction pieces, this is for identification, not admiration. Please take the time to examine the artwork closely during the main show hours!

For pieces in the section devoted to mature artwork, the procedure is similar, although the times are different. Written bidding ends Saturday at 8 PM. Any art with fewer than 8 (eight) written bids is sold to the highest bidder. Pieces receiving 8 (eight) bids will be placed in a separate voice auction for mature artwork which begins at 9 PM Saturday, and runs similarly to the Main Room voice auction, as noted above.

All artwork sold by written bid or in either auction will be available for pickup Sunday 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. (Keep in mind that we must collect 7% sales tax on purchases, so allow for this in your figuring.)

Also, return to the Art Show before closing (8 PM Saturday for mature artwork; noon Sunday for everything else) 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.

It is a common (though unsavory) practice for some individuals to place bids literally at the last minute in order to snatch a piece from the current bidder. Be aware of this practice and watch your bids until written bidding is officially closed and the room is cleared.

**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 posses-

sion 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 for 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. (*Please Note:* Artists are provided with the names and addresses of those who have purchased their artwork.)

## Sales

Art Show Sales will take place Sunday from 1:30 to 4 PM. If you have an afternoon flight, train or bus to catch, show your 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, and additional identification may be requested.

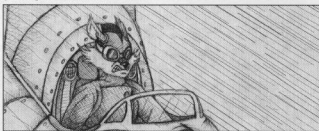
Artists have the option of setting a "Price After Closing." If a piece has received no written bids, it may be available at the indicated price Sunday afternoon if the artist still wishes to sell it.

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 crew member.

For payment we accept cash, traveler's checks, personal checks, credit cards (Visa, MasterCard, American Express, Discover), and debit cards (networks to be posted in the Art Show and at Registration). ID will be required of all buyers at time of payment. You must pick up and pay for your own purchases, and show the receipt to the door guard when you leave the sales area (so keep it handy).

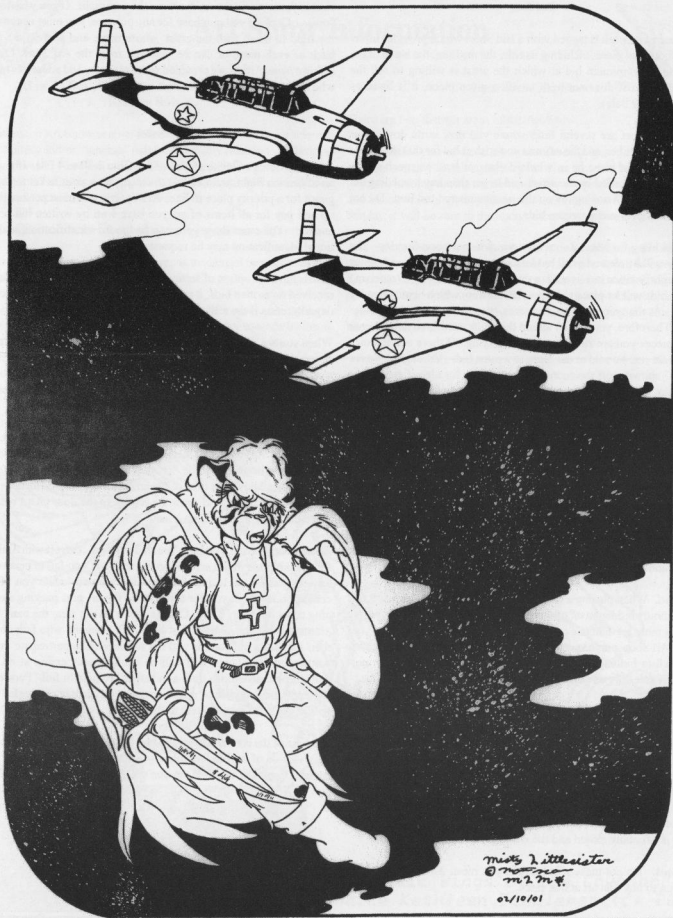
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Because of the conbook's publication deadline, consider this a preliminary version of the bidding rules, which may be revised slightly if necessary. Copies of the final version will be available at the Art Show.



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# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

## Reaching For That Distant Sky

By *Tanavin Silverfox*

I remember witnessing that ghostly, finely linear streak in the sky, like a rogue star cast down from the heavens. It felt unimaginably distant, yet it raced across the deep blue in seconds. It was astonishing. I will never forget it.

I remember him showing me photographs from the academy. He had graduated at the top of his class. He was the first of his nature to even attend. Times were different back then, he told me. His every action was viewed with suspicion. But he didn't blame anyone for his treatment. Instead, it gave him the very reason to reach for that distant sky. Often, he would remind me how history can be the greatest of all teachers. That prejudice and strife could be overcome if enough people looked beyond themselves. He believed everyone had a good soul. I share his belief.

He was a unique person, a genetic combination between animal and human—a vulpine variety in particular. There were many experiments in such animal gene integration around 2010. Some of the research was legitimate, mere steps in the great crusade to understand the human genome. However, much of it was not. Some was done merely for financial gain, while others were insane experiments my misguided individuals. That's how he became involved in the whole mess. He had been without hope, and volunteered to be a living experiment for one of these lunatics in order to make ends meet. Despite the dubious nature of his transformation, it was a legitimate success.

Once the procedure was seemingly perfected, many of the wealthy lined up for a chance to change their form. The ultimate publicity stunt. Such things were fashionable—for a short time. For a while, the human condition had expanded to include felines, canines, equines, and a few others.

But after only a few years, the dark secret was uncovered. Such extensive genetic manipulation was almost always devastatingly fatal. Many died within four years of the first experiments. All such experiments were globally banned shortly thereafter.

By chance, some were spared. To this day no one knows why—a proper medical explanation was never developed. I don't think anyone even cares anymore. He was one of the fortunate, or at least I guess you could call it that. Some saw it as a disability, but he chose to embrace it as a strength. Through his dedicated perseverance, he eventually managed to join the United States Air Force. How he became the first I'll never know, I just know he forged the path for others like him.

I also remember reading about the technological legacy. I wept when I first saw archival footage of the X-15 first breaking Mach six point seven in 1962, it was one of a string of extraordinary flights that would set the precedent for everything else I came to know. Later, the unmanned X-43 in 2001 continued the tradition. Then there was the manned X-56 flight in 2007—a particular landmark. The first manned hypersonic aircraft with air-breathing engines; for many it was as significant as Yeager's legendary trampling of the sound barrier. Of course, many argued that the military already had developed such a vehicle years prior. If it ever existed, it never surfaced.

Then there was *his* plane, the X-67. The first vehicle that was both airplane and spaceplane, cable of sustained flight in either environment. It was to be a revolution for air and space travel, as well as the military. It was a spectacular piece of engineering. I remember him standing next to it, posing for a press photo just prior to that memorable

flight.

I often wonder if they allowed him to fly because it was an honor or simply because it was too dangerous. Perhaps it was both.

The early subsonic and supersonic flights in the program were completely successful. It was turning out to be one of the proudest programs in NASA's history. The planned sequence for this flight was relatively simple. He would accelerate in several stages, each dependent on the success and stability of the one prior. The plan was to reach twenty times the speed sound at nearly forty miles up. And the finale? He would take the sixty-seven straight into low earth orbit, an amazing feat considering he was starting from a conventional aircraft liftoff.

I remember witnessing that ghostly, finely linear streak in the sky, like a rogue star cast down from the heavens. It felt unimaginably distant, yet it raced across the deep blue in seconds. It was astonishing, and it was frightening. I will never forget it. When an eerie flash abruptly severed that magnificent line, I had no doubt. Father was dead.

They could never understand exactly what happened. Some ventured that the cryogenic system along the leading edge of the spaceplane failed, allowing the ablative thermal tiles to burn from thermodynamic stress. Others venture that one of the control systems malfunctioned, altering attitude enough to allow the very same bow shock which aided the airplane in lift to tear it to pieces. Others still were convinced it was nothing more than pilot error. It was, at times, the ugliest of discussions.

It's been several years now, and I have come to terms with his sacrifice. I think of him every time I look up, every time I dream of reaching that distant sky. There are very few of his type these days. As far as I know, I am the last of my kind. Tomorrow is my first day of flight school. I am sure that he would be as proud of me as much as I am of him.

## de Havilland Mosquito B.Mk IV Series 2

Country of Origin:

United Kingdom

Type:

Fast Bomber

Wing Span:

54' 2"

Length:

41' 2"

Height:

17' 5"

Net Weight:

13,400 lbs

Max Speed:

380 mph

Range:

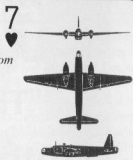
2,040 miles

Power:

Two 1,290-hp Rolls-Royce Merlin 21 or  
23 Vee piston engines

Armament:

Up to 2,000 of stores, some versions  
carried Four 20-mm British Hispano  
Cannons



The de Havilland Mosquito is considered to be one of the most multi-talented planes made during World War II. With its ease in accomplishing multiple tasks, including low-level attacks, night bombing, and photo reconnaissance, the Mosquito easily became the most successful World War II Bombers.

The plane was rebuilt and revised approximately 25 times over the life of its manufacturing and approximately 6,500 Mosquitos were built and delivered during the war. The standard bomber construction of an all-metal transport was ignored; the Mosquito was built out of molded plywood.





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# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

## Of Fur and Feathers

by Dawn Kull

John chewed thoughtfully on his pencil eraser as he studied his drawing, doing his best to walk home from school without wandering off into the street. The picture was one of his best so far – drawn in quick, precise strokes it depicted a young boy, human (looking suspiciously like himself), but with a pair of wings.

Flight – wings, feathers and the like – was the main topic of his daily notebook scribbles. His father often told him he had an unhealthy obsession with flying. John liked to think it was more of a dream... His only friend, a falcon-morph named Cecilia, could fly. Why couldn't he?

A large paw passed before his eyes, grabbing rudely at his notebook and snatching it from his hands. He could see the bear-morph's black, recessed claws digging into the paper, marring it.

"Hey! What do you think you're...doing..." John's words broke off as he realized who it was.

Shardik had been giving him a hard time for weeks, ever since John had transferred to this new school. Being one of the few pure humans in town gave him the distinct honor of being the butt of the rest of the fur's jokes. Apparently Shardik hadn't yet to tired of the game.

He grinned down at him; though they were the same age, he outweighed John by at least three times. John wished, as he often did, that he weren't so small...that he wasn't so human.

"Aw... Now isn't this cute..." Shardik rumbled, roughly flipping the pages of John's notebook. His ever-present lackey, Ned, snickered over his shoulder.

He poked at John with one stubby finger. "Pink here wants t' be a bird boy..." he said, looking back at the two guys and laughing.

Shardik poked him several times, each harder and more insistent than the last until they became all out shoves. Ned stopped laughing, but Shardik never did, not until John felt his backpack bump up against the bridge railing and could go no further.

"Why don't we teach bird-boy here a lesson, eh?" he asked over his shoulder, a feral grin twisting his muzzle. "We'll make his dreams come true and teach him to fly."

Ned laughed and moved to crowd in on John, pushing him up against the railing. Shardik shoved his paws into John's armpits and picked him right up off the ground, leaving his sneakers to dangle.

John looked out over his shoulder and saw the too-blue sky, dotted with puffy, white spring clouds. Below, very far below, the forest surrounding the school, cut through by train tracks and gravel.

He grabbed on to Shardik's forearms, trying to get a grip on the bear in case he should drop him. His fur felt greasy under John's

fingertips. "C-come on, man...this isn't funny," he said as Shardik lifted him out over the railing, letting him dangle like a puppy sixty feet above the ground.

"Don't you wanna fly, Pink? I've seen you writin' in that notebook for weeks now, always the same thing. This is your big chance!" Shardik said, his voice flat and serious. Ned cackled behind him, fairly dancing in place.

"N-n-no..." John stammered. "I'm human, I can't fly."

"That's right, Pink, you're only human. Just a misfit, and don't you forget that..." Shardik said. A shadow crossed over his face as the sun was blocked out for an instant. He looked up in confusion, just in time to get a face full of feathers as Cecilia swooped in.

"What the...?!" he growled, turning his face away and taking a step back. John felt the straps of his backpack yank hard against his shoulders, and then he was airborne, flying high above the heads of Ned and Shardik.

He looked up, heart hammering in his chest, and grabbed onto the straps of his backpack. "Cecilia!"

Cecilia craned her neck around to him, eyes dancing with humor and beak partly open. "Looks like I was just in time, hummm?" she said, re-affixing her talon's grip on his bag.

John laughed, looking down at Shardik. "Oh yeah... did you see what he was doing to me? I mean... He... I'm... I'm flying!" he yelled, then gasped, "My notebook!"

His notebook remained in Shardik's paws. John could still see it – the bear-morph had apparently forgotten he'd had it.

"Hold on...you grab it if you can. I'll, um...distract him or something..." she said, drawing her wings back and angling downward toward the furs. John could tell his weight was slowing her down, but she seemed to be managing well enough.

John's heart soared at the look of fear on Shardik's face as Cecilia came in for the kill, hooked beak parted and ready. She twisted her neck way around in that fascinating way of birds and nipped him right in the butt.

John held out one hand and made a snatch for the book as it fell from the very surprised bear's grasp.

"Hey! What do you think you're...Hey!" Shardik screeched, grabbing at his butt and running for cover. Ned laughed, looked confused, then followed after.

John laughed, hugging the book to his chest and smiling up at Cecilia. "I was wrong!" he said, reveling in the feel of the wind whipping through his hair.

"About what?" she asked, coming in toward his house.

"Humans can fly!"

Cecilia chuckled. "Of course they can...with a little help from their friends."



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## Flying Stars

By Ebonhawk

The cool liquid swirling around the glass. Blue in red. Black-furred hand swizzling it all.

She sat and pondered why she was here. To forget. The liquid was supposed to make her happy and make her forget. It was failing as spectacularly as she had succeeded. Skunks can't fly they said. Women don't have the stomach to fight they said. All true. All lies.

Tanya was no skunk though her Darwinian ancestors had been. She was a fur like everyone else. She was female but right now she didn't feel very much like an adult. She looked at the blue liquid and saw her eyes saw her own face. Not much different then it had been as long as she could remember. Certainly not the face of a pilot that had just survived her first dog-fight. She didn't see the hero of the hour and the latest savior of Warrenholt. She saw a little girl who only wanted to run off into the forest and hide. She began to hate what she saw. She killed the liquid in a single gulp but her fear and sorrow would not go away. That drink had failed but there was still the bottle half full of chances to forget. To not see that other face. His face. The face that haunted her.

She almost didn't see her flight commander enter the run down Officers Mess. He was a pretty panda fur and he was very popular with the ladies. She could attest to that. When the Tanya saved him from an angry panda daddy, he was all too happy to adopt her as an honorary panda so that she could fly with Bamboo squadron. Under normal circumstances, she liked looking at him. He was very cute. Even now, with two panda girls at his side, he was still cute. But she couldn't really see him. All she could see was that face. It was just in the corner of her eye. She reached back to the bottle and poured another glass.

"I can't do it", she said to herself.

"What can't you do?"

The voice came from a figure in the darkest corner she had ever seen. It was a male voice and she could almost see wings. Inner voices told her to be quiet and let the room follow suit. But the liquid, made her less sane.

"Today was my first flight, I killed a fur today," she said.

"Congratulations, Tanya," he said.

"I guess. Well today was also my last flight. It wasn't like in the simulators. In the simulators you don't see the other fur. You don't see his fear. Simulated pilots don't clutch their chest in pain when they catch a round. You never see the light going out of their eyes. The canopy

of a simulated plane is never splattered with blood after a .505 long round blasts through cockpit. This isn't what I thought it would be like."

Tanya looked down and then downed another swig of the liquor. She swallowed hard as she saw it all again. She knew she was shaking. She leaned against the bar and let it support her as the shakes ended.

"I'm supposed to be happy and I am but part of my soul is soiled with the pain of knowing what I did. It feels wrong and it's eating me up inside," she explained.

"It's supposed to. War is not a game. It is killing and death," he said without a pause.

"That's now why I learned to fly."

"Why did you do it then?"

Tanya shook her head. She hadn't realized it before but he was the first on to ever ask. "I had a boyfriend—he was a hawk fur. I know it

was silly but I didn't want him to fly around because I thought he might get hurt or something. I was always so scared that he would get a cramp and fall out of the sky. One day, he got tired of my whining and he took me flying. It took a couple of minutes before I realized that I was not going to die. Then I looked around. The trees that I had always thought were so tall were specks. My house could fit in the space between fingers of my out stretched hand, with room to spare for the rest of the neighborhood. I looked around and it was so peaceful. I looked at the clouds and they were so fluffy, I begged him to let me touch one. The wind sang to my ears a thousand words for



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life. The freedom was intoxicating, when we landed I begged him to take me up again. But we never had the chance. The Khan attacked and my hawk went to war. He was one of the first furs in. He never came back.

"I'm sorry, to hear that," he mumbled.

"Well, now we have planes. I can fly without him. I can finish what he started. I was a fool. They were all right. I should never have done this." Tanya wanted to cry but she knew that she dared not. She had her dignity after all.

"As I heard it you saved your flight leader's life. And by taking out the enemy flight leader, you disorganized the khan fliers so badly that they had to break off the attack. You did good"

"Then why do I still see their faces?"

She took his silence as a reply and continued, "I mean every time I blink or think I see them in the back of my mind's eye. Staring at the face of their killer. Looking at me. Do you know what that is like?"

He touched her shoulder and said, "Yes. I do."



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

## The Sky God's Own

She looked up and saw that she was talking to a winged wolf. Not just any lupography but the lupography-Corvus "Ice" Fang. Ace of the base. 97 kills in the last 5 weeks of combat. The last survivor of the fabled Blood Claw Flight. She looked at him and knew for certain that she had just kissed her commission good bye.

Tanya tried to come to some type of attention but the drink had made it almost impossible to try. "I'm sorry sir. I didn't mean I mean I didn't know..."

Corvus smiled at her and helped her back to the barstool. "Look I'll tell you what meet me on the tarmac in two hours. Dress casual."

The wolf grinned at her and walked out. Tanya's heart sank. If she wanted to fly she knew she would have to do as he asked. And it wasn't as if she wouldn't have done it before she pushed her mouth into full throttle. She just didn't feel worthy of talking to him now. Doing it again was too much. By the time she had gotten back to her quarters and as she changed out of her flight suit and into her mini-skirt and top, she didn't feel worthy of what ever he had in mind.

She got to the tarmac in with 10 minutes to spare. She was now determined to make up for what she said. Even if her career was over, she would at least get some respect from Ice. She wondered about the field and found Ice's fighter. It was easy to spot. The rear section was covered with black stars.

As Tanya walked up to it, she noticed that stars looked wrong. She moved over to the plane and looked closer. Indeed, they had been sliced into with little cuts. She was about to get some paint to fix the damage when she realized that the marks looked like a face. It took a moment for her eyes to focus on the marks instead of the background. Once she had, the face of an Otter fur was staring back at her. She looked the other stars and on each was a little face. An unconscious gasp escaped her as the truth set in.

"So you figured out my little secret that fast, Tanya."

The skunkette fur swiveled around to see Ice smiling at her. Her embarrassment was clear to see. She had never thought that a winged wolf would not just have the wings of a hawk but also might have the eyes of an eagle. He had seen the face of every fur he had fought and downed. And he was still flying.

Ice put his paw beside Tanya's on the plane and he began to explain, "This was the first fur that I took out. When I did I kept wondering why he went down and I didn't. I felt pretty bad. My commanding officer told me to just accept that this comes with the job. It wasn't good enough for me. I tried drinking, womanizing and even crying but in the end this was the only thing that even slightly worked. My artwork isn't going in an art gallery. These sketches aren't about beauty, it is about releasing the demons that I carry so that I can keep flying for Queen and country. You know, you can stop flying but someone will have to take your place. Then they will have to deal with the ghosts that you are now. Do you really want to do that to another fur?"

"No. But they won't go away."

"Neither do mine. But sometimes you can give them a home. A place of honor while you do what must be done."

Ice took Tanya by the hand to her plane. It's silver shell having only two stars on its tail. Ice pushed Tanya up to the plane and gave her a small pin knife.

"I'm no artist"

"You'll do just fine. I'll stay with you until you need me to go."

She put the blade to the star and slowly the face appeared there. And Tanya began to feel more like herself again.

The ferret detective came into his lieutenant's office, holding up the folder. "I finally got the sheet on the pilot."

Detective Lieutenant Parl Evine looked up from his desk. "It's about time. I've been trying to get a hold of the aviation folks." The lion sighed and leaned back in his chair. "I don't understand it. When they first found the plane, they were calling every half hour. Now, all I get is voicemail."

The sable ferret just shrugged, "Who knows?"

Parl growled under his breath and sat up. "Well, National Aviation brought us into this, and then they let it drop. It just doesn't make any sense." The lion sighed, sat up, and reached for the folder, "Have a seat, Ibis. I want someone to bounce some ideas off of."

Ibisari Lutan sat down in the chair opposite his boss. "Sure, Chief." Ibis was used to playing devil's advocate. "Why does this case have you so worked up? It's just cut and dried case of a crazy jackal bitch and a bunch of crack-pot avians on some religious crusade."

"Did you even look at that file? That lady jackal wasn't just some cropduster who was snorting pesticides." Parl handed the file back to his junior detective.

The ferret opened the file and looked at the picture. His eyes went wide, "You mean this is the Nystra Vaynar? The hero from the Ultarg War? I thought it was just a coincidence?"

"That's her. The most decorated pilot in aviation history."

"Whoa. That was... heck... over 60 years ago. I thought she was dead."

Parl just shook his head, "Nope. She served twenty years with National Defense, retired, went 20 years with one of the commercial carriers, and then retired from that and started her own charter service. Even though she is over 90, she still passes the pilots exam every year."

Ibis blinked, "If you know so much about her, why did you need me to pull her sheet?"

Parl smiled weakly, "I'm a bit of an aviation nut, and, like you said, she is the Nystra Vaynar." He gestured to the manila folder, "I was hoping to find something in there, something that would tell me why she would take a job like this, and then disappear."

Ibis rubbed his chin. "Well, lets take a look." The ferret opened the folder and flipped through the file. "Kinda thin for such an old lady. Bit of a hotshot as a kid. Lots of misdemeanors, but nothing violent or destructive. Signed up with ND as soon as she was old enough. Seems to have calmed her down, because there's nothing else of a criminal nature. Did you try to get her file from National Defense?"

The lion nodded, "Aviation gave it to me when they threw this in my lap. Frankly, it reads like some war propaganda. Young, poor jackal joins the Defense, excels, wins battles, wins medals, and retires with honor. I'd think it was fake if it weren't for the couple of negative comments about her 'reckless behavior' in flight school and her 'insane disregard for government equipment' during the War.

Ibis' eyes opened wide, "Insane disregard for government equipment?"

Parl chuckled, "It's a long story, but it got Vaynar a reprimand from her wing leader, the fourth cluster on her commendation braid, and her first command." The lion sighed, "I'm surprised you didn't hear that story in school."

The ferret smiled, "I can't help it the War was current events when you were in school, Parl."



# ANTHROCON 2001

"This investigation is making me feel that old, Ibis," Parl laughed quietly. The moment was short-lived. "So, what do you think?"

Ibis steeped his paws. "Well, at the moment, Vaynar looks innocent. Why would she fly a bunch of birds for this? Money?"

"No, she knew what would happen. Any pilot who takes an avian on a 'Final Flight' is responsible for the act. They treat it like murder."

"I don't understand why those crazy birds commit suicide like that. Sign up for a flight, and jump out of the plane. It just doesn't make sense."

Parl nodded, "Well, they're not supposed to jump. Basically,

the Final Flight is just a way to say goodbye before you die. Only the real religious nuts actually open the door and go out."

"Well, if it wasn't money, you think it might have been a favor for a friend?" Ibis stood up and began to walk slowly around his chair, his head bowed in thought.

"That's the most likely explanation." Parl looked up at the pacing junior detective. "But..." The lion reached into his desk and pulled out an envelope. "You see, I have an old friend in Aviation, and he got me a copy of the initial on-site report. Black box readings, state of the aircraft and some basic stuff. You'd just better read it, because you won't believe me."

Ibis took the envelope and opened it, "We can't use this for any legal proceedings, you know. Not without Aviation releasing it directly."

Parl nodded mutely.

The ferret took the documents out of the envelope and began to read. He got halfway down the page and stopped. His head tilted up, and he looked his boss straight in the eye. "How reliable is this?"

"My friend wrote the report."

The ferret turned his eyes back to the papers and began to read aloud, "All access hatches were locked from the outside except for the pilots hatch, which was looked from within..." "The avians in the cargo hold were disoriented, but there is evidence that over 20 somehow es-

caped from the plane..." He gave the papers back to the lion, "Boss, I've seen those planes before. There's no way a sentient avian could get out of the pilot's hatch without some help. Do you think Vaynar shoved them out and then jumped?"

"She couldn't have. If she did, there would have to be another pilot to secure the hatch behind her, and no avian could have done that unless they sprouted thumbs on their wingtips." Parl sighed, and began massaging his temples, "Keep reading. The kicker is on the last page."

Ibis flipped to the final page, "The inertial compass and tracking gear show no sign of damage or tampering. Final coordinates are as follows.. Where are these coordinates?"

"Eight thousand feet above ground, about half way between the airfield the plane took off at and the field where it was found."

The ferret returned the papers to the lion and sat down heavily. Both detectives were silent for several moments.

"Suggestions?"

Parl said quietly.

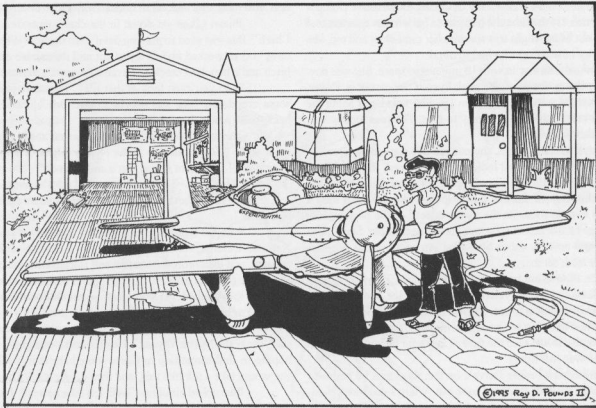
The ferret just sighed, "Well, I'd swear out a warrant for the arrest of Nystra Vaynar, but that's more to make everyone happy. Then we let the investigation quietly fade away."

"Why do you say that, Ibis?"

Ibis stood up, "For lack of a better explanation, I'd say that only the Sky God knows what really happened. It would be impossible to get a god into a courtroom, so we make a little noise, and let it go." He walked to the door, "If it makes you feel any better, I think that some force up there knows their own, and just took them home." Ibis paused and looked thoughtful, "You know, that also explains why some were left behind, if you think about it."

The ferret shook his head. "I'll never repeat that theory to anyone. I suggest that you do the same."

Parl nodded, and the ferret left, closing the door behind him. After a few moments, he picked up the phone and called in a warrant that could never be served.



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# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

## Forget the Runway—Foam the Terminal!

Cashew Lou

Cashew Lou was horribly late getting to the airport. It was only half an hour to his departure time, and he liked to be there at least an hour beforehand. As a result, his fastidious brain was buzzing in a state of low-grade panic.

Charging from the curb to the terminal door, he tucked himself into one of the wedges of the revolving door...and smack-dab into the door's glass panel. His moist black nose left a little smear on the pane.

Lou rubbed his nose, noticing the 'out of order' notice on the door directly before him.

Several of his fellow travelers tittered and stared at him as he backed out of the revolving door and into the terminal.

In line, a girl tugged on the skirt of the woman directly before Lou, staring up at the wolf.

"Mommy? Why he bleeding?"

"Honey, don't point," the girl's mother admonished her.

Lou sniffed softly as he looked around, his embarrassment doubling. The cursory sniff told him he had bled quite a bit. Apparently the revolving door had bopped him a good one.

The Yukon wolf removed his scarf, lifted it to his muzzle, and blew. After a couple of dabs to his snout, he sniffed again. All clear. He bundled up the scarf and tucked it into the side pocket of his bag as clandestinely as he could.

The clock on the wall above the ticket counter showed that Lou's flight was to leave in eighteen minutes. Not board, but leave.

Needless to say, Lou's low-grade panic had been upgraded to first class.

Cashew's ears swiveled as a rasping squawk came out of a speaker overhead. The attendant at the counter was holding what looked like a CB radio handset.

"May I have your attention, please? Flight 906 to Philadelphia has been delayed, with an expected departure time of 10:40 AM. Members of our flight crew were detained in cross-town traffic. Thank you."

Lou couldn't help but chuckle and shake his head. All this time his mind had been cooking up worst-case scenarios. He was sorely tempted to pull a Homer Simpson and attack his brain with a Q-Tip.

Once through security and at the gate, he had to stand, since every seat in the vicinity was already taken. Lou leaned against a post, entertained by a small platoon of screaming children who apparently had no adult supervision. Somehow he knew they would be sitting within two rows of him, once on the plane.

His ticket told him his seat was 17F, a window seat. Somewhere near row ten, an elderly gentleman wrestling with an enormous bag shoved a little too hard on one corner of it, and the opposite corner swung out of the overhead compartment and struck Lou...

...squarely in the nose.

Cashew let out a yelp and covered his nose with his free paw. He could taste fresh blood with darting little flicks of his tongue.

On top of that, his seat was taken.

"Um, sir?" Lou leaned over to the young man in the window seat. "See...you are in my seat. 17F?" He held up his ticket, helpfully backing up his claim.

"Aaaaeeugh!" The young man's face seemed to turn seven shades paler. With wide, horrified eyes, he leaped up out of the seat, bashing his head on the light switches above. "Ow! Hey, look, sorry,

okay? I was just sitting here, and nobody told me it was the wrong seat..." Frantically, he scrambled out of the seat, away from the tall wolf with blood dripping from his muzzle.

Lou's confusion hulled to understanding when he realized how he must look. "Oh, this just a nosebleed. It's not like I just ate a deer raw or something."

That did not help.

"Uhhhhmmmm...yeah! Okay! Nosebleed! Here ya go!" The young gentleman spilled out into the narrow aisle, into a flustered heap at Lou's hindpaws.

"It's okay, really," Lou said softly, as comfortingly as he could muster. When the man recovered from him, the wolf shrugged a little and quietly slid into his seat.

Luckily, the flight was uneventful. Lou was eventually able to calm down his excessively nervous neighbor, and was able to remedy his own nose with a pawful of airline tissues. And miraculously, there were no screaming children.

The Yukon wolf was working himself into a positive frame of mind. He had made it, he was here; Philadelphia sprawled out just beneath him as the jet coasted in for a smooth landing.

By the time he stepped up to the doors of the hotel, there was a spring in Cashew's step. Almost cockily, he sauntered up to the registration desk. "Reservation for Cashew Lou, please?" He beamed as the clerk tapped a few keys at her computer.

Lou blinked. "PLEASE don't tell me the reservations aren't there."

"Well, no," the clerk shifted on her feet, acting as if she was somewhat uncomfortable, they're there..."

"So is there a problem? Is the room underwater or something?"

The registration clerk gave a nervous little giggle. "Well, Mister, um, Mister Lou, this is July 5th..." she seemed hard-pressed as to how to continue.

A tiny and very stupid voice in the back of Lou's head said, "So?! Anthrocon is always held on the weekend closest to the Fourth of July! "

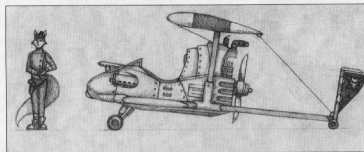
Another more rational voice, silent until this moment, went to club the other voice to a pulp.

"Oh," Lou said, his shoulders slumping. "Oh. Oh, yeah."

The gray wolf stood outside the hotel, pondering his options. Surely he could find some mischief to get into between now and the con, right? This is the home of American democracy, full of history, sites to see, right?

Certainly there was a way to avoid an airport for three weeks,

That thought alone returned the spring to Cashew Lou's step as he padded out to see what he could see. He grinned, with a tiny pang of envy, as a bird flew overhead. Now that was the way to fly.



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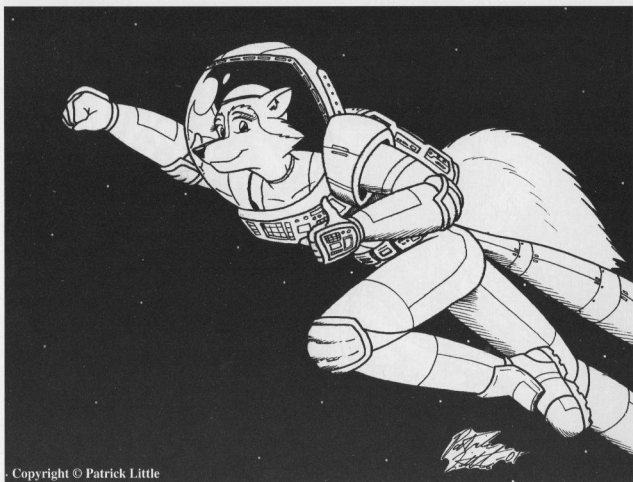


*Schmickle*

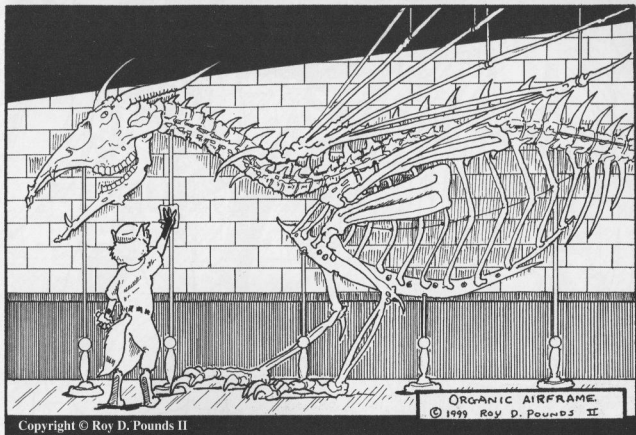
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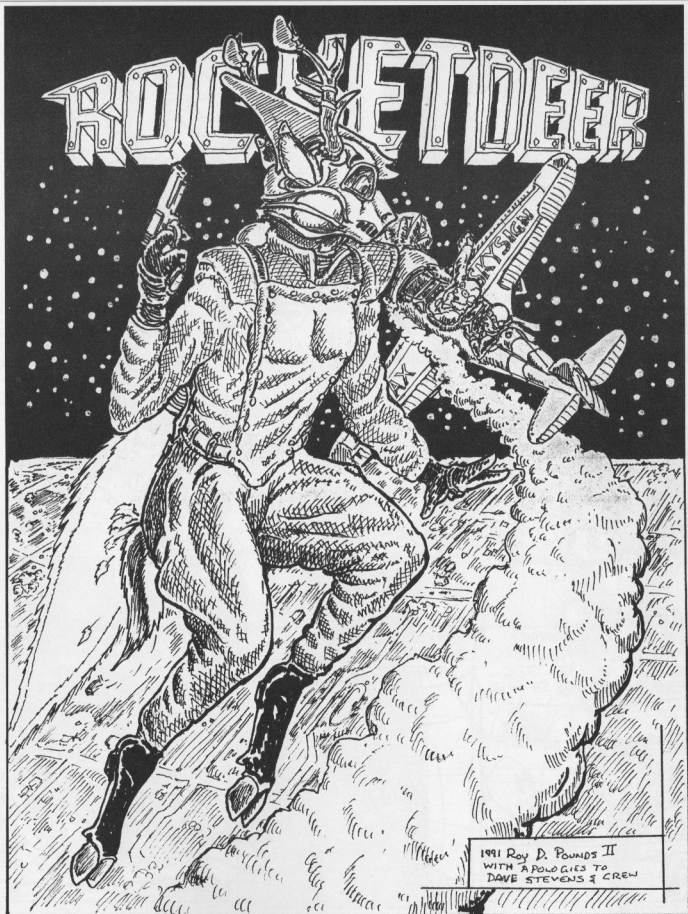
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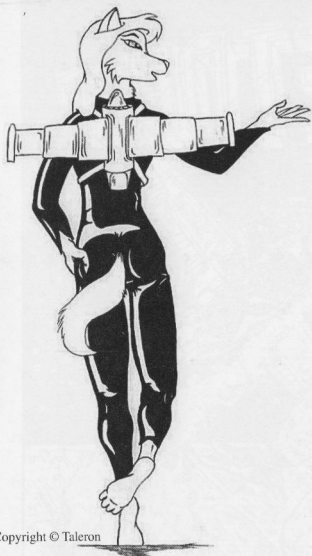
J. WILLARD '01  
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WITH APPOLOGIES TO  
DAVE STEVENS & CREW





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Po Shan Cheah



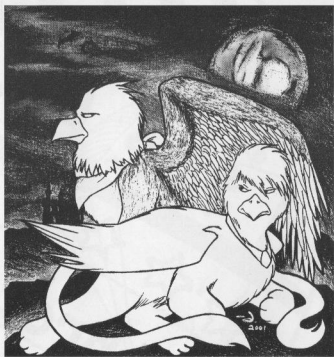
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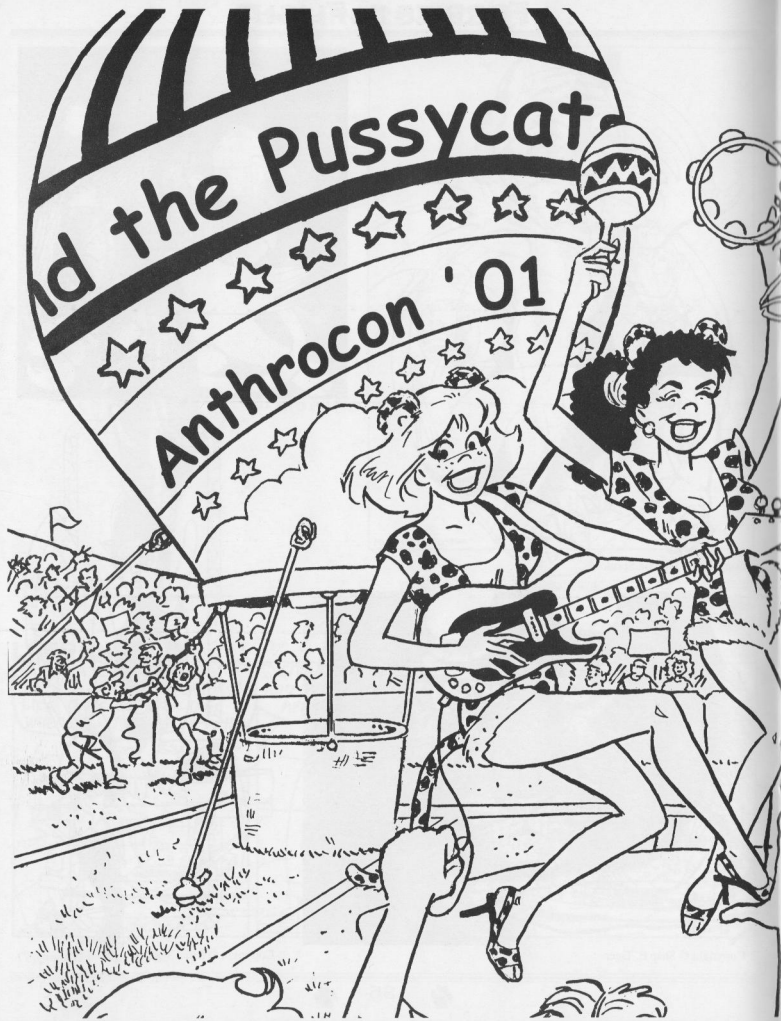


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# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

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## When Rats Fly

By J. L. Eddy

Jake poked his head into the dimly lit lavatory that served as a makeshift locker room for me. I had just finished stripping out of my street clothes. "You almost ready, Mouse?"

"Yessir, Mr. Caruthers. I'll be right out."

"Good lad! Make it quick now, you've got a big day ahead of you." He slipped back out, closing the door.

I sighed and tried to quiet my nerves, pulling my orange jumpsuit out of a musty canvas army duffel bag he'd also given me. I slipped into them, the nylon slick against my short gray fur, and snaked my rattail out through the flap in the rear. A similarly colored hat served to shield my eyes from the lowa summer sun and protect my ears from the wind and noise generated by the plane engines.

Securing the last of my street gear into the canvas bag to protect it from the dirty floor, I exited the room, crossed the concrete hangar floor, and walked out onto the immense grassy plain of the Buffalo Hills Airport. It wasn't much to look at, just two close-mowed runways and a field littered with small aircraft, but it was the place I'd called "work" for more than three years.

Jake hailed me from across the field. "Get the blue toolkit out of the hangar on your way, then take number thirteen." I waved back to show I got the message, fetched the toolbox, and made my way towards the red and white single-engine plane shining in the midmorning sun.

As I walked, I looked towards the tiny gray house at the opposite end of the runway that was the place I'd called "home" for my entire life. The sum of my existence contained in two insignificant locations in an even more insignificant lowa town. It could have been worse—as mom was always reminding me.

I peered into the yard, hoping to see my mom outside and looking back, perhaps even with something more than fear and scorn in her eyes. As usual, the yard stood empty. I sighed.

I reached the plane and set the toolkit down, taking the checklist clipboard out of the cockpit and setting to work. Like any airport mechanic, I'd done this very same check a thousand times, and had learned to do a thorough job without having to actually think much about it. As I felt around the engine checking off boxes on the form, my mind wandered down timeworn paths.

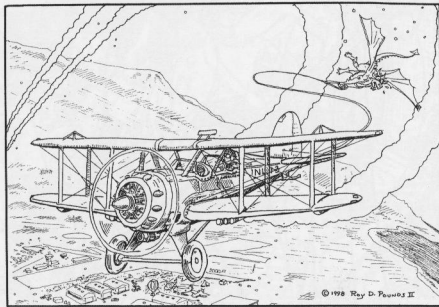
Dad had come home from the farm one day a little over six years earlier to announce he had been promoted to foreman. We'd had an unusually lavish dinner that night in celebration, and things for a moment looked brighter. Then the next day there had been an accident. At least that's what the police investigation had determined. We knew

otherwise.

After the funeral, Mom decided that it was our place not to excel in the world, and bade me never to try being anything other than the lowest of laborers. It became her mantra, and I believed it—for a while. That is, until I started hanging around the airport out of sheer boredom, watching the planes take off. I was only 14 at the time, an awkward kid with no friends to speak of. Jake eventually got tired of tripping over me and offered me a job cleaning up the place and maintaining the grounds. Mom was thrilled. It was sufficiently menial, and it made putting food on the table easier.

Jake was an old military man though, and said he knew a good thing when he saw it. When winter came, he had me working on engines in the hangar, then inspecting and adjusting whole systems. A year later when he gave me the flight suit, mom started fussing. I argued that I was still just a mechanic, and the pay was better than I'd ever make working as a farmhand. She still worried, but stopped nagging when I paid off the last of the escrow on the house.

I finished the inspections and returned the clipboard to the cockpit of the plane, bending down to unlatch the wings from their tie-downs. When Jake had started taking me up in the plane, I continued to argue it was just part of my job as a mechanic. The regular shouting matches began. Last week my private pilot's certificate came in the mail, and she'd stopped talking to



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me no matter how much I begged and apologized. Neither of us had ever forgotten what happened to Dad, but I guess I'd drawn different conclusions about what it meant to my direction in life.

Jake came up behind me and clapped me firmly between the shoulder blades. I jumped a little, having been too wrapped up in my thoughts to hear his approach. "Ready to go, Mouse?"

I smiled shyly and nodded. "A little nervous."

He laughed. "Good! Slightly nervous pilots live longer than the cocksure ones." He fixed me with a look of affection. "You're a great kid, and you'll do great in the world out there, Scott. I'm sure your dad would be proud of you."

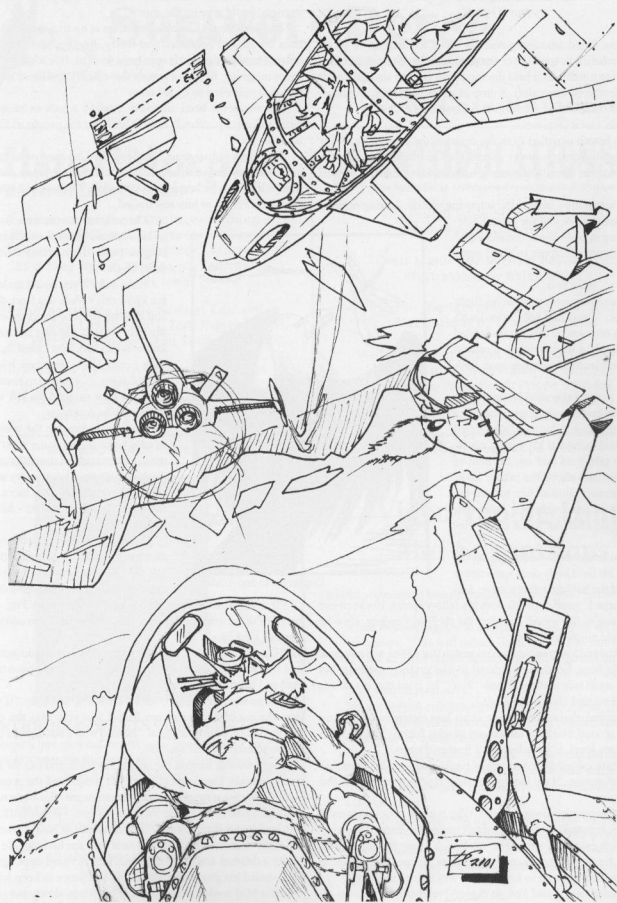
I sighed. "I just wish my mom was."

He smiled. "She is. You've just got to give her the time for her pride to overcome her fear. It'll happen. For now though, I want you to get that rat but of yours into that plane and get out of here. But have it back before 3." He took off my cap and replaced it with his old military pilot's one. "And wear the right hat. You look like a mechanic."

A few minutes later I taxied to the end of the runway and held until Jake radioed my clearance from the office. Pushing the throttle up, I jounced down the runway and lifted off over the house I'd grown up in. I was smiling like a kid, and I didn't look down.



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT



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## The Reason Eagle Must Fly

By David Pitcola

The shadow flitted amongst numerous rocks and bushes, in an almost incomprehensible speed over the prairie floor. The outstretched wings seemed to tremble as it held the wind with enough strength to lift the attached feathered torso aloft. A drop of water patted the ground as the sunshower commenced. More soon followed.

"Rain. I can't let it stop me..."

A heaving breath expelled from the dark yellow beak as its owner lurched, wings shivering as water soaked through the feathery shield, adding weight to an already too heavy body to keep aloft for all this time.

The sun disappeared behind the imposing clouds, leaving nothing but a gray landscape below the great Eagle, water beginning to pour down, threatening to drown the skyward interloper by sheer numbers of drops.

"Too heavy... must rest..."

Eagle began to dip and waver as his flight became erratic. Wings and tail dripped with water and his own sweat. His breath ragged on, legs feeling like lead weights, threatening to plummet him to uncaring ground. Falling...

A scream pierced the air. The unmistakable call of the eagle as the majestic bird, a spark of determination in his eyes, summoned his strength and extended his wings, allowing gliding to take hold and use the heat of the day to raise him above the prairie floor. Sheer stubbornness allowed him to beat his wings once more, gaining height... allowing him to rise again after the threat of the elements.

The rain had subsided - water burning off of his back as his tired body once again threw itself back into the buffeting atmosphere. And yet, Eagle yearned... needed to talk with his fellow spirits. His keen eye saw Fox running at full speed, enjoying the thrill of freedom. How he wished he could enjoy his as well.

Eagle banked and lowered his speed to match that of Fox and swooped low, alongside him. No danger existed in the prairie - nothing but flatlands. He could talk with his friend. "Fox!" he cried out, his efforts overtaking his normal clarity and spirit.

An ear twitched, that of the vulpine as his legs carried him in a stout run along the ground. His head turned and saw his friend. "Eagle! What brings you to my level, o' grandest of all feather dusters?"

A small smirk escaped the features of Eagle, followed by a grimace of pain and exhaustion. "I am lonely, and wished your company for this part of my flight."

"You are welcome, as always, friend. Why not rest your wings and I shall detain my legs and we shall sit and talk under the shade of a bush?"

A heavy sigh escaped Eagle. "No, my friend. I may not rest. I must keep flying." Another beat of his wings gave him the speed he needed to keep aloft. Fox had to sprint to keep up but was able to maintain.

"I don't understand," said Fox, in ragged breaths from his own efforts. "Why? You have not rested in the near three centuries we have

known each other! What compels you to keep going when those with strength would give up the ghost?"

The Great Spirit Eagle looked down at his trickster friend, seeing for once the look of confusion and worry. Another beat of the wings, another grimace of pain. "It is not my wish to. It is what I represent that keeps me going. My spirit guards this country and those within. It is my duty and existence to fly for them."

Fox shook his head, narrowly evading a rock as he sprinted once again to keep up. "But WHY? What have the people of this land ever done for you?"

The Eagle sighed again but then raised his head proudly. "They had borne me, my friend. It is a debt which I cannot repay, except to keep their spirits high by keeping my own aloft." He looked back to the quizzical look Fox gave him and smiled.

The vulpine ran on, matching the speed of his skyward companion, his breath beginning to pant. "I am afraid I am still in the dark, Eagle."

"I am sorry if you do not understand, Fox, but know this - while this land, this America, still has the spirit of freedom and hope that the first settlers, the first colonists, the first industrialists had, then I must fly. I must keep their hopes alive, for when I let the world overtake me..." he began, then faltered as shooting pain ravaged his left wing, almost bringing him down.

Fox ran underneath the great eagle, just in case he could not make it. At the last moment, a great surge of strength rippled through Eagle's feathers, a keening cry and the Eagle surfaced into the air once more. The prairie floor was almost to an end - he would have to go soon.

"...for when I let the world overtake me," continued Eagle, "The spirit of this land shall fall too. I owe my creators every bit of my essence to keep their ideals aloft."

"It is not your place, friend Eagle!" called back Fox. "It is in the hands of these men and women - the descendants - to carry on the missions of long ago."

"True," gasped the Eagle. "But I am their hope, their symbol of unity and freedom. If I die, then I die trying to uplift the generations ahead. And so I keep flying."

Fox nodded. A sad nod, but he smiled up at Eagle. "If there is anyone who could fly forever, my friend, it is you. May the great Animal Spirits find favor in your quest," he said with a smile and a bow that was uncharacteristic of his species.

Eagle smiled, despite the fatigue, as his friend ran off into the now nearby woods. One large effort of his wings, and the great bald Eagle soared over the treetops. His conversation gave his body new strength, and a glimmer of new hope shone in his eyes - somewhere, someone in this land had a similar hope - of the American Ideal - which gave him the endurance to keep aloft and soar into the horizon. He managed to locate a thermal and use it to propel him skyward once again, as if the land sensed his plight and offered its assistance to keep him aloft. The majestic bird smiled again and beat his wings slowly but purposefully.

"As long as these people still dream," thought Eagle, "I shall fly..."



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If you caught a rare moment or just some good video or pictures of events at Anthrocon this year, we'd love to include it in the annual souvenir video!

Contact us via e-mail at [video@anthrocon.org](mailto:video@anthrocon.org) or by the address below by September 1<sup>st</sup>.

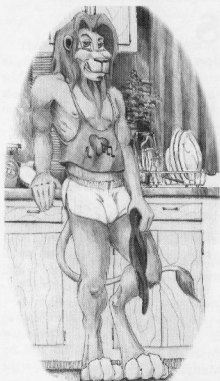
All submissions are welcome!  
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### Video Taping Hints and Suggestions

Helpful videotaping hints to make your memories last:

- When videotaping, try to keep the ceiling lights out of the view of the camera. This will reduce lighting errors in your tape.
- Try not to leave digital effects and clocks turned on while taping. While it is fun to play with these, over time they will only detract from your memories.
- Try not to hold conversations and speak too often from behind the camera. Often such conversations aren't understandable. If you have to do so, speak clearly.
- Hold the camera level and steady. Try to keep the camera close to the body to make your movements more fluid and less violent.
- Be courteous of whom you film. Not everyone necessarily wants to be on camera.
- When using supporting lighting, don't light the subject directly. Reflect it off a nearby surface. Be wary and courteous of other persons around you.
- Remember to send in a copy of your videotaping to help the annual video!





Bobby Heartsong

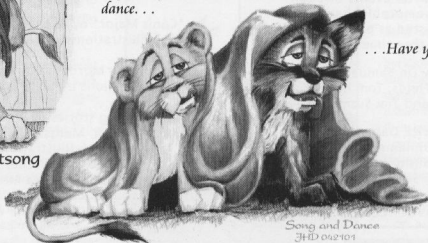
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## Staff Bios

### Matt Adey (Danruk) Convention Operations

Matt Adey is sometimes better known as his alter ego, the bouncy sometimes over excited and often very naive kangaroo named Danruk, who usually lurks around FurryMuck, but sometimes can be found lurking other places on the 'net too. Check out the event that he's coordinating for this year, and shamelessly plugging: the kangaroo mob meeting!

### Andrian Art Show Staff

Andrija is a writer above all else. His first love has always been the written word and he feels honored every time he makes it into print. His latest short story, "Drowning in Moonlight," was recently published in *Anthrolations* with beautiful illustrations by Stephanie "Synnabar" Hahn.

### Gene Angel Internet Room

### Robert Armstrong (Chiaroscuro) Registration Staff

He's the Texas mongoose from Connecticut. He's said the word "meef" more times than anyone else, RL or VR, so nyah. Despite far too much debt and too much OT at work, he's managed to make it to AC for the second year to relax.

### James Augur (Kagur) Registration Staff

James Augur is a Southern California furry librarian who volunteered for Anthrocon in 1999. He was assimilated by the Registration Borg, and continues to serve the collective. You will be registered. Resistance is futile.

### Jeigh Baldwin (Brenda/DJ Fluffalump) Dance Manager

Wizard on FurryMUCK and Anthrocon's Friday night DJ for

the previous two years, and now the AC Dance Coordinator. Jeigh's not quite sure how that happened, but if you figure it out, please let him know.

### Lara Balliet Dealer Staff

### Andrew B. Beaudoin (Whitefox) Track Advisor

WhiteFox (Andrew B Beaudoin) is a college graduate with a BS in math and a degree in Education. So what? Well, he's not a math teacher! He's a Marketing Specialist organizing trade shows and conventions all over the country! He would love to teach children about all things from Unicorns to Harpies, but chose to pay bills. It's not what he intended to do in life, but this job offers him more time to devote to his drawing skills.

### Dave Belfer-Shevett (Shayde) Registration Staff

Dave has been involved in fandom for, well, since conception most likely. Recently being called into the Dark Side of Service, getting more involved in Con operations and management.

### Victoria Bloom (Borah) Track Advisor

Victoria Borah Bloom is a gamer, a lover of life, and a manifester of ideas. She is one of the authors of the new anthropomorphic fantasy RPG "World Tree: a role playing game of species and civilization," published by Padwolf in early 2001. Vicki lives in Yorktown Heights, New York with a cat, four snakes, a tank full of fish, a husband, and numerous imaginary friends.

### Nightsky Bluewyrn Art Show Staff

Nightsky Bluewyrn, a/k/a Mikeneko, enjoys American Tribal Style bellydance, singing, drawing, collage, maskmaking, gardening, playing riq, learning bass, costuming, and knitting. She hopes to use her talents to make a positive, lasting contribution to Furry. Nightsky lives with her husband jfin3 and two rat ladies: Tuptim Patchouli and Suzy Creamcheese.

## LIMPIDITY



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## Randall Brule Security Chief

TaCkYbEaR, also known as Randall Brule, a soon to be Massage Therapist, has been on the security team since AC '98. He served as Director of Security Operations for AC2K, and will be DSO again this year.

## Cecil Art Show Staff

Cecil has been a furry fan since his final year at Carnegie-Mellon U. in 1995. It opened up a wonderful new world for him, and he's been obsessed ever since! Cecil draws and writes furry-themed stories, which can be found at [www.furnation.com/](http://www.furnation.com/) waterwings (stories), [www.yerf.com](http://www.yerf.com) (pictures) and in the North American Fur 'zine (story and art).

## Arnab Chowdry (Kashra) Track Advisor

Kashra is a rising senior at Johns Hopkins University majoring in biophysics. As a fur, you might know him as the friendly neighborhood German Shepherd Dog, or you might have read some of his writing. His more recent works have been published in the furry 'zine Anthrolations, available in the dealer's room. He seems to be friendly, doesn't bite, and loves meeting new furs. Don't be afraid to say hi, if you catch him!

## Steve Conley (Tanabi) Registration Staff

...Who has no idea what to put here, but at least isn't making an "all your base" joke.

## Samuel Conway, Ph.D. (Kagemushi) CEO, BOD

Dr. Conway, known to the fandom as the storyteller Uncle Kage, has been chairman of Anthrocon since 1998. His role is simply to coordinate the efforts of the dozens of dedicated volunteers whose hard work has elevated Anthrocon to the status of World's Largest Anthropomorphics Convention.

## Wilma E. Conway Convention Operations

Mother to our beloved chairman and the true source of his amazing storytelling capabilities. Born on Philadelphia's Main Line, a lifelong motorcycle enthusiast, now happily retired baker of cookies, she has graciously offered to help out at Anthrocon yet again.

## Corben Registration Staff

Staff fox. Idiot who flies four thousand miles to be staff. Dizzy, dumb fox who somehow manages to get along in life, and furyspace, despite having no clue what's going on. Partial to Guinness, so feel free to buy him a pint if you see him in the bar.

## Gary Coulbourne Videographer

Mr. Coulbourne has been involved in media since 1986. He has worked professionally as a documentary filmmaker for the Delaware State Department of Natural Resources, and directed news broadcasts for Delaware State University Television. He is a published author, having written several articles on bears and mythology for the University of Chicago.

## George Cunningham (Whysper) Registration Staff

I'm the quiet one that you were always warned about. I'm a computer programmer/system analyst from Oklahoma and a stuntman/reenactor in my spare time. Never been married and the only kids I have are my wolf and horse.

## Sheve'da Catdragon' Dark Registration Staff

Also known as Adrian, she's a personal furry, vaguely aspiring furry artist and ruthless ball of drakityfluff all rolled into one. Fully supportive of the feline "I meant to do that clause," she's mostly catty with rare spots of dragon-inspired temper. For more information see: <http://www.sheve.net>

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# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

## Capricia Davis

### Art Show Staff

Capricia lives in Tampa, Florida where she does tech support for a national telephone company. She plays Icewing@Furtoonnia as well as other characters. Her hobbies include the SCA, writing, drawing, and various arts and crafts.

## Eric DeMarbre (Aeric)

### Security

## Jeff Eddy

### Art Show Staff

Jeff is Editor in Chief and Co-Owner (with Tim Susman) of Sofawolf Press, publishing the semi-pro literary magazines *Anthrolations* and *HistoriMorphs*, and the New Tibet shared world paperback *Breaking the Ice*. He secures computer networks to support his expensive small press, Siberian Husky, and bird watching habits.

## Falbert

### Art Show Staff

Falbert is from northern Maine, and usually plays one of the natives from that area, a Maine Coon Cat.

## 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.

## Simtra Firefox

### Art Show Staff

Simtra found furrydom in 1988 on an old Apple BBS and re-discovered it in 1993 when someone showed him a furry portfolio and introduced him to the Internet. He works as a programmer in Jacksonville, Florida where he lives with his wife. This is his fourth year at the con.

## Robb Fleming (Robbcat)

### Security

## Foxlord

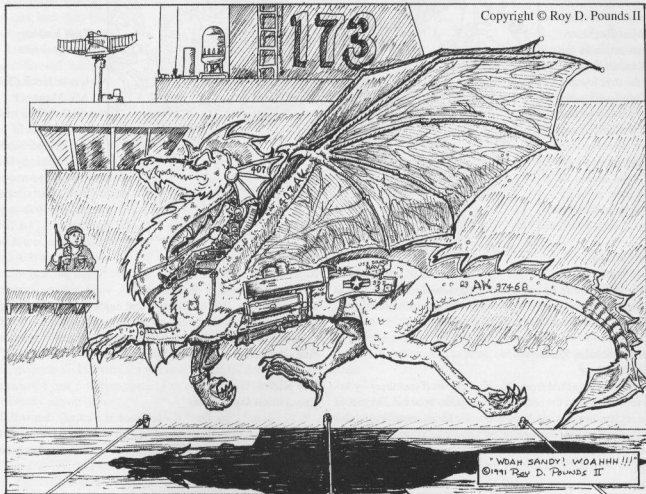
### Registration Staff

I'm a 5'6, blue-green eyed, red Anthrofox. I wear a black tuxedo similar to James Bond, and am gifted with psychic powers. I could say more, but hey, I'm on a 50 word budget. My website is [www.furmat.com/Index/Foxlord.html](http://www.furmat.com/Index/Foxlord.html).

## Ryan M. Gates (Tyrnn Eaveranth)

### Convention Operations

Ryan M. Gates, as he's known to the Real World, has been into



# ANTHROCON 2001

the Furryverse for over a year as the Emerald Dragon Tyrn Eaveranth. He's been a frequent patron at FurryMuck's Giant's Club for most of that time, and has also been around Faibanx, another muck for large folk. While whiling away his time online in Salt Lake City, he has developed a webpage for further info: <http://ld5.dyndns.org/members/tyrn>.

## **Daniel Hammond (Dahn) Slave Coder**

Species North American Freak-Geek (Homo Sapien Nobilis): Enjoys programming, animation (not just anime!), music. Has a thing for cats and coyotes. Writes often and frequently (ask for samples of latest book!). Watches pro wrestling. Tries to enjoy life to fullest and help all who deserve it.

## **Brian Harris Masquerade, Charity, BOD**

Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the anthropomorphic fandom community for over 8 years. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY when he was a student at SUNY Albany and now resides in Leesburg, VA and works for AOL. He is the creator of the method now used by nearly all charity auctions in the fandom.

## **Amy Heller (Meep) Registration Staff**

Amy is thrilled to be on Points' Reg-crew again. She had to leave her cats and rats at home, but brings with her to AC a foxie, a wuffy, a 'kunkette, and lots of plans for fun.

## **Andrew Hicks (Shades Mckatt) Registration Manager**

Easily distinguished from the other reg-staff members by being about a foot taller than the rest of them, Andrew is on his 3rd year of working the registration desk at Anthrocon. He has one major goal this year: NOT TO GET SICK. To this end, he's debating a biohazard suit....

## **Rachel Hug Dealer Staff**

Dali da Llama (Rachel Hug) has been actively involved in the

fandom since January of 1998. She is a member of the Lake Area Furry Friends, and lives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. She likes to draw, write, collect furry art, and attend cons. In addition to the llama, Dali is also a wolf so you'll often hear her called "werellama".



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## **Christopher Keys Registration Staff**

Interested in drawing, acting, voice acting, puppetry, music, and much more. Part of the crew that made Babylon Park and Crusade Wars. Also a haunted house actor at Universal Studios Florida in 93, and several years running at Netherworld in Atlanta. Interest in Furry Fandom started in 1990 roughly.

## **Ray Kiefer Convention Operations**

Ray "Cray Fox" Kiefer lives in a comfy den with his mama vooop in Exton, PA. He's been doing furry things for five years now. He hasn't done anything all that special just yet, but you can bet he has big foxie plans!

## **Caro Johnson (Sherifa) Registration Mascot**

Cute, cuddly, and does lots of work. What more could one ask for?

## **J'wyldragon Art Show Staff**

J'wyldragon was introduced to Furrydom by a young dragon (FyrDragon) who introduced her to furry chatrooms and thence FurryFanDom. Since then she has collected art, stories and attended, sponsored, and worked at conventions, including ConiFur Northwest since 1998 and ConFurEnce since 1999.

## **Paul Kellogg Masquerade**

## **Kevin Kelm (Trigger) A/V Manager**

The whiz in "gee whiz!" This lil' black hoss has helped to stretch the budget thin to help make a feast for your eyes. Enjoy the sights, enjoy the sounds, but overall, just enjoy.



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

**Brian Kinnison (Snowdog)**

**Registration Staff**

Born sometime before the Beatles broke up at an Air Force base in the Pacific Northwest, now a Texan. Veteran US Army 5/6 Cav, technician, writer and scribbler, also makes a mean pot of chili.

**Marc Lacourciere**

**(Greylocks)**

**Security**

Greylocks has been Security Chief, then Co-Chief, and generic staffer since AAC1. He's cursed (or blessed) with the fact that he usually knows everything that goes on at Anthrocon, and being able to help out in many ways.

**Lisa Lynx**

**Art Show Crew**

A long-time member of furrydom, and even longer-time illustrator. Animated computer games, notably the furry adventure "Inherit The Earth" and the somewhat less furry "Dinotopia". Currently shuffling many hats, including finding funds to release the long-awaited Second Edition of "Other Suns" through her company Dancing Stoat Enterprises.

**Jonathan McDermott**

**(Caraig)**

**Registration Staff**

Caraig (also known in some places as the pirate Dermott) has been involved with furry cons for five years, and this will be his fourth year as staff, volunteer, or gopher for Anthrocon. And he does a good Evil Midnight Bomber impersonation. Honest.

**Karl Meyer**

**Dealer Staff**

I've been in the fandom just over 7 years. I've always enjoyed the furry conventions I've been to. The most notable thing that's happened was meeting Wyldekyttin for the first time at CFE II. We have now been married just over two years. I'm also on staff for MFF and hope to see many of you there.

**Phaedra Meyer**

**Dealer Director**

Phaedra "Wyldekyttin" Meyer found furry in those heady, misspent days of youth of college dorm rooms and free internet access. She

used to freebase FurryMuck for ten hours a day. She got better. These days she's on staff for Anthrocon and Midwest FurFest. She's been in the fandom for almost six years now.

**Karl F. Meyers (CarlFox)**

**Art Show Staff**

Karl has been in fandom, of one sort or another, almost all his life. He enjoys writing and storytelling, and has had a number of stories published. A veteran of AC's Art Show staff, he also helped with programming at Further Confusion, and is Programming Director for Furry Spring Break.

**Andrew Miller (Wolphy)**

**Convention Operations**

I love wolves, and am currently devoting my life to public education of wolves and other wild canids at Wolf Park in Indiana. I enjoy playing the piano and things romantic.

**Cynthia Moreno**

**Suite Hostess**

Cynthia Moreno has been in fandom since 1984. I went to hang out in the consuite and got suckered into helping out and got hooked. Ever since I have been the feeder of the masses. Where ever and whenever you see me at a con let it be known there is good food to be found.

**Doug Muth**

**Internet Room**



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**Jay Naylor (Fisk)**

**Registration Staff**

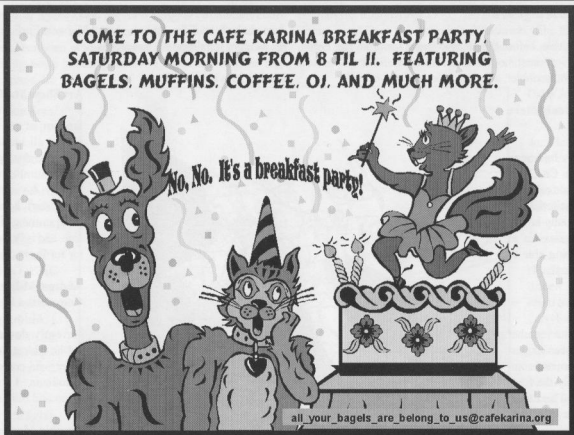
Jay is a former mercenary out of Southern Italy, made wealthy by his series of clandestine missions against the island of Madagascar on behalf of the United States. He currently resides in a secluded cabin in Montana where he draws furry art when he's not being called upon by the US government to bring out the 'dentist tools' for another assignment.

**George F. Nemeyer (Tigerwolf)**

**Internet Room, BOD**

Tigerwolf operates Tigerden Internet Services which provides Internet room facilities for furry conventions as well as other furry-related network services. More information may be found at <http://www.tigerden.com>.





**Anthony Orbals (Anja)**  
**Registration Staff**

FurryMUCK's resident Sillymare, this is my first Anthrocon. What a way to start, eh wot?

**Wendy Oster (Mistletoe)**  
**Dealer's Room**

This bunny-of-all-trades is in her fifth year of enjoying furry fandom. While she attends UW-Milwaukee for Sociology, she tries to draw, write, furry roleplay, and make costumes. She's addicted to furry conventions, and it all started with the overwhelming experience of AAC '98. She loves to help out at cons, especially for those poor, starving artists in the Dealers' Room.

**Evan Ostroski**  
**Convention Operations**

Little mouse, big mouth. Spends his free time scouring the planet for the elusive SoBe Zen Blend.

**Nick Papcun (Aspen)**  
**Registration Staff**

He's nutty, he's funny, he's lovable, he's funky! He's that furson in the Hawaiian shirts behind the Registration desk and he's also the guy getting groovy with the glowies during the dance. Freespirited, discordian, heretic, switch-hitting, freak on or off a leash and generally a pretty swell guy. Strange Trivia: He always wanted to be an extra in the movie *Krash Groove*.

**Susan Parkin**  
**Programming Director, BOD**

Susan, who holds a BFA in Illustration and is the writer and artist of the comic strip "A Doemain of Our Own" (<http://www.DoemainOfOurOwn.com>), returns to Anthrocon this year as the Programming Director. She's made a few changes, like new lounges and longer time slots for discussions and demos, so if you like something, let her know! If you don't, smack Colson! He nominated her, so it's all his fault anyway!

**Peter Pau (Arcticwolf)**  
**Security**

**PeterCat**  
**Art Show Director, BOD**

Intrigued by the late-80s CBS series "Beauty and the Beast," PeterCat discovered SF conventions and began helping out at art shows. On the Internet, he created the Furry InfoPage (<http://www.tigerden.com/infolpage/>) and in his FurryMUCK persona as Rhal, maintains a list of furry-themed MU\*s.

**Phillip Pollard**  
**Videographer, BOD**

Phillip Pollard is a noted wastrel and media engineer from the Philadelphia area. He holds a BS in Media Arts and specializes in Internet production. Not content with inflicting himself on the con-going public, he supports and maintains more than 40 Internet domains and community sites, including macrophile.com. His hobbies include perpetual tardiness and giving Points and Kage headaches.



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

PI\*\* - Boy

## Bitter Voice of Discontent

Then my face went bad. So I cut it off.

## J. Scott Rogers (Dr. Skorz)

### Art Show Assistant Director

As a Biomedical Research Scientist at UMASS Medical Center, he also seeks a cure for Toyota-swallowing potholes in his spare time. He's an Assistant Editor for Sofawolf Press and has written a few bits of anthropomorphic fiction when Emmy, his Boa constrictor, isn't wrapped around his head, though it has been suggested that it would improve his writing a great deal.

## Ray Rooney

### Video Room Director

## Erika Leigh Rosengarten (Chilly Mouse Mousie)

### Art Show Crew

She's the cat-like purry giggly mousie Long Islander. Though not totally a furry, she does quite a bit of art work and costume designing related to it. 2001 will be her second Anthrocon. Photography, character designs, and other oddities of Erika's can be seen at: [http://sofire.com/yna/browse\\_artist.php?Artist=ErikaLeigh](http://sofire.com/yna/browse_artist.php?Artist=ErikaLeigh).

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## Edward and Marguerite Rutkowski

### Volunteer Table

Edward and Marguerite Rutkowski have served for many years on the committee of Philcon. They are very generous for loaning out only their time to coordinate our volunteers, but also the accumulated wisdom they have gained during their many conventions in the past.

## Jonah Safar (Points)

### Kitchen Sink, BOD

Another year older and deeper in debt. Saint John don't you call me, 'cause I can't go. Kage's got the writ to my withered soul.

## Will A. Sanborn

### Art Show Assistant Director

As a carbon-based life form, Will is efficient at converting oxygen to carbon dioxide. He works as a hardware-design engineer, in the embedded-systems arena, and in his spare time occasionally manages to write works of creative fiction. His other interests include cross-country skiing, hiking, riding extreme roller coasters and home video production.

## Jennifer Scott (Buran)

### Registration Staff

...who's still cheering on the space program after all these years, tinkering with her Volkswagen, and hoping to get off this planet someday soon.

## Steve Scott (Valenth)

### Registration Staff

Old enough to know better, too young to care, Steve was born and raised in Texas. A former Army medic, currently he lives in Missouri with his wife Jennifer, and while possessing the artistic ability of a wet noodle, intends to resume his short fiction writing Real Soon Now.

## Don Shaffer (Molly Devil/Auris)

### Registration Staff

Having been dragooned into helping with Registration Staff for the third time in a row, I have but one thing to say. ALL YOUR BASE ARE BELONG TO US! Well, SOMEONE had to do it. Don't hurt me? Please?

## Smrgol

### Art Show Crew

Smrgol "found furry" about 2 1/2 years ago, and jumped in with both hoofs. While the Kirin doesn't consider himself an artist, his work graced Suburban Jungle as filler strips on two occasions. Other than that he doodles. Usually he can be found online in alt.lifestyle.furry, on ICQ, or in #alf on yiff.net.

## Annalisa Tomlinson (Tigress)

### Track Advisor

Annalisa "Tigress" Tomlinson lives in the backyard of Anthrocon where she manages a small store. She has always felt closer to her feline companions than her human ones. However growing up in hickville, Michigan; she never stumbled across the fandom until a few months before Anthrocon 99. She decided to check it out just for the fun of it and as the cliché goes. The rest is history.



## Stacey Wenkel

### Senior Editor, BOD

Raised by a pack of wild corn dogs, Stacey became a struggling writer, frustrated artist, and all around ball of angst. She has once again contributed more time than sense into the effort of making certain that the conbook you have in your hands right this moment is as good as she can make it. Soon, she will be returning to her home with the wild corn dogs to lead a more relaxed life.

## Jason Williams

### Internet Room

## David Wilson (T'chall)

### Convention Operations

T'Chall's debut as a furry was back in 1995 when he joined FurryMUCK. His interest in furies, however, goes long before that due to folks like Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera, Walt Disney, Chuck Jones, Michael Maltese, Walter Lantz, among others. Thanks a lot guys.

## Wurragurr

### Convention Operations

In the community since 1996, Wurragurr has only recently shed his former existence as a sniveling pile of self-pity to become a published poet and playwright, aspiring short story writer and actor, and all around Zen master. His biggest dream is to become a giant marsupial version of John Shaft.

## Boeing B-17F Flying Fortress

### Country of Origin:

USA

### Type:

Heavy Bomber

### Wing Span:

103' 9.4"

### Length:

74' 4"

### Height:

19' 1"

### Net Weight:

44,560 lbs.

### Max Speed:

302 mph

### Range:

3,400 miles

### Power:

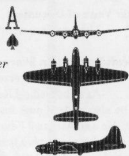
Four 1,200-hp Wright R-1820-97 radial

piston engines

Thirteen 0.5" Browning M2 machine

guns

Up to 17,600 lbs. of ordnance



Unfortunately for the United States, the Boeing B-17F Flying Fortress was not as fortified as the name suggested. During the late war years, the Germans were becoming perceptive to the defensive limitation and lack of maneuverability of the B-17F. Two raids in late 1943 resulted in heavy American losses, including over 60 planes shot down.

This spurred the development of the B-17G, which added a power-operated Bendix chin turret armed with two 0.5" machine guns, which was controlled remotely by the crew.

## Further Confusion 2002

January 24th to the 27th

One of the **biggest** furry conventions keeps rockin' and a rollin' along faster than a roller coaster. Hop on down to the next Further Confusion for swell events, keen art, neat panels, and nifty dances. Come on out and have a blast!

[info@furtherconfusion.org](mailto:info@furtherconfusion.org)

<http://www.furtherconfusion.org>

PMB 236, 105 Serra Way  
Milpitas, CA 95035



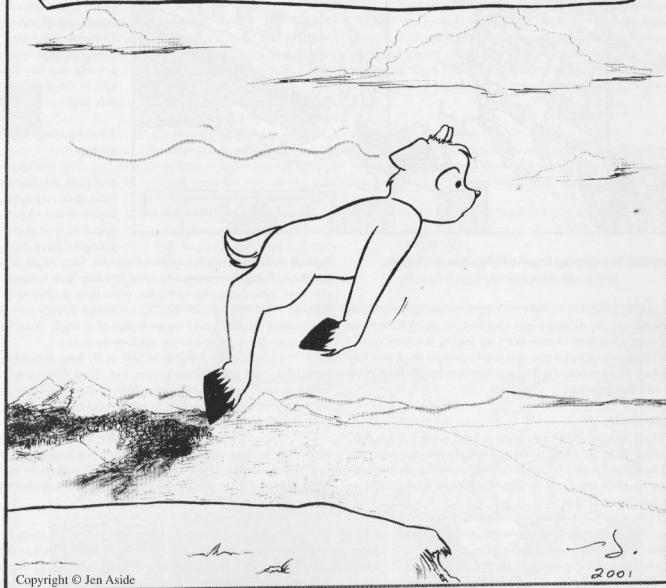
Coming to the San Mateo Marriott - San Mateo, California  
To reserve rooms, call 1-800-228-9290 - Event Code: Furcon



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

THERE IS AN ART TO FLYING, OR RATHER,  
A KNACK. THE KNACK LIES IN LEARNING  
HOW TO THROW YOURSELF AT THE GROUND  
AND MISS.

— DOUGLAS ADAMS



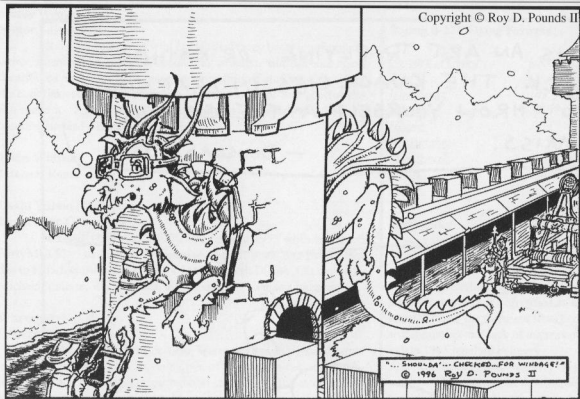
Copyright © Jen Aside



Dedicated to the memory of Douglas Adams  
(1952 - 2001)

A hoopy frood who most certainly has his  
towel with him, wherever he is now.





## Creating Two-Headed Psionic Flying Bunny-Dragons

By Stacey Wenkel

Creating your race of fliers isn't quite as easy as grabbing an animal, or a person, and sticking wings onto them, or giving them wings instead of arms. You want to convince your readers that your race of two-headed bunny-dragons are real, that you've thought about how they live, what their social structure is like, and how they handle flying, how they deal with having wings.

### Building the World

World building and race building go hand in hand. If you don't know anything about the world where you want to set your new race, you won't be able to create a believable race to live in the environment. Think about the environment, think about the climate, think about how much sun they'll see, or how little.

If you want to create winged creatures, you need to consider the setting. There are several different ways you can launch your fliers.

You can create a world of low gravity so you can have heavier creatures who can still flap their wings and fly. Your low-gravity world may have fliers whose body-types aren't ideal for flying because all they need is a little bit of thrust to take to the sky. They can be heavier and they can be bigger.

A world with a lot of rocky outcroppings, tall trees, or very tall buildings may become home to a race of gliders. Your gliders might be more at home on land than in the air, but they might use their ability to glide to cover a longer distances quickly.

Another way to get these characters off the ground is to create a world that is made mostly of open plains so they have plenty of room for a running start. Your plains fliers would have large flapping wings to help them get lift.

You always have a good standby in magic, too. But try not to

rely on, *But they're magical, that's why they can fly,* as your explanation too often and don't rely on the magical creature as an explanation if they would you've created doesn't include magic.

These are only a few options. You can have a high-tech world and rocket-propelled fliers, fliers with personal jet packs. You're not limited to wings when you're flying, you just have to build a world that lets your fliers take to the skies in a believable way.

### Thinking about Anatomy and Biology

If you've got feathered fliers, consider that most birds have very light-weight, hollow bones. Your bird-inspired race is probably not going to have heavy-duty

fighters and they won't have a lot of muscle. They might be delicate creatures, dainty, with more of a mind to vanity than violence. Or, if you want some dangerous bird-types, make them protectors or stealth warriors. Any bird-creature fighting a mammal directly isn't going to win because mammals have the advantage of strength. Your feathered warriors are going to have to use quick-strike tactics.

Gliders aren't going to be able to fly long distances or very high. They need a good place to start, too. Your gliders aren't hollow boned, instead, they will have large flaps of skin. And they probably wouldn't pierce those flaps of skin, either, because it's going to impact their ability to glide.

Flappers would probably be smaller because the more weight you've got to carry around, the less energy you're going to have for long flights. They're also going to have to be low-fliers, or have thick fur or a layer of down to keep them warm if they fly at higher altitudes.

### Social Structure and Culture

Remember that your society and culture are going to be defined by the anatomy and biology of your fliers as well as the world you've put them in. If your fliers aren't warriors, how do they interact with each other? How do they interact with other races? Are they beautiful slaves or are they dangerous assassins? Consider a matriarchal society, where the warriors and protectors are female; the instinct of a mother defending her nest and her hatchlings is a strong one.

Your gliders may incorporate some of the best social aspects of both land and air. Their gatherings may start at the top of the buildings or trees or rocky crags and as time passes, they'll move closer to the ground.

Consider how your characters have to work with the environment: do they have to survive in spite of the weather or does the weather help them flourish? Are they hunters? Do they gather and grow? Do they a highly structured society, or made up of loose-knit groups who



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

only come together a couple of times a year? Do they trade with each other or do they steal from each other? How do they define status?

These questions, and their answers, don't apply only to creating races of flying creatures. They apply to creating any sort of race in science fiction or fantasy. Consider where your race comes from, what they need to survive, and how they work together to meet those needs. Consider what can be thrown in the way of your race's needs, your characters' needs, because that kind of conflict is what helps drive your story forward.

## *Two-Headed Bunny Dragons, An Example*

Consider the two headed bunny dragon in the title of this article. If we're going to create a story using these creatures, first we have to decide what kind of world they live in and how that is going to affect their development.

This world isn't going to be a low-gravity world; the gravity a lot like Earth's. The planet is full of rocky cliffs and natural towers of stone. The bunny-dragons are gliders with long arms, and short, powerfully muscled bunny-legs. The membranes that stretch along the sides of their bodies are delicately thin, green, but covered with a soft layer of fur. Their claws on both front and back paws are very strong, very sharp, and they use them to clamber back up the rocks to their lairs. They have dragon heads with long rabbit ears and their psionic powers evolved over time so one head could communicate with the other.

The bunny dragons make their homes in the caves and crevices in the rocky cliffs and outcroppings where they're safe from the larger mammalian predators found on the ground. Generally, each little

lair holds two or three bunny dragons because they mate in triads, not pairs; their triads are long-term and generally made up of one male and two females.

Depending on where I go from here, I can either turn them into the primary race in my story, or just leave them as a species that my characters will have to deal with over the course of their adventures. If my bunny dragons play a large part in the story, I need to define their culture, what they need to eat, how they react when their triads are broken up, and a large number of other things.

Springing from the race and world you've created, you can ask "What if" questions to generate story ideas. For example, with my bunny dragons, I can ask, "What if there are earthquakes that destroy the rocky cliffs and towers where they live? What do they do? Where do they go?" And when I decide the answers to those questions, I can throw other obstacles in their way to keep them from getting where they need to go.

## *References*

Take a look at a couple of these references to learn more about world building and how the world you create contributes to the creatures and races you can include in your world.

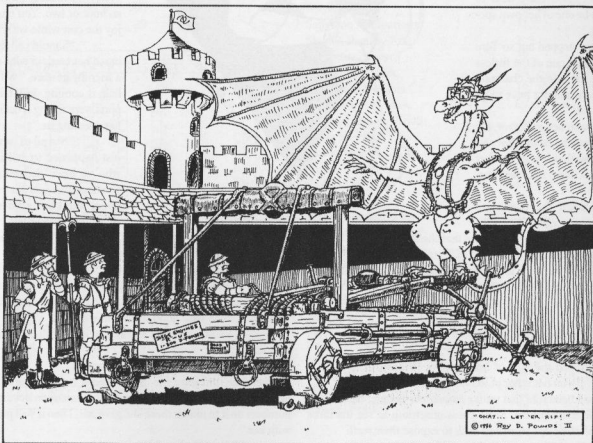
*World Building* by Stephen Gillet (ISBN: 0898797071)

*Aliens and Alien Societies* by Stanley Schmidt (ISBN:

0898797063)

"Building New Worlds" by Stephen Baxter [http://](http://www.sfwa.org/bulletin/articles/baxter.htm)

[www.sfwa.org/bulletin/articles/baxter.htm](http://www.sfwa.org/bulletin/articles/baxter.htm)



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## Well Suited

By Jon C. Crusoe

She moved carefully through the city, keeping out of sight as best she could. She didn't want to be there, but she had drawn the broken circuit board out from all the good ones that K'tar had put in his helmet. Now that same board was in her belt pouch and she had to find a replacement.

They had done their best before sending her out. One of the technicians had interpreted the language and had programmed her throat mike to translate whatever she said. Another had inserted a tracer under her skin. "So we can come get you if we have to, T'rta," he had said.

She knew that was unlikely. If she were discovered, she would have to get away on her own. So she stayed in the shadows, slipping from building to building and hiding whenever someone was nearby.

She had just take cover behind some trees when a voice behind her said, "Great fur suit! How do you get the facial expressions to move like that?"

She spun around and then froze in amazement. Two of the furless local inhabitants stood there next to what she took to be one of her own species at first.

"We just stepped out so Toni could cool off," said one of the furless ones. "You can slip into the changing room through here and not have to go all the way around."

As she watched in horror, the other wolf removed her head. That was when she realized that it was another one of the furless ones, a female one, in a costume.

"Hey, even the paws are great," said the one called Toni. She came forward and stripped off the gloves that she was wearing. "Do you mind if I look?" she said and took hold of T'rta's arm.

Now it was her turn to freeze in shock. She stared carefully into T'rta's face and said, "Jim, Bobby, there's a pulse in her wrist. This isn't a suit."

"What?" said one of the others, coming closer. T'rta slipped her hand near the weapon that she wore. "Hey, Bobby, she's right. This is a real furry."

T'rta gripped the butt of her weapon. "Please," she said. "I want no trouble. If you not attempt to hurt me, I not hurt you."

T'rta had been told that unlike among her people, bared teeth were a sign of friendship here. Still, it was unsettling to see the three furless faces with their lips stretched back to expose their teeth.

"Honey," said the one called Jim. "If you're looking for somewhere to hide, you couldn't have come to a better place."

Intrigued, T'rta let them lead her into a room filled with furless ones in costume. She could see a larger room filled with costumed and un-costumed furless ones through the open door on the far wall.

"Hey, everybody, this is... Say, what is your name anyway?" "T'rta, I am T'rta. But please, I am needing to go. I must find circuit board."

"What kind of circuit?" asked Bobby. T'rta took the cracked board from her pouch and showed it to him as Toni said, "Bobby is our resident electronics junkie."

Bobby looked it and said, "I don't have anything exactly like this, but I could probably rig something up if I could figure what all these components are."

T'rta was aware of the others in the room coming closer as Toni told them about her. Amazingly, they all were baring their teeth in friendship. "Technicians on ship could tell you. Second Pilot I am. Circuit is for drive computer is all I know. Ship will not fly without."

"Hmm, and no spares, right? Okay, Jim and I can go back to my shop and load up my van. I'll bet we can figure out something that will work."

The two of them left the room and Toni came back over to T'rta. "They'll probably be gone for at least an hour or two. You might as well enjoy the con while we wait."

"Should call ship first," T'rta bared her teeth in what she hoped was a friendly gesture. "Will tell them that help is coming. Will tell them that reports were wrong. That inhabitants will like meeting us."

"Not all of us will, T'rta. You just happened to fall in with people who've been dreaming of meeting someone like you for years. Most humans wouldn't understand." Toni shook her head sadly. "Best if your people stay undercover until you're ready to fly out of here." Then she shook her head and laughed. "Hey, we've got two hours. Come on, girlfriend, let's go party."

The ship cleared the atmosphere and K'tar said, "The circuit that our technicians and the hu-man designed seems to be working well. You made some very good friends down there, T'rta."

"I know," she said and looked at a small card wrapped in clear plastic.

"What is that?" asked her captain. "Something Toni gave me. She called it a phone card. When I return here next year, I go to one of their communication devices and push the numbers on it to match these she gave me. Then it will put me in contact with her."

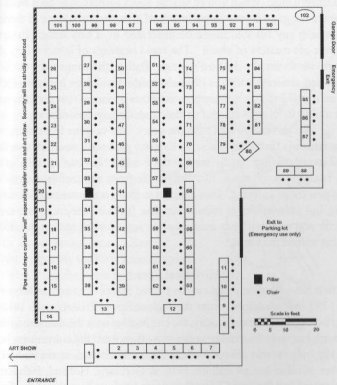
"Returning here? Why would you be returning here?" "I'm the Guest of Honor at next year's con," said T'rta.



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT

## Dealers' Room Who's Who

Dealer Name	Table Number	Dealer Name	Table Number
Alan Mackey & Frank Gembeck	48	GraphXpress	88, 89
AlleyCat Books	52	Heather Bruton	5
Anthrocon	1	Huzzah!	41, 42
B. Dalton Booksellers	97, 98	Jace	55
Backbreaker Studios	83	Jarlidium Press	56, 57
Bill Holbrook	12	Joe Rosales	18
Brian McPherson	17	Krahnos	99
Bronzebear Media Distributors	21, 22	Laughing Coyote Press	77
BushyCat	100, 101	Laughing Rabbit Graphics	38
Calligraphic Buttons	91, 92	Lightspeed Press	16
Caribou Ink	4	Loopy	66
Chris Goodwin	74	M&T Comics and Cards	87
Circles	63, 64	Marci McAdam	62
Dancing Stroat Enterprises	35, 36	Michael Higgs	79
David Bliss	85	Michael Sherman	60
DeCarlo	13	Michele Light	6
Derrick Dasenbrock	68	Minotaur Comics	82
Dragon Magic	31, 32	Mitch Beiro	86
Eric Schwartz	45, 46	MU Press	28
Excelsior Entertainment	73	Panda Products	53
Fantasy Illustrations By Little Paw	7	Pawprints Fanzine	37
Fauxpaw Productions	15	PumaPaw Graphics	34
Ferris & Slinky	33	RABCO / Mailbox Books	8, 9, 10, 11
FoxxFire	50	Reins of Life	14
Furnation	90	Roxikat	30
Further Confusion	29	Sanguine Productions	71, 72
		Shanda Fantasy Arts	2, 3
		Shawntae Howard	39
		Sign of the Hawk	49
		Silverhorn Designs	19, 20
		Skunkworks A.M.A.	69, 70
		Sleeping Dragon South	51
		Sofawolf Press	75, 76
		Steve Carter	65
		Steven Martin	25, 26
		Stuff, Ltd.	84
		Taral Wayne	27
		Terrell Blackmon	102
		Terry "Mouse" Sender	40
		The Dragon's Lair	93, 94, 95, 96
		The Irony Engine	61
		Thoughts & Images	43, 44
		Trickster	80
		Undiscovered Treasures	23, 24
		United Publications	58, 59
		Ursula "Hedgy" Husted	67
		Vandringar	54
		White Wer	81
		Wookiee	47
		Xanadu Fantasy	78



## Mechanics of Flight

by *Jonah E. Safar*

Taking to the air is more than strapping some feathers on and flapping... unless you're a bird. How then, will a bird fly, but we can't? For that matter, why don't bugs have feathers, and why don't planes have moving wings? Leaving the ground, and staying off of it, can be a rather complex subject...

...unless you're not too interested in control. Balloons are among the simplest of flying devices. Balloons are containers filled with a gas that is lighter than the air around it. This creates an upward force. If the container is large enough, this force can be large enough to lift up the container, and anything attached to that container as well. This is well and good for going up, but balloons are completely at the mercy of the wind. Common balloons used in flight have used hot air, helium or hydrogen.

If all you want to do is go up, you don't need to worry about being light. Anything can 'fly' if you put enough force behind it. Catsuits, cannons and rockets are all about generating force, and turning it into motion. What goes up, must come down, unless you find something that can push up, harder than the Earth pulls back down. When this happens, like when the Space Shuttle launches, the rockets are used to break free of Earth's gravity, and the shuttle goes up into orbit.

These days, people are most familiar with the conventional fixed wing aircraft; this is everything from the crop-duster, to the ultralight, to the jumbo-jet that ferries hundreds across the oceans. In many ways, this could be considered to be flight at its simplest. The wings are specially shaped with a nearly flat bottom, and a rounded top. When

moving through the air, the trip over the top of the wing takes longer than the trip beneath it, but the same amount of air goes over the top and the bottom. This subtle difference creates lower pressure above the wing, and generates the airplane's lift. The only other item needed is a big engine to push the wing through the air.

Helicopters use wings too, except that these wings move. Lift in helicopters is generated as the rapidly spinning rotor cause air to move over the small 'wings' that comprise the blades. This is what pulls the helicopter up, much like the airplane. The helicopter pilot can change the angle (or pitch) of the blade to control the amount of lift generated in this fashion, and to provide lateral movement. The small spinning tail rotor is used to keep the helicopter from spinning out of control, since those large spinning blades up top can create a lot of torque. Every action has an equal and opposite reaction. If you try and spin those blades one way, they're going to try and spin you the other direction.

A bird's wing has much in common with an airplane. A bird, however, rarely sports a jet engine. This lack of constant thrust works against the bird. The wing, as described above, does create upwards force, or lift. However, it also generates a backwards force, called drag. In order to overcome drag (and move forward), the bird flaps its wings, changing the shape slightly, and pushing air back to move forward. When the wing is extended, it works more like a conventional airplane wing, and pulls the bird up. Different birds have different shaped wings to optimize the aspect of flight they use most. Birds like the albatross have very long, narrow wings for gliding into strong winds; this helps generate lift with less drag, but isn't as efficient when flapping. Short and wide wings, as in many forest birds, provide a lot of force when flapped, and are good for rapid takeoffs, and quick turns, at the expense of easy gliding.

So where do insects come in? They're light, like birds with their hollow bones, but they're not large enough to have feathered, or even fixed wings. When you're talking about insects, size does matter. Once the wings go below a certain critical size, the turbulence of the air can swamp any lift that might be generated by a tiny wing. Insects however are masters of chaos. The rapid beatings of insect wings do not provide thrust like the bird's wings. Rather, the wings twist as they move, and generate vortices (think 'tornado') and even backspin (just like on a golf ball). It's these combinations of forces that give insects their ability to fly so well, and so fast, under many conditions.

We've learned a lot over the years. We've gone from trying to make our own feathered wings, to flapping pieces of wood, to soaring metal monsters that can fly around the world. Now we're starting to look back at nature again, like the people from our earliest times, to learn new tricks to flying. Don't expect to find people wearing feathers again, but more tricks to reduce airplane fuel consumption, increase control, and minute flying machines for rescue work and exploration are just around the corner.

### Historical Fact:

The first hot-air balloon flight in the United States occurred on January 9th, 1793 in Philadelphia from the Walnut Street Prison Yard. While the prison no longer exists today, the site itself is now the Aethaeum of Philadelphia, only five miles as the crow flies from the convention hotel. The balloon was piloted by Jean Pierre Blanchard, who also had a number of other hot air balloon flights in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and the first Channel crossing (making him one of the first international air travellers).

### CANT Z.1007bis Alcione

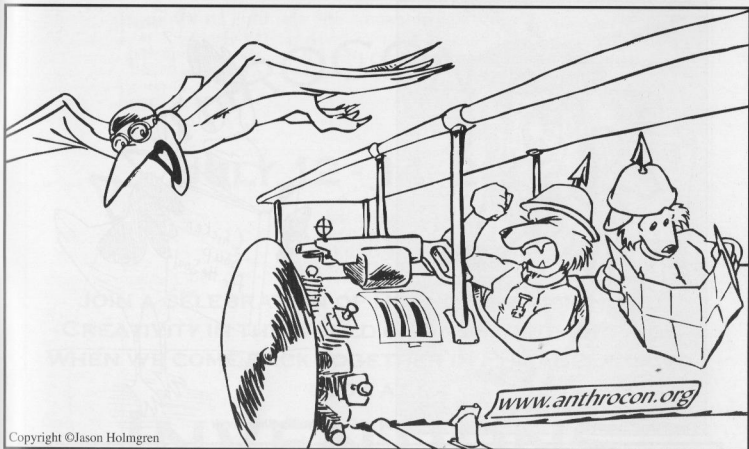
<i>Country of Origin:</i>	Italy	
<i>Type:</i>	Medium Bomber	
<i>Wing Span:</i>	81' 4.33"	
<i>Length:</i>	60' 2.5"	
<i>Height:</i>	17' 1.5"	
<i>Net Weight:</i>	20,715 lbs.	
<i>Max Speed:</i>	290 mph	
<i>Range:</i>	1,087 miles	
<i>Power:</i>	Three 1,000-hp Piaggio P.XI R2C.40 piston engines	
<i>Armament:</i>	One 0.5" Scotti Four Breda-SAFAT machine guns Up to 2,646 lbs. of ordnance	

The CANT Z.1007 Alcione was manufactured by Cantieri Navali de Monfalcone, which was originally a shipbuilding company who expanded their business to include the art of aircraft construction. The bomber went through several redesigns and approximately 80 aircraft had been delivered for use by the time Italy entered the war in 1940.

The Alcione operated mainly in opposition to the Allied forces in the Mediterranean and in Russia. However, with Italy's defection to the other side in 1943, the Alcione was used by both the Allied and the Axis powers until the end of the war.



# FURRIES IN FLIGHT



Copyright ©Jason Holmgren

## Furs In Flight

By Tygermoon Foxx

Once upon a moonlight night  
When spring again the earth renewed  
I watched two furs unite in flight  
And soar above the grass bedewed

She of earth and he of air,  
He of water and she of fire  
Did dance the circle as a pair  
And waken in me a dark desire

What rarer sight —two furs in flight—  
To set my human heart aglow  
With yearning for forbidden delight  
To let loose the beast within my soul.

Near dawn their dancing slowed  
flight of wonder at an end  
a gap they bridged 'tween fur and men  
When I became their human friend.



Copyright ©  
Tygermoon Foxx

## Junkers - Ju 88A-4

Country of Origin:

Germany

Type:

Medium Bomber

Wing Span:

65' 7.5"

Length:

47' 2.75"

Height:

15' 11"

Net Weight:

21,737 lbs.

Max Speed:

292 mph

Range:

1,696 miles

Power:

Two 1,340-hp Junkers Jumo 211J0-1/2

inverted Vee piston engines

Armament:

Five to Nine 0.312" MG 81 and 0.51"

MG 131 machine guns

Up to 5,511 lbs. of stores



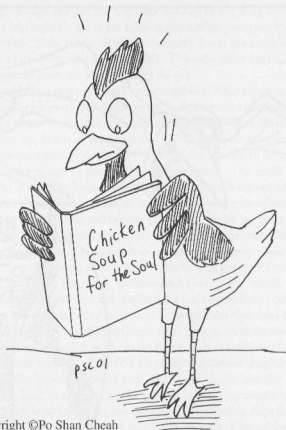
Almost exactly like the Mosquito in its roles, the Ju 88 had multiple uses in World War II. Heavily equipped with machine guns and bombs as well as a maximum speed of 292 miles per hour, it was employed as a dive-bomber. Eventually, the JU 88 proved to be the most capable German bomber during the Battle of Britain.

The Ju 88 served mainly in the Luftwaffe in early 1943 and in France, after its capture, in 1944. Over 7,000 aircraft were constructed by the end of the war.

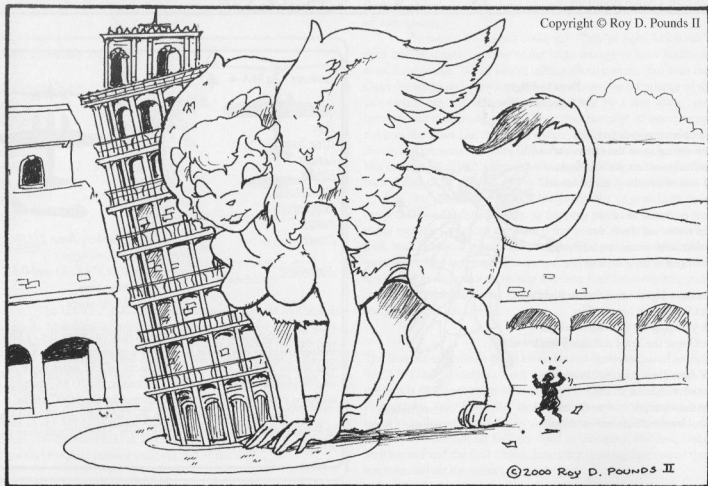




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# ANTHROCON 2002

JULY 12 - 14, 2002

JOIN A CELEBRATION OF BOUNDLESS VISION AND  
CREATIVITY IN THE WORLD OF ANTHROPOMORPHICS  
WHEN WE COME BACK TOGETHER IN PHILADELPHIA TO  
LOOK AT...

## INVENTIONS

WITH GUESTS OF HONOR

LISSANNE NORMAN, AUTHOR OF THE SHOLAN SERIES  
HEATHER BRUTON, RENOWNED FANTASY ILLUSTRATOR

### MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

- \$30 *only* at Anthrocon 2001
- \$35 until February 28, 2002
- \$40 until June 15, 2002
- \$45 at the door

\$85 for a Sponsor Membership

\$160 for a Supersponsor Membership

Dealers, email [dealerinfo@anthrocon.org](mailto:dealerinfo@anthrocon.org).

### HOTEL INFORMATION

Returning to the Adam's Mark Hotel  
City Avenue and Monument Road

\$99/night (single/double/triple/quad)

A limited number of junior suites are  
available at \$124/night.

Call 215-581-5000 to reserve a room.

We anticipate a full house, so do not delay!

**WWW.ANTHROCON.ORG**



# ANTHROCON 2001

## 2001 Anthrocon Standards of Conduct

tion events that are illegal under Federal, State or Local laws.

The primary purpose of Anthrocon 2001 is to have fun. To ensure that the greatest number of people achieve this objective, we must establish these standards of conduct. By them we seek only to ensure that the behavior of a small group does not disturb the membership as a whole, nor does it detract from the relaxed and comfortable atmosphere of the convention.

Speaking of atmosphere: smoking is permitted only in designated sleeping rooms. Under no circumstances will smoking be permitted in any convention function or area, nor is it permitted in the halls. The hotel respectfully requests that those people who step outside to smoke kindly refrain from standing directly in front of any of the hotel's doors and entrances, as the smoke is simply carried inside.

### General Rating of the Convention

Anthrocon prides itself on presenting an atmosphere that is comfortable for anthropomorphic fans of all ages and from all walks of life, and Anthrocon members are expected to act accordingly. In public spaces open to any Hotel patrons, the Rating will be "PG" at all times.

The rating for programming events (accessible only to Anthrocon badgeholders) will follow this general guideline:

6am-6pm Rating G to PG-13.

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

10pm-6am Rating PG-13 and above.

Ages 17 and under are not permitted to attend those events rated above PG-13 by the programming staff without the express permission of a parent or legal guardian.

Anyone found to be violating the public rating, such as by publicly displaying inappropriate artwork, wearing unacceptably revealing clothing, acting in a lewd or lascivious manner (see PDAs below), etc. will be issued a polite warning and will have his or her con badge marked. A second offense will result in confiscation of the badge and denial of entry to all further official con events. Blatant and obviously intentional breaches of the rules may result in immediate revocation of membership. Remember that the rules are in place to ensure the comfort of all Anthrocon members, a responsibility which Anthrocon's staff takes very seriously.

Regardless of any posted or understood rating of convention events, no actions may be taken or items displayed or used in conven-

### Public Displays of Affection (PDAs)

We are a friendly and close-knit community. Kissing, holding hands, and similar activities among consenting adults are certainly allowed in all Anthrocon-sponsored areas. We ask that common sense be used, however, when displaying affection for your special other. Remember that not everyone has the same feelings regarding what is acceptable in public, and it would behoove us as a community to be sensitive to the feelings of those around us. Two good general rules to follow at Anthrocon are:

"If you have to ask or think twice about whether or not you should do it in public, then don't do it".

and

"NO, means NO."

Please be courteous and understanding. If you feel that you must display deep affection for another in a physical fashion, please do so in the privacy of a hotel room. Anthrocon security will not hesitate to ask a party to desist if that party's behavior is considered inappropriate for a public area or is patently annoying to other parties. Such admonishments are difficult for us and are an embarrassment to the party in



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question, so kindly do not make us take such action.

### Public Exposure — Indecent and Other

At the request of the Adam's Mark management, we must ask that shirts, pants/shorts, and footwear be worn when in the lobby of the hotel, in any restaurant, or when traveling to and from the pool area. Bathing suits in the lobby are not considered to be appropriate attire, even if you are only passing through. Please utilize the changing rooms in the pool area. Costumes (fursuits) are considered "appropriate attire" in all area of the hotel except for the restaurants and the pool area, provided the costumes are not unacceptably revealing. Costumes are not permitted in the restaurants or the pool area, due to concerns for the safety of the costumer.

Any person who publicly exposes a part of the body whose exposure constitutes "indecent exposure" under Pennsylvania state law (and you know what they are) will be given a single warning and asked to correct the situation immediately. Upon further violation or failure to correct the matter, the authorities will be summoned immediately.



# STANDARDS OF CONDUCT

## *Weapons Policy*

To ensure the safety of all those attending the con, Anthrocon maintains a very strict weapons policy. These policies are enforced at all times. Anyone who would like to question this policy should speak directly to the Chief of Security, Mr. Randall Brule or the Con Director, Dr. Samuel Conway.

No weapons, or anything that can be mistaken for one, may be carried either openly or concealed at any time in convention space. If you have anything you would like to carry with you that you feel may come into conflict with these rules, please ask permission of the Security Director first. Weapon replicas may be worn as part of a costume only at the Masquerade, and must be cased or otherwise secured when being transported to and from that event.

*NOTE:* Items such as sword-canes and bali-song (butterfly) knives which may be legal to own and carry in some states, are not welcome in Pennsylvania and especially not at Anthrocon. Kindly leave them home.

No firearms, real or replica, are to be carried, openly or concealed. This includes BB or pellet guns, cap guns, or any other item which bears a close resemblance to any firearm, modern or antique. Air-soft weapons and squirt guns may NOT be employed within the interior of the hotel.

For reasons of public safety, 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.

The designation "security-approved" will be given to individual items at the sole discretion of the Security Director. This designation may be revoked at any time at the discretion of the Security Director if the item is being used or brandished in an inappropriate fashion or if complaints are received regarding its display.

## Exceptions

The aforementioned items may be carried if and *only* if:

- The item has been presented in advance to security for inspection; and
- The item has been cleared to be used in this event; and
- The item has been clearly tagged and peace-bonded prior to the event; and
- The person is escorted from the place the item is being stored, by an authorized security person to the event; and
- The item remains peace-bonded and/or tagged throughout the event; and
- The item is returned by the owner/user under escort of an authorized security person, to the place of storage IMMEDIATELY at the conclusion of the event.

The weapons listed above are not meant to constitute an exhaustive list of those items which are not to be carried at Anthrocon. In short, it is to be repeated that except in the specific situations noted, NO weapons or weapon replicas will be permitted without the prior approval of the Security Director. Brandishing 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. The intent of the brandisher is irrelevant under the law, and the brandishing of any weapon will be treated

as an assault upon another person.

Those licensed in Pennsylvania to carry any of the above-mentioned or similar items will be asked to secure said items at a location other than in convention areas. 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 offender will be reported to the local authorities.

## *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 expect everyone to cooperate fully with Anthrocon and with Hotel security personnel. If you are requested to quiet down or to cease a certain behavior, please do so immediately. It will make the convention much more pleasant for all parties involved.

Hotel security personnel are empowered by Anthrocon to confiscate your con badge if you do not comply with hotel rules or directives. If this occurs you must take up the issue with Chief of Security Brule. This standard includes any and all fighting, any inappropriate horseplay, or any actions that directly or recklessly cause undue disturbance to any convention or hotel function, restaurant or public area.

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

- \* No loitering on the stairways or in the stairwells. This means keep moving, do not plan on chatting in the stairways. This is a safety issue, by order of the Township Fire Marshall.
- \* No horseplay or goofing off on stairways. This, too, is a safety issue.
- \* No horseplay near, on or around any of the railings.

## *Harassment (All Types, Including Sexual)*

This includes but is not limited to: striking, shoving, kicking, any unwanted physical contact, threatening to do any of the above or following someone around a public place without a legitimate reason or in a threatening or intimidating manner. Please remember, if someone tells you "no" or to leave them alone, your business with them is done.



# ANTHROCON 2001

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. Only one warning may be given.

## *Assault/Menacing/Trapping*

Assault is defined as: 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. These are legally punishable by fines and/or imprisonment.

Menacing is defined as when, by physical or verbal means, a person intentionally places or attempts to place another person in fear of death or imminent physical injury. Menacing is also punishable by fines and/or imprisonment.

Trapping is exactly the same as unlawful imprisonment. It is a misdemeanor to stop someone from leaving an area or confining someone against his will. This means that if someone says "let me out," you let him out or you may find yourself locked up instead.

Any person engaging in the above activities will be removed from the convention and possibly barred from attending in the future as well. If any person or persons assaults, menaces or "traps" any convention staff member, Anthrocon Inc. will press charges to the fullest extent of the law, both criminally and civilly. Anyone found guilty by a court of law of any of the above actions will be barred from future Anthrocon events.

The standards of conduct for Anthrocon 2001 will be strictly enforced by the safety and rules officers, hereafter referred to as Security, who will be clearly identified as such on site. Enforcement will be very simple; your first offense will result in a mark on your con badge and a warning. The second offense will result in the confiscation of your badge and the revocation of all con privileges without a refund. In cases of malicious intent or direct infraction of the above guidelines, or the laws of the country or state, a warning may be bypassed.

Please remember that your con badges are property of Anthrocon 2001 for the duration of the convention, and must be presented and/or surrendered to any Staff member requesting it. If you have any problem with any action taken by a Staff member you may take the matter up with the Security Director, Mr. Randall Brule or Anthrocon's Director, Dr. Samuel Conway. We shall make every attempt to be fair and lenient in the case of infractions, but we cannot tolerate behavior which threatens the peace and well-being of our members to go uncorrected.

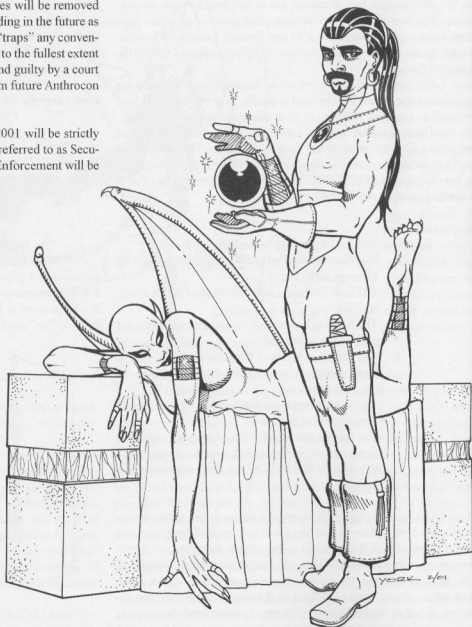
Anthrocon accepts no liability for events or actions by individuals in the confines of private hotel rooms. Anyone intending to host a party is strongly suggested to check for Anthrocon badges on partygoers, and to deny entrance to any person who is not a member of the convention. Responsibility for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

in any area of the hotel or grounds not so designated. Such activities constitute "illegal solicitation," and may result in the perpetrator being removed from hotel grounds.

Please be reminded that these rules are, of course, "worst-case" scenarios. We anticipate no difficulties, as our members as a whole are rational and responsible adults. Anthrocon is prepared to deal with any or all of the above scenarios in as rapid and efficient a manner as possible should they occur. We thank our members for their past cooperation, and for their continued assistance in making this a fun and safe experience for everyone. Have fun - just please remember to be courteous of those around you!

— Anthrocon Security Director, Mr. Randall Brule  
security@anthrocon.org

— Anthrocon Executive Director, Dr. Samuel Conway  
ceo@anthrocon.org



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## Panelist Bios

### Kjartan Arnorsson (Karno)

Kjartan Arnorsson uses the nickname Karno. He's a thirtysomething, two meter, 90 kilo, bearded college graduate. In Iceland, he's been on TV, and in hardcover books. But he's come down in the world since then, and now he draws for American comics such as *GENUS*, *Savage Squirrel Comics* and *BIG Funnies*.

### Jack Below (Spiked Punch)

Mostly harmless. Been furry for over 27 years, and been everything from student to tech support to engineer, the wolf known as Spiked Punch has done just about everything imaginable, and thankfully lived to tell about it.

### boogi

When boogi broke into the fandom with his Mutant Cat suit a little over two years ago, little did he know what was in store for him. He has a hearing loss, but he doesn't let it stop him from doing things. Many people usually inquire about it or want to learn sign language, so feel free to ask!

### Brody Catsmouth

Brody Catsmouth lives in Huntsville, Alabama. He regularly attends live action roleplaying games (the Camarilla) and is currently developing a puppet show called "Huntsville Sock Monkeys". Music is his life; he sings in performance and church choirs, plays guitar and sings in his rock band "Karma Parade". (<http://www.mp3.com/karmaparade>) The fandom is his therapy, and looks to combine furry and music in new ways. He has been in the fandom for two years, he has played guitar for 13, he has sung in choirs for 11, he has played in rock bands for 4.

### Tyger Cowboy

Tyger Cowboy has quickly become involved in several aspects of fursuiting including design, construction and performance. Tyger volunteers at the St Louis Zoo, works in the Children's Zoo as a Docent, and has the distinction to have the first non-zoo owned suit to appear there at the zoo. His current suits are an orange tiger, white tiger, lion and tiglon. Always identifiable by his oversized bandanas and leather chaps. <http://www.tygercowboy.com/> or <http://www.lycanthrope.net/~monkene>.

### Jon C. Crusoe

Jon C. Crusoe lives in Tallahassee, Florida, where a gray tomcat named Jasper owns him. He has had fiction published in *Martion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine* and in *Spellbound Magazine*. His comic work has been published in Shanda Fantasy Arts' *Magic Carpet* and *Giant Shanda Animal*.

### Ian Dettmering (Fennec)

Known in the fandom simply as Fennec; this two-tailed fox has been doodling around in the fandom for about 6 years now. A regular to Anthrocon way back since its first days in Albany, don't worry if he seems to be the quintessential hobbyist - just because he is. Pitching in at AC for his 3rd year now in the sorta area he knows well from a

battery of formal art education (whatta cheater). If you see this tattooed fella walking the Con - don't run away - he doesn't bite (often).

### Joe Ekaitis

Joe Ekaitis was born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania in 1955 and now lives in Rialto, California. Business communications technician by day, occasional dabbler in the graphic arts by night, Ekaitis is the author of *Revenge of the Gingerbread Man!*, *Farmer Fox* and *The BIG Big Bad Wolf and the House of Steel*, currently available at bookstores nowhere... but he's working on that.

### Chris Goodwin

I live in the New England area, currently working my first professional artsy gig as a graphic designer. I've been involved in furry fandom since 1996 when I first started drawing funny animals. Within the fandom, aside from my own work and private commissions, my illustration projects include work done for *Ironclaw*, the furry role-playing game, artwork for *Anthrolations* magazine, t-shirt design for the Purple Purple and Anthrocon 2001.

### Jason Harrison (Super Jay)

Jason "Super Jay" Harrison: (NOT SuperJay HAWK) I'm a 19 year old student all the way from Canada! I'm an artist, a fursuiter and enjoy working with prosthetics and FX makeup. I've been making my own prosthetic for 3 years now.

### Eric Hinkle

Eric Hinkle is a beginning writer from Northampton, PA. He's been a furry fan for years, but has only been involved in furry fandom for about seven years. Other interests include Pennsylvania Folklore, pulp-era fantasy, and Persian history, most of which enters his fiction one way or another.

### Jason Holmgren (Rafferty)

Jason Holmgren's oeuvre includes features of *5:15*, *Joe Genero*, *Fineous Fingers & Friends*, *Knights of the Dinner Table*, and *Ironclaw*. He is the fearless leader of Sanguine Productions Limited, and his favorite flavor of ice cream is vanilla. The GOOD kind of vanilla.

### BJ Hughes (SK-1)

BJ Hughes, known as SK-1, returns for his third year as EmCee of the Anthrocon Masquerade. A former mascot for professional baseball, soccer and hockey teams, BJ has been a costume character performer and puppeteer since high school. He has previously led or assisted with panels on fursuit performing, dancing, puppetry and puppet building. Since last Anthrocon, BJ has stepped back from the professional side of fursuiting to concentrate on other projects. He is currently a puppeteer for a television show being produced in the Washington DC area, and he is also developing a concept for a children's quiz show, also to be shown in the Washington DC area. He is also a member of the National Capital Puppetry Guild, a chapter of the Puppeteers of America.

### Ursula Husted

Ursula Husted is currently a student in the fine arts and enjoys pulp sci-fi, color theory, jazz, a good cup of coffee, and welding among other things. She tries not to take herself too seriously and enjoys referring to herself in the third person.



# ANTHROCON 2001

## Joelle Mellon (Jade)

Joelle Mellon is known as Jade in Furry circles. Her writing was nationally published for the first time a few years ago. She is currently working on a fiction book proposal (with sample chapters) for Greenery Press and a role-playing game module. She is also a librarian.

## Brian L. Miller (Syl)

Brian L. Miller is the head idiot in charge of SilverFox Publications. Along with his wife, the illustrious Annette (aka Penguin Lady), they manage to turn out on a semi-regular basis a series of anthro anthology magazines. Based out of New Jersey, Brian (or Syl as most call him) is a lover of sci-fi, anthropomorphics, and trivia contests.

## Jeff Novotny

Jeff Novotny works in Ottawa, Canada in the Telecom Engineering business. He became interested in anthropomorphics about 6 to 8 years ago, and his current interests include short story writing, improving his life-drawing skills, anime, and working on cars. This is the first furry con of any type he's attended.

## Sarah Palmer (Caribou)

Sara Palmer divides her time between chasing her one year old daughter and art of all kinds. She enjoys reading, cooking, chatting with friends, and just about anything associated with animals and drawing. She has been involved with Anthropomorphics for about 5 years, more or less.

## Fred Patten

His book reviews of 'morphic novels have appeared in all 61 (so far) issues of Yarf! He is the author of "An Anthropomorphic Bibliography" series in Radio Comix's *Furrilough*, and has been in *Rowbrazzle*.

## Allen Petlock

Allen Petlock is the owner of ArtSpots and runs the Artists' Ambush online. He runs events at cons that combine art and competition in a friendly manner. Seurat the Cheetah is the real driving force behind ArtSpots. Mischievous and quick, he helps sponsor the games that ArtSpots presents.

## David Piccola (Prismo)

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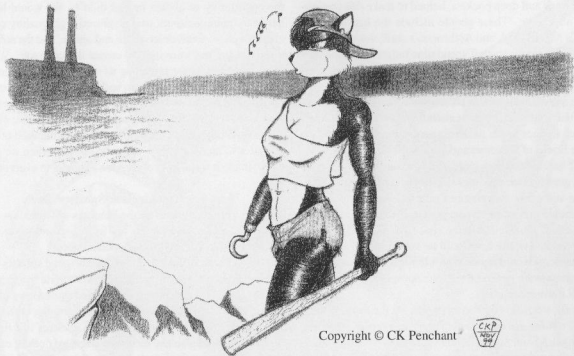
## Ken Pick

One of the unknown Old Guard of furry fandom, Ken has been fascinated with upright talking critters as far back as he can remember. A forty-something computer programmer from Orange County, California (Confurence Country), his interests have included SF, fantasy, role-playing games, anthropomorphics, history, militaria, Catholicism,



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#### **Trickster**

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# ANTHROCON 2001

## Joelle Mellon (Jade)

Joelle Mellon is known as Jade in Furry circles. Her writing was nationally published for the first time a few years ago. She is currently working on a fiction book proposal (with sample chapters) for Greenery Press and a role-playing game module. She is also a librarian.

## Brian L. Miller (Syl)

Brian L. Miller is the head idiot in charge of SilverFox Publications. Along with his wife, the illustrious Annette (aka Penguin Lady), they manage to turn out on a semi-regular basis a series of anthro anthology magazines. Based out of New Jersey, Brian (or Syl as most call him) is a lover of sci-fi, anthropomorphics, and trivia contests.

## Jeff Novotny

Jeff Novotny works in Ottawa, Canada in the Telecom Engineering business. He became interested in anthropomorphics about 6 to 8 years ago, and his current interests include short story writing, improving his life-drawing skills, anime, and working on cars. This is the first furry con of any type he's attended.

## Sarah Palmer (Caribou)

Sara Palmer divides her time between chasing her one year old daughter and art of all kinds. She enjoys reading, cooking, chatting with friends, and just about anything associated with animals and drawing. She has been involved with Anthropomorphics for about 5 years, more or less.

## Fred Patten

His book reviews of 'morphic novels have appeared in all 61 (so far) issues of Yarf! He is the author of "An Anthropomorphic Bibliography" series in Radio Comix's *Furrilough*, and has been in *Rowbrazzle*.

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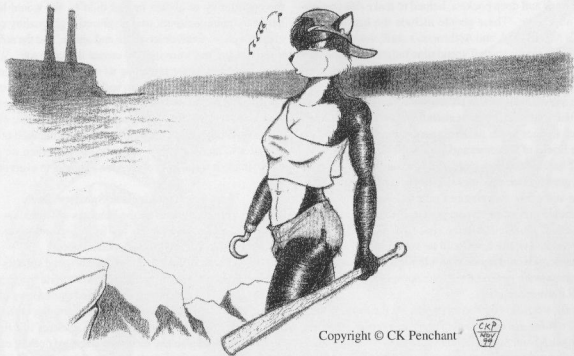
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# ANTHROCON 2001 CREDITS

Anthrocon, Inc., would like to thank all of the people who have, through their hard work and deep pockets, helped to make this convention happen year after year. These people include the hard-working folks at the Adam's Mark Hotel, and Anthrocon's staff, volunteers and panelists. Our tireless Anthrocon staff spend time before, after and during the con to help everything run smoothly. They get little sleep and run low on sanity to ensure everyone has a great time; we couldn't do it without their effort and dedication. Our ehrstwhile volunteers find themselves roped into helping wrangle the registration line, roam the halls with security, check badges at the dealers' room and art show, and do everything else the Board of Directors and other staff need done. Without them, our staff would have less sleep and less sanity than they already do so we're grateful that they allow us to suck them into helping. Our panelists and other members of programming provide you with some of the things you come to see: panels, discussions, dances, and everything else that gets slotted into a space and time on the program. Without our panelists, the con would be very dull, indeed.

Also, Anthrocon would not be possible without the support of the fandom, and without the generosity of our Sponsors, Super Sponsors, Patrons, and Lifetime Members.

Additionally, we would like to thank Paul at the Printing Out-let for working with us time and again to help produce a quality conbook. We would like to thank Visual Sound for their efforts to provide us with top quality lighting and sound equipment to make the dances sound and look great. And we must also thank Betty at Winner's Circle for her efforts in helping us get T-shirts made so you have something to wear on your backs as a reminder of the fun times you have at Anthrocon.

The conbook editors would specifically like to thank the artists and writers who took the time to submit art and fiction to the conbook. The editors would also like to thank the staff writers for providing articles and side-bars relating to the theme of Furrries in Flight. Without the hard work and creativity of these artists and writers, this conbook would be very blank.

We would like to thank all of the aliens who might have had the opportunity to abduct us and didn't. We would like to thank the hardware manufacturers who produced high-quality computer equipment which we overburden again and again, and the software manufacturers for the software used to create the conbook. We would like to thank Saint Points for providing us with the online registration system, and for his work in conjunction with Bennie to keep the website up and running and full of juicy tidbits to entice the web-browsing public. We have to also thank the developers of our ergonomic chairs, which we abused and neglected to use properly, and a hundred others who we've forgotten to name, but who are not forgotten when we give thanks that we've made it through another year. Thanks to everyone.

## The Airplane Spotters' Deck

The illustrations for the Bombers of World War II sidebars were from U.S. Games Systems' *World War II Airplane Spotter Playing Cards*, and are used with their gracious permission.

This deck is a facsimile of the original spotters' cards issued in 1943. Taking its cues from the spotters' guide from the armed forces and the Civil Defense books, it provided three views of various planes (Front, Side and Bottom) to assist in identifying both 'United Nations and Enemy Aircraft.' Not only could spotters use the deck as flash cards, they could also use them as a standard deck of cards. This deck, along with the standard cards, comes with the reproduction of the original 1943 instructions giving a couple of suggestions on ways to use the cards to learn plane characteristics.

For information about getting this deck of cards, or one of many other decks of playing, tarot, or novelty cards, you can go to your favorite game or hobby retailer, or you can visit U.S. Games Systems' web site at <http://www.usgamesinc.com>.

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## Bomber Information

The World War II bomber side-bars are Copyright © Jennifer Flynn. The following references provide additional information about bombers:

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<http://www.aviation-history.com/>

Ronald H. Bailey et. al. *The Air War in Europe: World War II*. Time-Life Books Inc., 1979.

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William Green. *Famous Bombers of the Second World War*. Hanover House, 1959.

Bill Gunston. *World War II Japanese & Italian Aircraft*. Chartwell Books Inc., 1985



"YES FLARRN, I'M PERFECTLY AWARE OF WHAT 'SERVICE SPACE-DRIVE SOON' MEANS!"





"Their queen has youth  
And beauty rare  
The maids of earth  
Are not half so fair  
Her glance so quick  
And her eyes so bright  
They shine with soft  
Unearthly light."

The Fairies Dance.  
(Irish traditional)



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