

entatonic

"Behold The Hammer of the Lord! As indeed it was foretold in the Book of Pronouncements, the very text with which I began today, "For the hammer of the Lord shall strike, and the justice of the Lord shall be revealed: yea, the law of the Lord shall be made plain.

"Plain, my dear people! Plain to all who transgress, who dare to doubt. Not obscured by intellectual jargon, or euphemisms which turn black to white by degrees, but plain, in plain language, plainly set out for plain men to read. As plain as this house in which we are met, as plain as the sky itself, so is the word of the Lord to be plainly seen where his mighty hammer has struck.

"Here, for instance, in this book which takes its name and style from my text. Here, within these pages, are described in plain detail all the vile perversions by which the Evil One seeks to trap the unwary soul. Here you will find depicted in all their horror the foulest scenes of debauchery and filth that have been common among the heathen unenlightened since the first sinful, wicked man, led by the woman who tempted him, forsook the holy law of the Lord and strayed into the snares of carnality and lust. Here you will read of unbridled music-playing, of men and women singing together in the same room, of sinful words being written to sacred tunes, of the ultimate nadir of wickedness, the very **Filkcon** itself.

"And this catalogue of perfidy, this vile compendium of evil, this almanac of perversions, is on sale at the back of the church, price three hundred caesars the full eight volumes, or thirty-eight per volume. The deluxe edition with gold blocking, calf binding and starter kit is priced very reasonably at five hundred caesars. And may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

Guests: Kathy Mar, Rhodri James.

Rozel Hotel, Weston-super-Mare. 6-7 February 1993.

Info: 3 West Strawberry, Redland, Bristol.

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AND THE DANGEROUS DANCE BEGAN: SHE ALL AFLAME, PEA-GREEN EYES BURNING IN THE FLAMMABLE DARK, BODY A MOMENT OF FROZEN MAGNESIUM FIRE, BACK ARCHED LOW AND EARS FOLDED FLAT AGAINST THE PRIMORDIAL PREDATOR'S HEAD; HE UNCERTAIN STILL, PACING AND STRUTTING WITH THE AIR OF AN ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHING THE PAVANE WHEN HE THINKS NO-ONE'S LOOKING, HEAD GIMBALLING TO FOLLOW HIS FLAMING LOVE; JUST A FAINT UNCANONICAL FLUTTER AT VERY TIP OF WINGTIP, TESTING, TASTING, HIS ELEMENT THE AIR. THUS ON THE WARM AND WAITING SAND THEY TRACE OUT THE ARENA OF THEIR DANCE, THEIR BATTLE.

YET HE IT IS WHO MAKES THE FIRST MOVE. O QUAIN'T AND CHARMING CHRONICLER, CAN YOU HAVE SEEN IN TRUTH THE DANCE THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THE PEA-GREEN HULK, BORDER-GUARDING AMNIOTIC SEA AND APOCALYPTIC LAND, AND THE DISTANT, DOCILE, BONG-SHROUDED HILLSIDE? COULD EIGHT BARE-BONED WORDS HAVE CONTAINED THE TRUTH, THE BEAUTY AND THE TERROR OF IT FOR YOU, THE AWESOME FLAPPING ONRUSH OF GREY FEATHERS AND GOLDEN ORBS MIRRORING THE MOON, THE LITHE CLEVERNESS OF THE WHITE BODY POURING ITSELF INTO DEFENCELESS SPACE, MATCHING WITH TERRESTRIAL CUNNING THE SKYBORNE ARTIFICE OF THE WINGED DEMON? DID SOLEMN TURKEY OR STOLID RINGLESS PIG LOOK ON AND KNOW A FAINT MOMENTARY ECHO OF THE EXULTATION AND LUST OF THESE TWO, NOW AT LAST FREE TO EXPRESS THEIR PRIMAL SELVES?

FOR DOWN UPON HER HE BEATS, CRUEL BEAK FLASHING, AND SHE ROLLS, TWISTS AND EVADES BEAK, TALONS AND THE WHOLE FUSTIAN MASS OF HIM: LEAPING UPON HIM SHE, MATCHING HIS FLIGHT WITH HER OWN WHITE FORCE, SEEKING TO BRING HIM CRASHING TO THE SAND AND ALMOST SHE MAKES IT, BUT HIS CONTROL COMES OF LONG PRACTICE AND HE IS FREE AND CIRCLING BEHIND HER: AND ALL IN SILENCE, UNTIL AT LAST, EACH JUDGING THE MOMENT RIGHT UTTERS A SMALL CRY OF MUTUAL SURRENDER: AND NONE DARE SAY WHO CRIED FIRST, EVEN IF THEY KNOW.

THERE IS A STRICT ETIQUETTE TO BE OBSERVED WHEN OWL AND PUSSYCAT DANCE.

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Far out beyond the Ninth Sector of the Rim, on a planet whose name conveniently escapes your chronicler, amid the storms and squalls that continually beset the western equatorial region, rears the mighty bulk of Mount Hoowakawaka. Impenetrable forests mantle its lower slopes, haunt of wolves, bears and less easily placated entities: above the snowline the trees reluctantly yield to barren rock, hidden for most of the year by deep snow and constant blizzards.

Halfway up (according to the most reliable estimates; no sapient has reached the summit and survived), in a crevice of the north face, nestles the Lost Lamasery of the Frog Faced Priests Of Widge. There the batrachoid clerics daily perform their strange and amusing rites, speaking through megaphones in squeaky voices and waving their quaintly stockinged feet in the air. Beyond the lamasery all paths end, and suggestively shaped snowdrifts are all that remain to indicate the fate of those who dared the upward route.

A little further on, under a majestic promontory, in a small hollow worn by wind and water from the living rock, lies a small, indeterminate, green object. And this is the nub of the whole matter: for studies have conclusively shown that were that small green object to be taken from its natural habitat, placed in a hotel in the south-west of England in the company of illustrious guests from both sides of the Atlantic and subjected to a filk convention co-chaired by a Nyronid and a fish, its brain would almost certainly explode from sheer excess of enjoyment.

The moral, we trust, is clear. You have been warned.

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We, the real Committee in charge of the fifth British filk convention, having held our peace in the face of flagrant acts of disinformation and deception on the part of those who have usurped our authority and ignored our representations, now feel the time has come to set aside discretion and reveal the true state of affairs to the abused and mistreated public.

The fact is that the tasteless farragoes of braggadocio and rodomontade which have been appearing under the guise of advertisements for the above convention do not originate from us, nor do they convey any lota of accurate information about our plans for this convention. Indeed, there can scarcely be one word of truth in even the most accurate of them, and we join with the majority of the filking community in deploring the overactive and jejune imagination which seeks vulgar gratification in inflicting such balderdash upon the honest and all too easily misled reader.

In seeking to reassure all those who must have been thrown into confusion by this juvenile prank that plans for a genuine British filk convention have been laid, by mature, rational and hard-headed people, and are going forward with every chance of success, I know that I speak for my fellow committee members and our large and loyal staff of helpers.

But to solid facts. The event will be taking place over the weekend of the 31st of June, and the committee is currently investigating hotels on Tierra del Fuego: failing that, the convention will be held on the Moon as previously announced. The guests will be Lawrence Talbot, Pope Joan and a small plastic soap-dish: the convention film will be Ken Russell's controversial filcockomania. We hope these disclosures will go some way towards soothing public anxiety, and can only observe that this is the inevitable result of leaving a serious job of work in the hands of a Nyronid.

Emperor Willibald XIV of Ruritania,
Chairman.

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