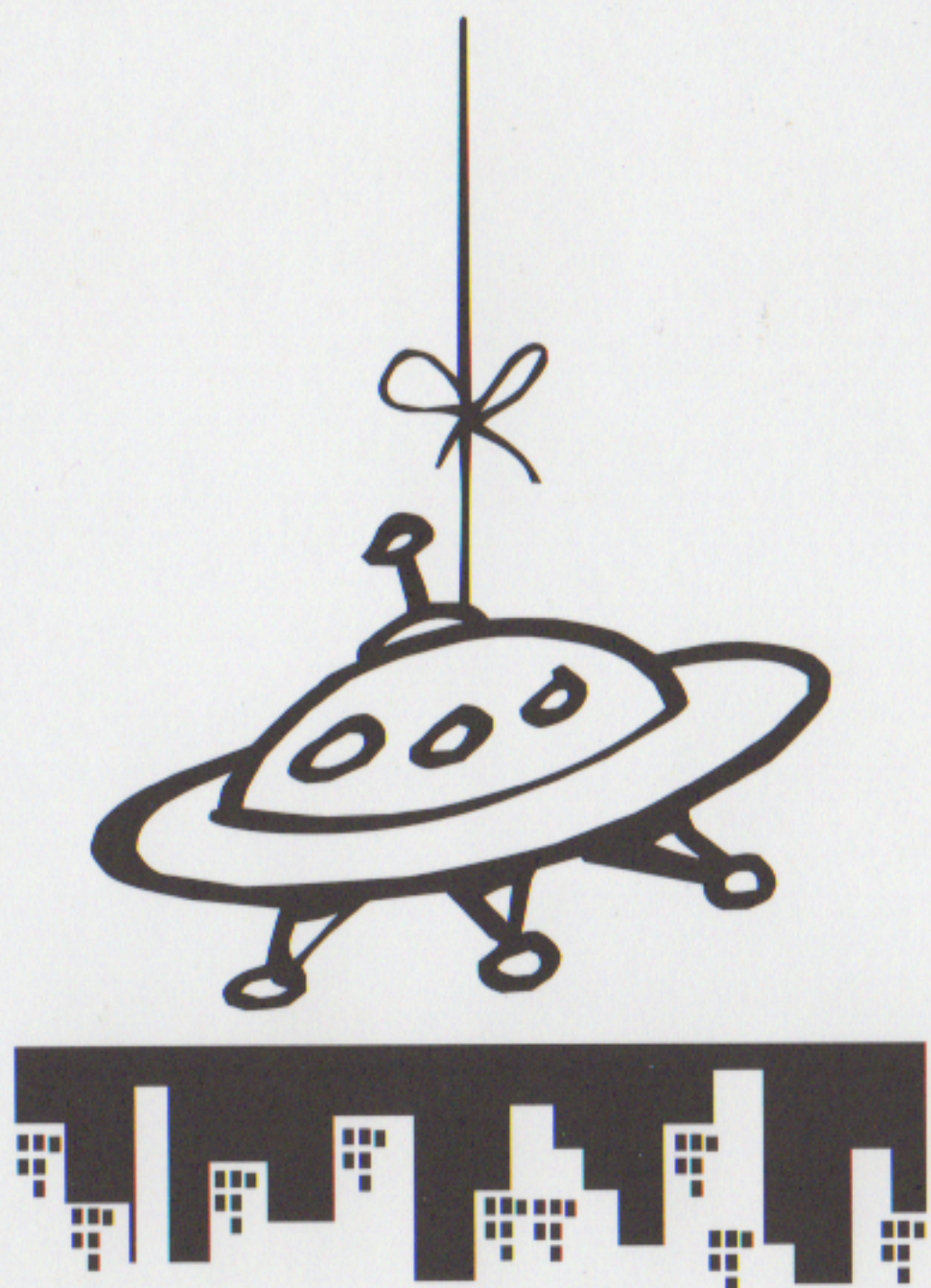


# ANTHROCON

## 2003



Guy BLURIST \*



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# Anthrocon 2003

July 18 - 20

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TOC

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# ANTHROCON 2003

## A Message from the Chairman

Anthropomorphics are the stuff of fantasy, at least today. There was a time, however, when our ancestors believed that such creatures were real and they stood in abject fear of them. To our forebears, the manlike animal was a supernatural beast that haunted the deep and shadowy forests of yore. Those forebears might



drop dead from fright if they were to walk into Anthrocon today. Personally, I hope they do not show up—although if they did it would certainly be in keeping with this year's theme, "Creatures of the Night."

We have come a long way since those less fanciful times. Anthrocon, too, has come a long way from its humble beginnings as Albany Anthrocon in 1997, to today, when it has grown into the largest gathering of anthropomorphics fans the world has ever known. As always, I cannot offer enough thanks to my hard-working and harder-suffering staff members, as well as to the army of volunteers who selflessly give their time to help make Anthrocon the success that it has become. The applause that we are so graciously given at the closing ceremonies each year lets us know that our efforts are appreciated. I try never to forget that the applause is not directed at me, but at the people around me who are the

real force behind Anthrocon. This year we are very proud to welcome two individuals whose work has been "furry" for many years, even though neither one knew that an entire fandom existed for such things. **Guy Gilchrist** has been drawing such delightful strips as *Mudpie* and *Screams* for quite a long time, but is probably best known to us for bringing *The Muppets* to life in their syndicated comic strip. **Mark E. Rogers** created one of the greatest furry heroes of all time: Miowara Tomokato, the *Samurai Cat*, who counted me as a devoted fan long before I, myself, knew what anthropomorphics meant. Both of these gentlemen have dreamed up some particularly frightening beasts in their day, from Guy's zany monstrosities in *Screams* to Mark's terrifying demon Isaac Azathoth, Typist of the Many Tentacles.

I shall leave you now with a brief prayer that was uttered in the dark of the evening by my own Scottish ancestors long ago:

*Frae ghoulies, and ghosties, and long-leggedty beasties;*

*And frae things that go bump in the night,  
Guid Lord, deliver us!*

## A Message from Programming

Wow, has it been a year again already? And another busy year at that!

It's once again time for me to provide you with too many cool things to do at once! We've got some really new stuff this year. Not the average, "Oh, that's different" kind of thing. No, I mean new. We've got a Cthuhlu themed LARP, a Redwall-esque table top game, and a room dedicated just to video gaming and related panels with a projection screen for big battles! We're also happy to have added Health Science related panels to the roster this year. We have an honest to goodness animal doctor on hand to talk about emergency pet care and what it's like to work in the medical field in regards to finned, feathered, and furred patients. For those of you looking to get in shape and take better care of yourselves, one of our own, who has gone from flab to fab, wants to share with you what worked for him!

We've also got plenty of the tried and true stuff you love to see and do. Once again, two nights of dances, a masquerade, the Funday Pawpet Show, and Uncle Kage's Story Hour! We expect continued success with new endeavors from last year, such as The Laughing Cockatoo Comedy Club where 2 will be doing a special show this year. Special how? Well, it's kind of a comedy blend: 2 will be presenting some new comedians to us and interjecting with a few rants and stories of his own... which I kind of fear given how much time we ended up spending together at MegaPlex!

Of course, let's not forget our Guests of Honor. You'll get to sit and chat with them about their work, get to know them a little, see them interviewed on the Pawpet Show, and perhaps participate in a game or two!

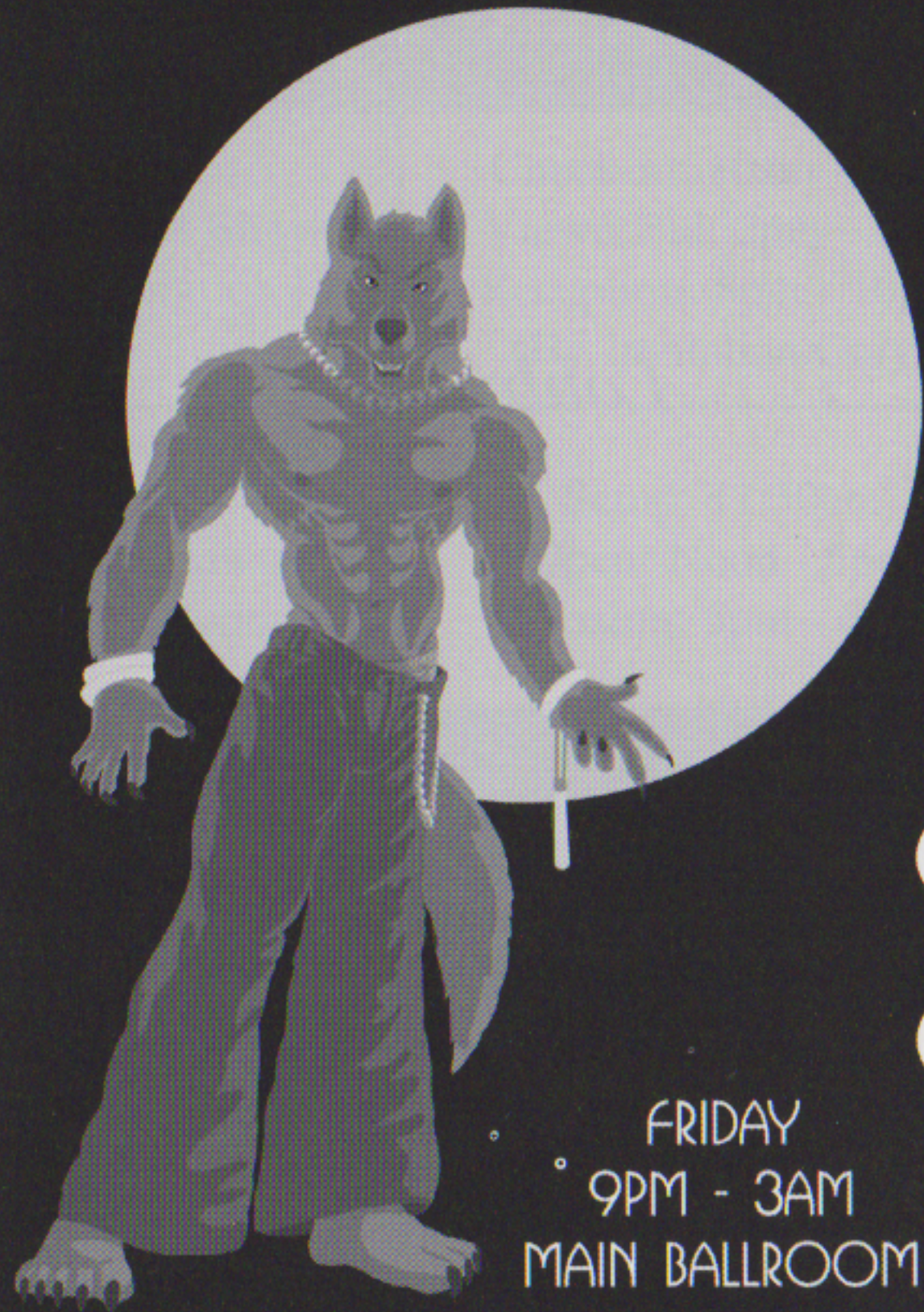
Susan "SusanDeer" Parkin

Director of Anthrocon Programming



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

9:00 DJ DRAGONBOY  
MIDNIGHT DJ GENKI



FRIDAY  
9PM - 3AM  
MAIN BALLROOM

FULL  
NOON

Saturday ♦ Midnight-3AM ♦ Main Ballroom



## Fur Liston Or...

FEAR LISTON, as they are known in the human world, is a 4-piece band consisting of Chris Masson (Lead Vocals, Acoustic Guitar), Matt Pompei (Backing Vocals, Bass), Runtt (Drums), and Neil Liston (Electric Guitar). Formed originally as a 3-piece in October of 2001, Chris, Matt and Art quickly developed a rapport with each other covering such artists as the Dave Matthews Band, Incubus, Sublime, as well as lesser-known artists such as Jack Johnson, John Mayer, and Dispatch. While the three had intended on creating a strictly original project, the covers performed in practice sounded so good, they quickly decided to let the public hear them.

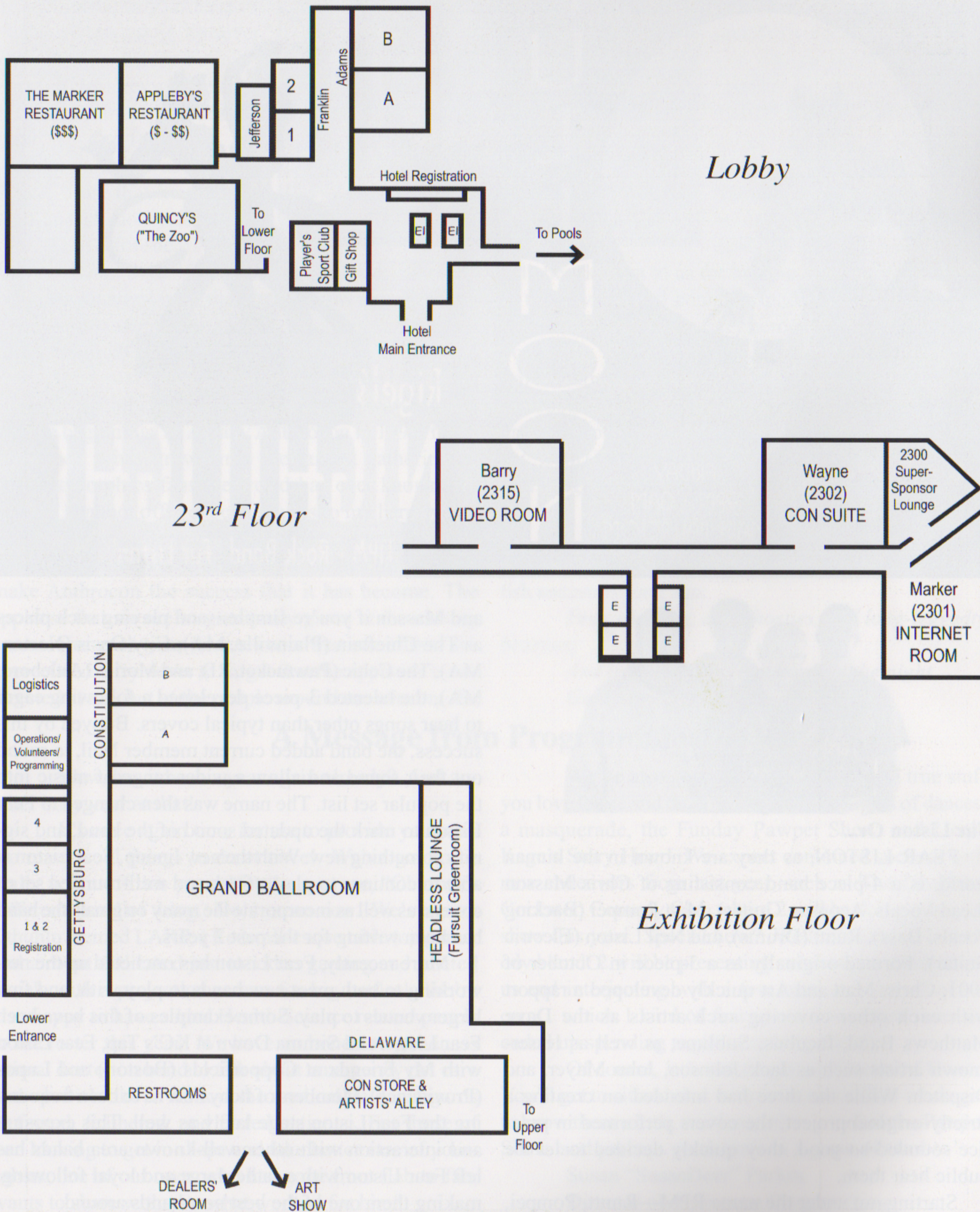
Starting out under the name RPM—Runtt, Pompei,

and Masson if you're simple—and playing such places as The Chieftain (Plainville, MA), City Oasis (Norton, MA), The Celtic (Pawtucket, RI), and Morins (Attleboro, MA), the talented 3-piece developed a following eager to hear songs other than typical covers. Buoyed by this success, the band added current member Neil, to round out their sound and allow a wider range of music into the popular set list. The name was then changed to Fear Liston to mark the updated sound of the band, and signify something new. With the new lineup, Fear Liston is able to continue to play a fresh and well-rounded set of covers, as well as incorporate the many originals the band has been writing for the past 2 years.

More recently, Fear Liston has ratcheted up the networking to both meet new bands to play with, and find larger venues to play. Some examples of this have been Fear Liston and Simma Down at KC's Tap, Fear Liston with My Friendz at Copperfields (Boston) and Lupos (Providence). Members of Itchy Fish have been frequenting the Fear Liston stage lately as well. This exposure and interaction with other well-known area bands has left Fear Liston with a rather large and loyal following, making them one of the best new bands around.



## Welcome to the Philadelphia Adam's Mark Hotel



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

## Anthrocon 2003 General Schedule

Events and Locations	Friday, July 18th	Saturday, July 19th	Sunday, July 20th
<b>Art Show</b> Exhibition Hall	Check-in: 10am - 7pm View&Bid: 2pm - 7pm Reception: 8pm - 10pm (By Invitation Only)	Check-in: 10am - Noon View&Bid: 10am - 7pm Mature Auction: 10:30pm	View&Bid: 10am - Noon General Auction: 1pm - 3pm Sales&Checkout: 1:30pm - 4pm
<b>Artists' Alley</b> Delaware Room	Setup: 11:30am Open: Noon - 5pm Closing: 5pm - 6pm	Setup: 9:30am Open: 10am - 5pm Closing: 5pm - 6pm	Setup: 9:30am Open: 10am - 4pm Closing: 4pm - 5pm
<b>Charity Auction</b> Grand Ballroom		2:30pm - 5:30pm	
<b>Consuite &amp; Sponsor Lounge</b> 23rd Floor	4pm - Midnight	10am - Midnight	11am - 4pm
<b>Dances</b> Grand Ballroom	Fursuit: 8pm - 9pm Fullmoon: 9pm - Midnight: DJ Valrejn Midnight - 3am: DJ Genki	Fur Liston: 11pm - Midnight Nightlight: Midnight - 3am: DJ Rigel	
<b>Dealers' Room</b> Exhibition Hall	Setup: 10am - Noon Open: Noon - 6pm Closing: 6pm - 6:30pm	Setup: 10am - Noon Open: Noon - 6pm Closing: 6pm - 6:30pm	Setup: 10am - Noon Open: Noon - 5pm Closing: 5pm - 7pm
<b>Masquerade</b> Grand Ballroom		Mandatory Rehearsal: 9:00am - Noon Performances: 8:30pm - 10:30pm	
<b>Registration</b> Lower Entrance	Normal Registration Single Day Passes 10am - 10pm	Normal Registration Single Day Passes 10am - 6pm	Single Day Passes Preregistration 2004 10am - 5pm
<b>Video Room, Internet Room</b> 23rd Floor	Continuous operation unless otherwise posted.		



## Welcome to Philadelphia

### FOOD:

(sd) = Primarily a sit-down restaurant,  
 (ff) = Primarily fast food/takeout, some seating available,  
 (cs) = Convenience store, (su) = Supermarket

### In the Adams Mark:

The Marker (sd)  
 Appléby's (sd)

### In the Holiday Inn:

The Glass Tree Restaurant (sd)  
 Remy's Lounge (sd)

### In the local area:

- (1) TGI Friday's (sd)
- (2) Chops Restaurant and Bar (sd)
- (3) Houlihan's (sd)
- (4) Pathmark (su)
- (5) Chun Hing (ff)
- (6) Allegro Pizza (ff)
- (7) Delmonico's (sd) (within Hilton)
- (8) Circle K (cs)
- (9) Salad Works (ff)
- (10) Pizza Hut (ff)
- (11) Taco Bell (ff)
- (12) Boston Market (ff)
- (13) Chili's (sd)
- (14) Acme Market (w/Starbucks inside!) (su)
- (15) Olive Garden (sd)
- (16) Delancey St. Bagels (ff)
- (17) Health Foods/Vegetarian Rest. (ff)
- (18) A-Plus (cs)
- (19) Taipei & Tokyo (sd)
- (20) Kentucky Fried Chicken (ff)
- (21) MacDonald's (ff)
- (22) Dunkin Donuts (ff)
- (23) International House of Pancakes (sd)
- (24) 7-11 (cs)
- (25) Blimpie's (cs)
- (26) PA Wine & Spirits Store (cs)

### SERVICES:

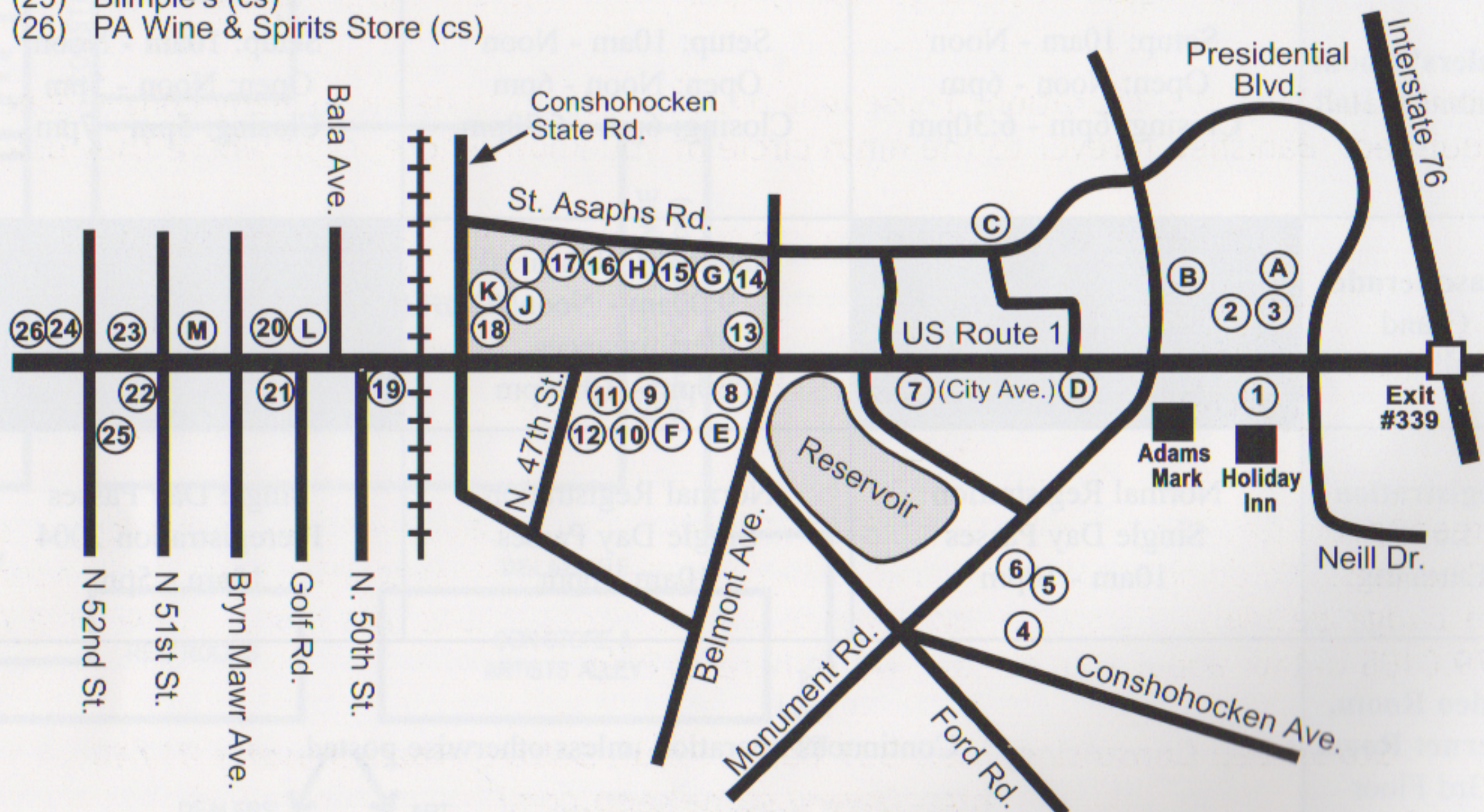
- (A) First Trust Bank ATM
- (B) Hudson United Bank ATM
- (C) PNC Bank ATM
- (D) Republic First Bank ATM
- (E) Circle K ATM
- (F) Kinko's (not 24-hour!)
- (G) Citizen's Bank ATM (within Acme)
- (H) First Union Bank ATM
- (I) U.S. Mail Room (shipping center)
- (J) Eckerd Drugs
- (K) A-Plus ATM
- (L) Citizen's Bank ATM
- (M) Rite Aid Pharmacy

### Nearest Hospital:

Lankenau Hospital  
 (610) 645-2000  
 Turn left out of the hotel. Travel on Route 1 South (City Ave.) for 2.7 miles. Turn right on Route 30 (E. Lancaster Ave.). The hospital is 1/4 mile on the left.

### Nearest Outback Steakhouse:

322 Ridge Pike, Conshohocken  
 (610) 828-8931  
 Turn right out of the hotel. Travel on Route 1 North (City Ave.) for 1/4 mile. Turn left onto Interstate 76 West. Travel 7.3 miles to Interstate 476 North (Exit 331B). Travel northbound for 2.1 miles and take Exit #18A (West Ridge Pike, toward Conshohocken). Outback is 4/10 mile ahead on the left.



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

## Charity Auction: *Support Our Shelters*

[www.supportourshelters.org](http://www.supportourshelters.org)



This year, Anthrocon has chosen to support *Support Our Shelters (S.O.S.)*, a ferret-rescue group. According to *S.O.S.* representative Judith White, “*S.O.S.* is a non-profit organization run by a few volunteers who are members of the

Ferret Mailing List (FML) which has been an active Internet list since 1987. In January 2001, *S.O.S.* became a 501(c)3 corporation, so donations are now tax-deductible to the fullest extent of the law.

Most of the funds *S.O.S.* raises go into a general pool for periodic distribution. Support to the shelters is usually given in the form of payment to their vets or credit for ferret supplies.

Shelters around the country are overcrowded and straining at the seams. Please join them by becoming involved with a shelter or by giving to support ferret shelters.”

*S.O.S.* representatives will be on hand during the Charity Auction to receive bidders’ payments directly. They will also be in the Dealers’ Room throughout the convention where you can receive further information about *S.O.S.*

Last year, the Anthrocon Charity Auction raised over \$13,000 for *Canine Partners For Life*. Since 1997, Anthrocon has raised over \$33,000 for various animal charities.

Before the Charity Auction, donated items will be on display in the Art Show. If you would like to donate an item, see the Charity Auction Director, Brian Harris, before the auction begins.

Please help us support our friends at *Support Our Shelters* by joining us for the 2003 Anthrocon Charity Auction on Saturday afternoon.

Support Our Shelters  
610-446-8036  
c/o Judith White  
1236 Belfield Ave  
Drexel Hills, PA 19026

## “Hey, where’d the long lines go?”

Notice anything at registration? Those long lines that seem to haunt so many cons — gone. Vanquished. Banished forever to the ninth circle of you-know-where, right where they belong.

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

# Stonekeep

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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# Guest of Honor: Guy Gilchrist



*Fights II: The Box Set.*

Guy Gilchrist was born on January 30th 1957 in Winsted, Connecticut. Raised in the Farmington Valley, he learned to draw cartoons from lessons from his mother, Louise, and by copying the pictures from *Walt Disney Golden Books & Dr. Seuss* stories. A self-taught cartoonist and writer Gilchrist sold his first cartoons on shirt-cardboard clothes-pinned to a rope, outside his father's shop.

During his high school years, he studied the diverse styles & works of Bridgeman, Rackham, Botticelli, Rockwell and Parrish in addition to his cartoon heroes, in order to forge a style that while fanciful, had deep roots in reality.

"I got a rejection letter from *Mad Magazine* when I was sixteen. It told me that 'cartoons were one step away from reality'... and I was 'too many steps away.' It told me to do life drawing, continuous line drawing, gesture drawing ... all real subjects. I was heartbroken over the rejection, but it was such a blessing to me. I started drawing *REAL!* And I've never stopped. Never stopped learning. Never stopped seeing ... and getting my hand to draw what the eye sees ... or ... what my *imagination* sees."

Guy Gilchrist has been an artist and writer of world renown for over two decades. As the writer & illustrator of forty children's books, his work has won international acclaim and multiple awards. As the syndicated cartoonist of *Nancy, Night Lights & Pillow Fights, Mudpie, Your Angels Speak, The Muppets* and *The Rock Channel*, his work has been shown in both newspapers, and museums worldwide and permanently enshrined in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C. Guy is a member of the National Cartoonists Society, Artists & Writers, and he is on the Board Of Directors of the Newspaper Features Council. In May of 1999, for the 2nd year in a row, the National Cartoonist Society presented Guy with the prestigious Reuben Award in the category of Best Book and Magazine Illustrations for his illustrations in *Night Lights & Pillow Fights: A Trip To Storyland* and *Night Lights & Pillow*

After high school, Guy Gilchrist started his children's book and cartoon career with Weekly Reader Books. Then, in 1980, he would audition for a job that would change his life: *Jim Henson's Muppets!* In 1981, Guy, with his brother Brad as co-writer, created *The Muppets* comic strip for the late, great Jim Henson. *The Muppets* comic strip was printed world-wide in over 660 newspapers daily from 1981 - 1986. In 1984, President Ronald Reagan and First Lady Nancy Reagan invited Guy to be a guest of honor at the *Easter At The White House* celebration. It was later that week that Guy's Muppets art work was permanently enshrined in the Smithsonian Museum. Guy's Muppet Artwork was chosen to be part of the touring *Art Of The Muppets* exhibit and has appeared in museums worldwide. Also in 1984, Guy Gilchrist, his brother Brad, and syndicated cartoonist Greg Walker (*Beetle Bailey*) created *The Rock Channel* comic for Cowles Syndicate.



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

From 1986 to present, Guy Gilchrist has written 44 children's books and opened the Tokyo branch of Guy Gilchrist Studios based on the success of his award-winning, best-selling *Tiny Dinos* and *Mudpie* book series. In 1989, Guy's books won three Children's Choice Awards as best books of the year - voted by the International Reading Council and the National Reading Council.

In 1992, Guy created the first of four sports logos for minor league teams. The Portland Sea Dogs (AA Florida Marlins affiliate), became the best selling logo in the history of minor league baseball. Since 1992, he has created the logos for the Norwich Navigators (AA Yankees), New Britain Rock Cats (AA Twins), and Binghamton Mets (AA New York Mets). He also created the S-Pulse logo for *Sony Creative Japanese Soccer Team*.

And then came *Screams!* How can a children's book artist and writer do something like *Screams*? "Actually, pretty easily," explains Gilchrist. "My books have always been filled with monsters and creatures from my childhood ... so I'm just bringing them into another place to hang out, really. And that place is *today's world*. Wow, don't you think the world today is infinitely scarier than the dungeons and dark castles where monsters used to be found?!" This cartoon is for adults and teenagers, and the monster lover in all of us.

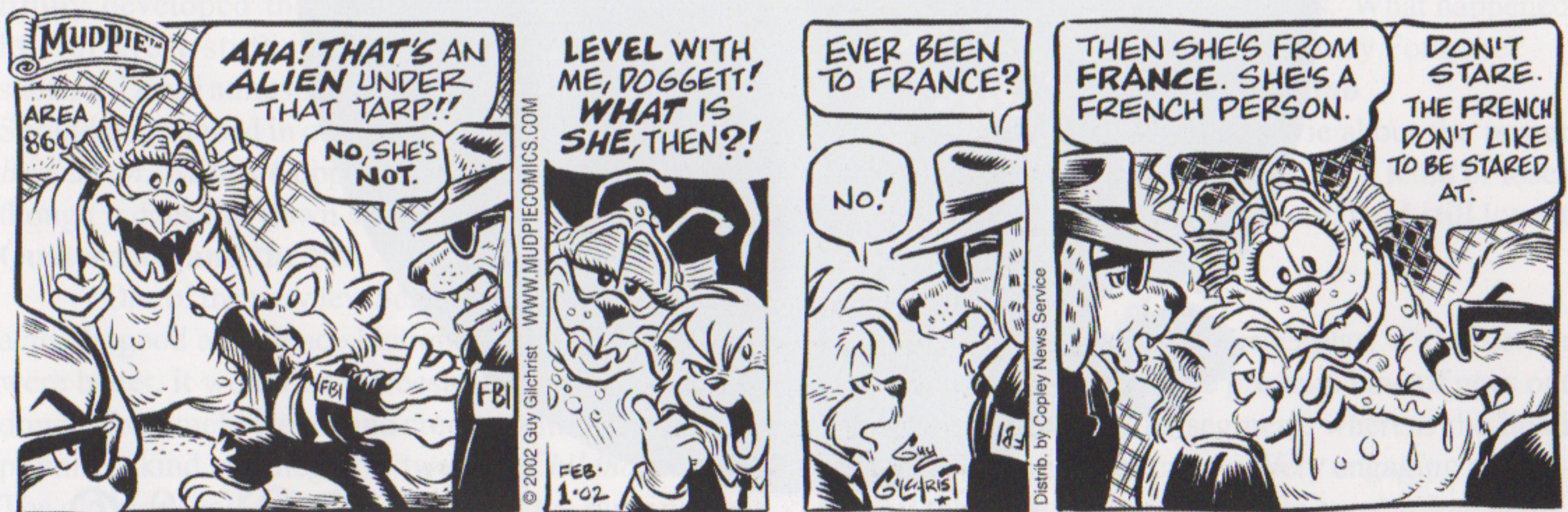
In 1997, Guy and his wife Angie began their own international publishing company. Gilchrist Publishing began with two books of poems and pictures written for children of all ages. *Night Lights & Pillow Fights II: The Box Set* is a sequel to the critically acclaimed *Night Lights & Pillow Fights: A Trip To Storyland*. In 1999, The Bank Street College Of Education voted *The Box Set* one of the Best Children's Books of the Year. Two

paperback books followed. *Night Lights & Pillow Fights Comics featuring Mudpie* is a collection of the earliest daily *Mudpie* comics and *Night Lights & Pillow Fights Genius Club: Let's Draw Cartoons!* features drawing lessons from the syndicated *Night Lights & Pillow Fights* newspaper feature. Each week the newspaper feature contains beautifully illustrated poetry, a *Mudpie* Comic and a Drawing Lesson. This feature appears in dozens of newspapers nationwide and on the internet syndicated by Copley News Service.

*Your Angels Speak* is Guy's most recently syndicated feature, launched by United Feature Syndicate on March 18, 2002. A weekly inspirational drawing created by Guy in hopes of bringing strength and joy to people, much like the angels that inspire them. "I believe my job is to be a positive influence, if I can, and to write and draw from the heart. *Your Angels Speak* is the best opportunity I have to inspire people with thoughts about the nature of contentment, peace, faith, love, success and their own inner beauty," says Guy.

Guy enjoys writing and drawing *Nancy* as well, which appears in over 390 newspapers worldwide, distributed by United Feature Syndicate. "As a kid, I opened *The Hartford Times* every day and *Nancy* is the first strip I remember," recalls Guy, who with his brother Brad retuned *Nancy* to its legendary style September 3rd, 1995. "The clean style of art was like nothing else and I thought that whoever drew this must be the best artist in the world. I grew up with *Nancy* like everybody else did and it feels incredible to be bringing her back in the classic tradition."

Guy lists as his greatest accomplishments: his daughter Lauren (22), his son Garrett (21), and his step daughter Julia (12), and convincing Angie Brown to marry him.

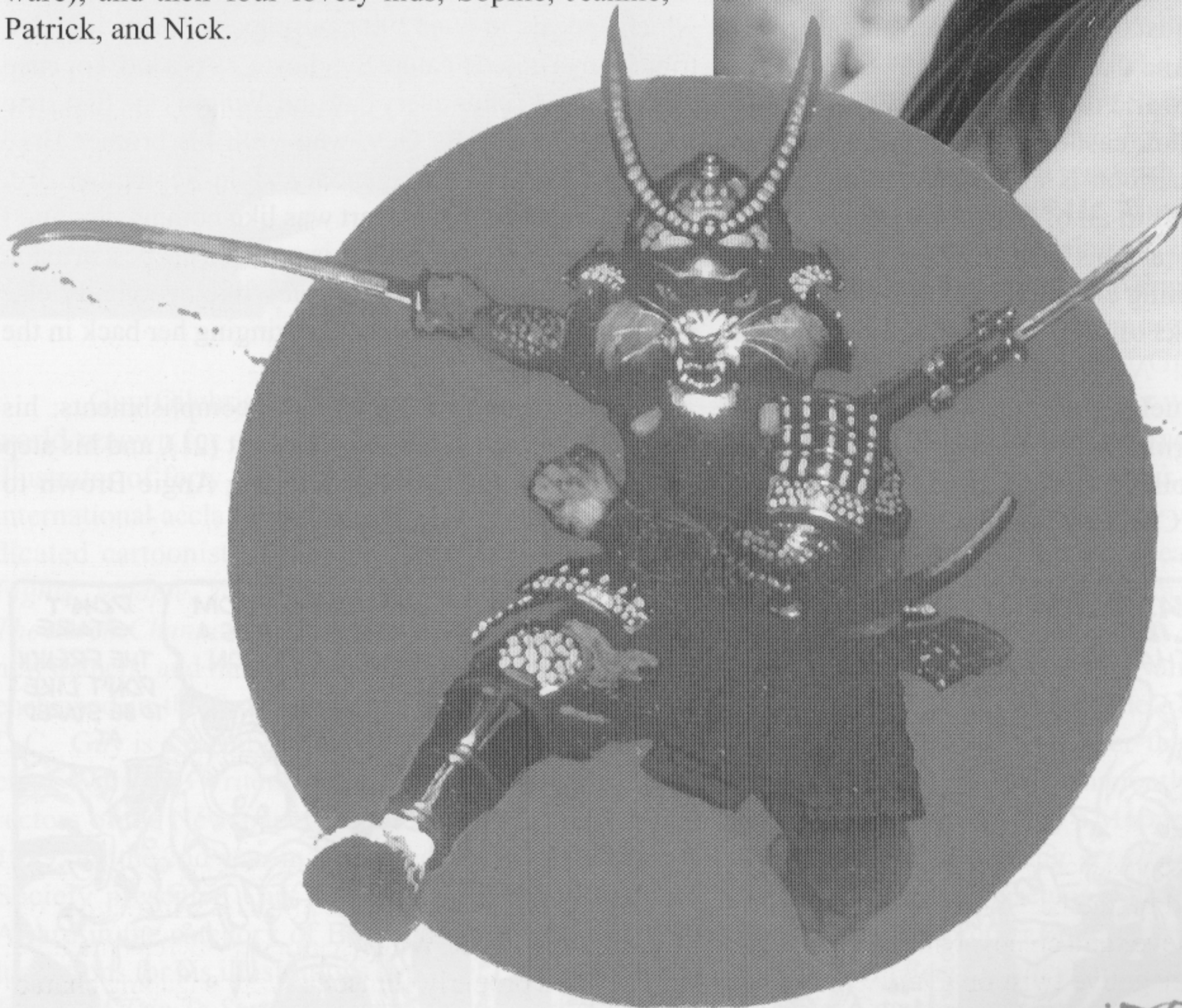
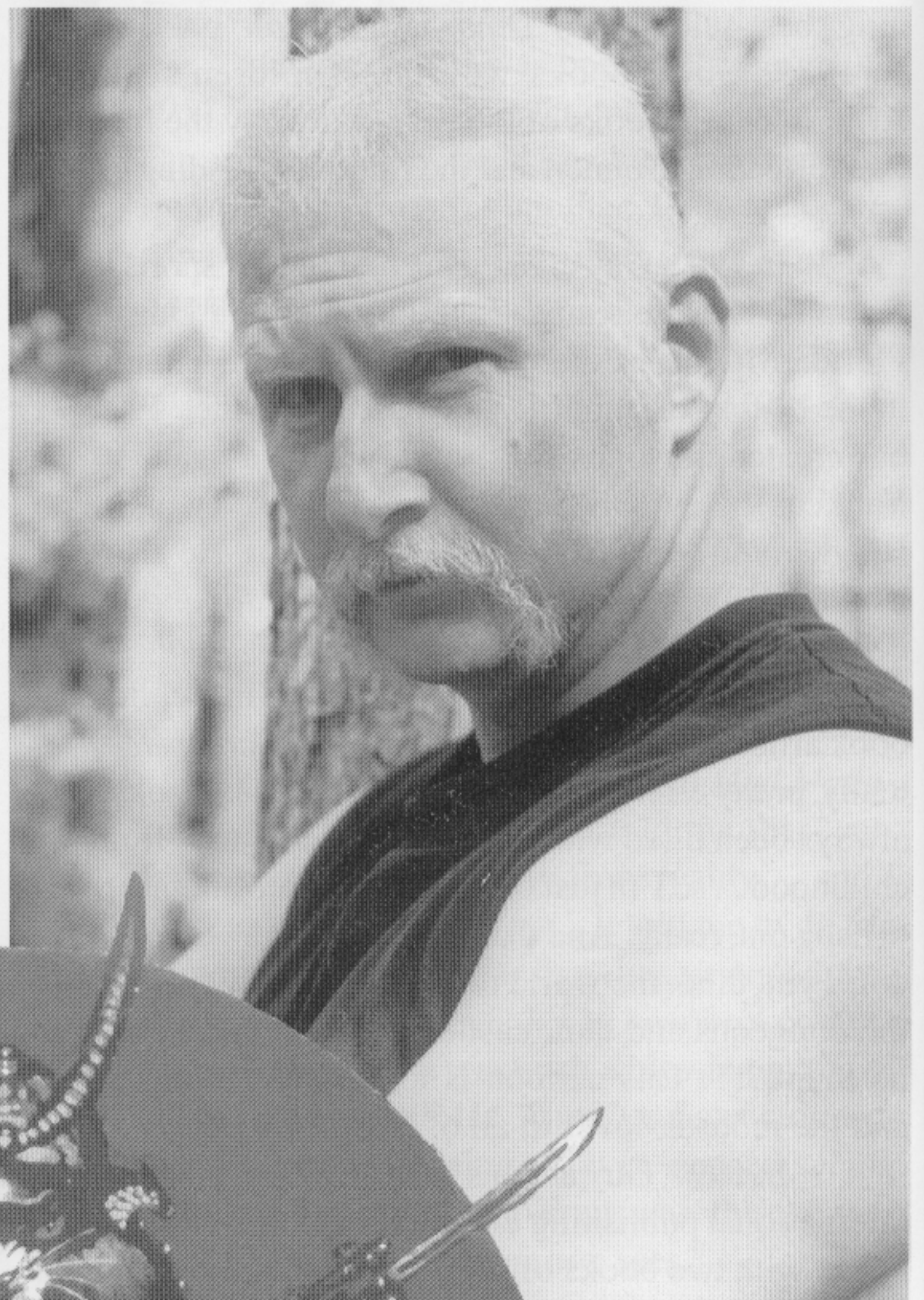


# Guest of Honor: Mark E. Rogers

Born in 1952, author-illustrator Mark Rogers is best known for the *Samurai Cat* books: *The Adventures of Samurai Cat*, *More Adventures of Samurai Cat*, *Samurai Cat in the Real World*, *The Sword of Samurai Cat*, and *Samurai Cat Goes to the Movies*. The sixth and final installment in the series, *Samurai Cat Goes to Hell*, was recently published by TOR. His other books include: *The Dead*, *Zorachus*, *The Nightmare of God*, *The Expected One*, *The Devouring Void*, *The Riddled Man*, *Blood and Pearls*, *Jagutai and Lilitu*, and *The Night of the Long Knives*.

One of his novellas, *The Runestone*, was made into a movie, and *The Dead* is presently under development as a feature film (with a screenplay by Mark) at KNB-EFX.

Mark lives in Newark, Delaware with his wife Kate (a philosophy professor at the University of Delaware), and their four lovely kids, Sophie, Jeannie, Patrick, and Nick.



:TOR: '91©



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

Mark has quite the listing of favorite movies at <http://www.merogers.com/favs.html>. Some movies that have left an impression on him include:

## Fellowship of the Ring

Is it as good a movie as the book is a book? No. Is it a perfect adaptation? Not hardly. Is it, however, the greatest fantasy film ever made? Yes. Very solid adaptation, a lot of good characterization and acting, and a number of scenes that are rather like hallucinating the book. Considerable emotional charge. Makes stuff like *Star Wars* look very feeble.

## Conan the Barbarian

Not very much like Howard, really, but in a good way. Great John Milius flick, well written. Very funny, among other things - the "Theology" scene is a hoot. Thulsa Doom is one of the best movie villains ever. A whole lot of seminal ultraviolence. Fabulous beheadings. The Basil Poledouris score is tremendous.

## Apocalypse Now

*Platoon* might be more realistic, but this is a better piece of work - beautifully developed themes, lots of great stuff in the subtext. Dense atmosphere.

Should be watched in close conjunction with *Conan the Barbarian*. Milius/Coppola screenplay is top flight, although it does fall down somewhat at the end.

## Quatermass and the Pit

One of the very few Science Fiction movies that's actually good as Science Fiction - if the special effects were better, it would be the best SF movie ever, hands down. Extremely clever and creepy, with a tremendous premise - kind of a negative twist on *Childhood's End*. The old black and white TV version of the same name is

highly recommended too.

## Goodfellas

The mob movie. This is what these guys are really like, as nearly as I can tell. Completely divests them of the sinister dignity you get in the *Godfather* flicks. Hilarious, harrowing, totally believable. Great use of long takes. Violence that really hurts, which is to say, just as it should be.

## Duck Soup

I'm a big Marx Brothers fan, and this is my favorite Marx Brothers Movie. The funniest flick ever.

## King Kong

Very important. I watched this movie over and over again when I was a kid. Story really rips. A lot of the special effects - particularly the matte paintings on Kong's island - have never been topped. Atmosphere, atmosphere, atmosphere. The Max Steiner score is an all-time classic.

## The War Lord

Excellent blend of romance and action. Nonsensical as history, despite its pretensions, but very effective nonetheless. Best medieval fight scenes until *Braveheart*. Really cool costumes. What happened to Rosemary Forsythe?

## Fight Club

Extremely well-written movie about the power of ideology. Funny, vicious, razor-sharp. Kind of loses me a bit once the big secret comes out, but I still love it anyway.

## True Romance

My favorite Tarantino screenplay. *Pulp Fiction* may be better directed, but the pressure kind of goes out of it after the Bruce Willis segment, whereas the hotel stuff in TR is properly climactic. Very engaging characters. All the big scenes in this movie are absolute gems.



© Mark E. Rogers



## History of Halloween

*Digit*

The holiday known as Halloween has a curious history, a reflection of it being a curious holiday in general. It is an event surrounded by images of monsters and all things scary, and yet it is celebrated by children in particular with much humor and related fun. Like many holidays in the United States, commercialization has had a great deal of influence on its attraction as a way to market products (candy, costumes, etc.), but some deeper appeal seems to be at work. Halloween affords the chance to enjoy a “social inversion” of normal customs surrounding death and everyday life, allowing people to go wild and mock death with a laugh.

It is worth noting that researching this article was more difficult than one would expect; the amount of conflicting literature available about Halloween is surprising — most of it is the result of attempts to “Christianize” the holiday, to demonize it as being a devil-worshipping affair, or even to claim it as being more deeply rooted in Celtic traditions than it actually is.

The origin of the holiday is commonly traced back to the bonfires that were lit by the Celts during their ancient new-year festival called Samhain (pronounced sow-in), celebrated on October 31st. While this was primarily a celebration of the harvest season coming to an end and the beginning of Winter, it was also believed that on the same night, the veil separating the worlds of the living and the dead became thinner than

normal, allowing fairies and other spirits to wander into the realm of the living. Part of the traditional Samhain celebrations thus involved dressing up in costumes and making a lot of noise, to scare away any wandering spirits. Over time, the original reasons and customs of Samhain waned in Celtic culture, but what did make it through time has evolved into Halloween as we know it today in the United States.

The tradition of carving pumpkins comes from an Irish myth about a man named Jack, who was barred from both paradise and hell for a trick he played on the devil; when he died, he was trapped wandering around in the darkness between with just an ember to guide his way. From this, a tradition of carrying around carved turnips with candles in them on what had become known as All Hallow’s Eve came about. When the various Irish traditions were brought to the new world, pumpkins were found to be much more plenti-



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

ful (and convenient) than turnips for continuing this tradition — thus, we have the modern “Jack O’ Lanterns” that are so popular on Halloween today.

Christianization of Ireland brought with it the remnants of some Roman traditions and harvest festival activities, among which the origin of bobbing for apples is believed to have evolved. (The Roman goddess of the harvest, Pomona, was often represented by apples.) The Christians brought with them the holidays All Saint’s Eve and All Souls Day, celebrated around the same time as All Hallows’ Eve (October 31st and November 1st, respectively.) Over time, the holidays were combined, and the name evolved and changed with the language, becoming Hallow’s Eve, Hallow E’en, and finally settling into its present form—Halloween.

The original Puritan settlers of the new world rejected the holiday as un-Christian, so Halloween didn’t become popular in the United States until around 1840. The large-scale immigration of Scots and Irish (mostly as a result of the Irish Potato Famine) brought the traditions of Halloween with them. This was largely considered an ethnic holiday at the time, and somewhat unpopular with many because of the mischief and destruction typically associated with it. Minor vandalism such as breaking fences, unhooking gates and tipping over outhouses were hallmarks of the night.

Around 1900, there was a push to adopt Halloween into mainstream society in the United States. These efforts to make it into a more “civilized” holiday mostly focused on trying to tone down the violence and destruction that had become so common. By the 1920s and early 1930s, as the United States was in its depression era, the problems with the mischief became worse, not better. It wasn’t until the 1940s that things seemed to calm down, as a result of the effort by society (everyone from parents and teachers to the boy scouts were involved) to turn the holiday away from its damaging habits and into a “safe” and fun time for children and adults alike. Elaborate parties, trick-or-treating, and related activities were endorsed as ways to keep children under control and off the streets.

The popular tradition of trick-or-treating was an adaptation of a traditional holiday in Britain known as Guy Fawkes Day, on which

the British celebrate foiling an attempt to destroy their government by a traitor of the same name. While this was actually celebrated on November 5th, it was close enough to October 31st for the two to intermingle. Traditionally, children in Britain will beg for “pennies for the guy,” an activity that inspired trick-or-treating in United States. The night is also marked with acts of mischief, which contributed to the activities of the same stripe in the United States on Halloween.

Today, the holiday is celebrated throughout the United States and Canada, and is for the most part only a North American phenomenon. Mexico, Europe and other countries all have their own celebrations around this time, usually derived from some harvest festival from long ago, and sharing a similar theme of celebrating the dead, while at the same time, mocking death. Halloween in the United States is a product of many cultures coming together over time, however, and has formed a unique combination of traditions and related mirth.

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# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

## Festival of Masks

C. Alan Loewen

The man walked down the rain-choked city street. The dim streetlights failed to hold back the damp darkness that poured from alleyways and recessed alcoves.

The street lay empty of traffic and pedestrians creating a lonely atmosphere in which the man found some measure of comfort. However, the drizzle had soaked his clothes to the skin and as much as he had wanted solitude, now he wanted a warm spot out of the rain.

The shops stood closed and dark. Only out of one door did a strong lamplight spill out onto the rain-soaked sidewalk. Above the entrance, a dripping sign displayed pictures of a unicorn and griffin, advertising a pub of that name. An unlikely port to match his frame of mind in this storm, he hesitated only a moment before he pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Inside, he looked about himself with some surprise. Most pubs shun bright lights as people prefer an atmosphere to match their mood, but inside, illumination poured everywhere. The ceiling of the pub loomed easily upwards into what could have been a second floor, displaying beams of polished oak. Over on a small stage, a man played light airs on a piano.

People stood and sat everywhere, a conscious, palpable current of expectation running through the crowd.

The barkeep, a portly, balding man, wiped the top of the bar, smiling at the patrons, trading quips and laughing freely. The newcomer chewed his bottom lip in a

wave of mixed emotions. The only companionship he wanted this evening was the companionship of dark thoughts and darker self-recriminations. He turned to leave only to find his way blocked by a number of people entering the pub door.

"Excuse me," one of them said. "Ah, I see we're still in time."

The man cocked an eyebrow. "In time?" he asked. "Yes. You know. The Festival of Masks."

The man stood aside to let the rest in out if the rain and paused with his hand on the door. A moment's diversion might hold back the ever-

growing wave of depression. He shrugged to himself, turned, and walked toward the bar.

"Welcome, sir," the barkeep said. "Glad to see a new face." Without another word, he slid a tall, frosty glass filled with bubbling, golden beer toward the man.

The man hesitated. "I really don't have money to pay..."

"That's a good one," the barkeep said with a laugh. "Here for the Festival?"

"Yes," the man said. "I thought I'd stay and watch."

The barkeep chuckled again and turned to another customer.

"You're new here," a voice said at his shoulder.

He turned to see a young woman, a pretty oval face framed with long brown hair.

"Yes," he said. "I wanted in out of the rain. This place looked as good as any."

"So you're not really here for the Festival?" she asked.



"Well, no. Not really. I just wanted to dry off somewhere."

Over the din of the pub, he suddenly heard the bartender calling for attention. "Two minutes until the Festival of Masks, everyone."

An expectant and excited murmur ran through the crowd.

"But where are the masks?" he said as he turned back toward the woman, but she had already walked down the bar to speak to another patron.

He shrugged and turned to watch the crowd as, whatever the festival was, its advent quickly approached.

The feeling of excited expectation in the crowd grew and the man looked in vain for masks in anyone's possession. He felt relief as he finally decided the masks had nothing to do with the people. Probably an entertainment troupe would come out on the small stage and put on a show.

"One minute, everyone!" the barkeep called.

Silence fell. The people placed their glasses on the tables and watched each other with excited expressions and contagious smiles.

"Ten," the barkeeper called out.

The crowd responded. "Nine," they murmured. "Eight."

Their voices flowed like water as they counted down. "Seven."

Finally they reached the last number as it whispered through the pub, a sigh filled with awe and even with joy.

"One..."

And the man's jaw dropped open in sudden shock as his vision blurred and the pub and its inhabitants melted and congealed. Panicked, he rubbed his burning eyes. Shaking his head, he blinked his vision clear and cried out in sudden surprise.

The people had transformed.

He moaned in fear as he stared about himself with his senses suddenly magnified, clarified, and heightened. In contrast, a wave of delighted laughter spilled out and over the crowd of patrons now changed into an assemblage of creatures from childhood fancy, a wondrous combination of the human form overlaid with templates of tiger, wolf, fox, lion, equine, and others. A duet of dragons roared their mirth, while overhead in the rafters dark, quick shapes chased each other on wings of bright feath-

ers or darker velvet.

"Oh..." the man gasped. He turned to flee and caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror and froze. His own features had changed in the transformation and the golden eyes of a griffin stared back at him. Slowly he looked down to see his hands furred and taloned. "Oh!" he gasped again.

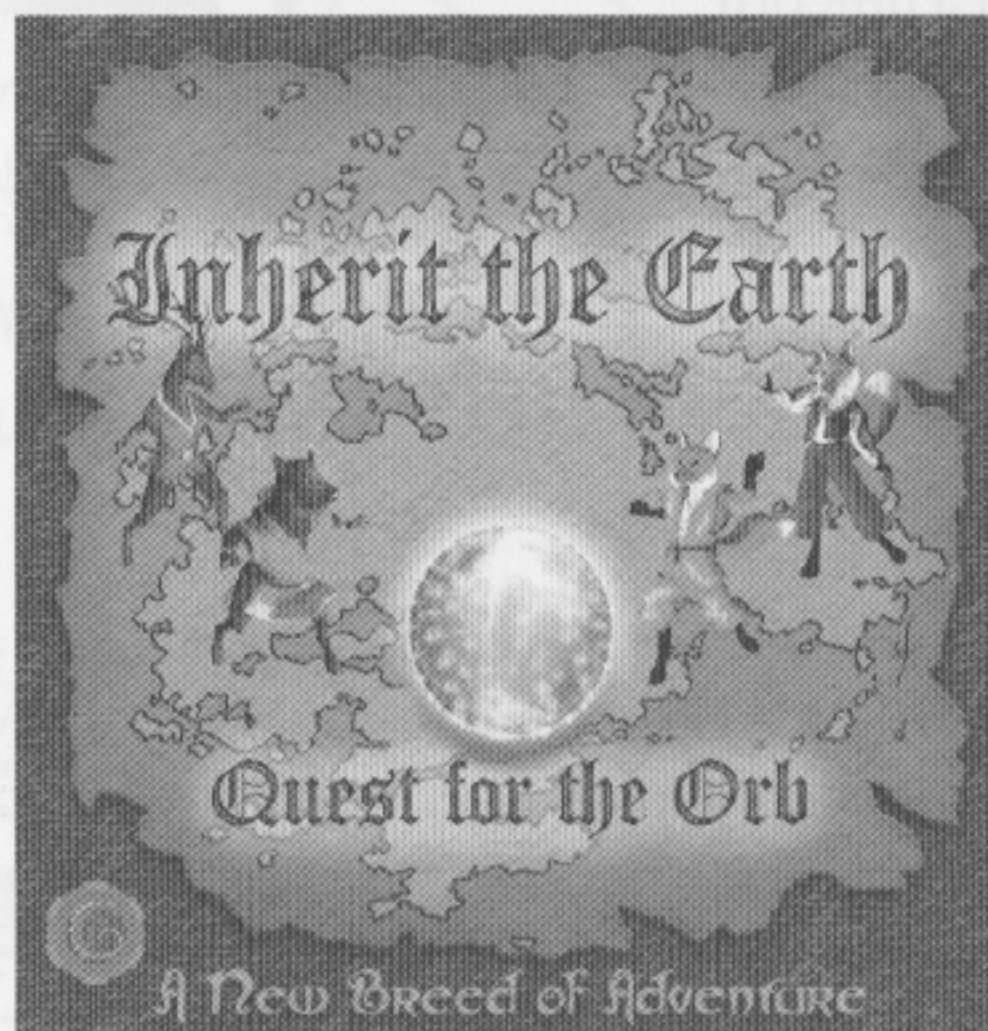
"The first time is always a surprise, isn't it?" a voice asked at his shoulder.

He knew it was the woman who had spoke to him just minutes before, but now her soul spoke through the eyes that distilled together jaguar and human.

"The masks," he said, in his panic and confusion. "These are the masks you put on?"

The jaguar tilted her head back and laughed, a delightful musical sound that merged with all of the other laughter and chatter in the pub.

"Oh, no! We've put no masks on," she said with a chuckle. "We've just taken them off."



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# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

## A Parable

Wulfhardt

Madness flies on leather minds. Its headwinds are the whispers and mumbles of those unraveling it.

Carno had a mind like silk. Smooth and flawless, flowing and straight as a bolt of silk. A salesman's mind. A wolf's mind. His clinically clean smile sliced open like a knife, his tongue-tip running quickly across the upper teeth as he leaned across the table to pick up some signed papers. A phlegmatic, old and stout businessman leaned back in resignation as Carno took the papers and picked quickly through them, and then slipped the stack into a manila portfolio with various other documents. The graying old dog had a calm, powerful stare, the hard look of domestication and granted power, that looked bitterly wherever he gazed. It was a wasted expression here.

Carno was a contractor for United Information Systems. A position of formality, to be sure. His purposes were dual: provide a reassuring ego-stroke to UIS's clients and a face they could despise later. After some further trade pleasantries, the old businessman took his leave. Carno's eyes narrowed with the razor smile lingering on his lips. Ten thousand terminals with a thousand high-end servers. The stodgy old fool didn't know he'd just been taken for 12%. That extra ten thousand would go entirely into Carno's commission.

Now, reader, back away from Carno's pleasure.

Somewhere in his mind, that knife-like smile left its scar on him. So small is each cut that none of us ever notice them. He knew almost unconsciously what would happen to the old canine. He would hobble to his superior's office and report a successful deal. He would report the price he paid, and his superior would punish the old dog for his inadequate bargaining. Shame would fill his aging heart. He could even be suspended or fired for his failure, so strict is the trade in Falen. A failure now could ruin the remaining years of his career, leaving his retirement and reputation in dishonor.

He would go home that night and think about what Carno had done to him. And he would hate. And he would scheme and he would mumble and he would whisper, because this day's dishonesty surgically cut away the last tether in his mind, so that it would sing with giddy, vicious madness. Twenty-three bodies would cool in the autumn sun the next day, and the businessman would end his own life with a bullet through his leather mind. Shame, failure, feelings of inadequacy and scars of guilt from his past dealings would all be gone.

Carno never knew any of this. Instead, he got into his luxury sedan at day's end and glided comfortably back to his condominium across town, gone from the pressing weight of the office until next week. That night he sat and watched his fish. The windows allowed a calm, moonless light to filter into the darkened room, where the aquarium lights lit the huge tank and sent a

## Ahuizotl, the Sea Monster

*Origin: Aztecs, Central America*

Ahuizotl, servant of the water god, resembled a dog-monkey hybrid with a hand on the end of its long tail. It would grab people who ventured too close to water, drown them, and eat their eyes and nails. It could act innocent; sometimes it whimpered and got humans to take pity on it, then grabbed them. Because of its connection to the water god, being eaten by Ahuizotl wasn't all bad; the souls of its victims would go straight to paradise. Ahuizotl was also the name of a real Aztec king who supposedly burned tens of thousands of captives to dedicate a new temple in 1486.



wash of fluorescence over his face. A cichlid was rhythmically digging a cave for himself under one of the faux driftwood pieces. Down under the knob of ceramic, wriggling a bit, then turning around and blowing the sand and occasionally a piece of gravel onto a small pile. Silent and mechanical, and after half an hour's time the pile was impressive. The fish then gave a couple of final swishes with its tail to clear the debris under the overhang, and sat in its cave, almost invisible.

Carno took a sip from his drink, then looked around his dark room. In the scheme of things, he was almost invisible himself. A small fish hiding in an artificial cave, trying to call it his own. The fine furniture, the expensive art prints on the walls, the tapestries here and there all seemed like layers, wrapping the limbs tightly to the body, like a pharaoh's burial clothes. He turned around, back to the fish tank. The cichlid still hid and stared ahead, as blank and mechanical as ever. Waiting for the next feeding time. There was a machine to do that, too.

It's the little things that drive us insane. It's not the fiancée that dies the day before the wedding. It's the shoelace that comes untied when there's no time left.

He had that statement stuck in his mind all night. He felt like he was losing himself and couldn't place why. He thought about the old businessman from earlier and let his guilt hurt him. His heart actually panged for a moment, causing him to nearly drop his glass. The old dog didn't deserve that sort of treatment. He looked around the room again at all his fine belongings. They might as well have been made of sand. Carno resolved to call the old dog first thing next week and give him the 12% back.

We're all weaving our record blankets in this world. Some carriages are further along their bolts than others, but we're all together in the same room. Carno never got to grant himself his reprieve that week. In trying, he discovered what he should've known from watching the news. So heavy was his guilt that he'd forsaken his life in Falen and moved away, never to be heard from again. His silken mind was as leather, and madness flew his skies, grown fat on self-hatred and shame. He never wanted to be a monster. But he was.

We always affect each other, even in death. Make your interactions worthwhile.

## Running With The Moon

*Renee Carter Hall*

I've never told him, but he could never understand.

I slip out of bed in the earliest morning hours, when the sky is still midnight-dark, when the traffic on the closest road has stilled, when he is asleep and snoring softly.

He is beautiful then, my husband, because he is the same and constant as I have always known, and yet at that time, when the moonlight outlines his form, he is as much unlike me as anyone could be.

If he would wake, I could easily calm him with a reason for my leaving bed: a drink of water, an aspirin. But on these nights, he does not wake, and I wonder if the same low, ancient voice that calls me out to the wood calls to him, as well, and keeps him wrapped in sleep.

Outside, the crickets sing in cadence. The moon hangs heavy and solemn in the darkness, edging the distant pines in silver.

I close the cabin door behind me and feel my senses wake, the ones granted to me at the turn of each cycle.



©Diana Kelllogg/White Wolf



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

The wooden porch under my feet still holds some warmth from the day, and the cooling air is tinged with pine and smoke and distant musk.

My muscles stretch, nostrils flare, eyes open to the night.

And I run.

Each muscle and tendon working in concert, in perfect rhythm, as this body is meant, four legs and night-time eyes, sharp smell and stalking run, through yielding grasses, soundlessly through leaves, I run, seeking their scent on the wind, my pack-mates, my sisters.

We meet in the wood, as we have always done. At times there are newcomers, barely more than pups, still new to the moon and the run. We all share the same scent, heady as autumn and full of promise. It is warm and wild and apple-ripe, and it is ours to know each other by.

Then one will raise her voice and bay, and we will join in chorus to all that we are part of and all that is part of us. It is a hymn to the earth under us, the sky above us, legs that run strong, eyes that see keen, wombs that bear young.

We go together on the hunt, not alpha nor omega.

The pack is one creature under the silver light, seeking our prey through streams and clearings, fulfilling what is in us. When we bring down prey, we thank the ended life for allowing our own to continue. We eat until all are full; we sing; we leap in great bounding games of tag, savoring the wild joy of play. We deny nothing, nothing that is natural.

And when we part in the wood to return to our lives, we remember the song and the moon. It will be only an echo in our minds for the next weeks, only a faint reminder of what we can be, of what we truly are.

Bare feet touch the porch's smooth boards, and I reach to open the door. Exhausted, I hardly know myself, could not remember my name if asked. I find my way to the bed as a blind pup finds its mother.

He never asks why I am so tired those next mornings. He does not question the monthly appearance of pine needles and earth among the sheets, or the dry leaves tracked inside. If he hears our song, he does not recognize it. He lives with a wildness of which he is only vaguely aware.

In weeks, I know the moon will wax again.

And I will run...

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## Frankenstein the Monster

Kris Schnee

You wake up on a table and see a man screaming at the sight of you. Everyone you meet tries to kill you, and no one will explain. So you decide to find your creator, and make him talk...

Frankenstein's Monster first appeared to Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley in a nightmare in 1816, being built by a shadowy scientist. Since then the Monster has haunted us, but what does the story really mean?

First of all, "Frankenstein" is the Monster's creator, not the Monster himself. Nor is the Monster evil in the original story. Abandoned by scientist Victor Frankenstein, he wanders and learns about the world; he loves songbirds and the warmth of a campfire. He somehow reads Plutarch and Milton's books about the great peaceful lawmakers of Greece and Rome. He turns to philosophy and asks himself what he is and why he is "apparently united by no link to any other being in existence." He encounters a family of poor farmers and, after seeing how they suffer, tries to help by secretly bringing them wood. After watching them for months, he comes to their blind old father and begs for his protection, trusting in the man's goodness. The son comes in, sees the Monster, and drives him away. Only then does the Monster declare "everlasting war against the species" and kill Frankenstein's family. He even gives Frankenstein one last chance, offering to go away if Frankenstein will build him a bride. Frankenstein destroys the bride when she's nearly finished, torturing the Monster even further. Who is the real villain?

Shelley's book's subtitle was "The Modern Prometheus." Prometheus was a Greek god who took pity on humans for lacking all the claws, wings, tails, etc. of other animals, and gave humans the fire he stole from the other gods. For making humans closer to the gods (as Satan does in the Christian tradition), Prometheus was cursed and tortured. Dr. Frankenstein makes something like a man, which makes himself like a god, and he suffers because he lacks the power to control his creation and the conscience to treat it well.

The same moral and the idea of making artificial people came long before Shelley. A medieval Jewish legend says that to protect the Jews of Prague from persecution and slander, the Rabbi Loew made a clay statue, "Golem," and brought it to life. He wrote the word "Emeth" (Truth) on its forehead and put a piece of paper

inscribed with the name of God in its mouth. Golem was a powerful guardian and servant, but Loew destroyed it by erasing one letter from Golem's head to spell "Meth" (Death). Why? In different versions of the story, Christians feared Golem's terrible vengeance and bargained with Loew, or Golem grew too powerful and dangerous for Loew to control. The legend covers the same ground as Shelley's book by predicting that a man who creates artificial life, even for a good purpose, will create something dangerous. "Golems" made of various materials are found in modern fantasy, and there are even "flesh golems" like Frankenstein's Monster.

Frankenstein is best known from Hollywood, where the original Monster has gotten lost. The most famous movie version is James Whale's 1931 *Frankenstein*, starring Boris Karloff. Lab equipment with rusty knife switches and pointless sparking Jacob's ladders, the wild-haired mad scientist, the hunchbacked lab assistant, the shouts of "It's alive!"—this is where the clichés come from. The movie starts with a warning that it may be too scary for some, because it's about "a man of science" who tried to create life "without reckoning upon God." God and philosophy make no appearance in this film, and instead Karloff staggers around terrifying people until torch-wielding peasants kill him. The movie makes the Monster mute and generally wreaks havoc on the original story. The Monster gets some sympathy though, as we see the hunchback Fritz whipping him for fun, and the Monster playing nicely with a little girl before accidentally killing her. The Monster's arms-outstretched pose comes from a scene where Frankenstein opens a skylight, the Monster reaches for the light, and his creator shuts it out again.

After many similar monster-movie adaptations like *Bride of Frankenstein* (1935) and *Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman* (1943), Mel Brooks spoofed them all in *Young Frankenstein* (1974). His Monster shambles around shouting, "MMMMM!" until Frankenstein (Gene Wilder) shares his brainpower with him. Brooks even used some of Whale's original props and filmed the movie in black and white. The Monster has gone kitsch.

The best movie version so far is *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein* (1994) starring, and directed by, Kenneth Branagh. It stays close to the book with some memorable additions like Frankenstein's Slytherin-like mentor, and brings to life the Arctic wasteland where the story begins and ends. Branagh even improves on Shelley by toning down the Monster's education while



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

keeping him smart enough to explain himself. “You gave me life,” the Monster tells Victor, “but then you left me to die.”

Victor gets a fair hearing in that movie too. His goal is to save lives by replacing failing body parts with inanimate matter, something that real scientists are now trying with mechanical hearts and even eyes. Because we have the Frankenstein legend, people associate technologies like bionics and genetic engineering with shambling monsters. Today the opponents of genetically modified (GM) crops play on our fear by calling the plants “Frankenfood.” Greenpeace even created an ad for “Frosted Fakes” featuring an undead, stitched-up Tony the Tiger.

But the real message of Frankenstein isn't that meddling with life is always bad! The novel teaches instead that we need to treat everyone with respect,

even if they're strange-looking products of science. Some day we might have to deal with clones, robots, engineered humans or other “monsters” in the real world. Whether they turn out to be monsters or just people depends on how we treat them.



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## Winds of Change

*Chaka Wolf*

Ochola stood in the warm summer darkness and gazed out over the valley that he and his kind had watched over for so long. The wind blew from the west, as it did almost every night, carrying with it the smells of smoke and cooking from the village. Soon the lights would be going out in the village, and as the people slept, Ochola and his pack would begin the night watch. Every night they kept vigil over the mountain pass from their home high on the bluff. Thus it had been for generations. Through the mountains to the east lay a river. Ochola had never made the journey, but it was five leagues or more according to the graymuzzles of the pack. Along the banks of the great river lived the Riparians, who for time out of mind had slipped through the pass under cover of darkness to raid the farms of the villagers. For this reason the pack guarded the pass, and for their efforts the village paid in water.

In the past, when the Riparian raids were a regular occurrence, the village had held the pack in high esteem. Runners from the village would come every morning with five hundred liters of water, and villagers fought beside the wolves to protect their land. In Ochola's life, the raids had grown less and less frequent. The last raid had been almost twenty years ago. No longer did the runners bring the water up to the bluff. Now wolves made the journey to fetch the water. Worse, the village had begun setting limits on how much water the wolves could take every day. Three hundred liters a day was the current allotment, and the one hundred forty members of the pack had learned to be very stringent with its use.

Ochola was jolted out of his reverie by a howl off to his left. Almost instantly it was answered by another. A raid? After all this time? Ochola grabbed his staff and ran to the edge of the bluff. Peering into the darkness of the pass, he saw the unmistakable outline of Riparian raiders creeping from rock to rock. With a howl, he leaped down the trail to join the others in repelling the old enemy. The battle was fierce, but short. When the raiders saw the pack fall on their scouts, the main force retreated eastward. Ochola and a few others pursued the Riparians until they were sure the raiding party had been routed, and returned to the bluff to celebrate their victory. Now maybe the village would re-learn appreciation for their protectors. Now the pack could negoti-

ate in good faith for more water! No more rationing every drop! Ochola slept well when day broke.

When he awoke, Ochola heard angry voices from outside his den. The water bearers had returned from the village, and with the day's water they had brought the news that the village council had dismissed their stories of the raid. It was believed in the village that the wolves had made up the tale as an excuse to get more water. Worse, the council had told the water bearers that the water allowance was to be cut to two hundred liters a day, so that the farmers could have more for irrigation. Two hundred liters a day for a hundred and forty! Ochola was stunned. As the sun set, he took his usual place on guard mechanically, his thoughts occupied only by the reaction of the village. How could they not believe? Had every man, woman and child in the village been asleep during the attack? Ochola absently rubbed the old scar on his muzzle, remembering the blow that had left it so long ago. He wondered how things had gone so wrong.

In the days that followed, water rationing became almost a religion for the pack. Pans were set out to catch the dew and any sparse rain that might fall. Fights broke out over individual allotments, and stories of theft began to be heard. In Ochola's memory, no wolf had ever taken anything from another, and this hurt him more than the callous treatment of the pack by the villagers. The pack had become obsessed with water now. Every day Ochola heard complaints that the village had water in abundance, fountains that sprayed the precious fluid into the air merely for show. Ochola knew of those fountains, he had seen them for himself the last time he had been in the village. Five years ago that had been, and he remembered something else from that visit as well. He remembered the way the villagers had looked at him. Women and children had recoiled in fear, and the men had shaken their heads with disdain. The experience had left him with no desire to go back.

On the last night that Ochola stood guard, he was thinking of the graymuzzle council that was to be held the following evening. Although he had no official voice in the council, he had planned to attend, to hear the discussion and to find out if anyone had any ideas that could help the pack. As he stood in the dark thinking, he became dimly aware that something was different. He realized that the wind had shifted. Instead of blowing as it usually did, across the village from the west, it was now blowing hard out of the east. Instead of the familiar

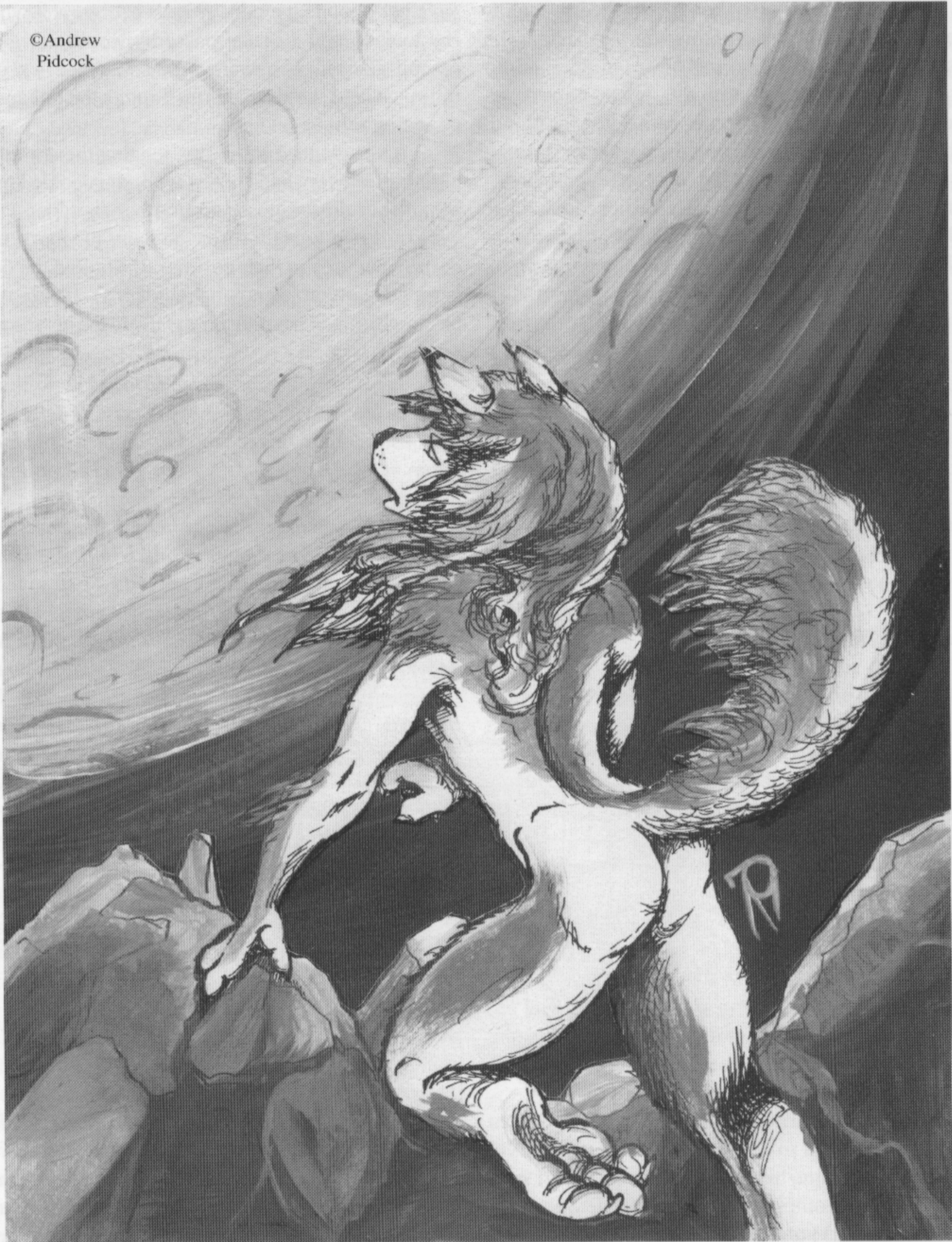


# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

smells of the village, he could now smell the distant river. As he stood there in the river washed wind, a thought began to take shape in his mind. The Riparians lived by the river bank. Ochola wondered what *they* would trade

for water from the river. He thought again of tomorrow night's council, and the moonlight gleamed yellow on his fangs.

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Pidcock



## Twilight Daniel Gill

Lightning charred the summer sky, and the wolf Mary was on the hunt. Her boots crunched gravel as she ran, axe and shotgun bumping on her back. The beasts she sought were sleeping now, but she had no intention of meeting them at night. Their power was gained from darkness, fed by their carnal lust for blood. No, she was hunting them during the day, even through this wild thunderstorm that gathered its forces and threatened to blast her from her feet. Rain slicked back her muzzle, falling into her eyes, but she kept her vision straight ahead, locked like an eagle bearing down on its prey.

Mary's destination lay ahead, a ramshackle old

house, scarred by the neglectful years. There had been four vampire attacks in the past week, and she'd already checked every other church, cave, and abandoned building in the area. Finally there lay only this one, and she gave her opponent credit. Weeds overgrew it wherever she looked, and a casual passerby would not give it a second glance. The nearest road was nearly a quarter mile past, and she'd had to run through the tall grass and pounding rain to get here.

She glanced at the sky, judging the approaching night time. Mary had chosen well, she decided, pulling her oilskin duster closer around her shoulders. There were still two hours left for the hunt, plenty of time to destroy her prey in their coffins. She pulled the double-barreled shotgun from her shoulders as she crept up on the porch, a swing darting erratically in the howling wind.



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# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

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As she approached, a shingle flew from a second story window, revealing a broken glass pane coated in dust. The wolf tucked in her tail, double-checked the silver shot in her gun, and mounted the porch.

The door was locked, as she expected. She removed a small eye dropper from her pocket, applying the liquid to the hinges. Smoke started to pour from the rusty steel, and then the hinges fell off entirely. *Sulfuric acid, wonderful stuff*, she thought, and heaved the splintered door from its jamb. She'd found it more efficient to deal with the hinges than the lock itself.

Inside, it was dark, dusty and filled with bitter stench. She'd expected this as well, having fought her share of vampires in the past. Gods, how she hated them! They were parasites, supernatural ticks that preyed upon her people. She walked slowly down the hallway, moving with silent grace. *How long had it been*, she thought to herself, *how many has it been?*

Fifteen years. Fifteen years since the old stranger had come to her family's home, come for their hospitality, seeming to enjoy the warmth and food her father and mother had provided. Fifteen years since Mary had seen her mother's throat ripped free in a spray of gore, her fur dangling from the stranger's maw. Fifteen years since Mary had witnessed her father's shotgun ineffectual as the stranger had grabbed it from his hands and twisted it like candy, then battered over his skull with a sickening crunch. Fifteen years since Mary had watched her baby brother's head twisted off and the stranger holding the bloody stump to his mouth, sucking greedily. Fifteen years since Mary had fled across the meadow into the cruel night, certain she could hear the stranger's cold breath and icy fingers clutching at her heels. Fifteen years since Mary had met up with the vampire hunter, learned at his feet, studied his methods, and, in time, shared his bed. The wolf had endured the horse's drunken mauling, his fumbling hands in the dark, anything to gain the knowledge and experience she would need for her crusade.

The wolf told herself that it had been worth it. Sixty five vampires in seven years she'd killed, along with their slaves, the human servants and the zombies. Even once, she had faced down a succubus, driving it back into its hell even as it hurled curses onto her head. She tried not to think of the years of isolation, the personal agonies she'd endured to mold her, mind and body, into the perfect killing machine. The training, the fighting, the screams and blood all led her to this old quiet

farmhouse, her only companion the bitter wind.

Mary held the sawed off shotgun to her shoulder, sighting down the crosshairs as she moved from room to room. Ghostly furniture occupied each, the patina of years draped in cobwebs and dust. She glanced down, saw fresh footprints in the grime, and was doubly sure this was the vampires' stomping grounds. The only place that would be suitable for the monsters would be downstairs, occupying the basement. She moved swiftly through the kitchen, coming do a thick wooden door. She checked the lock, found it undone, and stepped inside.

Inside was blackness, darker than the deepest midnight. She pulled a torch from an inner loop in her coat, lighting it with a sulfur match. The orange flame licked at the gloom, flickering upwards. The wolf crept down step by step, looking out into the basement. The dirt floor was newly disturbed, showing deep furrows where coffins had been dragged. She followed them, keeping one hand on the shotgun, the other holding the torch far ahead. Another locked door, more sulfuric acid, and she kicked it from its hinges.

There they were. Four coffins, made from unfinished pine, lined up neatly in the root cellar. Mary smirked, tail flicking behind her. She stepped forward into the room, checking each corner.

"Please, no more..." Mary whirled on the ball of her foot, and faced a young feline, dangling from chains set deep into the brick wall. She looked pathetic, rags clinging to her, her wrists bloody from the iron cuffs. She looked up at Mary in shock, mouth opening and closing, eyes bleary in the sudden light.

Mary moved to her, looking down at the young female. "Are you alright?" she asked, glancing back at the coffins. She set the torch down on the ground, then grabbed the cat's head, turning it roughly to the side and making her cry out. No bite marks on her neck.

"I-I-I...please, help me!" the cat sobbed, tugging uselessly at the chains. Mary glared at the girl, could see the desperation in her eyes. For a moment, she saw herself fifteen years before, crying out for help as she ran from the stranger's attacks.

"Hold on, I'll have you out of those in a moment." She pulled out the sulfuric acid again, pouring a little on each lock. "Hold still or this will burn through your fur." The metal hissed and popped, and she gave a good tug. The cat fell forward into Mary's arms. She sobbed hard, burying her face into Mary's shoulder, and



the wolf felt an involuntary wave of sympathy for the young female.

“When did they take you?”

“T-two days ago. They said they were going to feed on me tonight...they made me watch them eat...eat...Oh God!” The girl started sobbing again, and Mary had to muffle her mouth with a paw to keep her from screaming.

“Hush, hush. Crying will do no good.” She looked around the room. “I’ll get you out of here, as soon as I take care of these monsters.” She tried to pry the young cat from her neck.

The feline held on like she didn’t hear, bloody wrists clasped at Mary’s neck. The wolf could feel the gore dripping down her back. “What’s your name, girl?”

Mary had to repeat the question three times before the cat registered. “S-Sylvia. My name is Sylvia.”

“Sylvia, you’ll have to let go. Now. I need to kill them so they can’t hurt anyone else.”

Sylvia nodded, cheek fur tear-streaked. She reluctantly let go of Mary’s neck, and the wolf straightened up. “Go over by the door, I need to get started.”

The child clutched herself to Mary, smothering her own face into the wolf’s coat. “No! Please. No, not yet. Just hold me. A little longer.”

It was the tone that raked Mary’s suspicions. Perhaps the plaintive wail, or holding onto the vampire hunter just a little too long. Mary pushed Sylvia away, holding her at arms’ length and looking hard into the child’s eyes.

“How long have you been their servant, Sylvia?”

The little cat could not hide the surprise in her face. “I...I...No, please! Don’t kill them! They’re the only ones who will take care of me!” Sylvia started to blubber, but the hunter was cooler now.

“How long, Sylvia?”

The little girl slumped down to the floor, resolve



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# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

crumbling. "Two weeks. The master killed my father, and I thanked him for it." She clutched her legs, ears laid back as she rocked to and fro. "He hurt me. He hurt me so much. The master said he'd protect me from everyone if I watched them during the day."

"But you can't protect them, can you?"

Sylvia shook her head. "I don't want to protect them. I hated my poppa. He was so mean. He drank, and he smelled awful. The master was kind to me, though. But the others... Please, I don't know what to do. They come back before dawn, all bloody, and they teased me." Sylvia ran a hand through her hair, shuddering at the memories. "They want to make me like them when they move on."

"But you don't want that, do you?" Mary sat down next to Sylvia, and the girl snuffled, burying her head against the wolf's shoulder.

"I'd be a monster. Just like my father."

"Let me help you."

Sylvia looked up to Mary, and the hunter saw wounded innocence bleeding there. The girl's father may have been evil, but these vampires were a thousand times worse. Mary remembered her own reaction to the vampire who had fed on her family, and seeing so many vampires covered in gore, muzzles pulled back in feral glee to show long canines. "I can finish this right now. No

more master, no more blood suckers. Just you and me."

Sylvia stood up, rubbing her arms and ruffling her fur, the tail of her nightgown swishing at her slim ankles. Mary sat patiently, pulling her shotgun from her back and tapping it on her own shoulder. Sylvia closed her eyes tightly, thinking firmly. Her muzzle curled up in a snarl.

"Do it," she whispered quietly.

In the house's blaze, Mary stood with her arm around Sylvia's shoulder, idly stroking the cat's ears. The fire hissed and yowled, sending tongues of flame high into the sky. The rain had stopped, leaving a dusky sun setting in the west.

Sylvia watched the ground, drawing a circle with her toe in the dirt. She then wiped ash from her hands, thinking that it was the bodies of the vampires. "Mary?" she asked finally, and the wolf glanced down at her. "Does it ever get better?"

"Does what get better?"

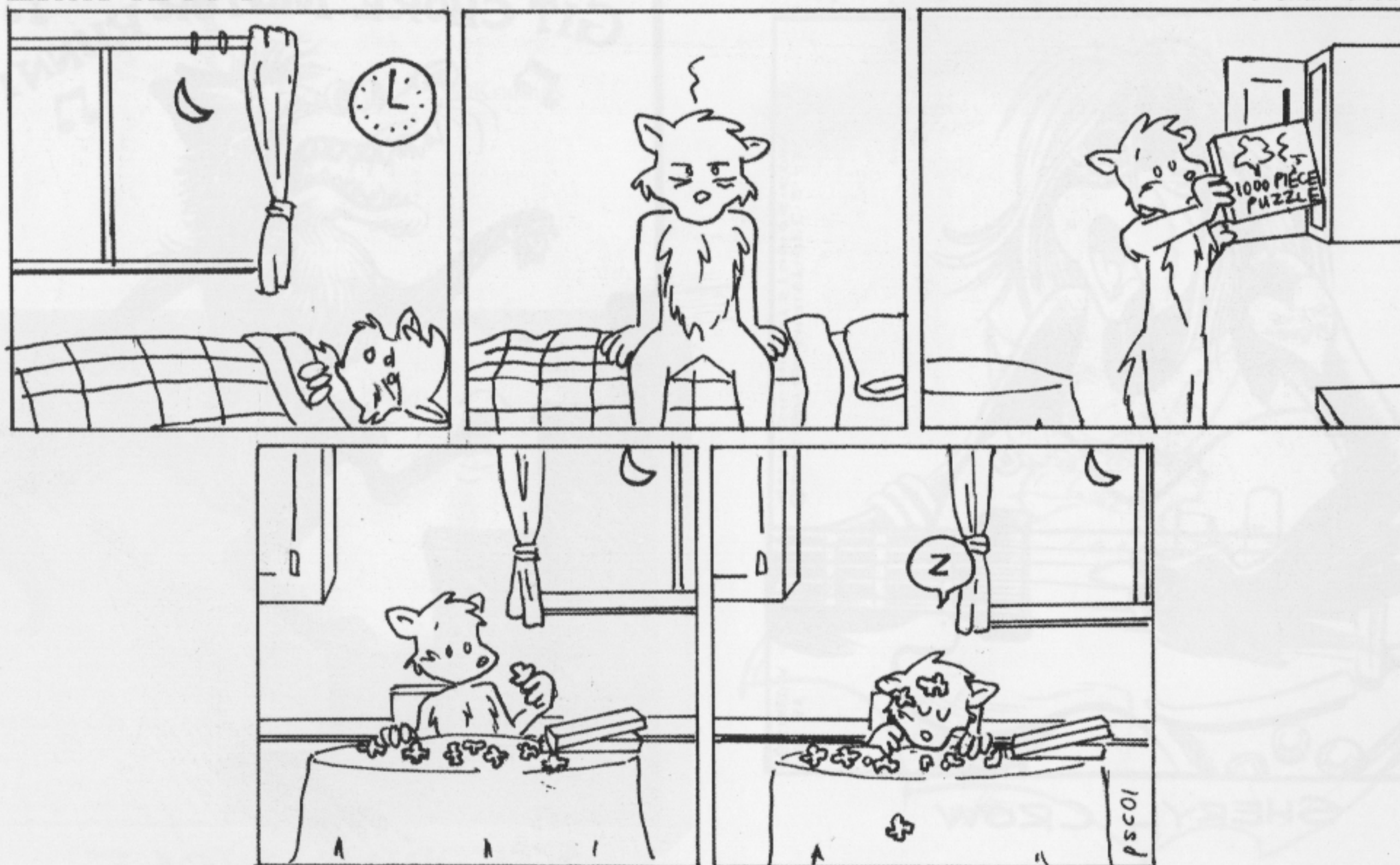
"Life."

Mary felt a knot forming in her throat. From a monster for a father to a bloodsucker, Sylvia had survived true evil, and she was barely in her teens. "Yeah, yeah it does. I can't say when, but it's not all bad."

They walked towards the rapidly approaching night, holding each other's hand.

## LIMPIDITY

Po Shan Cheah

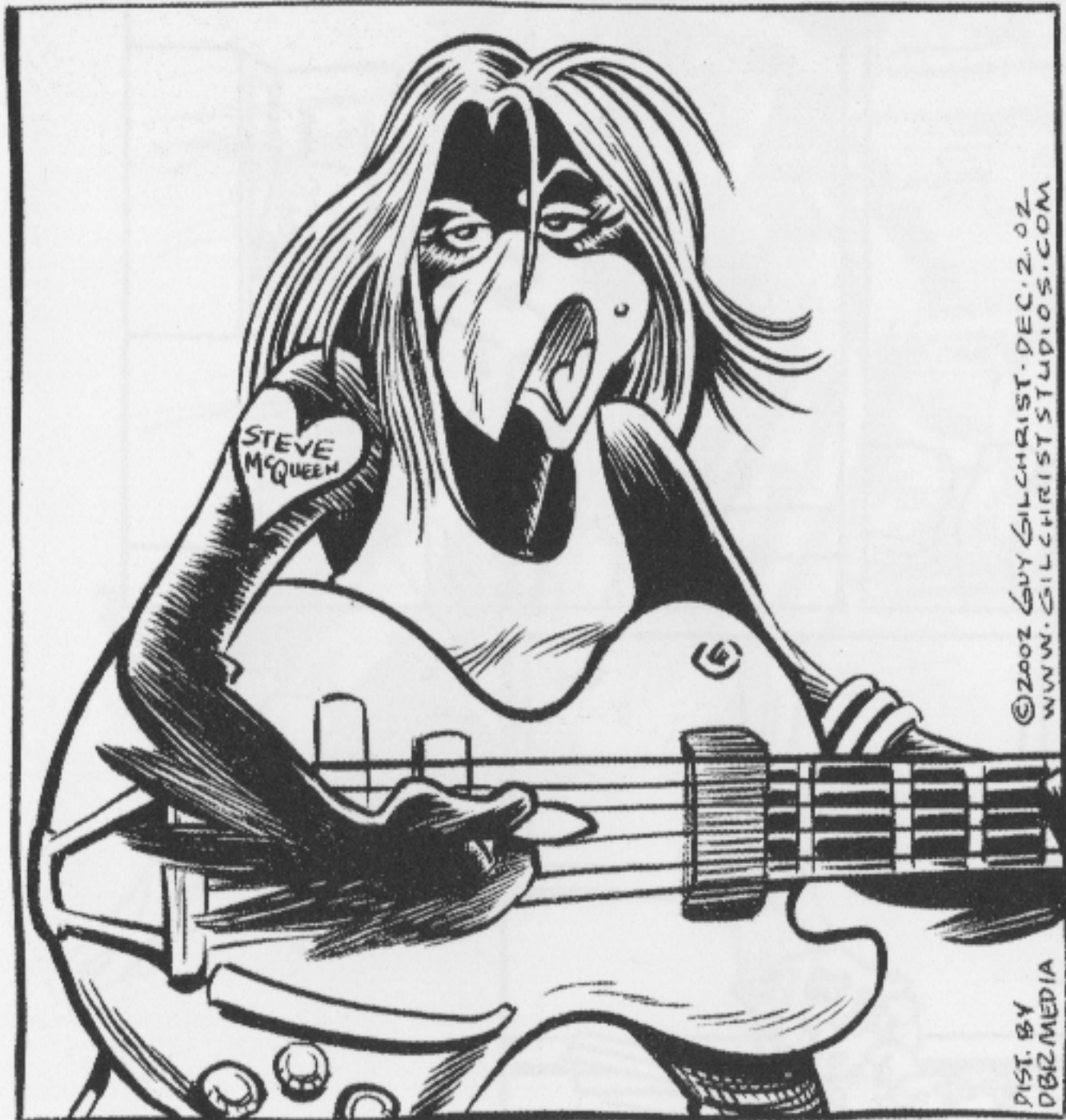




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## SCREAMS BY GUY GILCHRIST



SHERYL CROW

## SCREAMS REMEMBERS The 60s



STEPPIN' WOLF.



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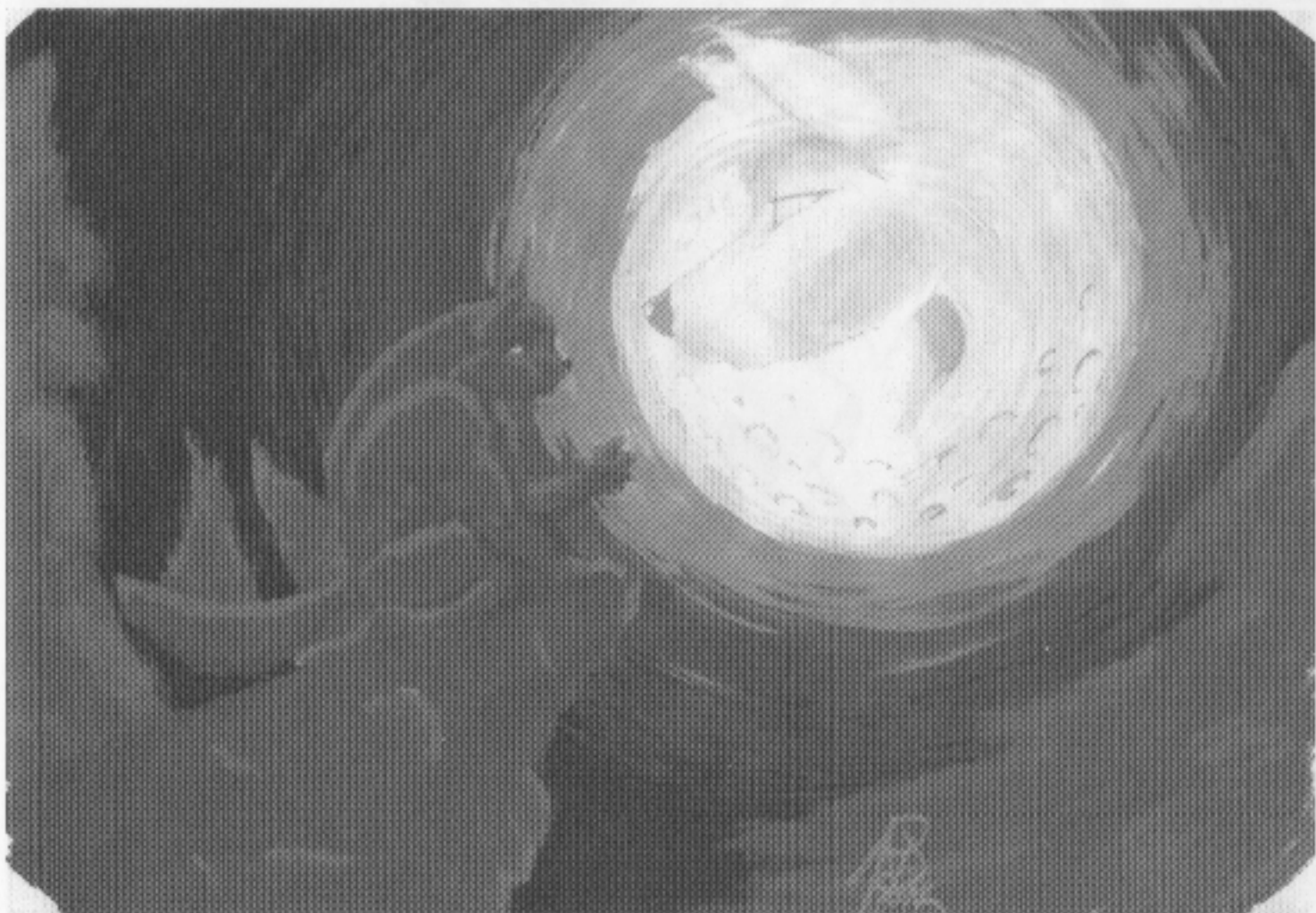


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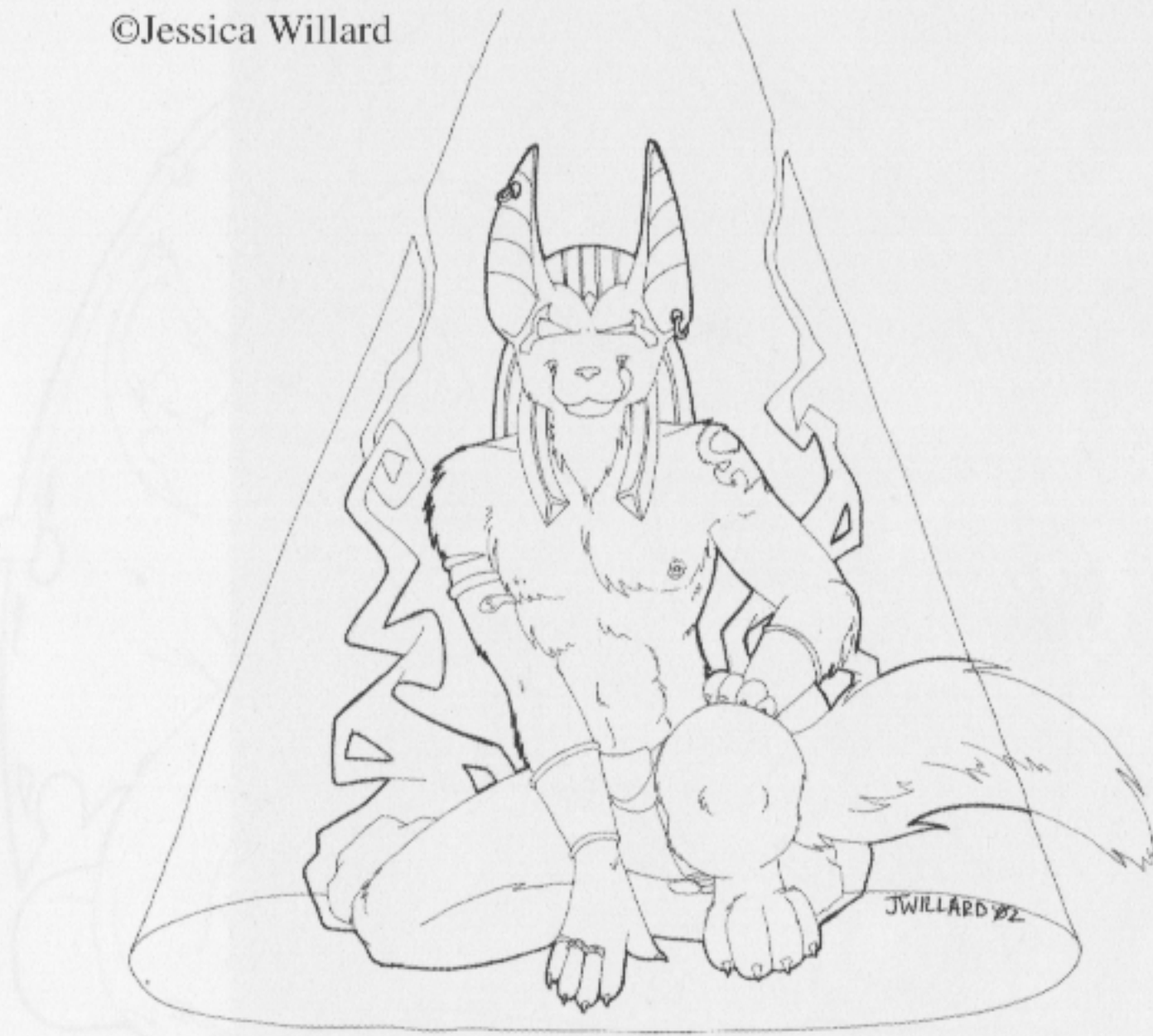
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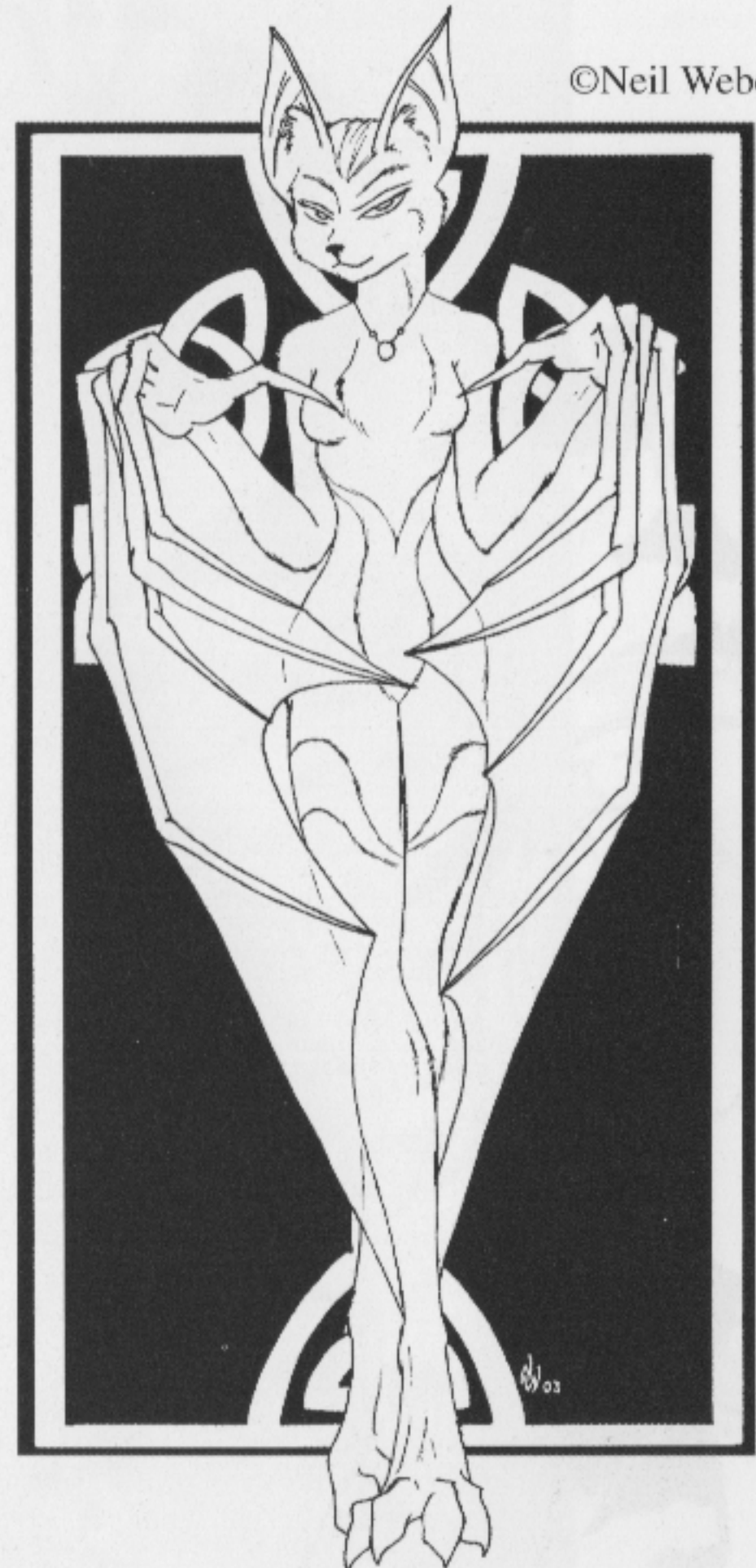


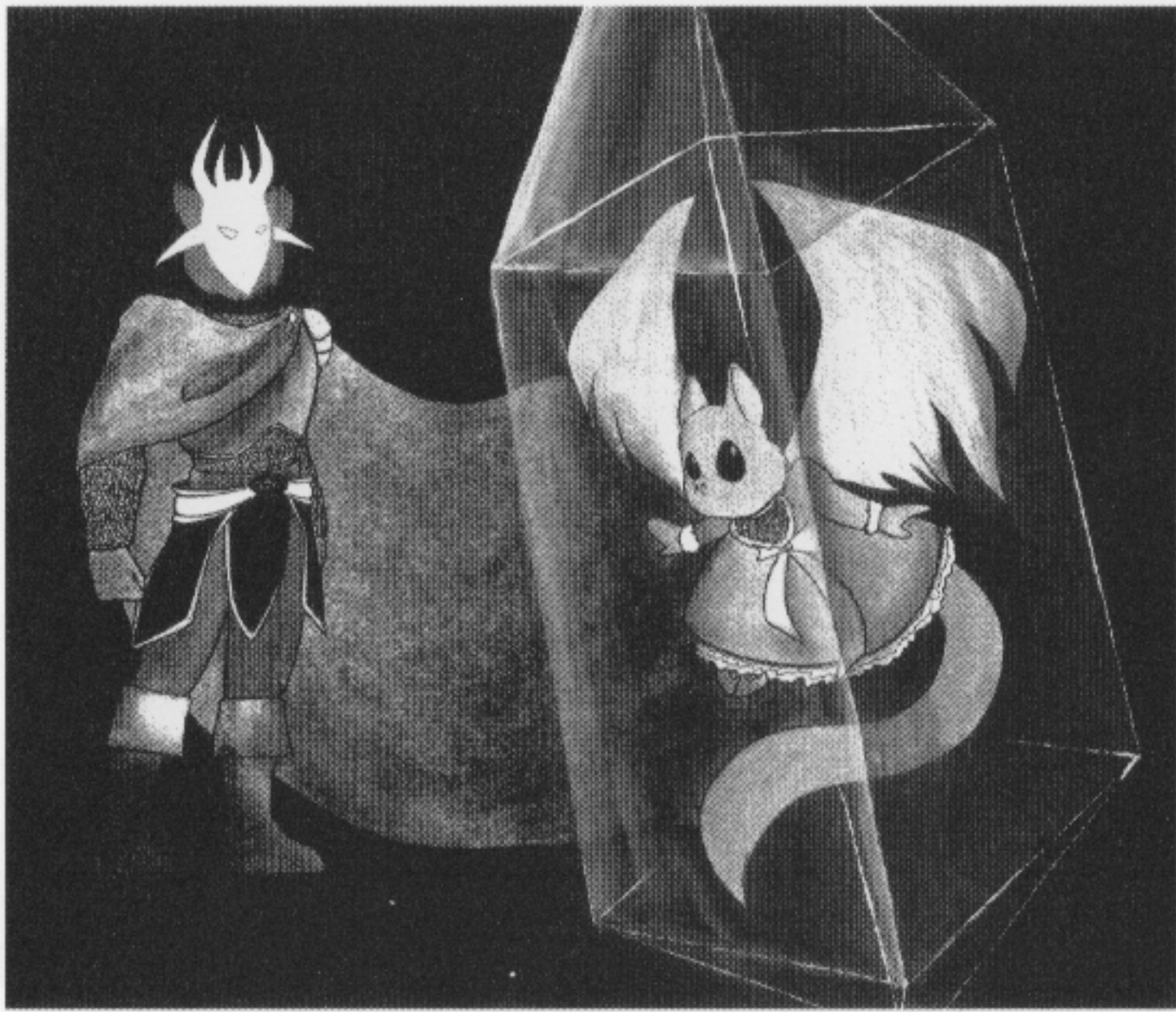
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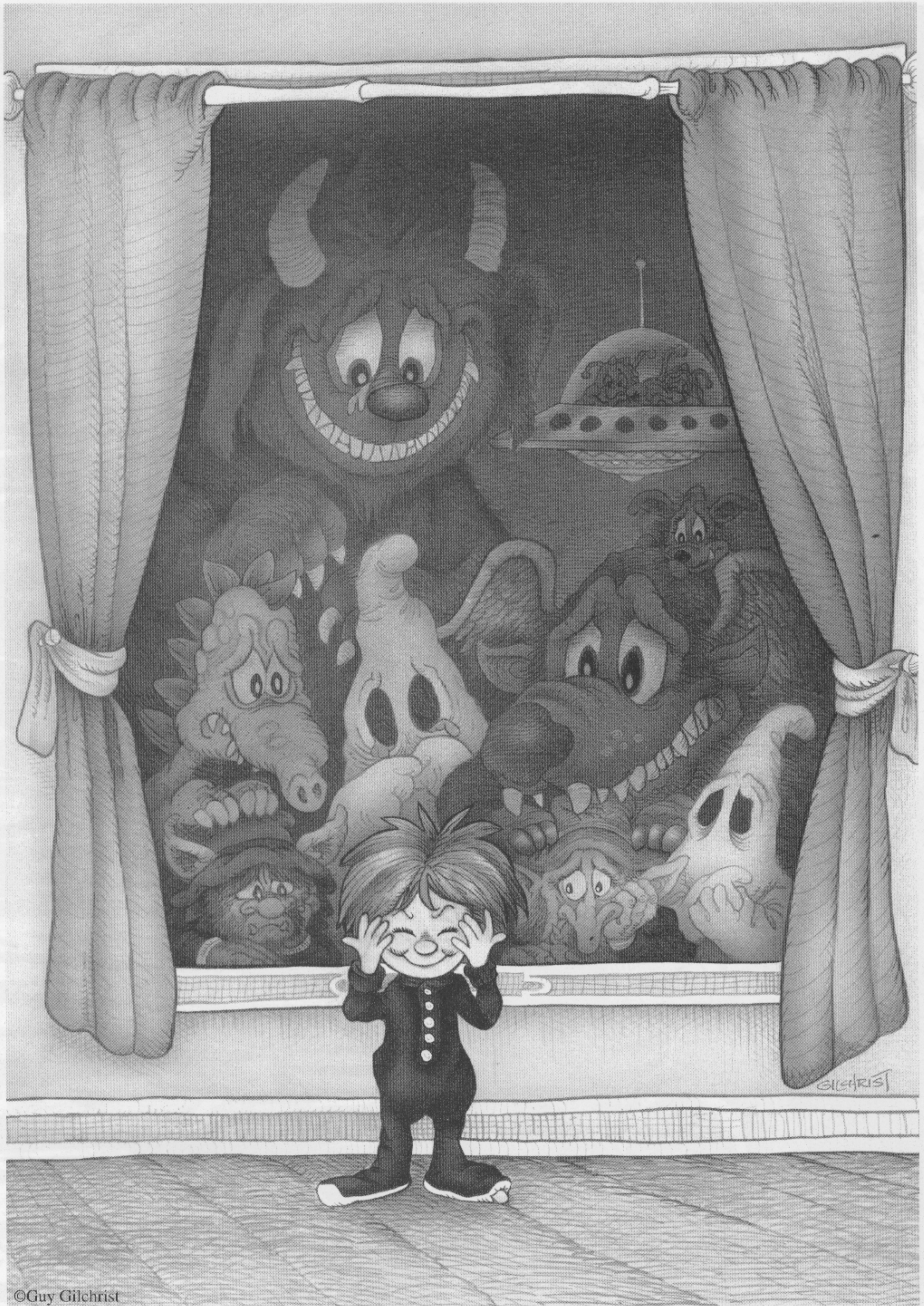




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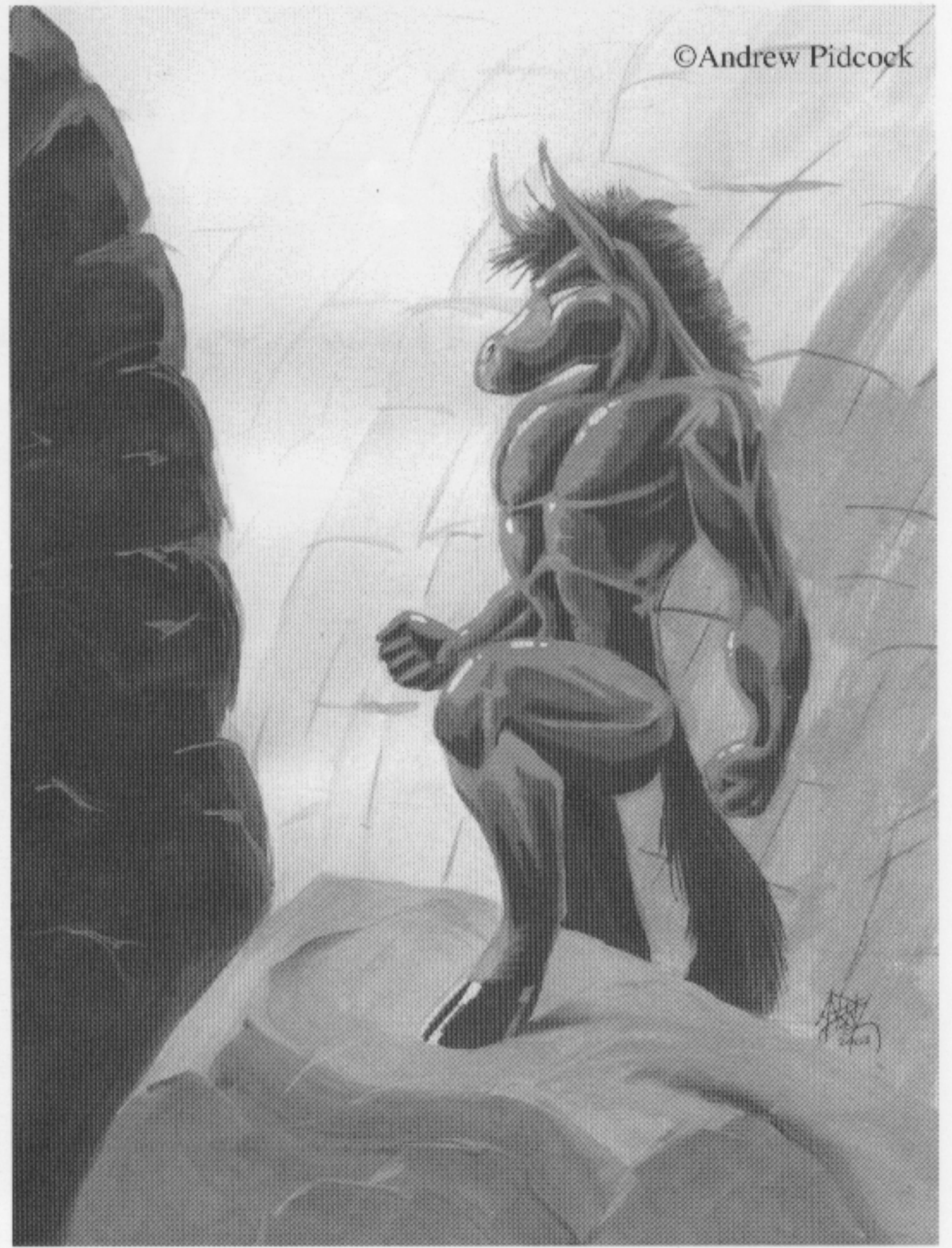


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MIDNIGHT RAIN 4.2003

LIM GUO LIANG



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT



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# TIFFARELLA

QUEEN OF DARKNESS



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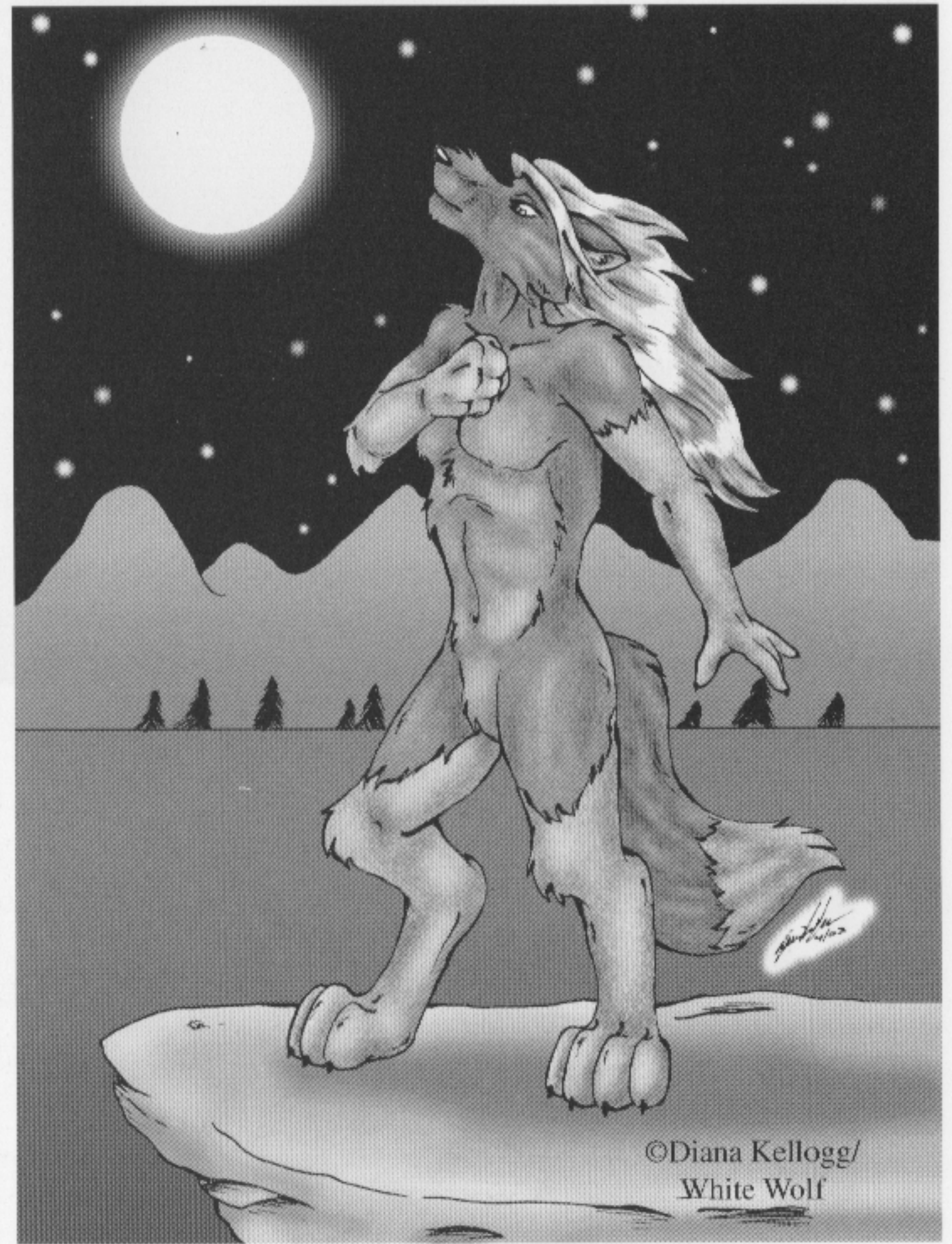
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# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

## Night Of Passage

Renee Carter Hall

When the rain began falling in fat, cold drops, Jaren growled in disgust and gave up. So he couldn't get a fire going. Fine. It didn't matter. He'd find shelter somewhere.

He knew just what they'd say when he went back home. Oh, he'd still be considered an adult. Any wolf who survived earned that. But the others would find out somehow that he couldn't even light a fire to stay warm - and then they'd start saying, like they always did, that it was no surprise he didn't know how to survive on his own, what with no father to teach him.

The young wolf's blood burned at the thought. If he fought them, he got in trouble with the elders. If he walked away, they called him weak. And then his mother would try to comfort him, and that would make everything even worse...

He'd hoped to do something spectacular tonight for his Passage - make a kill on his own, maybe, or discover something impressive. He'd wanted to do something, anything, that they couldn't argue with. Instead, the night was nearly over, and here he was huddled under a tree, dripping wet and - although he wouldn't admit it even to himself - dangerously close to crying.

Some hunter he was. Jaren hugged his knees to his chest and closed his eyes.

He hadn't realized he was falling asleep until he woke. The rain had stopped, he was warm and dry, and...

And a fire crackled in front of him.

He wasn't sure whether to be grateful or furious. He wasn't supposed to have help; everybody knew that.

"You'd rather be cold and wet, then?"

The fire died instantly, as if a gust of wind had blown it out.

The fur on the back of Jaren's neck stood. What trick was this? Had one of the old gods of the forest -

but no one believed that anymore, not even the superstitious elders. And that voice...

Jaren shook his head, then spoke cautiously. "I think I'd rather have the fire. Please."

It blazed again, and a figure stepped into the clearing. Jaren frowned and squinted into the smoke. Then the wind shifted, bringing scent, and he knew.

"Father," he breathed.

This was no spirit, this was fur and flesh and strong arms hugging him, the same arms that had tossed him into the air when he was just a pup, again and again, and had always been there to catch him - until the sickness came and took his strength, then his life.

"How?" he asked finally, when he was able

to speak.

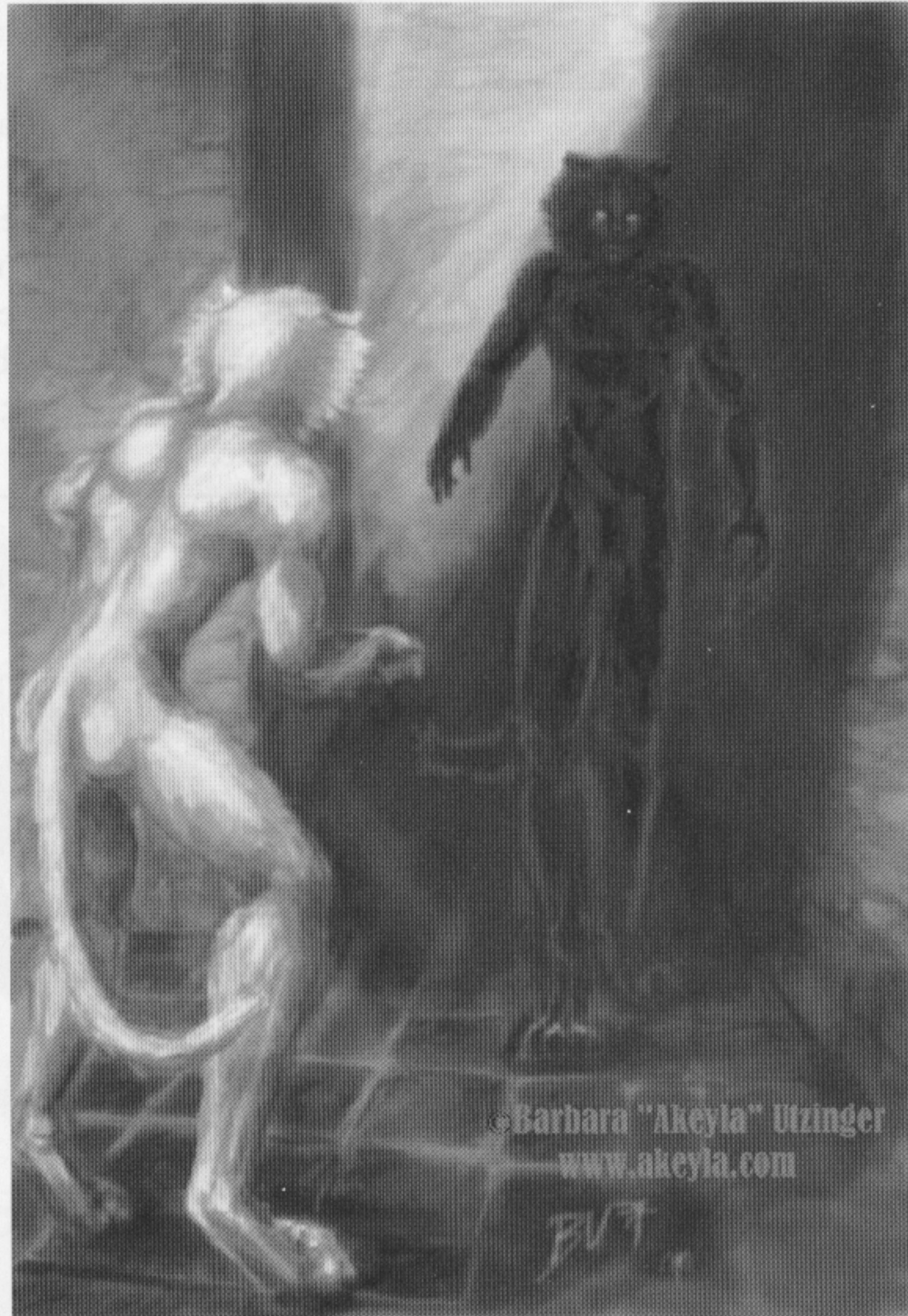
"I have this night only, for a few moments before dawn. It's my right," the older wolf said. He smiled, "Although you were doing fine without me."

Jaren looked at the ground. "I nearly drowned."

"You were bearing it." He paused. "You've had to bear a lot of things, I know."

Jaren felt his eyes fill with tears. He didn't trust his voice, so he just nodded.

His father sighed. "I wish I could tell you it'll be easier now. But I never lied to you, and I won't start



tonight. All I can say is that no one is strong all the time. And admitting your weaknesses takes more courage than showing off your strengths.”

“But they’re all so much better at everything.”

“I know it seems that way, but they have their weaknesses, too. And they’ll have to face them, just as you face yours.”

A thousand questions swirled in Jaren’s head. All the things he’d wanted to say, the thoughts he’d longed to share, the doubts he needed to talk about with someone who could understand.

But the older wolf tilted his head back to gaze at the sky. “It’s getting light. Jaren, you have to send me away.”

“But... how can I...”

“You have to. Now, tell me to go.”

Jaren looked into his father’s eyes, so much like his own. He tried to speak, swallowed, and tried again.

“Father,” he said, little more than a whisper. Then,

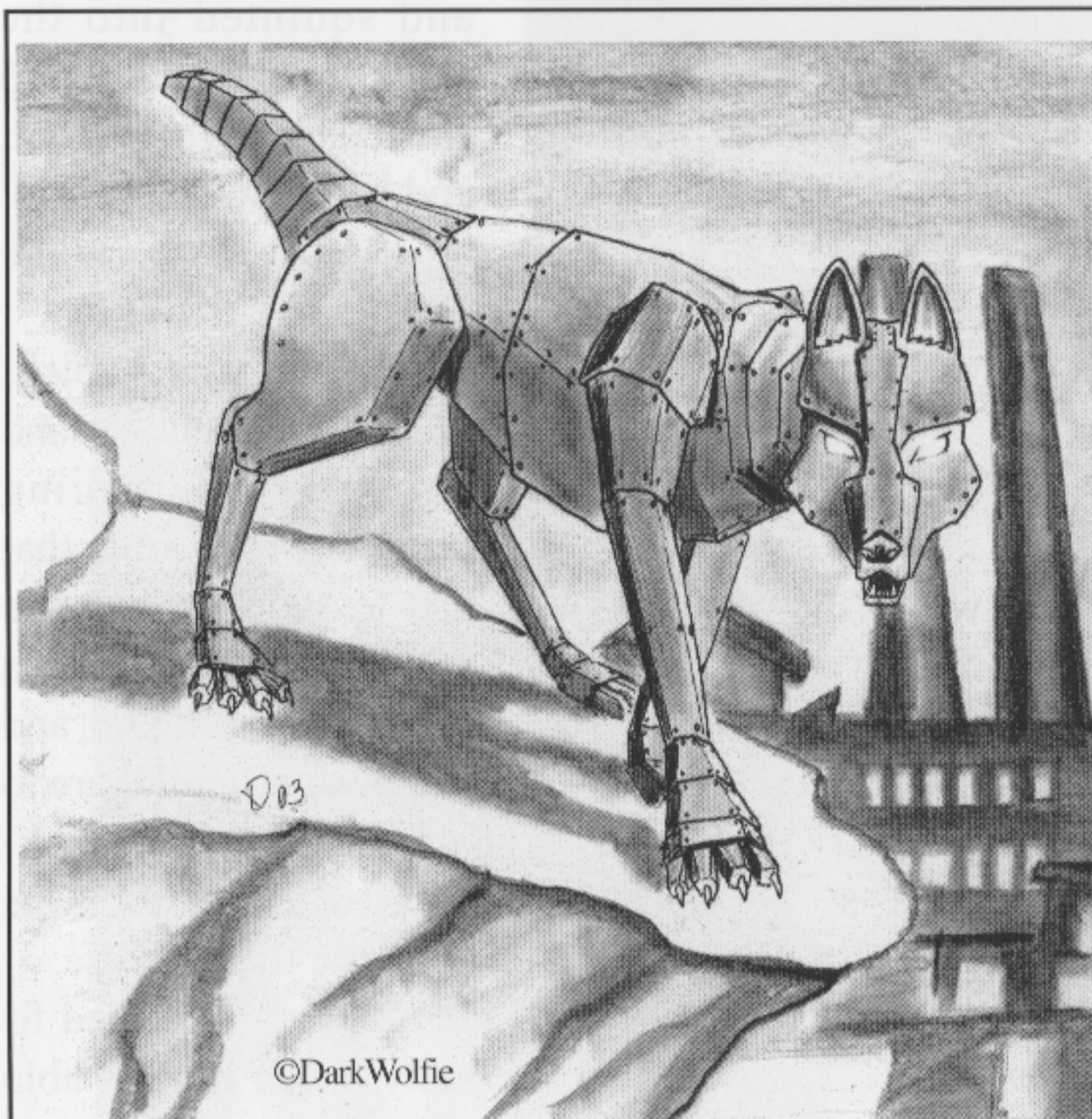
“Father, you can go. I’ll be all right.” And as he said it, he knew it was true.

He had one last, long look at the wolf he remembered, not the withered husk left by the sickness, but his father, strong and whole and wise....

And he woke, his muscles cramped and stiff from where he sat huddled under the tree. His fur was still damp, but the rain had settled into a fine mist, and the sky was clearing enough to show the first light of dawn.

A dream... But then his gaze fell on the clearing before him, and he saw the ashes that remained from the fire.

His first day as a full member of the clan had begun. Jaren stood and stretched, then tipped his head back and howled joy, grief, and acceptance into a single, rising song, loud enough to carry back to the clan, to tell them he had completed his Night; to tell them Tarin’s son was coming home.



## The Iron Wolf *Origin: Eurasia*

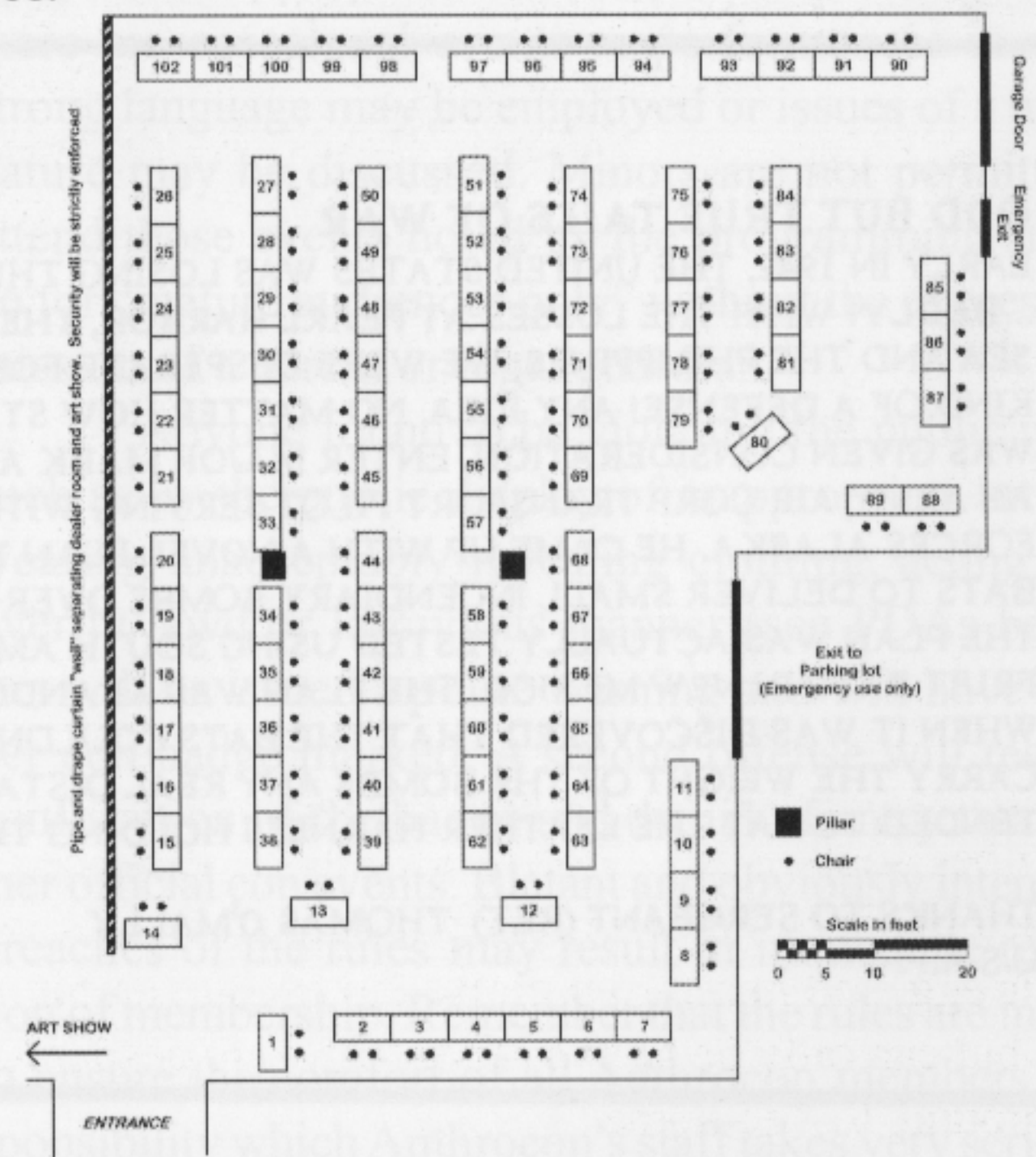
Lithuanians say that when Grand Duke Gediminas slept after a hard day’s hunt in 1323, he saw an iron wolf on the nearby hill. The beast chilled him with a howl like that of a hundred earthly wolves. He decided the dream meant he should build a city on the hill; today this city of Vilnius is Lithuania’s capital. Richard Adams describes another Iron Wolf from Russia, this one a giant wolf made of the smoke of the fires of Hell. It appraised the hero Peter with bright pupil-less eyes, offered him help with its power to break and even mend a magic egg, and in return promised to eat him on his wedding night. This nightmare wolf is never far away from you, but can only be seen by those who are desperate and confused. It can vanish like smoke through cracks in the ground, to “go home.”

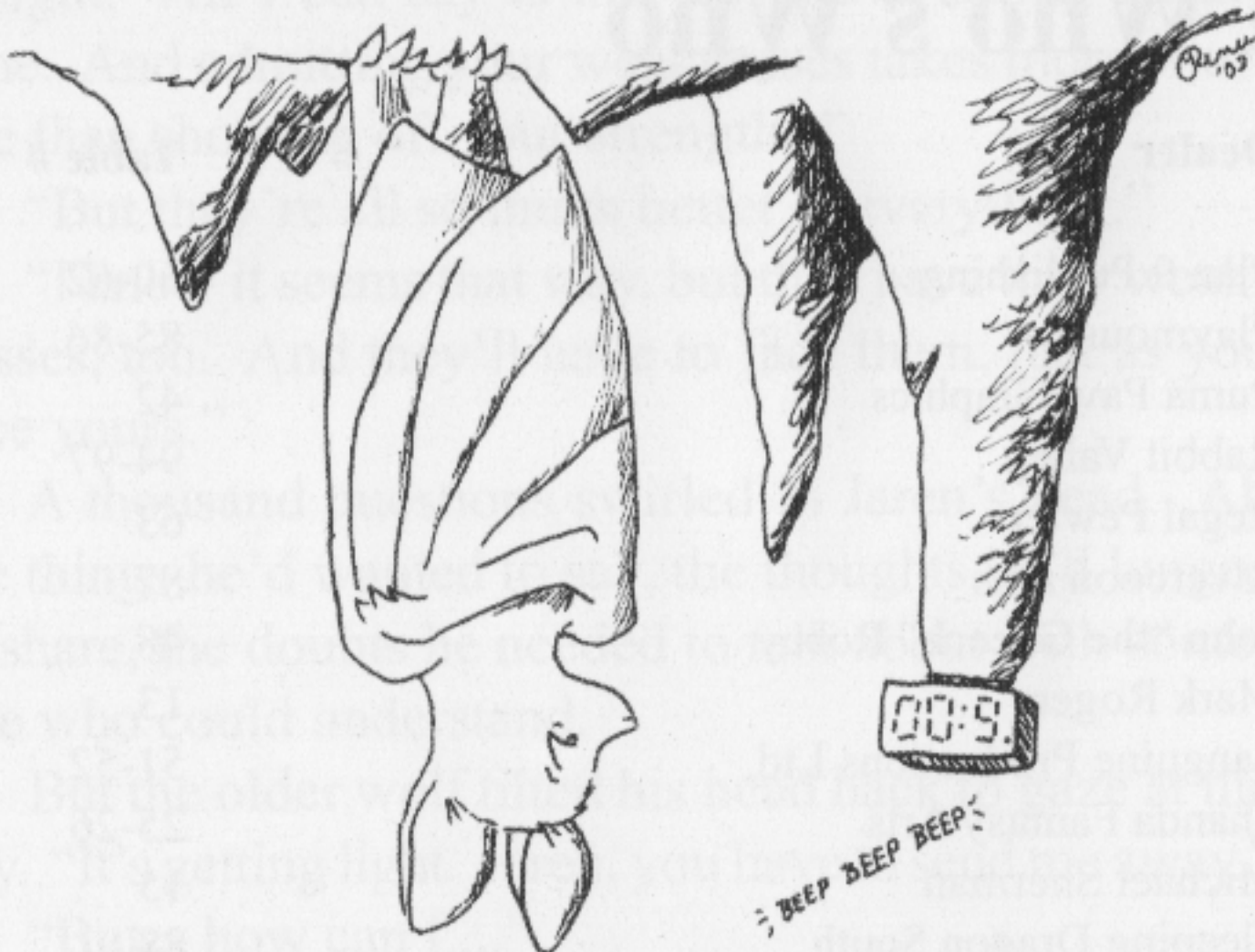


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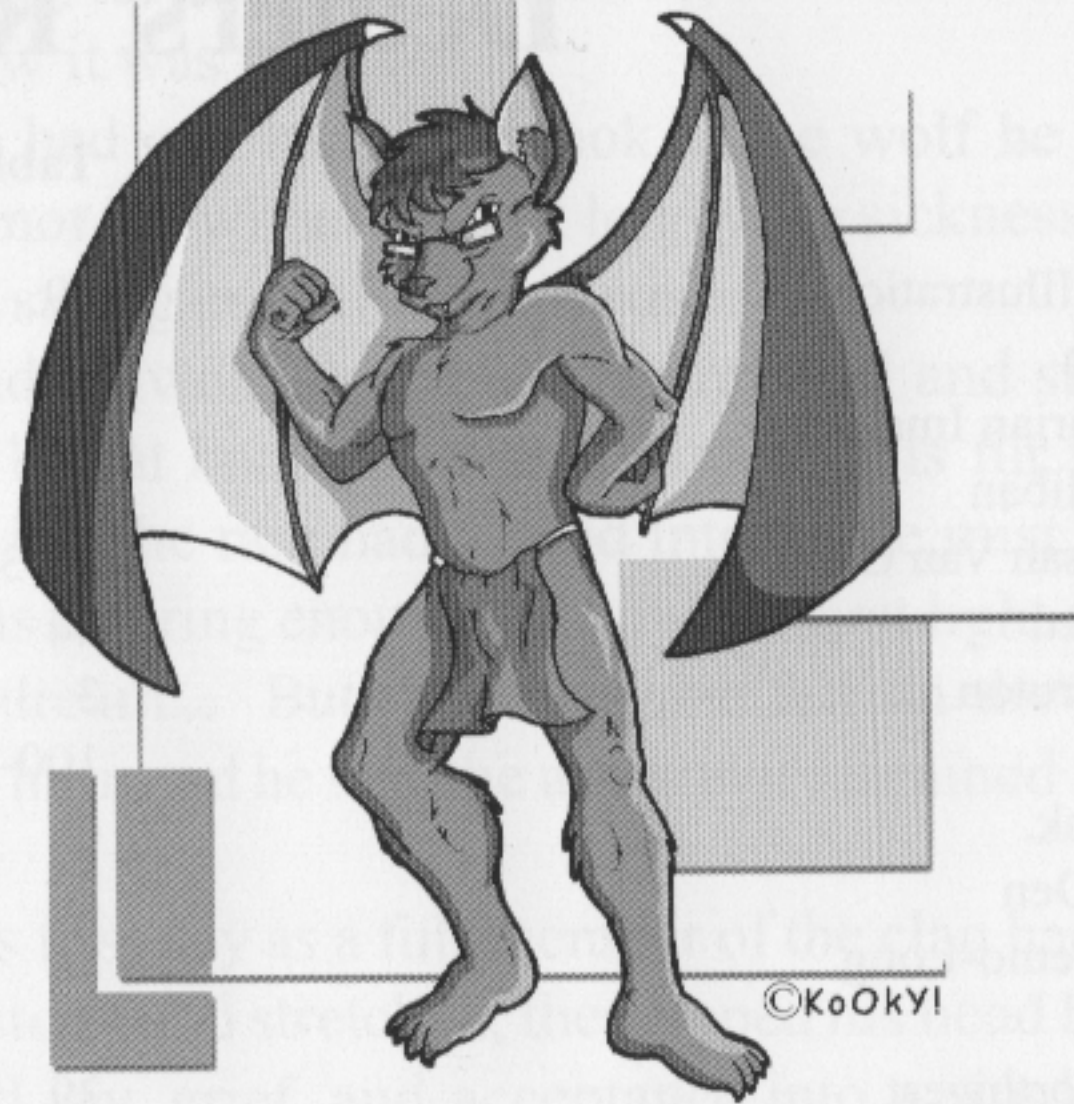
## Dealers' Room Who's Who

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## LIMPIDITY

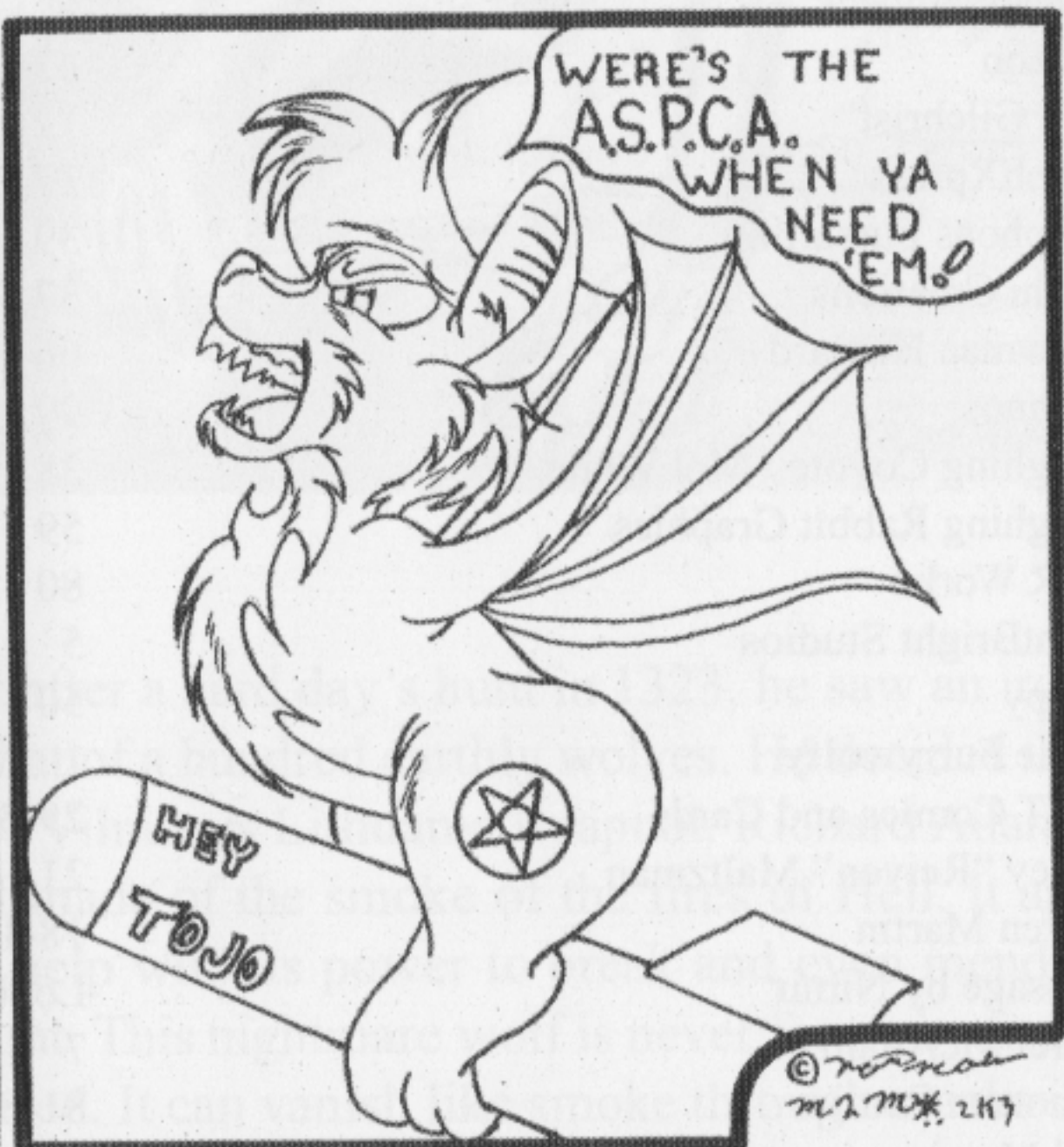
Po Shan Cheah



### ODD BUT TRUE TAILS OF WAR

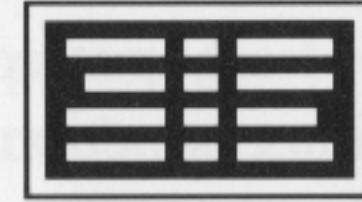
EARLY IN 1942, THE UNITED STATES WAS LOSING THE WAR ...BADLY! WITH THE LOSSES AT PEARL HARBOR, THE JAVA SEA AND THE PHILIPPINES, WE WERE DESPERATE FOR ANY KIND OF A DEFENSE! ANY IDEA, NO MATTER HOW STUPID, WAS GIVEN CONSIDERATION. ENTER MAJOR MARK ANDERSON, AN ARMY AIR CORP TRANSPORT PILOT SERVING WITH U.S. FORCES ALASKA. HE CAME UP WITH A NOVEL PLAN TO USE BATS TO DELIVER SMALL INCENDIARY BOMBS OVER JAPAN. THE PLAN WAS ACTUALLY TESTED USING SOUTH AMERICAN FRUIT BATS IN NEW MEXICO. THE PLAN WAS ABANDONED WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT THE BATS COULDN'T CARRY THE WEIGHT OF THE BOMBS ANY REAL DISTANCE AND TENDED TO EAT THE LEATHER HARNESS HOLDING THE BOMB.

THANKS TO SERGEANT (RET) THOMAS O'MALLY  
U.S.A.F.



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## 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.

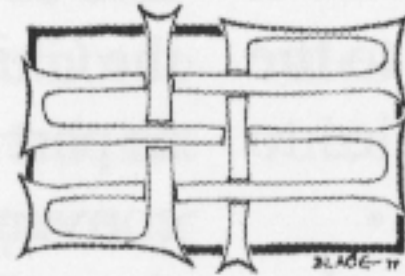
We work as a "Crew" of about 5 to 25 on any given convention contract. Our collective persona is loosely based on the company of space mercenaries known as 'Dorsai,' from the novels of Gordon R. Dickson.

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, Mass., 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.



## Anthrocon Standards of Conduct

The primary purpose of Anthrocon 2003 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.

### *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 costumer.

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.

*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



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

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- 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 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.
- No sleeping in either the lobbies, the meeting rooms, or the Zoo. Get a room, please!

## *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 punishable by fines and/or imprisonment.

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

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

### *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



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

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 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 2003 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 2003 for the duration of the conven-

tion, 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

Anthrocon, Inc. reserves the right to amend these rules at any time.



©Jen Aside



## 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.

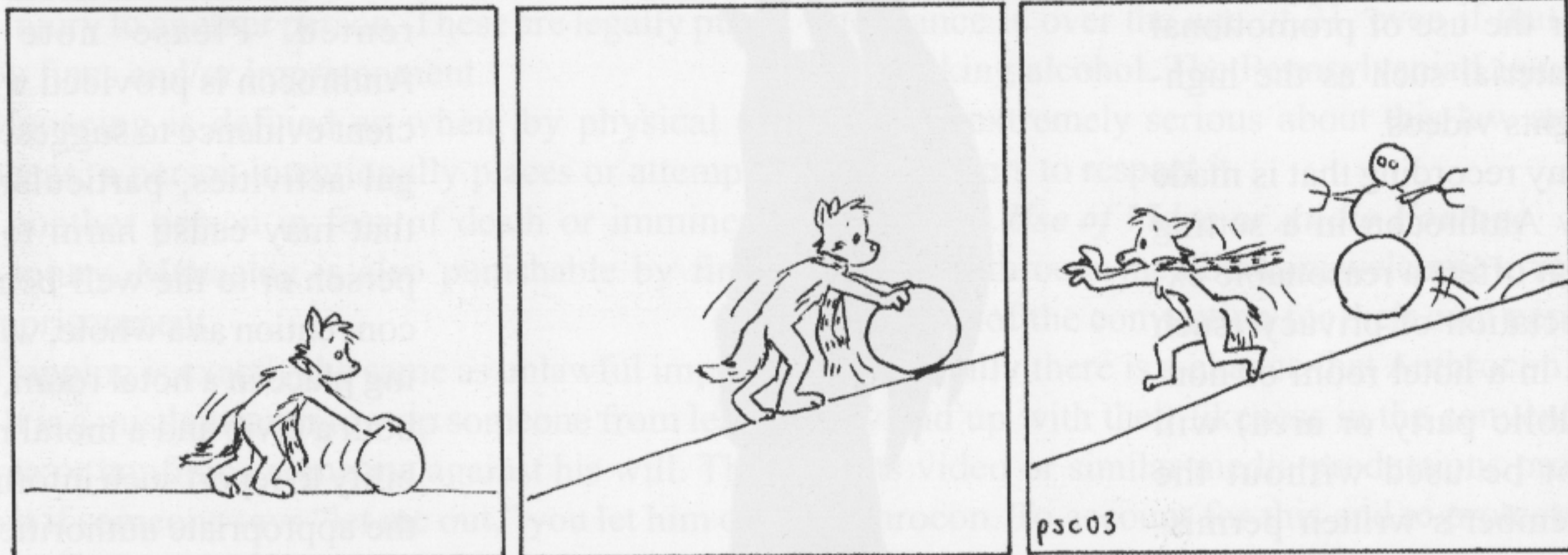
The Masquerade will be held in the Grand Ballroom on Saturday evening. For all costumers, there is a

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.

### LIMPIDITY



### Nian, The New Year's Monster

*Origin: China*

In ancient China, a hideous beast called Nian came down from the mountains to hunt humans at night, devouring them with its huge mouth. A wise man approached Nian and challenged it saying, "With your might, why do you prey on poor defenseless humans? Why don't you test your strength against the other monsters of the earth instead?" Nian departed and killed all the world's monsters, but returned one year later with an appetite. The wise man led China's defense by having people hang red lanterns and set off firecrackers to frighten Nian. By working together, the people were able to corner Nian and kill it. Today the word Nian means "Year" and is also the name of the New Year's festival.



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©Andrew Pidcock

## Te Tuna, the Eel King

*Origin: Polynesia*

All creatures in the monster-infested sea feared Te Tuna the Eel and his lieutenants. His consort, Hina of the Sky, grew tired of him and looked for another man far from Te Tuna's undersea palace. All men were awed by Hina's beauty but feared Te Tuna. Maui the trickster hero, who had once beaten up the sun and fished Hawaii out of the sea, took Hina for his wife. When Te Tuna and his eels attacked, controlling waves and smashing coral with one blow, Maui's wave attack left them all beached. Te Tuna came back to fight again. In some versions of the story their duel turned Freudian. Elsewhere, Te Tuna shrank and invaded Maui's body like a disease to destroy him from inside. Maui stood on the beach for days suffering this attack, then shrank and invaded Te Tuna to kill him in minutes. But then, in one version of the story Te Tuna won....



©DarkWolfie



## 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. Obtain a bidder number at the Art Show table by filling out and signing a bidder information 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 pre-

ceding 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 evening when the Art Show room closes. 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 after 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. Artists have the option of setting a "Price After Closing." If a piece has received no written bids by closing time, it may be available at the indicated price Sunday afternoon if the artist still wishes to sell it. If this is the case, the blank bid line #1 will be circled in red. Fill in your name, bidder number, and the "Price After Closing" when collecting your artwork.

**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



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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.) We provide handy Bidding Record forms so you can keep track of what you've bid on and where it's located to make it easy for you to find again.

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, crew members will form a "wall" and sweep the area, shooing people out. You are permitted to 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 approximately 30 minutes before the auction begins.

**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 iden-

tification may be requested.

Collect your art from the panels and tables. Do not remove the bid sheets from the artwork! There will be worktables set up where you can make out a sales slip, filling in the artist name, piece title, and high bid amount for each piece. (Use more than one slip if necessary.) Then, go to a tally clerk table, where the clerk will double-check the slip against the bid sheets, add up the prices, and calculate sales tax and total.

If you have items in the Mature Gallery, these pieces must be tallied and wrapped before you can take them out of the Mature Gallery.

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.

After your sales slip has been tallied, proceed to a cashier to pay. We accept cash, traveler's checks, personal checks, credit cards (Visa, MasterCard, American Express, Discover), and debit cards (all major networks). ID may be requested at time of payment. You must pick up and pay for your own purchases, and show the receipt to the entrance guard when you leave the Art Show (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.

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.

©Micheil T. Murray



## Anthrocon Staff

**Matthew Adey (Danruk)**  
**Ops Staff**

**Jon Albers (PandaGuy)**  
**Fursuit Track Advisor**

I am a Computer Support Technician for the Federal Government. I have been collecting teddy bears for about 15 years, and have been the chairman and mascot for a children's charity in the Washington DC area for about 10 years. I was discovered by furry in 1997, and the first convention I attended was Albany Anthrocon-2 in 1998. Since MFM2000, I have been co-chair of the fursuit track at MFM. I also started building costumes about 2 years ago, and frequently hold weekend construction workshops in my home in the Suburban Washington DC area.

**Bob Allen (Rasslor)**  
**Ops Staff**

Rasslor is secretly disguised as a mild mannered graduate student who has studied Piaget, radical constructivism, Vygotsky, Runge-Kutta methods, quadrature theory, grounded theory, and pedagogical content knowledge this year. It's time to relax a bit.

**Andrian**  
**Art Show Staff**

Andrian 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.

**Robert W. Armstrong (Chiaroscuro)**  
**Registration 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 Augur (Kagur)**  
**Registration 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.

**Tara A. Bassette**  
**Art Show Staff**

Though 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 interacts with daily.

**Tony Bassette, Jr.**  
**Art Show Staff**

Tony, furry fan from the days of "Captain Carrot and the Zoo Crew," discovered furry-cons nine 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 Belfer-Shevett (Shayde)**  
**Registration Staff**

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.

**Vicki Borah Bloom (Bumblebee)**  
**RPG Track Advisor**

Vicki Borah Bloom is a gamer, lover of life, funny dresser, keeper of snakes, and co-creator of the World Tree RPG. She is proud of her Toyota Prius and her ability to do something plausible with tofu. Her current major project is creating her own furry fan from scratch, with the help of her husband.

**Tom Brady (Duncan da Husky)**  
**Ops Staff**

Tom is a chemical engineer by day and a SMOFF-in-training in his spare time. In addition to working with Operations at Anthrocon, he has run registration for Midwest Furfest 2001 and 2002, and has



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signed on for 2003 as well. Sleep is for the weak!

## **Scott Brainard (Nrasser)**

### **Video Engineering**

Behind-the-scenes sneauxmiaux.

## **Gary Bratzel**

### **Dorsai Irregulars**

As a member of 'Team, eh?' Gary has been involved with running and organizing of science fiction art shows, and wrangling ornery artists for well over a decade. Gary has been a member of the Dorsai Irregulars since 1997. By day, Gary is a cryptographer and computer security analyst for a large IT firm. Despite the fact that he can't talk about his job, he is still a pretty nice person.

## **Capricia Bruns**

### **Art Show Staff**

Capricia lives in Florida where she does tech support for a national telephone company. Her hobbies include the SCA, writing, drawing, MU\*ing, and various arts and crafts. She is married to a fellow furry, Perry Bruns.

## **Patrick Casey (Nemet/Den gar)**

### **Dealers Room Staff**

A twenty-two year old graduate of the University of Western Ontario, Nemet lives in London, Ontario, Canada, and is the self-professed pillar of London's furry community. He is also a regular contributor to Wolfox Radio (the one and only Answerfox).

## **Cheetah**

### **Video Engineering / Producer**

Cheetah operates Neofelis Communications to provide quality video production facilities and also involve individuals interested in production that might otherwise not have the chance to do so. His background covers over a decade of broadcast production and engineering experience from public service to commercial broadcasters. Other interests include costuming, climbing, and warm sunny spots to nap in.

## **Luciano Cicone (Cnipur)**

### **Ops Staff**

It'll be my first year at Anthrocon, but with previous con volunteering experience, I think I'm up to it.

I'm extremely helpful and friendly (not in that "I-need-friends-and-snob-when-busy" way!), I'm a dolphin, and a bad shot at that. ;)

## **Samuel Conway, Ph.D. (Uncle Kage)**

### **Board of Directors**

The chairman of Anthrocon, Inc., responsible for meddling in the affairs of the hard-working staff until he's told to sit in a corner. Answers to a board of directors who (thankfully) prevent many of his hare-brained ideas from becoming reality. Primary responsibility is to run around frantically while talking into a radio as if he was doing something important.

## **Sam Conway (Grandpa Kage)**

### **Ops Staff**

A native of Georgia, this gentleman is the father of Anthrocon's esteemed chairman. For years he used to join his kids in watching cartoons on weekend mornings, which probably encouraged the chairman's affection for anthropomorphics.

## **Wilma Conway (Grandma Kage)**

### **Ops Staff**

The mother of Anthrocon's esteemed chairman. She helps to run the Anthrocon con store and artists' alley, and has no stories at all to tell about the chairman.

## **George Cunningham (Whysper)**

### **Registration Staff**

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

## **Datahawk**

### **Dealers Room Staff**

## **Kristina Davis (buni!)**

### **Writers' Track Advisor/Director's Right Hoof**

Any sort of autobiography Kristy Davis could write would either be far too terse to convey any meaningful information or far too verbose to be of any actual use. However, as a writer of short fiction, never let it be said that she lacked for words. Succinctness and brevity, however,

## **Ryan DeWalt (Tet)**

### **Masquerade/Charity Auction Staff**



**W. Michael Dooley (Wolfie DarkWolfie)**  
**Publishing Staff**

An underemployed (but published!) 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 still likes cheese.

**Patrick Dowden (Mach Stormrunner)**  
**Ops Staff**

Mach is 6' 3" of unfocused energy. He is the Con-Op's B!7ch. He is very helpful and even more so if you bring him sugar and caffeine. He likes games of all sorts, hiking, running, dancing, biology and skating. Do not taunt Happy Fun Ch33tahB0i.

**Sherrie E. Eskow (Kat!)**  
**Registration Staff**

Inquisitive, creative, entrepreneurial-minded, reformed non-conformist, likes to see the invisible, feel the intangible, and strive for the impossible...

**Falbert**  
**Art Show Staff**

Falbert - a.k.a "Kilty Kitty" is from northern Maine, and usually plays one of the natives from that area, a Maine Coon Cat.

**Dale Farmer**  
**Art Show Assistant Director**

Dale has been volunteering at science fiction conventions since 1979, in many capacities. Currently he is assistant technical director for Noreascon 4, the World Science Fiction Convention. In his spare time he volunteers at folk festivals and as ground crew for the Energizer Bunny hot air balloon.

**Ryan Gates (Tyrnn Eaveranth)**  
**Con Suite Staff**

Tyrnn Eaveranth returns for the third year in a row to help out with Anthrocon, all the way from Salt

Lake City. This year he'll be helping out in the Con Suite, so be sure to stop by to say hello, and maybe get more info about his webcomic, Boomer Express. Check it out at <http://boomerexpress.keenspace.com>.

**Carol Goebyn**  
**Dorsai Irregulars**

I have been a SF fan attending conventions since 1975. In 1977 I was inducted into the Dorsai Irregulars, along with my husband Rene. As DI I have worked many conventions over the years. Currently I am a Board Member and secretary for the Dorsai Irregulars. I am a mother of four daughters raised in fandom, two who are also DI.

**Rene Gobeyn (Renegade)**  
**Dorsai Irregulars**

Active in SF fandom since 1975. Past president, and past secretary of the Dorsai Irregulars Board of Directors. Convention organizer and chairman of ConNebulous in 1977-1980. Married to Carol Gobeyn and the father of four active SF Fans (Hey! It's harder than it looks). Currently working in New Orleans, LA.

**Joanne Hall (Jo)**  
**Dorsai Irregulars**

Joanne Hall, also known as Froggie, has been involved in science fiction fandom for many years. Worldcons, World Fantasy Con, large cons, small cons, last year's Anthrocon. You name it; she's been there. She helps primarily with running art shows, but has also worked security and other positions at numerous conven-

tions.

**John Hall (Bear)**  
**Dorsai Irregulars**

John Hall, better known as Bear, has been a Dorsai Irregular since 1988. He has done volunteer security work for conventions large and small, including three Worldcons, a World Horror Con, a Gaylaxicon,



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# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

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and three EAA Oshkosh fly-ins. He lives in Rochester, New York with his wife and a small horde of teddy bears.

## **Daniel Hammond (Dahn)**

### **Computer Services**

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

## **Brian Harris (Rigel)**

### **Masquerade/Charity Auction Staff**

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 7 years, the Masquerade for 5 years, and this will be his third year as DJ.

## **Dan Hauschild (Takaza J. Wolf)**

### **Ops Staff**

Takaza is a pretty easygoing accounting type person, so he knows his numbers. Shame that this won't help with the newsletter. During his spare time, this wolf chases roller coasters, works on publications for MFF, and spends quality time with Duncan da Husky.

## **Amy Heller (Meep)**

### **Registration 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?

## **Gareth Henry (Corben)**

### **Registration 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 Hicks (Shades)**

### **Registration Staff**

Yet again serving as the tallest person on AC reg-staff. Has decided to leave behind the smouldering remains of his boyhood farm 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.

## **Aimee Lynne Hintzke (Michati)**

### **Registration Staff**

A self-made slacker and specialized perfectionist, Michati excels in many things, but only the things she cares about enough to excel in. She likes to this of herself as an artist, and drawing is one of the best talents she has. She's also been told she can give one heck of a backrub.

## **Steve Hopps (Simba Lion)**

### **A/V Staff**

Creator of the MIFUR Email List, Simba has been an active member of the furry community since 1995. He now volunteers as staff for two major furry conventions, and plays too much *Counter-Strike*. His idols are John Cusack (the Actor) and Theo, who is sexy (Note the extra 'x').

## **BJ Hughes (SK-1)**

### **Masquerade/Charity Auction Staff**

SK-1, the Bad Kitty from the streets of Philly, lends his stylings to the Masquerade for the fifth 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 Jorgensen (Xydexx Squeakypony)**

### **Publishing Staff**

An experienced desktop publisher, Karl has been involved in furry fandom since 1993. He maintains Anthrofurrry Infocenter, a resource for information on furry fandom, at <http://www.xydexx.com/anthrofurrry>. In his spare time he enjoys bicycling on the Washington & Old Dominion trail, exploring abandoned buildings, and geocaching.

## **Kevin Kane (Leo)**

### **Videography**

Leo has been attending Anthrocon annually since 1999, and is back again to work on staff. In his spare time he enjoys sleeping, eating, and then sleeping some more. His human alter ego is a doctoral student in computer science in Austin, Texas.



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

Paul Kellogg is a professional actor, puppeteer, director and performer whose 27-year career in the Theatre includes a Broadway show. With both a BFA and an MA in Theatre, he has appeared in over 300 productions and thousands of performances. As a member of the furry community, he is an author, artist, and the fursuiter "Fifi."

**Kevin Kelm (Triggur)****Board of Directors**

I am told I have fifty words to tell you all about myself. It would be wasteful to use more, so I want to make sure I am as succinct as possible. So without wasting any more space, let me get right to my bio: I was born in a

**Christopher Keys (Chris)****Registration 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.

**Robert King****Dealers Room Staff**

Robert started the Furry track at Duckon and founded Midwest FurFest. He currently runs the FVS at MFF and he still occasionally makes fursuits. Hopefully, all this will qualify him to work in the Dealers' Room.

**Lincoln W. Kliman (Jbadger)****Masquerade/Charity Auction Staff**

I am a 42-year-old Software Engineer from Long Island, a graduate of SUNY Stony Brook in 1983, and have been involved in different fandoms since about that time. I started to notice furry fandom a short time later, as I started to go to "furry" parties and got a few catalogs from Mailbox Books from the days when Ed use to go to SF cons here in the Northeast. I also joined the staff of a few local cons, first as a volunteer and then as staff, mostly doing grunt work, setup or logistics, and I have been on the board of a SF con in the past.

**Ian Layton (Rama)****Con Suite Staff****Simon Leet (Decker)****Ops Staff**

Simon hails from the equatorial climes of Singapore, though he's moving to Seattle this summer. He was lured to AC a year ago by the promise of food - much cold pizza and a year later, he's back again as ops staff. Somebody feed him before he shreds the furniture again.

**Alex Leonard (Bjeldor)****Registration Staff**

Handsome like monkey. Smart like tractor.

**Candy Lewin (Trixi)****Masquerade/Charity Auction Staff**

The "squeaktoy" everyone's always picking on! Known online as either Trixi the (notcute) lop rabbit or Vinci the (notfruit) raccoon, she's been darting around since 1997 or so, frantically trying to cover up whatever trouble she's gotten into. One of the owners of YNA, the online critiquing community, and also the cartoonist of a silly little strip called Vinci & Arty. She currently lives in Virginia with too many pets, including the other owner of YNA. :)

**Donna Long (Moonfall)****Dorsai Irregulars**

Volunteering - An incurable disease that caught me my first SF convention. Just 'attending' a con is a foreign concept. Being within Dorsai Irregulars has only made it certain that this exhilarating disease is life-long. I live outside of Phoenix, Arizona with my husband Eric and young son, birthed into Fandom.

**Eric Long (Rhonin)****Dorsai Irregulars**

Dorsai Irregular and Phoenix resident (yes, it's a dry heat but when the temp hits 110 that doesn't really matter any more). I've been reading science fiction since before I can remember, but came to fandom relatively late in 1996. Since then I manage to attend 4 or 5 cons a year, most of them east of the Mississippi.



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## **Amanda Lynn Magee (Elysium)**

### **Registration Staff**

With a mischievous grin and sarcastic wit, she has returned. Known for wearing Renaissance garb at any given opportunity she's probably the smart-alec red-head at registration. This being her third Anthrocon, she hopes to find good things for everyone.

## **Mitchell Marmel (Major Matt Mason)**

### **Video Suite Staff**

M. Mitchell "Major Matt Mason" Marmel, assistant Grand Mahoff and Slot Car Wrangler for the Video Suite, attributes his long life and svelte figure to a constant diet of celery sticks, rice pudding and Jolt Cola Slurpees. He spends his spare time raising hydroelectric dams from seedlings. He is currently unattached, so, ladies, here's your chance!

## **Chris Masson**

### **A/V Staff**

Member of the band "Fur Liston."

## **Karl Meyer (Crim)**

### **Dealers Room Staff**

I'm a retail worker by day and a ferret by night. I've been in the fandom since 1996 when I attended my first Duckon and got my first internet account. I started staffing conventions a year later and haven't managed to break the habit yet.

## **Phaedra T. Meyer (Wyldekyttin)**

### **Dealers Room Staff**

Having no other real fandom acknowledged talent, Wyldekyttin appears to have tripped over an ability to organize and some small adeptness at staff positions, and since no good deed goes unpunished, she now has a number of them for assorted conventions. She recently became an unwitting daywalker, so forgive her dazed appearance.

## **Grant Millard (Thug)**

### **Dorsai Irregulars**

Grant Millard (aka Thug) has been in fandom since the mid 70's and with the DI since the mid 80's. Ask him what he's been up to since the mid 90's and he just might tell you. This is his second year at Anthrocon and he's glad to be back! Watch for a beret retrofitted

with fox ears purchased at last year's charity auction.

## **Mirko**

### **Ops Staff**

Mirko is an assistant to the Newsletter editor, which means he gathers and writes stories. At home he's a journalist, which means he gathers and writes stories. In his spare time, Mirko does things other than gather and write stories, like fursuiting. Maybe you'll see him around (when he's not gathering and writing stories...)!

## **Cynthia Moreno (Mae West)**

### **Con Suite Staff**

Single Black Female looking for Single Male for long term relationship. Likes going to cons, books, traveling, cooking, and most of all cuddling! Please feel free to meet me in the con suite to try some of my cooking. Male must have own car and job.

## **Jason T. Murdock (Creature)**

### **Masquerade/Charity Auction Staff**

I've been going to conventions for a long time now. First real one was the first and last Wizard Philly ComicFest, and it's gone down hill from there. I've been on staff at a large number of conventions, mostly working security or stage ninja. I've been going to AC since the first AAC and I don't think I will break that streak anytime soon.

## **Doug Muth (Giza)**

### **Ops Staff**

A resident of Philadelphia, a leopard, and a software engineer best describe Giza. He became interested in *The Lion King* in 1997, and that eventually led him down the road to furry. When not at cons, he can be found on FurryMUCK, prowling around the Feline Forest.

## **Jay Naylor (Fisk)**

### **Registration 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."



## Mark R. Osier, Ph.D., DABT Dorsai Irregulars

Being born during Woodstock just *might* have influenced Mark Osier's personality a little, but if so, he's not telling. He was introduced to Science Fiction fandom in 1991 while in college in Ohio, and continued to be involved during graduate school in Rochester, New York, when he first met the Dorsai Irregulars. Mark is a regular reader of *Kevin and Kell*, *Suburban Jungle*, and *Sabrina Online* (as well as about 20 other online comics).

## Evan Ostroski (Algernon) Ops Staff

Mousie, mousie, mousie! All the time!

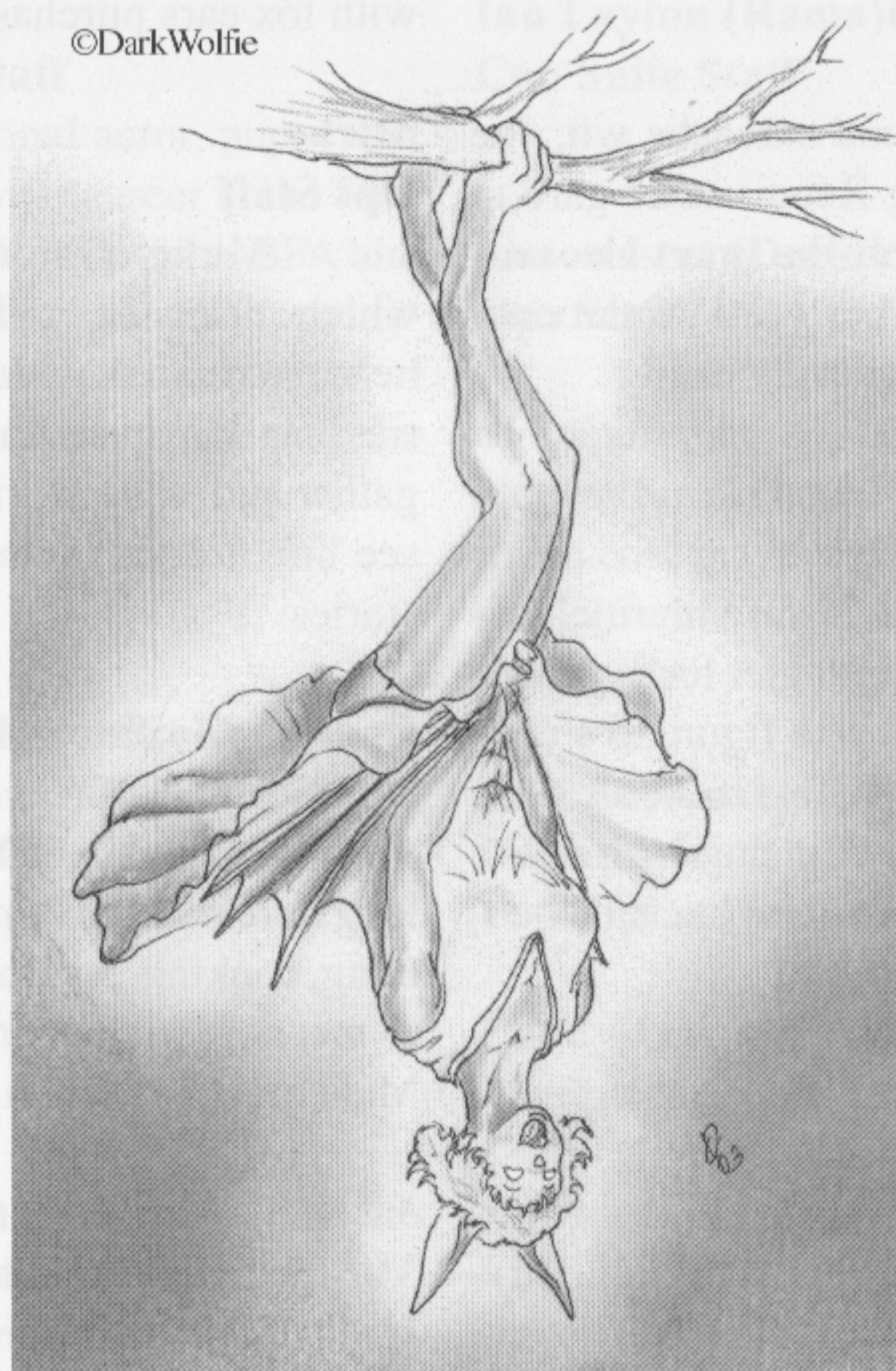
## Lester Paul (Linnaeus) Ops Staff

Linnaeus is a single male programmer/analyst from the Midwest who spends too much time in front of a computer and doesn't quite get out enough. (Standard Issue Furry/Fannish Person Model 5a) He has been the hotel liaison for Midwest Furfest since its first year, and is helping out with the newsletter at this, his first Anthrocon.

## Susan Parkin (SusanDeer) Programming Director

SusanDeer, a Philly area native, was encouraged into Programming Directorship via the use of a burlap sack and a billy club after Anthrocon 1999. Since that time, she has surprisingly not sued the convention, but has instead decided to continue running programming. This is estimated to be due to brain damage suffered from the aforementioned "encouragement." Please, do not hit her on the head during the course of the convention, as it may cause her to come to her senses and run screaming from the hotel. Instead, offer her chocolate. Or cheesecake. Or chocolate cheesecake. She is best known for her comic strip *A Doemain of Our Own* ([www.doemain.com](http://www.doemain.com)).

©DarkWolfie



## Perro Con Suite Staff

## 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 [www.tigerden.com/infopage/](http://www.tigerden.com/infopage/) and maintains the Furry Anime List and Rhal's Handy List of Furry MU\*s.

## Mike Pierce (Mrianti) Masquerade/Charity Auction Staff

Just a happy-go-lucky Skunk that loves going to as many cons as possible.

## Joseph Pledger (aka Fox

## Lawrence/DJ Genki) Dance DJ

Genki is a full time, professional producer and DJ from Virginia. He plays in major venues all over the world, and this year wraps up his summer tour at Anthrocon 2003! He says his inspiration comes from *Peter Pan*, and he also states that his work "comes straight from the kid in him."

## Phillip Pollard (Bennie) Board Member / Anthrocon Media Services

Bennie is the BigTig residing near Philadelphia whose position at Anthrocon was secured via sake in what has become known as "The Kobe Incident." Surprisingly, his background in media and programming served the excellent purposes of frustrating other members of the board, running the website, and producing videos. Outside of the convention (are board members allowed outside of the convention?), he performs with the Bucks County Symphony Orchestra, writes for the *APA Megamorphics*, and runs [macrophile.com](http://macrophile.com). Bigger.



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## **Matthew Pompei**

### **A/V Staff**

Member of the band "Fur Liston."

## **Michael Pritchard (Brophey)**

### **Ops Staff**

Michael Pritchard is a computer technician who has been in the furry fandom since 1995. His furry persona, Brophey, is a macro fatwolf who loves to laze around and enjoy life. Counter to his furry life, Michael loves console video games, DDR, and hanging out with all his friends.

## **Scott Quattrone (QuasiSkunk)**

### **Con Suite Staff**

## **Jonathon Reese (Pseudo Manitou)**

### **A/V Staff**

Born, raised, grew, and lived uniquely – but no more than anyone else. Defined as an artist/designer and a mild philosopher by most. Good side of personality matched in both ability and intensity by bad side. Still works for the better of everything...

## **Ray Rooney (Rune)**

### **Video Suite Staff**

Old furt. Part of the first wave back in the dark times: C/FO, anime, small press days. Got into "organized" fandom in early 80s and dabbled in fanzines and cons. Held the first "furry party" on the EastCoast in '88 which led to Furtasticon, CFEast, and finally, Anthrocon growing here in the East. (We're even at the same hotel as that first party.)

## **Erika Leigh Rosengarten**

### **Art Show Staff**

She's the cat-like purry giggly mousie thing from Long Island. Even though she's not totally a furry, she does quite a bit of art work and costuming related to it. 2003 marks her fourth Anthrocon. Furry character designs can be seen at: <http://yerf.com/roseerik/d1.htm>

## **Arthur Rossi (RUNTT)**

### **A/V Staff**

Member of the band "Fur Liston."

## **Tom Rothrock (Valrejn)**

### **A/V Staff**

When not working as a systems analyst, Valrejn spreads his time among running a small recording studio, writing music, DJing, producing a weekly musical television show for UPN, attending conventions, and adding to his hoard. Valrejn is dance staff at Mephit Fur Meet and was a guest DJ for Anthrocon 2001.

## **Matt Roush (Foxlord)**

### **Registration 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 keeping all the furs in-line until it's their turn to register: that's me!

## **Jonah Safar (Points)**

### **Board of Directors**

Nowhere to run to.  
Nowhere to hide.

## **Will A. Sanborn**

### **Art Show Assistant Director**

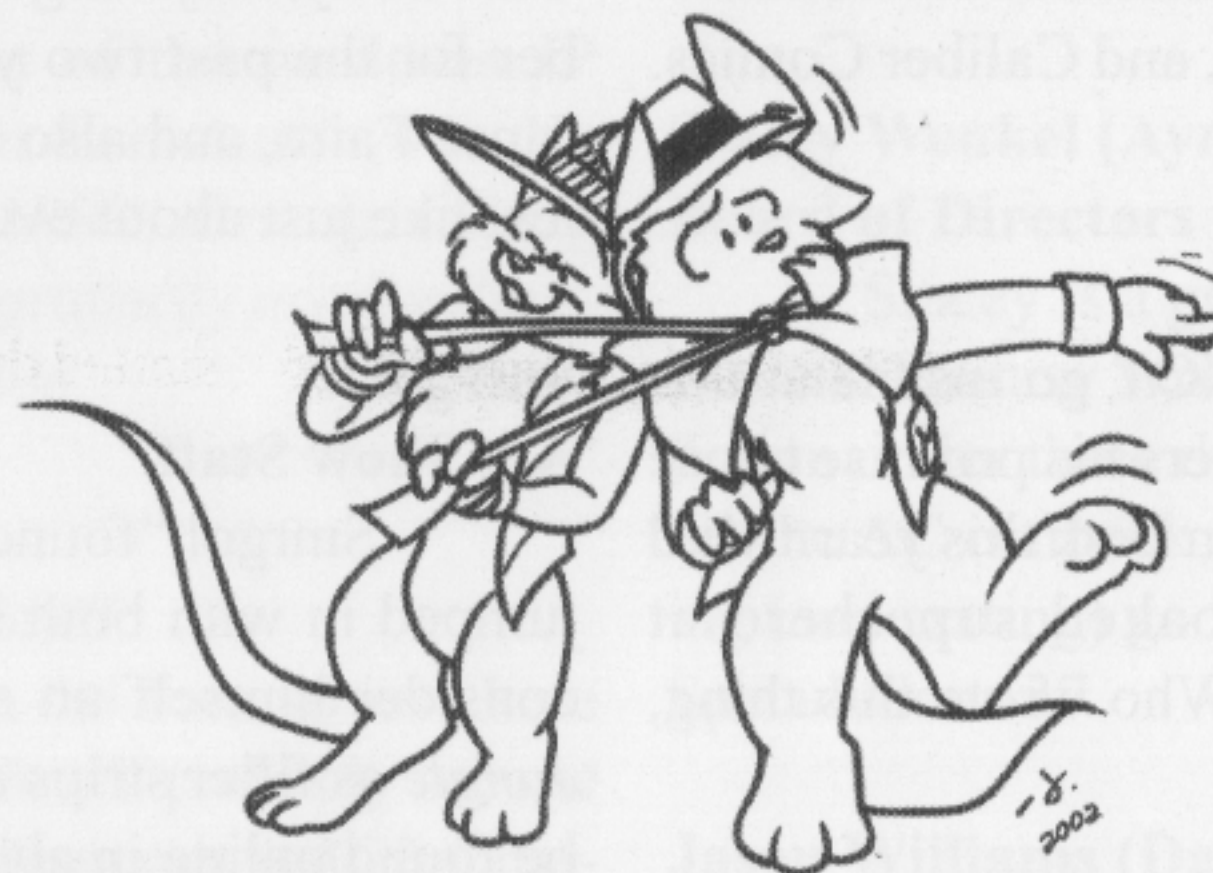
As a carbon-based life form, Will is efficient at converting oxygen to carbon dioxide. He works as a hardware design engineer, in the embedded systems

arena, and in his spare time occasionally writes works of creative fiction. His other interests include cross-country skiing, hiking, riding extreme roller-coasters and home video production.

## **Diane S. Sawyer (Tashabear)**

### **Publishing Staff**

A bespectacled polar bear from northern Massachusetts, Tashabear has taken her chronic volunteerism to the next level. Her obsession with string has resulted in numerous knitting projects, including an effort to make socks for her cat. The scars barely show...



©Jen Aside



**Kurt M. Schiller (MacRae)****Registration 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.

**Kris M. Schnee (Kaleo)****Publishing Staff**

Kris Schnee is a recent MIT graduate looking for work or another school. He's lived up and down the East Coast and can argue theology, mix petri plates, SCUBA dive, program, and do original American history research. He is hoping to turn his SF writing professional.

**Sandy Schreiber****Dorsai Irregulars**

Sandy has been a fan artist for over 25 years, and has provided artwork for professional comics companies such as DC, NOW Comics, and Caliber Comics.

**Don Shaffer (Auris)****Registration Staff**

Doing his damndest 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 Shapiro (Galen)****Ops Staff**

Galen is returning for his second year on staff at Anthrocon. He has been to over a dozen furry cons, and his furry-related interests include fursuiting, Ironclaw gaming, and writing. When he's not busy with staff duties, he can be found zooming around the halls on rollerblades, fleeing from security.

**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 fifth year at the con.

**TJ Sittner (AlaskanWolf)****Masquerade/Charity Auction Staff**

I drive an Xterra, and I like to take it off road. I also like long walks on the beach while of course obeying all leash laws.

**Dr. Skorzy****Art Show Staff**

A molecular biomedical research scientist who also volunteers as an emergency service radio communicator for Central Massachusetts, he's an Assistant Editor for Sofawolf Press and has written some anthropomorphic fiction when Emmy, his Boa constrictor, isn't wrapped around his head, though it has been suggested it improves his writing a great deal.

**Louisa Smith (Itara)****A/V Staff**

Louisa "Itara" Smith is a junior at Penn State University, majoring in theatre. She's been a cast member for the past two years at the Pennsylvania Renaissance Faire, and also enjoys drawing and writing comics, like just about everyone else in this fandom.

**Smrgol****Art Show Staff**

Smrgol "found furry" about five 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, IRC, or ICQ.

**David M Stein****Dorsai Irregulars**

Attended his first con in 1972 and hasn't stopped yet. Has held every concom position except con suite. Married to artist Diana Harlan Stein, and is the recipient of the 1947 Nobel Prize for Cheese.

**Joseph Stockman (Uncle Vlad)****Dealers Room Staff**

Uncle Vlad has been around forever. Well, maybe not in this particular fandom. But between SF conventions, SCA events, the RenFaire circuit, biker rallies, concerts, festivals, mosh pits, marces, and the odd stint as a bodyguard, he has pretty much been every-



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

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where and done everything.

## **Jesse Stringer (Tango)**

### **Ops Staff**

This is Tango's third Anthrocon and his second as staff. He can be found aiding Rigel with the Masquerade and Charity Auction or running any of the various posts manned by the Operations staff. He is notorious for extended stays in Artists Alley and being a general gopher for Kage.

## **Joshua Strom (Kitana)**

### **Video Gaming Track Co-Advisor**

A longtime member of the furry fandom, Kitana has been active for over a decade, and has been attending Anthrocon regularly since 1999. By the same token, Kitana has been playing *Dance Dance Revolution* since 2000. The host of last year's DDR Tournament, this year Kitana has taken on the entire Gaming Room.

## **J.P. Sugarbroad (Taral)**

### **Ops Staff**

Taral (known to the rest of the world as JP Sugarbroad) is a software engineer from Austin, TX. He started out in the fandom in 1997, first attending Anthrocon in 1999. His interests primarily involve dragons or cats in some form or fashion.

## **Ken Suzuki (P.Pardus)**

### **Masquerade/Charity Auction Staff**

Hello! I'm a leopard from the Toronto area here to help the good people at AC. You'll probably see me running around and showing off the goods at AC's Charity Auction. Feel free to come up to me and say hi! I don't bite! Meow!

## **Tigerwolf**

### **Board of Directors**

Tigerwolf, a retired Air Force officer, runs Tigerden Internet Services which has provided Internet connections for furry conventions for over 8 years. His non-furry interests include electronics repair and restoration, computers, and ham radio (call sign K9TGR).

## **Jessie Tracer**

### **Video Gaming Track Co-Advisor**

Jessie Tracer was an active electronic musician of 25 years, having composed three albums and numer-

ous small projects for videogames under the pseudonym "Electric Keet." Jessie also helped maintain a fledgling IRC network devoted to topics of transformation (furry or otherwise), and continues to admin post-mortem (and compose while decomposing). Jessie is survived by a pet bunny, Kristy Davis.

## **James J. Walton, Jr.**

### **Dorsai Irregulars**

A Science Fiction enthusiast from an early age (I watched the movie *Invaders From Mars* at the age of two), I enjoy reading, attending conventions, computer gaming, and drinking good beer. Occasionally, when the mood strikes me, I publish a fanzine.

## **Erin Washington (AlphaWolf)**

### **A/V Staff**

With an innate ability to bring shock and awe to those around him, whilst spinning about on his axis of evil, AlphaWolf has been an agent of Chaos since his arrival thirty years ago. Long-term exposure can lead to confusion, headaches, dizziness, and missing doughnuts.

## **Stacey Wenkel (Aynjel)**

### **Board of Directors**

Stacey is a graduate of the Clarion Science Fiction and Fantasy Writer's Workshop. She has published fiction under three different names, has written articles for the AC conbook, and co-wrote an article about giving (and getting) good fiction critiques that appeared in *Speculations* 37.

## **Jason Williams (Darkclaw)**

### **Internet Room Staff**

I'm the programmer and one half of the main Administration team of YNA, a rather active and strong online Art Community. I'm currently engaged to be wed to the other half of the main Admin team. Come, visit, stay a while, we try not to bite. <http://yna.solfire.com>

## **Dave Wilson (T'Chall)**

### **Ops Staff**

T'Chall's interest in furry goes back to when he was a young kit, watching the classic cartoons from Hanna-Barbera, Disney, Warner Brothers and MGM. He's the fox he is today because of Walt, Chuck, Tex, Joe, and Bill, among many others. Thanks guys.



## Whispers in the Nighttime Sky

Charles R. de Charleroy, Jr.

Darkness settled slowly over the land as a veil draped across the arboreal sky. The forest below lay clothed in pure white winter's raiment, as if awaiting with reverence this night's solemn reverie. It was the night the wise old owl in the great gnarled cedar in the marsh had spoken of. She knew of such things; she could feel it in her wings and talons, she'd said, when the seasons changed. As twilight deepened and the last vestiges of sunset vanished far in the west, she left her tree house nest and flew ahead to Gathering Hill as she had done for so many years to welcome the travelers as they arrived for the event.

From all reaches of the lower forest, they came. Opossums and raccoons, the great bats and wolves, even porcupines and mice; all came silently through the bare columns of dormant trees to the peak of the hill in the center of the wood.

Guided only by their knowledge of the way and the faint starlight, they entered the clearer spaces midway up and continued, gazing this way and that to greet their neighbors and scan the moonless sky for the night's promised spectacle.

The owl waited for them all on the lone twisted stump on the broad hilltop. As they gathered round she turned to them, bowing in turn and greeting the families by name. "It is nearly time," she said quietly. "Look up and marvel at the gifts the night folk receive." There was little other talk. Most of the creatures stood in silence, watching the vast expanse of twinkling lights above; a few wisps of icy clouds passing fleetingly above. A wolf and his mate chatted quietly, recalling their times as cubs in the pack.

Off towards the rear of the gathering, a mother opossum stood, her two young children nestled warmly in her pouch, eagerly awaiting their first winter's gathering. The little possum girl tussled with her brother.

Restless as children tend to be, they wished to romp in the new fallen snow.

"Now children," their mother scolded softly. "This is a special occasion. You can play any other night. We're here to see the thing the Magi Owl has foretold."

"Momma?" the little girl questioned. "Why do we only come out at night? Most things are out in the daytime. Sometimes I think I'd like to be awake in the day, and see the birds flying and rainbows and things."

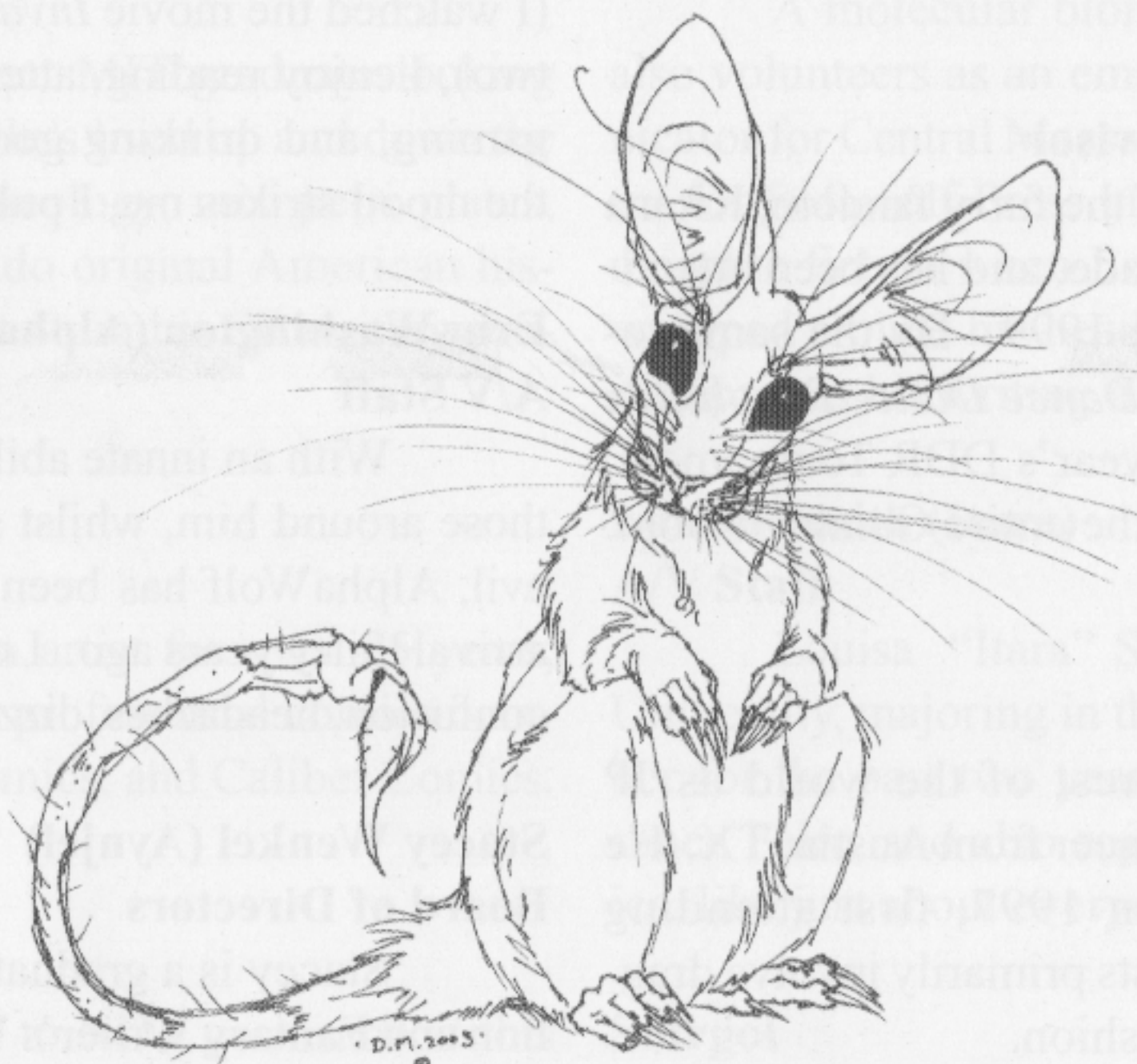
Her son nodded, "Yeah. How come we sleep all day? Couldn't we stay up sometime and see what noon is like? The wolf cub next door said he is awake a lot during the day and that the sun gets as high in the sky as the moon and is so bright you can't even look at it!"

Mother Opossum smiled and recalled what she herself had learned during her first winter visit to the Gathering Hill. "Children, that is the way life is. Some creatures live mostly by the light of the sun, others by the moon. We are of

those whose ways are of the shadows. Meek, yet diligent in our ways, we shun the bustle and noise of day life."

She thought back, shaping the feelings and sensations into words and phrases her young ones would understand, "In summer, the night is cool and comfortable. The sun does not beat upon us with its heat and wilt our whiskers; we need not pant and shuffle about while we toil. The flies do not buzz about our heads and the gnats are away from our eyes and noses. True we must attend to the whirr of the mosquito's wings, but we also hear the courting calls of crickets and katydids, and dance to the song of the nightingale in the thicket. The wood is calm and still and we may do our business in peace."

Waving her paw in an arc across the span of the forest ridge, she continued, "And in winter, we are not blinded by the light of the sun reflecting from the drifts as the day-dwellers are. The winds slow from their howl-



©Danelle Malan



# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

ing and the branches overhead sway softly in the light breezes, making the lovely tapestries of light and shadow you two love to dart and hide among.”

The children nodded, seeing the pictures their mother painted for them in words, starting to understand the symbols of their way of life.

“Here in winter’s night,” she said softly. “The light of stars and moon settle gently over the snow, making it appear as though the stars themselves had settled down among us to rest on the forest floor and from the frosted treetops. The night is our place in life, my children. We see what few ever do, we hear the mystic words of the wood and field and stream that go unspoken during the day. We are the holders of secrets, the denizens of the

world of dreams.”

The old owl suddenly called out reverently, “Look up everyone. It is beginning.”

A soft whisper of hushed awe spread over the gathering of beings great and small, all eyes turning upward to the north.

“It is our time,” Mother Opossum said quietly as she and the children took their view of the winter night’s magic. “This is our world, the night.”

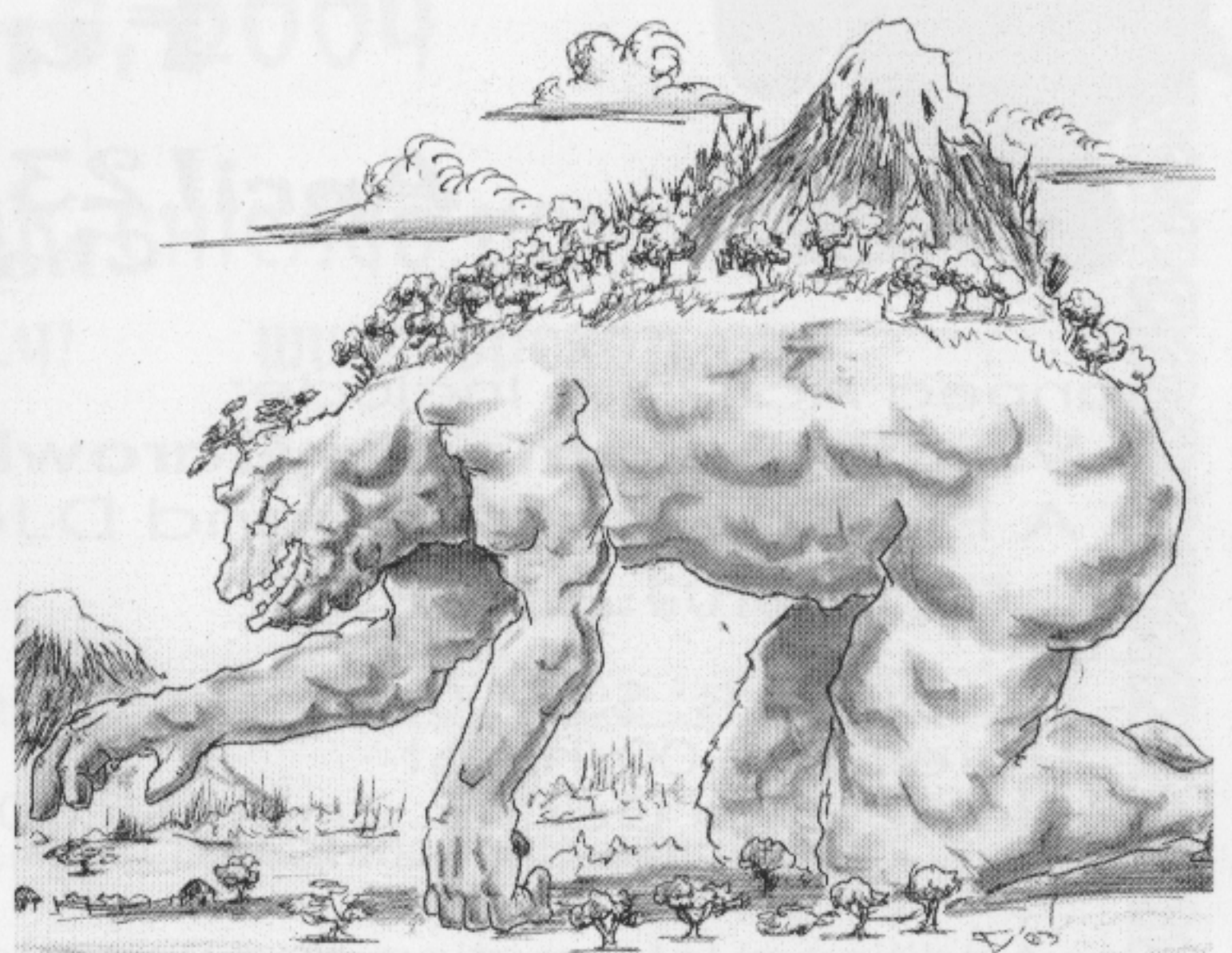
The question settled for Mother Opossum’s children, as it had been for her by her own mother years ago, she stood quiet and still as all the others, watching the ephemeral beauty of the red and green veils of spectral light as they danced softly and slowly in the northern sky.

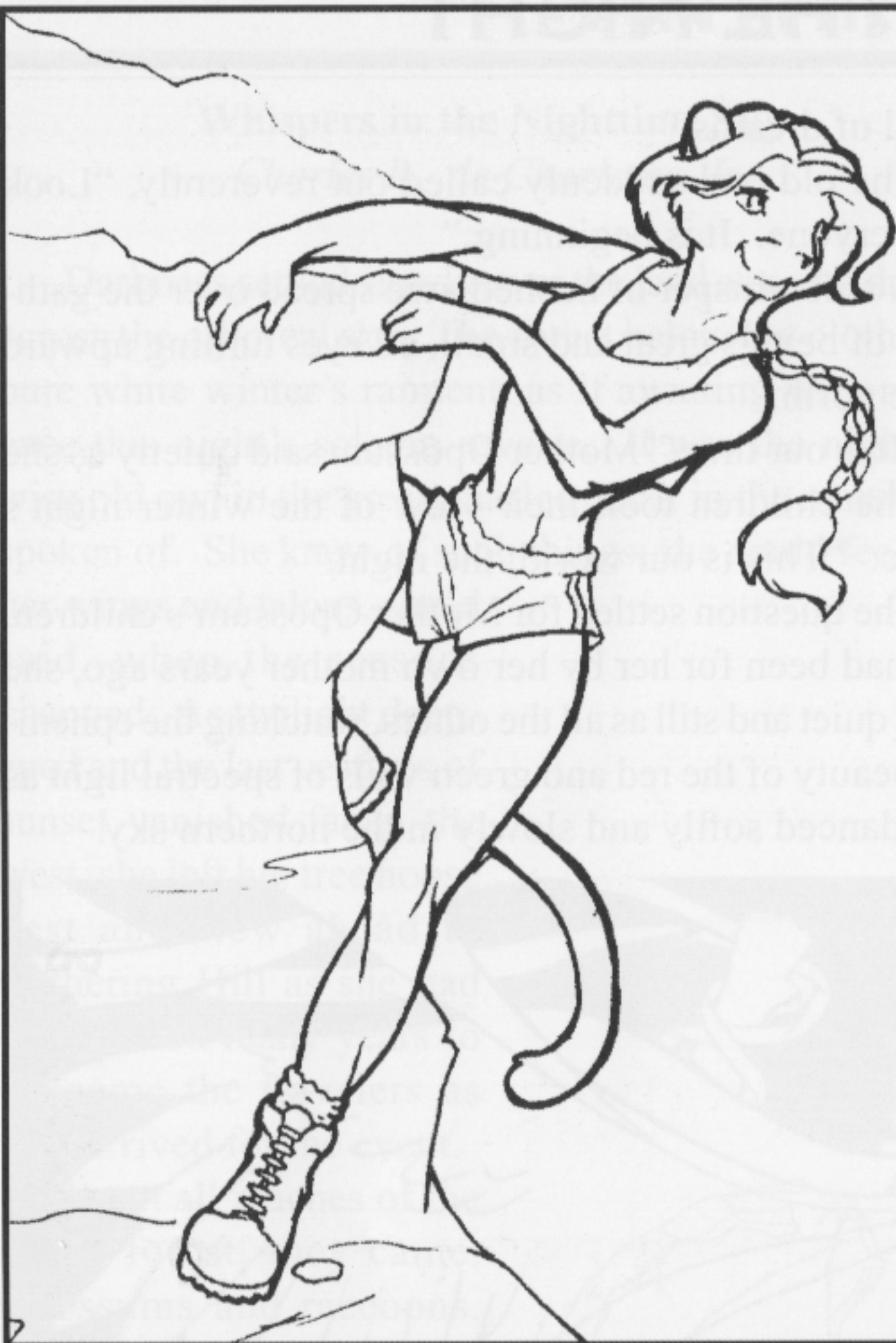


## Usilosimapundu

*Origin: Zulu, Africa*

In an epic Zulu tale, a king’s army stole cattle from a beast resting on a hillside: a creature so huge it carried rivers, forests, cliffs, and highlands on its back. Its rocklike face had no features but eyes and a broad red mouth. Two huge trees called Imidoni were its “officers,” which sent a pair of magic leaves to the king’s city to find Princess Umkxakaza and bewitch her. Usilosimapundu scoffed at the warriors who hurled spears at it and charged through their entire army to grab the princess and carry her away. Usilosimapundu had its own seasons and weather. It could talk; it said the hundreds of stolen cattle were worth less than the princess.





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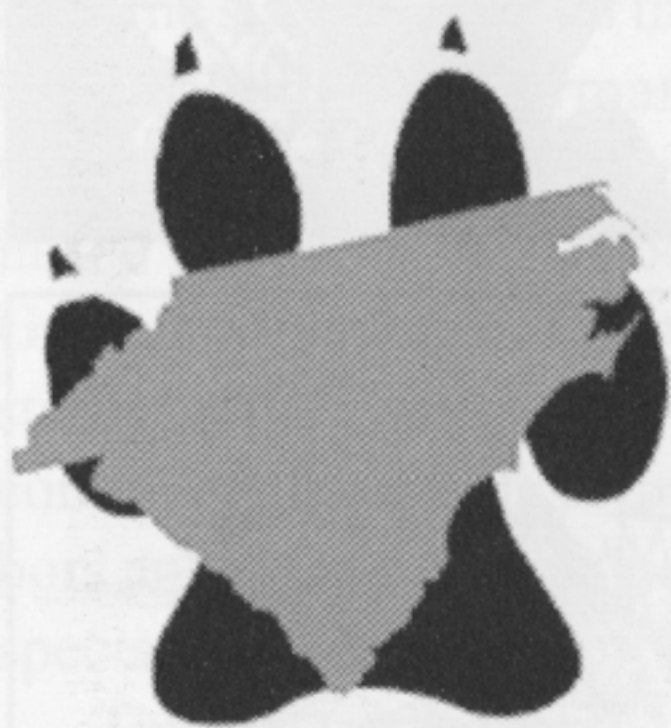
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\*Money must be received by the end of March to get special price

For Additional Information and Reservations Please Contact:

- Cynthia Moreno: (704) 377-8516 / [hotmaewest@hotmail.com](mailto:hotmaewest@hotmail.com)
- Jesse "Tango" Stringer: [sailaway@rebelsheart.net](mailto:sailaway@rebelsheart.net)
- Toby "Perro" Muroso: [perro@perrok9.freesevers.com](mailto:perro@perrok9.freesevers.com)

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# Closing Credits

No venture, if to be done well, is done alone. Especially not one of the magnitude that constitutes Anthrocon. This holds true for the various parts that make up the convention as a whole. Programming is not just one person, it is many working together. The ballroom comes alive due to the efforts of many people: the lights, the sound, the performers and the wranglers. This book, too, represents many hours of work, on behalf of many, many people. The people who contributed their stories and their artwork are first on the list. We simply could not have this publication at all without their generous donation. For every story, article and piece of art we were unable to fit in, we send a most sincere apology. We have the people that answer the email, scan the artwork, file the releases and do the other bits of minutiae that keep everything else running smoothly. We then turn to our staff writers and artists who provide research articles, and special themed artwork. Our small but dedicated team of layout editors spent long nights in front of computers putting everything together, only to have our other dedicated team of copy editors find everything that went wrong. We would be lost without the folks who keep the computers running, and more importantly, backed up. Finally, we have the printers, who turn all of the above work into the final product you hold.

Could one person do all of the above? Possibly, but we find it hard to believe that what would come out of the far end would be of the same high quality. To everyone who gave their time, their effort and above all, of themselves, you have our most sincere gratitude.

Even in a team, some people regularly show themselves to do that 'little bit extra.' As such, we'd like to take a brief moment to recognize these folks:

*Tashabear - Editor, Layout*

*DarkWolfie - Layout, Staff Artist*

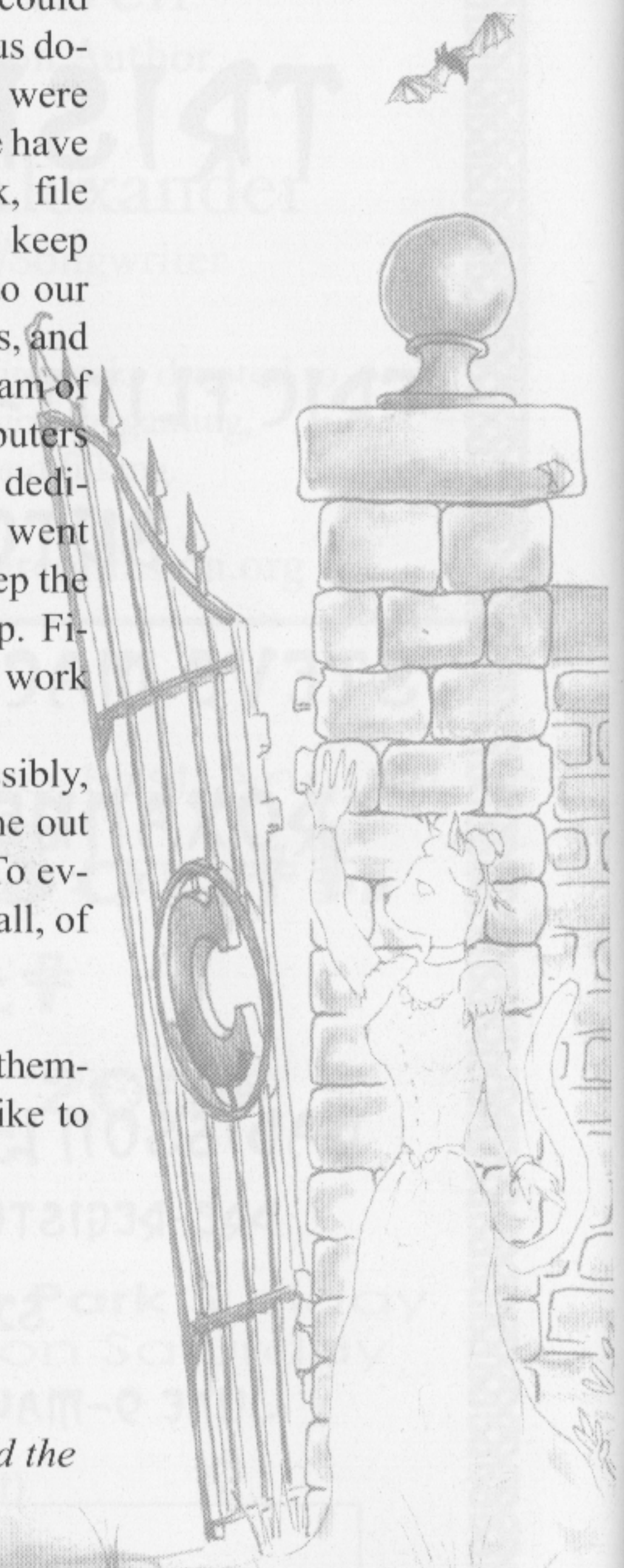
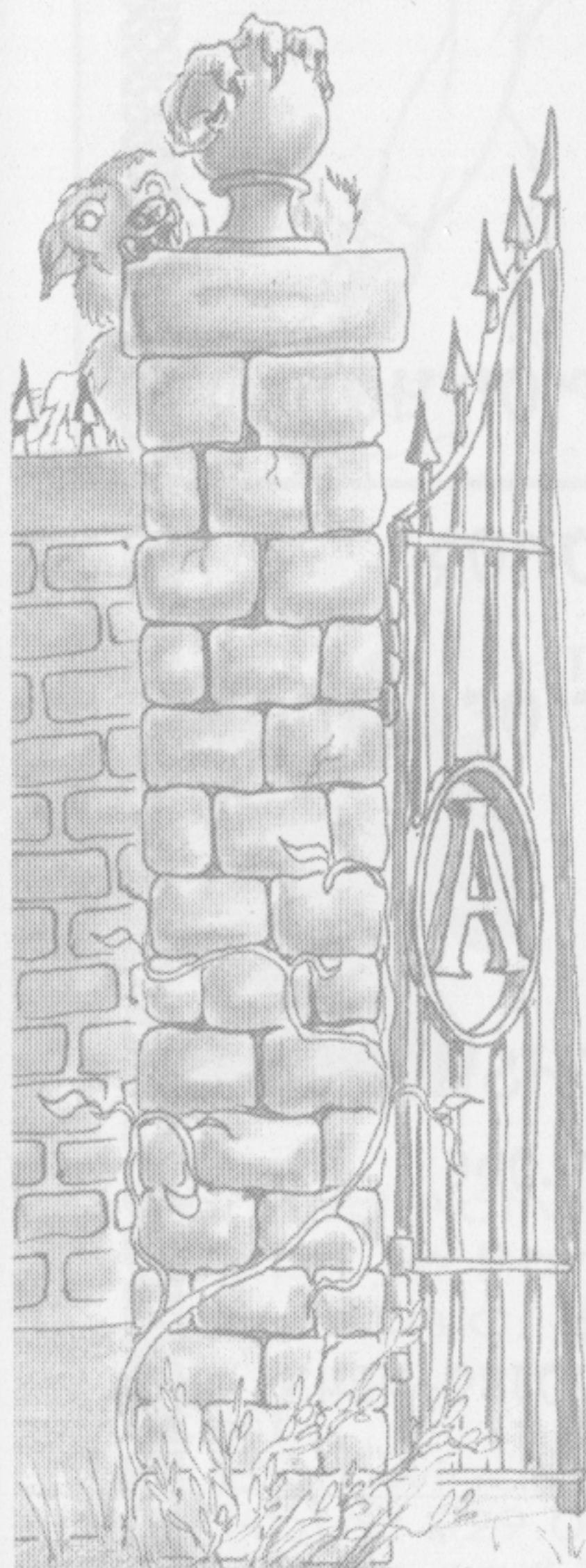
*Xydexx - EIC, Editor*

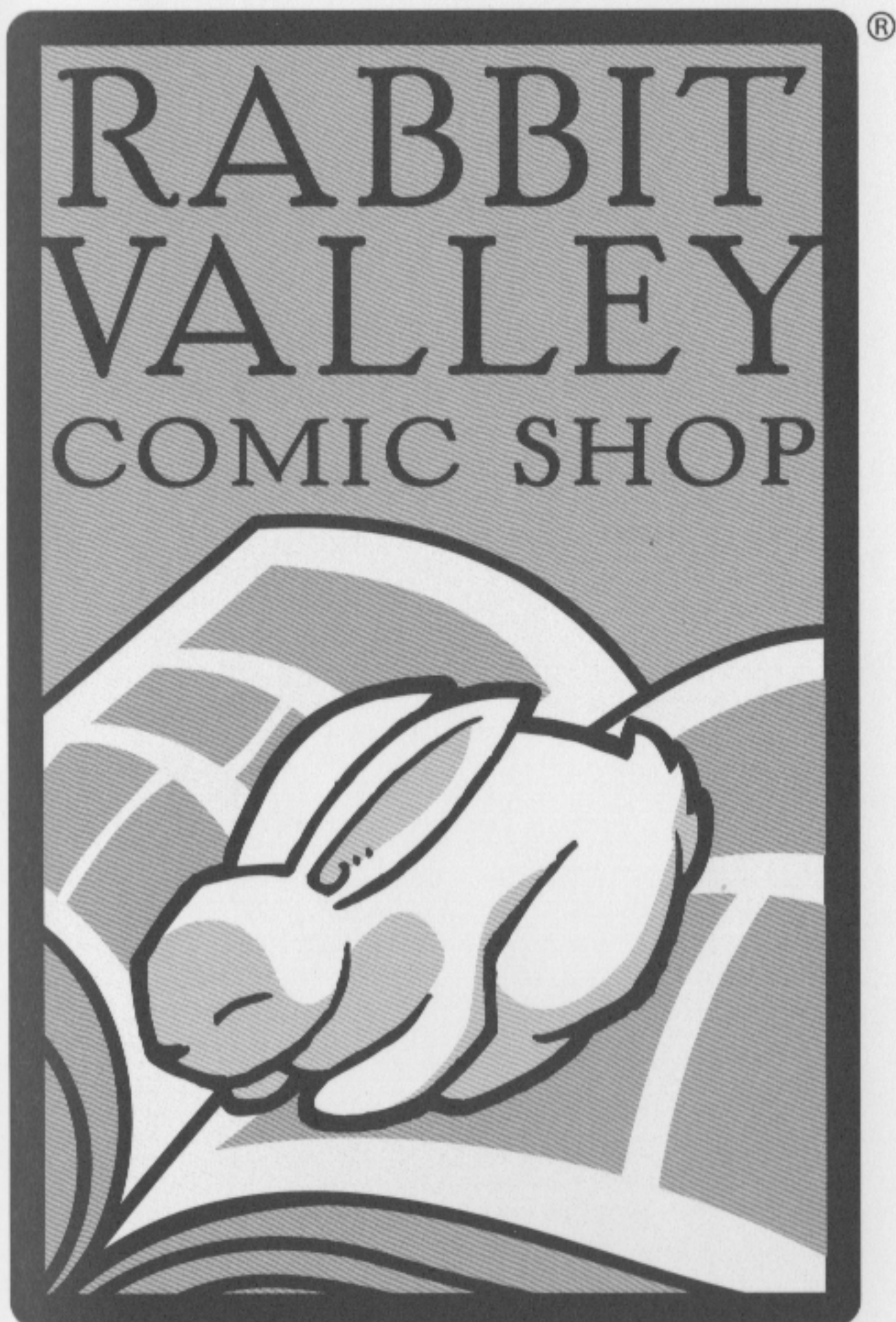
*Digit - Staff Writer, Editor*

*Kaleo - Staff Writer, Editor (Monsters from around the world!)*

We look forward to seeing you all again next year, and perhaps, to outdo our work from this year. You be the judge.

-Jonah E. Safar  
Support Services





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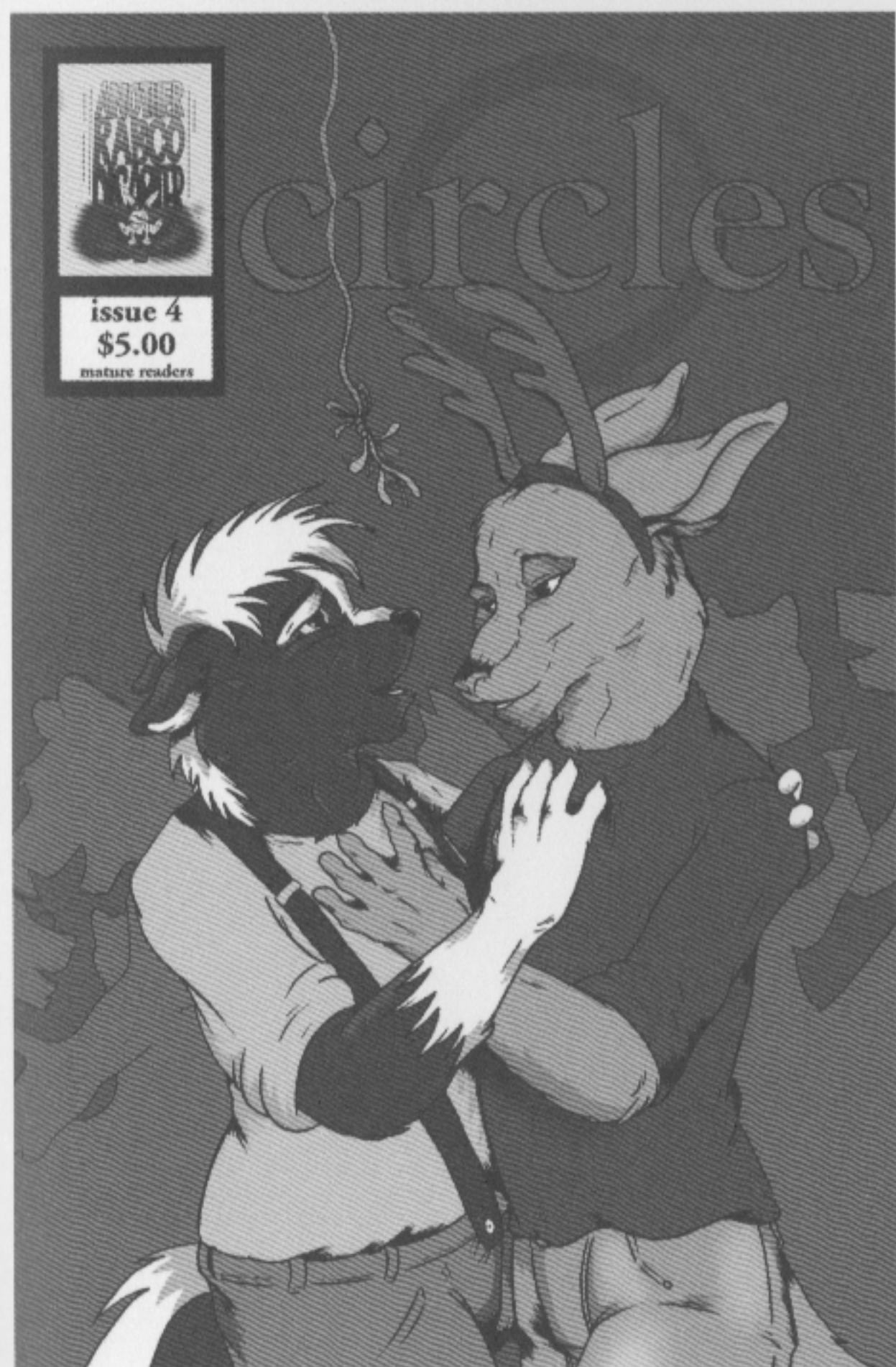
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# Circles

It's about life... slightly bent.

Issue #4: Coming in July 2003

"December 2001: In His Anger and His Shame"

It's December, 2001! The holidays descend on Kinsey Circle, and our boys are dealing with important issues like love, sex, responsibility, jealousy, hatred, charity, and making sure one has the most fabulous display of lights in the neighborhood!

Has Ken lured Marty to his gym just to embarrass him? What special favor does Douglas ask of Arthur? And what role does Gus, the lesbian boxing wolf, play in the drama? Questions are answered and answers are questioned in Circles Issue 4: "In His Anger and His Shame."

Visit the authors and artists at the Rabbit Valley Artists Cooperative Association table near the back of the Dealers' Room.

