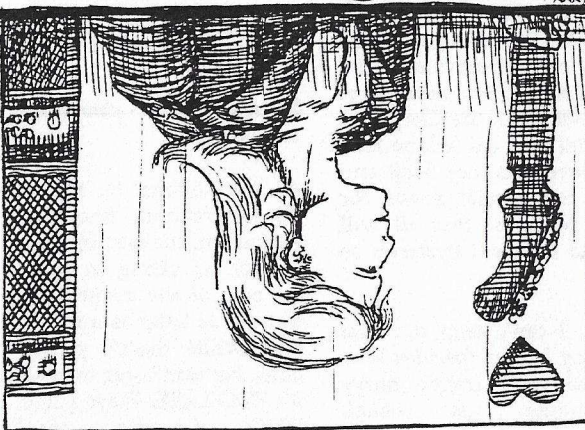


King



Chapter III

Brother Michael pondered thoughtfully, leaning on a rake in his small herb garden. Something was nagging at the back of his mind, a memory from the time before he entered the service of the Church. A gathering, and a young lady, missing a set of keys...

Chairmaniacal Bit the Last

Welcome, finally, to Transept, a cozy little convention near the heart of Cambridge whose reputation for quietude and comfort (read: low advertising budget) is about to be shattered by the arrival of a few score filkers. The Dean and Chapter of the Royal Cambridge Hotel invite all attendees to worship throughout the weekend, at the regular services in the Choir and (K)Nave, and in ceremonies of their own devising in the Chapel. A number of special services will be lead by the Right Irreverents Joey Shoji and Philip Allcock, our special guests for this weekend. We trust that all will break down into hopeless hysterics as usual.

Enough of this, I can't keep the fake churchery up any longer (besides, this is getting typed in a frantic hurry during lunchtime, as usual. Fortunately I have an office all to myself....). This is supposed to be the bit where the chairman wobbles on for ages about how wonderful the convention is, how nice the hotel is, and all that stuff. Can we take that as

read? After all, by the time most of you get round to reading this, the convention will be over, you'll have seen what it was like, how the hotel held up and that the Guests of Honour were more fun than you can normally have in that big a group.

What I really want to do now is to thank all those people without whose efforts this convention could never have happened. Thank you then to Minstrel, who talked me into it the rotten swine; to Sue, Mike and Anne, who picked up the pieces and decided that it could be done; to Gytha and Ninja for their advice and administration; to Roger for laundering; and to all of you for coming and making an idea into a convention.

What are you doing still reading this? Enjoy yourselves!

Rhodri

The Committee

Rhodri James - chairthing, speaker to hotels, etc

As is traditional for the chairman of a filk convention, Rhodri has been a) worked off his feet, b) largely to blame, and c) off skiing in January, leaving the rest of the committee to hold the fort. This latter is a mixed blessing in that, while there's plenty of fort to hold, he won't get to read this before it's TOO LATE! Plays guitar, piano, and SINGS - if everyone sang like Rhodri, the PA crew would be redundant.

Mike Whitaker - membership, publications, panic

Chairman of Contabile, FGoH at

Con2bile. Wise enough to stay out of the way up until now - barring the monumental lapse of teaching our UK guest of honour to play guitar, and providing him with the raw material for far too many parodies. Lost two stone since he started helping run Transept. Really only has himself to blame for all the above. Plays guitars, occasionally keyboards, occasionally bass, more guitars, sings, yet more guitars...

Sue Edwards - minutes, programme, sweet reason

Quiet. Inoffensive. Altogether too nice to run a filkcon. Still manages to arouse committee guilt with neatly presented minutes with lists of action points and names, personalised with the yellow highlight pen from hell. Filk groupie [ow! Leggo!].

Anne Whitaker - money, money, money

Ran Con2bile - or at least, the hotel thought she did. Handles the con funds the way she handles Mike's diet. "No, you can't have any more!" Manages, somehow to cope with feeding the entire committee while simultaneously being an on-call vet, and looking after two kittens. Sings (top B-flats in "Brighton Rhapsody"), plays assorted wind instruments, bass and guitar (yes, really).

Joey Shoji

Music

When I was growing up I enjoyed music of all sorts. My dad was fond of big band and popular music, and my

mom played violin in her youth. The first 45's I recall my dad bringing home was the Osmond Brothers' "One Bad Apple" and the Beatles' "Let it Be." I sang in choirs and smaller groups while in school. A project I worked on was using two cassette tape recorders to primitively tape all four voices of a few barbershop quartet songs - tedious, but fun.

Science Fiction

I loved to read. Still do. Science fiction, fantasy, horror. Other stuff, too, but the fantastic was my favorite. There were movies and television, of course, and my mother and grandmother were partial to the stranger shows, so I got to watch, too. One of my best memories of going to the drive-in was when the family went to see a double feature of "Fantastic Voyage" and "Planet of the Apes." Naturally, "Star Trek" fit in perfectly and I was allowed to stay up late when the episodes ran originally, and shushed my family as I audio-taped the reruns as we ate dinner together.

Filk

While I knew vaguely of fandom's existence, I was not aware of any mix of music and science fiction aside from soundtracks. The members of my barbershop "double quartet" were very patient as another singer and I made us all sing, "You're the starship of my heart, sweet Enterprise." The rest of those lyrics are lost somewhere in time, but I'll never forget thinking, "Why aren't there other songs like that?"

Not long after, I started going to conventions and discovered this thing

called "filk." The first filksing I attended included folks such as Cynthia McQuillin and Jordin Kare, and I even got to share a songbook (actually a stck of photocopies of lyrics) with Bjo Trimble! It was too much fun and I got sucked in!

Back then the only recording I remember was the lp, "Solar Sailors," by the Dehorn Crew, aka Leslie Fish and friends. Now all sorts of tapes, cd's and other merchandise are available. Filk has become part of regular con programming in most places. There are even filk cons! And you know what? Filk is STILL FUN

Discography

We asked Joey what he's actually performed on: we got this in reply!

"Here's the discography, sort of up-to-date. As you can tell, most of these are tapes from cons. Let me know if you have questions . . .

"Live recordings are noted with *; all others are studio recordings, except ** which was recorded live and had background vocals added later in-studio.

Lead vocals (at least one song/album):

Bigger on the Inside (Wail Songs), 1994*
 Mists of Memory (Wail Songs), 1994*
 Harlequinade (Wail Songs), 1989 *
 Auditory ConFusion (Wail Songs), 1988 *
 The Black Unicorn(DAG Productions), 1987 *
 Star Trek Comedy: The Unofficial Album (Vince Emery Productions), 1986 **
 Challenger Memorial (Off Centaur

Publications) 1986 *

Center Stage (Off Centaur), 1986

*

Time Winds Tavern (Off Centaur), 1985

Finity's End (Off Centaur), 1985

The Joy of Singing (Wail Songs), 1985 *

Dreams and Nightmares (Wail Songs), 1985 *

Mister Author (Wail Songs), 1985 *

*

Murder, Mystery, and Mayhem (Off Centaur), 1985

A Little Rat Music (Off Centaur), 1984 *

Best of Bayfilk II(Off Centaur), 1984 *

Background vocals (at least one song/album):

Woad Warrior (Dandelion Digital), 1993*

A Wolfrider's Reflections (Warp Graphics, Inc.), 1992

(remixed version of OCP ?84)

For All My Closest Friends (Wail Songs), 1989

Plus C'est La Meme Chose (Thor Records), 1989

Through My Eyes (Thor Records), 1989

Manifilk Destiny (Wail Songs), 1987 *

Shadow Spun (Off Centaur), 1986

Chickasaw Mountain (Off Centaur), 1986

Past Due (Off Centaur), 1986

Don't Ask (Off Centaur), 1986

Finity's End (Off Centaur), 1985

Filksing Here Tonight (Wail

Songs), 1985 *
 A Wolfrider's Reflections (Off Centaur), 1984
 Brandywine (Off Centaur), 1984
 On A Bright Wind (Off Centaur), 1984
 Horse-Tamer's Daughter (Off Centaur), 1983
 Songbird (Off Centaur), 1983
 Singer in the Shadow (Off Centaur), 1983
 Minus Ten and Counting (Off Centaur), 1983.

Phillip Allock

I Only Changed a Few of the Words

or how to become Public Enemy No.1
 without trying ...

They say that I am evil. They say "You're gonna die!"

They tell me "We will filk you - kiss your songs goodbye!"

Why me? (You'll have to imagine the innocent expression.) What did I do to deserve this ~~name~~ notoriety that others haven't done before or since? Younger readers may indeed (he says, perhaps optimistically) be given to wonder. I mean why isn't it all Rhodri's fault, say? Many things are after all. Or Minstrel's, or Valerie's or many (or indeed most) others? Like I said - why me? Well, listen closely and I'll tell you. A dark tale, indeed, of being led astray by disreputable companions, of evil doings in the small hours of the morning, of things that go bump in the night (if you drop them), and of the unfortunate things that can happen to your songs if you're not careful...

(Actually that could be a whole new

concept. Disreputable figure slides up to filker after they've performed their new pride and joy. "Nice song, guv. Shame if anything were to 'happen' to it? Dangerous place, filk circles, you know ..." A filk protection racket - racket probably being the appropriate word. Maybe there's a song in that ...)

Anyway. Using a method of time travel of your choice (preferably not the Phoenix force, Smitty - you know what happened last time), let us journey back to the innocent days of 1985 and Camcon in Cambridge. As the Saturday evening of that con drew nigh, I asked one Colin Fine (fortunately there is only one) "What's this 'filk' thing on the programme tonight?" (Yes for some strange reason they actually had it on the programme; "He promised to buy me a well run convention/where filksinging gets all its proper attention/and gets in the program - at least a small mention - and other delights that are rare"). He said it's a combination of folk, filth and filch. Sounds interesting I thought, along I went and the rest is history. So there you have it - it's all Colin's fault.

Memories of that evening are, perhaps mercifully, vague. I remember singing Flanders and Swann songs; Hugh and the goats; a scantily dressed barbarian and her accompanist (at their first filk too!) proclaiming the lack of rhymes for Richard; oh, and this strange, loud, deep voiced woman who seemed to know more songs than everyone else put together.

And so it went for a couple of years, frantically searching the few songbooks that had been imported from filkland USA for tunes that one recognised with lyrics one could scan (usually only disproved the hard way,

alias), or bits of F & S, or Tom Lehrer. Oh and the odd Viking song too, but then most of them are after all. Then came the day when a certain Follycon committee member (who moose remain nameless to protect the guilty) was perhaps a tad enthusiastic in her attempts to get me to join, there and then. One minor mutilation of "Hey Jude" later and I was on the slippery slope. More Beatles songs, folk songs, other pop songs, nothing was safe (well, except for the goats of course) - but then this was filk and people were supposed to do this sort of thing, weren't they?

Then came Follycon and the UK filk explosion. It had been building slowly, and was probably given the critical boost by Conspiracy (pun intended, all you Smilks!) and the visiting US filkers. Some of them even had guitars which was a real novelty. (Historical note - in these days of rock bands, 12-strings and Mike "which of your guitars do you want for this track?" Whitaker, this may seem strange but I believe there was only one guitar at the 87 Eastercon, total. Maybe two at most.) Anyway, in Liverpool my recording Walkman encountered Mike's "Before the Dawn" trilogy (yes this was that far back!) and things were never the same again...

"Only the Idiots" came first. I remembered seeing the committee on the morning after the con, completely knackered and wondering why they'd done it. Then, while I was listening to the original, some of the words started to - well - change just that little bit. Just the odd word here and there, you know. I mean - I left some of them alone didn't I? "Before the Yawn" followed shortly - that was inspired if I remember aright by a somewhat

zombied out Steve Davies, enjoying his late night DCM shift. Then - well, once I'd done two I was, for want of a safer phrase, over half way there and 'Disk' sort of rounded off the set.

As fate would have it, I stayed at Mike's shortly thereafter... I sang while he played. Once he had decided not to kill me there and then (we all make mistakes), he made that rash statement about "you can filk my songs when you can play them". And then sat down to teach me the chords and finger patterns! (Complete the following well known phrase or saying - "A — and his songs soon are parted"). Oh, and then he wrote "Bye bye", the first (of one or two) songs threatening death, dismemberment or some other unpleasant form of revenge on my poor self!

And that was pretty much it. Accompanied songs were rare, accompanied original serious songs were all but unknown, far less in sets of three. And someone (who, me?) filked the lot before the next con. Oh I suppose I've borrowed the occasional tune since then (when do you want it back, Chris?) but I think it was that initial trio (and all the resulting fallout and escalation, known as the Filk Wars) that did the damage.

Still I've learned my lesson, and promise faithfully never ever ever to do it again. Mike - how do the chords to "Wildflower" go ...? [Work 'em out for yourself - Mike.]

Copper for a filker, sir or madam. Copper for a pun to make you reel.

Silver for a pastiche - not too nasty. Gold for an outright steal.

Restaurant Guide

So, who do we get to do the food guide? The vegetarian and the person on a diet. Obvious when you think about it.

Sweeny Todd's: by/on the millpond, so mind you don't fall in the river on the way back. Fun, lots of pizzas, ribs, salads (the salads are huge) etc. Desserts are excessive, including the Rupture Raptures for n with m spoons.

Sala Thong: Next door to Sweeney's - well sort of round the corner a bit. Small friendly Thai place, Interesting and good, and a little different.

Browns: Trumpington Street. Not sure what you'd call the food - English/French maybe? - Good, tends to be busy on Saturdays.

Fitzbillies: Trumpington Street. Very good food. Upstairs restaurant - more than just a café for the infamous cake shop. It was quiet when Sue went, but it wa a wet & horrible January evening, so it could get busy, and there's only room for about 20 people max. Varied list of things to eat.

Old Orleans: Mill Lane, down by the river. Harder to fall in than Sweeneys. Allcock-friendly restaurant - a bit of a waste if you're a vegetarian - ribs, burgers, meat, more meat. Seems to have gone a little downhill in terms of standard of service in the past few years, although rumour has it things are improving again.

Kings Pantry: King's Parade - vegetarian/vegan only, very good, must go there again sometime. Another one in a basement

Spread Eagle: Lensfield Road. Good pub food, real ale and only just over the road.

Lan Hong House: Regent Street. Cheap & cheerful Chinese takeaway (although where you'd take it to I don't know)

Chato Singapore: Regent Street. Good, if possibly somewhat expensive, Chinese.

Caffe Piazza: Regent St. Good fun, pizzas etc. a bit more interesting than the standard chains, reasonable prices etc.

Hobbs Pavilion: Parker's Piece. Very good, lots of savoury & sweet pancakes, friendly, different.

Charlie Chan: Regent Street. Place to go if you want a more formal Chinese meal and someone else is paying for it! Probably a bit over the top for at a convention when you want to get back afterwards.

For the desperate, there's various all-night (or close to it) takeaways on Mill Road, and a **Burger King**, two **Pizza Huts**, a **Pizzaland** and a **Pizza Express** on Regent Street.

Waffles, sad to say, is no more. It has ceased to be...

Intersection

A brief (very) update on the status of filk at Intersection.

Mike Whitaker is now heading the Filk sub-committee, aided and abetted

by Lissa Allcock, Chris Croughton, Smitty and Tom Nanson, with a touch of sanity provided by Lissa's mum.

The programme seems to be developing a vaguely radio theme, with items titled "These You Have Filked" (cue Kane!) and "A Filk at Bedtime", and probably two main concerts on Friday and Sunday. It's still not too late to toss us suggestions for the programme - just catch a committee member at Transept, or email filk95@keris.demon.co.uk

Membership List

(as at 30th January 1995)

Lissa	Allcock	40A	Hitch		51A
Philip	Allcock	2G	Juliane	Honisch	49A
Andy		55A	Valerie	Housden	19A
M.	Baird	31A	Julian	Humphries	75C
Andrew	Barton	8A	Susan	Humphries	22A
Marion	Beet	24A	Tracey	Jackman	30A
Kenneth	Bell	26C	Rhodri	James	76A
Chris	Bell	27A	Carol	Keogh	69A
Michael	Bernardi	14A	Keris		56A
Jenny	Blackburn	57A	Annette	Kirk	36A
Susan	Booth	28A	Tim	Kirk	35A
Paul	Bristow	65A	The	Magician	48A
Roger	Burton-West	39A	Keith	Martin	63A
Guilia	de Cesare	73A	Sue	Mason	37A
Rafe	Culpin	3A	Robert	Maughan	11A
John	Dallman	47A	Melusine		23A
Steve	Davies	72A	Minstrel		68A
Robert	Day	58A	Tom	Nanson	41A
Lawrence	Dean	20A	Nojay		74A
Miki	Dennis	50A	Gytha	North	42A
Kerstin	Droge	64A	Nigel	Parsons	13A
Sue	Edwards	32A	Joan	Paterson	67A
John	English	9A	David	Peek	44A
Colin	Fine	25S	Richard	Rampant	43A
Brian	Flatt	12A	Nicky	Retallick	21A
Gwen	Funnel	16A	Mike	Richards	79A
Martin	G-K	54A	Roger	Robinson	10A
Clare	Goodall	46A	Tony	Rogers	18A
Linda	Hansford	61A	Jean	Sheward	29A
Adam	Heath	77A	Joey	Shoji	1G
			Smitty		38A
			Kate	Soley	60A
			Kathy	Sterry	17A
			Barbara	Stewart	71A
			John	Stewart	70A
			Marcus	Streets	33A
			Rae	Streets	34A
			Teddy		45A
			Tibs		66A
			Colin	Tuckley	59A
			Peter	Tyers	62A
			Peter	Wareham	15A
			Karen	Westhead	7C
			Kathy	Westhead	5A
			Mike	Westhead	4A
			Peter	Westhead	6C
			Anne	Whitaker	53A
			Mike	Whitaker	52A
			Janet	Wilkins	78A