

ANTHROCON 2002





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Circles

It's about life... slightly bent.

Issue #3: Coming in July 2002
Two Tales of the Kinsey Six

In our first story, "Paper Faces on Parade," Arthur makes overtures of peace to Douglas, but Douglas still blames Arthur for Paulie being ill. When tempers flare, will the Kinsey Six be down to Five?

Then, in the second story, "Steppin' Out", it's Halloween, and Marty and Tye are finally having their first date. But, when a figure from Tye's past rears his ugly head, will it be their last, as well? All this plus the first appearance of Jesús, the Peruvian drag-queen llama! Is the world prepared? Don't miss our dramatic double-header in issue #3!

Visit the artists and authors at the Rabbit Valley table. Comics and more for sale.

ADJUSTABLE
EXTENSION
ELEMENT

EXTENSION
JOINT

ANTHROCON 2002 INVENTION

JULY 12 - 14

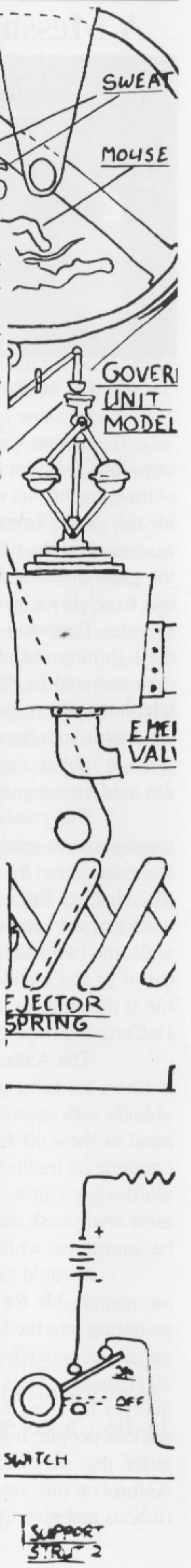
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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20"
5"
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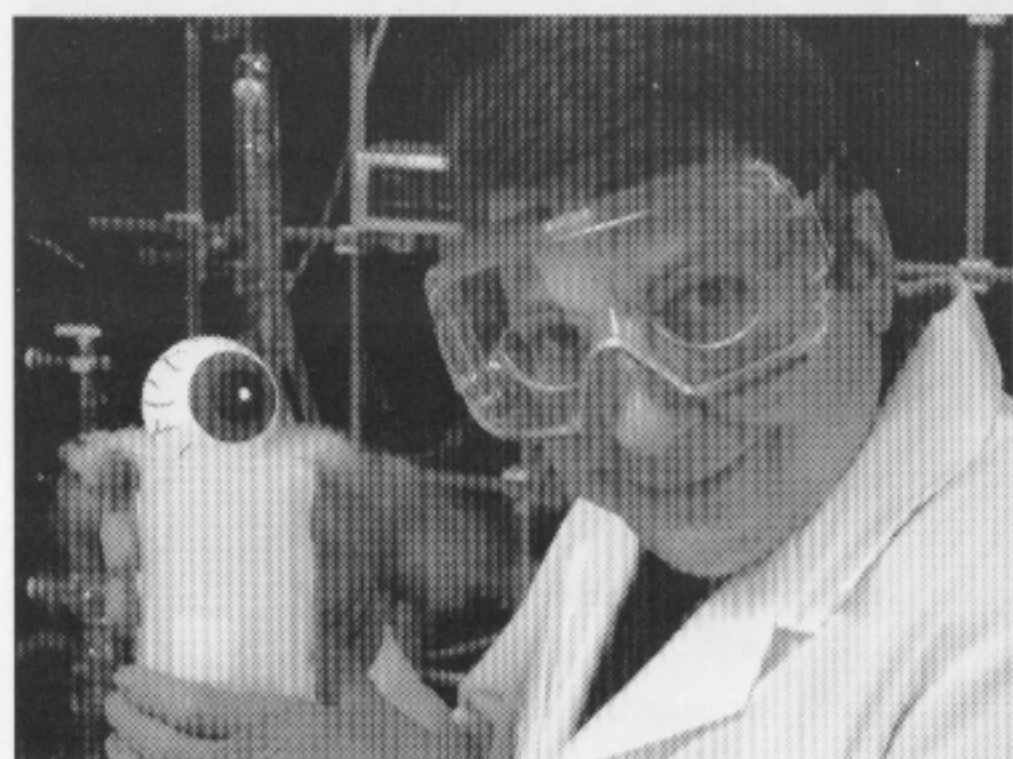
©DarkWolfie

SUPPORT
STRUT 1

SUPPORT
STRUT 2



A Message from the Chairman



No, really, it's true!

By our very nature, fans of anthropomorphics are a creative lot. This year we thought to celebrate the tremendous amount of imagination that we bring together each July, and hence our theme for this year: **"Invention."** Anthrocon's Invention Fair will showcase some of the talent and creativity of our members as they raise the great question from "what if?" to "how?" What better place, too, to celebrate inventions than Philadelphia, the home of the great inventor Benjamin Franklin? Most of his innovations, including the lightning rod and the Franklin stove, were conceived or first demonstrated in Philadelphia, as were waterproofing rubber, the telephone, electronic TV, the balloon catheter, X-ray photography, ice cream, root beer, licorice, bubble gum, the baseball glove, vulcanized rubber, the revolving door, the electron microscope, and the modern computer.

Our guests of honor this year are two ladies whose own creations have sparked the imaginations of thousands. Ms. Lisanne Norman from Great Britain, creator of the Sholan Alliance, and Ms. Heather Bruton, Canadian fantasy illustrator whose amazing works of art cannot help but inspire awe. We are also lucky to welcome two additional guests, Mr. Herbie Hamill, artist and animator at an Orlando film production facility whose name escapes me at the moment, and Mme. Josette DeCarlo, wife of the late Dan DeCarlo who was honored at Anthrocon in 2001.

The Anthrocon 2002 charity auction will benefit Canine Partners for Life, an organization that trains service dogs for individuals with special needs. Some of those fine canines will be on hand to show off for our members. We hope that our auction will continue its tradition of breaking all previous records for this very worthwhile cause. A reminder: if a service dog is on duty, you must always ask the handler before trying to pet it. Nobody likes to be interrupted while on the job.

I would like to take a moment to thank those people who are responsible for transforming Anthrocon from a little regional gathering into the largest anthropomorphics convention in history: our amazing staff. We had nearly 1,500 people in attendance in 2001, and as of this writing it looks like we are going to exceed that number by a fair margin this year. It is to the hard-working and selfless people, from the board of directors down to the humblest gofer, that we owe Anthrocon's success. If you enjoy yourself at Anthrocon this year, look for the folks with the staff or volunteer ribbons and give them a hearty round of applause.

EUREKA!

The word was shouted over and over by Archimedes as he ran naked through the streets after making an important discovery in his bathtub.

From the Programming Director

Greetings once again, fuzzy friends!

Well, here it is Anthrocon time again! It seems to take forever to get here, but when it does, I find myself saying, "Whoah! Where'd the time go?" So, here we are, another year, another con... with another bunch of cool things to do! That's where my trusty Track Advisors and I come in!

The past two years I've been doing this (it seems like longer), the main complaint has been, "There's **too many** cool things to do!" Sort of a compliment when you think about it. So I consider it more of a concern than a complaint. The other suggestion was, "How about more general things for the fans?" You'll all be happy to know that I've taken both ideas to heart. This year, we're scaling back a little, events will start a little later in the morning. This means you and I both get a little extra rest and time to grab breakfast! It also means cutting back on Cool Stuff. Easier said than done! As I'm writing this the ideas for events are still rolling in, so I have my work cut out for me. Since you're reading this now, well, you get to see the finished results right now! Lucky you! As for more general stuff, I think I've got that covered, too. We've added that Thursday Night Mixer that was requested at the end of the con last year. With Karaoke to boot!

Now, onto the meat of things. This year, we've got two great Guests of Honor: Heather Bruton and Lisanne Norman **and** Special Guests, Herbie Hamill and Mme. Josie DeCarlo!

Heather Bruton will be leading discussions and demonstrations like, "Rendering Fur," and "Anatomy of an Illustration," in which she'll show-n-tell us how that book cover goes from the receiving of the assignment to the finished product. The prep work for a full illustration is an art in and of itself and you'll get the details right here! She'll also be participating in a little game in which you can read a short story and she, and another artist



or two, will sketch out what they think the book cover should look like and then discuss them!

Lisanne Norman has a special treat for us! She's going to be reading to us from her new book, *Between Darkness and Light!* She'll also talk about creating worlds and characters for stories, which are applicable to more than just stories, folks. Think of how you can deepen your Muck/IRC characters or your costumes and puppets! Or maybe you just want to know how she comes up with the mechanics of what makes people and places tick. Whatever your reason, I think you'll be happy you came!

Herbie Hamill, who worked on the comic strip "Mother Goose and Grimm" and as an animation artist for various animated features including the new "Lilo and Stitch," is here this year! He'll be chatting with us about techniques and the biz during the "Cartooning and Animation" segment as well as telling about conceptualizing costume and show ideas for the Funday Pawpet Show! Herbie also does charity work for a group called "Give Kids the World" which I'm sure he'll want to tell you all about!

Mme. Josie DeCarlo is joining us again this year. Sadly, she does so without the wonderful and unforgettable Dan DeCarlo. Mme. Josie was so taken with us last year that she has decided to return again to chat with us some more. We look forward to hearing all that this sweet lady has to say. She will also have a table in the Dealers' Room, so, if you don't get the chance during one of her talks, be sure to stop by her table and say hello!

One new addition, specifically related to this year's theme of "Inventions" is the Inventions Fair! I really can't wait to see what everyone comes up with! Judging by some of the advanced notifications, we're going to see some neat ideas!

Of course, we always have the tried and true, always a hit events like the dances, role playing games, *DDR* and *Smash Brothers* competitions, the Masquerade, and the ever popular...Uncle Kage's Story Hour! Hmm...maybe we should get Gran'ma Kage to tell a story of two...I bet she's got plenty of juicy

ones to tell...

So, in closing, on behalf of the Department of Programming: Welcome to Anthrocon '02! Have a blast!

Susan "SusanDeer" Parkin

Director of Anthrocon Programming

From the Editors

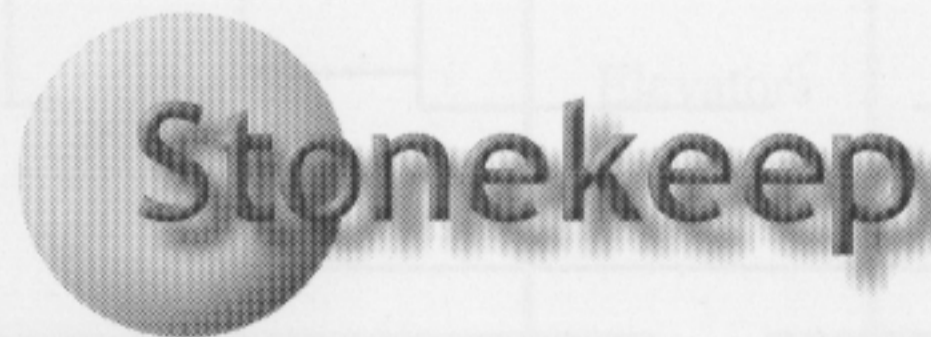
There are a lot of people that go into making this book you hold. There are the folks who sell the ads and the folks who help compose them. There are the people who do nothing but keep track of huge to-do lists to make sure nothing gets missed. All the wonderful folks that submit pictures, art, stories and articles so that we have content (arguably our most important people). Then there's our guests who do our cover and tell us about themselves. All the staff who supply us with the information about scheduling, what's new and how various events work. Plus, all the staff who give us small bits about themselves, so we can see the people behind the convention as a whole.

If all of that was not enough, there are the people who we work with almost daily. The people who scan and touch up the artwork. The people who track permissions and update the contact databases. The folks who do the OCR and type-proofing. Our large number of editors who review every story that comes in. We have people who help convert formats and style to fit our style guide. Our programmers and web folks who make and upkeep the tools that let everyone work together. Our many, many proofreaders who try and catch the few mistakes that make it all the way through. The folks who do the actual layout and design. Finally, all the way at the far end, we have the folks who make sure that the mailings get back out on time.

Without all of these people, the convention book simply would not happen, nor would it be the piece of quality work you hold in your hands. We, the editors, appreciate all the work that everyone noted above have put in on Anthrocon's behalf.

"Hey, where'd the long lines go?"

On behalf of the line exorcists at Stonekeep, you're welcome.



Stonekeep specializes in making registration painless for all kinds of conventions, conferences, shows, and gatherings. We do online pre-registration systems, full on-site registration and check-in services, custom badge design and printing, conference website design, and lots more. Give us a call at 978.779.0108 to talk about your needs. We're here to help.

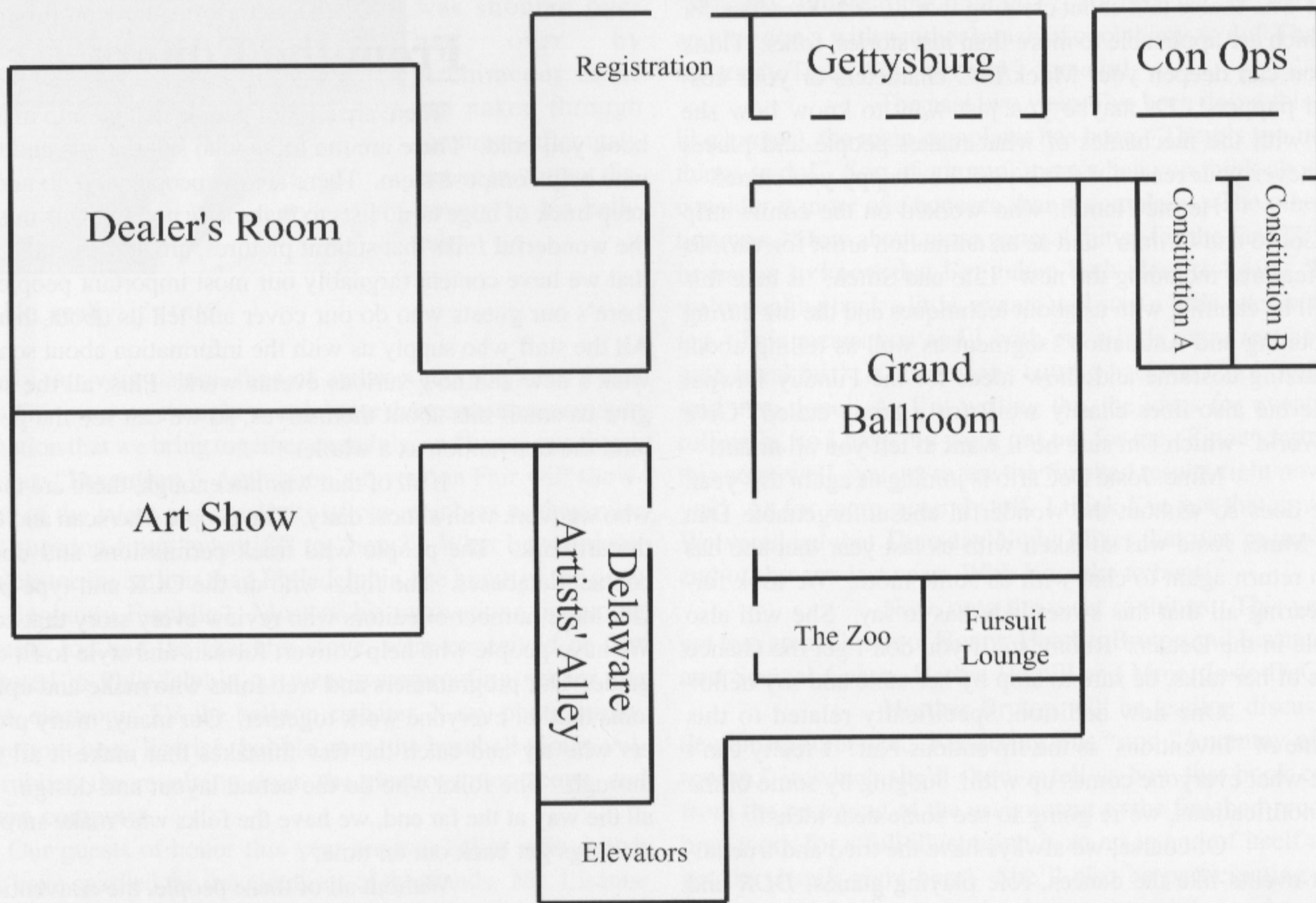
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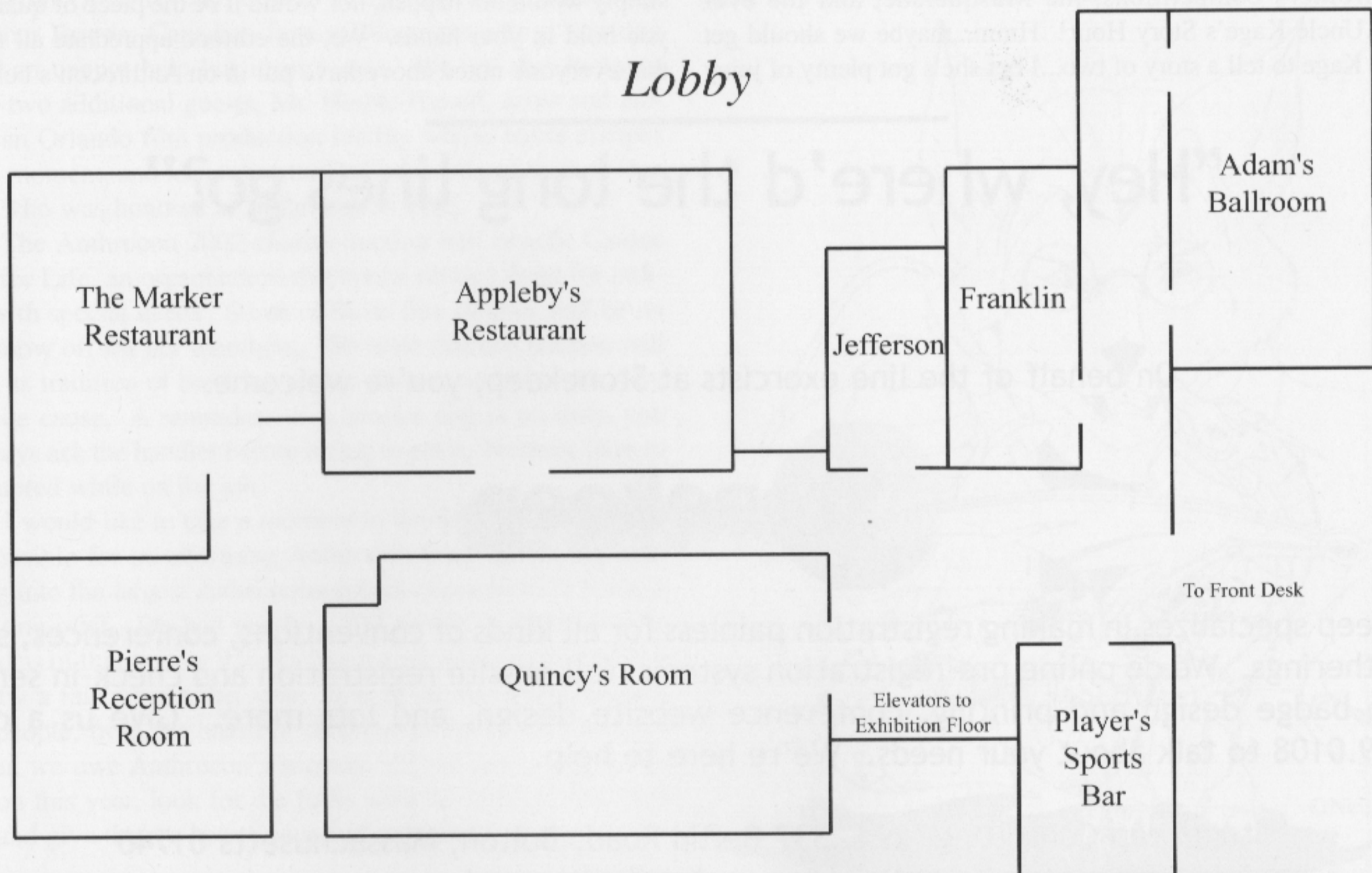
ANTHROCON 2002

Welcome to the Philadelphia Adam's Mark Hotel

Exhibition Floor



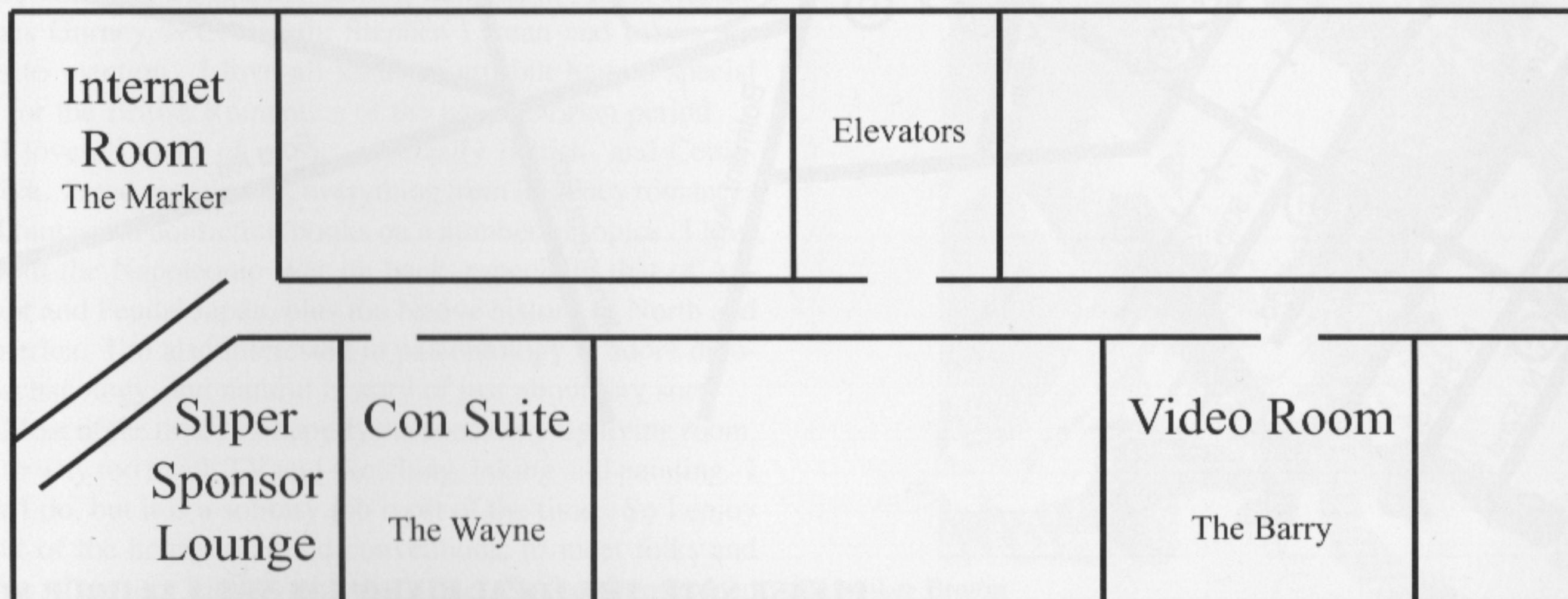
Lobby



Anthrocon 2002 General Schedule

Event	Location	Schedule		
		Friday, July 12 th	Saturday, July 13 th	Sunday, July 14 th
Registration	Lower Entrance	Normal Registration Single Day Passes 10am - 10pm	Normal Registration Single Day Passes 10am - 6pm	Single Day Passes Preregistration 2003 10am - 5pm
Artists' Alley	Delaware	Setup: 11am - Noon Open: Noon - 5pm Closing: 5pm - 6pm	Setup: 9:30am - 10am Open: 10am - 5pm Closing: 5pm - 6pm	Setup: 9:30am - 10am Open: 10am - 4pm Closing: 4pm - 5pm
Dealers' Room	Exhibition Hall	Setup: 10am - Noon Open: Noon - 6pm	10am - 6pm	Open: 10am - 5pm Closing: 5pm - 7pm
Art Show	Exhibition Hall	Check-in: 10am - 8pm View&Bid: 2pm - 8pm Reception: 9pm - 1pm (By Invitation Only)	View&Bid: 10am - 8pm Mature Auction: 10pm (Constitution A)	View&Bid: 10am - Noon General Auction: 1pm (Grand Ballroom) Sales&Checkout: 1:30pm - 4pm
Charity Auction	Grand Ballroom		3pm - 6pm	
Masquerade	Grand Ballroom		Rehearsal: 9am - Noon Performance: 7pm - 8:30pm	
Dances	Grand Ballroom		Fursuit: 7pm - 8pm GuestDJs: 8pm - 9:30pm Genki: 9:30pm - Close	
Consuites Sponsor Lounges	23 rd Floor	10am - 8pm	10am - 8pm	10am - 6pm
Video Room Internet Room	23 rd Floor	Continuous Operation Unless Otherwise Posted		

23rd Floor



Welcome to Philadelphia

FOOD

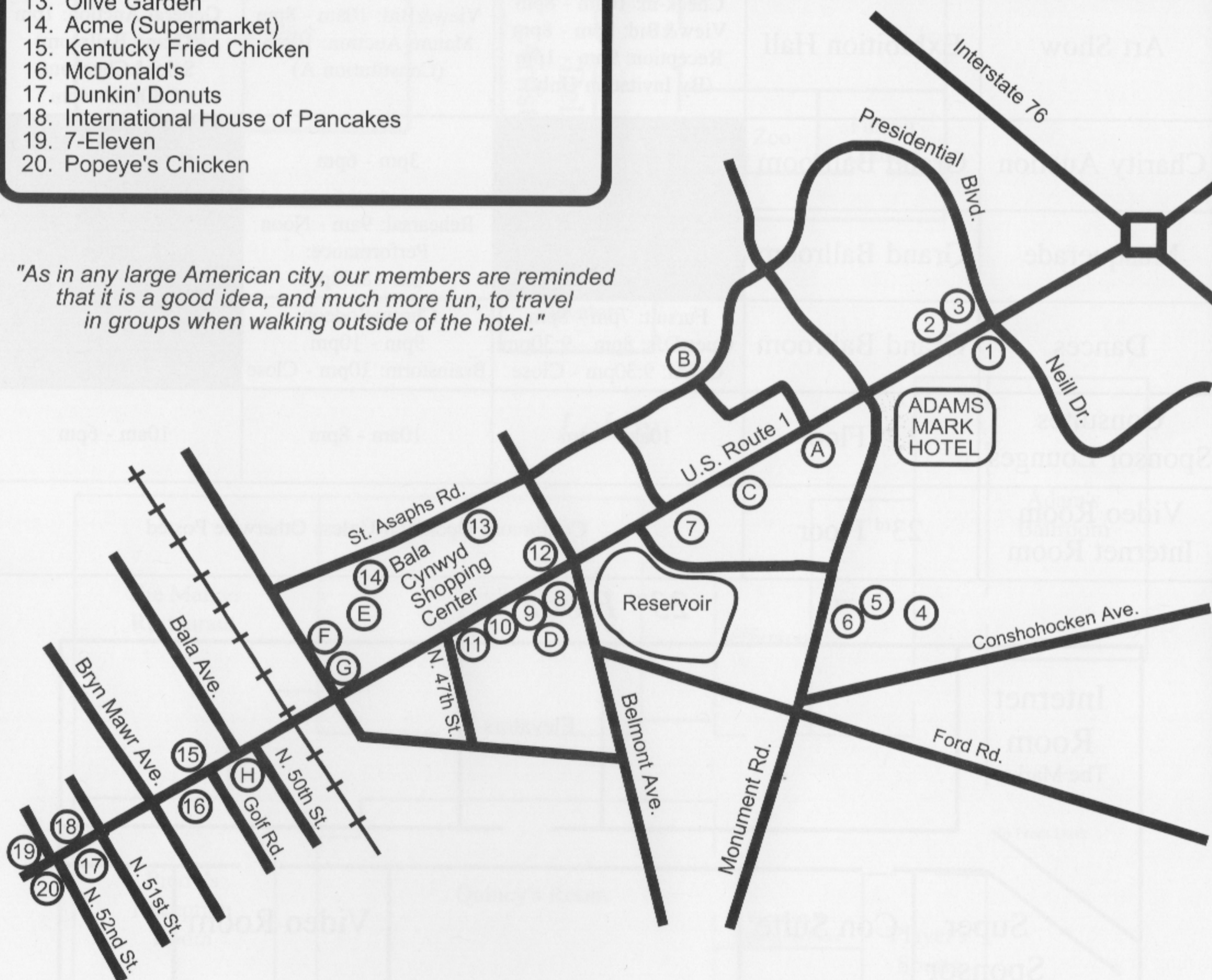
1. T.G.I. Friday's
2. ~~Marabella's Italian Restaurant~~ **CLOSED**
3. Houlihan's
4. PathMark (Supermarket)
5. Chun Hing (Chinese takeout)
6. Allegro Pizza
7. Delmonico Steak House (fancy sitdown restaurant)
8. SaladWorks Cafe
9. Pizza Hut Express
10. Taco Bell
11. Boston Market
12. Chili's
13. Olive 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

- A. First Republic Bank ATM
- B. PNC Bank ATM
- C. City Avenue Medical Center
- D. Kinko's
- E. Mellon Bank ATM
- F. U.S. Mailroom (Mailboxes Etc. clone)
- G. Eckerd Drugs
- H. Mellon Bank

Bryn Mawr Ave. is 1 mile away from the hotel.

"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."



PLEASE NOTE: THE LOCAL KINKO'S IS NOT A 24 HOUR SERVICE.



Guest of Honor: Heather Bruton



by my table at the con and say 'hello.' I promise not to talk too much about either Egypt or horses.

For an artist, talking about oneself is always kind of difficult. I prefer to talk about my art and let it say what it can about the person that produces it! But I guess my art is a product of my life; my interests and my roots; where I've been and what sparks my interests. So... here goes.

I was born in Nova Scotia, Canada, on November 7, 1961. The ocean and the east coast are a very strong part of what I am. Living on the edge of the Atlantic formed my strong interest in the natural world and a deep love of nature which continues to be a strong theme in my work to this day. In 1984 I moved to Toronto, and ten years later I moved to my present home in Kitchener, Ontario.

In 1978 I attended my first SF convention and showed my work for the first time. I was flattered to sell it all and win two art show awards. Since then I've garnered over one hundred and fifty art show awards including three WorldCon art show awards. Over the years, I've worked to hone my skills, constantly learning and experimenting. During that time I've produced hundreds of originals as well as both photo and litho prints. In the early '90s, I began to work in the gaming industry, producing art for a myriad of companies. I love working in the fantasy field and adding my own touches to it. I've often joked that I'm a frustrated wildlife artist, and animals are a big part of what I love most to paint.

My two greatest influences are the Czech Art Nouveau Master Alphonse Mucha, and the British romantic J.W. Waterhouse. I also love the work of Robert Bateman, Bev Dolittle, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Michael Whelan, Brom, Van Gogh, Alicia Austin, Erte, James Gurney, N.C. Wyeth, Stephen Lyman and others too numerous to mention. I love all kinds of art, but have a special fondness for the British Romantics of the late Victorian period.

I love all kinds of music, especially British- and Celtic-inspired folk. I read voraciously, everything from Regency romances to SF and fantasy to nonfiction books on a number of topics. I love history from the Napoleonic War on back, especially that of Ancient Egypt and Feudal Japan, plus the Native history of North and South America. I'm also interested in paleontology (I adore dinosaurs!), archaeology, and natural history of just about any sort.

Most of the time I'm happily ensconced in my living room, listening to way too much TV and sketching, inking and painting. I love what I do, but it is a solitary job most of the time. So I enjoy getting out of the house to attend conventions, to meet folks and other artists. I'm very friendly and don't bite. So feel free to drop

Collectible card games:

- Shadowfist
- Legend of the Five Rings
- Legend of the Burning Sands
- Quest for the Grail
- DragonStorm
- Galactic Empires
- Gridiron
- Wyrme Wars
- Wheel of Time
- Seventh Sea

Other Role-Playing Games:

- Interior black-and-white illustrations for "Glorantha" (Intro to "The Hero Wars"), published by Issaries Inc.
- Interior black-and-white illustrations for "Hero Wars" (box set), published by Issaries Inc.
- Color cover and interior black-and-white illustrations for "Anaxial's Roster," published by Issaries Inc.
- Wrap around cover and interior black-and-white illustrations for "Altered Images: A Riddle Room Adventure," published by Cloud Kingdom Games.
- Cover for "Heart of Stone: Realms of the Sun, Book 2," an Everway adventure published by Rubicon Games.
- Interior black-and-white illustrations for "In Nomine: The Marches," "In Nomine: Heaven and Hell," "In Nomine: Angelic Player's Guide," and "In Nomine: Demonic Player's Guide," all published by Steve Jackson Games.



©Heather Bruton



Guest of Honor: Lisanne Norman



write something else, I decided.

By the time I was twenty-one, I'd nearly completed my first trilogy – a Lost World clone, nothing special. Then Real Life kicked in. I'd left school at seventeen to attend the Glasgow School of Art and follow in the family tradition. But my art talent was small, not enough to sustain my wish for a career in jewelry designing. I persevered for two years then finally gave up and began a teaching course. Writing took a back seat until I graduated.

For the next six years and one husband, I struggled along as a teacher by day and a writer by evenings until I discovered the freedom of science fiction conventions and the re-enactment world. Moving to Norfolk, England, I married husband number two and continued learning all I could about sword fighting, making ring mail and swords, archery and quarter staff fighting. My writing had begun again and I'd at last realized that I could paint – but with words on the mind's eye, rather than on canvas. I've been a member of The Vikings, a national re-enactment group now since 1978 and for sixteen of them I was very active as a skirmisher on the battlefield using either my double-handed steel sword, my small Dane Axe (nicknamed Snack-Attack), or as an archer. I even ran my own specialist archery display team for English Heritage put-



Born in Glasgow, Scotland, on the 15th February, I was intended to be a Valentine's Day present for my father but even that early I had other ideas and arrived a day late. Because of a hip defect (and an undiagnosed spinal problem), I was four before I was allowed to walk. When they finally set me on my feet for the first time, I hit the ground running and haven't stopped yet – one way or another. Despite the spinal problem finally surfacing a few years ago and landing me in a wheelchair when outside my home, I have no intention of slowing down; believe me!

"Strong-willed, independent, a whirlwind, a dreamer, she lives in another world." These adjectives followed me around from my earliest days. They were partly right: I had grander plans than a world, though, I was already creating the universe of the Sholan Alliance, where magic, warriors, and science co-exist.

I began writing when I was eight because I couldn't find enough of the books I liked to read. 'How difficult can it be to write them myself,' I thought with the confidence of a child. After all, the libraries were full of them. It must be easy.

Hmm. Well, by sixteen, I had to abandon my novel about Martians visiting Earth and forming a rock band because America had just landed on the moon. Life on Mars was unlikely, and any planet in the solar system was now within reach. The Final Frontier had just gotten closer. Better to go further out into space and



ting on displays of 1st century Celtic archery with Corridors of Time's XIVth Gemini Roman Legion. Why Snack-Attack? Well, I am only five foot three inches tall and then weighed ninety-eight pounds so I couldn't use a full bite-sized Dane axe.

During this time my writing slowed down again while I had my son. Luckily, thanks to the constant nagging of two very good friends, one of whom is the sister of my editor, when he was two years old, I finished a novel I'd started back in 1978. It was called *Turning Point*. My friend Marsha took it to America that Christmas of 1987 to give to her sister. DAW bought it in December 1992 and it has to rate as one of the best Christmas presents, ever. The rest, as they say, is history.

My first novel, *Turning Point*, begun way back in 1978, was about feline telepathic aliens called Sholans who met up with humanity on Earth's first colony world which had been overrun by the reptilian Valtegans bent on the domination or eradication of any other species they met. This book became the first of the six books that now form *The Sholan Alliance Series*. The seventh book is due out early in 2003.

One thing teachers have in plenty is a tremendous curiosity and the ability to pick up odd facts and information like a magnet picks up iron filings. I'm no different. Obviously writing about large intelligent feline-like aliens means that I have an interest in big cats. I was lucky to be put in touch by internet friends with the anthropomorphic community in America in my need to learn more about the reality of large cats like tigers and panthers. Through them I have not only learned a great deal, but have made lasting friendships and been invited to several anthro conventions in America, the first being Confurence in 1999 where I met many of those friends for the first time.

In 2000, I was invited by European anthro fandom to Eurofurence V as a guest at their convention just outside of Berlin. The end of the convention included a visit to the Leuzinger's Tiger Rescue Ranch - which is where I met Elfi and Eric and their tigers. I instantly fell in love with their oldest one, Tagil. Eric unbelievably introduced me to Tagil and I was allowed to pet him, an honor reserved for few, believe me. Coming that close to a feline as large as Tagil, who was large for his breed, gave me a whole new perspective on my work. Tagil is sadly no more, but last year at Eurofurence VII, I met and was introduced briefly by Elfi to their tiger Turan at the ranch. Again, lasting friendships have been formed with the wonderful people I met there.

My active battle days may be over, but I have traveled more than ever I did before I lost some of my mobility. Not just that, through my books, my world has opened out in a way I never imagined it could. Now when I dream my dreams of magic and warriors and alien worlds, it is peopled by the many new friends I have made so far, both human and animal ones. And my Viking friends say they are drafting plans to turn my electric wheelchair into a battlewagon, complete with scythes on the wheels and a stand to hold my quiver of arrows! With a top speed of four miles an hour, I'll be the fastest warrior on the field!

•••

A retired teacher, Lianne Norman is a Scottish Science Fiction and Fantasy writer who says she "currently lives in a menagerie called Dragoncraft, owned by two cats, a very furry Bearded Collie cross, and a seventeen year old son."



She firmly believes that Science Fiction is the only fiction that stretches the imagination and makes the reader and the writer more able to face the rapidly changing world we now live in. A member of British Science Fiction Fandom since 1977, she has been regularly involved in setting up panels or workshops on writing for conventions and was even Co-Chairman for the major Easter convention, Eastcon 90, in 1990.

Her first book was published by DAW in 1993. *Turning Point* became the first in the *Sholan Alliance Series*. It was followed by:

- *Fortune's Wheel* in 1994
- *Fire Margins* in 1996
- *Razor's Edge* in 1997
- *Dark Nadir* in 1999
- *Stronghold Rising* in 2000

In early 2003, *Between Darkness and Light*, volume seven in the series is due out.

She also has the following short Fantasy and Science Fiction stories in DAW Anthologies:

- *The Jewel and The Demon*, in *Battle Magic*, by Martin Greenberg and Larry Segriff.
- *The Wild Hunt*, in *Merlin*, by Martin Greenberg.
- *To Catch a Thief*, in *Spell Fantastic*, by Martin Greenberg & Larry Segriff.
- *Warrior in the Mist*, in *Historical Hauntings*, by Jean Rabe and Martin Greenberg.
- *Paintbox*, in *The Mutant Files*, by Martin Greenberg and John Helfers.
- *Return to Shola*, in 30th Anniversary DAW Science Fiction Anthology by Elizabeth Wollheim and Sheila Gilbert.



Special Guests...

Herbie Hamill

Herbie Hamill, as he is known to his fans, was born at a very young age in East Providence, Rhode Island. He has been a costumed performer since the age of fifteen when he landed his first job at Chuck E. Cheese. He spent his youth as a disc jockey and talk show host on local radio stations, and then at twenty-one moved to Florida to study at the Ringling School of Art and Design, where he worked with comic strip artist Mike Peters on *Mother Goose and Grimm*.

After graduation he was offered an internship at Disney Studios in Orlando, a position that soon grew into a full-time career. His credits as a character animation artist include *The Lion King*, *Pocahontas*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *Mulan*, *Tarzan*, *John Henry* and *The Emperor's New Groove*.

When not busy bringing our favorite animated characters to life, Herbie volunteers his talents as a puppeteer, artist, and costumed performer at *Give Kids the World*, a remarkable vacation resort for terminally ill children. He is perhaps best known among our fandom as the lovable 'Mutt' from the *Funday Pawpet Show*.

Mme. Josette DeCarlo

Believe it or not, most of us have known Madame Josette DeCarlo for many years without realizing it. Josie was born in France and moved to Belgium at the age of twelve. During World War II she met a shy and handsome American serviceman with whom she fell in love, and married in 1946. In the early 1960's Dan took a job with Archie Comics, a position which he held for the next forty years. Assigned to create something new and exciting to appeal to the teenage set, Dan turned for inspiration to his beautiful wife, and *Josie and the Pussycats* was born.

Josie and Dan were inseparable and were often seen together at conventions, including Anthrocon 2001, where they appeared as guests of honor and captured the hearts of the membership. Dan passed away suddenly a few months afterward. Many of Anthrocon's members sent words of condolence and expressed their desire to see Josie again. We are therefore both pleased and honored that she will be joining us once again to help us remember a man who was a true pioneer in the field of comic book illustration.



Charity Auction: *Canine Partners for 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 Canine Partners For Life, an organization located in Chester County, PA. The following explains Canine Partners For Life's operations as detailed by their representative, Dave Monzo:

"Canine Partners For Life is a non-profit organization located in Chester County, Pennsylvania, dedicated to raising and training service dogs and then placing them with people with physical disabilities and seizure disorders.

Our mission, as a non-profit organization, is to increase the independence and the quality of life of individuals with mobility impairments and seizure disorders, by providing professionally trained service dogs, and support services.

Our goal is to establish a lifetime bond between recipient and canine in a manner that promotes the welfare of the recipient, the canine, and the general public."

You can reach Canine Partners For Life by phone at 610-869-4902, e-mail at info@k94life.org, or visit their homepage at <http://www.k94life.org/>.

Canine Partners For Life representatives will be on hand during the Charity Auction to receive the bidders' payments so that it does not pass through the hands of any Anthrocon staffmember. Canine Partners For Life representatives will also be in the Dealer's Room where you can receive further information on their organi-

zation and speak with them outside the Charity Auction.

The Anthrocon Charity Auction will be supporting this beneficial charity by selling to the highest bidder items donated by 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 Charity Auction raised over \$7,200 for the Reins of Life program. The total was one of the largest raised from a Charity Auction for charity at an anthropomorphic-themed convention and the largest for Anthrocon itself. Since 1997, Anthrocon has raised over \$20,000 for various charities, including Therapy Dogs, Whiskers, the Great Valley Nature Center, and the National Greyhound Adoption Program.

Before the Charity Auction, items that have already been donated will be on display in the Art Show. The Charity Auction itself will begin on

Saturday afternoon (please consult your program/schedule) in the Grand Ballroom and will run for approximately three hours. Donated items and services will be offered in the Charity 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 Charity Auction to be sold, see the Charity Auction Director, Brian Harris, before the event.

Please help us support our friends at Canine Partners For Life by joining us for the 2002 Anthrocon Charity Auction on Saturday afternoon.



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Inventions

Lisanne Norman

The discussion in the Den was getting out of hand – and there was nothing I could do about it: herding cats – or Sholans – is *not* one of my skills, even though I am very feline myself. Sighing, I got to my feet, and leaving the raised voices behind me, headed over to the hot plate to refill my coffee mug.

All I'd asked them to do was help me to come up with an invention I could write a story about for Anthrocon. All they could do was argue with each other! I was beginning to regret mentioning it to them at all.

A huff of warm breath on my ear made me jump just as I heard Kaid's mental chuckle and swung round to face him.

"Careful," he said, reaching out to steady my mug as the coffee slopped alarmingly close to the rim.

"I wish you wouldn't creep up on me like that," I said, irritated.

He grinned, a Human grin, showing his canines. "You should be used to it by now," he murmured, letting my mug go and stepping past me to refill his own from the jug of c'shar.

"I suppose you find all this very amusing," I said, indicating with my hand the enthusiastic discussion I'd left.

He grinned again, the smile lighting up his brown eyes. "Just a little."

"I notice you've said nothing," I grumbled as I snagged the spoon before he could and added sweetener and creamer to my drink.

He glanced at the group round the coffee table. "Seems to me they're saying more than enough already."

"Yeah, but it's what they're saying – it isn't of much use to me." I handed him the spoon, aware of the mute appeal I was making.

He sighed. *Must I?* he sent mentally.

Please.

With another sigh, he herded me back to the sofa where I'd been sitting with Kusac, taking the opposite end from him.

Kusac broke off his heated discussion with T'Chebbi to glance at him. "You decided to join us?" he asked with a smile. "I could do with some support."

Kitra snorted. "You're only saying that 'cos your arguments won't hold water against us!"

"I'm not taking sides," Kaid said, pulling his legs up into the slight depression and settling himself comfortably against the sofa arm. "I've been enjoying just listening to you arguing yourselves into corners."

Kusac's ears flicked outward briefly at his sister's comment. "I might have a chance if Dzaka didn't agree with everything you said!"

"That's unfair," Dzaka objected, glancing at his mate. "I've been saying very little."

"That's his point," murmured T'Chebbi, reaching for a handful of the savory dried fruit snacks in a bowl on the table.

"At least I haven't isolated myself by sitting at the other side of the room!" said Dzaka, giving his father a look.

Kaid shrugged his ears. "You know me," he said, taking a sip of his drink. "I listen to what everyone else has to say first."

He grinned. "That way they can let off steam, and get the impractical ideas out of their systems. You're all going about it the wrong way, that's why you can't reach a decision on anything."

"So what do you suggest?" Kusac asked, turning round to look at him.

"Instead of trying to come up with an idea for an invention out of nowhere, why not look at some of the ideas we've already come up with, ones we know have worked?"

"Go on," I said, intrigued.

"I'd like to know how you managed to kill off the dissidents on the *Khalossa*," said Kusac before Kaid could say anything. "You've always refused to tell me."

Kaid glanced over at his son. "Dzaka had a hand in helping me with some of those," he murmured. "Why don't you explain them?"

"There was the female in Maintenance," said Dzaka, thinking back to their early days on the Sholan Flag ship. "All their deaths had to look like accidents because we were working undercover then, and Carrie had already been shot by one of the dissidents trying to kill another."

"Why did they have to be killed?" asked Kitra. "Surely you could just have arrested them?"

Kaid stirred, wrapping his tail round his legs before answering her. "Commander Raguul knew who I was and the nature of my mission. Immediately after Carrie was shot, he ordered me to bring the matter to a swift conclusion, so I did. I felt the threat they posed needed to be totally eliminated, not marched to the brig."

"You never actually told me how you did it, Father," said Dzaka, "but given the circumstances, I have a pretty shrewd idea. You created a failure in the liquid oxygen lines in the main landing bay which necessitated it being evacuated and depressurized so she could inspect the damage."

"How could you be sure she'd be the one to fix it?" interrupted Kitra.

"Timing," Dzaka replied for him. "It happened on her shift. She was a by-the-book mechanic, so he could predict accurately the procedure she'd follow – and tailored the 'accident' to happen when she was in her suit in a vacuum." He glanced over at Kaid. "There was an explosion, and the front of her suit was destroyed, killing her instantly, yes?"

Kaid nodded, taking another sip of his c'shar before resting the mug on the arm of the sofa.

"Then the most likely way to do it without trace would be to use frozen projectiles, like daggers of ice, triggered by a small charge when she touched the fractured pipe. The ice would be propelled into her chest, puncturing her suit and killing her instantly – if they didn't, then the suit breach would."

"And by the time they'd fixed the pipe and put air back into the bay, the ice embedded in her chest would have melted without trace," said Kusac thoughtfully.

Kaid nodded. "The small explosion would have caused secondary damage to her suit and chest. That rendered the initial two punctures untraceable."

"Clever," said Kusac, curling himself up on the sofa. "Simple and effective."

Kaid shrugged. "It's an old trick," he said. "I can't take any credit for inventing it, only for implementing it."



"What about the explosion in the shuttle bay?"

"Easy," said T'Chebbi. "Set it to look like a spark ignited fuel in the engine, then trigger detonation remotely when they were deep under the hood of the vehicle."

"Routine, nothing special about that," Kaid murmured.

"Let's leave talk of killings alone," said Kitra with a shudder. "What about when you needed to scan the inside of that hill where the monastery ruins are? How did you manage that without attracting attention to yourselves?"

"That," I muttered, "was a nightmare! I had so many folk making what they considered good suggestions – ones that were actually totally impractical, given we were trying to scan the inside of the hill for possible archeological remains."

Kusac looked puzzled. "But we adapted and used the medical ultrasound scanner. What else could we have used?"

"You have no idea," I said, sipping my coffee. "One suggestion involved planting dozens of small charges around the hillside then simultaneously detonating them and taking seismic readings to give us an image of the center of the hill."

Kaid smiled. "Very low-key," he said. "Where were we, a farming community, to get the requisite explosives and detonators without drawing attention to ourselves?"

"The noise would have carried all the way to Valsgath town!" said Dzaka, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Wouldn't blowing up the hillside have destroyed the ruins?" asked Kitra.

"We wouldn't have used quite enough to do that, but it would certainly have sent shock waves down into the hill and risked damaging the integrity of the tunnels below," I agreed. "Another idea was to station people at regular intervals with long steel poles sunk into the hillside, and have them hit them hard with a hammer to produce sound waves deep in the ground. Again we were to use a seismic detector to chart the effects."

"And no one would notice about thirty of us all banging these poles into the ground?" asked Kusac, glancing at me with a slightly bemused look on his face. "The two things we were trying to achieve – to be unnoticed, and not to damage anything – and both those suggestions would do at least one of them!"

"Tell me about it. The folk who suggested them were most peeved when I pointed that out. Luckily I had an answer for them. I contacted an archeologist friend and asked her how the Museum she worked for would tackle the problem." I grinned at the small group. "She said they'd use an ultrasound scanner like they'd used on her last dig. That had been my idea from the start because of the one Vanna had in the medical unit. All we needed to do was adapt it a little. After all, an eccentric person like Jack ambling along the hillside with a contraption about the size of a lawn mower, claim-

ing he was looking for hidden metal wasn't going to attract anywhere near the attention that thirty folk with hammers and steel poles, or dozens of explosions would have done!"

"Not just that, we got an excellent map of the ruins," agreed Kusac.

"The Humans call it KISS – Keep It Simple, Stupid!" said Kaid with a smile. "Elaborate solutions rarely work, and only create more opportunities for something to go wrong. The simple solutions always have the best chance of success."

"Have you had to come up with any other inventions?" asked Kitra, accepting a handful of dried fruit from the bowl that Dzaka was holding out to her.

"A few," I admitted, taking some too when he offered it to me. "Every time you lot get onto a space ship, I have to design it from scratch, one deck at a time as if I was a naval architect actually designing it for real."

"Impressive, but not really inventions," said T'Chebbi.

"What about the terror weapon that wiped out two of our colony worlds?" reminded Kaid. "You got yourself into a real corner with that one, if I remember right."

"Yeah, I did. Made a couple of mistakes that even got past the copy editors," I chuckled. "I started off saying the terror weapon had only killed all larger life-forms and damaged the cities, then some time later, I said it had killed off all life, even down to microscopic bacteria, but left the buildings intact – apart from damage caused by vehicle crashes and fires after everyone died. Thing was, at the time, I had no idea what the weapon was! I try never to mention anything in detail until I have to. Since at the time you were unable to find out what had caused the destruction, I didn't need to mention the weapon till much later."

"So how did you solve that one?"

"Well," I said, leaning against Kusac, "I tend to think something like that out just before I need to use it so I have enough time to go and talk to my various scientist friends and get some hard facts. This particular time, however, I had to drive 250 miles to a city called Birmingham to pick something up from a friend there, then turn round and drive home again the same day. I took my friend Helen with me and during the journey, we threw ideas around until we came up with something that fitted in with what I'd already written."

"The matter compiler," said Kaid.

"That's the one," I nodded, glancing at him. "We started speculating along the lines of what if it wasn't a weapon at all, but was something from an unknown and very advanced species that had fallen by accident into the hands of the Valtegens. Not knowing what it was or how to use it, because they were a warrior spe-



cies, they had assumed it was a weapon and used it as such. Since we needed it to kill all living matter without leaving a trace, it had to operate on a molecular or smaller level. Leaving aside the obvious weapons like explosives, gas and poisons because they'd leave some kind of a trace that suggested to us a device that transformed matter. From there it was a small step to deciding it was a terra-former."

"Whose, though?" asked Kusac, resting his chin companionably against my shoulder. "None of the Alliance species has the technology capable of terra-forming planets."

Inwardly, I groaned as I caught Kaid's eye. He'd very cleverly set me up to give him the answers he wanted. "I'm going to have to make you forget I've told you this," I said. "This is top secret information that the Alliance hasn't gotten hold of yet."

Something flicked gently against my leg – Kaid's tail. "And how do you reckon you're going to do that?" he asked with a faint grin.

"Easy," I smiled back at him. "After this conversation's over, it won't be mentioned again in your hearing – until the right time."

"That's cheating," objected Kitra, ears flicking in faint annoyance.

I glanced over at the young female. "Kitling, considering how many times you guys have gone off and done your own thing, leaving me to catch up to you as best I can, I think I'm entitled to pull the odd fast one on you!" I retorted.

"The matter compiler," reminded Kaid gently, drawing my attention back to him by flicking his tail against my leg more insistently.

"Right," I said, collecting my thoughts again. "Helen and I decided that the terra-former was on a ship that had been lost in hyperspace hundreds of years before by one of the elder species in your area of space – a species you'd only just encountered. The ones most suitable were the Cabbarans or the TeLaxaudin, two new species I'd just introduced to the Alliance. How it worked was the next thing we had to decide, and nanotechnology was a pretty obvious solution which fitted in with other plot lines I was exploring."

I tried not to glance back at Kusac as I said that. Even though they would all forget this conversation, I didn't want him getting an inkling of what Annuur and Kzizysus had done to him before he was due to discover that.

"Nano-technology?" asked Kaid.

"You'll find out later," I said hurriedly. "We decided the device had to be in two main parts, one which was more mobile than the other because although you don't know it yet, your people have seen it in action against another planet of Valtegens. Plus I wanted to leave the way open for a possible covert action on the Valtegan world of M'zull so some of you could go and destroy the second part."

"Sounds like your usual idea of fun," said T'Chebbi dryly.

"Go visit a world of feline-phobic reptiles who go psychotic when they see us!"

"I only said it was an idea, not that I was going to do it," I said, glancing across at the diminutive Sister. "The device works by using the base part of the unit to program the nanites to do a specific job. Normally this would be to transform the rocks on a dead planet into an atmosphere and water, and a top soil capable of supporting life. In the Valtegens case, they found out how to program them to destroy life. On your two colony worlds, they killed every living organism then after grouping together in prearranged locations, they transformed themselves into the dust of those worlds. That explained why there was no trace of them when you arrived to investigate the tragedies."

"Why make it something innocent that had been misused as a weapon?" Kusac asked.

"I don't like to be too obvious, and a weapon was the obvious answer. A terra-forming device used as a weapon is so unlikely that none of you would second-guess me," I chuckled. "It also gave Helen and I the opportunity to develop another wrinkle for the Alliance – that's when the Camarilla council idea really came to life. I'd been trying to come up with some kind of elder

race behind the scenes pulling a few strings, but couldn't. Believe me, Helen and I worked very hard to connect the terror weapon and the two new species. As I said, originally it was going to belong to an unknown elder species, but both of us decided it was too much of a cliché to use. Once we'd thrashed out the idea during that 500 mile trip, I went to one of my German anthropomorphic friends who is a physicist and we hashed out the idea from the standpoint of real science. I was really pleased when it passed muster with only a few changes."

"How did the Valtegens use

this matter compiler?" asked Kaid.

"That was slightly easier in one way. I'd already had to describe what J'koshuk knew about the weapon to the Primes. His description was that several individual units were dispersed among the Valtegan fleet and then they encircled each Sholan world. On the main ship, the device was turned on and from that point on, he didn't know what happened. Helen and I figured out that the second mobile part of the compiler was the part that stored the nanites that the base unit constructed and programmed. It was capable of being broken down into several component parts to make terra-forming a whole world a quicker task. They were the individual nanite delivery units given to the Valtegan ships, but controlled by the remaining central core of the compiler on the main ship. Basically, they each fitted a unit to the underside of their ships, and when the units received a signal from the compiler, the nanites became active and the unit dropped them into the upper atmosphere of the planet. The ones I used recently managed to rather spectacularly destroy a Valtegan fleet before falling to the planet's surface."

"Very neat," murmured Kaid, giving me a thoughtful look.



"I'd like a look at this matter compiler sometime." He glanced from Kusac over to Dzaka and T'Chebbi. "Maybe a covert operation to M'zull would be worth the risks after all."

I laughed and shook my head. "No, you don't get to work on me like that, Kaid. Trust me, it won't be you who decides to go to M'zull if I do send any of you. Believe me, Helen and I didn't spend over four hours hard work brainstorming this just for you to make off with advanced technology," I said, aware that Kaid's fertile mind was also trying to work out some way of making sure he remembered what I was telling them.

"Devious touch, having a terra-former destroying life," said T'Chebbi with an evil grin.

I grinned back at her. "I thought so."

Kusac nudged me gently in the ribs. "Any other ideas you've come up with lately?"

"One or two," I admitted. "I visited the TeLaxaudin home world where the main Camarilla meeting place is and had fun describing how the TeLaxaudin and the Cabbarans manage to live there together as they have two very different lifestyles. The Cabbarans are nature loving vegetarians with kind of psychic skill at working with the land. The TeLaxaudin rely far more on technology. Inventing how they create Unity was a bit of a challenge. Unity is a kind of mental and technological network that the Camarilla use to communicate with each other on their world. A mental internet, if you like. It's actually a lot more than that, but I'm not giving away anything more to you," I smiled apologetically. "I took a page out of Arthur C. Clarke and made what they do seem akin to magic because it is so advanced compared to what

you have in the Alliance."

"Tell us more about them," said Kaid as I glanced at my wrist watch.

"I can't," I said regretfully, finishing off my coffee and putting the mug on the table before getting to my feet. "I have to leave now, it's getting late."

"Must you go?" asked Kusac, uncurling himself from the sofa. "You hardly seem to have been here for any length of time. It's been a while since you last visited."

"Fraid so. I need to sleep too, you know."

"We'll see you out," said Kaid, getting up as the others said their goodbyes.

We stopped at the front door.

"Come back soon," said Kusac, wrapping his arms around me in a hug. "We miss you." His tongue flicked gently across my cheek as I returned the gesture.

"I'll be back tomorrow," I promised as he let me go.

Kaid leaned toward me, touching his cheek to mine, his tongue just grazing the edge of my ear. "I will remember, you know," he whispered.

"I'm afraid you won't," I said equally quietly as gradually the hallway began to fade around me and my desk and computer screen began to emerge from my imagination and take on their own reality.

Back in my own world again, I sighed and rested my chin on my hand, looking at the monitor. I hated leaving my friends on Shola, but at least I knew I would return the next day.



ANIMAL SCIENCE!

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Not Just Kites & Keys

Digit

"If you would not be forgotten, as soon as you are dead & rotten, either write things worth reading, or do things worth the writing."

-Benjamin Franklin

Most of us have grade school memories of Benjamin Franklin that either involve his contributions to the founding of the United States, or his experiments with a kite in a lightning storm. While his discoveries surrounding the nature of electricity were extremely important (and are in fact the basis upon which most modern electrical technology is founded), there are many other inventions that he contributed to the world.

It's important to put his innovations in context of his times. Franklin was born in 1706, a time when books were very expensive, fires were a constant threat, and medical science had a very poor understanding of how diseases developed and spread. The impact of Franklin's inventions on the well-being of every citizen was tremendous; and many are still used today in our everyday activities.

Franklin's roots were in publishing, and rarely in his life was he without a printing press of some sort. Among his many media endeavors was a newspaper called the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. While he had that newspaper business, he was also Philadelphia's first Postmaster General. To improve postal efficiency he invented the odometer as a way of tracking the distances traveled to deliver mail to people's homes. He was also the first to deliver newspapers through the mail.

Franklin did a good deal of writing himself, authoring and publishing a number of political pamphlets and philosophical essays. Franklin was also one of the first to include cartoons to illustrate news stories, so that even those who could not read could follow current events to an extent. Franklin also published *Poor Richard's Almanack*, a comprehensive reference guide covering everything from schedules for the tides and phases of the moon to weather predictions, humorous anecdotes and witty sayings; although he stopped writing it in 1757, current versions can still be purchased at any bookstore. His autobiography was not published until after his death, but is considered one of the best written in its time.

Franklin founded America's first circulating library, allowing its patrons to borrow materials. This may seem trivial today, but at the time books were expensive and rare, so few people could afford to buy them for themselves. Making a collection of literature available to people not only for study in the library, but with books that they could take home and read at leisure, was a great boon to literacy and education for people who were not wealthy. The library had, along with its extensive (for that time) collection of literature, a collection of fossils, preserved animals, and other items of scientific interest. With such a vast array of materials to manage, it's no surprise that Franklin's innovation was sparked to simplify things. He created a type of chair that could be folded over to do double-duty as a stepladder. To reach those books that were still out of reach even with the stepladder, he created a special "long arm" device, which was essentially a stick with a movable grasping claw on the end; this is invaluable today to many

mobility-impaired people. He also invented a "writing chair," which was a chair with a small flat armrest that could be used as a surface for writing—many schools still use this kind of desk.

Everywhere he looked, Franklin found ways to improve or simplify everyday tasks and living. The rocking chair was his creation. Franklin was the first to propose the idea of Daylight Savings Time, to allow people to have more time in daylight to get their work done. Franklin eventually needed to have his eyesight corrected, and even here found room for improvement. Frustrated with having to adjust his glasses to see both a book in front of himself and a person standing at a distance, he created bifocals—glasses that combined two levels of correction into one set of lenses. He created a type of candle that used whale oil instead of the traditional animal fat used then in candles, which lasted much longer and was more energy efficient. And, they say that laziness is the mother of invention: he devised a system of pulleys that allowed him to open a door from the comfort of his bed.

Franklin made many voyages overseas from the colonies to England and France. During these very long voyages (eight in all) he found ways to improve travel across the Atlantic Ocean. Franklin invented the first watertight bulkheads for ships, as well as a new kind of ship's anchor. Franklin was also the first person to really study, chart and publish the Gulf Stream currents and their effects on ships making the long voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. Along with his shipboard adventures, Franklin was an avid swimmer, regarded by many to be the one of the best swimmers of his day. His creativity took hold in this area of interest as well, producing the first swim fins.

Not all of his inventions were used for practical purposes. He had a great love of music, and invented the glass harmonica (also called an "armonica"), which is a musical instrument inspired by the phenomenon of the sound that can be produced by running a finger around the brim of a wine glass. Franklin was intrigued by the idea of turning a set of glasses, each filled to a different height with water, into a musical instrument. Finally, he created a set of glass cups, each of the right size and shape to produce the desired musical tones without having to fill them with water. Mozart and Beethoven both wrote music for the instrument, attracted by its beautiful, eerie tones.

Franklin was passionate about fire prevention, as it was a major problem in the colonies in his day. Only the wealthy could afford brick or stone homes, and even these had wood interiors and often, wood-shingled roofs. All homes used fire for cooking and heating, and oil or candle flames for light. He founded the first volunteer fire company in the colonies, the Union Fire Company, in 1736. He also circulated pamphlets to educate people on what could be done to prevent fires in their homes. Franklin later started the first fire insurance company in the colonies, which was the first insurance company of any kind in America. He improved the design for streetlights by using panes of glass on the sides—prior to this invention, streetlamps were typically open on the sides, a very real fire hazard. Adding smaller ventilation holes on the top and bottom of the lamps in place of the open sides made for a much safer design.

And of course his famous invention of the lightning rod, stemming from his research in electricity, is still saving an untold number of buildings that would otherwise be struck and burnt down.



The importance of the lightning rod is easy to underestimate, but in Franklin's time destruction of tall buildings (especially churches) was a serious problem. The lightning rod was quickly adapted not only in America but all across Europe, to the point of becoming a fashion craze. Some ladies in Paris had umbrellas fitted with miniature lightning rods, for travel in thunderstorms.

His most important contribution to fire prevention, however, was a new kind of stove called a Franklin Stove (often referred to as a "Pennsylvania Fireplace.") The Franklin Stove was a vast improvement over the traditional fireplace. It was an iron stove that could sit in the middle of a room, radiating heat in all directions instead of just the open side of a fireplace. The metal of the stove stored the heat rather than losing it into the stone of walls; a pot set atop the stove could stay warm for hours after the fire was put out. The stove was safer in terms of preventing accidental fires and more fuel efficient as well. Franklin never made any money from his design, content instead with the fact that his invention was making peoples' lives safer.

Franklin is credited with being the first to say, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." His interest in biology and health issues led him to help in the formation of the first hospital in the colonies. This hospital worked under a belief that Franklin held, contrary to accepted science at the time, that fresh air was conducive to health. This eventually led to an understanding that illnesses could spread by breathing in what a diseased person had breathed out. When the sick were no longer kept in tightly sealed wards, fresh air was able to circulate and diseases that would otherwise be spread among all of the patients were avoided. Franklin also invented a new kind of flexible catheter to help his sick brother John who was suffering from a kidney stone. He based it on existing designs of the day, but it was the first of its kind in America.

By the time of his death in 1790, Franklin had made his mark upon the world and will forever be remembered as a great inventor, philosopher, statesman and scientist. Franklin dedicated his life to bettering life for his fellow citizens in every way he could, something we can all work to duplicate. In particular he stands as a model for aspiring inventors everywhere. He spent his life inventing things that made life safer for everyone, provided ways to perform everyday tasks more efficiently, and generally improved the standard of living for the time. He is quoted as once saying, "Doing nothing for others is the undoing of ourselves"—a statement that he certainly embodied in his own life.

For More Information

Philadelphia was Ben Franklin's home town, and much of the history of the city is intertwined with his life. Of particular interest are the Franklin Institute (open from 9:30am-5pm every day. Tickets for the museum are \$12.00 - see the website for more details: <http://www.fi.edu/>) and Franklin Court (part of the Independence National Historic Site), which includes the location where Franklin's house once stood, the Underground Museum which houses some of Franklin's inventions, and a film presentation about his life. See the Park Service's website at:

http://parec.com/natnl_parks/indenapk.htm or

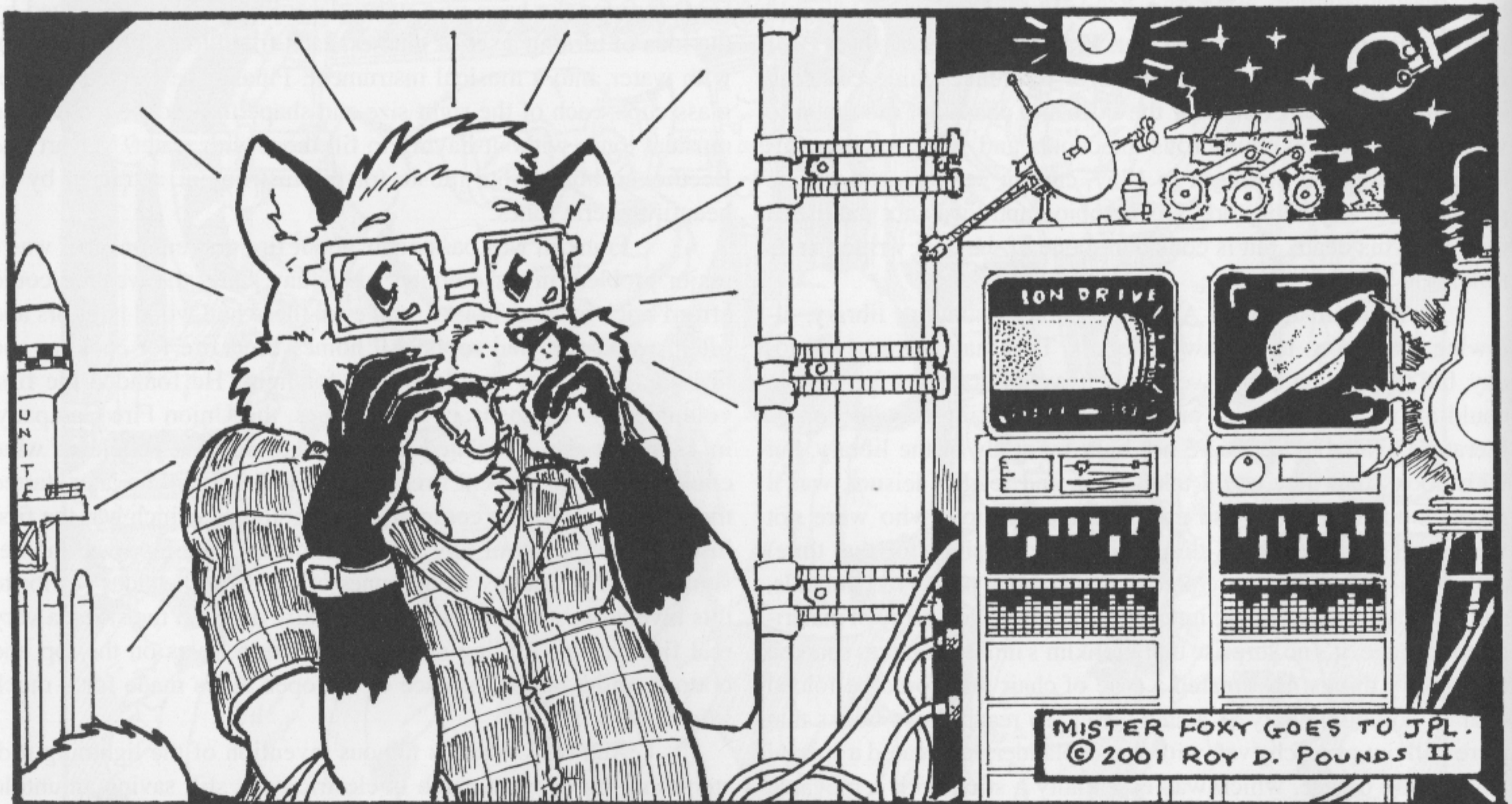
<http://www.fieldtrip.com/pa/55978974.htm>

For those who are interested, Franklin's autobiography is available online:

<http://earlyamerica.com/lives/franklin/index.html>

And to hear a 1998 performance of "Adagio in C for Glass Armonica" by Mozart:

<http://www.glassarmonica.com/gallery/adagioa.mp3>



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Oh, Won't You Come Over?

Michael H. Payne

"It's very simple," Karen explained. "I throw you into the air, spin around three times, then catch you. Any questions?"

The ball didn't say anything, and Karen gave it a kiss. Sure, she loved her Toys, the little creatures and robots and spongy things that Mommy and Daddy made for her and filled the nursery with. But, well, all the talking and singing and dancing they did, it sometimes just plain wore Karen out.

So she would give them something really hard to do—make an opera, or redo the big mosaic on the nursery wall—and sneak outside with her ball. The Toys would notice sooner or later and come find her, but she could get some quiet playtime in before that.

She took her stance at the top of the hill, the house barely visible through the hedges, and threw the ball straight up. Spinning three times, she grabbed for it...and it wasn't there, was just brushing past her fingers, dropping, hitting the side of her foot, bouncing off down the hillside toward the forest.

"Ball! What're you doing?" Blowing out a breath the way Mommy did sometimes, she chased after it with a smile. That was another thing about Mommy and Daddy's Toys: When she played with them, everything always happened exactly the way it was supposed to. Her favorite part of playing was when things went differently.

Through the grass she ran laughing, the ball rolling ahead of her, the branches of Mommy's special trees moving out of her way. "I mean it, ball!" She dodged into a tangle of vines. "You shouldn't—!"

And the vines didn't pull away, poking her instead, catching her dress, making her flinch and trip and fall right over onto her face with a loud, "Ow!"

That wasn't right. Karen sat up rubbing her nose, looked back...

And saw a big dog man standing beside the tree, taller than Daddy and wider, his clothes and backpack frayed, his fur brownish-red and dingy, scars all over his muzzle, his eyes dark and narrow. "Well, well, well," he said, his voice rumbly. "What have we here?"

Karen stood, brushed herself off, and tried not to look as scared as she felt. Some dog men *had* to be scary, Daddy had told her, so they could be guards.

But this dog man was a lot scruffier than the sleek Dobermans Mommy and Daddy had made the guards from. And she was sure she hadn't seen him before.

Still, the Manners Bear in the nursery always said it was best to be polite, so Karen smiled up at the dog man and said, "Excuse me, sir, but have you seen my ball? It bounced this way, I think."

The dog man's eyes got even narrower. "Your ball?"

"Yes, sir." She looked at the ground, then looked back up

at him. "You won't tell Mommy or Daddy I was playing with it, will you?"

"Me?" He gave a little cough of a laugh. "I won't tell them a thing."

"Oh, good." She liked him better already. "Mommy sighs a lot and Daddy gets real quiet when they see I'm not using my actual Toys, but, well..." She shrugged and looked back up at him. "A regular ball can be a lot of fun sometimes."

The dog man's muzzle twitched, and something about him changed, his shoulders relaxing, his eyes not so tight anymore. "I never thought," he said quietly, "that I'd hear the daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Clavel say something like that."

Karen blinked at the dog man. "You know Mommy and Daddy?"

"Oh, yes." A little bit of the tightness came back into his eyes. "But I doubt if they'd admit to knowing me."

That didn't make much sense to Karen. Unless... "Maybe it's just been so long that they've forgotten you. That happens to me sometimes."

"No, they remember me, all right." He reached out a big paw and stroked Mommy's vine, the one that wasn't working. "They designed these guard plants to keep me out."

"Really?" She walked over, looked at the plant, then looked up at the dog man. "They're not doing a very good job, then, are they?"

Another rumbly laugh, and the dog man shook his head and sighed. "I'm not doing too good a job, either." Slung off his pack, he sat against it, his elbows on his knees. "Actually, Karen, I came here to kidnap you."

"Me?" Karen did some more blinking at him. "Why?"

"Your mother and father." The dog man rubbed his eyes. "I was their first creation, but they thought I was too thoughtful and too ugly. They threw me out, expected me to die, but I wouldn't." He lowered his paw, and his dark eyes glistened. "And when I read that they'd had you, I knew just how to get my revenge. Seven years to find a way through their security, and now..." He sighed again. "I guess I'm just not the criminal type."

He looked so tired suddenly that Karen wanted to reach up and scratch his ears. But he was still kind of scary, so instead she said, "They do things that make me mad, too, like the way they're so busy sometimes they forget all about me. And sure, I have my Toys, but they only do what Mommy and Daddy tell them to. They can't really play with me. Not like my ball."

The dog man looked over at her, and a smile spread over his scarred snout. "I don't do what your mommy and daddy say. Maybe I can play with you."

Karen considered. "OK. You can help me find my ball." She stopped. "Oh, but I'm not supposed to talk to strangers. So you'd better tell me what your name is."

He laughed again. "Call me Red Rover." He stood. "I can tell you more about your parents while we're looking for your ball..."



©JessK a.k.a. Jagu



The Best-Made Plans...

Joseph Suda

After three knocks with no answer, the vixen let herself into her sweetheart's den. Fun dates don't include waiting outside all day with a heavy bag on your shoulder.

"Toolfox?" she called out tentatively. "Honey? Where are you?"

She scented the cool, musky air. *He's here, all right*, she thought with rising irritation. *Why doesn't he answer?* She followed the soft, rumbling sound to its source in the living room.

A male fox lay on an extended recliner, not breathing loudly as much as snoring softly. *The Vulpine Physics Problem Solver with Examples* graced his belly. His tongue fell gravityward from his tipped-back head and open mouth.

The vixen's ire softened as she regarded the prone figure, thinking, *He looks so innocent when he's asleep.*

She shook his shoulder gently, cooing, "Toolfox? Honey? Wake up."

Toolfox continued studying the insides of his eyelids.

She shook him again. "Wake up, dear."

"Gxxzkk...don'wana goh-ta skuul..." he mumbled before resuming his "deep-breathing" exercise.

The vixen stood back, eyeing the horizontal-parade-rest figure.

"Toolfox, your brush is on fire."

"...oh...ok..."

Pause.

"Honey, I've been having an affair with the coyote in the next meadow over."

"...that's nice, de'r..."

Without signs of consciousness, the one-sided conversation could last hours. She put her paws on her hips, thinking, *This calls for a delicate combination of persuasiveness and extreme violence.*

Taking a deep breath, she roared in his ear, "TOOLFOX, YOU LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING RUNT-OF-THE-LITTER, GET YOUR SORRY EXCUSE OF A BRUSH UP RIGHT THIS INSTANT!"

"I DIDN'T DO IT!!!" ToolFox yelped as he jumped. Clutching a paw to his chest, he gasped, "Jeez, PixyVixy, What'dja do that for?"

PixyVixy gave him a peck on the side of the muzzle. "A-n-n-yway...good afternoon, sleepyhead," she cooed. "Have a nice nap?"

Toolfox rubbed his eyes. "Well, yeah...sorta..."

"So what's for dinner?"

"Dinner?" Toolfox quizzed, looking confused.

"You invited me over for dinner...remember?"

"Oh, right...dinner. Um...well..." The confused look turned guilty.

"Lemme guess...you didn't un-cache anything." It was more a statement than a question.

"I'm sorry honey, I got involved..." he said, eyeing the reference book on the floor sporting additional damage. His eyes brightened. "But that's OK. My new invention can solve that. Lemme show you!"

In a flash, Toolfox leaped out of the chair, grabbed

PixyVixy's paw, and raced to the basement workshop/laboratory, his vixen in tow like a flag flapping in the breeze.

"It's really great. Based on radio-frequency physics," he extolled, flipping on the lights. An ominous metal box sat on the workbench, circuit boards and wires sticking out haphazardly.

PixyVixy put down her bag and regarded the contraption with trepidation. "What's it do?"

"Oh, it cooks food instantly!" Toolfox gushed, admiring his latest creation.

PixyVixy's ears folded back slightly. "Really?" she asked with touch of fear. "How?"

"Oh, it's really easy. Well, the theory is, anyway...not building it. Heck, I spent *forever* rummaging through the humans' industrial-park dumpsters for parts. Why, just last night—"

"Honeyhoneyhoney," PixyVixy interjected before the conversation veered wildly, "Tell me later. You were explaining how it works...?"

"Oh, yeah, right," ToolFox caught himself, "You see, all food is wet, right? So we use radio waves to make the water molecules bounce around faster. It's called Brownian motion, by the way..."

"Umm...Toolfox..."

"So the food gets hot, but the plate doesn't! And the food heats from the inside! Man, I can't wait for winter. No more ice crystals in my General Tso's Vole just because it's February..."

PixyVixy perched on a stool, pawing through a thick book. It could take some time to get a word in.

Toolfox caressed and gloated over the conglomeration of industrial trash. "Last night, I boiled a cup of water in two minutes! Can you believe that?"

"Toolfox..."

"We'll make millions! All we need is a flashy name."

"Toolfox..."

"C'mon, help me out, here! What's a good name for this?"

PixyVixy sighed. "How about, 'microwave oven?'"

Toolfox considered the suggestion. "Hmmm...descriptive but dull. We need more 'glitz.'"

PixyVixy said in amiable exasperation, "Then how about 'radar range?'"

Toolfox's eyes lit up. "Hey! Now we're getting somewhere!"

PixyVixy looked up from her book. "They go for a few hundred."

Toolfox waved his paw. "We can talk marketing details later. What we need first is...huh?"

PixyVixy held out the Sears Catalog. "I said, they're called 'microwave ovens.' 'Radar Range' is Amana's trademark."

Toolfox grabbed the catalog, staring at page after page of slick, futuristic-looking... 'microwave ovens.' His facial expression, ears, and brush drooped in unison. He closed the book and buried his muzzle in his paws. "I did it again, didn't I?"

PixyVixy came over to him and absently kneaded a shoulder. "Did what, snookums?"

Toolfox sighed. "Invented something that already exists."

PixyVixy gave him a big hug. "Awww...don't let it get you down, honey. No human can out-fox my Toolfox."

Toolfox's spirits picked up a bit. "You think so?"

PixyVixy went back to her bag and pulled out a round tin



with a plastic cover. "Honey, I *know* so! Besides, now we don't have to sneak one out of the humans' world. Remember wiring this place for electricity?"

That memory made the line-current-induced burn spot on ToolFox's brush itch. "You've got a point," he mused.

PixyVixy pulled the plastic lid off the can and held it out to ToolFox. "Of course I'm right. Have one, you'll feel better."

ToolFox peered at the contents, smirking. "Gummy Rats?" he winced, goading her with mock disgust. "Eeeew!"

"Waddya mean, 'eeew'?!?" the vixen protested, flinging the lid at her dog-fox. Reflexively, he snapped the whirling disk out of the air with his teeth. Taking the disk from his mouth, he regarded it for a few moments until his face lit up with inspiration.

"You know, this would make a *really* great dog toy!" he exclaimed. "Heck, I could even see *human* kids playing with these things! They'd pay a bundle!" He turned the lid over in his paws, examining it with new respect. "We need a really good name, though..."

"How about 'frisbee'?" the vixen sighed with a smile, resigned.

"Well, that's OK," ToolFox considered, "But we need something less 'nerdy.' Something snazzy. Something that says, 'whammo!'"

Here we go again, thought PixyVixy.

Horseless Carriages are More Fun

Will A. Sanborn

The beagle leaned over his creation, his eyes doing one more appraisal of his months of handiwork. While the pads of his fingers traced meticulously over the workings of pipes and pistons, his tail thumped with nervous energy behind him. He was going over the assembly a second time when a gentle pressure on his shoulder distracted him. He turned to see his border-collie wife, Molly, standing behind him. He straightened to look up at her, a restless smile showing on his muzzle.

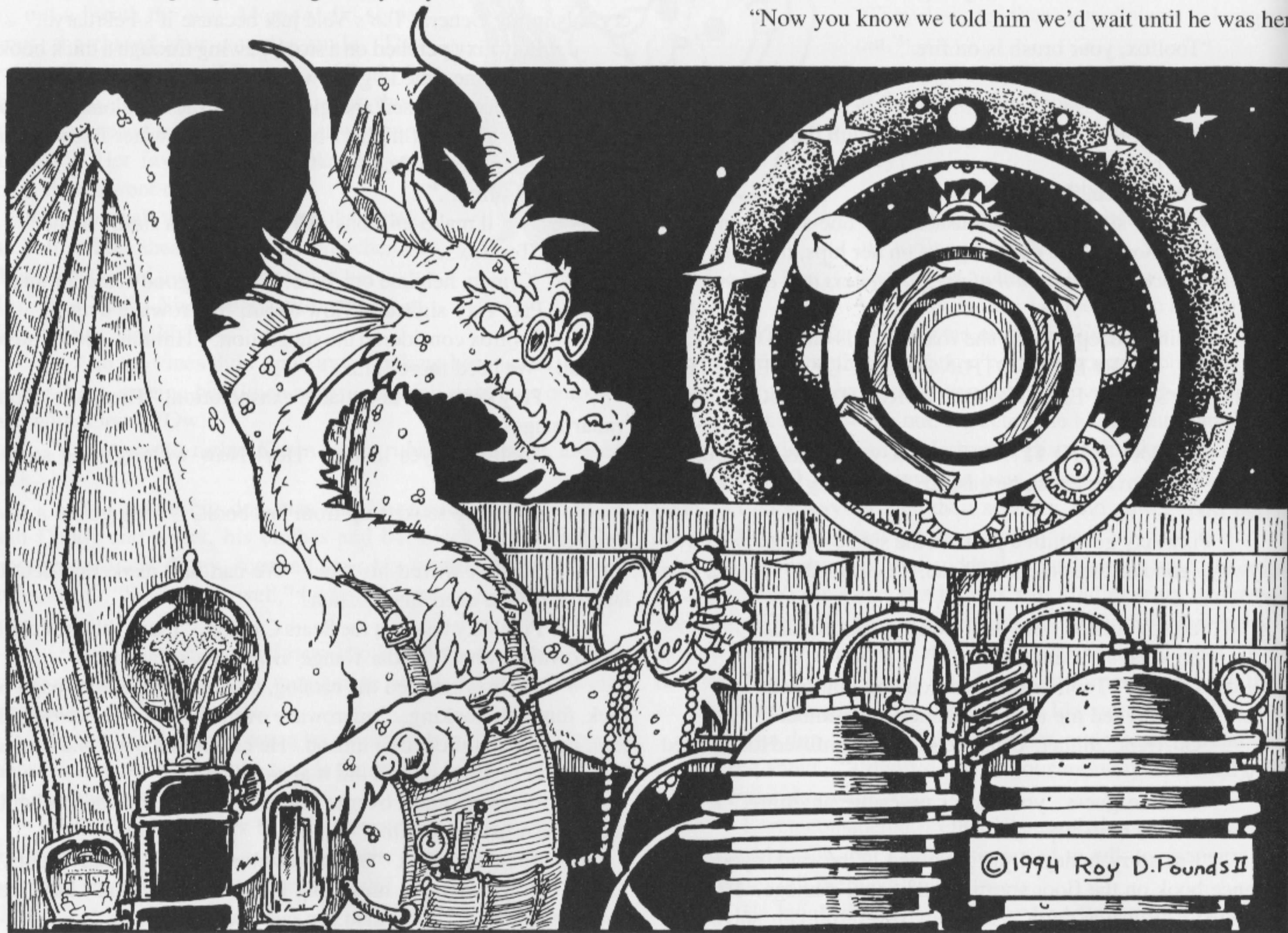
She stood a head taller than him, and she kept her hand on his shoulder as she looked upon him with pride. She could sense his excitement. "You know it will work, don't you, hon?"

"Yes, I'm sure it will" he replied, as his tail bumped against her leg. "It's just that I wish your father would get here so we could get started."

"He'll be here shortly. You didn't need to get up so early you know," she said, a chuckle evident in her voice. "And if you hadn't rushed through breakfast, you wouldn't be waiting so long now." She emphasized her point by nosing his ear.

He feigned a sheepish smile. "I know, dear, it's just that I can't wait any longer. We should've tested it out last night when we had a chance."

"Now you know we told him we'd wait until he was here



CELESTIAL MECHANIC #3



before doing that. It's only fair, since he's helped you out so much with it."

"Now isn't that the truth," came a jovial voice behind them, and they turned to see an older collie entering the workshop.

"Good morning, Roger," the beagle greeted him. The smaller dog's ears perked up at the awaited guest's entrance.

"Yes, I'm sure it will be a good one indeed," his patron replied through an opened-mouth smile. "So this is it?" he asked, pointing to the re-designed cart and the metal contrivance built into the back of it. "I finally get to see it finished. Is it all set to go?"

"Yes, we finished the final tests last night, and were just waiting for you. What do you think of it?" the beagle asked, as he cocked his head slightly to one side and looked up at his father-in-law.

"It looks a mite strange..." The collie flicked his ear and added, "...but also fantastic. I think my daughter was definitely right about you, Carl, and I believe that today's demonstration is going to prove the worth of my funding this project." He smiled as he saw the look of pride on the faces of the young couple, and how the beagle pulled his wife close to him.

He paused briefly, then asked, "How fast do you think it'll go?"

"I'm not sure," Carl replied, his voice becoming more serious. "Last night we had the engine up almost all the way and it was doing great, but of course it wasn't under any load." He paused. "We probably won't be able to get it up to a full gallop today; that'll take some more work. We should get it going at a quick trot with no problem."

"That'll certainly be good enough. I can hardly believe it, a self-powered cart without a horse, what a marvel. I knew you had a good idea there. It's going to make some big changes."

"I know—think of the power, the speed."

"Don't forget the money," Roger interjected with a broad grin. "I'm sure we can get them to let us show it off down at the track, and then there'll be a few clients who'll want one built for them. After that, who knows how far it can go?"

"I'm just excited about what it can do right now. Come on, help me get it outside."

The three of them pushed, and soon they had the mechanized cart out in front of the barn. Without any delay, the beagle quickly cranked a handle on the side of the engine, and gave a tug on a lever next to it. The machine sputtered a couple of times, then jumped into life as it released a small cloud of smoke from the exhaust pipe. A rhythmical thumping, popping sound came from inside it.

"Well how about that; it isn't as loud as I thought it'd be. The smell is a bit strong though," the older dog said, wrinkling his nose slightly.

"True, but when it's moving it won't be as bad, and in some ways it's not as messy as a horse."

"Too true," he replied, his laugh matching his son-in-law's. "Well then, let's try it out."

"Who should get the honors?" Carl asked, already guessing the answer.

"I think Dad should, since he helped you out so much."

"Oh, Molly." Carl turned to look at the older collie. "I guess she's right, I couldn't have done it without you."

"Smart girl," Roger answered, not really trying to mask the excited smile on his face. "But don't look so glum, Carl, you'll get the next turn."

"No," his daughter interrupted, "you can both go. I'll drive it."

"Are you sure?" The beagle gave his wife a slight look of concern.

"Yes, I watched you at the controls last night. It's just the speed and steering, and you're sure it's safe. You even said it's probably easier than dealing with a horse."

"Okay," he replied, his enthusiasm evident in his eyes, "but I don't want you to open the throttle more than halfway."

She nodded and took her seat in the cart. "Thanks, dear," he said and licked her muzzle quickly. She smiled and then turned her attention to the controls. She pulled down on a lever in front of her; the cart gave a quick little jerk, and released another puff of smoke. Then it was off.

They stood and watched her pull away from them. The cart moved slowly at first, then gained speed. Their eyes followed it, as they gauged its distance and waited for the right moment.

"You've done a great job, son," Roger said, his tail now twitching as much as the smaller canine's.

"Thanks. And thanks for all of your help."

"Sure, you're welcome. Wait until she gets to that oak tree, then we're off."

"Okay, I bet I can beat you to it!" Carl answered, with a playful flick of his ear.

"You're on!" With that they were off. The two dogs ran down the dirt road, their tails wagging and tongues hanging out of their mouths as they chased after the cart. Caught up in their sudden burst of speed, intent on the marvel of the new and unique target in front of them, all that mattered then was the joy of the chase.



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You Gotta See This

Matt W. Ebel a.k.a. Hali

So there we were, Mallory and I, speaking only with our eyes so as to avoid insulting our six-year-old host. She shot me a raised eyebrow, clearly the universal gesture for “Do you have any idea why we’re up here?”

I returned a slight shrug accentuated with both eyebrows raised and a quick upturn of the right corner of my mouth. “I haven’t a clue.” Two keen predators Mallory and I were, able to sniff out a gazelle hiding in the bushes or a latté stand hiding in the mall food court. Still, neither of us could so much as hazard a guess at the surprise our daughter Hayley had planned for us.

I couldn’t help but notice what a mess Hayley’s room had become. Strewn about her floor like wild grass on the savannah, pens and construction paper and other staples of a cub’s creative diet gave us only the faint scent of some form of masterpiece. Mallory and I sat patiently on our daughter’s bed while she, spotted tail waving about in the air, rummaged around in her combination closet/showroom to put on finishing touches.

“You gotta see this,” she restated, sensing our complete lack of comprehension. After hearing the distinct sound of duct tape unraveling, the rest of her emerged from the closet with a mad scientist’s grin stamped across her muzzle. Donning the deep, articulated voice of a six-year-old studio announcer, she waved her ink-stained paw at the nearly closed closet door.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen,” she heralded, “the finest invention ever crafted by furry hands. Leopards, cheetahs, tigers, and yes—even zebras and giraffes will stare in wonder at this miracle of modern creation.” She paused a moment, bit her bottom lip a little, looked down at a slip of paper in her free paw, and mouthed a few words to herself. Mallory and I glanced at each other with a grin divided between our lips as I cocked my head in the direction of the open thesaurus on the floor.

“Um,” she continued, “never before has an invention like this been seen! What does it do, you might ask...” She paused again, looking at us. For a moment I just stared back at her and she put her hands on her hips.

My mate, much better at reading Hayley’s body than I, hastily spouted, “Why, what does it do?”

Smiling again, she grabbed the handle of her closet door and slid it wide open. “It’s the world’s first spot and stripe remover!” Our eyes immediately fell upon what, in a previous and

mundane existence, was our refrigerator box. Laid on its side, the exterior had been completely remade in brilliantly colored construction paper. Important-looking knobs and buttons manufactured from the finest magic markers lined the forward side and fed information to the similarly engineered displays and needles.

Riding atop the spot and stripe remover’s main chassis, another box—most likely the reincarnation of my coffee maker’s original packaging—said “Magic Solution” in bold black letters. Our carpet cleaner’s slogan was “the magic stain solution” and I prayed to God she didn’t plan on dowsing herself with it. The two most curious parts of the wonder device were the string leading from the small box and the white electrical cord coming out the back of the main contraption.

Immediately after unveiling this technological marvel she looked at us, beaming with a young engineer’s pride. Moved by her stunning display, Mallory and I applauded, tails twining together on the bed behind us. Hayley didn’t yet appreciate “that mushy stuff,” so we kept it as subtle as possible. As her audience clapped their paws vivaciously she put one foot behind the other, tugged at the hem of her blue sundress, and curtsied gracefully. I, being something of an inventor myself, nearly cried as my sweet little kitten had cooked up something much like my own creations.

Standing straight again, she padded over to me and grasped my paw with hers.

“Now I need a volunteer,” she said.



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I blinked.

Mallory, as if to say, "She's all yours, kitty," rapidly untwisted her tail from mine as Hayley enthusiastically yanked me to my feet.

Feeling much like a lamb to my six-year-old's lion, I swallowed and walked to the closet with her. Whipping around, she stopped me right in front of the device.

"Now all you have to do is crawl inside and wait for the machine to do its work, okay?" Playing along with her make-believe, I nodded.

So there I was, a grown leopard crouching down as small as I could make myself to squeeze into a playful cub's new toy. Mallory kept one paw over her lips to seal in her obvious amusement at my indignation. With cunning use of duct tape and thick paper, my baby girl had effectively sealed the interior so that no light made it through. For all I knew, I had become one of my black-on-black panthera counterparts.

Hayley closed up the entrance behind me, which, mercifully, had a hole to let in some light and air. I turned around inside the box to see out, listening to her explain the intricacies of the spot-removal process. The contraption was so unbelievably tight my tail pressed against the back wall. Though I hadn't noticed any light on that end, my tail tip poked through grooves which must have been more air holes.

"Smart girl," I thought.

Hayley pressed a few of the "buttons" on the machine and narrated its proper operating procedure.

"First you have to set what kind of animal you're erasing," she said, "so I just push 'leopard.' Then you have to start the thing up." Another tap on the box signaled the next button and Hayley made churring noises as she moved "knobs" this way and that.

"Then," she continued, "you pour on the spot remover." Above me I heard a string moving against cardboard followed by a clunking noise. Fortunately for me, Hayley possessed the foresight to fill the bucket with *warm* water, though it seemed little consolation as it cascaded all over my head and back.

I let out a surprised yelp and, God bless her, Mallory erupted in a peal of laughter at my expense. Before I could so much as growl in protest, my adorable daughter cub explained the most important step.

"Now remember, you have to be facing *this* way or it won't work right." I would have sold my claws to have known this information before I had turned around without her instruction.

Hayley pushed another button—this one quite real—and the box fan into which I had stuck my tail tip kicked into high gear.

Two minutes after I had clawed my way out of the world's first—and last—spot and stripe remover and ran to the bathroom like an irregular cheetah, my mate strolled in casually to find me applying the last bandage to my tail. She could fully well see how humiliated and pained I was as I examined my rear extremity.

So there we were, Mallory and I, sitting on our bathroom counter with an open first aid kit and one wounded pride. I married her for her compassion and her ability to find the right words to ease any situation, so I sighed and waited for something that would salvage my dignity.

"Well," she said, licking my cheek gently, "it did remove *some* of your spots."

Inventive Mind

Bombur

Alandra steadied the dinner tray on her left hand and knocked three quick times on the old door. She paused a moment and listened with her large ear, but heard nothing. Again, she quickly rapped with her knuckles three times, and heard something inside. Pushing the door open she saw her brother bent over in a corner, busily fidgeting with something on his old worktable. The light in the castle tower was quite dim, the only light coming from the eight candles mounted on the wall in a rough circle, surrounding the room. Alandra always thought they gave the room a warm, yet eerie yellowish tint.

"William? Do you have a moment?" With that the little mouse turned and smiled brightly, as if just realizing she was there. He set down the wooden and metal contraption and turned to her fully, pushing up his glasses with a thin hand. "Hello there. You really mustn't sneak in on me like that. Next time try and knock on the door please." His sister frowned and set down the heavy tray—filled with many fruits and vegetables and even some bread—on the free chair near the door, since there was not a single space anywhere else in the room. Every table and shelf was covered in tools and half-built contraptions made by her brother. "I did knock, twice as a matter of fact and you never answered. I brought you up dinner, since you didn't have the decency to come downstairs and dine with the rest of us." William shook his head and turned back to his invention again, his quick fingers going over it with a tiny screwdriver. "Oh, you so overreact, Alandra. I will be down and at the table by five thirty, I assure you."

His sister sighed heavily and stepped forward, placing her hand on his shoulder. "Brother dearest? It's past eleven at night. You have been in here for over twelve hours already. What are you working on, anyway?" She couldn't help but be inquisitive, it's one of the inherent natures of her species. She peeked over, frowning her brow as she tried to even have a general idea of what he was tinkering with. William's tone turned quickly and his voice quickened and became excited as it always did when he was discussing his inventions.

"Well, this is a neat little thing I thought of last night when I saw Marcus come in from the gardens with his hands dirty. He was picking carrots. So, I thought, what if there was a way to pick carrots and not get your hands dirty? So I invented this!" He held up the contraption high, so the light showed it to his sister. It was perhaps two feet long, and had a wooden crank on the side of it, a series of iron gears in the middle, a rather long elastic band up the side, a large metal spring on the other side, and at the end were five long and thin metal claws.

"And that is to do... what exactly?" She inquired, still looking at the item with her hand on her brother's shoulder. He smiled and stood up, walking to a closed window and pushed away several forgotten contraptions, and pulled out a washing tub filled with soil. Alandra cringed at seeing this, knowing the fit Elissa the maid would have when she saw her clean basin filled with dirt. She again shook her head at her brother's actions and walked beside him. He was only a few inches taller than her, and she was considered tiny, even for a mouse. His hair was light brown and unkempt, his mind always on other things than his personal grooming. Alandra noticed her sibling's bangs were much too long and



she would have to cut them soon. Now she noticed that there was something else in the tub besides dirt, and saw the top of a carrot in the middle of the soil, with the rest of it buried underneath.

William grinned, large flat teeth shining even in the pale light. "Well, to begin with, it's not a 'that' as you called it. I call it a carrot twister." He paused for dramatic effect and his ears dipped, seeing she wasn't impressed in the slightest. "Well no matter." He continued, "Its quite handy. Watch this." He set the carrot twister down with the claws pointing to the floor. Grabbing the crank, he started turning it quickly, and Alandra heard a loud clicking sound as the gears moved, stretching the spring on the other side quite taught, the claws opening a tiny bit as he worked, and even rotated in a slow circle. William grunted with the last few turns, and flipped a switch on the side. The tool quivered with its open claws, the spring only held with that little latch on the side. The mouse inventor took a breath and straightened, the effort put into getting it prepared, obviously tiring. Again he flashed those large teeth and continued without further pause, "All you have to do is put the top of the twister over the carrot and squeeze this button." He made a small nod to a bright red button near the handle, just about the size of a coin. William put the tool over the green top of the carrot and steadied himself, lining it up perfectly. His thumb pushed the button and there was a small clicking sound as the claws turned in a slow arc, then with the suddenness of a thunderclap, the machine snapped shut with a tremendous **CLANG**, that startled Alandra and actually made her blink in surprise.

With a grin, William raised the heavy machine with both his paws and showed that it indeed held the carrot in his metallic talons, although the carrot was crushed and cut in many places due to the sheer strength of the twister. "See dear sister? Now, you, or anyone can pick carrots from the soil easily. I dare you or anyone else to find a simpler method than what I have just done." During his little speech, William set down his invention and replaced the carrot in the soil, smoothing the dirt around it so it lay natural in the soil once again. Alandra stepped up wordlessly, and reached out with her

small paw and grabbed the top of the carrot, pulling it up by its top and handed it to her brother. "There," she said.

William shook his head with the carrot and shook a finger at her critically. "Yet your hands are dirty now!" he exclaimed with fever, as if she just preformed a mortal sin. She grabbed his paws and held them palm upwards so her could look at them.

"And your hands are covered in grease from your little play thing. Dirt can be washed off easily and quickly, yet grease will leave a mark for quite a while. Also, the strength needed to use your machine is a lot, and anyone would be tired after using it more than three or four times. There is no way a farmer could pick an entire field with it. That's simply not plausible, brother."

With that, William paused in thought. He looked down and picked up the twister, hefting it in his greasy paws as if testing its weight. He nodded and turned, speaking low, and his sister was unsure if he was addressing her, the tool, or simply talking to himself. "I see the band is too long, and too thick. Too much tension. It may be appropriate for squash, or even cabbage, but not carrots, no, not carrots. And gears could be smaller, but more. That also could reduce the weight, and grease? Hmmm... I suppose I could try a dry lubricant, maybe talc powder, or even better, waxed gears. Yes, that could work... And also..." He trailed off and sat down back at his bench, taking the small screwdriver again, and this time instead of fine tuning the machine, he started to disassemble it.

Alandra started to say something, then closed her mouth, thinking better to keep silent. She made her way to the exit of the

room and took the handle of the great oaken doorway. She paused a moment and sighed, then closed the door, ending the view of her brother, who still rambled quietly to himself. She leaned against the wall outside the tower room, and considered whether to take back the plate of food she brought up and thought it better that it is there for him if he needed it. With that thought, she then whispered, "Good night, brother." She hoisted her skirt a little and walked down the dimly lit stairway to the floor below, and to the rest of her family.



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Furry to the Corps

Jon C. Crusoe

The ringing phone woke Toni up. She rolled over and focused bleary eyes on the clock. She grabbed up the phone and snarled, "This better be important. Do you know what time it is?"

"Ship time or planet time, girlfriend?" answered a voice that wasn't quite human.

Toni sat up, fully awake. "T'rta? Where are you?"

"At eating place with no hu-mans around it. Place is called Mom's. Telecommunications device is outside."

Toni had the phone cradled against her neck as she dressed. "I know where it is," she said. "Stay out of sight and I'll come get you."

"Is good, girlfriend," said T'rta as she hung up.

Toni drove through the darkness, remembering how she had met the wolf-like alien at last year's convention. She and her friends had immediately taken to having a real furry in their midst. They had even offered T'rta the Guest of Honor slot if she could make it back. And now she was here, on the morning of the con.

Toni pulled up in front of the darkened restaurant and got out of her van to walk to the pay phone. She heard the gravel crunching behind her and turned with a smile to greet her friend.

Three men and a woman stood between Toni and her vehicle. She was reaching into her purse for her mace when the woman said, "How I look as hu-man, girlfriend?"

"T'rta? But how?" Toni stood there stunned.

T'rta touched a box on her belt and changed back to her normal shape. "Is device that Be'rka made. Disguise field to fool eyes."

"Well, it fooled me. Let's get out of here before someone stops to see what we're doing. There's a Marine Corps airbase near here."

"Marrine Corrps?" asked T'rta.

Toni was pulling her time on the registration desk when she saw three Marine officers and some men in business suits walking up. *This could be trouble*, she thought, but put on her best smile as they came up to the table. "Can I help you gentlemen?"

"Where is she?" One of the business suits had pushed past the Marines and was leaning on the table with his face an inch from hers.

"Who?" asked Toni. "And please stop leaning on the flyers."

"The wolf alien that was here last year," he smirked. "Our sources tell us that it will be here again this year."

One of the other suits suddenly yelled, "There it is!" and started running up the hall. The others took off after him, with the exception of the Marines.

One of them turned to the others and said, "Can't those so-called scientists see that's just someone in a costume?"

"That's Graypaw," said Toni. She leaned out to see the fur-suiter being surrounded. "They'd better not try to grab him. He's a fourth dan in Karate."

One officer grinned as he said, "Ooh, this is going to be fun." He took off his sunglasses to enjoy the show.

True to his prediction, black-suited men were sent flying by the fan in the wolf costume. The disguised T'rta came out of the crowd and slipped up to Toni. "Trouble?"

The officer turned and said, "Not really. We'll get those jerks out of your hair—or is it fur. Sorry about this, but..." He froze as he put on his glasses and looked at T'rta. Then he smiled.

"You know, if you ever did meet an alien, she might have some kind of a disguise that was electronically generated." He pulled the glasses down his nose and peeked over the rims. "The only problem with a thing like that is that it might not work if someone's looking through polarized lenses. Fascinating theory, isn't it?"

T'rta looked as though she might bolt, but Toni caught her arm as the man continued, "Now you see, we were just assigned to assist these guys. We pilots would love to meet an alien for a different reason. That might be the only way one of us could ever get into space. And you show me any pilot who doesn't want to go up there, and I'll show you a spy."

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Toni and T'rta looked at the other two Marine pilots. They had the same type of sunglasses on and were grinning.

"Like I said, we'll take care of those idiots, but can we come back when we're off duty? I think we'd enjoy this convention." The officer smiled and Toni grabbed some blank convention badges.

"I think we can afford some complimentary memberships for guys in service to our country. Have me paged when you get here and I'll introduce you around."

The Marine took the badges and raised two fingers in a half-salute. Then he and the others began carrying the injured scientists out.

Toni and T'rta stood watching the group as they left the building. "You think they can be trusted?" asked T'rta.

"Yeah, he could have taken you right here if that had been what he was after. I think he's being straight with us, but let's use a little caution with him tonight."

The planet dwindled below as T'rta made her report to the captain. His ears perked up and he looked at her in amazement.

"You made friends with the military? And they didn't try to capture you?"

T'rta gave a growling giggle. "No, but we had to give them all a ride in the lander. Toni called it a flying room party."

The captain shook his head. "I swear I'm nominating you for ambassador when we open official relations with this planet."

"Fine," said T'rta. "That means I can go to more cons. Toni says there's a big one coming up in some place they call Philadelphia."



How original is that?

Julie Miyamoto

Human beings are distinguished from other animals in that we take a special pride in “owning” ideas, not just physical artifacts. Thus, it is courteous to be sensitive to the intellectual ownerships of others, the same way you would want others to respect your own intellectual rights. However, many well-meaning creators, especially artists, will inadvertently cross the boundaries and be accused of (gasp!)... *copying*! This is an unfortunate dilemma new creators will sometimes experience when trying to “cash in” on someone else’s hard work, but it is also something easily avoided when keeping in mind these helpful tips.

Understand what it means to be original. “Originality” comes from the word “origin”—for an idea to be original, it must be the first of its kind. It is not “original” to create a new Pokémon, because the idea of a new Pokémon relies completely on the idea of Pokémon in the first place. This is “derivative”—it is an idea that comes from another idea, a copy or edit. While derivative work (sometimes, “fan” work) has a place in society, originality is still deferred to the original work, not to the copy. In more scientific fields, derivative work is actually almost impossible to avoid, since new inventions and modifications are built upon the foundations of others’ work (designing a car stereo, for instance), but the more artistic fields do not tend to suffer as much from this sort of fate. In all cases, while it is possible to be creative without being “original,” understand that the most credit given to derivative work is for the additional work created, not for the original work itself.

Have a plan of your own, rather than borrowing someone else’s. When creating, you should have an idea of what you want to do, then fix that idea into visible form—if I imagine a fox with an elephant’s trunk, then I can draw the foxelephant. It is wrong to see something that inspires you (or to find something similar to your idea) and alter that work to suit your fancy, because this shows that you do not respect the effort put forth to create that work and that you cannot be bothered to do the work yourself. Of course, if your artistic skills are lacking, that is no excuse to alter others’ works—instead, commission an artist to create artwork for you, and it will benefit both of you for the better! You may end up not having total authorship in the process, but being a co-creator is always better than being a plagiarist.

Do not trace. Tracing is good for getting the feel of an image, when first learning how to draw, or for transferring a perfected image to another location. As a practice, however, tracing stunts creativity, and others will only see a traced image as being a copy of the original (which it is), not your own “original” work. This goes the same for copying without actually tracing, as the same problems that appear in tracing will appear in copying—you will not get a true feel for composition and posing by copying. As a general rule, if something already exists, it is a bad idea to recreate it, because anyone who would want to see a work would rather see the original, rather than the copy; Bill Holbrook created *Kevin & Kell*, but no amount of copying it would ever make it your work or anyone else’s except his.

Do not cut corners. When creating, it is wrong to, for instance, draw a giraffe swishing its tail, then paste the giraffe onto someone else’s photo of Africa. “Borrowing” a photo from a magazine because you do not feel like drawing a background is not only

copyright infringement, it is also laziness. If you think photography is an easy job, consider the effort you will have to go through to set up the “perfect” scene—a cloudless sunset over the Grand Canyon, for instance, or a close-up of a prowling lion—in many instances, the cost just to find these scenes is expensive. Even so, if photography is effortless for you, you should take your own pictures, rather than using someone else’s. That way, they will be custom-fitted for your needs.

Draw from real life. Even when working in fantasy and science fiction, your work will be more credible if based more in reality than not. The more accurate you are portraying reality, the fewer problems others will have identifying with your work—people will more easily believe a fish is swimming in a lake, rather than running on land chasing a leopard. Copying life is the sole exception to the “no copying” rule, because everything comes from real life, and it is impossible not to use aspects of life in creating works. The best inspirations will come from your own experiences in the world around you, not from someone else’s *interpretation* of the world. This is not to say that other people’s works cannot be inspiring or that outside sources cannot help you as references, but it can be too easy to try to replicate that which inspires you, rather than showing the world a new vision of itself.

Diversify. Art is not limited to “a character posing.” Many masterpieces consist of landscapes or sunsets, where nature is the subject matter, not a person or animal. Drawing scenes and still-lives is beneficial to creativity, as “accessorizing” an image by adding trees or other objects will always improve upon an otherwise plain composition, and it will expand your abilities as an artist to be able to draw anything, not just characters. You may also want to consider alternate forms of expression besides “drawing a picture,” such as sculpture or music, as an exercise in diversification.

Explain yourself. This may sound silly, but especially should you seek a career in art, employers will always be more impressed if you can explain how giving a character angel wings conveys a sense of purity or holiness, rather than saying, “It looked good that way.” This demonstrates that you understand how to achieve a certain result and, thus, get the job done, and it will also be easier to perfect an idea if you understand *why* it “looks good that way.” Even if you *must* “borrow” work, you should still explain why you must, if only to be honest with yourself, and give due credit to the originating creators.

Exceptions do exist, but remember that they are exceptions. Parody or “fair use” is often cited in issues of copyright infringement, but stretching the rules does not make a work original. (Parodies by definition are never viewed as original, anyway, and will give due credit to the originator.) Also, excellent copying skills are valued in the fine art industry for restoring masterpieces, but restoring a piece will not make it your own. Finally, even if you should be “fortunate” enough that no one else has recognized your work as a copy, *you* will know. If you make a habit of copying, it will become a crutch, and your work will suffer for it.

While I have tried to avoid doing so, these guidelines are directed more toward creating artwork than, say, stories or games; however, the same general principles apply in all matters of creativity. Trying to take credit for someone else’s work is taboo in *any* line of work, and it is more beneficial to everyone to produce new work and new ideas, rather than regurgitating the same work or trying to scrape by on minimal effort.



©Matt McAndrews



LIMPIDITY

Po Shan Cheah





©Chris Sawyer





FIVE FANCIFUL FENNICS FURIOUSLY FIGURE FINDING FUEL FOR FENNICA'S FABULOUS FIGHTING FORTRESS.

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INVENTION



chaos
always
loom.
in fact
the un-
is most
chaotic
as is our
very thing
and feelin.
Yet we
search for
the peace
stability and
permanence
When faced
with the odd,
the strange, and
the indescribable
we find ourselves
awestruck, scared,
excited, and afraid.
Yet we also crave
these things which
science and religion,
literature and
philosophy bring,
as they provide a
structure we crave
and a purpose to find.
In the end, we climb.

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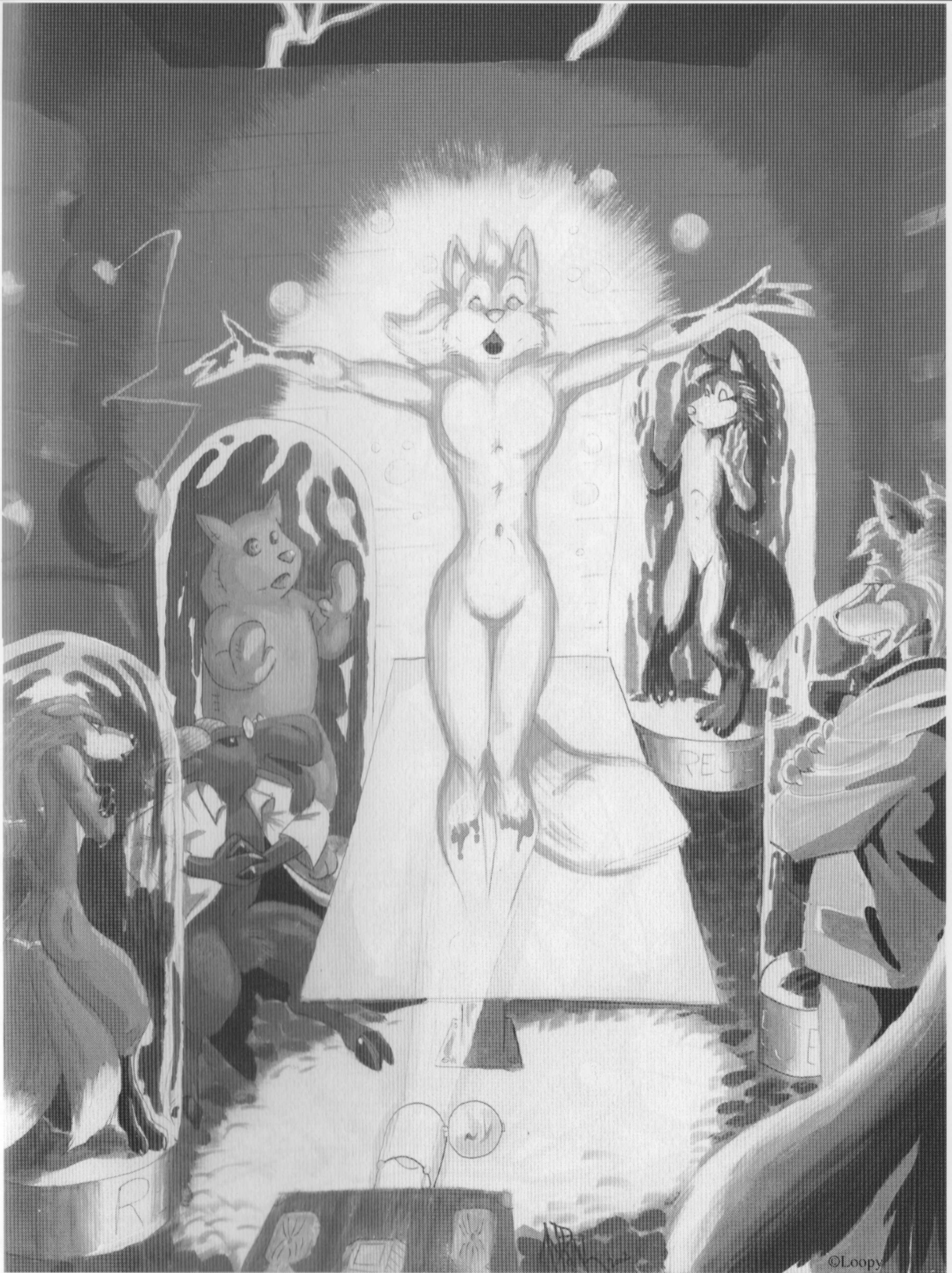


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THE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR FREEP?

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(Lisanne Norman, one of our guests of honor, is known for creating many species and cultures, especially in her 'Sholan Alliance' series of novels. In the following article, she shows us the way she creates her detailed worlds, and offers advice that can help to create a fictional species in any genre, not just science fiction. -Ed.)

Inventing a World

Lisanne Norman

When I construct aliens, I follow several steps that I've found work for me. I'm also lucky in that Professor Jack Cohen, who has worked with Ann McCaffrey and Larry Niven on their aliens, is a frequent lecturer on how to make aliens work at our major UK science fiction cons, so I make use of what I've learned from him. You can apply the exact same rules to your anthropomorphic characters to make them and their worlds more rounded.

1) Your alien must have a reason to be dominant on your world, more so if it is a herbivore.

2) Your alien must be part of the evolution of your world. If it is six limbed there should be a reason for the 6 limbs.

3) What caused your alien to rise to dominance? Need to survive other large predators, changing climate etc? Think what caused it for us - climate change so diet change, more heat on head meant need to dissipate the heat, etc.

4) Fur and feathers are universal solutions to keeping warm with increased body size, thus are likely to evolve on alien worlds.

5) Just because our evolution went the way it did, don't be afraid to do it differently. We have the arrangements of mouth/nose and playground/sewer (Professor Cohen's words, and very succinctly put) because the first fish out of the sea onto dry land had them. This is not necessarily so on your world.

6) Our world is composed of niches. We have niches for bot-

tom dwelling scavengers, for rabbits, for herd beasts. Alien worlds will have very similar niches because when a creature in such a niche in our world dies out naturally, it is replaced by another one moving into its place. (Dinos and the early mammals > rise of primates > us.) Your aliens therefore must have a niche and habitat they are natural to - deserts, swamps and plains. Also, remember that all of your niches must be filled in your world if they are not filled by your alien. You will need scavengers, bottom feeders; nearly all worlds will have creatures capable of flight and so on. Remember this when populating your world.

7) Larger body mass means more requisites for food and so on. Some types of creatures cannot grow very big because of grav-

ity, like insects. They can only grow to a certain size and remain alive. I cannot quote the science here, I hope someone else can. (This is a variant of Galileo's square-cube law, which you can read about online - Ed.)

8) How do they communicate? Words, sounds only, scents - there are as many ways for folk to communicate as you want to use - think of dolphins and bats, us and chimps.

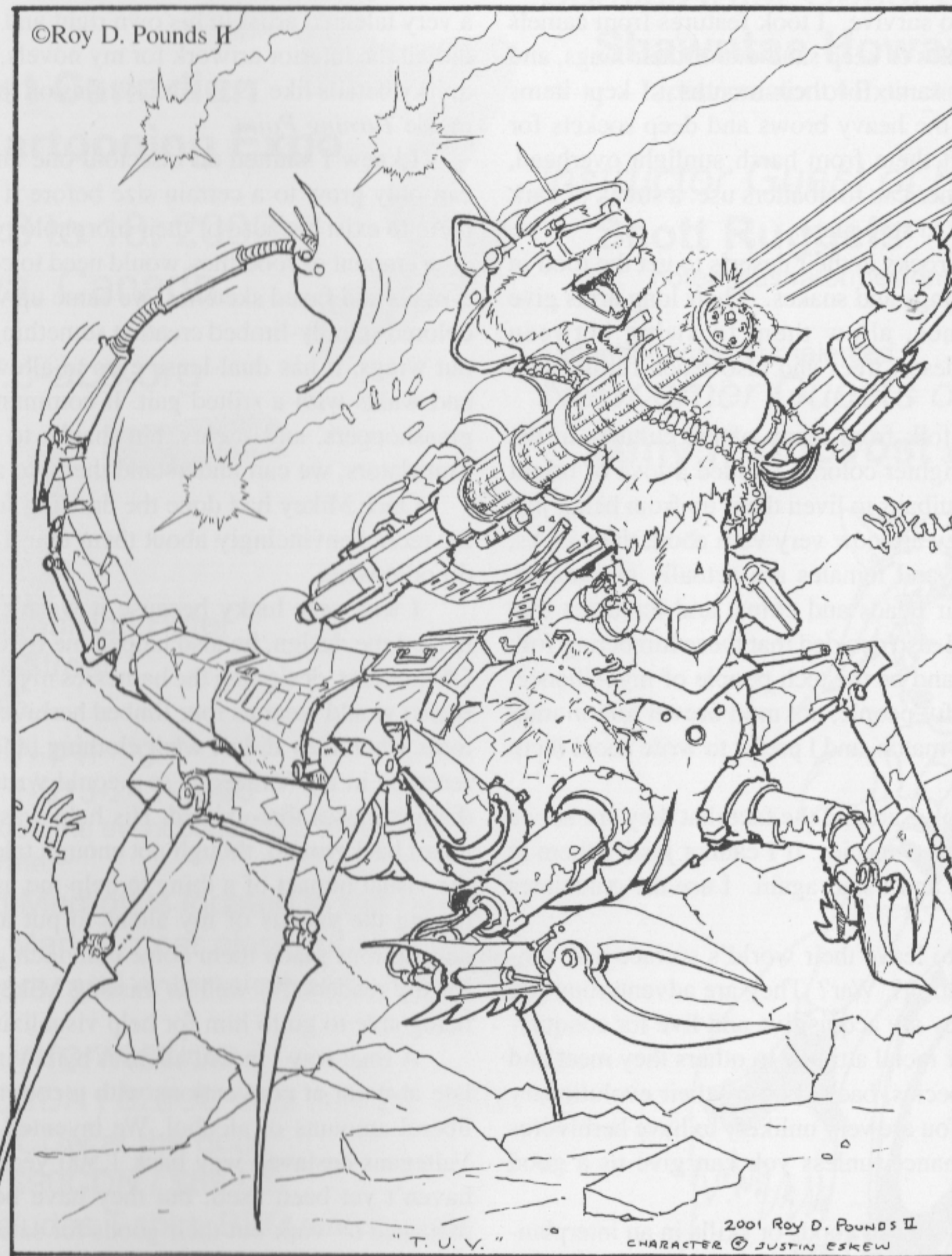
OK that's the science behind it. Now a look at what I actually do.

Constructing an alien, unless you are one of the few writers with science background in related fields like Vonda McIntyre, is not that easy. We cannot easily imagine anything not based on creatures on our world because we have no experience to alien life forms. So, not having a science background but arts one, I decide what

creature on earth my new one will be like.

Take my Touibans:

"Just over a meter and a half tall, they seemed impossibly long-limbed for the size of their bodies. Their eyes appeared to be sunk in dark sockets under heavily ridged brows, and their noses were thin and flanged with stiff bristles. A shock of sandy colored hair sprouted from the crown of their heads and their chins. By Human and Sholan standards, they might be ill-favored when it came to



looks, but that paled into insignificance by comparison with their dress sense.

Toueesut stood barely four feet tall, and was dressed in the usual sartorial elegance of his kind. Beneath the elaborate multicolored swirling embroidery, it was just possible to tell that his jacket was red, as were the trousers with their broad decorated panel down the outside of each leg. A shirt of deep blue, its pleated neckline almost concealed beneath the numerous gold pendants and chains that hung round his neck completed his outfit. It was sometimes hard to remember that these Neanderthals, to use a Human word, were the communications experts of the Alliance."

The Touibans were initially based on hominids, specifically the Neanderthal. They are desert dwellers so I looked at what desert dwelling creatures needed to survive. I took features from camels - the flanged noses, the bristles to keep sand out of their lungs, and added mustaches to do the same for their mouths. I kept items from the Neanderthals like the heavy brows and deep sockets for eyes as these would protect them from harsh sunlight overhead, like the well known trick American footballers use: a streak of dark camo paint under their eyes to stop glare.

My Touibans climb the rocks in their deserts to get the food in the form of scorpion-like things and snakes. Their long arms give added stability and balance, allow them to swing between outcroppings and scrubby desert trees and also reach further into crevices for food.

I like contrasts. The folk from many of the cultures in the Mediterranean area wear brighter colors. I added a love of bright colors and jewelry to the Touibans to liven them up from being just an ugly looking people. They are now very vain about their looks, despite the fact both males and females are actually mustached, have sparse bristles on their heads and chins, and knuckles that almost drag on the ground. I also decided that these lumbering folk would have great dexterity and be the tech people of my Alliance. We love to read about colorful people, not mud brown folk in mud brown clothing with lives to match, and I prefer to write about them like that.

The final questions revolve around the fact that they are now a dominant evolved and civilized species. If I cannot justify them at this level, they get scrapped and I start again. I use the guidelines below:

1) What drove them to leave their world's surface and venture into space? Overpopulation? War? They are adventurous and needed New Frontiers? They are acquisitive and live for conquering? This will give you their racial attitude to others they meet and all their motivations as a species, backed up by their evolutionary history. Both must match. You are very unlikely to have herbivores bent on intergalactic dominance, unless you can give us a good reason for it.

2) What have they to offer in goods or skills in an interplanetary market if they are not bent on killing everything in sight? If they are killing everything in sight, how do they support the expenses in doing this?

I decided the Touibans left their world because of overpopulation. I decided they live at a slightly faster rate than us and needed to expand. Thus my Touibans dance and swirl around with a grace belied again by their outward form. I like challenging beliefs and preconceptions as you may have figured out by now.

They communicate with each other by harmonics on levels we

humans can and cannot hear, such as trilling and singing that carries further than just speech. They can also speak. They also have scent communications, as good sense of smell is a useful survival skill for the Touiban.

I decided that evolving in such a harsh environment, they would form interdependent groups. They go around in groups of six with one only designated as Speaker. The Speaker is their group leader of their swarm, as I called the grouping, and will communicate with other species.

So there you have the background to how I constructed the Touibans.

When I needed to invent a new species called the TeLaxaudin, I had to go to my editor's late husband, Mikey for help. Mikey was a very talented artist in his own right and worked also at DAW. He did all the interior artwork for my novels, complete with his lovely quirky details like 1950's rocket fins on the crashed ship in the map inside *Turning Point*.

I knew I wanted an insectoid one and was aware that insects can only grow to a certain size before it would be impossible for them to exist because of their morphology, the gravity of the world, the amount of food they would need to consume and so on. So by e-mails and faxed sketches, we came up with a 3-4 foot tall bronze colored spindly-limbed creature something like a grasshopper without wings. It has dual-lense eyes to allow close and distant work, and walks with a stilted gait. It communicates by humming, like grasshoppers, and scents, but thanks to the wonderful Universal Translators, we can understand them, to a point.

Once Mikey had done the drawing for me, I was able to write far more convincingly about them than I would have been able to do otherwise.

I was very lucky because it wasn't only the TeLaxaudin he helped me design, he also helped me by drawing my Touibans and Chemerians, designing the harnesses my Cabbarans (based on capybaras) would wear as four limbed herbivores with the need to carry tools when they didn't wear clothing, and invented the subtle differences in my Valtegens so I could write about each of the three distinct castes that existed. His help was invaluable because with an art background, though not enough talent, I have always needed the visual impact of a thing to help me understand and learn - and having the visuals of my aliens to put alongside the actual word descriptions made them come convincingly alive for me, and thus for my readers. As well as missing Mikey as a person, I will miss being able to go to him for help visualizing my aliens.

A final way I invent aliens is by having brainstorming sessions late at night at conventions with a couple or so good friends and liberal amounts of alcohol. We invented the four species that my Valtegens enslaved way back 1,500 years ago in my series. They haven't yet been used, but they have been mentioned. We even managed to work out their goods for sale.

You might not think that a detail such as market goods would be important, but it is. A species, like any large group, needs to be economically viable. I have a lovely line in *Razor's Edge* when a native Jalnaina asks what the new world, Sol (Earth undercover) has to sell. "Oh, the same old, same old," she says. "Semi-precious stones, interesting alcoholic beverages, cloth and arts."

I hope that this information provides as much help to you as it has for me. Good luck designing your aliens!



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and introducing our talented
Newcomer Guests of Honour

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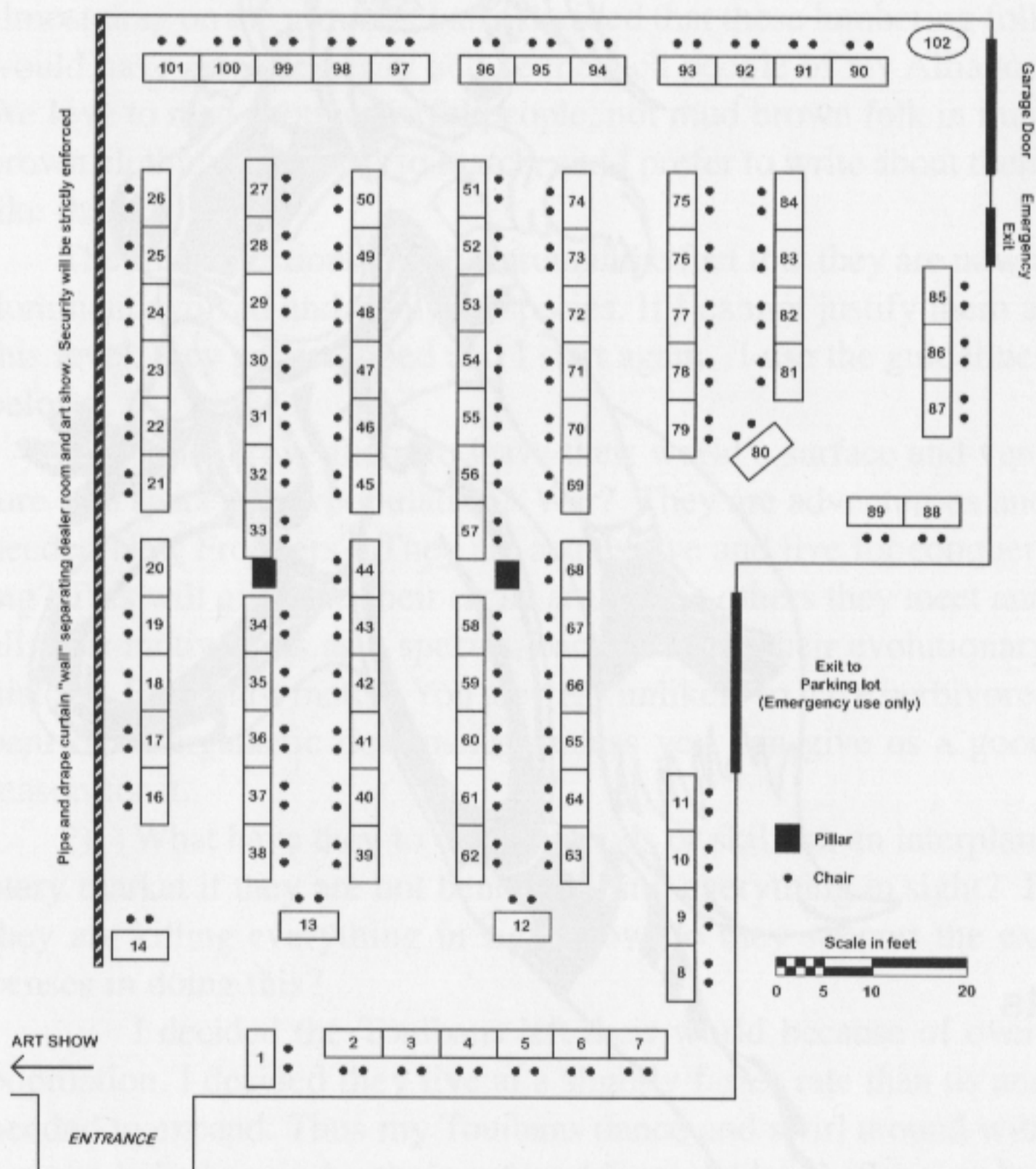


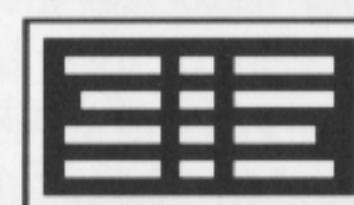
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ANTHROCON 2002

Dealers' Room Who's Who

Dealer Name	Table Number	Dealer Name	Table Number
Al Mackey & Frank Gembeck	95	Foxxfire	80
Alleycat Books	52	Further Confusion	83
Anthrocon	1	GraphXpress	27
Art by Susan Van Camp	35	GrrrWolf	94
Brett "SonicBlu" Blumfield	80	Heather Bruton	12
Brian & Tracy Reynolds	46	Huzzah	29
Bunch O' Artists	60	Jarlidium Press	55
BushyCat	98	Joe Rosales	68
CACE Group	74	John Barrett/Roxikat	44
Calligraphic Buttons/ Nancy Lebovitz	45	Josie	18
Canine Partners for Life	14	Kacey "Reiven" Maltzman's Artwork	21
Caribou Ink.	4	Kiddelidivee Books & Art	77
Carla Speed McNeil	17	Krahnos	97
Cottontail Studios	79	Laughing Rabbit Graphics	78
Dancing Stoat Enterprises	39	Loopy	50
David "Dutch" Koppenhaver	70	M&T Comics and Cards	69
Derrick Dasenbrock	62	Marci McAdam	6
Diana Harlan Stein	63	Mark Parsons	43
Dragon Magic	38	Massage by Nimir	102
Dragon's Eye Productions	49	Mel White	13
Eric Schwartz Productions	72	MFC Studios	47
Fantasy Illustrations by Littlepaw	7	Michael Sherman	16
Fauxpaw Productions	25	Michele Light / Dark Natasha	5
Fennec Yip	51	Minotaur Comics	32
Ferris	42	Northfur FX and Mascots	87
		Padwolf/World Tree RPG	37
		Phylum	31
		Plan 9 Publishing	22
		Ponygirl's Ponytales	30
		Puma Paw Graphics	41
		Rabbit Valley	8
		Regal Pewter	2
		Sanguine Productions Ltd.	58
		Shanda Fantasy Arts	19
		Sharkie Inc.	34
		Shawntae Howard	71
		Sleeping Dragon South	3
		Soap Puppy Productions	54
		Sofawolf Press	61
		Song and Dance Enterprises	84
		Steven Martin	85
		Stuff, Ltd.	86
		The Dragon's Lair	90
		The Horny Wench	75
		Thoughts & Images	81
		Torrle's Den	96
		Two Rodents Printing	64
		Vision Entertainment	65
		Wang Family Art Studio	100
		Wolf Park	54
		Wookiee	56
		Xanadu Fantasy	76





DORSAI IRREGULARS

The **Dorsai Irregulars**, or **DI** for short, is an organization of science fiction fans that provides volunteer services to the Science Fiction, Fantasy and Media Fannish communities. These services include security, operations support, room and crowd control, art show operations and auctioneering.

But first and foremost we are *fans* of science fiction, dedicated to the thoughtful enjoyment of SF literature and to the casual atmosphere of SF gatherings.

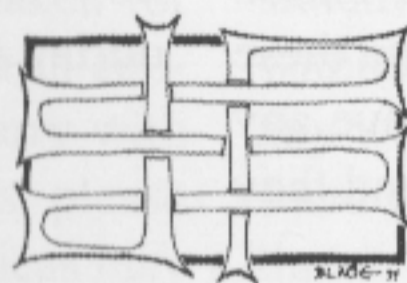
We work as a "Crew" of about 5 to 25 on any given convention contract. Our collective persona is loosely based on the company of space mercenaries known as 'Dorsai,' from the novels of Gordon R. Dickson.

Currently the crew numbers 70+, male and female, ages 18 to 70+. The **DI** share a common love of science fiction, commitment to service at SF events, and trust in each other. At one time

most of our members lived around the Great Lakes, (Ontario - Canada, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Minnesota), but we now have members who are living in Arizona, California, Massachusetts, Oregon, Washington, and Washington D.C.

"How do I join?" is the question most frequently asked of the **DI**. The answer is, like the old joke about getting to Carnegie Hall, "Practice!"

Membership in the **Dorsai Irregulars** is by invitation only. New members are chosen primarily from people we have worked with and who work well with the Crews; for their willingness to work selflessly; good nature; ability to think on their feet; sense of responsibility and ability to perform various roles in the organization. There is no official limit or quota on new members but the selection process is somewhat complex and lengthy and that tends to keep our numbers small.



LIMPIDITY

Po Shan Cheah



STANDARDS OF CONDUCT

2002 Anthrocon Standards of Conduct

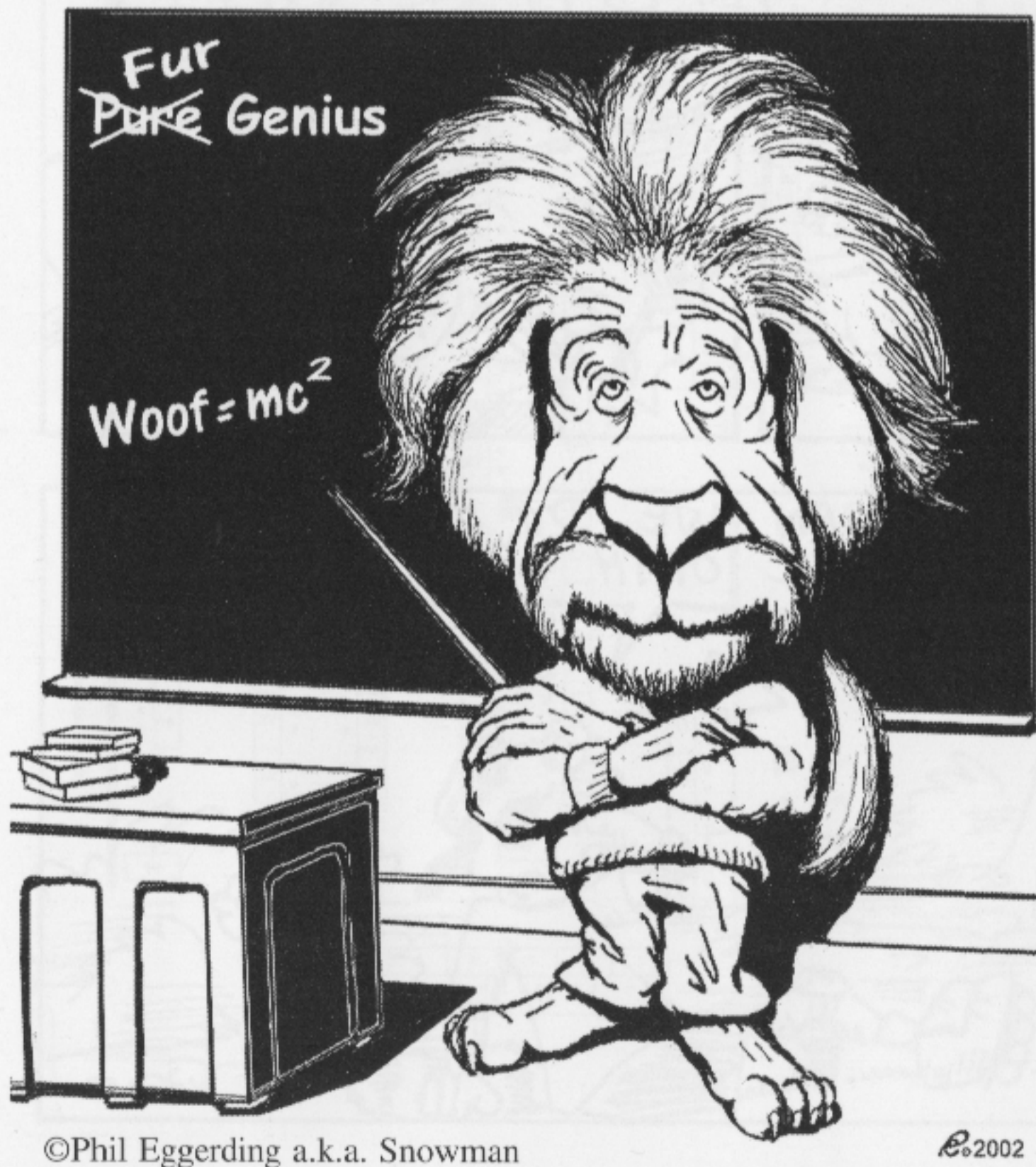
The primary purpose of Anthrocon 2002 is to have fun. To ensure that the greatest number of people achieve this objective we must establish these standards of conduct. By them we seek only to ensure that the behavior of a small group does not disturb the membership as a whole, nor does it detract from 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 outside of Anthrocon function areas. 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.

While we will make our best effort to keep the convention membership informed, Anthrocon reserves the right to amend these rules at any time without prior or posted notice. If you have any questions, please contact the convention operations staff, and they will assist you.

General Rating of the Convention

Anthrocon prides itself on presenting an atmosphere that is comfortable for anthropomorphics fans of all ages and from all walks of life, and Anthrocon members are expected to act accordingly. Public spaces open to any Hotel patrons will be considered to be under a "PG" rating at all times. Daytime programming will be open to and appropriate for all members. In the evenings there are occasional events or performances in which strong language may be employed or issues of a mature nature may be discussed.



Minors are not permitted to attend those events noted by the programming staff to be for "mature audiences only" without the express permission of a parent or legal guardian.

Anyone found to be violating the public rating, such as by the public display of inappropriate artwork, wearing unacceptably revealing clothing, acting in an overtly 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 functions, no actions may be taken or items displayed or used during Anthrocon that are illegal under Federal, State or Local laws.

Public Displays of Affection (PDAs)

We are a friendly and close-knit community. Kissing, hugging, 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 it is something that would be frowned upon in the local shopping mall, 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 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 areas of the hotel except for the restaurants and the pool area, provided that 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 customer.



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Any person who publicly exposes a part of the body whose display 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 perpetrator's membership to Anthrocon will be revoked and the authorities will be summoned immediately.

Weapons Policy

To ensure the safety of all those attending the convention, Anthrocon maintains a very strict weapons policy. These policies are enforced at all times. Anyone who has questions about this policy should speak directly to the Chief of Security or to the Chairman.

No weapons or any item that can be easily 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 Chief of Security first. Weapon replicas may be worn as part of a costume only at the Masquerade and during convention-sponsored costuming events at the discretion of the Masquerade Director, and must be cased or otherwise secured when being transported to and from that event. If you have any questions as to the permissibility of a prop for your masquerade performance, please contact the Masquerade Director prior to the convention.

An exception will be made for folding pocket knives such as Swiss Army knives provided they contain no double-edged blades and no blade longer than four inches (which would make them illegal in Pennsylvania). If at any time these items are held or used in such a way that would be construed as threatening, however, they will be considered weapons.

NOTE: Items such as sword-canes and bali-song (butterfly) knives which may be legal to own and carry in some states are not permitted in Pennsylvania and thus may not be brought to 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 or similar devices may be used in public, save for a 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 Chief of Security. This designation may be revoked at any time at the discretion of the Chief of Security if the item is being used or brandished in an inappropriate fashion or if complaints are received regarding its display.

EXCEPTIONS: Certain items otherwise prohibited above may be carried if and *only* if:

- a. The item has been presented in advance to security for inspection; and
- b. The item has been cleared to be used in this event; and

- c. The item has been clearly tagged and peace-bonded prior to the event; and
- d. The person is escorted from the place the item is being stored, by an authorized security person to the event; and
- e. The item remains peace-bonded and/or tagged throughout the event; and
- f. 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 noted 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 Chief of Security. 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



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STANDARDS OF CONDUCT



©JessK a.k.a. Jagu

with the convention, they will be asked immediately to leave the premises. If not licensed, the offender will also be reported to the local authorities.

Sales of merchandise

The offering for sale of any merchandise at the convention may be undertaken only in the Dealers' room, in the Art Show and in Artists' Alley; in all cases the sale will be governed by the rules applicable to those areas. Please note that it is illegal by both hotel and local regulations 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.

Disorderly Conduct

Please remember that you are a guest of the hotel, and that there are other guests staying at the hotel who are not members of the convention. 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 engaging in 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 the Chief of Security or with the Chairman. 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 ordered by the City Fire Marshall.
- * No horseplay or goofing off on stairways. This, too, is a safety issue.
- * No roughhousing in or around either of the pools.

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. 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 Convention policy. Only one warning may be given.

Anthrocon is dedicated to providing a safe and comfortable convention experience for everyone; it is not, however, responsible for solving the interpersonal problems that may arise between individual members. In general, we can take no action to prevent a person from attending the convention unless that person has made a specific and credible threat involving the convention itself. Anthrocon does not provide a bodyguard service nor can we guarantee the special protection of any one person.

If you feel that a credible threat exists against your person, we advise you to seek a restraining order against the individual who poses such a threat and to present it to the chairman in advance of the convention; otherwise, we recommend simply avoiding that individual. If that individual stalks, harasses, or assaults you at the convention itself, you may report that individual to a member of the security team or to an Anthrocon staff member and the appropriate action will be taken.

Conversely, any attempt to have an innocent person removed from the convention by wrongly accusing him or her of threats will be itself treated as an act of harassment and will be dealt with appropriately. The responsibility for settling interpersonal disputes lies solely with the individuals involved, and Anthrocon will not tolerate being used as a leveraging point in such disputes.

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 pun-



STANDARDS OF CONDUCT

ishable 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.

Substance Abuse

Anthrocon takes a dim view of the sale or use of illegal narcotics or other controlled substances, which are considered to have no place at the convention. For the safety and comfort of our members, any individual noted to be visibly intoxicated or otherwise under the influence of mind-altering substances will be asked to retire to a private hotel room until the effects have passed. No further action will be taken if the party in question agrees to retire.

The sale or other distribution of any controlled substances will not be tolerated, nor will any warnings be given. Any individual found to be distributing intoxicating substances will be subject to immediate and permanent revocation of Anthrocon membership and will be reported directly to the Philadelphia Police. The sole exceptions to this rule are bottled alcoholic beverages, which in Pennsylvania may legally be given as gifts (but not sold by unlicensed individuals). Anthrocon asks that such beverages be consumed in the privacy of a hotel room and not taken into any convention function or function space. Please note an important caveat involving minors: Anyone knowingly or unknowingly providing alcohol to anyone under the age of 21 (the legal drinking age in Pennsylvania) will be removed from both the convention and the hotel and will be reported to the authorities. It is the sole responsibility of persons serving alcohol in room parties to ensure that every person in attendance is over the age of 21, even if that person is not drinking alcohol. The Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board is extremely serious about this law and we ask our members to respect it.

Use of video or audio footage

Anthrocon members are welcome to record their memories of the convention for their own personal use. Additionally there is a chance that Anthrocon members may end up with their likeness in the Convention highlights video or similar media productions produced by Anthrocon. To account

for this and to protect members from exploitation by unscrupulous parties, the following rules have been implemented.

For the purposes of this section the term "recording" is representative of any media capturing medium or devices, audio, visual or otherwise.

Anthrocon, Inc. (hereafter Anthrocon) retains the rights to all recordings of the convention. Individual members are allowed private use of any recording they have personally recorded at the convention. Public broadcast of a recording of any part of the convention is prohibited without written permission from Anthrocon. The sole exception to this rule involves still photos. Anthrocon permits (and encourages) members to share photographs of their convention experience on personal web pages. Video and audio recordings, however, may not be made available on the internet without written permission from Anthrocon.

- Members may not seek out or interview other members for the creation of a publicly-available recording without written permission of Anthrocon.
- Members may not portray themselves as representative of or use the name of Anthrocon in any recording (both at the convention or elsewhere) without written permission from Anthrocon.
- Members may not offer for broadcast or distribution any recording that includes the imagery of Anthrocon without written permission from Anthrocon.
- Members must agree that for any recording which includes the imagery of Anthrocon they assign ALL related rights, compensations and royalties from the usage of said recording to Anthrocon.
- Individual members agree to assign without compensation the



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use of their likeness(es) at Anthrocon for the use of promotional material such as the highlights videos.

- Any recording that is made by Anthrocon in a setting that offers a reasonable expectation of privacy (such as in a hotel room or non-public party or area) will not be used without the member's written permission.
- Parties interested in making recordings for public interest should contact the Chairman for further information.

Miscellaneous notes

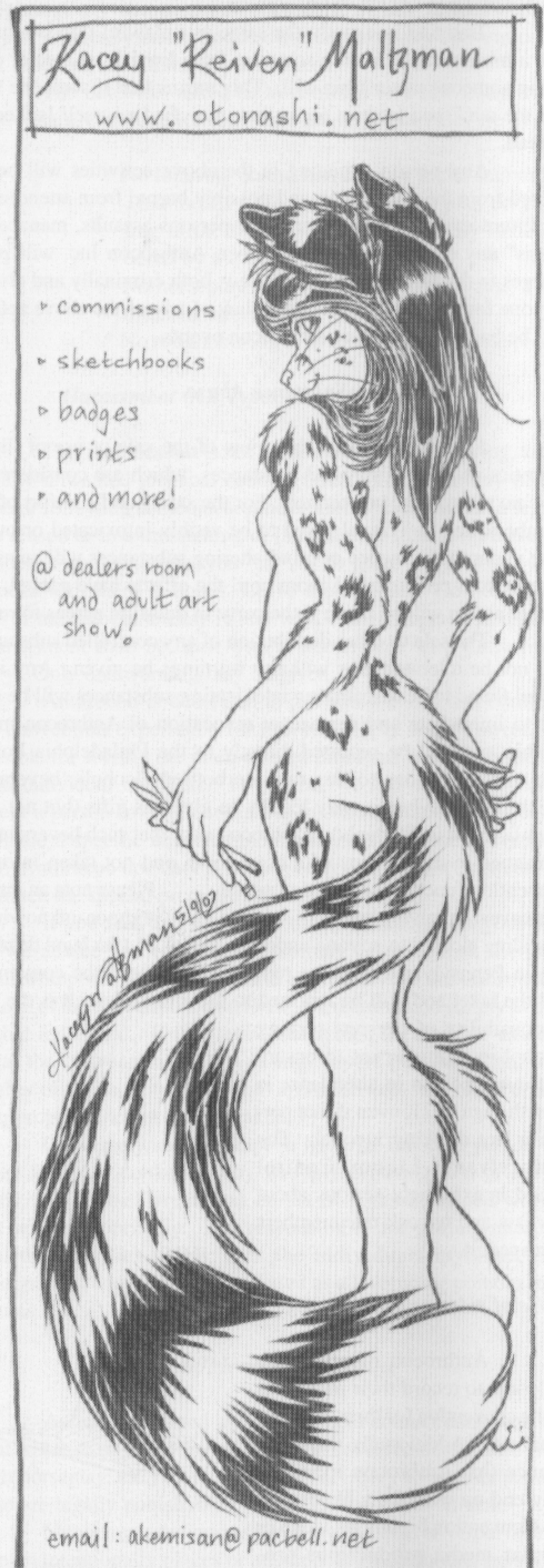
The standards of conduct for Anthrocon 2002 will be strictly enforced by Anthrocon security volunteers who will be clearly identified as such on site. Enforcement will be very simple; your first offense will result in a mark on your con badge and a warning. The second offense will result in the confiscation 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 2002 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 Chief of Security or Anthrocon's Chairman. 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.

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 if Anthrocon is provided with sufficient evidence to suggest that illegal activities, particularly those that may cause harm to another person or to the well-being of the convention as a whole, will be taking place in a hotel room, we have both a civic and a moral responsibility to report such information to the appropriate authorities.

Please be reminded that these rules involve, of course, "worst-case" scenarios and are put into place to ensure the safety and comfort of our members. 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 safe and enjoyable experience for everyone. Have fun - just please remember to be courteous of those around you while doing so!

— Dr. Samuel Conway
Chairman, Anthrocon Inc.
ceo@anthrocon.org



How to Buy Art at the Anthrocon Art Show

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.

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 "General Gallery" 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 general 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. This "Mature Gallery" 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 Saturday evening will be sent to a separate voice auction later that evening.

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. You may not interfere with or intimidate someone who wants to outbid you. Allow them to place their bid, and then outbid them on the next bid line. If someone tries to keep you from placing a bid, seek assistance from an Art Show crew member. Anyone caught interfering with bidding will be asked to leave the Art Show, and their bidding privileges revoked.

Written bidding for General Gallery artwork closes at noon

Sunday. The Art Show will be cleared of all bidders at that time, as detailed below. 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 still want to buy. 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 while the show is open for written bidding!

For pieces in the Mature Gallery, 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 10 pm Saturday, and runs similarly to the General Gallery 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.

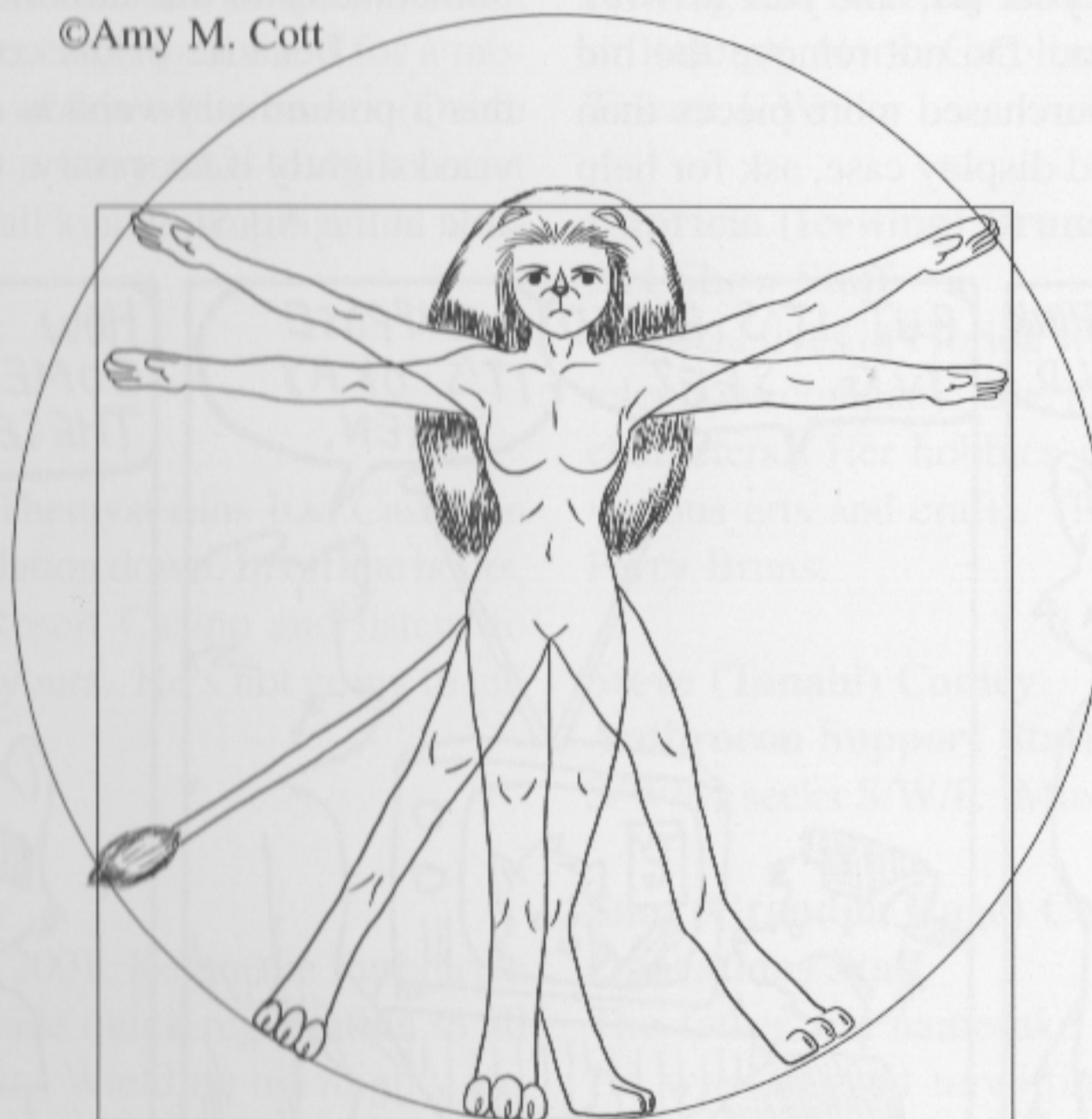
Be careful. When placing a written bid on items, assume that you will be the winning bidder on all of them. In this way, you will avoid having to pay for more art than you can afford to buy. If you have reached your limit for Art Show purchases, wait until you have lost an item to a higher bidder before 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.

When the written bidding closes in either area, crew members will form a "wall" and sweep the area, shooing people out. Even though the show is closing, bidding may still take place: 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 the "wall" reaches you. If bidders are contesting a piece at closing time, the "wall" will pause to allow the bidding to continue until one of the bidders gives up, or until the piece receives enough bids to send it to the voice auction. Only authorized and trusted crew members are permitted behind the "wall" once it passes. Because the crew is busy getting ready for the auction, we cannot accommodate anyone who wants to check their bids after closing. A list of pieces going to auction will be posted by approximately 30 minutes before the auction begins.

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Art Show Bidding, Continued from Page 55.

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

If you are the winning bidder, you purchase only the physical possession of the artwork; the artist retains the copyright. If you wish to make copies of a piece you purchase for any purpose, you must negotiate 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). All sales are final and all items are sold as-is; refunds will not be issued for items purchased in the Art Show for any reason.

Remember: You bid, you buy. Your bid is a legal contract with Anthrocon for the purchase of the artwork in question. If you fail to pick up your artwork and/or fail to pay for it in full, we will locate you after the convention and bill you for the price of the art plus packing and shipping costs (typically \$20). Checks which do not clear the bank will be assessed a service charge of at least \$20. Anyone who fails to honor their monetary obligations will not be allowed to participate in future Anthrocon Art Shows, and will be denied membership at all future Anthrocon conventions until all charges are paid in full. Persons who present fraudulent checks, unauthorized credit cards or counterfeit money will be reported immediately to the authorities.

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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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 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/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 as well.



Staff Bios

Matt (Danruk) Adey

Operations Staff

Danruk makes his return to Anthrocon once again as a helpstaff member, a proud Anthrocon tradition since he was a 'gopher' at the first Albany Anthrocon. His human alter Ego, Matt Adey has contributed as a writer to the furry 'zine: North American Fur, and is often found participating in the con Improv shows. He's a seasoned furry con veteran and is happy to help out any of you who happen to be new to AC this year.

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. He's been published in "Yerf!," "Anthrolations" and on Wildviolet.com's premier issue.

Gene (WhiteShepherd) Angel

Internet Room Staff

Before you stands a strong towering male 6'2" snow white German shepherd dog. His soft lonely blue eyes catch yours and for a moment you catch a glimpse into the soul of this white beast. (Quote from Furry Muck) RL: *Woof!* I'm a furry who loves to meet other nice furs, computers, nature, art (all kinds), singing, and writing.

Robert (Chiaroscuro) Armstrong

Anthrocon Support Staff

In his online hours, Chiaroscuro Lyle Themyst runs Itza Castle on FurryMUCK, and keeps the snake population down. In offline hours, Bob Armstrong works at Foxwoods Resort Casino and listens to his CD collection, which is larger than yours. He's not going to tell you about his vixen alt.

James (Kagur) Augur

Anthrocon Support Staff

A veteran of the Adams Mark Wars of 2001, Kagur the Furbrarian ventures forth to face the hor... to provide quick registration to all our wonderful attendees... Yeah, that's it:) Wielding his mighty terminal, Kagur vows to vanquish the unbadged and have lots of fun doing it.

Tony Bassette, Jr.

Art Show Staff

Tony, furry fan from the days of "Captain Carrot and the Zoo Crew", discovered furry-cons eight years ago. For longer he has been encouraging and aiding others in developing their talents, running classes in problem solving, creativity and having fun. He also does storytelling, crafts, games and children's activities.

Dave (Shayde) Belfer-Shevett

Anthrocon Support Staff/Registration Director

Chairman and CTO of Stonekeep Consulting, Inc, Dave is here to dethrone the evil Lord of con reg ... erm... ah... is here to support Anthrocon's Registration system and help the migration over to the new CONGO platform.

Michael (Gadgets) Bellinger

Dorsai Irregulars

Vicki (Bumblebee) Bloom

Programming Gaming Track Advisor

Vicki Bloom is an inventor, writer, gamer and lover of life. Her biggest furry claim to fame is the World Tree RPG, which you'll find her selling, running or talking about all weekend. Look for the woman in the tiger suit and the bodice and come say hello!

Steve (Kierne) Bornstein

Anthrocon Support Staff

Steve's friendly demeanor is merely a front so no-one will suspect his ultimate plan to turn the US population into a Matrix-style battery farm to power his giant Krispy Kreme factories that will cover the world with a three-foot-deep layer of glazed donuts. Got milk?

Tom (Duncan da Husky) Brady

Operations Staff

Tom is a five-year veteran of the furry scene. He's on staff for Midwest Furfest as well as Mephit Furmeet and now Anthrocon, proving that he really needs to learn to use the word 'no.' He lives in Raleigh, North Carolina, in wedded bliss with his life partner, Takaza J. Wolf.

Capricia (Icewing) Bruns

Art Show Staff

Capricia lives in Florida where she does tech support for a national telephone company. She plays Icewing@Furtoonia as well as other characters. Her hobbies include the SCA, writing, drawing, and various arts and crafts. This January she married a fellow furry, Perry Bruns.

Steve (Tanabi) Conley

Anthrocon Support Staff

S/W/M seeks S/W/F. Must find Lyndon Johnson attractive.

Sam (Grandpa Kage) Conway

Operations Staff

The father and namesake of Dr. Conway, Anthrocon's chairman. He was dragged unwittingly into the weird and wild world of Anthropomorphics when he offered to drive his wife Wilma to the Hilton in Valley Forge to help out with the first Anthrocon in Pennsylvania. Each year Wilma finds another excuse to get him into the car, and before he knows it he finds himself standing behind an artists' alley sales table.

Samuel (Uncle Kage) Conway, Ph.D.

Board of Directors (Chairman)

A latter-day Baron Munchausen, Dr. Conway, known in the fandom as 'Uncle Kage,' has been entertaining folks onstage with stories of his misadventures since 1995. He took over the former Albany Anthrocon in 1998 and founded 'Anthrocon Inc.,' for which he has served as chairman since.

Wilma (Grandma Kage) Conway

Operations Staff

Wilma Conway is the mother of our esteemed chairman Dr. Samuel



Conway. She has been a part of the Anthrocon scene since 1999 since she offered to help out her hard-working son. She can be seen minding the con store with her husband Sam or helping to entertain our honored guests. A native of Ardmore, PA, she currently lives not far from there with her husband of many years and her beloved dog Harley.

George (Whysper) Cunningham
Anthrocon Support Staff

Still crazy after all these years and loving every demented minute of it.

Tristan (Kelaryn) Danner
Anthrocon Support Staff

Tristan Danner is an aspiring fantasy artist and published poet. Wait, cancel that. Tristamaximus Merdidius was a proud Roman general until he was exiled, his woman killed, he ended up enslaved and eventually had his vengeance on the emperor's greedy son. His life is now a major motion picture.

Kristina (Kristy) Davis
Programming Writers' Track Advisor

Anything I could write about myself would either be too short to be meaningful or too long to fit the space requirements. However, in the interest of completeness, I'm an author, a computer programmer, a snowshoe hare, an expatriate of the Republic of Texas and a member of too many other subcultures to count.

Ryan (Tet Solfire) Dewalt
Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff

I currently am the sole programmer and one half of the admin team of YNA, a fledgling online art community that has a thriving community of artists and the other wonderful words that I'd put here if I were any good at marketing. But I'm not good at marketing, I'm just a lumbering geek with more hobbies than spare time.

W. Michael (DarkWolfie) Dooley
Anthrocon Support Staff

An underemployed artist and writer from New England, Wolfie likes to maintain a constant level of poise and sophistication around him... but he's never really succeeded. He likes to draw, paint, write fiction, socialize and sing. He likes cheese.

Patrick (Mach Stormrunner) Dowden
Operations Staff

Hello, I'm Mach. I'm a hype, enthusiastic, and very curious person. I skate (inline aggressive), practice Martial Arts, and party whenever possible. I've been to the last three Anthrocons and helped with security last year. Don't worry if you see me running; it's my normal state of motion!

Clare (Quasnia) Duxbury
Anthrocon Support Staff

British lass with a penchant for American accents and things that slither. Determined to make sure that people don't run out of chocolate.

James (ShiroTora) Eden
Art Show Staff

ShiroTora ("White Tiger" in Japanese) AKA James Eden was born June 7th, 1974 and is, at this writing, not dead yet. He's staff at several furry conventions and dabbles in anthropomorphic "photography," furry artwork, furotic stories and audiocassettes on which he records his own stories, available for perusal at <http://www.imaginier.com/shirotora>.

J. Scotty (Windsinger) Emerle
Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff

Hihhi! I'm an Art Director by profession and am involved with everything from print and electronic media design, to short film & video work. I've been hidden in the furry fandom for a long time, and haven't missed an Anthrocon yet.

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 Staff

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 rediscovered 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.

Becky Fish
Programming Track Advisor in Training

Becky Fish is new to Furrydom, though she has been roleplaying non-humans for almost three years now. She tends to gravitate towards flying creatures, despite severe acrophobia in real life. She has done some theatre work in high school, both acting and in stage crew. This is her first convention.

Ryan (Tyrnn Eaveranth) Gates
Operations Staff

Tyrnn Eaveranth, aka Ryan Gates (no relation) has been mucking around for only a couple of years. He got drawn into this whole

It was an age of great inventions and discoveries. Gutenberg invented the Bible. Sir Walter Raleigh is a historical figure because he invented cigarettes. Another important invention was the circulation of blood. Sir Francis Drake circumcised the world with a 100-foot clipper.



©Julie Miyamoto



convention thing when he was tempted into coming to AC2000. Well, he was hooked. Now every year the other staff members hypnotize him into working slave labor as well as getting a supersponsorship out of him. Shameless plug: <http://ld5.hn.org/members/tyrnn>

Genki

Friday Night DJ

Genki is a musical dj/producer who spends his time spinning in clubs all over the world, and working with some of today's top acts.

Carol Gobeyn

Dorsai Irregulars

Joined SF fandom in 1975. Since then I have help run several small upstate New York conventions between 1977 and 1980. During this time I was also involved with a small SF bookstore, Nebulus Books. Inducted into the Dorsai Irregulars in 1977. Currently I am secretary of the group. I am married to Rene Gobeyn and the mother of four daughters.

Rene (Renegade) Gobeyn

Dorsai Irregulars

I started reading SF in the late 50s, and have been active in SF convention fandom since 1975. I was invited to join the organization in 1977 and am the current and past president, and past secretary of the Dorsai Irregulars Board of Directors. Married to Carol Gobeyn and the father of four daughters who are all active SF Fans (trust me, it's more difficult than it sounds).

Scott (Mirage) Gosik

Anthrocon Media Services

Vaguely humanoid shaped and walks upright, but not when sleeping. If encountered in grouchy mood, invite to share a meal.

Frederick (Fred) Grimm

Con Suite Staff

A Fred at rest tends to stay at rest. A Fred in motion is looking for a place to rest.

Joanne (Jo) Hall

Dorsai Irregulars

I've been an SF fan for many years (since 1978), and in the last two decades have become very active in the running of art shows at cons, from small shows to Worldcon sized ones. Everything from clerical jobs, to physical set-up, to auctions, to security (often with the Dorsai Irregulars); all duties that I've become very familiar with. I'm most likely to be found in the art show, working, schmoozing, or most often both at the same time.

John (Bear) Hall

Dorsai Irregulars

John "Bear" Hall lives in Rochester, New York with his wife, Joanne, and several dozen teddy bears. Bear has been a science fiction reader since he was eight, and has been attending SF conventions since 1976. Invited to join the Dorsai Irregulars in 1988, he is currently serves on their board of directors, publishes their newsletter, and keeps the organization's archives. He also is known as an auctioneer, having worked many fannish art and charity auc-

tions.

Daniel (Dahn) Hammond

Anthrocon Support Staff

Poet, Author, self-proclaimed artist. Creator of FindFur and many tasty grilled sammichs. (Yum.)

Brian (Rigel) Harris

Board of Directors (Masquerade, Charity, Saturday DJ)

Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the anthropomorphic fandom community since 1992. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY when he was a student at SUNY Albany and now resides in Leesburg, VA. He has run the Anthrocon Charity Auction for 6 years, the Masquerade for 4 years, and this will be his second year as DJ.

Jos. (Woggle) Harrison

Art Show Staff

A human, though from some angles he may look like a fox or a foxtaur, its 6ft, 75lb furless body proving this. It likes to call itself Jos. Harrison, and pretends it has a job delivering pizza, and that we're all imaginary. Come along now, the next exhibit is waiting...

Dan (Takaza J. Wolf) Hauschild

Operations Staff

Takaza J. Wolf (aka Dan R. Hauschild) is a wolf of many trades. He works with multiple furry conventions while in normal life he is an accounting clerk for a multi-national conglomerate. He likes to meet new furs, ride roller coasters, and spend nice quiet nights with his mate, Duncan da Husky.

Amy (Meep) Heller

Anthrocon Support Staff

Red haired, green-eyed kittycat, what more is there to know? She is old enough to know better and young enough not to care, she also knows where her towel is.. This kitty has a B.A. in Theatre and works in the credit card industry... amazing what life does to you, ne?

Corben Henry

Anthrocon Support Staff

Just this dizzy, dumb fox who flies all the way over from Scotland to be Points' staff-slave once a year, all in the name of scritchies, cool artwork and Guinness. 'nuff said.

Andrew (Himura) Hicks

Anthrocon Support Staff/Registration Coordinator

Yet again serving as the tallest person on AC reg-staff. Has decided to leave the smouldering remains of his boyhood farm behind to follow Points and learn the ways of the dark side. Goals this year are to not get sick (again), have a cheesesteak (again), and practice his evil cackling, with some minor forays into oppressing the weak.

Steve (Simba Lion) Hopps

Anthrocon Audio-Visual

Simba's been aware of the fandom for roughly 8 years, and began his life on FurryMuck in 1995. He started going to Conventions in



1999 with Confurence. Simba works as a staff member for the two conventions he attends, Midwest FurFest and Anthrocon. He's a lion that really knows where his towel is.

Rachel (Dali) Hug
Dealers Room Staff

Rachel 'Dali' Hug is a wolfish type of woman whom you may have run into on FurryMuck as 'Dali da Llama' or 'Werellama' on LiveJournal. She lives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin with her mate Mistletoe. She's been actively involved with the fandom for four years; this is her third Anthrocon. She is an art lover, an aspiring fursuiter, a lover of fiction (especially werewolves), and an avid roleplayer (particularly where big sharp pointy things are involved).

B. J. (SK-1) Hughes
Masquerade Staff/M.C.

SK-1, the Bad Kitty from the streets of Philly, lends his stylings to the Masquerade for the fourth straight year. When the cat isn't out and about, you'll find his alter ego, BJ Hughes, residing in the Washington DC area and performing puppets and costume characters for local TV stations.

Karl (Xydexx) Jorgensen
Anthrocon Press Services

Karl Jorgensen has been active in furry fandom since 1993, and has been attending Anthrocon since it began. He has extensive desktop publishing experience and maintains a website, Anthrofurry Infocenter, at <http://www.xydexx.com/anthrofurry>.

Caro (Sherifa) Johnson
Anthrocon Support Staff

I am not as I have been, nor am I as I shall be. I simply am as I am today, no more, no less. I am all things: Mother, child, wife, lover, sister, soul. Music makes me smile, hatred makes me frown.

Kevin (Leo/Frnkzk) Kane
Anthrocon Media Services

Kevin Kane first came to furrydom as the unpronounceably-named lion Frnkzk in 1995, and became active in the fandom a few years later. He's now called "Leo" after his handle was given a pronunciation by popular vote. He's currently a doctoral student in computer science (despite Uncle Kage's warnings about graduate school) in Austin, Texas. Somehow, despite his education, he's been talked into working on staff, helping with the video.

Paul (Pepe K./Fifi) Kellogg
Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff

Pepe K. is a skunk of many talents - a professional actor, director,

performer in the tri-state area for the past 25 years. He has appeared in hundreds of productions and performed on Broadway. As a furry, he is an award-winning author of fanfiction. "Fifi" has performed here for the past two Anthrocons.

Kevin (Triggur) Kelm
Anthrocon Dance Coordinator/Audio-Visual

Stage/lighting ninja who'd rather pluck his eyes with spoons than write a bio. What? I'm on now? Aw, nuts.

Chris (SilverBlade) Keys
Anthrocon Support Staff

Long term veteran of various fandoms, Chris has done quite a bit. His interests and skills include such things as drawing, haunted house acting and makeup, video production and voiceover work, puppetry, and more. A few past projects include Babylon Park, Crusade Wars and Netherworld Haunted House in Atlanta.

Brian (Snowdog) Kinnison
Anthrocon Support Staff

Raised by a family of opossum herders in the jungles of NW Florida, he was lured out of the swamp into civilization by following the scent of Krispy Kreme donut trucks, where he's been ever since.

Adrian (Sheve) Kruger
Anthrocon Support Staff

A member of the expanding frontier of furry females, she dabbles at art and has an obsessive love of all things yellow. Oh, and there's more, but they wouldn't give her the space to tell it. Meh.

Candy (Trixi) Lewin
Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff

Donna (Moonfall) Long
Dorsai Irregulars

Volunteering seems to be an incurable disease, I've never managed to just attend a con. There is always something that needs to be done. Being a Dorsai Irregular has only made it certain that the disease is for a lifetime.

Eric (Rhonin) Long
Dorsai Irregulars

Dorsai Irregular and a resident of Phoenix (yes, it is a dry heat but when it's 110 who cares). I seem to have this habit of attending cons east of the Mississippi - about 80% of them over the last 6 years.

Amanda (Elysium) MaGee
Anthrocon Support Staff

This sarcastic and off-times over sugared red headed Renaissance Cat, having been indentured into slave labor.uh...volunteer work, for most of last years CON, decided to

©DarkWolfie



give up her freedom completely and see to the registration needs of other fur. How Noble....?

Tara A. Maune
Art Show Staff

Although Tara has attended anthropomorphic conventions since Confurence East 1995, she's been writing stories since the age of five. She has several anthropomorphic stories published in Paw Prints, Ever-Changing Palace and the Anthrocon 1999 Con Book. Currently she works in Human Resources, where she'll never lack for new characters with the wondrous variety of people she contacts daily.

Dan (Adric) Mayall
Operations Staff

The Bastich returneth! This is his second con, and the rat is back and better than ever. He is a cartoonist/aspiring comedian/gamer/mIRC addict with goals of world domination. Mundanes, beware! Walk up and say 'Hey.' You can recognize him by his more flagrant T-shirts. Peace!

Karl (Crim) Meyer
Dealers Room Staff

Crim has been in the fandom since 1994. His first actually furry convention was Furtasticon, which was held right next door to the Adams Mark. He's enjoyed helping staff or gophering at cons since being dragged into helping out at Duckon 4. He looks forward to his second year as dealer room staff for Anthrocon.

Phaedra (Wyldekyttin) Meyer
Dealers Room Staff

Wyldekyttin is a habitual night dweller infrequently dragged into the light by assorted conventions and Ren Faires. A knack for personal responsibility and organization (and an inability to hide from calls for volunteers) quickly resulted in multiple staff positions. Please mind her sharp little teeth; kittens have been known to bite for no reason.

Karl F. (CarlFox) Meyers
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 the chairman of PawPet Megaplex.

Cynthia (Feeder of the Masses) Moreno
Con Suite Staff

This year marks her third year at the con, thus making her an Anthrocon veteran. As head of the con suite, she is heretofore proclaimed 'Feeder of the Masses.' Last year's chocolate table and bowls of 'S&M' were some of the popular treats. This year you can look forward to more of the same. Cynthia currently lives in North Carolina with her stuffed Pooh, Tigger, and her collection of Harlan Ellison books.

Jason (Creature) Murdock
Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff

Doug (Giza) Muth
Operations Staff

This is his Giza's fourth time attending Anthrocon, and like most silly felines, just keeps coming back for more! When he's not making his own tails and ears or hanging out in FurryMUCK, he works as a software engineer for Ascentive LLC. Giza can be found on the web at <http://www.claws-and-paws.com>

Jay (Fisk) Naylor
Anthrocon Support Staff

For the fifth straight year in a row, Jay Naylor humbly accepts the award for the most nomadic furry artist in existence. When questioned about his sixteenth address change in the past ten years, he only had one comment: "Exercise the goats and scrape the film off the pudding."

George (Tigerwolf) Nemeyer
Board of Directors (Internet Room)

Though a 'furry' inside since a kid, the Internet revealed others in 1993. Tigerden was founded in 1994 in part to contribute something back to the fandom. Since then, we've provided Internet room setups for various furry cons, web and muck hosting, and individual accounts for those lacking other facilities.

Sue (Gryllus) Packard
Programming Artists' Track Advisor

Gryllus is a very talented and witty artist who really digs bugs (and you thought Kagemushi was the only one). She participated in last year's Artist Ambush right alongside Bill Holbrook and this year, she returns as our Artist Track Advisor!

Susan (SusanDeer) Parkin
Board of Directors (Programming Head)

Susan Parkin returns again as your Programming Director. You may know her as the author and artist of A Doemian of Our Own... *Blah Blah Blah...*

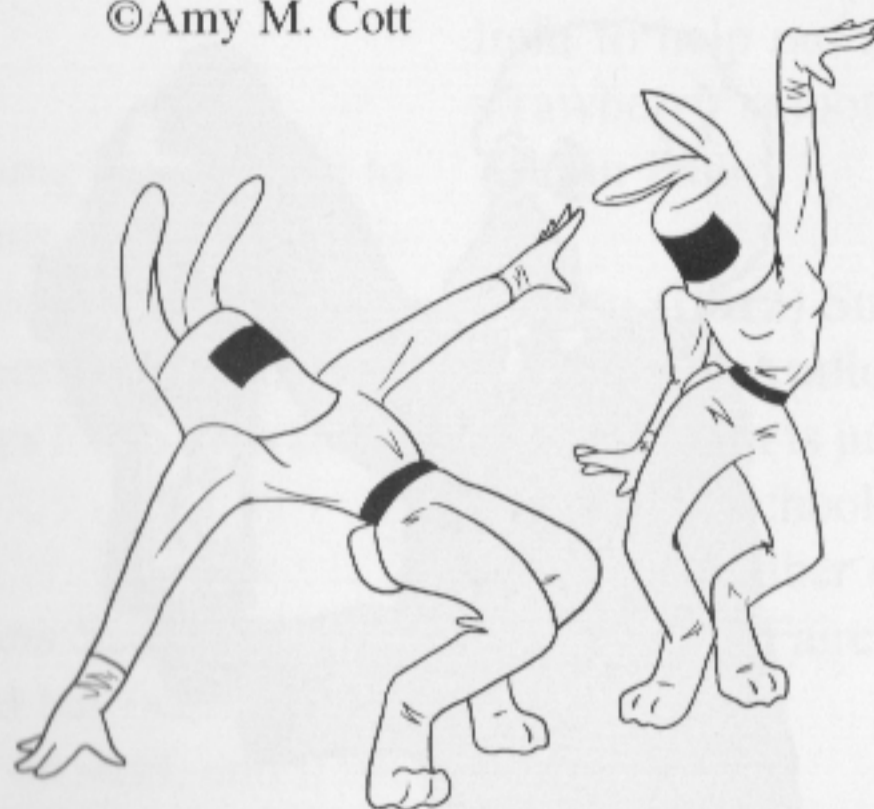
PeterCat
Board of Directors (Art Show Director)

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/infopage/>) and in his FurryMUCK persona as Rhal, maintains a list of furry-themed MU*s.

Sean (Preyfar) Piche
Operations Staff

An art student studying the ancient art of tree destruction (a.k.a. animation), Preyfar currently resides in the city of Philadelphia. He hopes to one day rule the world with an army of hyena-shaped marshmallow peeps.

©Amy M. Cott



Mike (Pantera) Pierce
Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff

I'm your average friendly, boring, fan who likes to help out at cons. A furry fan about three years now and has attended the last two Anthrocons and MFF and is now officially hooked!

Phillip (Bennie) Pollard
Board of Directors
(Anthrocon Media Services)

Phil Pollard, the definitive large tiger of Furry, became associated with Furry in early 1995. Since then he helped start IRC Furry (later yiff.net). Bennie runs several furry related sites, most noted is Macrophile.com. Bennie attended the early Anthrocons, becoming one of five lifetime members. Currently he serves as lead videographer, board member and co-chair of the macrophile panel.

Evan (Algernon) Ostroski
Operations Staff

Little mouse. Big mouth. Drives a BIG truck. Spends his free time cruising the highways in search of the elusive SoBe Zen Blend.

J. Scott (Dr. Skorzy) Rogers
Art Show Staff

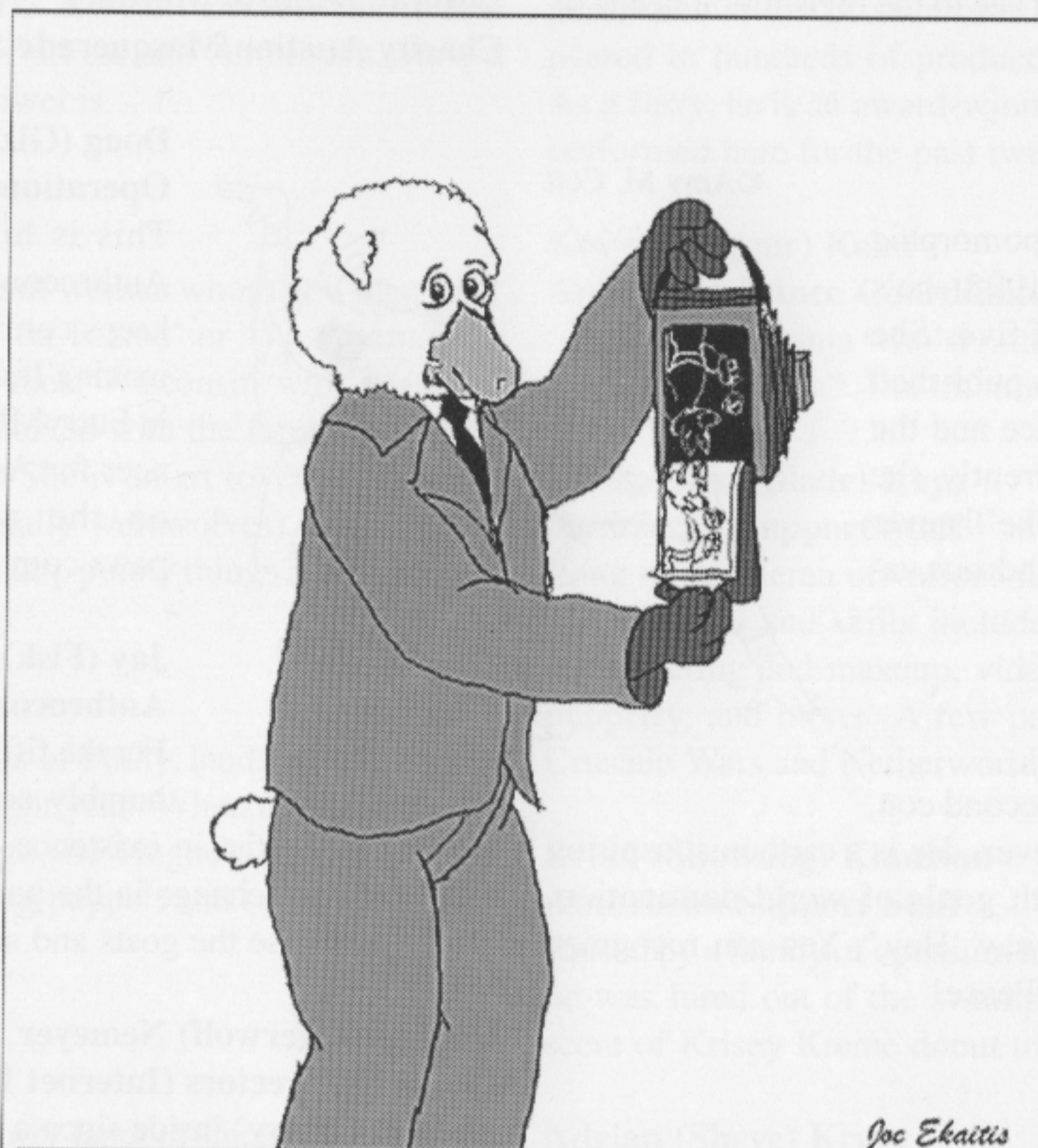
A Biomedical Research Scientist at UMASS Medical Center. He's also an Assistant Editor for Sofawolf Press and has written a few bits of anthropomorphic fiction when Emmy, his Boa constrictor, isn't wrapped around his head; though it has been suggested that it would improve his writing a great deal.

Ray (Rune) Rooney
Video Room Staff

One of the early furs still active in the fandom. Did artwork and publishing in the 80s and early 90s. Held the first Eastern Furry Party in '88 and had the annual parties at PhilCon that spawned Furtasticon and CFEast. Combined hobby and job during the 90s and subtitled several Japanese anime series and OVAs.

Matt (Foxlord) Roush
Anthrocon Support Staff

Name's Foxlord: Secret-agent 009. Been involved in Furry Fandom since 1997. I've been staff on Anthrocon for several years now, I'm usually the registration wrangler, so if you see a skinny fox; keepin' all the furs in-line until it's their turn to register: that's me!



Edwin Herbert Lamb

Edward and Marguerite Rutkowski

Volunteer Table

Ed and Marg Rutkowski have served for many years on the Philcon committee and have been helping out at Anthrocon's volunteer desk since the organization first arrived in Pennsylvania. They are the keepers of the light, and have also found the time to impart to use the wisdom they have gained during the operation of so many conventions past.

Will A. Sanborn
Art Show Staff

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.

Diane (Tashabear) Sawyer

Anthrocon Press Services

Introduced to the fandom just over a year ago by her boyfriend, Tashabear has taken her chronic volunteerism to the next level. Likes: high bandwidth, comic strips, chocolate truffles, and Diet Coke. Dislikes: airline seats, server downtime, summer squash and mean people.

Kurt (MacRae) Schiller
Anthrocon Support Staff

From the post-apocalyptic wastelands of central New Jersey, Kurt grew up amongst hordes of killer mutants in heavily modified cars and trucks, always questing across the wasteland in his jury-rigged car for precious gasoline whilst raiding surrounding communities. He also plays the bass guitar.

Jennifer (Buran) Scott
Anthrocon Support Staff

Volunteering for the third time at the registration desk where she always has a good time even though things can get pretty hectic. She's still much the same as she was last year, but is putting more emphasis on trying to relax and have fun in life.

Steve (Valenth) Scott
Anthrocon Support Staff

Born in West Texas, Steve lives life by going in several directions at once. At age 26, he's been: video clerk, theater tech, Army medic,



deliveryman, Muck Wizard, tech support guru, and is trying out artistry when time permits. He currently resides in the Midwest with his wife Jennifer.

Don (Molly Devil/Auris) Shaffer
Anthrocon Support Staff

Beloved and feared by those who know him. Doing his damnest to NOT go insane at this years AC. Hoping Points remembers his promise to use padded shackles for the registration desk this year. Mild mannered reporter by day, cloaked superhero at night...wait no, that's not right. Who wrote this thing, anyways? MSTRon lives.

Mark (Galen) Shapiro
Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff, Operations Staff

Galen has been to nearly a dozen furry cons, and has been a sponsor of Anthrocon since '99. This is his first year on staff, and if the horror stories he's heard are true, it may well be his last - if he survives.

T.J. (AlaskanWolf) Sittner
Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff

I've been in the fandom for around 6 years, with experience in con staff as one of the directors for Pandaguy's Picnic in September. I like to spend my extra time writing and researching Wolves and Canines, as well as study for my major in college, business administration.

Brian (Malachite) Smith
Anthrocon Support Services

This mountain of a man has been molehilling about on mucks for about ten years, and thought it was time to crawl out into natural light to help out at Anthrocon this year. He may be bribed with strawberry smoothies, deadlands games, and naked pictures of Adrian Paul.

Louisa (Itara) Smith
Anthrocon Audio-Visual

Louisa Smith is just this girl, you know? She currently attends the Penn State School of Theatre, where she has no focus or direction, and is a member of the Blackfryar Company at the Pennsylvania Renaissance Faire. She also does art.

Smrgol
Art Show Staff

Smrgol "found furry" about 3 1/2 years ago, and jumped in with both hooves. While the Kirin doesn't consider himself an artist, his work graced Suburban Jungle as filler strips on two occasions. Usually he can be found online in alt.lifestyle.furry, or ICQ.

David M. Stein
Dorsai Irregulars

David's been working in fandom for.. well.. a long time. Auctioneer, security, gadabout. Been around Furry Fandom for a long time now, husband of artist Diana Harlan Stein. Winner of the 1947

LIMPIDITY

Po Shan Cheah



ANTHROCON 2002

Nobel Prize for Cheese.

Jesse (Tango) Stringer

Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff, Operations Staff

Anthrocon 2002 is Tango's second furrycon and second Anthrocon. His first con ever was Anthrocon 2001. He served as a volunteer for both ConOps and the Artist Alley. His other con experience is Technicon 19 where the Hokie husky-wolf mutt served as head of ConOps. He also answers to Rails.

Ken (P.Pardus) Suzuki

Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff

Spotty leopard kitty, that runs around doing random things. In addition to being staff at AC, he runs Feral! (thanks to the help of a bunch of TorFurs). Meow!

Erin (AlphaWolf) Washington

Anthrocon Audio-Visual

The one-man "Junkyard Wars" team, reveres Red Green as a deity, and holds true to the faith that Duct Tape is The Force. Can often be found rooting through the closets for spare PC parts, wiring things in ways that the manual said not to, or under the hoods of various automobiles.

Stacey (Peppermint) Wenkel

Board of Directors (Publishing)

Technical writer by day, fiction writer when she can steal time. She was raised by a pack of wild corndogs.

Jason (Darkclaw) Williams

Internet Room Staff

In November 1996, I came on-line - three months later found FurryMUCK and became self-aware. I've worked in the publishing business for 10 years, traveled the world, and settled into a lazy life of work, rest, and furr. I love my Home Cinema setup, crave junk food, and lust after better PCs.

Stephonie (WhiTiger) Williams

Programming Assistant/General Track Advisor

Stephonie: AKA WhiTiger Darkon. Introduced to Furrydom in 1996, her first con was CF9. She attended AC2 & MFM2, in 1999 married Tehrasha (they met online). She started the MFM Charity Auction for Tiger Haven, has mothered and helped birth a number of farm cats; recently foster-mothered an orphaned baby raccoon.

Dave (T'Chall) Wilson

Operations Staff

T'Chall is an anthropomorphic fox who made his debut on FurryMuck back in 1995. His interest in furies goes a long way before that, though, thanks to folks like Bill Hanna, Joe Barbera, Chuck Jones, Michael Maltese, and many others.

Francine (TygerMoon Foxx) Wolfe-Johnson

Programming Spirituality Track Advisor

I have always enjoyed furry oriented materials and got involved in the fandom in 1996 via FurryMUCK. This is my fourth year attending Anthrocon and my third year of involvement with spirituality programming. I also write stories and draw. In my spare time I'm a housewife.



"FERRET METALS"

©Roy D. Pounds II



FLIPPY
WANDA
HIGH SCHOOL

JULY 2002



Garden Mecha

Allen Kitchen

Bonnie muted the sound on the television set and got up off the couch, pulling her black and white striped tail out of the gap between the cushions. She walked to the sliding doors leading to the backyard. She opened them and stuck her head outside.

"Clyde?" she called out in her sweet, feminine voice. "Clyde? Did you call for me?"

"Yes, Bonnie," a voice from the far corner of the still-unmowed lawn said. "Come on outside. I want to show you something."

Bonnie frowned and opened the door further to step outside. "I thought you were going to mow the grass," she complained aloud. "You haven't touched it all day. The weeds are going to hide our house at this rate."

"It's for a reason," the voice behind the shed replied. "Come on over and I'll show you how I plan to make yard work a thing of the past!"

"It sure isn't a thing of the present," she grumbled as she walked through the ankle-thick grass. She went on and turned the corner of the tool shed.

Bonnie let out an audible gasp at what she found standing there. There, between the shrubbery fenceline of their property and the wall of the shed, stood an aluminum machine with two legs, two arms, and a translucent helmet. Hoses and tubes ran up and down its torso and extremities.

And inside the helmet, the face of her new husband Clyde smiled at her.

"Behold!" he said, his voice coming from a speaker set into his chest protector. "Behold the future of lawn care—the Garden Mecha!"

Bonnie looked the complex machine up and down, part in disbelief and part in aggravation. "You mean to tell me you've been building this... this thing, all morning instead of mowing the lawn like you said you were going to?"

"Now, now," Bonnie said admonishingly to her. "This mech-suit will make the chores of cutting grass and trimming the hedge much faster and less sweaty."

"Less sweaty? What, you have an air conditioner in that thing?"

"Of course. Why not be comfortable when you are working?"

"It must weigh a lot."

"That's why it's powered armor," Clyde said. "All the joints are motorized. I wouldn't be able to take so much as a step in it otherwise."

Bonnie crossed her arms over her chest, annoyed at her husband. "Okay, big shot," she sourly said. "Show me what you've accomplished in lieu of your chores this morning."

"Oh, I'm still going to do all my chores. See, this suit makes it so fast and easy that it'll take no time at all. For example, lets say that I'm supposed to mow the grass."

"Yes, let's say you were supposed to."

Clyde tsked and stepped out to the rest of the backyard. His motors whined and whirred as the mechanical suit followed his motions and mimicked them.

"Mowing the lawn used to involve pushing a grass-cutter, a slow and strenuous task. But now with this suit..." His muzzle cracked in a smile, and metal cutting blades folded down from his legs. "These hedgetrimmers attached to the ankles make mowing as easy as walking through the yard." He took several steps forward. Showers of grass shavings flew into the air in his wake.

"Cute," Bonnie told him. "Just stay well clear of my flower beds, will you?"

"And trimming the hedges is no different," he told her.

"Isn't it difficult, raising your leg that high?"

Clyde chuckled. "No, silly. I've got trimmers attached to the arms as well. See?" At his word, oscillating blades swung out from the wrist joints and buzzed to life. "Cool, isn't it?" he asked.

Bonnie failed to look impressed. "Remind me not to shake your hand in that thing," she said.

"This machine will revolutionize garden care for the next century!" Clyde said as the blades all shut down and folded back into their slots

again. "It'll make us rich, baby! There's no situation in yard care that I can't handle in this suit."

Bonnie sighed. "Clyde?" she asked. "Just where is your tail inside all of that, anyways?"

Clyde squirmed uncomfortably for a second.

"That's not important," he replied.

"Clyde?"

"Okay! Okay! So I had to fold my tail up over my back to get inside the suit."

Bonnie winced. "That can't be comfortable," she said.

"It's not. But some things are more important than comfort."

"Like getting your chores done instead of tinkering in the garage all day?"

Clyde looked wounded. "I've built something that will make both of us rich, and all you can do is complain," he said.

"I'd much rather you did something about that spider-ant nest in the corner of the yard," Connie replied while pointing to the west. "I'm tired of getting bit every time I go to water the dragonlilies."

Clyde's face suddenly brightened! He and his mechanized suit of armor turned and strode in the direction that she had pointed.

"Oh, is that all?" he confidently said. "Not a problem,



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dear – not for me and this suit it isn't." The machine whined and groaned as it took step after step toward the mound of dirt and mud at the corner of their yard.

Connie started to look concerned. "Clyde?" she called to him. "Clyde, you are walking right into their nest!"

"Yes, I know."

"Have you lost your mind? Walk straight into a nest of poisonous, stinging creatures?"

Clyde chuckled aloud and planted both feet squarely into the nest. In the blink of an eye both his feet were covered with eight-legged, ten-segmented and armored creatures. Each creature stabbed repeatedly with a black barb on its hind end while biting savagely with giant fangs in the front.

Clyde pretended to yawn.

"You see dear?" he said across the yard. "They can't hurt me. This suit is armored and shielded so no bugs can so much as nick me. Plus, the legs have several types of poison available to use, in liquid, solid, or gaseous form. I can treat a spot as tiny as a toe, or as large as our yard!"

Connie squirmed as she watched the vile little animals crawl upwards over Clyde's body, getting as high as his hips. "That's, um, impressive," she muttered uneasily.

"Impressive?" Clyde called back. "Honey, it's amazing! This suit I've built can handle anything! I've thought of everything imaginable!"

No sooner than those words had left his lips than the whine of his motors wound down. They slowed, then stopped altogether. Clyde glanced around inside of his helmet and wondered what the problem was.

"Yes, you've thought of everything," Bonnie called to him as the pitch from his backpack faded and died. "Except, maybe, for battery life and power consumption!"

Clyde's eyes widened with alarm.

"Augh! I'm trapped in this machine with dead batteries while a thousand Spider-ants are crawling over me?" he cried. "Help! Bonnie, help! Get me out of this!"

Bonnie grinned, then turned around to go back into the house.

"While you're covered in stinging bugs?" she said. "Nothing doing. Don't worry dear, they'll calm down and leave you alone in a couple of hours. I'll get you out of there then."

"A couple of hours?!" Clyde screamed. "What am I supposed to do until then?"

Bonnie shrugged. "Play the stereo?" she suggested. "You told me that you'd thought of everything. Don't worry. I won't leave you out there forever. After all, you still have grass to mow and bushes to trim."

Mother of Necessity

William John Rogers, Jr.

War crimes? For **landscaping**? And it wasn't even my idea! That idiot Burnside started it all!

"Look, Gilroy," he said to me that Thursday morning, "Admiral Zhukov's coming for an inspection, and this place looks just like a third-rate outpost on some backwater planet."

"But that's just what it is," I told him.

He glared at me. "Enough of your smart-alec remarks. I'm Ambassador, you're not. Get this place tidied up or I'll take it out of your hide. Do you understand me, sirrah?"

"What's wrong? Everything's prefab, and laid out on standard plans. How can we **not** be set up according to regulations?"

He sighed. "You'll do anything to avoid work, won't you? The landscaping, man! Look at that grass, tall as my waist! And we've only got random bushes growing here and there. There's not a proper hedge anywhere."

"I only have my Shurakah work crew to help me, and their species doesn't go in for landscaping."

"Look, none of your stupid excuses! I have to order the smoked salmon and caviar. I have no idea where to find them so far from Earth. I might even miss my nap. I don't have time to argue with you about this. So just **do** it. That's an order. Get the landscaping

knocked into place no matter what. I don't want to hear a thing from you until you've got it finished. Do you understand me?"

I said I understood, and I got to work. Can you blame me?

Look, just call the intelligent races here the Deer and the Bison, all right? They're anthropomorphic, more or less, but think about deer and bison and you'll understand each race pretty well. You'll understand their temperaments, how they live, and even quite a bit about how they look.

You'd think two races of herbivores could share a planet in peace, especially when there are also at least two races of intelligent predators who prey upon them both. But the deer and the bison seem to absolutely hate each other. It was the territoriality any herd's leader always has that set them against each other, I supposed. It turned out there was a lot more to it, though.

I found how much the deer hated the bison when I asked Emily, the doe who led my helpers, whether she could get anyone to cut down all the grass around the landing field. She had been picking flowers and had a lovely armful of them. She took them in both hands and swung them at me like a baseball bat. Knocked me right over, she did, in a shower of shattered beauty.

"What did I do?" I said, rolling over on the ground and spitting out a few petals. The flowers were beautiful but tasted just



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awful.

"I'm not a bison!" she screamed at me, and stormed away. "You will not ask me to be like those tree killers!" I'd never seen one of her species look so angry, or so offended.

But she came back that afternoon to apologize. "Gilroy-san, I abase myself. You don't know our ways. You didn't know you were insulting me."

"That's all right, Emily-san." I smiled. I can't stay angry at her. She truly is a beautiful creature. "I wasn't hurt. Besides, I found another solution to my problem."

"What is that, Gil?"

"I found a few standard pieces in your machine parts catalogs and asked one of your maker-machines to use them to build a lawn mower." I showed her the thing, a low, self-propelled, robotic model. It was crude, but it had all the basic functions of the ones back home.

Emily looked astonished. "A machine to eat grass?"

"To cut it, anyway."

I'd never seen such excitement in those soft, brown eyes. "Oh, Gilroy-san! Please tell it to start."

"All right," I said, and so I did. The mower started cutting grass in its target area, just as it should.

After that I had no trouble getting Emily and the crew to do the rest of the landscaping. They were delighted to do anything I asked.

They planted flowers. They planted hedges and trimmed them to perfection. Of course they trimmed the hedges by eating the tender twigs, shoots, and leaves from them, but they're browsers, after all. Twigs and leaves are what they always eat. I didn't think anything of it at all.

I thought everything was fine. I had no idea what I'd done

until Admiral Zhukov's tea party.

The Admiral herself beeped me to come in. I found her talking to Herdleader Sharphoof, the deer's Prime Minister, or close enough to it.

"The Herdleader has been thanking me all day for what we've done," Zhukov said. "She says you've solved huge problems for her people."

"Yes, he!" Sharphoof said, so excited her perfect English slipped. "Thank Gilroy-san."

"You're welcome," I said, puzzled. "But for what?"

"Your hedge-things give us much food so we can breed numbers more. And we building big lawn mower things to eat ugly grass far, far back from our trees. Grass cut short, evil bison prairie fires not burn our trees any more. And evil bison not come to our land because they nothing have to eat! We plant more hedges, we cut more grass, we take back all that is ours! Bison soon be all wiped away! Gilroy-san! I salute!"

I looked at the Admiral. I remember wondering if my face was as pale as hers was.

So what do we do now? Give the bison chainsaws to restore the balance of power?

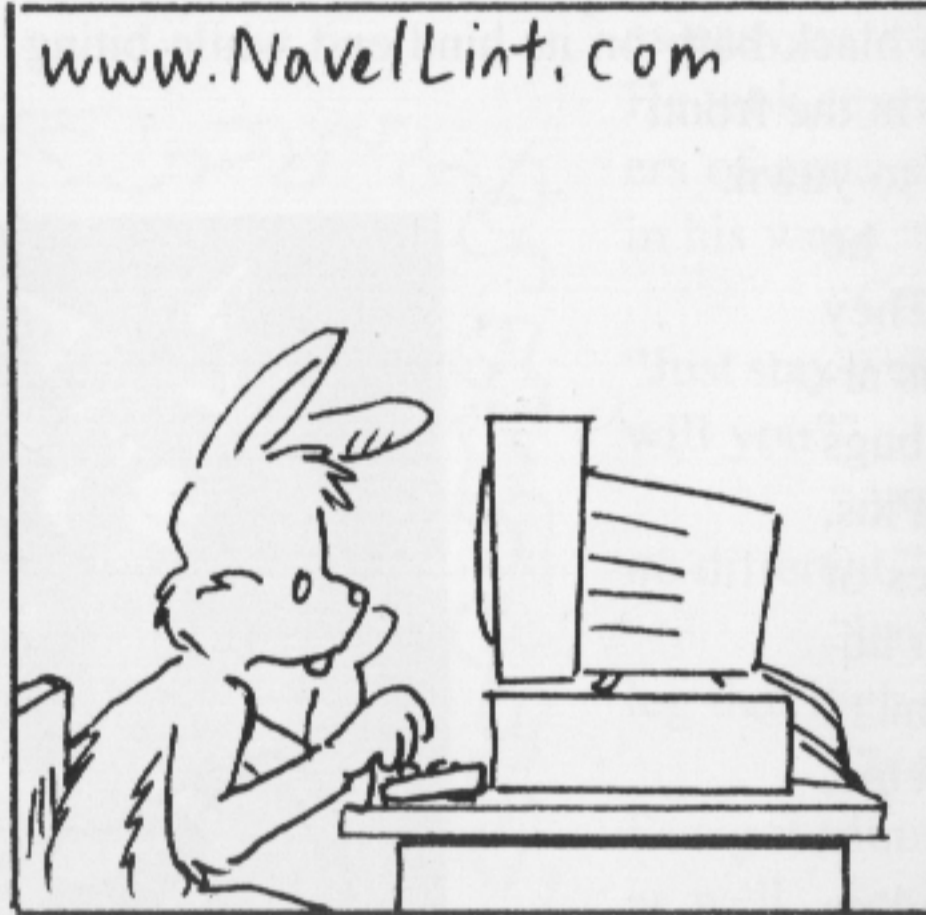
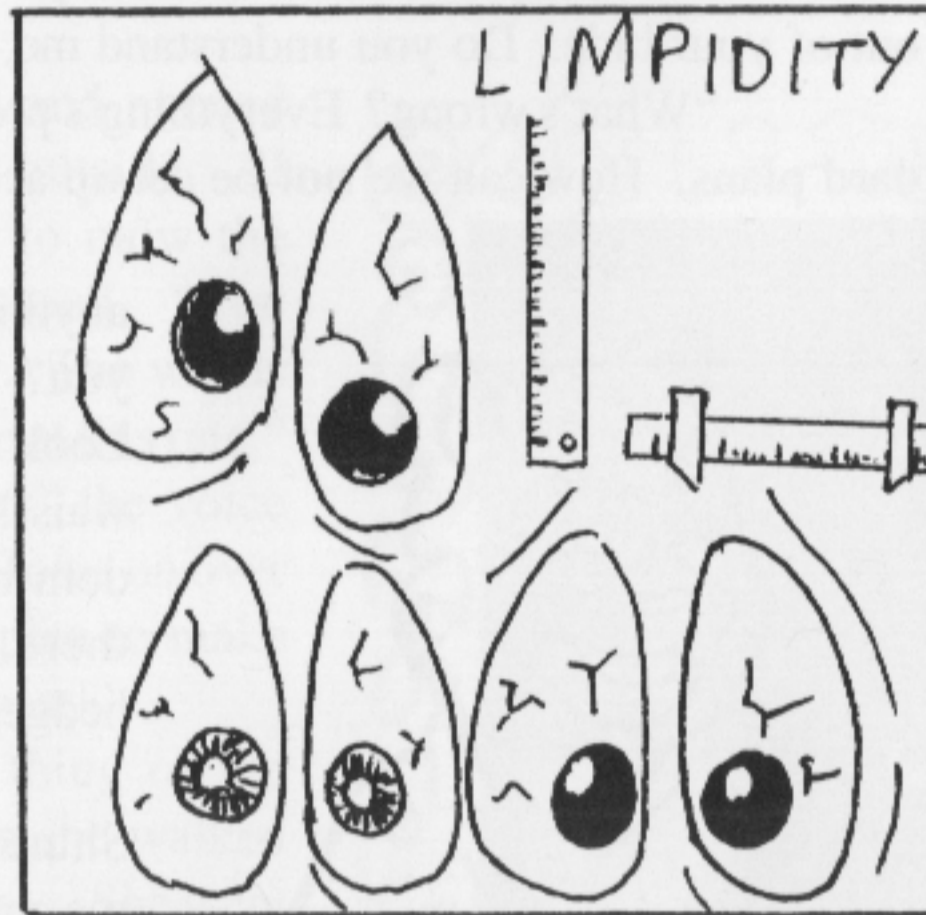
I don't know. All I know is we have to do something. That's how it always goes with inventions. Each change requires a

counter-change to correct its unintended side effects, and so it goes until the end of time.

Necessity is the mother of invention, they say. But never forget that each invention is always also the mother of the next desperate necessity.

LIMPIDITY

Po Shan Cheah





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- * 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!



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