

ANTHROCON

Roaring Twenty



2016

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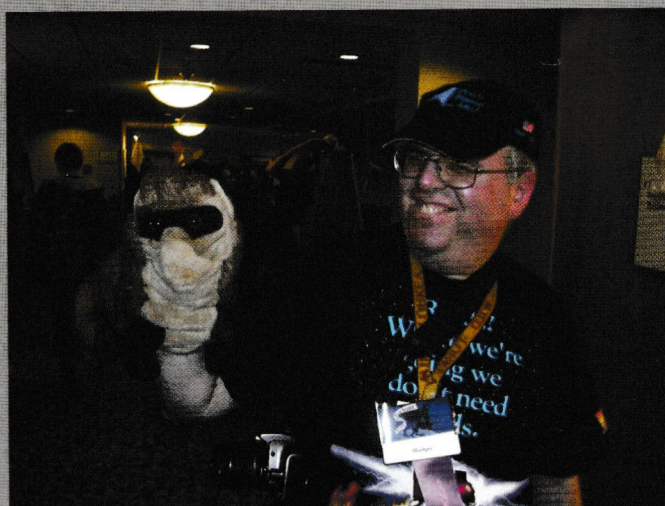
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Cover art by Tracy Butler. Layout by Sage Firefox. Photo of JBadger by Morton Fox.

To Absent Friends...

LINCOLN "JBADGER" KLIMAN PROGRAMMING



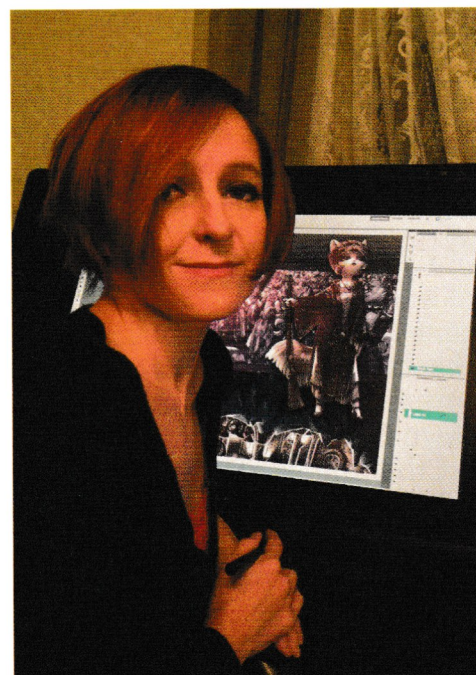
NOVEMBER 21, 1960 - MAY 28, 2016



GUESTS OF HONOR

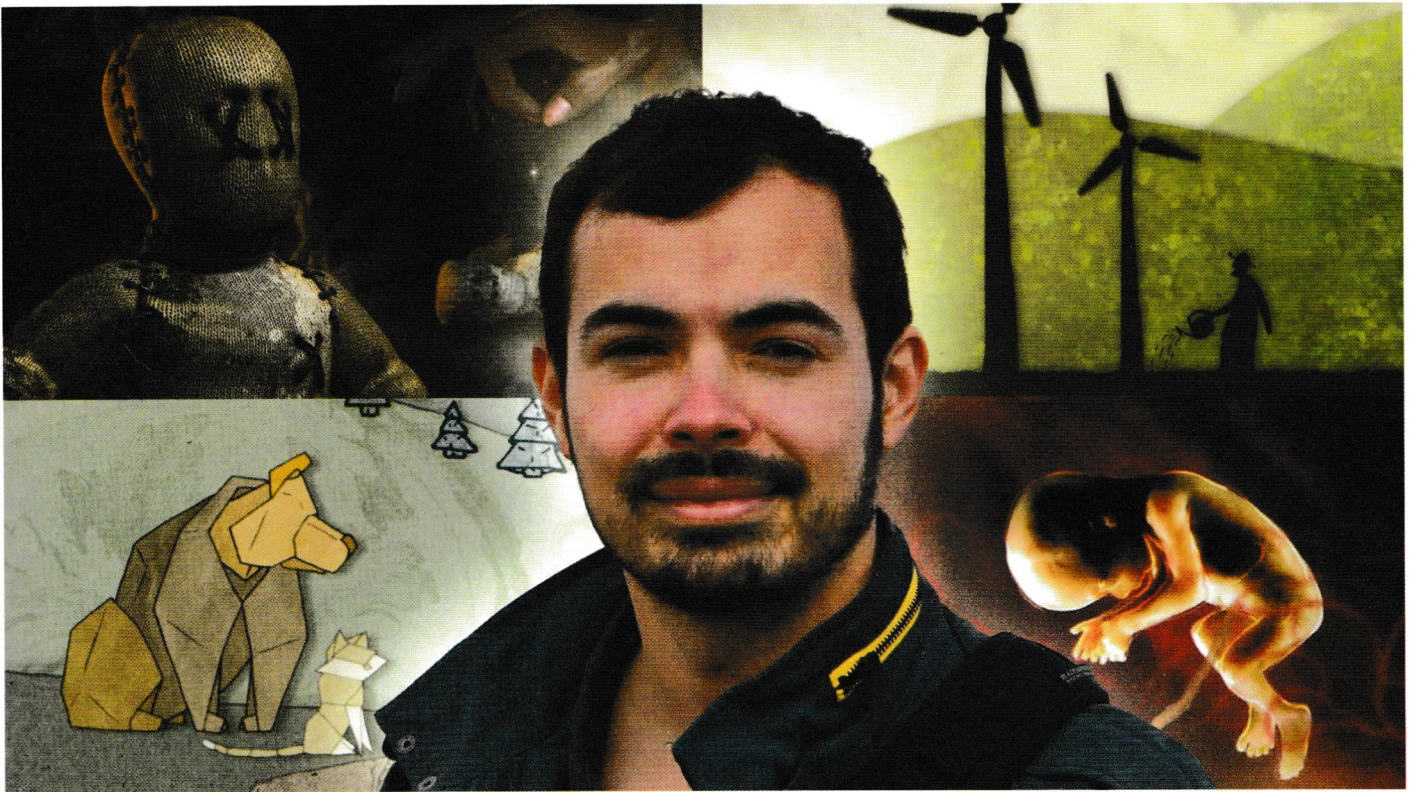
Tracy Butler

Originally from Massachusetts, illustrator and graphic designer **Tracy Butler** found herself living in a century-old house in St. Louis. Its history fascinated her, and as she delved into the stories that the old house had to tell, the world of Lackadaisy Cats began to grow in her imagination. Since 2006 she has been telling - and drawing - riveting tales of felines living and working (not always honestly) in the USA in the era of Prohibition. Her characters are masterfully developed: strong yet vulnerable, always endearing but sometimes downright scary. We hope that she will feel very much at home as Anthrocon itself takes a step back in time to celebrate "The Roaring Twenty."



Trevor Devall

A native of Edmonton, Canada, **Trevor Devall** spent fifteen years in Vancouver's voice-over industry as an animation and commercial voice actor before relocating to Los Angeles. He is a prolific voice artist, having performed in hundreds of animated productions including television movies, series, feature films and video games. You may have heard his voice recently as Rocket Raccoon in Marvel's animated *Guardians of the Galaxy*. He also provided the voice of several characters including Admiral Ackbar and Jar Jar Binks in *Lego Star Wars: The Yoda Chronicles*. Most furry fans who are also Bronies will recognize him as Iron Will, Hoity Toity, Thunderlane and Fancy Pants (for which he was nominated for a UBCP Award for Best Voice) on *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic*. Anthrocon is proud to welcome for its twentieth convention such a talented artist with such an extensive "furry" resume!



Joaquin Baldwin

Joaquin Baldwin is a writer/director living in Los Angeles, California, with a specialization in animated films. He has an MFA from the UCLA Animation Workshop, where he created Sebastian's Voodoo, *The Windmill Farmer* and *Papiroflexia*, animated shorts which won over 130 awards and honors at festivals and competitions like Cannes, Student Academy Awards, Student Emmys, Cinequest, USA Film Festival, Cinanima, Angelus, Sedona, Ashland, BendFilm, and many others.

He is currently employed by the Walt Disney Animation Studios as a layout artist for feature animation, working on films such as *Frozen*, *Wreck-It Ralph*, *Big Hero 6*, *Feast*, *Zootopia* and *Moana*.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER...

20 ANTHROCON 16

ROARING TWENTY



DJ Kyoto
2016



20TH

ANNUAL

*The Roaring
Twenties*

ANTHROCON

A PROHIBITED Affair

PATRICK C. GEAR

"Ruby, the boss wants to see you on the double," the sergeant called out from the chief's office door.

The conservatively dressed she-wolf looked up from her typewriter with a curt smile and adjusted her glasses calmly. She had been a secretary at the station these past five years and loved the place, but was starting to grow weary of her small role there. She envied the fast-talking detectives for the opportunities they got to use their heads and knew that she could do as well if given the chance. She had been dropping hints to that effect for months now and, though

it seemed farfetched, she entered Chief Scott's office with the hope that he would have some exciting assignment for her.

"Have a seat, honey," said the chief. The old hound - no, he wasn't truly that old, not much older than she was, but they all thought of him like that nonetheless. The Rottweiler had a grizzled demeanor on his dark face, which was lined from smoking too many Pall Malls. He had been in the Great War, and the story was a shell had gone off near him and knocked him head over paws into the mud. He had fragments of that shell laid out

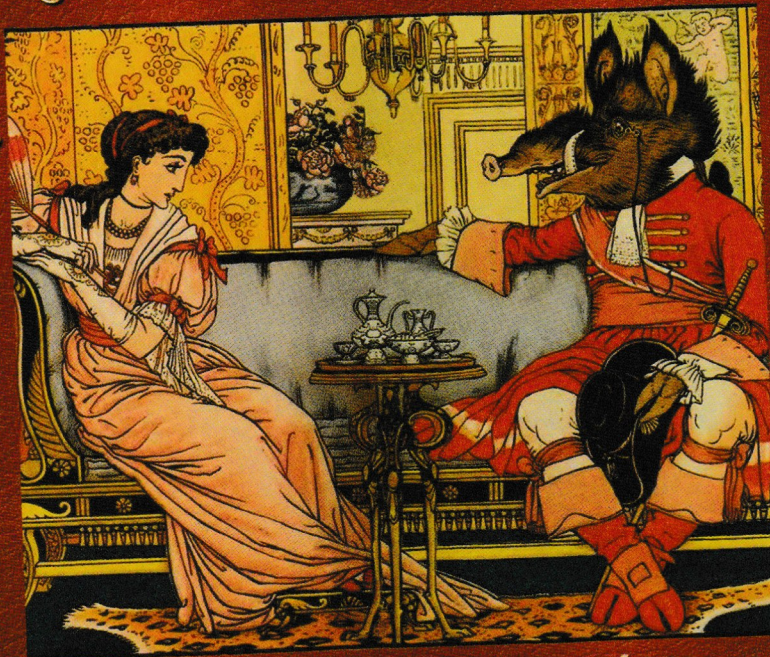
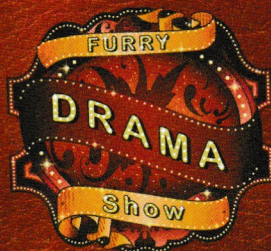
on his desk as keepsakes and he claimed that his hearing had been affected, but Ruby had observed that that deficiency would be most likely to act up when someone was telling him something he wasn't keen to hear.

The chief spoke, "I know you've been itching to get into the action. I laughed at that idea at first, but it turns out we could use you after all. You're one bearcat of a wolf with gams that won't quit, and it turns out that's exactly what we need."

Ruby smirked and said, "You'll find I'm much more than that, buster. There's a lot

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about me that you don't know."

"Sure, sure," said the chief. He wheeled his chair away from his desk and gestured at the pin-dotted map of downtown Pittsburgh that hung on the wall. "Those pins are all the drunks we've picked up so far this year and there's more of them than there were before Prohibition even started." They were clustered together diffusing outward from one central hot spot, which the chief proceeded to tap with his paw. "The William Penn Hotel," he declared, "which has quickly become the swankiest spot in town. That's where the suds are coming from and we've got a prime suspect - one Johnny Avant. Likes to hang out in the lounge; a real ladies' man, the word is. And that's where you come in, sweetheart. If you can cozy up to him and find something incriminating, it would be great help to us."

Ruby's heart went cold and with thoughts of all that could go wrong, her desire for what she had asked for threatened to leave her. "Supposing I do this, when would you need me?"

"He's there tonight; no time like the present. We need to nip him before he gets wise to us. This is what you wanted, ain't it?"

They dolled her up in the height of modern fashion and took her in a motor car to the William Penn. She had expected a getup more suited to sleuthing, a long trench coat and fedora perhaps. Instead she felt thoroughly out of place, walking into that most opulent of establishments in

a lacy black skirt that wasn't much longer than her tail and showed far too much leg. She was draped with bangles and necklaces and wore a headband accentuated with black ostrich feathers, though she had no idea where they had found an ostrich to donate them. The lobby of the Penn was lit with massive chandeliers, each of which must have cost more than she made in a year. The atmosphere was thick with smoke, hot jazz music and an aura of lustful exuberance. All

manners of people populated the scene: rambunctious rams, elegant elephants, handsome huskies, glamorous gazelles. Ruby observed everything, nervously thumbing her cigarette holder, which contained an unlit Marlboro. She took a seat in the lounge, hoping that her target would come into view.

As it happened, she had not long to wait, in fact it was Johnny that took her by surprise. "May I?" a smooth voice spoke from outside her field





of vision. Without waiting for an answer, he sparked up his lighter and lit her Marlboro. She hid her surprise, turned and smiled. It was Johnny Avant all right, just as they'd described him: a sharp-beaked red macaw with white circles around his eyes that looked out at her through tiny James Joyce-style cheaters. She could see why they'd take him for a suspect; the guy looked every inch a speakeasy king. He was dressed to the nines, with a white shirt and trousers, a black tie, a white fedora and a gold pocketwatch protruding from his seersucker jacket.

She took a drag on the cigarette and tried not to cough too forcefully. They had given it to her to make her fit in with the scene, but she had

never smoked and she feared that fact would be very obvious and have the opposite of the intended effect. "I'm Ruby," she said.

"Johnny," he introduced himself. "I haven't seen you here before, Ruby, but you are one gorgeous dame. Two sodas madame!" He winked at the waitress, an auburn-haired vixen who made knowing eye contact, first with Johnny, then with Ruby and winked back at them. Ruby knew where this was going and tried to remain calm.

Johnny said, "You must be new to this scene." He put a feathered hand on her thigh and caressed her fur down to her knee. Ruby resisted the urge to recoil with unease.

"Supposing I am," she

answered, "Let's just say I've got interests in this hotel. And I'm not talking about the tomato and gorgonzola soup, though that really hits the spot."

"Berries," Johnny agreed. "But it seems like you're missing something, else why would you be sitting here all alone?"

The vixen came by with their drinks and Ruby took a swig. Yes, there was definitely more than soda in this. "There's a lot about me you don't know, buster," said Ruby.

Johnny smiled. "Maybe I can learn. If you'd like to see more of this hotel, I've got a suite upstairs. I could show it to you."

That was fast, thought



Ruby, but she let him take her by the paw and lead her to the elevator, their illicit beverages still in hand. When they got to his room, they engaged in more small talk for a while. When he finally left her to go to the restroom, she took the opportunity to investigate the room, searching for anything incriminating that she could use to wrap this up and get out of there. Rifling through a drawer, she found a revolver, but that wasn't anything unusual. Then she found his passport. Giovanni Alvioli, the name read. Intrigued, she took a closer look. To an untrained eye, it could pass for legitimate, but to one with Ruby's knowledge of typesetting and government forms, there was no doubt. Johnny Avant, as he called himself was in the

country illegally. Without papers.

That was all Ruby needed. As fast as her heels would carry her, she made a mad dash out of there, ducking into the elevator and then out the front door. She sprinted into an alley and waited for the car to come for her. It must have been 3 a.m., but they said they'd be out patrolling all night awaiting her. She held the phony passport to her chest. Johnny wasn't the bootlegger, but that wouldn't matter; they'd nail him for this just as quickly and he'd be deported. She would be a big time heroine and would have finally proved all that she had wanted to, in their eyes at least.

Yet the more she thought about it, the more she realized that this was simply

not something she could do. Johnny hadn't done anything that bad as far as she knew and it wouldn't be right to condemn him for his secret. With a sigh, she tossed the passport into a reeking nearby sewer and trudged back to the hotel. Watchful for any signs of Johnny, she went to the back hall and tapped out the secret knock with her feet. The mat slid away under a door, and the panel beneath it opened up. Her skirt got caught as she tried to descend and rode up almost over her head. Firm paws grasped her legs and helped her down.

"You look gorgeous in that getup," said Louise, the auburn-haired vixen and proprietor of the speakeasy. The room was scarcely occupied at this hour with only a scattered

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few patrons still drinking their fill.

"Not my style, honey, you know that," said Ruby as she kissed her lover and they embraced, their tails wagging in the emotion of the moment. Ruby continued, "You need to be more careful. Too many drunks getting picked up. It could have led the cops here and it almost did. You better tell your boy Johnny to get a better phony passport, or he'll get pinched sooner or later too."

"I'll smarten up," said Louise. "We'll set drink maximums for all. The cops suspected Johnny?"

"You better believe it," said Ruby. "I could've given them all they needed too. Been a big hero and got them off your tracks all at the same time. Now I'll just have to make up some cockamamie story that won't lead them anywhere. I'll look like some dumb Dora, and the only place it'll lead me is back to my desk. But I know it's the right thing to do."

"What we're doing here is good, Ruby," said Louise. "Giving folks the suds they want and doing it without anyone getting hurt. Just like Johnny's not hurting anyone by being here. Someday, there'll be some sense in the world and we won't have to keep all these secrets. Until then, we've just got to outfox the ones that want to ruin it."

Ruby couldn't have said it better herself. She held her secret lover close and prayed for the day that she could do so out in the sun.



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THOMAS "FAUX" STEELE

"*Sacre bleu!* Get out of my way, you imbecile!" I shout, flicking the steering wheel to the right and mashing the accelerator pedal to the floor. With the power of a seven-liter, straight-eight engine behind me, I easily pass the Model A taxi.

"Relax, Jacq. Is only a little car chase, nothing to get worked up about," Misha says, half-yelling to be heard over the combination of road and engine noise. The otter is nonchalantly lounging in the passenger seat, polishing his overly large revolver with a cotton cloth. Bolsheviks do love their guns.

"Nothing to get worked up about? Why, I never. *Inspecteur Jacques Fiacre LeBleu de la Direction Régionale de Police Judiciaire de Paris* would never let such a dastardly villain escape!" I glare at him, narrowly avoiding being t-boned by a Packard as we hurtle through an intersection.

"But their only crime was re-appropriating assets from the oppressive capitalist system which steals from the working class and will soon consume itself in an orgy of greed," Misha replies, chuckling. "Or so Marx says." He casually pulls out a cigarette

from the pack in his pocket and lights it. "Personally, I like not having to wait two hours in line to purchase a pack of cigarettes."

"Bah! Criminals must be apprehended! Otherwise, what sort of *Inspecteur* would I be?" I whip the Duesenberg Model J around a corner, tires squealing in protest, fighting to keep the heavy vehicle on the road. The steering is relatively light, but the long wheelbase makes control difficult to come by.

"One who is supposed to be on vacation," Misha says, exasperated. "Jacq, this was supposed to be a nice, relaxing



holiday to New York City, a bit of time for me and you to relax, together. They do have a police department here, you know!"

"Crime respects no boundaries!" I reply, shifting into third as I open up the throttle, Broadway ahead clear enough to make me feel secure in pushing this car to its limits. I finally catch a good look at vehicle we're pursuing, a Stutz BB Blackhawk Boattail Speedster, painted in soda fountain cherry red with contrasting jet-black fenders. It's fast, but not

as quick as what I'm behind the wheel of. I would smile if I could, but due to my physical limitations of my avian physiology, I content myself with what I think is a look of determination.

"Are you okay? You look like you're in pain," Misha says sarcastically, leaning out the window with his revolver in paw.

"*Très drôle*. Don't you have tires to be shooting out?"

A loud 'crack' breaks the air, and up ahead, the Stutz

spins out, crashing through the front of a mattress retailer. I pull the Duesenberg on to the sidewalk and hop out, drawing my signature *Modèle 1892* revolver. The two villainous weasels are sprawled out on the mattresses displayed inside, softly moaning in pain. I deduct their condition is probably a result of being hurled through the windshield. They were fortunate. I've seen many a criminal meet a messy end attempting to evade the police in an automobile.

It takes a few more minutes for the local police to show up, arriving in Ford Model Ts that would've never been able to keep up with the pair's getaway car. A tough-looking wolf climbs out of the lead vehicle and narrows his eyes at me. "Who the hell do you think you are, starting a high speed chase through downtown Manhattan? You could've killed somebody!"

"Well, *Monsieur*, I am *Inspecteur*."

"He is a concerned citizen who prevented these villainous creatures from escaping with their ill-gotten cash," Misha replies, shooting me the 'don't say anything' look. "It is unfortunate that they-" he turns to the robbers, being escorted to a Black Maria "would not surrender easily, but by stopping them here, I assure you that we have prevented more dastardly crimes." The Bolshevik otter gives him a beaming smile before realizing that the wolf's expression has not changed.

"Uh huh. You just caused a few thousand in



damages to this store stopping these criminals, when we would'a caught 'em anyway. One of the saps left his wallet at the scene of the crime." The wolf looks genuinely annoyed now. "What's stopping me from arresting you right here and now?"

"Diplomatic immunity," Misha replies, chuckling. "You want to arrest me, you'll have to go through to the Soviet Embassy first. Now, if you don't mind, we'll be leaving."

The wolf stares at us, eyes ablaze with undistilled hatred as we walk out and climb back into the Duesenberg. Misha takes the wheel this time, and I don't protest. It is the property of his government, after all. I won't comment on the irony of the bearers of the proletariat revolution driving perhaps the finest example of an American luxury automobile available today, except to say that it suits him, somehow. He's handsome, with luscious brown fur and eyes like aquamarine, and such a handsome creature deserves to be surrounded by all the beauty in the world.

"So? Where to?" I ask, unsure of where to go from here. Misha had been driving until I'd spotted the two weasels running to their Stutz with bags of cash in paw, at which point I relegated him to the passenger seat due to my obviously superior driving skills.

"I know a little spot you might enjoy, Jacq, if you can avoid getting into another mess on the way," Misha replies, effortlessly shifting into first and pulling back into traf-

fic.

"A mess? Why Misha, we stopped a crime! That is a matter of the highest importance." I huff, shaking my head and tucking my revolver back in the leather holster affixed to my right hip. "An *Inspecteur* never rests! He cannot, while despicable characters seek to overturn the righteous hierarchy of law and order!"

"Don't get your feathers so ruffled up," he mutters, shaking his head. "You have to relax sometime, *myshka*."

"*Zut! Je crois tu parles vrai, ma chere*," I reply,

sighing. "You speak the truth. I must take the night off, for you." Fishing around in the pockets of my leather duster, I manage to pull out my enameled silver badge. "Take it. Just for tonight, *oui*?"

Misha gives me a million-franc smile as he plucks the badge from my claws, depositing it in one of the inner pockets of his gray wool greatcoat. "Good bird. Shall I give you some grain as a reward?" he replies, leaning over to plant a soft kiss on my right cheek. I can't help blush a bit at the impropriety, but it's quite ador-



able coming from him.

"You should become an *acteur*," I reply, shaking my head. "Those jokes would be well-received in the cinema, though the kiss is a bit *risqué*, don't you think?"

"Isn't your city supposed to be romantic or something?" the otter replies, rolling up to a skyscraper that appears to be under construction. Piles of building materials are scattered around the perimeter of the structure, and the exterior

is still not fully complete, with some details yet to be fitted. The light is already beginning to fade, but there's still enough to tell that it kisses the sky unlike anything else I've seen, aside from perhaps the Eiffel Tower.

"Well, *oui*, Paris is romantic, but I really enjoyed Moscow. It's such a beautiful city. Not as cultured, but it has a distinctly....Russian charm to it."

"Bah, you're just flatter-

ing me," Misha replies, opening the driver's side door with a hefty click and heading over to the banks of elevators beyond the main foyer, toward a wall of fine red marble with elevators inset within it. The doors are still plain, undecorated gold, but they still have all the elegance of a dame from the sixth *arrondissement*. I'm sure this building will be gorgeous when it's completed.

Misha taps a button loosely mounted on the wall, a switch placed in the interim before the mechanism is finally installed, but nothing happens. He awkwardly chuckles, pressing it again.

"Are you quite sure these are operational?" I ask, poking my tongue out at him in bemusement.

"They should be," he mutters in frustration, pushing the button repeatedly. "I just tested them two hours ago!"

"Well, perhaps the power is out," I reply, chuckling. "But, let me try." Smoothly, I strike it firmly with the heel of my palm. With a ding, the elevator springs to life, the triangular arrow in the center above the middle of three doors lighting up. "After you," I say, ever the gentleman.

"*Blagodaryu*," Misha replies, shaking his head. He wraps a paw around my waist as I enter, using his free paw to push the button for the 67th floor.

"You know, you could've told me we were going here," I say, rolling my eyes. "It would've made the trip here somewhat less...interesting. I



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just thought we were going to the theater.”

“And ruin the surprise? That’s the best part!” Misha replies, shaking his head and resting one paw against the smooth stainless steel of the interior. It only takes a few minutes for the rapidly-ascending elevator to reach the zenith of the structure, and it opened onto a half-constructed story, with a fully-finished floor lacking any sort of exterior walls. Near the edge, there’s a wicker basket and two purple candles set in sleek candlesticks. “Well?” he says, extending a paw.

“Oh, Misha...” I reply, taking in the view of the New York skyline. It’s absolutely stunning, the buildings stretching out in all shades of gray and brown, like freshly

tilled earth down below. “You didn’t have to go to all this trouble...”

“Of course I did,” he replies, chuckling. “You deserve only the finest, Jacq, and I thought dinner with a view might be the perfect capstone for our little voyage across the Atlantic.”

“Well, you have excellent taste,” I reply, planting a peck on his cheek as I walk over to near the edge. It’s a long way down, but something feels right about being up here, in the domain of my most ancient ancestors.

“Let me pour you some wine, eh? Only the finest. French, of course, a 1921 Chateau d’Yquem vintage,” Misha says, picking two cut crystal glasses from inside the basket and setting them down with

a clink on the rough plywood. I take a seat next to him, and look out as the sun sets on Manhattan in all hues of orange and gold, like the sunsets I used to see growing up in a small country village.

“You remember when we met? Back at *La Résistance*?” I murmur, pulling out my tin of Gauloises and tilting it in his direction.

“Like yesterday,” he replies, taking it and tucking it in his paw, for the moment. “What about it?”

“Well, I’m thankful I abandoned my duty that night. I wouldn’t have met you otherwise.”

I stick mine in the tip of my beak and inhale for a brief moment as Misha sets it alight with his Great War standard-issue lighter.

“You should be thankful I was in such an exhausted state! I doubt I would have fraternized with a Frenchman of all things otherwise,” Misha jokingly retorts, wrapping an arm around me and gazing at the orb slowly descending beyond the horizon.

“I love you, Misha,” I murmur, turning to face him and dropping my cigarette in the crystal ashtray set out next to the glasses.

“I love you too, Jacq, you silly bird,” he replies, his lips beginning to caress the tip of my beak. I close my eyes, and let myself be consumed by the moment as the sun sets on Gatsby’s roaring twenties.





Thank You from the International Anthropomorphic Research Project!



This year, as Anthrocon celebrates its 20th birthday, the IARP will be celebrating a milestone of its own: for more than a decade, our team of social scientists has come to Pittsburgh to study furies. Our research with thousands of furies to date – from all over the world has been immensely productive, leading to more than a dozen published scientific journal articles, four book chapters, and dozens of presentations at furry conventions and in college classrooms. Additionally, the data collected have helped to dispel numerous harmful misconceptions about the furry fandom and have contributed to the advancement of psychological science. And, for that, the IARP wishes to thank the thousands of participants who have generously given their time to help with our research and the organizers of Anthrocon who, for years, have made it possible for us to study this endlessly intriguing group!

To celebrate more than a decade of research, the IARP presents **10 facts we've learned about furies:**

1. Wolves are the most popular fursuna species, chosen by 1 in 7 furies.
2. 25% of furies don't feel fully human; 50% would become non-human animals if they could.
3. "Post-con depression" is real – furies feel more like "themselves" at furry conventions and experience a drop in well-being in the days following conventions.
4. Furies recognize human faces as well as non-furies do, but furies are *much* better at recognizing the faces of fursuits and anthropomorphic animal characters.
5. Entertainment and belongingness are the strongest motivators of fandom participation.
6. 60% of furies met their current relationship partner through the fandom.
7. On average, furies create fursunas that are similar to themselves, but slightly more ideal.
8. Furies have more active fantasy lives than non-furies, but are no more likely to be delusional, escapist, or unable to distinguish fantasy from reality.
9. Despite the prevalence of fursuits in media depictions of furies, fewer than 20% of furies own a fursuit; nearly half of all furies own a tail.
10. Furies, as a group, are young at heart: more than 80% of furies are under the age of 25, and furies over the age of 25 are much more likely to say they *feel* younger than they actually are.



Want to learn more about furies?

You can find all of the IARP's research online at www.furscience.com.



ANTHROCON 2016 STAFF

Alchemist, D.I.

Security

Kevin Sonney is a technology professional, media producer, and podcaster. Kevin and his wife, author and illustrator Ursula Vernon, co-host the weekly podcast "Kevin and Ursula Eat Cheap" and routinely attend sci-fi and comic conventions. Kevin also voices Rev. Mord in the podcast "The Hidden Almanac."

Amaruq

Internet

Supporting the Tigerden Internet den, wine appreciation, and buying tickets for just about anything related to the con's charity of the year.

Arrow Quivershaft

Programming

Working as an IT technician, this bird is known for his gaming, roleplaying, art commissions, and general nerdiness. He works for the Programming Department every year

to make sure panels get approved and scheduled.

Ashe Valisca

Programming

Assistant Director

Ashe is back again (10+ years) on the Programming team working with the Writing Track and the department at large. Don't mind the tiger in the top hat - he's just working.

Astor

Artist's Alley/Con Store

That big ol' dinosaur who'll be selling you all that fine swag at the con store and artist's alley. Been at AC since '98 and will likely be here for many more!

B. Gabriel Helou, D.I.

Security

Ever on the trailing edge of technology, Gabe is Anthrocon's foremost proponent of extremely traditional coffee. Due to ongoing research to rediscover the lost secrets of ancient coffee masters, which has resulted in blood-caffeine levels that are normally fatal in others, he should only be approached in a slow, quiet manner. The less said about "The Moon-Moon Incident," the better.

BarkerJr

Programming

This being his fifth Anthrocon, the purple dragon is a fursuit enthusiast who has never worn one. He believes that cosplay makes a convention what it is, and strives to enhance the experience through support of the Headless Zone. Outside of anthropomorphics, he is a



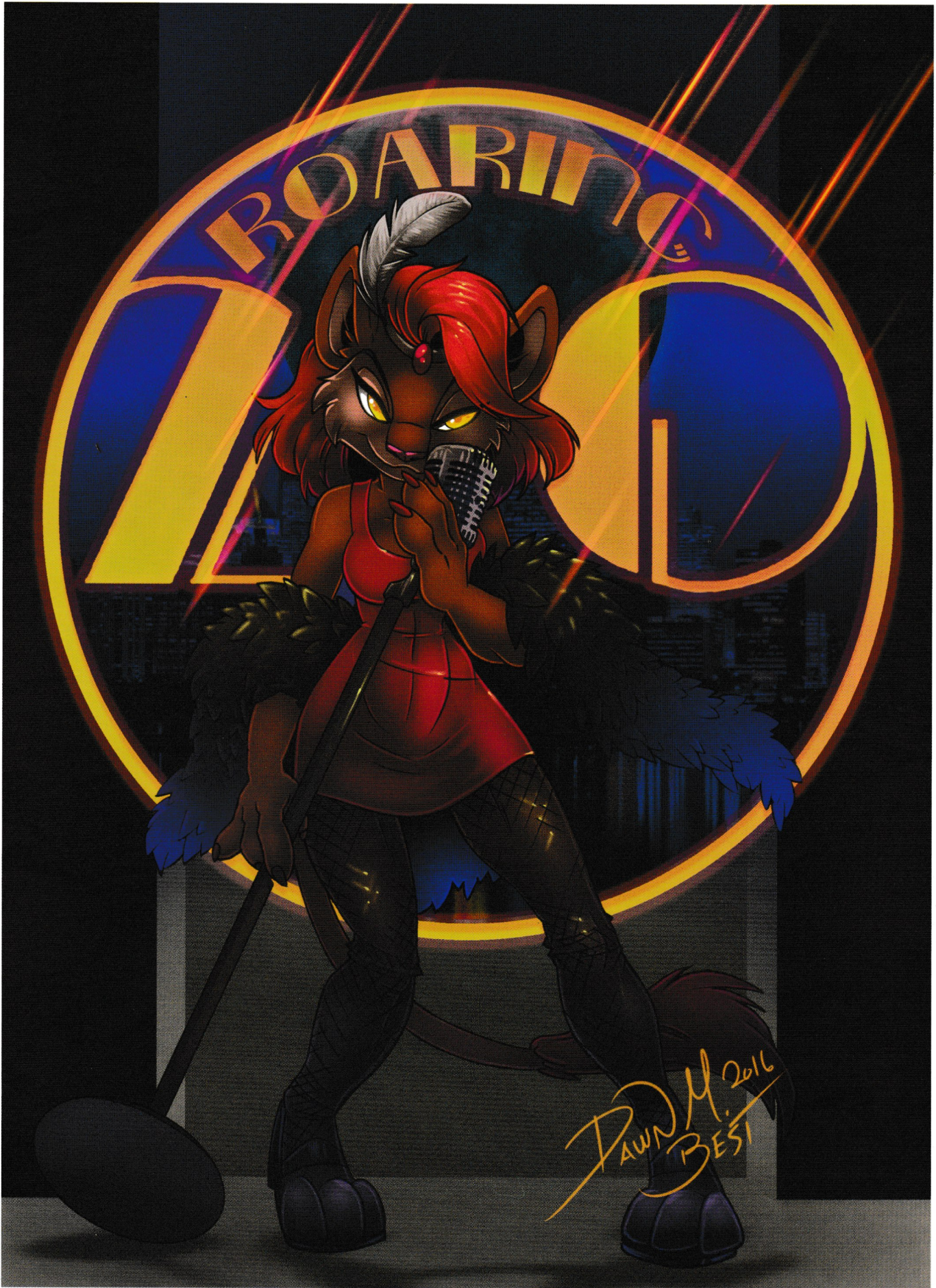


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&
ROTARR





computer programmer, specializing in Java and C#. He spends much of his free time volunteering at conventions, watching movies, and playing video games.

Bear, D.I.

Security

Bear has worked security at Anthrocon since 2002. You'd think he would have learned better by now.

BGS

Programming

Gamer geek usually found in Video Gaming where he works, or Tabletop in his "free" time.

Blithe

Operations

Don't forget to check out Western PA Furry Weekend, Oct. 7-9, 2016 at North Park Lodge! www.wpafw.org *shameless plug* :D <3

Bork soi disant The Indestructible

Security

Where to even begin? I've been doing con security for more than 40 years. I've worked cons from 200 to 800,000. Met people who are known to almost anyone in the world and talked with them, had lunch with them and enjoyed their company. Keep the Show on the Road.

Brian "Rigel" Harris

Charity

Board of Directors

Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the fan 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 been the Anthrocon Charity Director for 20 years, has DJ'd at various

furry cons on and off for 16 years, and was previously Anthrocon's Masquerade director for 10 years.

Capt. Roo

Publications

This Roo makes his home just outside Philly in NJ. I have been on the Publications team for several years now and enjoy the work! I am happy to be able to give back to the fandom by volunteering my time. Feel free to say hi, I won't bite or kick! I am a ChiROOpractor by trade and love to take care of my furry friends! See ya all around the con!

Caveman Bob

Security

Caveman Bob got his moniker here at AC several years ago, bestowed by his D.I. overlords. He enjoys working with that crew, as well as helping run



the Registration Department at MAGFest.

Chiaroscuro

Dealer's Room; Photography Board of Directors

Twenty Anthrocons, and Chiaroscuro has been there for 17 of them! Dwelling in Connecticut, cooking for a living, that's the black and white mongoose. Working as the director of the

Dealers Room and Photography departments. o/~ OH OH Oh Oh Oh Try everything OH OH Oh Oh Oh o/~

Chittebengo

Operations

Tengu drinks too much
He wakes up chained to an oar
Now helps row the ship.

Chris Foxx

Art Show

Best known as the author of the well-known webnovel "Sabrina Online: The Story" and as semi-adult slop-artist BondoFox. Highly approachable, loves to meet his fans, don't be shy about coming up and saying "Hi!"



Cosmik

Registration

Cosmik has been active in the fandom for five years. In addition to his Anthrocon duties, Cosmik also serves as Programming Director for Megaplex (Orlando, FL) and Head of Registration for Just Fur The Weekend (Bristol, UK). He is a DJ and founding member of Bandthro, but is perhaps best known for his legendary Dead Dog Pub Sings, and performances with his partner, Rhubarb the Bear, with whom he was GOH at Eurofurence 2015.

Crimson, D.I.

Security

Music and food and security and more. Hoping to stay bored when I'm working.

Crossbow

Registration

Just another dragon, back for another year at Registration and the Art Show.

Cryo

Logistics

Department Head

Once again I am at AC to run the Logistics Department. Most may know me as Cryo but now I am taking to Anthrocon's wild blue yonder as my shrike, Kyle Skyrender.

Cuprohastes

Publications

Cuprohastes was sent here by his parents when their planet blew up. He arrived with a box of tea and a note saying "He's your problem now."

Darkclaw

Internet

Been staffing the 'net room with Tigerwolf since 2000 - back when a dial-up modem was rockin'. Ex-UK fur, now

hiding in Virginia, USA under the bed of his mate Tyrrlin (she might have noticed by now). Come say hello - especially if yer a Brit!

David M. Stein, D.I. "Skippy"

Security

Good afternoon, gentlemen. I am a HAL 9000 computer. I became operational at the H.A.L. plant in Urbana, Illinois on the 12th of January 1992. My instructor was Mr. Langley, and he taught me to sing a song. If you'd like to hear it I can sing it for you.

Deborah "Loadmistress" Jarrell

Security

Loadmistress is back. Are there

any new restaurants you want to recommend? Please share. I missed you all last year, but going to teach English in China was not something to pass up. If only Moon Moon had not lost all my photos. Damnit!

Delphi Vinn

Artist's Alley/Con Store

This space intentionally left blank.

dester'edra

Art Show; Security

Sleep is mandatory. Downtime is overrated.

DonQuixote

Security

When not working security at conventions, he can be found



on DeviantArt making costumes as TheClockworkCoyote.

Doris "Derilka" Chapin

Art Show

Went to Broome Community College and received an Associate of Science in 2013 for Liberal Arts as well as Engineering Sciences, then obtained a Bachelor of Science in 2015 for Biochemistry from University at Buffalo. Had major back surgery for scoliosis in 2011, so limbo is out of the question, and has healed nicely from

open heart surgery to remove a sub-aortic membrane in October 2015, so running around is completely fine and there will be no keeling over.

Erik Jasper Blue Rosengarten

Programming

This year Erik heads northbound from Charlotte, North Carolina to join Anthrocon's Programming Team. A past veteran of Anthrocon for 17 years, Erik has assisted with the Art Show, Charity Auction, Lost and Found Tracking, Masquerade, Operations, Registra-

tion, Security, and Website. Outside of the event Erik enjoys making cartoons, graphics, photography, and culinary work. To check it out, please visit www.furaffinity.net/user/bluecanary and www.weasyl.com/~bluecanary.

FIRE FOX

Registration

I have other suits, a black & white Husky, black & white canine "Mint Chocolate Chip" and more to come. I started in the fandom in March 2012. 2013 was my first Anthrocon and I was a volunteer 2013 and 2014. At the end of AC 2014 I changed to Staff.

Freezeframe

Audio/Visual

Literally on fire. At all times. Also full of asbestos. It's like Yin and Yang but with more lung cancer.

Gabi

Registration

Gabi is an All-Purpose Fox, which means she can answer any question (accuracy of the answer - or even a connection to the question - are not guaranteed). She's also equal-opportunity friendly, and can help you get your con stuff in English or in Spanish. And if you find her at the right time, you may get some tea and cookies as well. :)

Geemo

Artist's Alley/Con Store

Geemo is a dracomutt from Florida who now lives in Wisconsin. Furry since 1998 and his first con was AC 2000. When he's not at work being an engineer, he's at home being a geek. Makerspace, makerspace, makerspace.



Gen.Talon

Audio/Visual

Board of Directors

Just an otter making sure our lights and music are working smoothly.

Genepi

Registration

Likes hugs. :)

Giza White Mage

Technology

Board of Directors

After over a decade running Con Ops, Giza is switching roles! As Technology Director, he is responsible for Anthrocon's Twitter feed, website, and other technology and social media assets.

Glen "Swift Fox" Rockhill

Programming

Returning as Tabletop Gaming Track Lead, Swift Fox has been an active member of the fandom for 20 years. During that time he has volunteered his time to Anthrocon and various other cons and has been instrumental in promoting fellowship among anthropomorphics fans in the Pittsburgh Metro area. If you're interested in hosting a tabletop RPG, CCG or board game next year, contact him at tbltop.gaming@anthrocon.org.

Grandma Kage

Programming

The mother of the chairman, and an Anthrocon staffer since 1999. Don't mess with her -- she has a vicious left hook.

Halina K. Harding, D.O.D.I.

Security

Well, due to one family thing or another I have managed to miss Anthrocon three years in

a row, not this year... I swear if anybody dies I'm putting them on ice. Looking forward to working with the fursuiters and my D.I. brothers and sisters again.

Hengstolf

Programming

Assistant Director

Leaning on a wall, flipping a coin, a wide brimmed hat casting his features into a mysterious darkness, a stogie illuminating his face. This hybrid is usually found in a local speak-easy hustling pool, or running crews at a construction yard. Despite his appearance, he is always willing to lend a helping paw to anyone as he can usual-

ly be found at the information desk, or skulking around the headless zones.

Huscoon

Programming

Huscoon has been involved in the furry fandom since 2001. Originally from Ohio, Huscoon's character is a husky-raccoon hybrid. He bought his first fursuit back in 2004 and has staffed several conventions since 2008. In real life, Huscoon has a bachelor's degree from The Ohio State University and currently resides in Chicagoland where he works as a data analyst. His hobbies include sports, statistics, baking, and studying for actuarial



Fangcon Presents:

FURBALLS

(the con book ad Swap)

GoHs

Artist - WildLion

Comedian - Wielder Wolf

DJ Performer Dadius

**with Ned Wilkinson's
solo play "Firing My Bass
Teacher"**

**Birmingham, AL
Oct. 27th-31st 2016**

fangcon.com

fangcon.org

**On Facebook
Fangcon**

exams, if that's even a hobby.

Ianus J. Wolf

Programming

Ianus J. Wolf is a writer and editor in the fandom who's been helping to run the Anthrocon Writing Track for a couple years now. His stories have been published in several anthologies from furry publishers and he is the editor of anthologies such as Pulp! and the Trick or Treat series from Rabbit Valley.

Jade "Haybuck"

Aurora

Technology

Assistant Director

Jade, in addition to working for Anthrocon since 2013, is the founder of DrawnCon, the Vice President of BronyCon's Board, and the Medical Lead for Nightmare Nights Dallas.

Jaie

Art Show

Returning werewolf hailing from the land of enchantment. Collector, dancer, gamer, and connoisseur of fine drinks. Can often be found in the Art Show or the Zoo. Always looking for new experiences, friends, and unique finds within the fandom.

Javanne, D.I.

Security

The Fan Lady, providing adult supervision since 1974.

Jenna Bear

Security

Jenna is a geek girl with dice in her pocket and ready to roll. Usually training for a marathon or triathlon. Addicted to audiobooks, chocolate, and sushi.

Jesse "Tango" Stringer

Security

Attendee since 2001, Staff since 2002. Prone to getting killed by werewolves.

John "Joatmon" Lindgren

Art Show

Assistant Director

I missed the first two years, but have been here every year after. Helped out in the art show in my second year here and never looked back. I hope everyone has a good time and creates some great memories.

Kamau

Art Show

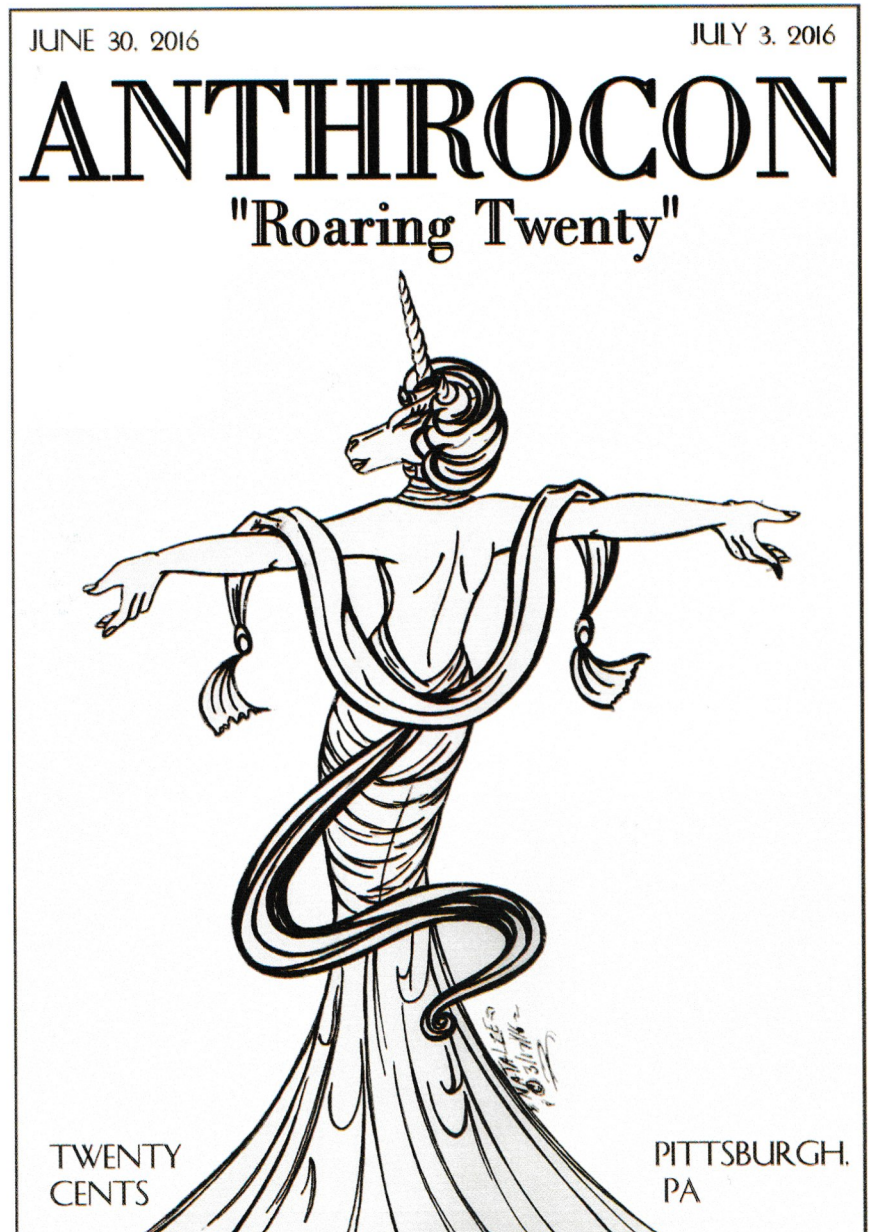
Barbary Lion, somewhat gray in the muzzle, who enjoys spending time with fur friends and helping others to have a good time.

Karl Xydexx Jorgensen

Publications

Board of Directors

Karl has been an active and enthusiastic participant in Furry fandom for more than 20 years. This will be Karl's 13th year serving as Publications Director. In his free time,



he enjoys riding his recumbent bicycle, exploring abandoned buildings, playing Minecraft, and creating mail art. He maintains a webpage about Furry fandom at www.furryfandom.info.

Kaze Velara

Programming

That blue snep that plays video games.

Keragon

Operations

Fourth Anthrocon and still loving it. Here's to another year and many more to come!

Kijani

Publications

Kijani is thrilled to put his years of copy editing experience to use as Publications Editor for the sixth straight Anthrocon! Organizer of When Furballs Strike, one of the world's larg-

est furbowls, and founder of Seattle, WA-based character entertainment nonprofit Emerald City Critters. Lover and collector of all things lion, this bowling aficionado enjoys photography, and inspiring others through his fursuiting videos on Youtube (username lionking300). Believe in the Magic of Fursuiting!

Kiric

Programming

Come dance with the west wind and touch on the mountain tops.

Sail o'er the canyons and up to the stars.

And reach for the heavens and hope for the future and all that we can be, and not what we are.

Krin

Registration

Assistant Director

A grumpy old bunny who tries to help out as best he can.

L.S.Dragon

Registration

A mysterious helping hand....

LeafGirl

Security

LeafGirl is in the progress of writing down her memoirs, but is still far from publication. You will all be glad to know though that even as she does this, she is still able to keep the small town of Port Connell safe from evil and will do the same at Anthrocon. You have been warned..

Marauder

Art Show

Eleventh-year attendee and fifth-year staff member, Marauder is a black Labrador Retriever dog who wouldn't miss this convention for the world.



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Fur Meet**

**Sept 2-4
2016**

**Olive Branch
Mississippi**

**All Aboard 20 years
of pizza, fun, and friends!**

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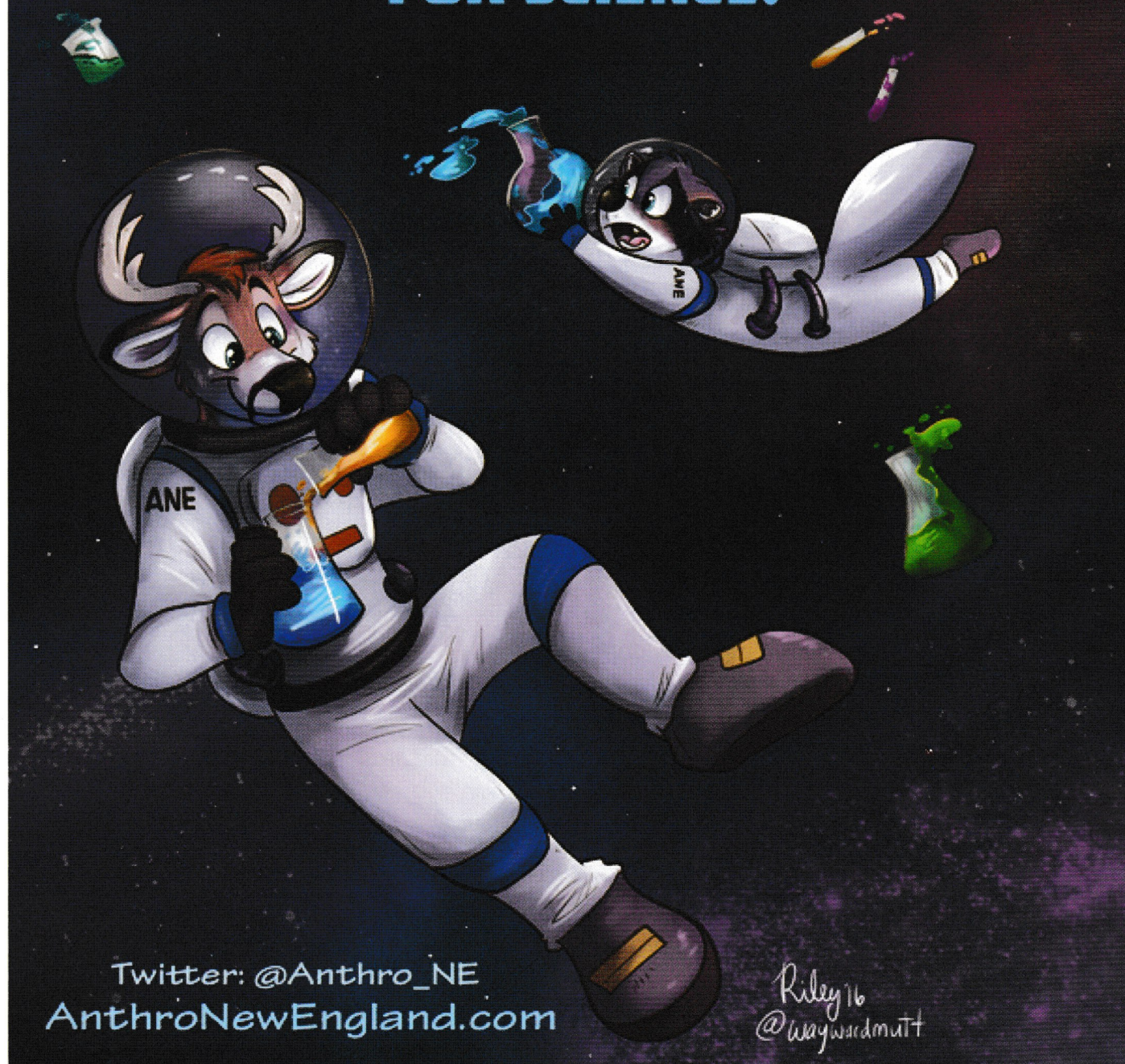


ANTHRO NEW ENGLAND

CAMBRIDGE, MA

JANUARY 19TH-22ND 2017

"FOR SCIENCE!"



Twitter: @Anthro_NE
AnthroNewEngland.com

Riley16
@waywardmutt

Born and raised in southeast Oklahoma, Marauder is a 2003 graduate of Oklahoma State University. He also loves baseball, music, anything Sonic the Hedgehog related, and spends his free time at home playing with his dogs, Sadie, Taffy, and Buddy, and roleplaying online with his best friend, Joey Gattorm.

Mark Bernstein

Security

Mark Bernstein would like to take this opportunity to make an important announce . . . Wait, what? . . . He did WHAT? Sorry folks, gotta run. DAM-MIT, MOON MOON!

Max Sprinkle

Security

I love AnthroCon. Everything about it is just splendid. I look forward to this long weekend all year long as a chance to reunite with folks I haven't seen since the previous year. You crazy animals are the some of the finest people I know, so thanks! And always remember the 6-2-1 rule.

Mel “K’has” White

Security

The wizard of Furrymuck, K'has, is a writer, artist, comic book creator, storyteller, Dor-sai Irregular, and World of Warcraft player (not necessarily in that order).

MiltoniusPrime

Programming

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ejuegos por vida

Moth Monarch

Publications

Draws bugs, raises bugs, talks to bugs, is a bug. Artist and dealer at AC and other cons in US and Canada. Go-to artist when mischief needs making.

MountainBlueFoxJoe

Registration

Mountain man, part of the Untamed World, and as crazy as a Fox, baby!

Mr. Mutt

Charity
Arf!

NachtWolf

Art Show

This will be NachtWolf's second year on staff. NachtWolf works in the civil engineering field and volunteers in emergency services. He spends a lot of his free time working on fursuits, playing airsoft, and hanging out with friends.

Nepal Plush

Logistics

I have been on staff since 2011 and have been a part of Logistics since I started on staff. I am a plush snow leopard who is generally fun-loving and likes to chat with people, unless I'm in suit, then there is less talking and more just being cute and fun. Fursuiting is my attraction to the fandom, so I'll be in suit as much as possible when I'm not on duty.

Nicona Shadowwolf

Registration

Board of Directors

Ahhhh, I remember my first Anthrocon like it was only yesterday. Back in 2009 I was walking down the hallway and felt a sharp sting in my neck. I woke up working Registration. Now look at where I am. I blame Chiaroscuro for this. BEWARE the air-powered elephant tranquilizer!!!

Nonsanity

Programming

With a deft hand (not to be confused with daft hands) at puppetry, Nonsanity has helped organize and populate the Puppet Track for the last baker's dozen Anthrocons. He's still not sure how that happened—the tiny fursuits jumped on his hands and overpowered him, most likely.

Octavia

Art Show

Back for yet another year of fun, community, and of course art! This will be my 13th year with Anthrocon. How the time flies when you're part of such a great group of people.

Oddy

Audio/Visual

Assistant Director

"It's not loud enough," said no one ever.





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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS • FURFEST.ORG

GOH: Betsy The Beaver, Drakonicknight, Balaa and Bagheera

MARCH 24 - 26, 2017



TEXAS FURRY FIESTA 2017

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Osee DeSantis

*Programming
Assistant Director*

This is Osee's sixth year as Guest of Honor Liaison and hot dawg! This event just gets better. It really is the bee's knees! When this Dalmatian isn't putting on the Ritz at the juice joint, he's in school for voice and film acting. Always one to beat his gums telling funny stories and willing to share some good ol' hootch with any fur, you'll find this dapper dog jiving his way through the halls.

Panzier

Internet

Another trip around the sun for all of us! Internet room staff for a few conventions here and there over the past few decades, enjoying every bit. Have a wonderful hobby mix that wanders from computer stuff to heavy equipment as well as welding and machine work. Also enjoy fursuiting at charity events and launching the parade outside last year was a delightful experiment. Stop by the net room and say hi!

PeterCat

Art Show

Board of Directors

Intrigued by the late-80s CBS-TV series "Beauty and the Beast," PeterCat discovered science fiction conventions and began helping out at art shows. He volunteered for the first Albany AnthroCon in 1997 and has been Art Show Director since 1998. Using the professional name Peter Katt, is a freelance voice artist (peterkattvoice.com). He welcomes hugs from fursuiters so don't be shy!

Phil "Pheagle" Adler

Artist's Alley/Con Store

This football-loving bald eagle shapeshifter has been a member of the fandom since 2010 and has been attending the convention since 2013! He's also a lover of transformation and all things avian! Pheagle will be in the parade again this year and on staff in the Alley sporting his eagle tail. Keep up with his latest escapades on Twitter @PheagleAdler.

Prince Kiraasha

Art Show

Prince K. takes a few days each summer to visit Pittsburgh, re-

connect with old friends and make new ones! He spends much of his time at the Art Show, but might be found GMing a miniatures wargame or two, or attending a dance or two.

protocolle

Programming

Please just imagine if you were a Fernfield basketball player who lost his job to a golden retriever.

Rakedu

Art Show

This tiger hails from southeastern Michigan. He enjoys



eating cookies and meat! He'll be spending much of the con at the art show, so come on by and say hi.

RebelSquirl

*Registration
Assistant Director*

Rebel's an 18-year veteran of Anthrocon, and is in his seventh year working in Registration. Look for him in his grey field cap and say "hello," he

won't bite!

Robert "Harbinger" Palmer

Security

Sixth year at Anthrocon. First year as a D.I.

Ronnie

Programming

The noodledragon that runs your Dance Competition, and is occasionally a big yellow grumpy dragon!

Ruby, D.I.

Security

Ruby is here, and happy to help for the sixth time!

Rukario

Programming

Hailing from the Seattle area, Rukario loves to meet new people and have fun. Don't even think of trying to catch this Pokemon, he doesn't like Pokeballs. :)

Safler

Art Show

Phil aka Safler has been attending AC since 2009, and is once again eager to help during the art show. Outside of the furry fandom, he teaches at ITT Tech, mentors at Western Governors University, and plays trumpet in a Toledo ska/punk band with Rakedu, who is also an AC staffer.

Sage Firefox

Publications

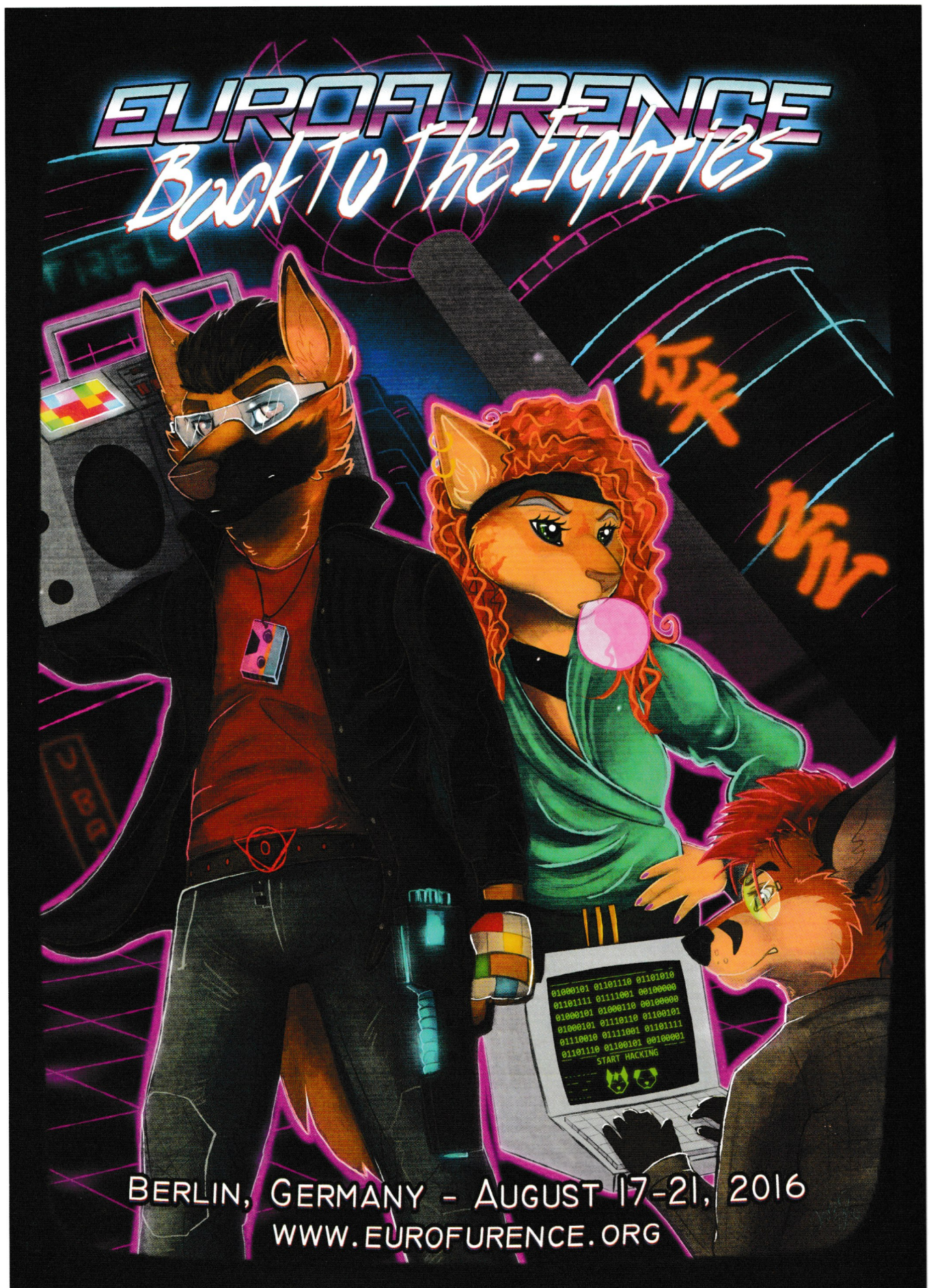
When not handling her duties as Supreme Overlord of Pittsburgh, Sage can be found down in the Strip District studying data and making plans to visit Arizona because reasons. If you have a question about fur-meets in the Pittsburgh area, she's definitely the panda to ask.

Salem Wolf

Programming

Now here I am again, once more finding myself as a staff member for Anthrocon 2016 and this year's theme "Roaring Twenty". Now I really tried my best in Programming for the Fursuit Games last year, but for some reason they still want me back..."I just don't know what went wrong!" I blame this on the Great White Sharky for getting me into





this "rabbit hole" that's called Anthrocon..."Gobble Gobble, One of Us!"

Sandy Schreiber

Security

Sandy does double-duty at Anthrocon each year. She works as a Dorsai doing Security duty before the con opens officially, and then works as a dealer/artist in the Dealer's Den the rest of the time. Sandy has also been illustrating the 'Golden Ticket' Elevator Pass, which the Dorsai donate each year for the Charity Auction.

Sgt. Steve

Security

Contrary to his own claims, Steve Simmons is not older than dirt. On the other hand, he does have a few cans of it that are amazingly past their "Use By" date - and for dirt, that's sayin' something. With proper inducement, he can sing you songs about things that happened 3,000 years ago. Or 3,000 years from now, as well. With enough perspective, it's all the same.

Shadow Wolf

Artist's Alley/Con Store

Department Head

They told I could be whatever I wanted, so I became a 7-foot-tall dog person.

Sharky

Programming

I joined the warm furry waters of Anthrocon way back in 2001. An avid fursuiter, I constructed the Sharky suit the following year and have used it each year. Over the years I have been involved in fursuit construction panels, Masquerades, Fursuit Programming Staff (cohost) and now the track lead. My love of the fandom and this con in particular keeps me coming back for more.

ShiroTora, aka James Eden

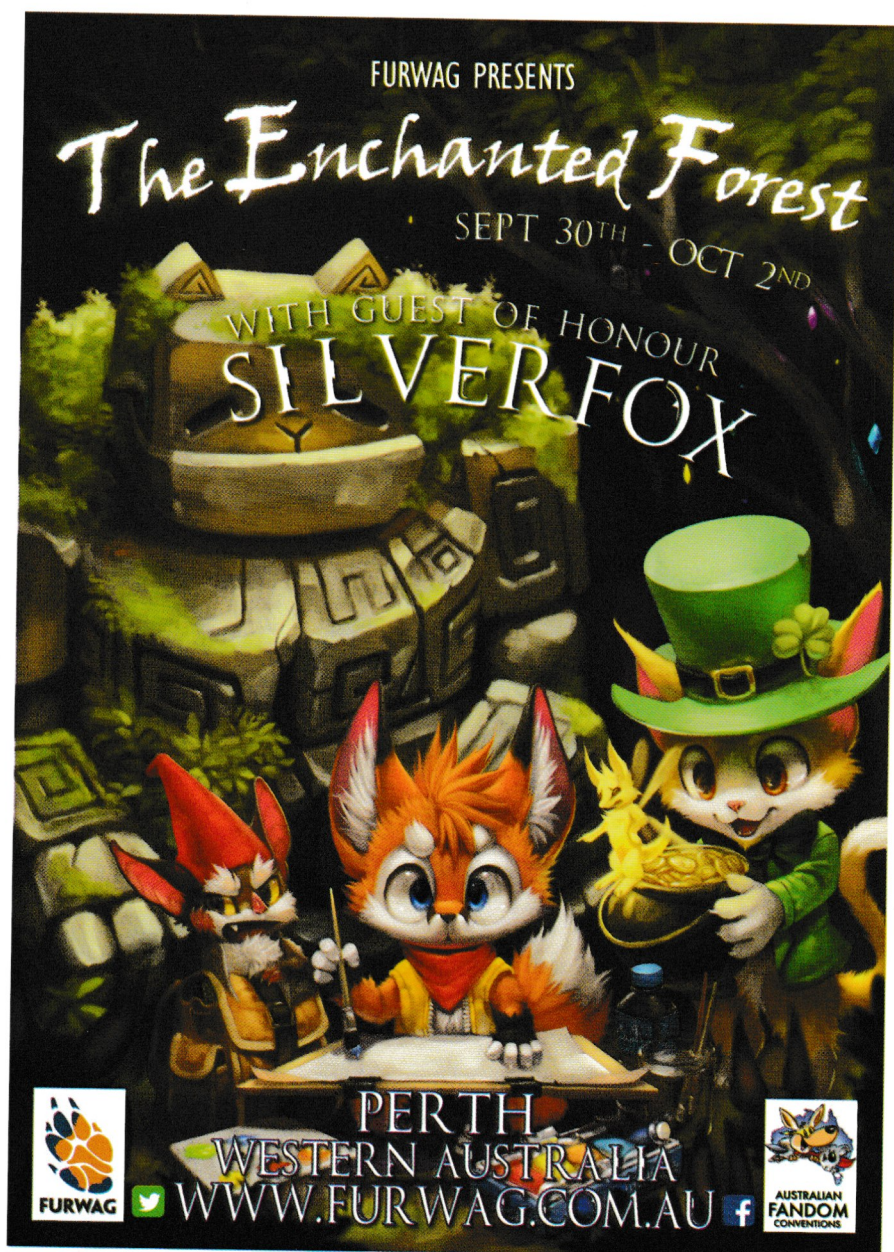
Art Show

ShiroTora is an unusually tall white tiger cleverly disguised as an unusually tall human. He dabbles in graphic art, sculpting, painting, voice acting and button making, though hasn't figured out to make his passions pay the bills. Also he's not a gigolo, nor has anyone paid him to eat large quantities of peanut butter cups. He's been to every Anthrocon and has been staff for most of them. His Bio-blurb is exactly 75 words long.

Shy Matsi

Artist's Alley/Con Store

Shy is one of the earliest innovators of the then-new social web form "furries.social" of the Roaring 20s. Shy Matsi is best known as a cashier of the Anthrocon Artist Alley Furrissance, where he can still be found. He famously wrote about the period that "the Fur-





ry was into buying art," which was later paraphrased as "when Furies were into buying art."

SnowQueen TigerClaw

Registration

Assistant Director

I am Snowie, a white Amur tiger who loves the winter. I have been on staff at AC for seven years now. This is my second year as Assistant Director of Registration. Oh yeah! I'm married to the Director of Registration.

Spangler

Security

"Man is least himself when he talks in his own person. Give him a mask, and he will tell you the truth." - Oscar Wilde
I have found the quote true of my friends here...

SteelTheWarrior

Programming

An RPG and tabletop enthusiast born with dice in his paw, this mouse hails from Chicagoland! When he's not building or running the various tabletop systems he's built for his friends to enjoy, this Druid mouse is either furthering his studies to become a Couples Therapist, or keeping his wilderness survival skills sharp out in the wild!

Tane

Audio/Visual

An actual Mexican Gray Wolf! But one who plays with lights and computers. I didn't break it, I swear!

TawnyFluff

Operations

Artist, techie, gamer girl. I started out in Michigan as a nobody with exactly two

friends and a nasty temper. After a thousand miles and ten years of pushing myself relentlessly forward, working to better myself and make my way in the world, I'm a Pittsburgh local with thousands of people I proudly call my family. The furry fandom pulled me out of some dark places, and I'm happy for the chance to give back.

Thea Vancrower

Security

Will work for food

Thorfax

Registration

Combination gamer, procrastinator, and all around crazy person. What's not to like, am I right?

TimeSuppression

Audio/Visual

FreezeFrame couldn't come up with a good enough bio for



me, so instead I wrote this. Oh yeah, I'm Roo'd too.

Tora Fluffy

Operations

Just a tiger from Indiana who drives trucks. I help run conventions in a few states, as well as my own, YAY IndyFurCon! Married to my kitty, Eleete Frostpaw <3

Trianine

Operations; Security

Mischief Manager (Please be nice, I like to have fun too!)

turtyl

Programming

Meanwhile, back on the Space-ship Vulture - The Battletoads Base

Hey 'Toads! The Dark Queen's kidnapped turtyl and Angelica and she's holding them in the Gargantua. Go get 'em, 'Toads! Yeah! Let's get 'em back! I got-a craving for action! Take us to the rumble, coach!

Not so fast Battlejerks! Before you even reach me you'll have to beat Robo-Manus and Big Blag.

Still fancy your chances? Come to me now, if you dare! Haha-hahaha!

Tyrrlin

Dealer's Room

Tyrrlin is one of the Dealer's Room staff, helping to keep things running smoothly. She also co-hosts the Mil-Fur panel, fursuits (look for a flame-crested gryphoness) and has art in the Art Show. She is happily married to Internet Den staffer, Darkclaw.

Uncle Kage

Operations

Board of Directors

The chairman of the convention, and CEO of Anthrocon,

Inc. An idiot.

Valrejn

Audio/Visual

One of many just making your con a brighter, louder, happier place.

Violet Neko

Art Show

Violet is an art-loving cat, who makes her own art and loves to help others display their art. She loves it when art finds its way to a new home to be loved and cherished. She thrives on praise and pets to keep her purry heart happy. She is a good fluffy house cat, and is here to help.

W4rlock - Alex Krumwiede

Security

Artist, animator, big, bald

muscled guy.

Witchiebunny

Dealer's Room

Just a little purple bunny.





ANTHRO

DRESS
COLLARS
& SHIRTS

