

all fur fun

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ALL FUR FUN 2009: *Ancient Greece*

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A Word From Our Chairman

Moorcat

Welcome back for another great All Fur Fun convention! It's been a tough year all around but here we are, pulling together a new con for all of you. I'd like to say "thank you" for your support so we could bring you your con here in Spokane. We have new digs this year, more space, and better accommodations to make your AFF experience more pleasurable, and we will continue to strive towards making AFF a unique convention for you. I am pleased to welcome our special guests this year, Flinters and Wicked Sairah. We have also been asked to host the Ursa Major awards presentation! Please enjoy your convention as much as we do bringing it to you.

All Fur Fun 2009 Guest of Honor: Flinters

Hey folks! It's me! The Mint Meister and pony-turned-roo. It's been a blast this last year in the art world and I've met a lot of people at MFF and FC. I'm looking forward to meeting even more folks at AFF 2009 in Spokane. I hope to be drawing pretty much non-stop, but those times I'm not drawing will be for panels, topics, or perhaps I'll just walk in unannounced in any event and just cause a ruckus. I'm a natural ham and have no sense of shame or even humility.

Here's some short info about me:

I come from a family that has always been creative. I'm a model railroader and auto restoration person. My parents did oil painting and $1/12$ th scale doll house construction. I saw those large houses coming to life before being sold off at this or that show and tried my hand at it, building a railroad station. I liked heavily weathered surfaces and if I wasn't told that it was impossible, then I'd just do it. I don't believe in being limited in the "right materials for the job". While that is helpful, sometimes you can get even better results by doing something unexpected. What works in model railroading can translate to artwork, for example. Some artists may turn their nose up at Crayola pencils, but they can have some good results when used with other materials. I encourage people to just play around with stuff and see what happens. You don't know until you try.

I work at but not *for* Microsoft. I do help desk escalations, meaning when a Microsoft employee breaks their computer, they call their Help Desk. If the Help Desk phone support

can't fix it, they send it to the building technician. If that building technician can't fix it, then I get involved. If I can't fix it, then we douse it in lighter fluid and toss a match because there isn't anyone else above to send the job to. It's been a pretty cool job with a lot of variety. Again, using knowledge and techniques from other areas can help solve problems that are otherwise quite difficult.

I created and ran *Roomies*, my online webcomic for nine years and 1200 strips. I ended the series before it got old. I hope to keep running a few strips now and then to keep things alive, but I'm eager to get my new project *Scavengers* off the ground instead. This new space-based series is done in the tradition of comics like *Albedo* and *Fusion* with inkwashed shading over inked lines. No computer work here except lettering. I really like the old school look it gives without the sterility that I feel that Photoshop gives a lot of pictures.

I draw roos by preference as they just fascinate me. They are nearly morphed by their very nature. Plus they have big thumpy tails and feet.

And yes, I do like mint. A lot. Junior mints by preference. I may be known for loving Altoids, but that's a mistake. I really love the chocolate mint patties from Pearson, York, and Junior Mints.





© J.C.

Aesop

Vixxy Fox

"There are many sides to a story," intoned the story teller beginning his tale. As was his custom when telling stories, he was dressed in his best white sheet, loosely wrapped around his frame. It was conspicuously tied around his middle in a way that would not expose his privates. Indeed, he even wore a male's codpiece which strapped things securely in place, but such undergarments were unpredictable at best. An "accidental" peek was good for a quick laugh from an adult crowd, but his watchers today were mere children so he would be careful. Unlike his audiences in the bawdy houses, these little ones came to actually hear his stories, and for that, he would be the best he could be in the craft of his art. Life would catch up to them eventually, but for now... they were fresh and at least somewhat untarnished by the lusts of life.

"I wish you to pay close attention now! See if you will not agree with me in the

truth of which I speak," he said loudly, raising a finger in the air as if he were a famous orator making a point.

Giving voice to a deep rumbling snarl, he made a sudden movement towards the youngest of them, hands extended as if to grab him. The child's body jumped with fright, and he almost fell over backwards, all to the laughter of the other children.

Pointing at another child, the story teller asked quickly, "What did you just see?"

"You scared him," the boy replied, his smile large.

"Did I scare you as well?"

"Of course not."

The man pointed at a third child. "Did I scare him?"

"Yes," was the reply, "He darned near peed himself." The other children burst out in fresh laughter at this.

"Not that boy," the story teller said, speaking over top of them, "The second boy I asked," and he looked back at that lad, who gave a rather sheepish smile.

"Yes," replied the third, "He jumped too."

"Ah... did he now?" Pointing at the very first child, he asked him, "Did I scare you?"

"No," he replied, and the other children were again besides themselves, some openly jeering at the claim.

When the hilarity subsided, the story teller looked at all of them, giving them a school master's stern look. "Pay attention and learn children. Life's lessons are often hard to come by, and life is a cruel mistress." Looking back at the first child, he said, "Tell them why it was that you were really not afraid."

"Because you told me you were going to jump at me, and that I was to act as if I feared you," he replied loudly in defiance of the opinions of his peers.

The story teller reached quickly to the child's ear and produced a copper coin seemingly from within, which he gave to the boy in payment for his help. There was a low ooh from all the other children present, though the story teller wasn't sure if it was from his magic trick, or his generosity... nor did he care. He had proven his point.

"So you see... different sides of the story relate different things to the listener, or the witness. This one," he said pointing to the second child, "sees and says one thing... and another will see and say something else entirely." He said this pointing to the third for emphasis. "The truth, however, is something altogether different than what either of them perceived."

Turning, he walked back two paces, letting his sheet flow out majestically behind him. Stopping, he performed a parade ground "about face". He looked at each of them in turn and then again at the whole. He was good at his craft and used his entire body to tell his tale. Expansive gestures and different voices were part and parcel of who he was. In this case, he needed but three... a small voice, a very large voice, and then again, the voice of the story teller standing before them.

"Just last week," he began, "I was on my way to Tooleetum just over the far hill from here. It is a modest village, but they sought my services as their official story teller for the week of their harvest festival. As I walked, my mind drifted in thought, and though I strode a very familiar path, I soon had no idea where it was I came to be. I called out...."

Cupping his hands about his mouth he yelled loudly, "Halloo!"

To the children's delight, someone from a near by building called back.

"No," he told them through the laughter, "I did not hear anyone call back. What I did hear, was a low growl." Hunching his shoulders and making claw fingers, he growled. The children became as still as field mice caught out in the open. "And I heard the chittering of a squirrel," he continued, making a chittering noise and hopping about as if he had suddenly become a bushy tailed tree rat.

The same quiet children laughed again, and the story teller was buoyed up as if he were the reciprocant of some strange and heady drug.

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"Crouching down, I made my way ever so quietly up the hill until just my eyes were above its crest as I wished to see without being seen. There, in a tree, was a very plump squirrel. Lying on the ground below him was an equally thin wolf. It was obvious to me that the wolf looked upon the squirrel as his dinner, and the squirrel looked upon the wolf as an annoyance. Certainly he felt quite safe high in the tree; as anyone would in their own home." He looked at them, and then folding his hands behind his back, made to pace slowly in front of them. "I would have left it at that and been about my business... goodness knows I had a long ways yet to walk, but I clearly heard the wolf's voice, and understood every word. 'Friend squirrel,' he said, 'I have not eaten anything in a full week. I swear I can feel my stomach scraping against my very backbone.'"

He stopped and gave them a look of amazement. He was pleased to see all of their faces mirror his own.

"I froze to the spot. Watching the wolf's lips carefully, I determined that I would see

for sure if my ears were playing a falsehood upon the rest of me. As I watched the wolf's lips, I clearly heard the squirrel reply, 'Say what you will, wolf, I shall never leave the safety of my tree... no dinner will you make of me.'"

He turned and pretended to carefully look up and over the crest of the pretend hill behind which he hid. "The squirrel spoke too. In the names of the gods, I prayed that I was not going crazy. In the names of the gods, I also prayed that I was not falling under the influence of those foul things we see not in the night... bad dreams, I thought... bad dreams... but still I listened and watched. I just had to know how this would play out.

"'Sir squirrel,' says the wolf, 'I ask not that you give yourself to me for my dinner... I but ask that you spare some of your nuts that I know you have hidden in your tree. It would take but a few of your acorns to take the edge off of my hunger, and perhaps we could be friends.'

"I nodded my head at this request, though I'm sure I didn't realize it at the time. This was but a pitiful request of a very hungry creature. What harm could a few nuts do... the squirrel had plenty after all, having worked hard to gather them."

The story teller gave all of the children a look, and then said, "And that is exactly what I thought as I saw it happen. I was taken in, just as the squirrel was taken in. The wolf, you see, though he acted the pitiful half starved creature, was using his cunning to trick the squirrel."

The was a soft *ooh* from his audience.

Now, acting as the squirrel, the story teller pretended to toss a nut down from his tree. "'Here is sustenance enough for a squirrel, Mr. Wolf. Eat it now and go away from this place.'"

As the wolf, he looked up and replied, "'Alas, friend squirrel, I am too weak to even move to take your precious nut. I shall most surely die right here below your tree. In a few days you will not be able to live here but for the stink of me.'

"This distressed the squirrel," he explained to the children. "All of his wealth was in this tree, and if he had to leave it all behind because of the smell of death... well... that would have just been too bad.

"'Very well,'" the story teller said in his higher voice, "'I will come down and feed you the nut Mr. Wolf, but when I do you must promise to move yourself away from my tree.'

"'Oh, I will, I absolutely promise I will... but please hurry... things are beginning to fade. I think I see Death reaching out to take me away.'" With this, the man made a terrible gurgling sound as a wolf's last breath might sound.

"The squirrel, being a trusting soul and fearing that the wolf would perish, thus stinking up his home, skittered down the tree. Gathering up the nut, he took it to the wolf. Can you imagine his surprise when the wolf snatched him up and held him tight?

"Now, friend squirrel, you shall make such a nice dinner for me!" the wolf roared.

The children were beside themselves, but the story teller quickly calmed them by holding up a finger to his mouth. "Now... you've seen the story through my eyes and through those of the wolf, but what about the eyes our trusting little squirrel?"

"The wolf ate him!" cried out one of the children, and some of the others mumbled their agreement.

The story teller stood tall and adjusted his robe, taking the time to dust it off with a brush of the hand here and there. "If that were the case," he said as he did this, "There would be no moral to the story. By telling it I would be saying to you; live as you can and die at the hands of your oppressors... there is no hope." He looked at them. "Is that what you want? Is that what you believe?"

*In the loudest voice he
could summon, he
yelled out, 'Do it now!
Give the wolf what he
desperately deserves!'*

"No..." they all cried.

"I thought not." Holding up a finger he told them, "Squirrels are not that quick to give up their lives, nor should anyone be."

Changing his stance to mimic the squirrel, he said in his high voice, "'Mr. Wolf... please don't eat me! If you do not eat me, I will give you all the nuts I have stored, and you will be full for weeks eat-

ing all of them.'

"This gave pause to the wolf's actions. If he ate the squirrel, he would be hungry again in an hour... but if he took all of the squirrel's nuts as a ransom... weeks and weeks without a care in the world...well...."

Changing his voice, making it deeper, he said, "'But if I release you, you will run up your tree and never come down again. I am not a stupid squirrel; I am a wolf. You will have to do better than that.'

"I will have my brethren throw them to you,' squirrel offered. 'Give me but a moment to call for them.'

"Do so and be quick!"

Cupping his hands around his mouth, the story teller called out, "'Squirrels of the forest come hither and gather up all of my nuts. You must throw them to the wolf or I will surely die!'"

"In a very short order, the trees were alive with squirrels of every description... hun-

dreds and hundreds of them just like our glorious Phalanx. All of them held an armful of nuts. When they were close, the squirrel looked at the wolf, and then looked to his comrades. In the loudest voice he could summon, he yelled out, 'Do it now! Give the wolf what he desperately deserves!'

"All of the squirrels began throwing their nuts at the wolf, and he was stung badly. He was overwhelmed by the sheer number of the small creatures, being struck so many times that he dropped his captive and ran for his very life; never to come back to that place again."

"There you are, you snot-nosed little whelp!" yelled an angry voice.

The man who yelled grabbed the child who had initially helped the story teller, yanking him up from his place on the ground. "There's a quarry full of rocks that needs to be moved," he said loudly. "I'll get paid well for your labors, brat."

"Good sir," said the story teller. "Does this child belong to you?"

"He's a slave slipped off, and if you mean to try something funny, I'll see the magistrate comes to know your name."

He began dragging the child away from the group, but the story teller's voice called to him again, and he stopped — not because of a threat, but because of his greed.

"I have a silver coin here to be paid for this child's labor if you would like it."

The two men looked at each other, their eyes briefly meeting. The slaver held out a grubby hand. "Give it to me."

"As you wish," the robed man replied, and expertly threw it like a minute discus, bouncing it off of the fellow's head and drawing blood.

As the fellow reeled, and before he could recover, the story teller picked up a rock, and called to the children, "My fellow squirrels, let us give the wolf what he so deserves!"

With that, stone after stone was hurled at the man until, sustaining many wounds, he ran away in absolute fear.

Walking to the child he had left behind, the story teller bent and picked him up, setting him on his feet.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes."

The story teller offered him his hand to hold, and together they walked back to the other children.

"My fine squirrels," he told them, "You learned your lesson very well this morning. The moral of the story is: 'Stand together against the wolf, and he will always run away.'"

Now then, before our wolf can come back with more of his kind, we should all run back to our trees and hide there until it once again safe."

With that, he shoosed them all away, except for the young boy he had rescued.

"Was that man your father?" he asked.

"No. He was my uncle. My father was a soldier, and killed protecting our country. My mother died when I was born. My uncle told me I could not have been my father's son, and kept me as a slave."

"Do you have any other family?"

"No."

"Well then... perhaps I could be of some assistance. It just so happens that I am in need of a son; if you are interested." He used his white robe to wipe the boy's snotty nose, as he nodded his answer.

"Good... do you have a name?"

"No."

"I shall call you Aesop then." Hearing a shout, he placed a hand upon the boy's shoulder, and directed him away from the place. "We shall visit the local magistrate, and if I cannot formally adopt you, I will keep you all the same... a slave, but not a slave; with a wink and a nod."

"Thank you," the boy told him softly as they walked.

"Think nothing of it," the story teller replied affably. "I am indeed reminded of another time I was watching the animals of the forest. You can learn much by watching them, and if the gods are kind, you can even hear them speak... did you know that? I tell you it is a truth."

By the time the bloodied uncle returned with his friends, the pair was nowhere to be found.

There was, however, a squirrel watching them from his tree... though they never saw him.



© Flinters

AFF 2009 Schedule: Friday, May 15

<i>Time</i>	<i>Convention Events</i>	<i>Panels</i>	<i>Art Show</i>	<i>D. Den</i>	<i>Reg</i>
10am	<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>	
11am	Art Jam in the Zoo		Artist Setup Only	Dealer Setup Only	
12pm	Opening Ceremonies <i>Con Chair and stAFF</i>				
1pm		Suiter Origami <i>MC Geek</i>	Art Show Open	Dealer's Den Open	Reg Open
2pm		Ears and Tail Workshop			
:30	First Time at a Con? <i>Oscy andKiyo</i>	Make a Collar <i>Moorcat</i>			
3pm					
:30					
4pm		Act in Suit			
5pm	Masquerade Sign-up and Practice	Guest of Honor Panel <i>Flinters</i>			
6pm	Guest of Honor and Sponsor	<i>(Closed — Dinner Break)</i>			
7pm	Dinner	Purrctionary <i>Mursa</i>			
:30					
8pm	Dance		<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>	
9pm					
10pm					
11pm					

AFF 2009 Schedule: Saturday, May 16

Time	Convention Events	Panels	Art S.	D. Den	Reg	
7am	(Closed)	Saturday AM Cartoons	(Closed)	(Closed)		
8am						
9am	Masquerade: Extra Practice		Art Show Open	Dealer's Den Open	Reg Open	
10am		Guest of Honor Panel Flinters				
11am		Fursuit Making Panel				
12pm		(Closed – Lunch Break)				
1pm	Purrade (Murrathon)			(Closed)		
2pm		Acrofurtics Omekin		Dealer's Den Open		
:30	Furlympics (Fursuiter Games)					
3pm						
4pm	Ice Cream Social	Ursa Major Awards	(Closed)			
5pm		(Closed)				
6pm	Masquerade Hanzo					
7pm						
:30	Karaoke					
8pm	Yasmine the Purrisan Kitty					
9pm	Dance					
10pm						
11pm						
12am						
1am						

AFF 2009 Schedule: Sunday, May 17

<i>Time</i>	<i>Convention Events</i>	<i>Panel</i>	<i>Art Show</i>	<i>D. Den</i>	<i>Reg</i>
8am	MilFurs Breakfast	<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>	
9am		MilFurs MC/MRSA			
10am	X'n Furs <i>Jari</i>	Transfurs			Reg Open
11am		Psycholofurs <i>Greg</i>			
12pm		Guest of Honor Panel <i>Flinters</i>			
1pm					
2pm	Closing Ceremonies and Feedback Session <i>stAFF</i>				
3pm					
4pm		Dead Dog Party (until whenever...!)			



© Wicked Sairah

All Fur Fun 2008 StAFF Bios

Curio Draco (Samantha)

Paper-Pushing Overlord / Multimedia Artist / Dreamer

Curio is a friendly creature, who comes off a bit quiet and reserved until you get to know her. Then you wish you hadn't! She is the AFF Keeper of Paper and Dealer's Den Mother Hen. She'll help anyone in any way that she can. In her spare time, she prefers artistic endeavors and will often draw, sculpt, or mash together any assortment of art supplies she finds handy just to see what happens. But that's only if you can get her away from her Team Fortress 2 addiction!

Electric Keet (Jessie Tracer)

Convention Book Editor / Designer

For the third year in a row, Jessie has been the one to take the materials provided to her for the conbook and turn them into a finished publication.

Geek3001 (Dennis)

Photography Horse

Leodrake

Forum Moderator / Eternal Volunteer

Moorcat (Sean Ravencraft)

Con Chairman / Really is a Cat

Moorcat is a single 38-year-old multi-talented feline. He recently graduated from Spokane Falls Community College's orthotic prosthetics program, is attending EWU for an fine arts degree. and is a self-employed cat doing fursuit and professional model commissions, as well as custom-designed and reproduction clocks for Out of Time Clocks and Hobbies. He's a lifelong furry and decorated veteran, ready to move ahead with the next AFF!



Flinters

Mursa ArtDragon

We don't know what he does.

Talented variety, master of none. The professional failure dons the signature coat for year three as the con marketing agent. Just gettin' the word out.

Zinnthra (Mark)

Head of Art Show

Zinnthra has been on the AFF staff since the con was conceived, and will probably be there till it dies. A north Idaho native river otter who works full time as an equipment and automobile mechanic, he has been furry since 1998, got a fursuit in 2006 and is now hopelessly addicted to fursuiting. Other hobbies include restoring classic and late model cars (seven of them and counting), hot rodding, motorcycle riding (1300 VTX), fishing, hiking, swimming, camping, hunting, boating, reading, and a variety of video, tabletop, and board games. He's currently doing a full remodel on his house while living at his parents' house and working in another state. He'd also like to complete his SCUBA training. This otter has way too many fish to fry and far too small a skillet to do it with! He's also very quiet, shy, straight, single and available.



© Flinters



© 2009 Diana Vick

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© Flinters



GRRR...



I ALWAYS KNEW
YOU WERE
"ARMLESS",
FERN

© Flinters



© Samantha / Curio Draco

All Fur Fun 2008 Policies

General

The staff of All Fur Fun would like you to enjoy your time at the convention, and thus has instituted the following policies to promote a safe and fun environment for all. Please read these policies thoroughly; you will be expected to know and understand them when you enter the convention space. Thank you.

Please be prepared to show your badge any time you need access to convention space or events; it identifies you as a fully-paid attendee of the convention. Most of the convention space is oriented toward general audiences (PG-13 or less). We will clearly mark the areas and events where the content may exceed this rating. At registration, we will check your birth date and ID, and minors (under 18 years of age) will have their badges marked. Specially-marked badge holders will not be allowed into the adult areas of the convention, and will not be allowed to view or purchase adult-rated materials.

All Fur Fun, like many other anthropomorphic conventions, wants to maintain a professional image in the public eye, and we take pride in our appearance and want you to as well, while still having fun. Please consider how your actions reflect on the convention and the community as a whole. If the convention becomes aware of any illegal activities either in convention space or in private hotel rooms, we will be forced to inform the proper authorities.

Please keep in mind that there are likely to be other guests staying at the hotel who are not in any way affiliated with this convention. Please be respectful of their space and privacy, and be aware that what may seem like acceptable behavior to you may not necessarily be acceptable to others. If you choose to interact with non-convention guests, please do so in a manner that does not offend them. We encourage you to impress people with how much fun and enthusiasm you have for our fandom.

Safety and security matters are handled by our security staff. We will do our best to ensure a safe and secure environment, while at the same time staying out of the way of people having fun. Security may ask you to stop an activity or move it to a private room; please comply with all such requests promptly. Repeat offenders may be required to return their badges and leave the convention premises, and will *not* receive a refund. If you feel that a member of convention staff has made an unfair request or has not dealt with you in

Please read these policies thoroughly; you will be expected to know and understand them when you enter the convention space.

a fair manner, you may bring this to the attention of the convention Chair after the convention.

Costumes, Clothing and Behavior

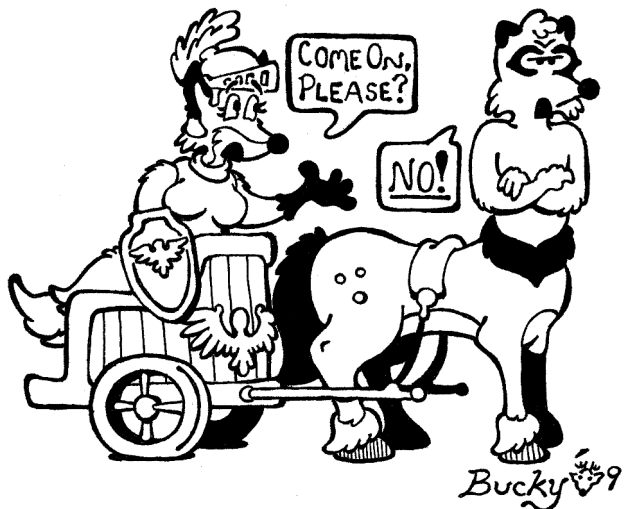
Please use common sense in public areas. If you have to ask or think twice about doing it in public, you probably shouldn't. For example, kissing, hugging and holding hands, regardless of sexual orientation, are fine. Nudity, groping, and sexual activity, regardless of orientation, are not. While collars and leashes may be worn discreetly, blatant displays of bondage or BDSM may result in you being asked to leave the convention space. We ask you to always wear at least a shirt, shorts and shoes in public areas of the hotel.

If you are wearing or plan to wear body paint, you should keep a shirt handy at all times in case you need to pass through the lobby or other areas frequented by other guests. Additionally, if you are wearing body paint of any kind, please refrain from sitting on hotel furniture. Similarly, please do not use the lobby or hotel furniture to apply body paint or heavy makeup - we will provide a lounge for this purpose, or you can use your hotel room.

Public exposure of genitalia, buttocks or (female) breasts is strictly prohibited; a minimum of a non-thong bathing suit must be worn at all times in public areas. "Anatomically correct" costumes and fursuit additions must be likewise clothed.

Harassment

In the spirit of keeping the convention safe and fun for everyone, we take very seriously any attempt to make it less so for anyone. As such, we will not tolerate any harassment, period, regardless of who it is against. *No means No, Stop means Stop, Go Away means Go Away.* If someone refuses to abide by these simple rules, please contact a member of con staff or security.



© Robert "Bucky" Losiniceki

Harassment is any behavior that intentionally annoys or alarms another person. This includes unwanted physical contact, following someone in a public area without a legitimate reason, or threatening physical violence. An offender may lose their badge and the matter may be referred to the proper law enforcement authorities. If you are being harassed, immediately contact security or convention staff. If a con staff member is not available, you may contact the hotel staff, who will be able to contact con security at any time.

Sales

All Fur Fun provides the Dealer's Den and the Art Show for all sales of merchandise and services. Anyone who receives payment for goods or services (such as body painting, massage, etc.) in convention space *must* comply with all posted rules regarding sales. These rules apply at all times while in convention space, regardless of where in the convention space the sale takes place.

Parties, Alcohol and Zero Drug Tolerance

All Fur Fun does not tolerate the serving of alcohol within any AFF convention space, including the open area by the registration desk. Please restrict all alcohol consumption to non-con areas (such as your hotel room).

If you are hosting a private party in your hotel room or outside of the hotel, it is your responsibility as a host to ensure that your party does not disturb others. All Fur Fun is not responsible for private party activities. Also, if you are drunk, we ask that you stay in a private place (your room, a friend's room, etc.) and do not disturb others.

Smoking is prohibited in public areas of the hotel and convention space, pursuant to Washington state law.

There is a Zero Tolerance policy on the use of illegal substances. Anyone found using, selling or giving out an illegal substance as defined by Washington state law will be immediately ejected from the convention, and the matter will be referred to the appropriate authorities.

Weapons and Replicas

As per the requests of hotel security, we cannot allow the open display of weapons except those authorized by law. This includes firearms, blade weapons (peace bonded or not,) and replica weapons (if it looks like a real knife or gun in any way, it should not be

brought to the convention.) These weapons are prohibited even if they are a part of your costume.

Due to the potential for damage to property, water pistols, silly string and other similar devices are also prohibited in public areas of the hotel and convention areas.

Photography and Video

We would like you to remember your experience at All Fur Fun, and as such, we encourage you to take photos or record your own home movies. However, there are a few rules you must observe while doing so:

Photo and video cameras are generally allowed in all publicly accessible convention areas except the Art Show, and where otherwise noted. (Some panels may be restricted, for example.) You may also take photos and video in and of the hotel lobby, your hotel room, and any activities outside the convention, so long as you have the consent of everyone involved.

If you are asked not to take a photo of someone, *don't take the photo*. Photographing someone who does not wish to be photographed may be considered a form of harassment, and will be dealt with as such. Please keep in mind that people wearing fursuits generally don't (or can't) speak, and may make physical gestures or wear a badge or sign that indicates their photography preferences.

Unless you have received written permission from All Fur Fun staff ahead of time, photography and video for purposes of the public press are prohibited. While we would like

the public to know how much fun a furry convention can be, we do not wish to draw unwanted negative attention. The convention may provide its own press liaison at its discretion, and will notify all attendees if and when a member of the media will be present.



If You Have Questions...

During the convention, if you have any policy questions, feel free to ask a member of the staff.



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Sangria

by *Mariah Parker*

In her debut recording, ***Sangria***, **Mariah Parker** explores the exciting sonic terrain that blends the driving rhythmic syncopations of Latin jazz with the entrancing, asymmetrical meters of East India. Drawing inspiration from Brazil, Cuba, Spain, and India, Mariah is accompanied by musicians from the bands Ancient Future, Oregon, Sun Ra, and Herbie Hancock's Headhunters.

Parker kicks off her solo career with a well textured world beat date that finds her multi-instrumentalist abilities and her wide open ears leading the way. First class world beat that really covers the bases. — MIDWEST RECORDS

This collection of eight original instrumentals by Mariah Parker is just one of many examples of the infusion of East Indian music into Western music, but to my ears one of the most successful. — AUDIOPHILE AUDITION



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