

PROGRAMME BOOK

DIDGERI-DOUZE

THE RETURN
OF THE BURGER
KING...

MK
N
Y'2K



4-6
FEBRUARY
2000

Introduction

Why Milton Keynes? A question, indeed, that has plagued philosophers for decades (if not many decades as yet) but in our case simply because everybody seemed to think we had a damn good con at this hotel last time!

Why Urban Tapestry? Because we wanted guests who would dive into the life of the con, put effort and enthusiasm into their GoH spots, make lots of friends here and generally fit right in. And who would bring us good music of course, but there's much more to being good guests than that. And pretty much as soon as we met them, we realised that these wonderful people have it in good measure, as indeed have so many of the previous GoHs to these shores. We just hope that like some of those others (there's at least three at this con!), they too will be unable to stay away in future years...

Why Brian Biddle? I'm sure we really don't need to answer that question, but in short because he impressed us as another person who's prepared to put a lot of effort into entertaining his audience. Besides, the Old Ones are always best...

We'd like to thank our guests in retrospective advance (if you seen what I mean!). Also of course our valiant Tech crew who no doubt will be slaving and stressing over cables and hot desks for many an hour to bring us our music. Ditto all the performers, whom we well know have also put in many an hour of work in preparation and rehearsal. And of course all those, acknowledged and not, who have helped us both before and during to bring you this filk convention.

We hope you had a good con. We're sure we will have had fun too, even if it didn't always feel like it at the time! But this is the *fourth* filkcon I've helped run so there must be *some* reason to keep doing it. Mustn't there? :-)

See you at 13...

The Committee

Lissa Allcock - membership, hotel bookings, cow fetish and general organisation.

Philip Allcock - treasurer, Publications and evil ideas

Tim Walker - hotel Liaison and speaker to mythical entities

Annie Walker - webmistress, programme contact and chief worrier

Smitty - publications, obscure biology and Brooce award production.

A Brief History of Brian Biddle – UK Guest of Honour

Many biographies start with "he was born..." but it is difficult to say this of Brian, as he was, in fact, spawned. The proto-Brian crawled, white and mewling from the putrid Shoggoth birthing pit, instantly distinguishing himself from the other evil spawn by making several dreadful puns, and singing a rather melodic ditty or two. This creature was more dire and warped than even the Old Ones had suspected. Brian saw his ambition achieved as his songs replaced the flute playing to which blind, mad Azathoth was writhing in his prison outside of time. However, singing for immeasurably powerful, evil and hideous Gods led naturally to filk, and Brian soon had to resign his sinecure in Azathoth's court, when he started his visitation to earth. (We are assured that Azathoth is currently writhing to Barry Manilow's "Copa Cabana", even though Rafe refuses to believe it...).

During his stay on earth, he has sadly managed to redeem himself in the eyes of mankind by marrying the decidedly non-gibbous Dawn, and spawning his very own proto-shoggoth, Catherine. Both appear to be holding up well under the strain of living with an evil entity from outside of time. However, there are still hopes for his Cthulhoid redemption, as proved at one Halloween Nycon, when he managed to scare several small children by posing in his natural form whilst opening the door. The words "Trick or... AAAAArgh!" were apparently unrehearsed by the children, but nonetheless impressive.

A performance by Brian is many things - funny, involving, well-dressed and sanity-threatening. He writes prize-winning parodies, and presents them brilliantly. We were thrilled that he decided to accept our plea to be our British GoH, so that we can take all the credit for his talent. On the other hand, we are not prepared to accept liability for hospital bills – mental health is your own concern...

Listen, enjoy, gibber.

Urban Tapestry – Overseas GoHs

- A Not-So-Brief and probably Highly Dubious History...

One of aforesaid Phil's more evil ideas was to solicit biographies of UT from their many friends out there on the net. Mind you, with friends like these...

Sherman Dorn Shameless UT groupie writes:

"Debbie Ohi, Allison Durno, and Jodi Krangle were born from an Oreo cookie, a Jelly Belly (TM), and a chocolate egg, respectively, many years ago, and since then they have been haranguing us about food. Seriously, Allison, Jodi, and Debbie lead double-lives, top-secret spies in the day and nightclub singers after sunset. You want to know how this group REALLY started? Seven years ago, Jodi dragged Debbie and Allison from an exploding Canadian castle deep in the woods of Metro Toronto, and in gratitude they have showered her with music and company. It's part of Canadian cultural beliefs (and you thought Canada had no mores!).

They have produced two albums full of ose songs about vampires, food, stars, food, the 'web, food, puppies, food, teenage relationships, and, of course, food. I really don't understand why

Didgeri-12 invited them to be guests, as you will never see them stay late at filks, listening to others: they do their best to retire early and ignore everyone else.

Okay, I'll tell the truth now. Debbie, Jodi, and Allison work very hard at capturing all ears in reach with harmonies and flutework that are the envy of filkdom everywhere. Their songs range from the ridiculous ("The Oreo Song") to the beautiful ("The Lady") to the ridiculously sublime ("Sex and Chocolate"). They like to ask for others to contribute to their music (you can hear the voices of Ookla the Mok singing "a revolution in your fridge" on their CD), and they take kidding with an open heart.

But I only say this 'cuz I'm a guy from the other side of the Pond. Listen for yourself this weekend and dare to tell me I'm wrong. "

Grendel Glotz writes:

"I don't know Debbie very well, but I'm well acquainted with Allison. Very few people know that Allison used to skydive with the Toronto Aeronautics Team back in the eighties. She's very modest about it, but she was one of the best skydivers in Canada back then; her freefall acrobatics were legendary and broke many a heart (we were all languishing after her back then). Our team was called The Frenzied Cross-Stitch (don't ask...it's a long story). After we disbanded, I think Allison missed the old antics because she took up cross-stitching, obviously for sentimental reasons. Sigh, we had such fun back then. And Allison always kept us laughing with her cutting wit...ask her about her infamous Theresa Wentzler joke sometime!"

Christo writes:

"Urban Tapestry Well now, Urban Tapestry are this really WAY COOL band out of Toronto and stuff. No kidding they are SO FAR OUT!!! Lemme tell ya bout em.

Well, like, there's Allison who is this groovy chick with a real hippy vibe. She plays a mean guitar, man, which can have as many as, like, twelve strings on it AT THE SAME TIME which, y'know, gives it that Indian thing. Microtones and stuff. Her songs sometimes make me wanna sit real quiet, light some incense and, y'know, think and stuff...well...not think...well..y'know....like ...GO THERE, man...Oh and she's got this THING about potato chips, y'know like the weird ones...like yak & asparagus flavour and stuff. S'funny how pop stars always have a, like, THING y'know?

Then there's Jodi and boy when she sings, like your flyin, man, I tell no lie. Voice like an angel - she might be one in fact, but I wouldn't know coz I ain't seen one and I heard that mostly they were guys anyway...Jodi aint a guy!..Maybe she's an angle? Like 360 degrees, man cuz her voice takes you there and back, y'know? She can make you laugh, then make you cry....no wait...no first she makes you cry...then...no waitshe makes you....WHATEVER! Oh yeah, she's got a chocolate THING if you know what I mean. She sang and wrote some on my album which was SOOOO COOOL! Such a groovy vibe hangin out in the studio with her- it took me back to the 60's, Monterey and all that, man. Y'had to be there, maybe.

Then there's Debbie who plays flute and whistle like the god Pan himself (- except he was a guy too...or was it a goat? and Debbie ain't either of those. Goats don't eat sushi for a

start....no really.don't try giving it to them ..it's wasted on them, man.) Debbie understands about words and writing and stuff and has a BIG chocolate THING. We tell her "Now just take it one day a time", and stuff like that. She's got this food THING too which, lets face it, is a pretty habit forminglike...habit. These rock stars huh?

A potato chip, an angle and a sushi-eating goat..no that's not it..anyway.put'em together and they make a real HAPPENING, they are soooooo totally NOW ! Out of sight!!! SIMPLY FABOOO! Sometimes when I listen to Urban Tapestry I think of....er.....no.....sorry I forget..."

Lance Looming writes:

"I don't know Debbie very well, but I'm well acquainted with Jodi. Very few people know that Jodi used to be an undercover agent for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (you didn't know the RCMP had undercover agents, did you?). I was on assignment with her once, in one of the seediest bars in Toronto (The Throbbing Goblet), trying to get info from the bartender. Guys kept hitting on Jodi (she has broken many a heart) and she'd fend them off with karate kicks or whacking them over the head with her purse as she kept talking to the bartender; she's SO cool. Sadly, Jodi was eventually let go from the RCMP...apparently one of her assignments resulted in her being captured and brainwashed by The Godiva Cult; she was never the same after that."

Gary Ehrlich writes:

Urban Tapestry, one of Canada's national musical treasures, just completed a successful 1999 that included backing Garnet Rogers on his latest release and performing to a standing ovation at the Winnipeg Folk Festival. 2000 promises to be another exciting year, with the release of "UT Anthology, Volume I", a collection of unreleased and live tracks, including performances with Buffalo rockers Ookla the Mok, and the sensational West Coast trio Puzzlebox. Meanwhile, when not recording or on the road, singer and guitarist Allison Durno chairs a Ministry of Education task force on music in the schools; singer Jodi Krangle hosts the popular Muse's Muse show on CBC, and flautist Debbie Ohi stars in an ad campaign for Toblerone chocolates. The group is looking forward to their first UK tour, which includes stops in Glasgow, Liverpool and Milton Keynes and wraps up with a televised performance from Royal Albert Hall in London, accompanied by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Clif Flynt writes:

Once upon a time a long time ago when the Earth was new and many of us were younger...

1986, I believe it was, (but it might have been 87). Bill Sutton was GoH at OVFF 2 or 3. He and I had discussed doing some schtick together for our concert. This would be fun, and would help us chew up some time in our hour long slot.

At dinner on Saturday we (or at least I) discovered that as GoH he had a full hour concert and I also had a full hour - we weren't sharing an hour.

And I was scheduled first. About 30 minutes from now. I gulped some food, and headed back to the hotel at a mad dash. As I sprinted for my room to see how I could stretch a few

songs, and practice a few others, I saw Mary Ellen Wessels heading the other way, arms linked with the person she was talking with. I strode by in the other direction, deftly linking my arms with hers, spinning her around to be walking the other way with me and disengaging her from the other conversation while I said "Guess what you're doing in a half hour?"

I then told her companion to go to a particular room, and bring me Debbie Ohi, with her flute. She only had about 20 minutes to learn her part.

So, Mew, Debbie and I put together a couple three part pieces in that 20 minutes before the concert.

All credit for that concert coming off well goes to them. I did some schtick, and sang some of my funny stuff, but the harmonies that they added to my pretty (ok, it's my opinion.) songs made them work.

That was Debbie's first Filk Convention, and the first time she was on a filk stage. (Also the day she met Mew.)

Paul Kwinn writes:

Although you might not guess it from looking at them, the members of Urban Tapestry are, in fact, sisters. They were born to an itinerant clown named Irwin Blastoid and his lovely wife, a dwarf mud wrestler going by the stage name of Pinky. Urban Tapestry was 3/4 of the couple's only litter, the 4th child being their now long-estranged brother Neil, who, to the entire family's shame, went off to the States to pursue a career in politics. (Even more to their shame, he later changed his name to Bill, and was, well, entirely successful in his chosen vocation.)

The children were raised in a flat located on top of Toronto's largest tuba school, and yet, somehow, all managed to develop a love for music. Initially, Allison played digeri-doo, Jodi double bass, and Debbie excelled at primal screams. After consideration, they each decided to downsize their instruments and shift them left by one person. This, for the sisters Blastoid, was the turning point. (Neil's musical endeavors revolved around twanging on empty brassieres "borrowed" from his sisters. Any conclusion that this constitutes foreshadowing is strictly the reader's own conception.)

With a great deal of fanfare, the Blastoid Sisters burst onto the Toronto music scene, their mother getting them a guest gig at her mud-wrestling establishment. It...well... it could have gone better, musically speaking. They never actually played a song. Splashed mud led to hard feelings, which in turn led to unscheduled wrestlers joining the fray... The tips, however, were excellent, so mud wrestling became a secondary source of income for all three while waiting for rock stardom to find them.

A name change was next for our intrepid heroines: Industrial Anarchy. This name certainly bespake their headbanging aspirations. And they were very successful, conquering the Toronto metal scene with the swiftness of a Mongol horde. But how long can three gorgeous women live a life of leather, drugs, fame, wealth, and a different menage a' God-knows-how-many each night? Well, as it turns out, the answer is "quite a long time, thank you very much."

Still, after 11 years of playing to sell-out crowds, they finally figured out what was missing in their heavy metal lives: lyrics. They tried to integrate this idea into their act, and, as you might expect, they fell off of the metal scene's map in less time than it takes for a Mountie and a Bobby to agree on gun control.

Fame and money were no longer important to the trio, though. And a good thing, too, since they decided to go into, of all things, filk. (After several months at the Betty Ford Center and Leather Babes Anonymous meetings, of course.) And here, in various suburban hotels, they found a deeper, if less financially enriching, personal satisfaction under a new name: Urban Tapestry. The rest is history, and it's in your convention - RIGHT NOW! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, RUN WHILE YOU CAN!!

Tom Jeffers (Dandelion Wine) writes:

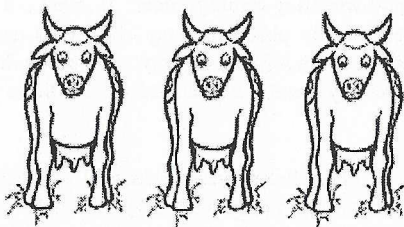
Urban Tapestry is made up of three beautiful, talented, chocoholic young ladies, Debbie, Jodi and Allison from Toronto Canada who's music and stage presence have endeared them to anyone who has heard them perform. They're songwriting and beautiful harmonies are blended with on stage humour (usually provided by Debbie). Over the years I have watched them grow as a group never resting on their laurels and always striving to come up with new exciting ideas. I am truly blessed to count them as my good friends. I have purposely not mentioned any embarrassing things about them in order not to suffer the "Debbie Curse". Go Girls! :-)

Diana Huey writes: Urban Tapestry, a Bouquet Garni

Get back on the rack, Spice Girls! There's a new flavor in town... Meet "Urban Tapestry", three lovely Canadian ladies are this season's singing sensation. Dubbed "The Herb Girls" at last year's stellar FilKONtario, Angelica (Allison Durno), Lavender (Debbie Ohi), and Myrtle (Jodi Krangle) blend their unique musical talents into a simmering potpourri of harmony sure to delight the senses.

They mingle voice, guitar, flute and other spontaneously interesting items into piquant tones. Their props, like colorful foliage, engage your attention and curry your favor like the best East Indian masala. And the songs they write! Lyrics and music infused with tenderness, tangy tones, and zany zip sure to make you crave more.

Take this sage advice: you'll rue the day you didn't make time to relish their amazing performance!



DIDGERI-12 READ ME !

Things Fan Was Meant To Know

In Case of Problems

Talk to the DCM or other committer members. Lissa, Phil, Annie, Tim (especially for any hotel problems) or Smitty. We'll be around...

When to Eat (Hotel)

Breakfast: 0730 – 1000
Lunch As programmed
Dinner 1830 – 2200

Bar Snacks: Anytime bar is open

Where Else to Eat

There are a full range of restaurants in the Theatre District. To get there, go out of the hotel, cross the street, turn left and then right, down the front of the shopping centre. The Theatre District is on the right hand side after the Waitrose. A more detailed map is available – ask the DCM.

The Pool: Free to hotel residents.

Pick Circle (Friday night)

A few statements of the obvious. Performers have the right to refuse or to suggest/request an alternative if they're planning to perform particular songs elsewhere or if they're getting too many requests. Do try to spread the requests around performers, and to suit or change the mood in an appropriate manner. And have fun!

UK Filk Awards 2000

The system will be essentially the same as that used at XIllophone. Initial nominations may be written on a convenient Whiteboard during Friday and Saturday. An initial ballot will then be held, Sunday morning, to reduce those nominated to a shortlist in each category, which will then go to a final ballot Sunday afternoon. Awards will then be presented at the closing ceremony.

Checkout: By 1200.

Taping Policy

Do not annoy performers.

Do not annoy techies.

If they ask you to move or desist – please do.

And be considerate of the rest of the audience, too.

UT Workshop

Urban Tapestry will be running a workshop on performance/arranging on Saturday evening. This is limited to 25 attendees. Sign-up sheet will be at registration or somewhere else obvious!

Filking/Rehearsal Rooms

Except when programmed, the Woburn, Stratford and Winslow rooms should be available for open filks or rehearsals. There is also the second floor landing (above the Woburn) but this is open to the Atrium so please keep noise levels there reasonable.

FRIDAY

19.00	
19.30	Opening Ceremony
20.30	B & B
21.30	Chris Conway
22.30	Talis Kimberley
when ever	Pick Circle
	Open Filking

19.00 Opening Ceremony

The committee say hello and introduce the guests whilst worrying about the million other things they need to be doing right now. Meanwhile, the audience waits patiently for the music to start...

19.30 B & B

We did it once so it's tradition! Paul Bristow and Dan Bennett open another MK filk con with their familiar blend of... - I think description rather spoils it.

20.30 Chris Conway

A newcomer to British filkcons but a veteran performer in his own right, please welcome Cosmic Uncle Chris.

21.30 Talis Kimberley and friends

Some people need no introduction. So shouldn't be surprised not to get one!

22.30 Pick Circle

A more informal variant on the traditional request concert. Rules above...

SATURDAY

10.00	Just Playin' Folk	
11.00	Lawrence Dean	
12.00	Con & Filk Fund Business Meetings	
12.30	Patchwork	
13.30	Lunch	
14.30	UK GoH Brian Biddle First Spawning	
15.30	Main Concert	
18.00	Dinner	
19.00	Panel: Filk on the Net	UT Performance Workshop
20.00	Erica and Phil's Depression Session	
21.00	GoH Urban Tapestry	
22.30		
23.00		
00.00	Phoenix	
	Open Filking	

- 10.00 Just Playin' Folk
Something worth getting up for! Zander Valerie, Magician and Fiddler Rachel.
- 11.00 Lawrence Dean
Last year's UK GoH in another welcome spot of filk and folk.
- 12.00 Business Meetings
Convention and Filk fund business meetings. Bidding for Filkcon 2001. Running cons is really fun and so easy to do. More people should try it...
- 12.30 Patchwork
Minstrel, Neil and the GKs in a hopefully appetising performance... :-)
- 13.30 Lunch
- 14.30 UK GoH Brian Biddle - first spawning
Dare you risk sanity and digestion? Did we say you had any choice, mortals...
- 15.30 Main Concert
This would be the Main Concert, see.
- 18.00 Dinner Time
No explanation needed, Shirley...?
[Phoenix setup in Main Hall]
- 19.00 Panel: Filk on the Net (Stratford)
Now we have all these filk sites, what should we be doing with them? Rafe Culpin chairs the discussions.
- 19.00 UT Performance Workshop (Woburn)
UT pass on some of their hints and tips for performance and arrangement.
- 20.00 Erica and Phil's Depression Session
Abandon hope all ye who enter. Listen on our works ye merry and despair... Erica Neely and Phil Allcock brighten your evening (insurance not included).
- 21.00 Goff: Urban Tapestry
Enjoy.
- 23.00 Phoenix
Going to sleep? I think not! Phoenix are in the building. Poor building... Poor neighbourhood...

SUNDAY

10.00	Urban Tapestry Kiddie Concert	10.00 Urban Tapestry Kiddie Concert For all the children out there, small and not so small...
11.00	Hugh Pierie (Dave Clement)	11.00 Hugh Pierie Yes it's actually a welcome return for another welcome Canadian import, Dave Clement, but we wanted a pseudonym to hide him from UT on the member's list
12.00	Filk Fund Auction	12.00 Filk Fund Auction Roger Robinson leads the pursuit of your remaining funds.
13.00	Lunch	13.00 Lunch Bring your own barbecued wombat.
14.00	UK GoH Brian Biddle Spawning 2 - the Horror continues	14.00 UK GoH Brian Biddle - second spot If we knew what he was doing, we still wouldn't warn you in advance...
15.00	NMC	15.00 N' Early Music Consort Many voices like might work. :-)
16.00	Taking the Mic	16.00 Taking the Mic Harp! Harp! Harp! And other stuff too. Mike, Alison, Rick and Miki take the mic.
17.00	Gripe Session and Overflow Filk Fund Auction	17.00 Gripe Session / Auction Overflow Where did we go wrong? What should next year's concon watch out for. Followed by Filk Fund Auction overflow if needed.
18.00	Closing Ceremony and UK Filk Awards	18.00 Closing Ceremony Thanks and goodbyes all round, and presentation of this year's UK Filk Awards.
18.30	Dinner	
when ever	(teardown) Dead Wombat Filk	Later Dead Wombat Filk G'bye Brooce...

A BIG 'THANK YOU' TO..

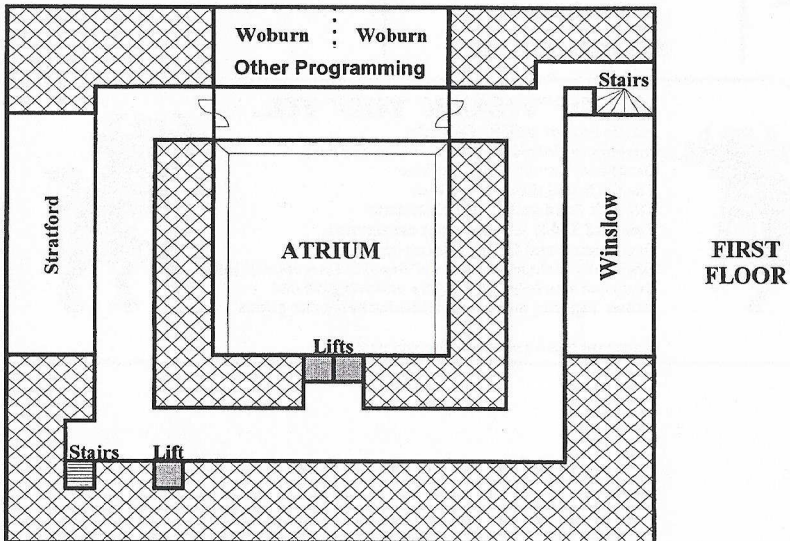
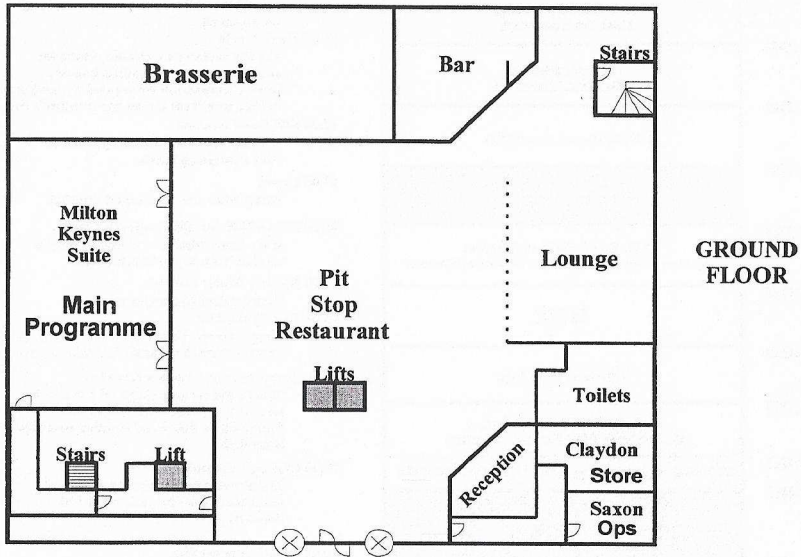


Auntie Sue for making GoH gifts
 Interfilk for introducing us to Urban Tapestry.
 Decadence for the Badge machine
 The GK's and the crew for Tech
 The Filk Fund and all who contribute
 Tom and Teddy for emergency art services
 Dan Bennett and HP for printing services
 Obliter-8 for shameless reuse of ReadMe formats and jokes
 Everyone who helped out before or during the con
 Urban Tapestry and Brian Biddle for being our guests



Hope you had a good con. See you next year.

Posthouse Hotel, Milton Keynes



This diagram is not guaranteed to be to scale, or indeed to necessarily match the exact layout of the hotel in all details. (Especially as we must confess we haven't checked it for changes since we drew it for Obliter-8!) But it should still be enough to at least get you lost in the right area.

IT'S ALWAYS THE QUIET ONES

A Lament by Allison and Jodi

Tune: "TechnoNerdboy" by Debbie Ridpath Ohi

Back in '93 when we first formed UT,
We would sing our pretty ballads filled with flute and harmony,
And we felt good, we knew that this was where we both belonged,
That was until the day that Debbie sent us her first song.

Yikes! We said, whoever thought that we would ever see
Debbie write of psycho elves or cooking cute puppies?
Who knew our silent partner harboured such a twisted mind?
And we found, to our horror, she had more songs of that kind!

Yes, she wrote

Trekkie filksongs (about Jean Luc we'd coo and gush),
Torchy filksongs (the kind to make our parents blush),
No more the quiet waif, Deb's corrupted and no one's safe!

One thing we learned early, Debbie had a thing for food,
She wrote a Jelly Belly song and almost got us sued!
Singing chocolate bars and pizza seem to be a trend,
A dish of Haagen-Daaz ice cream can be her closest friend.

(Jodi)

And I was once so innocent until Deb got inspired
To cast me as a femme fatale, an object of desire,
Now I sing of chocolate sex and jalapeno flames,
My saucy glance for every man, my heart for only James.

Yes, she writes

Luscious filksongs (Mike Browne's truffles, if you please),
Sexy filksongs (we know how -she- burns calories!),
No more the quiet waif, Deb's obsessed and no one's safe!

Oh, things have gotten hairy now that we are Debbie's voice,
Gleeefully, she writes her songs and we have got no choice
But to sing of vengeful jellybeans and Captain Kirk's toupee,
But if we sing of "puke" once more, we swear she's gonna pay!

She writes

Wonky filksongs (she's going to the cottage today...),
Insta-filksongs (yeah, that means more songs on their way)
But now Deb's singing, too, time to write some songs for you!!

What we next need, nyah ha ha,
Is Debbie singing lead, nyah ha ha!

Previous UK Filk Awards

At Con2bile 1990:

Best serious:	Catsblood	Valerie Housden
Best humorous:	Ai Cthulu	Brian Biddle
Best rip off:	The Dead Wizard Sketch	Bill Longley
Best new:	The Old Ones	Zander Nyrond

At Vibraphone 1994:

Best serious:	Boy in a Room	Minstrel
Best humorous:	The Old Ones	Zander Nyrond
Best rip off:	Washing day	Phil Allcock/Anne Whitaker
Best new song:	Falling Down on the Queen	Tom Smith
Best performance:	Chancing Blame	Razing Arizona
All Time Great:	Sam's Song	Zander and Soren Nyrond

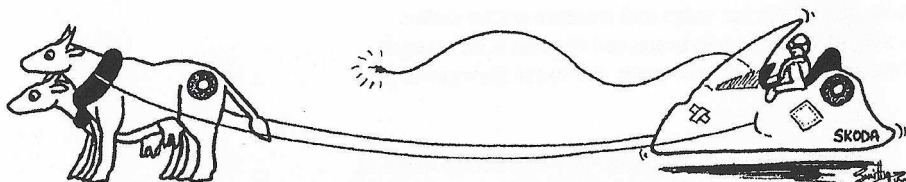
At Decadence 1998

Best serious:	Anna	Phil Allcock
Best humorous:	Suddenly Eeyore	Minstrel
Best rip-off:	Song of the Men	Tom Holt
Best dressed filker:	Brian Biddle (Pilgrim)	
Best new song:	Suddenly Igor	Brian Biddle
Best new filker:	Oliver Thornton	

At Xilophone 1999 – the 'Sams'

Best serious:	Love Song for Friends	Annie and Tim Walker
Best silly:	Eregthei Khukhed	Dan Bennett
All-time award:	Before the Dawn	Mike Whitaker
At-Con award:	The Listener	Lawrence Dean

Since Vibraphone, awards (except for at-con and all-time obviously) have been given with a rolling 4 year eligibility window. Awards at Didgeri-12 will be given in the same categories as at Xilophone, and voting methods are described in the ReadMe.



POD-RACING WAS CONSIDERED A RATHER SEDATE SPORT IN MILTON KEYNES....

The Complete Unnatural History of Brooce

A long long time ago, in a PR far far away, this seemed like a good idea...

(PR1) Brooce – Episode One. The Phantom Moo-nace

Here's a brief introduction to the shy and elusive creature that is our mascot for this convention -- Brooce the Concrete Cow. (pause while puts on best Sir David Attenborough voice)

The Concrete Cow (*Bos portlandius*) is a creature of the English New Town, uniquely adapted to this strange habitat of grass, tarmac, and pedestrian precincts. Roaming the roundabouts of their native Milton Keynes -- a related species in Harlow was driven to extinction by the more flesh-and-blood horses that colonised the roundabouts, although a bronze pig does still lurk in the water gardens there -- the concrete cows are a bright and cheery sight, especially if they've recently been repainted. They rarely roam far and are largely content with their lot amidst the rumble of traffic and construction work, fearing only udder- crumble brought on by acid rain and the occasional over-enthusiastic pigeon.

So what of Brooce? Concrete cows are not generally known for their migratory skills, but one has clearly fled, frightened perhaps by the prospect of asteroid impact (or filksingers). How he left MK is as yet unclear -- several tons of hitch-hiking cement-based ruminant is rather obvious and few drivers are likely to stop for fear of doing Bad Things to their suspension. The most likely explanation is that he stowed away in a railway buffet carriage, pretending to be a week-old BR beef sandwich, one of the few objects of similar weight and solidity.

After a few months in London posing as a statue of Queen Victoria (and discovering just how much he didn't like pigeons) Brooce moved on again and the trail went cold for a while... until reports came in of a strange creature sighted in Sydney, a creature stony-faced and decidedly non-marsupial. Could Brooce have decided to get as far from the asteroid as he could? Could he be seeking relatives in the foundations of the opera house? Could this be the first sighting of Crocodile Aberdeen (Angus)? Watch this space....

(PR2) Brooce - the Saga Continues...

Something odd had arrived in Australia. Yes, odd even by their standards, though understandably it took them a while to notice. Early hints of broken surfboards embedded in the sea floor and a simultaneous outbreak of swimmers being gummied by oddly irritated toothless sharks went largely if surprisingly unnoticed. Well, unnoticed except by the sharks, one presumes, but they weren't talking - or at least only to other lawyers.

Yes, Brooce had arrived. And in a land where men are men and sheep are nervous, a concrete cow can make the wrong impression if he's not very careful. But Brooce sadly fell in with the wrong sort. He knew they were the wrong sort because they refused to pull him out again after he fell in. But he persevered and managed to get a job as a roadie with a rock band. Actually this was a slight misunderstanding as the placement officer had actually said he'd make a good road - but he was happy there nonetheless. And for the first time since home the people around him were more stoned than he was. Which in his case was saying something.

Yet things still just didn't go right for him. Somehow after the music he'd heard that fateful weekend in Milton Keynes, he seemed to have trouble taking certain songs ... seriously. And when they had a karaoke night and made the mistake of asking him to do a few ABBA tracks... Well... Let's just say those weren't the words they're looking for. [Altogether now - "those weren't the words they're looking for." Excellent!]

So there he was; abandoned in the desert; with nothing to eat or drink - fortunately not a major problem for a concrete cow - and nothing to wear or even to shield his head from the harsh rays of the sun, except for the remnants of the guitars they'd broken over it. And even they made him look like a mushroom.

When, over the horizon loomed a bus. Approaching fast in a cloud of dust. It was... green. No - it was purple. No... definitely green. Purple. Green. Purple...

Well whatever colour it was, it was certainly bright! Perhaps they'd let him ride. Maybe they'd accept him. And maybe they'd even lend him something to wear...

(PR3) Brooce – the Criminal Years

It had been a rousing send off. Or send up. Brooce couldn't quite decide which... Having travelled across Australia, been reborn as "Broocilla, Queen of the Desert", and introduced the 'ladies' to several rather unorthodox versions of Abba songs (their version of "Portaloo" had to be seen to be believed), he decided that the time had come for him to moo-ve on.

And so it was that he came to take a fateful step in his career - the step towards criminality. His name would live in infamy (infamy... they've all got it infamy...).

Making his slow, yet definite progress across the ranches of Southern Australia, he encountered herds of non-concrete cows, kept captive for the profit and pleasure of humans. He was shocked, horrified and morally outraged. He decided to strike a blow for freedom. At the dead of night, Brooce sneaked to the electrified fences and wilfully sat on them, allowing his flesh-and-blood cousins to run wild and free - into the next field, and a nice supply of fresh grass. Brooce thought that his midnight freedom attacks would go unnoticed, but he had reckoned without the vigilance of the local police force. They had noticed several tons of freedom-fighting cow, and they were ANNOYED. So the hunt for "Ned Cowlly" was on. The police force hired trackers to follow the villain through the outback (spotting delicate, specialised tracking signs such as flattened kangaroos, traumatised koalas and the occasional discarded didgeridoo) until they cornered our solid hero in his outback hideaway.

How would he escape? Armed only with an out-of-tune 12-string, a songbook of decidedly dodgy rip-offs and an old galvanised bucket, he would need to be cunning, daring and .. well... bullet-proof really. Being made from cement helped tremendously with the last point, but it would be a close-run thing... Where would he go? What would he do?"

Brooce – the Final Chapter

Brooce had escaped. Not that this was surprising – after all when one side has pistols., shotguns, tear gas and water cannon, and the other has *Banned from Argo* and isn't afraid to use it, then only one result is likely. Fortunately for Brooce's conscience it's not actually possible for people to die of exposure to gravely voices and ready-mixed lyrics, but several local police forces were bankrupted by the cost of psychiatric treatment for the unfortunate officers involved. And a passing wombat, but that's another story.

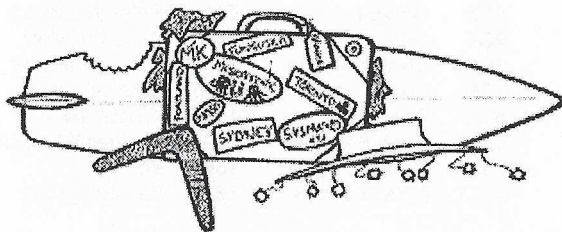
But alas Australia was now no longer the place for him. His bucket-clad head adorned more Wanted posters than Rolf Harris (which is saying something) and he was in serious danger of being asked to advertise Australian lager. Fortunately, his daring exploits had won him a widespread following amongst the natives, and cunningly disguised as an Aboriginal Sculpture he had himself shipped back to Britain as part of a cultural exchange. He'd hoped for Canada but had been unable to find anyone there whose knowledge of culture went beyond natural yoghurt, so Britain it had to be!

And so Brooce returned to his native shores, with little to show for his travels but a rather splendid didgeridoo, a few bullet marks, a far more interestingly filled suitcase and a rabid fear of koalas, but again that's another story. Yet still stardom beckoned, a dream of floodlights and adoring fans that no staid museum could ever match. And so, one night, he disappeared, leaving nothing but a didgeridoo arrangement of Stairway to Heaven and a bucket with two holes in it (old habits die hard).

Of course he hadn't intended to go back to Milton Keynes. Who would after all? But as fate would have it one day he met Lissa and so acquired a membership to the filkcon (as we all know, it's impossible to meet Lissa and not buy a membership...). Besides he'd heard they had blue circles there and so he thought he'd fit right in.

And so after many travels and adventures he was again home. Yet even a concrete cow must eat. Well, actually he didn't, but he still had bills to pay (council tax, for starters). And after a brief career attempting to sell Canadian Yoghurt, he found himself where we see him today. Bored. Stoned. And a little chipped in plaices. Yet the filkcon was coming - and a cow can dream. Can't he?

"Brooce has left the building..."



Moombership

Alasdair	59A	Freddy Filk Frog	113A	Rick	48A
Alison	64A	Ben Fromago	52A	Rika the Bardling	38A
Lissa Allcock	5C	Alan Frost	94A	Roger Robinson	16A
Philip Allcock	6C	Gwen Funnell	30A	Tony Rogers	19A
Andy	78A	Martin GK	79A	Rowan	96A
Anke	25A	Clare Goodall	125A	Rufus	73A
Auntie Sue	67A	Juergen Hahn	26A	Ruth	114A
Christopher Paul Banks	139V	Niall Hedderley	126A	Annabelle Sampson	118A
Andrew Barton	68A	Heike	40A	Sara	81A
Bear	61A	Hilary Ann	91A	Kirstin	17A
Chris Bell	27A	Hitch	116A	Paul Smith	132V
Dan Bennett	80A	Stella Housden	136V	Smitty	9C
Michael Bernardi	51A	Vic Housden	137V	Snowdrop	122A
Brian Biddle	1G	Rhodri James	43A	Kate Soley-Barton	69A
Catherine Biddle	11A	Janet	76A	Spencer	133V
Susan	22A	Jared	129A	Kathy Sterry	41A
Roger Burton West	87S	Jenny	37A	Steve	121A
Alan Cash	85A	Godfrey Joseph	92A	Barbara Stewart	49A
Janet Cash	86A	Joy	45A	John Stewart	50A
Neil Chambers	66A	Katy	29A	Marcus Streets	102A
Chris	117A	Keris	34A	Rae	101A
Christine	111A	Corwin Kimberley	14A	~	103A
Christo	107A	Clueless	82A	Bill Sutton	123V
Colin	28A	Jodi Krangle	4G	Brenda Sutton	124V
Carol Cooper	93A	David Laight	105A	Tajo	112A
Countess Axyllides	72A	Laura	115A	Talis	12A
Rafe Culpin	65A	Maeve	74A	Teddy	21A
Steve Davies	33A	The Magician	23A	Thomas	39A
Giulia de Cesare	32A	Marion	84A	Peter Tyers	77A
Caitlin Dean	58A	Robert Maughan	75A	Valerie	46A
Lawrence Dean	56A	Jennifer	141A	Vera Emlyn	108A
DJ	53A	Melusine	89A	Volker	18A
Donna	90A	Miki	47A	Anne Walker	7C
Dreamer	127V	Minstrel	44A	Tim Walker	8C
Allison Durno	3G	Molly	110A	Peter Wareham	31A
Martin Easterbrook	140A	Erica Neely	119V	Wee Talis	135V
Sue Edwards	42A	Nicky	57A	Karen Westhead	97A
Peter Ellis	138V	Nigel	54A	Kathy Westhead	98A
Dawn Everett Biddle	10A	Debbie Ohi	2G	Mike Westhead	99A
✱	13A	Omega	95A	Peter Westhead	100A
FanTom	20A	Oriole	24A	Anne Whitaker	35A
The Fiddler	106A	Claire Parsons	55A	James Whitaker	130A
Colin Fine	104A	Paul B =:o}	70A	Mike Whitaker	36A
Brian Flatt	62A	David Peek	131A	Winterpaw	128V
Folo	120V	Hugh Peerey	83A	Thomas Womack	88A
Fox	15S	Persis	134V	YooH	60A
Franklin	109A	Mike Richards	63A	Zander Nyron	71A

G = Guest, C = Committee, A = Attending, S = Supporting, V = Virtual



Harry Bullsdens

MENU

FISH

	SM	LGE
COD	1.20/2.00	
HADDICK	1.40/2.20	
PLAID	1.10/2.00	
GOOSE	2.10/4.50	

FISH CAKES	0.75
FINGERS	0.40
MPI (x10)	2.00

KEBAB'S

	SM	LGE
DONER	1.20/1.50	
SHEESH!	1.60/2.00	
WOW!	1.80/2.20	
WOMBAT	2.00/3.00	
CHICKEN	1.70/1.90	
KOFTA	1.50/1.80	

PIES

CHICKEN/MU	
BEEF/ONION	
CHICKEN	1.20

SM LGE

CHIPS	0.30/1.00/1.20
CRISPY AROMATIC DUCK BILLET	
PICKLED EGGS	0.20
ONIONS	0.15
PUPPIES (IN BRINE)	0.90
TOASTED CTULHU TENTACLES	

SPECIAL
FRIED PHOENIX
2.50

KEBAB-O-MAT



CAUTION
HOT



PIKKA

