

PENTATONICON



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FINAL PROGRESS REPORT

And so we reach the penultimate stage of this vast endeavour. As I sit here at the mouth of my tent I find it hard to believe that only a year ago we were discussing this undertaking in the warm comfort and safety of my living room. So much has happened in the past twelvemonth that I can scarcely believe it - the revolt of the bearers; the loss of all but two of our pack animals; the attack of the Yeti; the return of the Cybermen....

But I ramble. Tomorrow begins the last assault on this, the greatest of all challenges to the human spirit. Tomorrow we pit ourselves against the foe, alone, unprotected, in a battle that may be our last, against insuperable odds, for no reward but the satisfaction of knowing that we made the attempt. Tomorrow....

I'm just going outside. I may be some time....

Welcome to Pentatonic and to the PENTATONICON, that eldritch tome word-processed by the mad Nyronnd in the Forbidden Village of Westbury and typeset in the even odder location of Westbury Village. This is the equivalent of the artfully titled "READ ME"s of previous conventions. If we spot people spreading it on their toast, rubbing it on their hair or making models of Shaftsbury Abbey out of it, we'll know that changing the title was a mistake.

We are:- Zander Nyronnd, Chris Bell, Dave Holladay, Janet Waite and The Fifth Being (usually Clement Nyronnd but subject to modifications...) and we're here to solve your problems, answer your questions and generally help out, and if you believe that I have some land in the Tau Ceti system to sell you. We can be identified by the 'orrible yellow badges & aura of fraught panic..

If you do have any problems of any kind with the con, with the hotel or with each other (I say, steady on!) one of us will be on duty at all times and will do his or her very best to help. We love you. That's why we're here. (It's a quote, it's a quote).

We hope you enjoy Pentatonic as much as we've enjoyed the last four.

Our guests are **KATHY MAR** and **RHODRI JAMES**. Special guests on Saturday are John Brunner and his wife Tan LiYi. Guests' badges are just a bit redder than the rest.

KATHY MAR

I was born longer ago than people believe in Colorado. I believe Eisenhower was not yet president. I lived the important years (you know, the ones when your hormones are playing ping-pong with your brain) in the fantastic sixties as a Beatle-freak and folksinger. As my idols included other social renegades like Isadora Duncan, I quickly became associated with the Hippie movement. I was a crazy kid, not unlike the adult that I am now.

Music has always figured prominently in my life. I have been in rock and folk bands. I have worked as a streetsinger to make my living as well.

In 1981, a good friend invited me to come take a look at this strange place in downtown Denver that was showing all-night science-fiction movies. This turned out to be DenventionII. I was fascinated. I was in love. Here were all the people like myself I had been missing for so long. I begged my commune for a membership to ChiConIV, got recorded there by Off-Centaur, became a filker, and the rest is a very joyful and satisfying history.

My favorite colors are all. My favorite foods are spicy; I mean steam-your-contact-lenses-spicy. Hot. REALLY HOT!!! I love so many different types of music, but filk has a special place in my heart. After years of playing clubs where I was nothing more than live muzak, it was wonderful to find people who really listened to the words and music I had worked so hard to write.

My tapes on Thor Records are very special to me as they capture much better the way I hear my music in my head. They are, for those who may not know yet, PLUS A CHANGE and PLUS C'EST LE MEME CHOSES. I am infamous for the Saturday night filks that run on into Sunday programming and for a held note that no one has yet matched, although several keep trying. I am most definitely pleased to be at Pentatonic as it is my first trip off my own continent. It is also the birthplace of the Beatles and all that their music did for the world.

So there it is. From oldest of seven to mother of twins, from first poetry in fourth grade to Pegasus awards, from rock and roll to science fiction. I am a strange one. I hope we all have more fun than the law permits and more music than we can comfortably remember!

RHODRI JAMES

Rhodri James was born in 1965 and has been working on going grey ever since. Of his early years there is little record, bigger records having to wait until Hereford Cathedral Choir start making LPs. From this auspicious beginning there was no looking back; arriving at university, he sang his way through a variety of choirs, quartets and other riff-raff before landing in the depraved clutches of Jomsburg and CUSFS. His descent into filkdom was inevitable.

It was late at night at Camcon that the fateful event occurred. Rhodri was entering the Real Ale Bar, not certain exactly what these SF conventions were about but sure that he approved, when he noticed a woman throwing herself across a beer barrel and shouting "Look out captain, it's — aaargh!" Her audience seemed to appreciate this strange behaviour, and since several of them were already friends and it was after all the bar, he stayed. After a while he worked out that you weren't just supposed to sing what you could remember of Tom Lehrer or Flanders and Swann, so he started writing his own stuff just in time for the Great Filk Explosion of '88. Apparently the hotel staff were sweeping up stray notes for days....

Not being as prolific as Mike nor as devious as Phil, never mind as Talis or Zander, Rhodri was surprised to discover that he had enough material to do a tape. Naturally he did not pass up a chance like that for fame, fortune and writing about himself in the third person, and after a few weekends down at Gytha's, "Laughter and Laments" was launched at an unsuspecting public. He is still waiting for the fortune bit.

When he isn't working as a computer programmer, Rhodri divides his time between FRP games, singing in the local choir, filking, reading, writing for his fanzine "The Light Stuff", running conventions and working as a computer programmer. Oh, and sleeping, but only on special occasions. He likes to claim to be a Renaissance Fan, but has yet to achieve Pat Silver's level of omni-competence. For Pentatonic, he is still wondering whether Chris asked him or ordered him to be a Guest of Honour, (*I asked him very politely on a slightly bended knee, but it was over the phone so p'raps he didn't see that - Chris*) and promises to avoid programming computers especially for the occasion. He may even have a couple of new songs ready, if the blue moon ordered from Nyron Enterprises arrives in time....

ESSENTIAL STUFF

ALL A-BOARD

Some of you may have noticed a large list of names by the reception desk. This is so you can signify to all and sundry that you're here, and thus make it easier for us to grab you if we want to. The list will be renewed on Sunday so that you can signify to all and sundry that you're NOT here, and save people traipsing around in circles with vital messages for you. See how we look after your every need?

MEAL DOMINATION

Breakfast will start at 8.30 (in the morning, that is) and finish at 10.00. Hopefully you will all be far too keen to immerse yourselves in our neat programme items to linger over the debris. The hot meal alluded to in an earlier PR will be served at 7 p.m. and will stop being served at 8.30 p.m.

You may charge to your room bill the evening meal and any wine taken with this meal, but you may not charge your normal bar bill in this way.

Sandwiches will be available for most of the day, with more substantial hot food (soup and hot meat French sticks and a vegetarian alternative) from 12 to 2 p.m. at the Raffles bar.

We still haven't researched alternative food sources in Weston, but apart from the pub opposite (unconfirmed) they could be a fair step from the hotel. Besides which, Weston closes for the winter season.

The upstairs bar opens at 11.30 a.m. and will stay open until the barman reckons there aren't enough people drinking for it to be worthwhile. The downstairs bar will open on Saturday at 8 p.m. until midnight. The hotel have promised real ale, fruit juice, coke and lemonade by the pint at reasonable prices and have an excellent selection of single malt whiskies so please make them happy and avail yourselves of the facilities!

GENERAL THING

Hotel chuck-out time from bedrooms on the day you leave is 10.30 a.m. but there will be somewhere to store your bags until you are ready to go home. The hotel accepts Access, Visa, Cash and Cheques, but NOT Amex or Diners cards.

PRAISE THE LIFT!

The stairs to the main function room are very narrow, so in order to avoid clashes of interest (and other parts of the anatomy) we suggest you use the LIFT to go up and the STAIRS to go down.

WE MUST BE WIGGLEANT

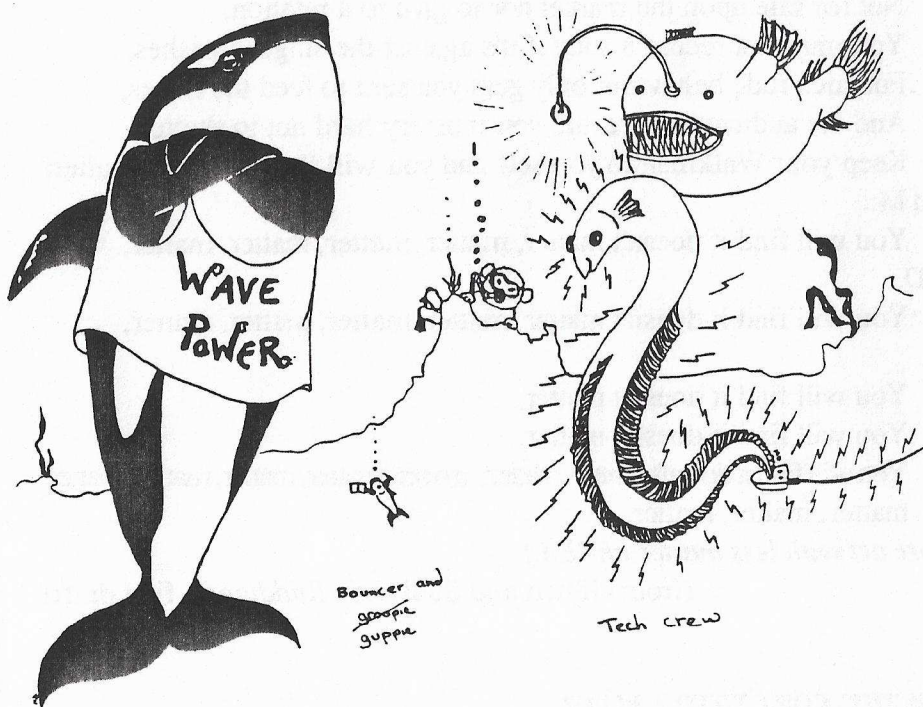
By special arrangement with Father Culpin, the famous WIGGLE notebooks will be present in the bar, for the jotting down of ideas and fragments. There will never be a better time to unload all those odd lines and couplets that won't go any further. And for those who have not yet been to a WIGGLE, now's your chance!

HUMDRUM

There will be a drum-making workshop on Sunday morning run by an amazing lady called Tichona Shervington. She is accustomed to teaching five-year olds so you lot should enjoy it. The workshop will cost £2 to cover the cost of materials. If you are interested, please fill in the form you will be supplied with and hand over your money to the con desk.

COSMIC CONCERTS MORE COMPLETE

If you wish to perform in the concert please fill in your concert form and give it either to Gytha or to the con desk. If you wish to put in a request for the Music Hall on Friday evening, give your requests to Steve Davis or the con desk.



WEAPONS POLICY

A leaf falls gently
on the sunlit pool.
It carries no katana.

(from the *Collected Haiku of Erh Um*, c.225 B.C.)

TAPING POLICY

Sir Zander:

I'll make it very clear that if you'll give me your attention,
What to do about the Walkmen that you bring to this convention,
You must not allow the tapes you make to suffer replication,
Not for sale upon the market nor to give to a relation,
You must not record a song if it's against the singer's wishes,
For such rude behaviour only gets you sent to feed the fishes,
And the audience's pleasure you must try hard not to shatter;
Keep your Walkman to yourself and you will find it doesn't matter!

Mad M.:

You will find it doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter,

Sir D.:

You will find it doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter,

All:

You will find it doesn't matter,

You will find it doesn't matter,

You will find it doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter, matter,
matter, matter, matter...

(*More art with less matter eh? Ed.*)

(from Gilbert and Sullivan's *Ruddigore*, first draft)

DOES THIS COME WITH A PLUG?

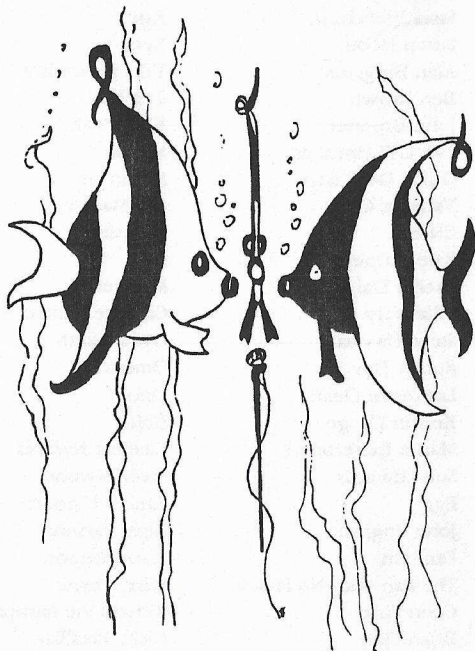
Two actually. First of all *FilkLore*, the magazine of filk, music and science fiction, now in its second triumphant year despite persistently publishing Zander's juvenilia, will be available at the con at the usual cover price of 50p, and well worth it in my impartial view.

Second the con songbook, *Filks Ancient and Modern*, complete with capitals that are so illuminated that they know more about what's going on than we do, is well worth your perusal. Spare copies to force on your helpless friends may be had from the dealers' room at a very reasonable fee.

NOBODY'S FILT BUT YOUR OWN

...if, that is, you buy the lucky raffle ticket. This incomparable piece, I can now reveal, contains not only some pretty damn masterly embroidery and fabric-painting, but also puns fully as vile as that one up there if not viler, artistic conceptions breathtaking in their diversity, and a great deal of creative blood, toil, tears and sweat. However that should wash out, unlike the designs which should not. Chris has already washed it once just to make sure.

Tickets are available from the reception desk at £1 each, up to a maximum of 5 tickets per person. No, soft toys do not count for this purpose. The draw will take place probably at either the closing ceremony or at Crossing the Line, depending on whether Chris has finished stitching it up by then. Good luck everybody.



The committee would like to thank everyone who got behind and pushed, particularly Marion and Richard van der Voort, Miki Dennis, Roger Robinson, Pat Silver, Diana Wynne Jones, Gytha, Richard the Rampant, Chris Malme, Tim and Kati, Fox, Tom Abba, the manager and staff of the Rozel Hotel, the lady who tuned the piano in the bar, and of course the

MEMBERS

Tom Abba	Bruce W. Grant	Tony Rogers
Philip Allcock	Linda Hansford	Anne Rundle
Brian Ameringen	Adam Heath	The Scarlet Fiddler
Margaret Austin	Hitch	Alison Scott
Countess Axyrides	Dave H	Mike Scott
Andrew Barton	Juliane Honisch	Lynne Sheppard
D.J. Bass	Valerie Housden	Tichona Shervington
Ninja Bear	Sue Humphries	Pat Silver
Chris Bell	Rhodri James	Simon the Kender
Dave Bell	Jerome	S.K.
Kenneth Bell	Jette	Smitty
Michael Bernardi	Diana Wynne Jones	Kate Soley
Lissa Blackburn	Kati	Kathy Sterry
Susan Booth	Keris	Marcus Streets
Alan Braggins	Talis Kimberley	Rae Streets
Ben Brown	Tim Kirk	Teddy
John Brunner	Kathy Mar	Thomas
Tan LiYi Brunner	Marion	Tibs
Guilia De Cesare	Martin GK	Tim
Vanessa Chan	Sue Mason	Time Traveller
Clare	Melusine	Peter Tyers
Rafe Culpin	Miki	Jonathan Tyrrell
Rachel Dalglish	Minstrel	Madeleine Tyrrell
Julia Daly	Caroline Mullan	Nick Tyrrell
Steve Davies	Gytha North	Marion van der Voort
Robert Day	Omega	Richard van der Voort
Lawrence Dean	Oriole	Peter Wareham
Kerstin Droge	Nojay	Denise Watkins
Martin Easterbrook	Clement Nyronnd	Victoria Watkins
Sue Edwards	Soren Nyronnd	Karen Westhead
Egg	Zander Nyronnd	Kathy Westhead
John English	Nigel Parsons	Mike Westhead
FanTom	Joan Paterson	Peter Westhead
The Fan with No Shame	Harry Payne	Mike Whitaker
Colin Fine	Richard the Rampant	Zandersdad
Brian Flatt	Nicky Retallick	Zander's Mum
Gwen Funnell	Roger Robinson	

without whom there would have been no point in holding Pentatonic at all.

FRIDAY

7.00 - 8.30 The hot meal is available at this time.

8.30 Zander is let loose to do his own thing, and possibly other people's, in the main hall.

9.30 The music hall filk - your choice of songs and performer. Please give your requests to Steve Davies, on the forms provided for the purpose.

SATURDAY

10.30 Minstrel singing in the main hall. We rather gather that he's done his worst to some familiar old rock 'n' roll numbers, among other things.

12.00 Our British guest, Rhodri James, has his own spot.

1.00 - 2.00 Nosh break.

2.00 - 6.30 The Concert. Don't forget to let Gytha know if you want to sing: fill in the form and get it to her PDQ.

7.00 - 8.30 The hot meal again.

8.30 Our American guest, Kathy Mar, has the rest of the evening to play (with) and do with as she will ... We are told that this will probably turn into a circle as she begins to get tired of carrying the whole thing on her own, which sounds reasonable.

SUNDAY

10.30 In the main hall, Razing Arizona, Britain's answer to Disaster Area, has the stage.

11.15 The Drum workshop, with Tichona Shervington in charge, starts in the Alternative Programme room. Pay your \$2, and go along and learn how to make a drum.

12.00 Phoenix take over the main hall and remind us all where those much-filked numbers came from in the first place - and some new stuff too.

1.00 - 2.00 Pause for chewing.

2.00 The Filk (or Quilk) Raffle draw in the main hall. Gasp as Chris tries to find someone who doesn't hold any tickets to pull the winning number out of the hat

2.30 Mike Whitaker in the main hall, taking us back to some of the songs which got us into filk in the first place. This is the acoustic set, without all the loud electric noises.

3.30 In the alternative programme room, Kathy Mar will explain about the Dandelion Conspiracy. You don't know what dandelions have to do with filk? No, we don't either. Come along and find out, why not?

4.00 In the main hall, Talis Kimberley and others take the stage to sing and play Talis' material, most of it new since last year.

4.00 In the alternative hall, the Rock Workshop: a chance for you to find out all about these strange electric things they all seem to have started to play these days instead of god-fearing shawms and mandolins, and maybe to have a go yourself.

5.00 The Flying Filk Fund Auction, hosted by Roger Robinson, who will put under the hammer anything that doesn't actively run away when he threatens it. In aid of the FFF and getting next year's American guest here. Followed if anyone feels the need for such, by the Bitch session also known as PentaChronic. We hope that no-one will be needing that bit much

7.00 - 8.30 Hot nosh time again.

The rest of the evening will become the Dead Cod Filk as people percolate into the bar and start to sing. The bar will stay open for us until we quit drinking and leave.

Fried Egg

Sat On Egg

Stunned Egg

Main

Alt

10:00

11:00

12:00

1:00

2:00

3:00

4:00

5:00

6:00

7:00

8:00

9:00

10:00

11:00

Minstrel

Razing
Arizona

Rhodri James

Pheonix

Drum
Workshop

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CONCERT

F.F.F. Raffle

Mike
Whitaker

Kathy Mar

Talis

Rock
Workshop

F.F.F. Auction
PentaChronic

FOOD FOOD FOOD FOOD FOOD FOOD FOOD FOOD FO
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FOOD FOOD FOOD FOOD FOOD FOOD FOOD FOOD FO

Zander

Kathy
Mar

—
Dead
Cod
Filk
—

Music
Hall