



Interfilk

promoting the sharing of filk music

Songbook

— the first ten years —

*Songs and Stories from Ten Years of
Interfilk Guests*

Interfilk Songbook

— the first ten years —

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ten years of Interfilk Guests*

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**The Board of Directors of Interfilk
dedicates this collection
to the outrageously joyous memory of**

**Gary Anderson
1950 – 1998**

**former Interfilk Director for Southern California
and Secretary of the Board.
One of the founding fathers of Interfilk.
*We miss you.***

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Introduction

Ten years is a pretty worthy kind of anniversary to celebrate. It hasn't been ten years since Interfilk was first thought of – that's even longer. And it hasn't been ten years since Interfilk came into existence – also longer. But it has been ten years since the *very first* Interfilk guest, Mike Whitaker, was sent to a convention.

That convention was Consonance in 1992. Now, for the release of this songbook we travel ten years in time to Consonance 2002, and celebrate ten full years of raising funds, finding and selecting worthy guests, and arranging for them to go to a filk convention far from their home. It hardly seems possible that so much has happened.

The first few years were lean ones, with Interfilk having only sufficient funds to send one or two guests a year. Does anyone recollect when Interfilk became an accepted part of the filk community and Interfilk auctions became an event to not miss? I remember when it happened at FilKONtario: It was 1993 and Michael Longcor took on the job of auctioneer with Mary Ellen Wessels *ad libbing* the role of auction wench. None of the auctions were tame after that. We're certainly glad you enjoy them.

Interfilk is absolutely dependant on the generosity of the filk community for survival. The conventions have been incredibly cooperative, giving us table space and program time to run our little auction. They have taken our Interfilk guests to heart and treated them royally.

We've had so much help at these events, with folks like Steve Simmons, Bill Roper, John Hall, Mark Bernstein, Michael Longcor, Nick Smith and our own Bill Sutton lending their talents at the auctioneer's position. Many of the cons have instituted an official Interfilk helper as an at-con position. Our special thanks goes to Trace Hageman, who is not quite an Interfilk spouse, but much more than a friend, for incredibly generous help at the OVFF and FKO auctions.

But this songbook is for the fans. In these ten years you have donated items that ranged from unique (like "not in general release" CD's or out of print recordings) to commonplace but just fun (bumper sticker: "Caution: Driver Singing"). You've attended the auctions and bid the items up. You've indulged the strange sense of humor our wenches often convey. You've arranged for fund-raisers like the Chicon songbook (*Thank you, Jan!*) and made innumerable donations of recording and songbook royalties. Most recently the *WorldDream* project (*Thank you, Steve!*) has brought together our filk community in a whole new way, with profits ultimately benefitting the UK and German Filk Fan Funds and, of course, Interfilk. And you've given so many suggestions about wonderful filkers you've heard, that we can't keep up. But don't stop!

We keep trying to give back. Each and every North American convention has been receiving an Interfilk guest and that will continue as far as we can plan. This book contains material from past guests. They have *donated* songs and bios and anecdotes for us to use, royalty free. We pass it along to the fans at production cost to say a huge ***Thank you!!***

– Judith

An *Interfilk* History

Since an airplane is one of the few places one can just sit and think without feeling guilty, Bob Laurent spent a flight a few years back mulling over the problems of diversity and sharing within the filk scene. He came up with an idea to promote the exchange of filk music, loosely based on the British "Flying Filk Fund". Bob enlisted a few people in the filk community who were willing to become working directors for the project. They held their first meeting in 1991 at Worldcon in Chicago, and Interfilk was born.

Bob, better known as the man behind Wail Songs, along with Bill Sutton, Spencer Love, and the late Gary Anderson were the four originating officers and each also served as a regional director for his area.

In 1993, at OVFF, the officers invited three new directors to join, based on suggestions from the filk community. Kathleen Sloan, Mary Ellen Wessels and Judith Hayman were invited on board because of active contributions to the filk community. This brought the number of active voting directors to seven, on whom all of Interfilk's activities can be blamed. The directors have not remained static. Mary Ellen deserted the Midwest for the Northeast, marriage and love, resigning her position. We let her have an opinion now and then. Her Board position went to Diana Huey. In 1998, we lost dear friend Gary Anderson to cancer. While he cannot be replaced, his regional directorship went to Nick Smith and his position on the Executive to Judith Hayman. In addition to our "unofficial" members (filk involved spouses and assistants), at every con we seem to acquire a few new "Friends" of Interfilk and we're always glad of their help.

Interfilk does not have a general membership. The Directors are chosen by invitation of existing directors. They may resign at any time or be removed if that is necessary. There is no remuneration allowed and for the most part the directors absorb their expenses as well. But we have the pleasure of working with a group of people who also love the filk community.

Interfilk's incorporation specifies the twofold purpose of the organization. First is the provision of travel expenses for filkers "who would significantly contribute to the filk con and who would otherwise be unable to attend". Second is "to promote cultural exchange" among the varying regions of the filk community. That's why Interfilk was able to achieve the status of a California registered non-profit organization under Article 501(c)(3) of US Federal tax laws. We are also currently working on registration under Canadian law. (*We have been for some time...Real soon now.*)

To raise those funds for travel, Interfilk runs auctions at each of the North American filk conventions and Worldcons. The first official auction was at Consonance in 1992, with almost every filk con hosting an auction since then. Early auctions raised \$200 to \$300. More recent ones have approached the staggering \$1,000 mark and beyond because of unusual and unique donations. Because of community generosity we are able to send guests farther from home and send groups more often.

Interfilk tries not to take itself too seriously. At OVFF, FilKONtario and the NE Filk Cons some of the Interfilk directors (and friends) have gained notoriety for entertaining while fund-raising. It remains something of a mystery to Mary Ellen, Judith and Kathleen that their "Wenching for Interfilk" shtick has received so much attention, not to mention a lineup of potential candidates for the job. We've had "mathoms"¹ like the infamous Harry Hemp, an appalling hemp macrame, donated by Deborah Weiss. People make bids NOT to receive that! And then there's the "for and against" bidding wars to have Steve Simmons remove his beard, or to view the infamous tape of the pre UT version of Urban Tapestry from FilKONtario 3.

¹*mathom* a word devised by J. R. R. Tolkien in *The Hobbit* to describe presents that no one really wants but which are given and received in good humour

It's always difficult to decide what filkers to send to what conventions. As far as possible, the conventions receive guests in rotation. We try to find a guest to suit the con. We look for filkers who have something special to share. We ask that a filker take to a con the music of their area, and bring back some knowledge and music of the area they went to. The bylaws refer to the dissemination of filk music – in simple terms: sharing.

In ten years Interfilk has sent guests to 41 cons:

- 32 solo artists (23 men and 11 women)
- 9 duos or groups
- 31 men
- 24 women
- 9 guests (solo or duo) from overseas (England, Germany, Australia & Singapore)
- 55 people in all!

For the record, there are a few people who will never be Interfilk guests: those who have been Guest of Honor at a North American Filk Con, those who've already been an Interfilk Guest, and the Interfilk Directors and family.

For Interfilk, it has been gratifying to watch the filk community become a little more aware of what is happening farther away and to bring together filkers who would otherwise not have met.

Interfilk Guests

Their songs, their experiences

Three Days Away From the Ratrace

Words & music by Mike Whitaker

$\text{♩} = 180$

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 180. The score consists of ten staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are: "At last now it's Fri - day, slip out of work ear - ly And rush home to load up our stuff. With guit - ars and song - books, then off down the road, Looks like we'll all be there soon e - nough. As we pull in the car park we're smi - ling At friends we've all missed this past year. Hands help us move all our things to our room Then it's off to the bar for a beer. Give us three days a - way from the rat - race With".

At last now it's Fri - day, slip out of work ear - ly And
 rush home to load up our stuff. With
 guit - ars and song - books, then off down the road, Looks like
 we'll all be there soon e - nough. As we
 pull in the car park we're smi - ling At
 friends we've all missed this past year.
 Hands help us move all our things to our room Then it's
 off to the bar for a beer. Give us
 chorus
 three days a - way from the rat - race With

copyright © Mike Whitaker

like - mind - ed folk at the con. Give us
 hugs, give us laugh - ter That rings to the raf - ters, And
 mu - sic till just be - fore dawn. Give us
 guests who are here for the first time That we
 feel like we've known all our lives, And let's
 stand with our friends As the con - ven - tion ends And sing
 "Sam's Song" with tears in our eyes.

Chords: D, A, B, E, E7

Three Days Away From the Ratrace

© Mike Whitaker

Intro: A E/A D/A E/A

A E/A
At last now it's Friday – slip out of work early
D/A E/A
And rush home to load up our stuff
A E/A
With guitars and songbooks, then off down the road
D/A E/A
Looks like we'll all be there soon enough
D A
As we pull in the car park we're smiling
D E
At friends we've all missed this past year
A E/A
Hands help us move all our things to our room
D/A E A
Then it's off to the bar for a beer

D A
Chorus: Give us three days away from the ratrace
D A
With like-minded folk at the con
D
Give us hugs, give us laughter
A
That rings to the rafters
B E
And music till just before dawn
D A
Give us guests who are here for the first time
D A
That we feel like we've known all our lives
D
And let's stand with our friends
A
As the convention ends
D E7 A
And sing "Sam's Song" with tears in our eyes

New and old faces from near and far places
All gathered here for the con
With laughter and music the whole weekend through
We're all different and yet we belong
Come evening we join in a circle
Make music far into the night
Some of us stay up until break of day
With a song to greet morning's first light

CHORUS

Too soon it's ended, it's Sunday again
All our friends start to pack to head home
Trading addresses and promises: "Yes
And we'll talk to you soon on the phone."
We say our farewells in the lobby
Surrounded by bags and guitars
Just one hug more, we've excuses galore
To put off that walk to the car.

CHORUS

BIO:

There is no truth in the rumor that Mike gets to buy a new guitar every time Phil Allcock parodies one of his songs, although the fact that he seems to encourage Phil to do so, and the size of his guitar collection, may lend credence to the fact. In his Copious Free Time, Mike plays guitar in two bands, runs FilkNet (the IRC and mailing list provider for Filkdom Assembled) with Rob Wynne, co-runs NePALM Music and a small recording studio, and somehow finds time to look after three cats and a member of Phoenix: The Next Generation [son James – ed.]. Having recently had a cataract operation, he's somewhat surprised to discover that his son is not a fuzzy blob, but that one of his cats still is.

MUSINGS:

Actually, I don't remember much about the con at all. I do though have an excuse, namely that I proposed to Anne on Pier 39 in San Francisco the week after, and, perhaps unsurprisingly, that drove the rest of the visit from my memory. I do remember meeting Margaret and Kristoph, Dr. Jane, Lynn Gold, and heaven knows who else, and I do remember that my Interfilk Guest slot was a mere 20 minutes long, including Red Sun Rising with Anne playing a borrowed synth. [eds. note: both Interfilk and the various conventions have learned...]

Hands of a Friend

©2000 Steve Simmons & Steve Macdonald

G **Em7aug5** **G**
Step off the airplane, pass through the gate
D **C** **G** **D**
Struggle with backpack, guitar in its case
G **Em7aug5** **G**
An ocean of strangers flows by like a race
D **C** **G**
You pause, confused, undone by the pace
D
"Can I help with your bag?"
C **G**
You hear a voice lend
D **C** **G**
Help with your burden, your fear's at an end
D **C** **G**
With the face of a stranger, the hands of a friend
C
You'll go now...

You sit silent, adrift and alone
A room full of faces that you've never known
One player sings, you feel the sound flow
Connecting all strangers in song's buoyant glow
But catch sight of an eye
Electricity fanned
Then harmony rises, unknown and unplanned
From the voices of strangers, to the hearts of your friends
You sing on...

G **D4** **Em** **C**
Right now – we have sung
G **D4** **E** **C**
Right now – just begun
G **D4** **C**
Right now – we are one

Sitting in circle, in songs bardic dance
Your turn comes around, you take a large chance
You sing tremulous, unsure of your place
You know that you're done before starting to race
Some lend their voices
Some lend their hands
Some who just smile and nod as they stand
Each one is a part of the moment at hand
A gathering of strangers, now a chorus of friends
Right now—

Right now – we have sung
Right now – just begun
Right now – we are one

Instrumental

Go to the airport, pass back through the gate
The stewardess puts your guitar where it's safe
As you fly over oceans, rivers and straits
You sleep well, a smile on your face
Lands lie below you
Close to your hand
Sleep on in comfort, know when you land
You'll find faces of strangers, the souls of your friends
And go on...

Right now – we have sung
Right now – just begun
Right now – we have won
Right now – we have sung
Right now – just begun
Right now – we are one

BIO:

Steve Macdonald is a filker from Ann Arbor, Michigan. Since his spot at ConChord, he has been a Guest at numerous conventions, received four Pegasus awards, a SAM, a Golden Kazoo, and placed in four songwriting contests. In 2001 he sponsored the *WorldDream*; a project to foster a sense of community among filkers and create an additional revenue stream for the British and German Fan Funds and for Interfilk. For more information, Steve's website is at <http://www.smacdonald.com>.

MUSINGS:

When I was asked to be an Interfilk Guest, I had only been in fandom a year and could count the number of cons I had been to (any con!) on one hand, including only two filk cons, OVFF and Musicon. I barely knew what to expect. I hadn't really traveled outside of Michigan in my adult life – so getting on the plane in Detroit to go to LA was a particular thrill.

I was met at the airport by John and Mary Creasey, of Random Factors. Once at the con, I was introduced to Rick and Deborah Weiss and Nick Smith; the Conchairs. I was introduced to Dave Clement, the Guest of Honor; and we rapidly became nigh inseparable. Neat people, all.. :)

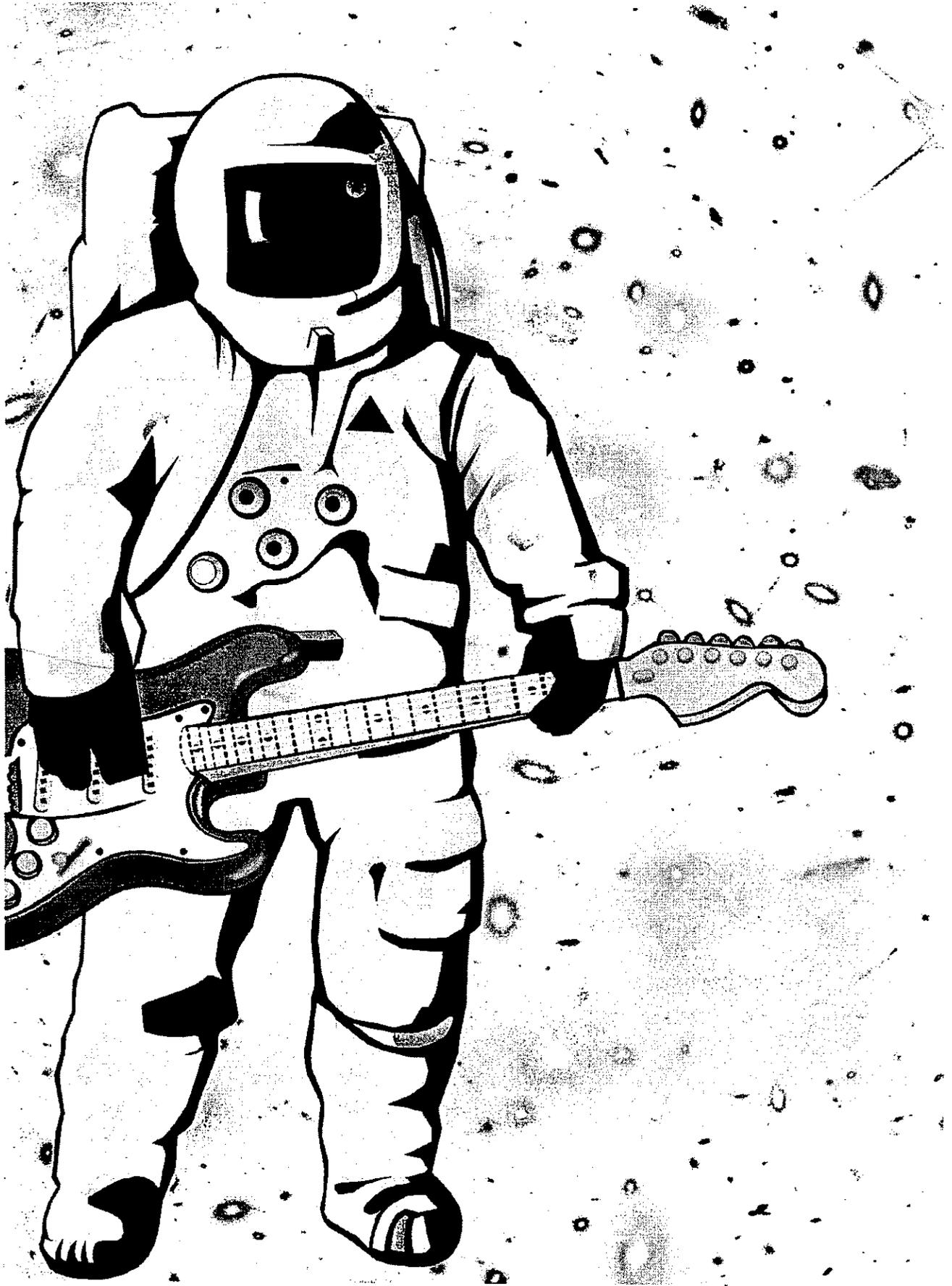
ConChord has an annual concert called "The Totally Tasteless and Tacky Revue" – the goal is to trot out all your stuff that you *know* you can't do in public, and perform it here. Yes, I did do two numbers in the Revue. No, I won't tell you what happened, besides noting that the numbers involved a loin cloth, woad, and a shotgun. Get me drunk, and maybe I'll regale you with the tale sometime...

Oh, I forgot to mention. I don't drink... :)

I came away from Conchord with a vastly expanded view of the width and depth of filk, and with friends I still have to this day.

Some lend their voices
Some lend their hands
Some who just smile and nod as they stand
Each one is a part of the moment at hand
A gathering of strangers, now a chorus of friends

Thank you, Interfilk. Pray, continue to create those choruses of friends.



Mr. Hong Got Off Lightly

To the tune of "Molly Malone", words by Zan(tm)

© Zander Nyron

In Dublin's fair city
Where the beer is substandard
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"
 Alive, alive oh, alive, alive oh,
 Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

Them mussels and cockles
What she sold to the grockle¹
Soon came to the notice of the Great One Below
Whose servitors fungous
Tend to slake their dark hungers
By devouring fishmongers, alive, alive oh.
 Alive, alive oh, alive, alive oh,
 By devouring fishmongers, alive, alive oh.

A tentacled thingy
Chewed up her dad's dinghy
And then it came after sweet Molly Malone
Now her soul flees in panic
Through the gulfs transUranic
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive AAIIIIGGGHHHH!!!"
(with gusto)
 Alive, alive AAIIIIGGGHHHH!!!, alive, alive AAIIIIGGGHHHH!!!
 Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive AAAAIIIIIIGGGGHHHHH!!!"

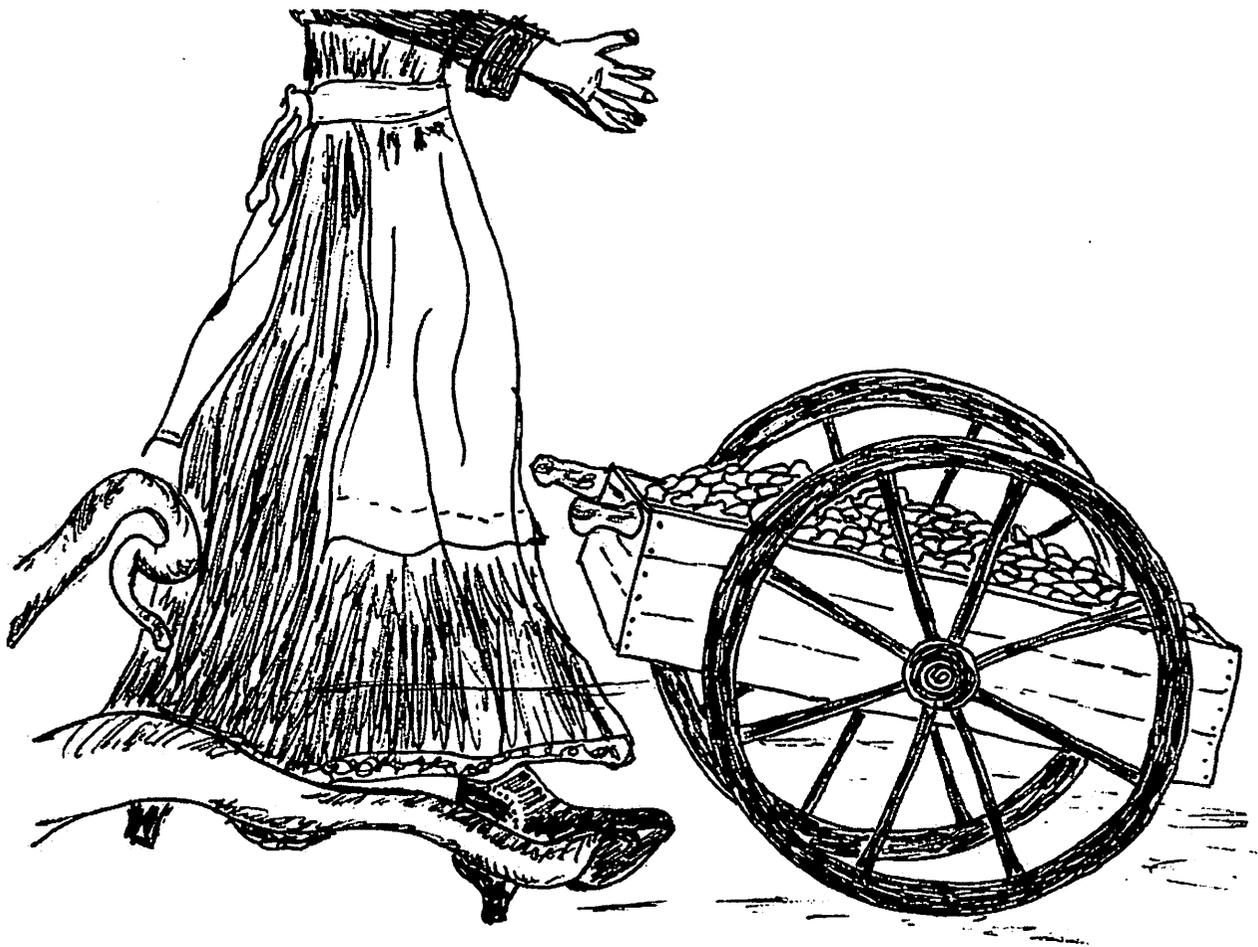
¹*Grockle=tourist in certain coastal parts of Britain.*

BIO & MUSINGS:

Zander Nyronnd has now, as of January 2502, been definitively identified as a modified solar myth, arising from scholarly confusion between several similar "filker-figures" of the period. The alleged "historical evidence" for his existence has been quite convincingly refuted, and so-called contemporary accounts have been positively identified as later forgeries.

Nevertheless, some heretics still maintain that he went to Ohio in October of 1993, attended an excellent (and well-documented) filkcon where Duane Elms was the main guest of honour, and met about a hundred new friends with only a few of whom he managed to keep in touch. Kathy Mar's album *Made By Magic*, on which he is purported to have appeared and which was in fact made around this time, has disappeared completely save for one copy which is sealed in an airtight chamber in the Hayman Filk Museum. The authorities have refused to release it for tests by the scientific community after the mysterious disintegration of the only other supposed Nyronnd relic, the "T-Shirt of HarmonIX," in a laboratory in Poona ten years ago.

Many songs formerly attributed to the mythical Nyronnd remain unidentified as to provenance. A modest example precedes these notes.



**God Walks Among Us
(In Our Shoes)**

©1992 Flowinglass Music
words & music by Kristoph Klover

Amsus **F**
God walks among us
Amsus **F**
She doesn't wear shoes
Amsus **F**
Can't afford airplanes
Amsus **F**
Her whole life's a blue
 G **F**
But she doesn't mind the color
 G **F**
The stars adorn her hair
 G **F**
She waits outside in weather
 G **A** **Amsus** **A** **Amsus**
We choose to care

She holds herself hostage
To ransom our souls
She stands in the doorway
Until we are whole
For the world outside has touched us
We cannot leave her there
We wait outside in whether
We choose to care

God wakes among us
Stands in our shoes
Wraps the world 'round us
Singing the blues
For we are all her children
She loves us every one
She waits with tender mercy
Until we all come home.

BIO:

I learned to play guitar when I was 9, and I didn't get any good till I was 18 and worked at a summer camp as music director and started to write my own songs. My first recording experience was at my father's church with a borrowed cassette deck and some mikes. In '86 I started to work at Off Centaur; my first album there was *The Grim Roper*. At that time, I went to my first filk. By '89 I had met Margaret Davis, and we formed our first band, Magic Fire. Soon after, we took out a loan, bought an 8-track and mixing board, and in '89 made a Magic Fire cassette. Also in that time period, I started to work with Cynthia McQuillin, and Magic Fire helped back her album, *Moonshadows*. After Magic Fire broke up, Margaret and I made *The True Lovers' Farewell*. In July '93 we started Avalon Rising, bought more gear, converted our garage to a studio, and in '95 made our first CD, the self-titled *Avalon Rising*. I currently play with the bands Avalon Rising and Broceliande. Broceliande helped make the filk album *The Starlit Jewel* – a Tolkien-approved *Lord of The Rings* CD, with many songs by Marion Zimmer Bradley and some by Margaret and myself. Avalon Rising is currently in the studio working on its second album.

I recorded and did sound for many filk conventions. During all these years, I've been planning to do my own album, but as you can see, I've been too busy.

MUSINGS:

Musicon 3, where I was Interfilk guest was a wonderful small con in Nashville. My favorite part of it was playing music until early in the morning with the Allen Street String Band, from Illinois. Bill Rintz, myself, the band, and Juanita Coulson stayed up late performing old bluegrass tunes and Grateful Dead numbers (some of my favorite material!).

On the last day, there was a Celtic jam in the hall that was loads of fun. My solo set (with bassist Brett Glass sitting in) was very well received, even though I'm not primarily a filker and mostly did folksongs and one or two of my own. I remember going out to eat on the last night before my plane flight and having a wonderful meal of baked beans and fried chicken, and passing dozens of Waffle Houses on the way, which I was never able to go to. Waffles are a big deal out there. We drove by the Grand Ole Opry and I was amazed and impressed at how large it was. The Southern hospitality was very much in evidence from the day I arrived until I left. I enjoyed meeting a lot of new faces from the East and the South.

Second Thoughts

©1989 Heather Rose Jones

Bm **G** **Bm** **D**
 Do you know what it is you ask, this task you set for me?
Bm **G** **A**
 Do you know what it is you give to live eternally?
Em **G** **A** **G**
 Do you know what it is I take to make you mine?
A **Bm**
 More than the wine,
 Em **Bm** **Am** **D** **A**
 That courses through your veins, more than the chains of your mortality

 Em **Am** **G** **Bm**
 The treasure that you crave is not the right to die and then forget,
 Em **Am** **C** **Em**
 All pleasure past the grave is bought by holding life more dear,
 Em **Am** **G** **Bm**
 For mortal ties are brittle snapped before you think to feel regret,
 Em **Am** **C** **Em**
 Immortal lies are little comfort through the endless years.

Do you know what it is to run, and shun the light of day?
 Do you know what it is you want, to haunt a human prey?
 Do you know what it is you'll find to bind your soul?
 The night is cold,
 And it has chains as strong as those you long to break and cast away.

And can you face the hatred that the living bear for all our kind,
 When you can taste the bait they hold before your hungry eyes,
 Can you partake in honor of the feast of life that you will find,
 And never break the bonds that hold the beast that they despise?

Do you know what it is I seek, you speak of death and hell,
 Do you know what it is I need to feed this hollow shell?
 Do you know what it is I've learned will turn the flood?
 It's not the blood
 That drew me when you dared to ask to share the path I love too well.

And when an age has passed will you still find the bargain worth the price,
 Or when your cage is fastened will you curse me for your choice?
 If free, then will you leave this place and think again on my advice?
 I see the answer in your face and hear it in your voice.

Do you know what it is I lay today upon the line?
Do you know what it is I dare to spare your life this time?
Do you know what it is I see will be the end?
We'll meet again,
And on that day I see that I will be your death or you'll be mine.

BIO & MUSINGS:

I've been active in filking roughly since the early '80s – I'd done a bit of songwriting before that, but finding an interested audience both in fandom and the SCA was a significant spur to my writing career. I tend to think of myself primarily as a song-writer (although I also love informal jamming). I struggled for a long time with paralyzing stage fright, and the only thing that kept me going was the knowledge that it was the only way people were going to hear my songs. Getting past that was largely due to people like Judy Gerjuoy at Darkovercon who kept shoving me up on stage and demanding that I sing. Over the last two decades, I think I've done a little bit of everything in filking: publishing songbooks (both my own, and working with Bob Laurent on projects for Wail Songs), doing recordings (including some instrumental backup for other people), being on the Consonance committee– finally (in a burst of insanity) actually chairing the convention one year, and of course lots and lots of hanging around at general filks just singing and playing. For the better part of the last decade, my activity has dropped significantly due to being in graduate school but, rather interestingly, that period of invisibility is being bracketed by guest appearances: being the Interfilk guest at FilKONtario just when I was plunging into the depths of academia, and now being asked to be the GOH at OVFF just as I'm about to break the surface again.

Don't get me wrong, but one of my stronger memories of being an Interfilk guest is of the sneaking conviction that Interfilk wasn't getting their money's worth from me. By nature, I'm fairly shy, and I have an absolute horror of blowing my own horn, so my approach to being a guest doesn't tend to involve a lot of waving my arms and saying, "Hey, look at me, come listen to how great my music is." With so many higher-powered and more outgoing performers at FilKONtario, I suspect that half the people there may not have even realized they *had* an Interfilk guest. I remember the dead dog (penguin?) session with great fondness – I'd hit my stride by then and got a chance to do some instrumental jamming. I wish I'd had a similar opportunity to participate in the grand ensemble finale at the convention itself, but the story of my life is that I never seem to hear about such things until they're all over. If I had one piece of advice to offer conventions who get an Interfilk guest, it would be "Use us!" Often, Interfilk guests are relatively new to the experience of being a featured guest, and being relatively unknown is almost a part of the selection criteria. You may be lucky enough to get a natural showman and extrovert, but if not, a sink-or-swim approach is a little more hazardous than for an experienced GOH. There are times I really wish I could go back to my guest appearance and "do it right."

Monday

©1998 Allison Durno

Intro: C9 Em Em+G Em+F# Em (2x)

C6

My thoughts are unfocussed
My memories are rambling as
Em Em+G Em+F# Em

I move through the ordinary
World of everyday,

C6

Warmed by our friendship
Sure in the knowing

Em

That wherever you are

C

D

You're feeling the same way.

Chorus: Em

Cause I find that I'm missing you

D

Our time went so quickly

C

D

But today seems too long,

Em

Restless and wistful

D

My heart is still with you

C

D

Feel misty when I think of your song.

(repeat instrumental intro)

I once didn't know
That a lasting affection
Could be sparked in a day
Could weather distance and time,
But there's no denying
The bond that we now share
Or my wish today
That you could have stayed awhile.

CHORUS (repeat last line)

(Instrumental Break: G D C C6 C, G D C C+G (twice))

(Repeat Instrumental into)

The sharing of old tunes
Soft harmonies blending
Can't help but open
A path soul to soul,
Warm hugs and plum wine
And late nights of laughter
Bring closeness and love
That were not there before.

CHORUS

(repeat instrumental intro)

BIO:

Urban Tapestry is a Toronto-based filk trio consisting of Jodi Krangle, Allison Durno and Debbie Ridpath Ohi. Their first performance at a filk con (in an embryonic form of UT) was at FilKONtario, 1993. They have two albums currently available (*Castles and Skyscrapers & Myths and Urban Legends*). They won a Pegasus Award for Best Performer in 1997.

But that doesn't begin to describe the magic that is Urban Tapestry. Despite becoming an "overnight" success, they retain all their sense of the fun of filking. They are often in the circle listening as hard as they can. As guests at a con, they are in the center of the action, helping to make the fun happen. At the Interfilk auction they ham it up along with the wenches. And at the end of the con they reluctantly return to their regular lives: Allison teaches, Jodi does marketing and Debbie works as a full time freelance writer. The Ontario Filk Community is tremendously proud of them.

For more info, visit their website at <http://www.urbantapestry.org>.

MUSINGS:

We still have wonderful memories of our trip to Los Angeles in 1994. Debbie's husband, Jeff, took us on a whirlwind three hour tour of L.A. that included Grauman's Chinese Theater, Sunset Blvd., the Hollywood sign (between buildings), the Walk of Fame, and lots of tacky souvenir shops that made us nostalgic for Niagara Falls. Two of us (Allison and Jodi) were celebrating our birthdays that weekend and the convention surprised us with birthday cakes, giant chocolate bars and t-shirts signed by several people at the convention. Debbie got half a t-shirt because it was six months before her birthday.



Our concert was lots of fun and we still remember the audience singing "Oh Canada" to us. We were also involved in our first "Totally Tasteless and Tacky Review" where Jodi wore a slinky red lace dress and we all wore fishnet stockings to sing "My Jalapeno Man". We were blown away by the talent of fellow guests Joe Ellis, Dr. Jane Robinson, and Moira Breen. We also met Larry Niven face to face for the first time. Debbie was starstruck! We participated in a fun Request Circle Filk hosted by Kathy Mar, the Kazoo Awards (they made us an "urban tapestry"!) and a rockin' Saturday night filk in the con suite, hosted by Dr. Jane.

We were very grateful for the warm welcome we received from the ConChord Concom and the California filk community. It's especially exciting for us that we're about to come full circle by returning to ConChord in August 2002 as GOH!

Two Sailors

©1995 Mark Osier

D C G D
Our ship out of Lisbon was Africa bound
D C G
The colonies' treasures our prize
D C G D
One night up on deck a young boy stood around
D C G
(With an) ages-old look in his eyes

In his left hand a fiddle, a bow in his right
But hardly a note did he play
I walked over to him – that boy in the night
And smiled and started to say

Chorus: **C D G G/F# Em**
Tune up your fiddle, boy, rosin your bow
C D G G7
Let sweet music banish all pain
C D G G/F# Em
Let love be your melody, somehow she'll know
C D C G
And soon you'll be with her again

(I said) "She must be beautiful." He sighed and agreed
And then asked "How on Earth did you know?"
I said "In all my years I've seen only one need
That vexes and tears a man so.

"When I was much younger a lady I knew
More lovely than any I'd seen
Her silken hair golden – her eyes deepest blue
With character fit for a queen

"I fiddled, she sang, and we soon fell in love
But I needed money to wed
My first sailing voyage all I could think of
Was how as we parted she said

'Tune up your fiddle, love, rosin your bow
Let sweet music banish all pain
Let love be your melody, somehow I'll know
And soon you'll be with me again.'"

With tears in his eyes the boy started to play
A tune that I'd not heard before
With that haunting melody the boy seemed to say
(She was) all I'd just spoke of, and more

I returned to my watch, but the boy he played on
His emotions not trying to hide
He seemed not to notice that I had gone
For he sang, and the heavens they cried

(He sang) I'll tune my fiddle, I'll rosin my bow
Let sweet music banish my pain
Let love be my melody, somehow she'll know
And soon I'll be with her again

BIO:

Mark Osier was born during Woodstock (the REAL one), but sadly not at it. This should give you an idea of where the beginnings of his slightly skewed view of reality came from. His first experience in filk was at a Marcon when he was 21, with the first two filk songs he ever heard being Michael Longcor's "Rhinotelexomania" and Tom Smith's "Mucoidalperiodontia" parody. And he stayed anyway. This should ALSO give you an idea about his slightly skewed view of reality. While his music covers much of the spectrum found within filk, from bitter ose to satirical humor, he is perhaps best known for his parodies, particularly of Urban Tapestry.

In "Real Life", Mark is a Ph.D. Toxicologist living in Syracuse, New York. In 1995, he had the good fortune to be the Interfilk guest at Harmonicon, in Wichita, Kansas. And no, he doesn't have a CD out, so stop asking. ;P

MUSINGS:

I have a lot of fond memories of being an Interfilk guest, but two stand out most in my mind. First, I was entirely deaf in one ear for the whole weekend. I'd been sick as a dog all week, then got on a plane. The pressure built up in my right ear and I couldn't hear a thing out of it. Kathy Mar, the guest at the con, was feeding me mega-dose Vitamin C tablets, which I was eating like candy. But they liked me anyway, so it must have worked. Secondly, I had the filk debut of the song "Two Sailors" there, and had the *great* fortune to be able to play it with Bill Rintz accompanying on the fiddle. This wasn't too long before he had his stroke, and was the one and only time I ever got to play it with him. Somewhere, I've got a tape of that concert, and I listen to it from time to time to remember what a *great* combination the two of us made.

Heart of the Apple Lisa

lyrics ©1995 Jordin Kare

to the tune of "Heart of the Appaloosa", by Fred Small

C
G
F
C
 In the land of high-tech ventures, by the waters of Frisco Bay –
G
G
F
G
 Hewlett Packard up by Stanford, IBM in San Jose – [1]
F
G
C
C
 The hackers of the Apple wrote their code and schemed their schemes
F
C
C
G
C
 In the Valley known as Silicon, where fortunes grow from dreams.

G
G
F
C
 And they built some fine computers, if you skip the Apple III, [2]
G
G
F
G
 But they vowed to build a new machine that would the market please.
C
G
F
C
 They would ease the User's burden; the command line they'd replace
F
C
C
G
C
 With the magic known as GUI: Graphic User Interface.

Chorus: F
C
 Windows Scrolling in the Valley
F
G
F
C
G
 Lead the Hackers off on a GUI tide.
C
C
F
C
C
 There's blood on the chips down at HP, DEC, and MIPS [3]
F
G
C
 But the Heart of the Apple Lisa never died.

Then from Xerox came the Alto, never marketed nor sold, [4]
 Bringing mice and multitasking, and menus that unfold.
 Desktops sprouted metal rodents; bitmaps glowed upon the screen,
 And printers put on whizzy wigs to print just what was seen. [5]

Nearly lost in Big Blue's shadow, incompatible with DOS,
 The Lisa, slow and costly, seemed sure to be a loss,
 But then came Macs and Fat Macs, LaserWriters, II's and more,
 And word would come from Microsoft, "You realize, This Means War!" CHORUS

The Chief said to the Hackers, in his anger and his pain,
 "I am no more John Sculley. Scrolling Windows is my name.
 They condemn us to niche markets, call our products vaporware!
 We will sue them if we must, but we'll retain our market share!"

Well, they climbed on board that Scuzzy bus, with Postscript in their hearts. [6]
They won in desktop publishing. They won in graphic arts.
Till Bill Gates, he saw his strategy, and sent the email down,
To copy those GUI features, wherever they be found. CHORUS

Three Windows versions later, past the Pentium divide, [7,8]
The strangest of bedfellows, IBM, now on their side, [9]
Three thousand applications on the Power PC run,
But the buyers and the users still are leaving, one by one.

Windows Scrolling In the Valley said “My heart is sick and sad.
The future now is RISCy, the old chips are dead. [10]
The lawyers take our spirit, but I’ve stock options galore. [11]
From where Scott McNealy stands, I will fight no more!” CHORUS

They were moved to Intel platforms. Michelangelo ran rife. [12]
But more hackers quit from boredom, and went off to get a life.
And the man once known as Scully, with great glee is heard to state,
“They’ll get Windows ’95 debugged in 1998” [13]

But sometimes, without warning, in some dull commercial app
A hack of wondrous cleverness emerges from the crap.
A metaphor that’s graceful, a real need that it can fill...
Double-click upon that icon; the Apple Lisa’s living still! CHORUS

NOTES:

- [1] Hewlett Packard (HP) and IBM San Jose were two of the ancestral companies of Silicon Valley, along with Fairchild Semiconductor and a few others...
- [2] The Apple III was one of the great fiascos of the PC industry. Meant to replace the Apple II, it was so unreliable that official Apple maintenance procedures for Apple III’s included picking them up and dropping them six inches onto a hard surface (to re-seat the chips in their sockets).
- [3] DEC (Digital Equipment Corporation) more or less invented minicomputers, but completely missed the boat on personal computers; they ended up being bought by Compaq in 1999. MIPS made some of the first really high-performance microprocessors.
- [4] Xerox Palo Alto Research Center invented most of the technologies used in the Lisa and the Mac (and now, in Windows), including mice, windows, and pull-down menus. Xerox did make some computers using these ideas, and could probably have owned much of the PC market, but they did a truly abysmal job of marketing them.
- [5] What You See Is What You Get – WYSIWYG
- [6] SCSI – Small Computer Storage Interface – is the standard bus used to connect hard disks and other peripherals to Macs. When the standard was invented, engineers had a choice of pronouncing it “sexy” or “scuzzy”; “scuzzy” won by a wide margin.

- [7] It took Microsoft three tries before they came out with a usable graphic user interface (Windows 3.0) and two more (Windows 3.1 and Windows 95) before they got one that even approached the quality of the original Mac interface. Many people think they still haven't matched it.
- [8] The Pentium Divide was, of course, Intel's infamous chip-design error that caused literally millions of Windows computers to give wrong answers to simple division problems.
- [9] In Apple's early days, their arch-enemy was IBM (as illustrated in the famous "1984" Macintosh commercial), but by the mid-1990's Apple and IBM were both faced by a greater foe in Microsoft. They teamed up on several projects, including the PowerPC chip and a never-finished new operating system, but it was always at best an uneasy alliance.
- [10] RISC (Reduced Instruction Set Computing) is a type of microprocessor architecture that has largely replaced CISC (Complex I. S. C.) microprocessors, except for Intel microprocessors. (Intel, the company that puts the "backwards" in "backwards compatible.")
- [11] A passing reference to Apple's ultimately-unsuccessful lawsuit against Microsoft for copying the "look and feel" of the Macintosh .
- [12] Michelangelo was one of the first widespread computer viruses that attacked IBM-compatible PC's (but not Macs).
- [13] This is the original version of the line. As of today (May 2000) I sing: "They'll get Windows 95 debugged in nineteen-zero-eight (spoken:) *damn y2k bugs*" But as Y2K memories fade, I'll have to change it again...

BIO:

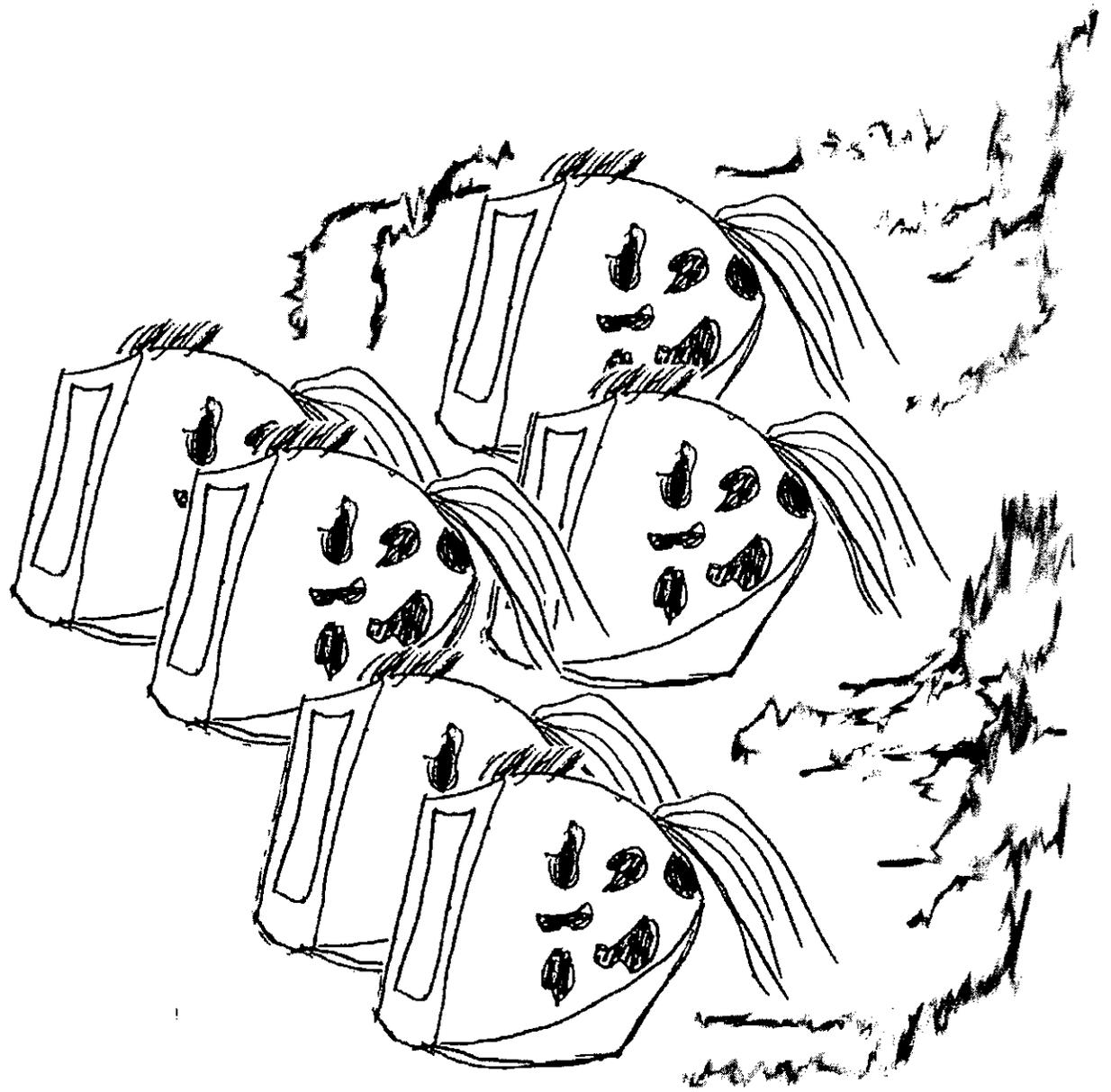
Born 1956, Ithaca, NY. Graduate of Cornell (nursery school). Filked in elementary school. Found others did too at first con: Boskone 1975. Moved to California 1978. Published Westerfilk Collection 1980. Founded Off Centaur Publications 1981. Ph.D. in Astrophysics 1984. Married Mary Kay in 1991, same day as Great Oakland Fire – not my fault! No kids, two cats. Interfilk guest, Filk Hall of Fame, Boskone Featured Filker 2000.

Two published albums: *Fire In The Sky* (1991) and *Parody Violation* (2000). Self-Employed Rocket Scientist, will build secret weapons for food. Mostly-retired Cybernetic Necromancer.

Has trouble writing in complete sentences...

MUSINGS:

Concertino in 1995 is most memorable as the place I premiered "Heart of the Apple Lisa." Mary Kay insisted no one would get all those obscure computer references, but I went ahead and ended my concert set with it, and several people fell off their chairs. It got a standing ovation, with scattered cries of "We're not worthy" (of what, I've always wondered...).



The Viking Song

©1995 Paul M. Mac donald

C
 I love to go a'Viking
 G
 Across the Irish hills
 C
 The colleens are alright (I guess)
 F G C
 But sheep!...(Baaaaa!) THEY give me thrills!

Chorus: G C
 Valkyrie! Valkyrah!
 G C
 Valkyrie! Valkyrah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah
 G C
 Valkyrie! Valkyrah!
 F G C
 My great sword on my back.

They called Leif the Lucky
 They called Eric the Red
 My foe just took a sword thrust
 And soon I'll call him DEAD! CHORUS

They called Leif the Lucky (*Star Trek tie in...*)
 They called Eric the Red
 I just got my red shirt
 Soon they'll call ME dead! CHORUS

We've no need of filkers
 Providing outside jest
 Burning rhyme we've lots of,
 We're skalded by the best! CHORUS

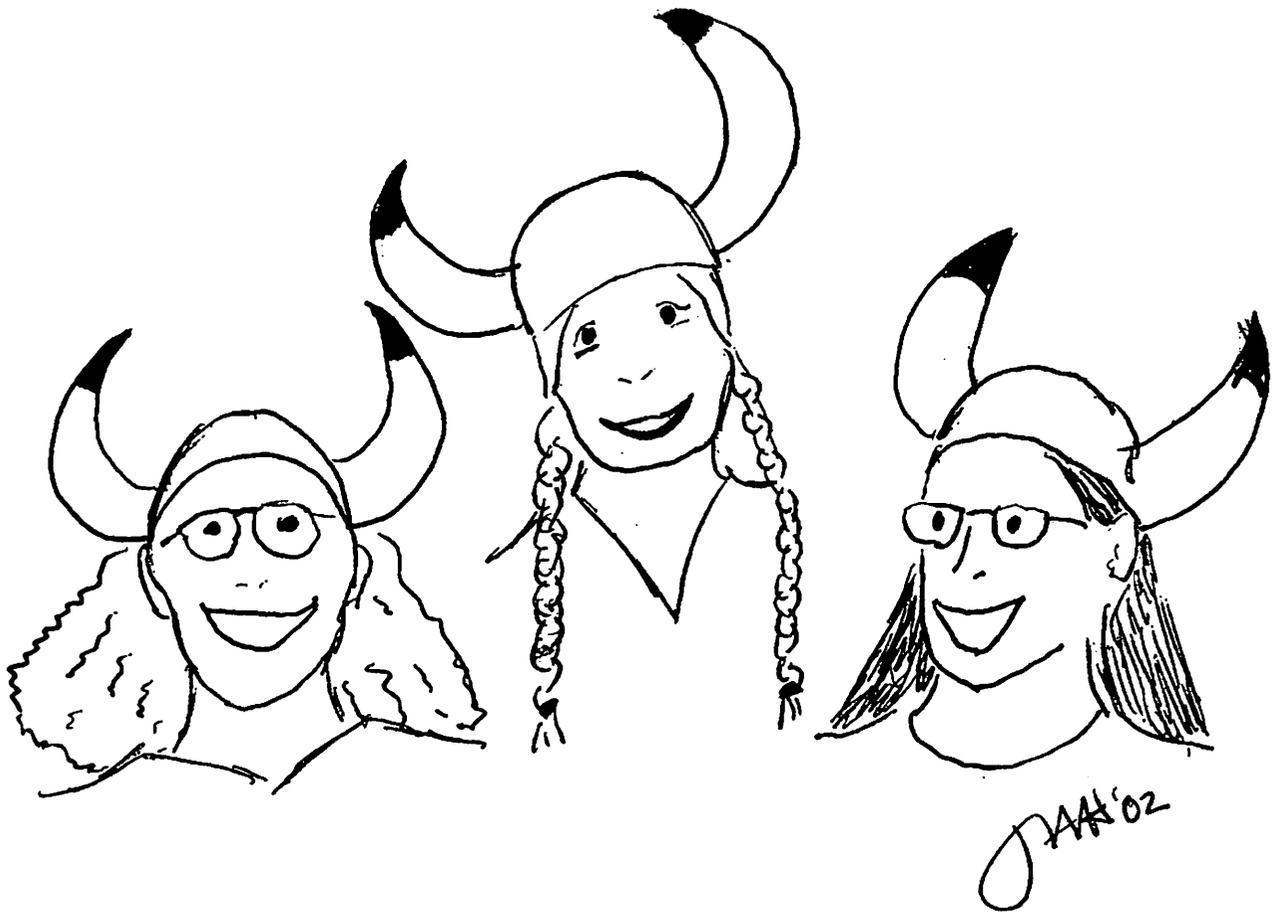
By now your ears are tired
 My warblings you may rue
 But keep opinions to yourself
 Or else I'll run you THROUGH! CHORUS

BIO:

Paul and Catherine were very involved in filk -- in fact, met because of it! He then carried her away to his own country where they had to travel great distances to do any filking at all. Eventually they couldn't get away to anything and getting to be Interfilk guests meant a chance to see everyone again and sing songs they couldn't sing anywhere else. Since their Interfilk attendance in 1995, Catherine has become the accompanist for a couple of community choirs and a number of voice students -- and an Anglican church organist (!). Paul has gotten very involved in writing worship songs, both folk and rock based, and performing in a worship band. Christian filk, anyone?

MUSINGS:

"The Viking Song" cried out for Valkyries. I (Catherine) made the mistake of conveying that to Mary Ellen and Judith, who knew the cue for a conspiracy when they heard one. With OVFF being so close to Hallowe'en, MEW easily acquired three Viking helmets -- horns and all. Right on cue mew and Judith joined Catherine in a line behind Paul after he started the song. The picture on the Interfilk site was taken just after he'd finally turned around and gotten a look at what was causing the excessive laughter.



FIAWOL

(Filking Is a Way of Life)

©1995, 2001 Rennie Levine,

To the tune of "Closer to Fine" by Emily Saliers of the Indigo Girls

Intro: G G6/A C9 Dsus D D9 D (2X)

G G6/A C9 Dsus D D9 D
 I'd like to tell you all 'bout who I am,
G G6/A C9 Dsus D D9 D
 And just what it means to be a filking fan.
D11 C
 The best thing you've ever done for me
D11 C
 Is to help me take this life more seriously –
G G6/A C9 Dsus D D9 D
 It's what we call "FIAWOL".

'Cause fandom feeds a hunger that's insatiable,
 And music fills up more than just the ear.
 I wrap your voices 'round me like a blanket,
 I save up so much love that I could bank it,
C G
 And still I crave it more.

Chorus: D C9 G
 I've been to the West Coast, I've been to Ohio,
D C9 G
 The Northeast & Nashville, Great Britain, Toronto.
D11 C
 There's more than one filk con on this planet,
G
 And I have been to a lot of them.
D11 C
 And the more I venture far from my vicinity,
G G6/A C9
 The closer I am to fen.
Dsus G G6/A C9 D
 The closer I am to fen.

I traveled to the famed Mad Hatter's Tea Party,
 Where I dressed up in a costume and had scones with jam & cream.
 I went to their filk sing, and found out very quickly:
 Without all night endurance you're branded weak and sickly.
G C9
 I went three days straight without a wink of sleep,
D G
 Then I dead-dogged, and it was great!

CHORUS

I stopped into a filk at 3AM
To seek solace in the music, but mainly with my friends.
I woke up in the morning with a song inside my head –
It had your music, but it had my words instead –

D G

I had come up with a parody!

I've been to the West Coast, I've been to Ohio,
The Northeast and Nashville, Great Britain, Toronto.
We go to the West Coast, we go to Ohio,
Atlanta, and Deutschland, Great Britain, Toronto.
We go to the panels, we go through the workshops,
We sit in on the circles, and we stand up for the one shots.
There's more than one filk con on this planet,
(And Steve Mac's been to all of them!)
And the more I venture far from my vicinity,
The closer I am to fen.
The closer I am to fen.
The closer I am to fen.

BIO:

I am a "New Yawker", and proud of it – born in the Bronx, raised in Queens, and currently living in Brooklyn with my husband (and fellow filker) Mike Browne, and our 5-year-old son Liam Browne.

My very first SF Convention (other than a "Cretin Con" in college) was the 1990 northeast filk convention, Concerto. There, I was exposed to much of the best filkdom had to offer, which made me set my standards high (although some consider my humor "low"...). I have been an incurable filkaholic ever since.

As co-dependant filkaholics, my family and I try to attend every filk convention that time and/or money allow. In 1996, Interfilk made it possible for me to add Musicon 5 to the list of filk cons I have attended (which, sadly, was also the last Musicon), by sending me to Nashville as their Interfilk Guest.

MUSINGS:

As Interfilk Guest, I was in intimidating company – for their 5th anniversary, Musicon welcomed back all of their previous GOHs! Although I did not feel I belonged among all of those "BNFs", the Musicon committee were lovely, gracious hosts, and the members were an appreciative (and forgiving) audience. I had a great time– it was a wonderful con, full of delightful fen, and I shall miss it.

I had such a great time, in fact, that I didn't even mind that we were "snowed in" for an extra day due to an unexpected winter storm – all the roads and airports were shut down. So, we had an extra-long, extra large Dead Dog – or, rather, "Sled Dog". :-)

I submitted this song because it best expresses what I feel about Interfilk. I hope they continue to help other filkers "...venture far from (their) vicinity..." and become closer to their fellow fen, for many years to come!

McLeod

© Teri Wachowiak

Em D
 It is the time to gather
Em D Em
 In these last of days
G D
 Immortals all with lineage
G Em
 All kin in some strange way
G D
 Can you take my head
G D A
 When all is said and done?
G D
 Will you brother take my head
C D Em
 When there can be but one?

Chorus: **C G**
 And we know not why we're fighting
Am C
 For we know not why we're here
G D
 Who will be the victor
C Am
 At the end time is unclear
C G
 Our souls are the arena
F C
 In a war not understood
G D
 One will stand in the name of man
C D Em
 Will he be a force for good?

Our heritage all borrowed
 We know not our history
 Only human these our lives
 An earthly legacy
 What rules do we respect
 And who has laid them down?
 What sport do we provide for whom
 Save on holy ground?

CHORUS

A kinsman I have called you
 From highland roots we came
 Will we have to cross our blades
 To finish out this game

“Why me?” can be a heartfelt cry
For us as well as men
When one of us will have to die
Only one can win

CHORUS

Conner should that day arrive
I'll lay my weapon down
And trust and pray I do what's right
When the peace of death I've found
Till then we fight to stay alive
In a war not understood
A force in time of history
For mankind and for good

Final Chorus: And we know not why we're fighting
 For we know not why we're here
 Who will be the victor
 At the end time is not clear
 Our souls are the arena
 In this war not understood
 One must stand in the name of man
 To be the force for good.

BIO AND MUSINGS:

Dave McConnell was a filker but doing it alone wasn't much fun and that was unsatisfactory for this long haired hippy chile Woodstock veteran. He wanted MORE.

At a con in Greenville SC in 1991 there was a 'babe' in black. She wore a wig and tight pants and had a very FAT songbook. She also had a big mouth and carried her tunes nicely. Dave perked up at this unknown and said, "I wanna record you!"

The Babe (Teri Wachowiak) looked at this long haired fellow of lusty demeanor and said, "Riiight." Wink, wink, nudge, nudge. An invitation was tendered. "Riiight." Coerced, she packed a chaperone, Barb Bowen, to allow a graceful exit (just in case.) Thoughtfully, Dave provided a chaperone of his own, and thus began regular visits to South Carolina.

Barb looked at the union and said, "It needs a bass player, I've just the thing." And Brian Killian was thrown in the car the next trip up.

Dave was getting happier but not quite there yet, so Barb spake, "You need harmony," and Russell Hall was thrown into the car. (There ain't a whole lot to do in this home town.)

Barb fed them and watered them and wrote and edited for them and they grew into the filk group Dave wanted. They played together for three years and produced three compilations of songs (*Timelines Takes Flight*, *Timelines Flies by Night* and *Timelines Flights of Fantasy*) before college and the real world set them onto different paths.

Barb still writes songs, Dave still writes and performs tunes and Teri still has a big mouth and does likewise does, also taking Barb's stuff and happily making Barb known to the masses. Russell went on to a career in interior decorating and is contemplating opening a Trendy Bar. Brian is aiming for an SCA Throne.

For Teri, the huge honor of being an Interfilk guest was tempered with the realization that Delta had lost her luggage. She spent the weekend threatening to wear two tablecloths and a sign "Delta left me naked!" The fine folks in California graciously overlooked her eccentric wardrobe and gave Timelines a rousing reception – as well as a shirt for Teri! Something to wear besides a tablecloth! All memories were good, even with the lost luggage – she never did see that again.

Filksinger's Finger Pickin' Blues

© Steve Dixon

to the tune of "Loyal Hamster Blues" by Cecilia Eng

Note: parts in parenthesis are sung by the audience and sung in each verse

D

(Oh... strum)

I was listenin' to a filk tape just the other day

D

(Oh... strum)

When I heard a couple songs I simply had to play

G

(Oh... strum)

Well I picked up my guitar so sure that I could fake

D

(Oh... strum)

The way the song was played, should be a piece of cake.

A

G

Oh why does everybody have to finger pick?

D

(Ooh ick!)

Well, the song just didn't fit my finger picking style
And I kept missin' every chord change by a country mile
My hand was getting cramped, my fingers turning gray
It seemed the longer that I tried the worse the song would play!
Oh, why does everybody have to finger pick?
(Ooh ick!)

Now the rhythm it was there but not consistently
So I played the intro over with an extra three.
After playing four straight hours on the same three chords,
My ears rang, eyes were bloodshot and my butt was sore
Oh, why does everybody have to finger pick?
(Ooh ick!)

Well my wife was getting frazzled and about to riot,
And my kids were begging me for just some peace and quiet,
Now, I finally got the song right and I want to play,
But nobody wants it played until Judgment Day.
Oh, why does everybody have to finger pick?
(Ooh ick!)

Oh, why does everybody have to finger pick?
(Ooh ick!)

DIXON SHUSH!!!! (name should be person singing the song)



NOTES:

This song was first performed at the OVFF where I was Interfilk guest. Its origin is a story in itself. The short version is that I ended up with one of Burl Ives' old research books, a collection of political songs from Anglo-Norman England. One of them was very obviously a contemporary scathing review of the same King John who was Richard's brother, and the villain of many a Robin Hood story. Sadly, the scholarly book lacked two important things:

1. Poetic sense, and the translations from Anglo-Norman French into English turned the songs into grim, blocky pseudo-prose;
2. Music.

As a filker neither of these proved insurmountable. I looked at what was printed, grimly remembered snippets of four years of French and a semester of Middle English, and set to work. Putting the lyrics back into verse form required only a tweak or two, after figuring out words that both scanned and sang. Ah, but the tune... The song was written long before modern notation, and as a result the author had made no effort to print what he had found. Thus, there were no real clues. Then, I looked closely at what had come out of my reworking of the translation. Sure enough, it scanned to "Greensleeves"...

A sirvente, in the context used in the song, is sort of a musical rebuke for perceived misdeeds. Sure enough, so is "Greensleeves" ...

BIO:

Nick Smith, longtime member of the L.A. Filkharmonics, chairman of ConChord for the last few years, former editor of Fantasy Book, storyteller. Brief enough? Oh, you probably wanted complete sentences, didn't you...Sigh. [*ed: there's a lot of it going around*]

MUSINGS:

My memories of the convention are many, but a couple of them stand out:

- 1) The con com putting up with my strange request to be taken into downtown Columbus and left there for a few hours, to look at strange wood carvings in the local museum.
- 2) Several well-known Midwest filkers joining me on stage for songs that required multiple voices or staging, especially on "The Woodbridge Dog Disaster".

Welcome to our Planet...Now, Get Lost!

© Doug Wu

To the tune of "The Lincoln Park Pirates"

Am
 The pub lights are out in old Port Town tonight,
F G C
 And all of the dance halls are closed.
F Am
 Though the streets look deserted, we cops are alerted,
Dm E7
 Our weapons set to "Sweet Repose,"
Am Am
 'Cause the Chief says "Remember the curfew,
F G C
 I want all the violators soon!
F Am
 So work with a will, I've got jail cells to fill,
Dm E7
 We can have 'em shipped offworld by noon!

Chorus: **Am E7 Am**
 "T' me weigh-hey, haul 'em away,
F G Am
 The Banners from Argo are we!
F Am F Am
 Be you fleet or lone spacer, we'll bid you 'Good day, Sir!'
Dm E7
 And do it discourteously!
Am E7 Am
 T' me weigh-hey, haul 'em away,
F G C
 We consider the hours well spent!
F Am F Am
 If your ship finds our planet, we'll find ways to ban it,
Am E7 Am
 And no one can make us relent!

"We've banned all the good men of Starfleet,
 Who came seeking cure for their thirst,
 And they say, 'we've no right', and they'll sue us! HAH!
 We banned all the lawyer types first!
 We've banned all the Eagles from Alpha,
 And the Furies from Babylon 5,
 And if our next invader is Blake's Liberator,
 They'll be lucky to leave here alive!

CHORUS

"Our bartenders water their liquor,
 (The ones that serve liquor at all.)
 All our women are chaste, ('NEVER pet 'neath the waist!')
 And they make you sleep out in the hall.

But spacemen can get quite rambunctious,
When shore leave comes just once a year,
So each cop has a truncheon to do some head crunchin',
And make our point perfectly clear.

CHORUS

“Our world has no use for Space Rangers,
Of human or alien birth.
We took all the starch out of ‘My Favorite Martian’,
And sent him to exile on earth.
Galactica’s barred from returning,
And so is the Great Earthship Ark,
One night after three, we sent Buck Rogers fleeing,
His pants-seat aglow in the dark!

CHORUS

“You might ask why we’re so unfriendly,
So ready to spit in your eye?
We believe in the old-fashioned values,
That our ancestors brought from the sky.
They settled this world quite a long time ago,
As a home for their kin and their kith,
And though they were nice guys, Sir, they FINALLY got wiser,
And banned Dr. Zachary Smith!”

CHORUS 2x

Alternate final lines for last chorus:

“T’ me weigh-hey, haul ’em away,
And if we’ve got nothing to do,
Then let’s all get some rocks, and storm that blue box,
Let’s ban that Doctor guy too!”

BIO:

I’ve been hanging around cons off and on for twenty-two years mostly trying to fool people into believing I was somebody they’d want to come back, so imagine my surprise when Interfilk contacted me through Bill and Terri Wells and told me somebody did! (“You DO love me! You really DO!” Doing my best Sally Field impersonation. Okay. I won’t quit my day job.)

I’ve been writing songs for almost that long, (mostly during long commutes and when my boss isn’t looking), trying on the one hand to be an anthem writer for the future, but who can often be found in the back of the filking room scribbling on the backs of con flyers and giggling maniacally.

I was one third of Orion’s Belt, and later the Renaissance Faire harper known as Tam Timmorlane, who has since become my stage name (and occasionally on stage persona). I must be getting better, ’cause they haven’t shot at me recently for not playing country.

Currently I’m a professional singer/instrumentalist wherever I can find people I can fool into believing they want to hear me, which is extremely difficult in the determinedly mundane environs of Western North Carolina. This means I have to supplement my income by working as a Customer Service Operator, but I’m thinking of becoming a something else where the hours are better and there’s more self-esteem.

MUSINGS:

My Grodd, is it really four years already? Almost five you say? Well, what strangeness I say about FKO 97, but that I made a big hit with members of Urban Tapestry by playing some Partridge Family tunes on my Celtic harp for them in the area off the Con Suite? Who says filk music can’t be high art?

Spirit of the Wind

©1997 Martian Trophy Music
Lyric by Karen Linsley and Lloyd Landa
Music by Karen Linsley

Intro: Am D Am G Am Am Bb Am G Am

Am D
She rides 'neath the stars a silver grey phantom
Am G Am
Her mane in the moonlight a shimmering veil
Am Bb
He spotted her first just north of El Paso
Am G Am
Gliding above an old Indian trail
Am D
Could this be the one the Navaho worshipped
Am G Am
Could this be the symbol that moved the Cheyenne
Am Bb
He'd heard her name spoken and whispered at camp fires
Am G Am
From the plains of Montana to the old Rio Grande

Chorus: Am Bb
And she rides, rides, rides through the night
F Dm E
Her mystery drawing him in
Am Bb
And she flies, flies, flies from his sight
F Dm E Am G Am G
The ghostly horse they call Spirit of the Wind.

It's said that she came from across the wide ocean
The first of her kind to set foot on this land
Though she died in the blaze of a long-ago battle
She appears as a vision to taunt every man
It's said she was a symbol of freedom
To those who felt bound by mortality's chains
The life of the one who could tame her and ride her
Would never be severed by death's cruel blade

CHORUS

With each passing night he sensed himself closer
To touching the magic that held him enthralled
The sought-after secret that tantalized others
Was soon to be his if he held his resolve
At long last he found her beside the Grand Canyon
Where cliffs tumble downwards in oranges and reds
As he reached out to touch her, she swiftly soared outwards
He stumbled and fell to his knees at the edge

CHORUS

Outro chords:

Am Am G G Am Am G G Am Dm G E Am

BIO & NOTES:

Karen & Lloyd found filk in 1993 at Toronto Trek, following the sound of the music. They burst into the Ontario filk scene and we loved them from day one.

Karen is a Southern Ontario girl from a small town. She's a musician formally trained in voice and guitar. On the other hand she's also been known to make a fine display of belly dancing at an FKO Dead Penguin party. One of her memorable achievements was being nominate by *RPM Magazine* for "Best New Artist" in the Big Country Awards. She lost to Blue Rodeo

Lloyd is an expatriate from Saskatoon. He would tantalize us with tales of his piano lessons – shared with no less than Joni Mitchell – and his days as a pro musician on the folk scene, sharing the stage with other big names. He was also a publicist and a very fine one.

In 1997 we proudly sent them to ConChord. They spoke often of the kindness of the people they met there, and their wonderful reception by the California filkers. Travel to distant cons didn't happen often, but they managed one OVFF and one Consonance, each time returning with raves about the fans, and the music, and the fun.

As professional musicians the music scene was and is far different from the filk scene. Lloyd often said that the filk community gave him back some of the real joy in making music together.

Together Karen and Lloyd brought a new level of talent to the local scene. They were honoured as songwriters with a Pegasus for "Road to Roswell", which I was deeply honoured to accept on their behalf. The CD, *Road to Roswell*, featuring Karen's inimitable vocals and Lloyd's keyboard was a wonderful showcase of their writing and musicianship. Later came the award for their "Pioneers of Mars".

Their filk repertoire was small but grew regularly, with new interpretations of old songs, and their own new and wonderful pieces. The magic came to an abrupt stop in August of 2000 with the sudden death of Lloyd. Karen is recovering but the process is slow. At this writing she is having additional difficulties with keyboarding. So, she sends her apologies for not sending a personal note.

The Ontario filk community is not complete without them.

–Judith

How Far Back Does Music Go?

lyrics by Catherine Faber, music by Catherine Faber and Arlene "Callie" Hills

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment line on a bass clef staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: "In the rhy - thm of a heart-beat mu - sic is be-gun. In the rhy - thm that we tra-vel when we saun - ter, when we run. The thrill that lifts our hack - les when the wind be-gins to moan We learned to re - cre - ate with just a length of hol - low bone. I look at all the pie - ces and I real - ly want to know How far back does mu - sic go?" The score includes dynamic markings of *mf* at the beginning of the first and second systems.

Copyright ©2001 Cat Faber and Arlene "Callie" Hills

chorus

How far back (I say) how far back does mu-sic go?

How far back

How far back, how far back does
does mu - sic go? How far back, does

mu - sic go? When the
mu - sic go? When the

rhy - thm of a ma - ma's heart - 'll make a ba - by grow.
rhy - thm of a ma - ma's heart - 'll make a ba - by grow.

How Far Back Does Music Go?

lyrics ©2001 Catherine Faber,
melody ©2001 Catherine Faber and Arlene "Callie" Hills

In the rhythm of a heartbeat music is begun
In the rhythm that we travel when we saunter, when we run.
The thrill that lifts our hackles when the wind begins to moan
We learned to recreate with just a length of hollow bone
I look at all the pieces and I really want to know
How far back does music go?

How far back (I say) how far back does music go?
How far back, how far back does music go.
When the rhythm of a mama's heart'll make a baby grow.

Through the mesh of our perceptions music seems to reach
To the nerves we grow to notice how emotion colors speech.
Speed and pitch and volume held relaxed or urgent vibes
In the wordless cries and chatter of pre-neolithic tribes.
If the stimulus is missing, the pathways never grow
How far back does music go?

Dolphin calves learn music in the waters off the coast
Fledglings study music where the sparrows curse and boast
Wolves will sing together; it's a guess, but I'll be bound
Words grew out of music, not the other way around
Listen to the world, then come and say it isn't so:
How far back does music go?

BIO:

Cat is the offspring of a sasquatch and a space alien, which gave her a unique perspective on things like sports and religion (if those can be said to be separate subjects). Her taste in music is likewise unusual, combining a love for the folksong style with an interest in subjects like science and magic. This made her such a natural for filk that it is astonishing she didn't discover it until she was nearly full grown. She sang from babyhood, though her sasquatch parent maintains she was tone-deaf until about the sixth grade. In 1996 she hooked up with Arlene Hills to form the filk duo Echo's Children.

MUSINGS:

In 1997 Interfilk kindly offered to send me to the Ohio Valley Filk Festival. I'd always wistfully thought of going, but had never been able to, so I jumped at the chance. Callie Hills and I had been singing together as Echo's Children for some time, and were working on our first CD; we made herculean efforts to have it ready in time for the Con, and the first box was shipped out from the factory to arrive at Diana Huey's house (if I remember correctly) Friday afternoon. Callie arranged to come to the con with me so we could perform together. I was bowled over at how friendly and helpful everyone was. It was the first filk con (as opposed to a regular con where filking happened) I'd been to, and I remember thinking a bit mournfully that there was just no way I was going to be able to hear everything.

I was amazed at the size and interest of the audience that showed up for our concert. I had to leave my guitar in Portland, since I didn't dare check it, but Diana loaned me hers, a gorgeous little Seagull with a sweet and mellow sound. The concert itself melds into a happy blur in my mind (concerts tend to do that) but I remember at the end we announced that our first CD had just come back from the manufacturer, and we were – “mobbed” is the wrong word; people were polite and patient – but “surrounded” describes it pretty well as soon as we got offstage. My major regret about that OVFF is that I wish we'd taken our commercial transactions outside to let the next concert go on without distractions.

I've made it to another OVFF since, but I might not have done it if I hadn't already known how much fun they are. Echo's Children has also been invited as filk guests to a generous multitude of other cons; many probably because people heard us at that OVFF. Thank you, Interfilk!



Filk Gardener*(Song for Judith)*

Words and music ©1999 Diana Huey

G **A7**
 We do not share parents
 C **D** **D7**
 Nor do we share a common name
 G **A7**
 We have found a bond in music
 C **D** **D7**
 We are family just the same

F **C**
 Distance is no boundary
 F **G**
 We reach past space and time
 F **Em**
 Each word reveals our meaning
 A **D**
 Our care shows in each rhyme

Chorus **G** **A**
 (And) The ties that bind us
 G **A**
 Are joy and kindness
 C **D** **G**
 And the gifts we give are our songs,
 C **D** **G**
 The gifts we give are our songs

Like any good gardener
 We want to help others grow
 When we've shaped, pruned & planted
 All can reap what we sow

Friendship without boundaries
 We share both space & time
 Respect & laughter joining
 The dreams born on each rhyme

Chorus (And) The ties that bind us
 Are joy & kindness
 And the gifts we give are our songs,
 The gifts we give are our songs
 The gifts we give are our songs...

BIO:

Having grown up as an army brat constantly on the move, Diana had no choice but to be hopelessly shy or a totally social person. She is not shy. She has been a music major, an English major, an employee in fast food, the creative support person for a large firm, a better-than-Martha-Stewart craftsperson and a conchair or concom for OVFF for many productive years. She is the official debutante “mom” of filk (“elbow, elbow, wrist, wrist, wrist, to the pearls... and rest”). She has won at least one songwriting contest and crafts songs that deliciously blend all of her talents. She has progressed from novice on the guitar to an extremely gifted finger picker. Temporarily she is in happy retirement as châtelaine of Casa Huey, as consort of Robert, and as Tavo’s Mom.

Having served as a fine guest at Consonance and shown qualifications like the above (especially the Mom part), Interfilk immediately conscripted her to serve as director for the Midwest when that post became vacant.

– Judith

MUSINGS:

Consonance '98... I'm not sure I can even begin to convey the excitement, the thrill, or the sense of wonder I felt as their IF guest that year. The warmth of the welcome I received has yet to subside, and I try to be ever mindful of the great gift I received that weekend. At that time, I was having a great deal of difficulty with CTS (carpal tunnel syndrome); I wasn't even certain I'd have the hand-strength to chord or strum. As it happened, the very understanding concom discreetly arranged my concert in fifteen-minute sets (the length of my endurance), with the Interfilk Auction occurring during the breaks. The support of IF & Consonance sustained me through a troubled time, and I count myself very fortunate to have had the experience.



"WELL, IF YOU DIDN'T INVITE HER
TO BE AN INTERFILK WENCH AND
+ DIDN'T INVITE HER TO BE AN
INTERFILK WENCH, WHERE THE
HECK DID SHE COME FROM?"

A Thousand Ships

Lyrics: ©2001 Juliane Honisch

Music: ©2001 Kerstin Dröge

C From the mirror looking back at me **G**
Dm Is the face that launched a thousand ships **Am**
C And the smile that in the glass I see **G**
Am Trembles nervously upon those lips. **Em**
C And unlike my mirror image I **G**
Em Can hear sounds of dusky darkness fall. **F(9)**
C Perhaps tonight will be the night I die **G**
Am Fenced in by those mighty Trojan walls. **F(9)**

Choices were for others, not for me.
I was never asked my wish or will.
So an old man's wife I came to be
Golden toy to him, but faithful still,
Till an honored guest did touch my soul
Taught me smiles that duly reached my eyes.
But my sweet smiles were not all he stole
For his love was reckless and not wise.

And again of me no one did ask
Whether I would want to start a war,
Whether I'd fulfil my fate-set task,
Whether I did truly wish for more.
Now the master of my fate is young.
He has brought me to the walls of Troy.
When the deeds of war are fin'ly sung
Who will call him selfish, lovesick boy?

Battle drums I hear within my mind
Fire arrows pierce me to the core.
Everyone is— like Cassandra — blind,
Hatred lives on both sides of the door.
And the image in my mirror cries
Red-hot tears run down to wrinkling lips.
I've grown old while everybody dies
For the face that launched a thousand ships.

BIOS:

Ju or Yooh (Juliane) is from southern Germany (Bavaria). She became interested in music early, learning to play recorder, piano, and later guitar, tin-whistle and finally snare drum for pipe bands. She has sung in many choirs, loves close harmonies and used to play Irish and Scottish music, alone and in bands. When not listening to filk she likes classical music (renaissance, baroque and early 20th century are favorites). She works for a publishing company which edits marketing and business law books and does print and Internet promotion for German industrial companies worldwide. She writes songs, poems and stories, mostly science fiction and horror. Currently she is working on a neo-gothic romance which she hopes will grow into a novel. She enjoys filk for the music and the lyrics, but most of all for the wonderful and creative people. She lives in hope to have more time to spend on her creative endeavors. A day is never long enough.

Katy (Kerstin) was born and raised in North Germany, where people are supposed to be cool, quiet and reasonable just like the weather – but who ever believes a weather report? The beginning of her fannish life had been dominated by *Star Trek* fandom – then she discovered filk, which invaded her life and never let her go again. Her musical career before filking included choir singing and playing the piano-accordion in an orchestra. This particular skill enables her to play Yooh's synthesizer while lying down underneath it and reaching up, a very filkish thing to do. Her main instrument now, however, is her Ibanez guitar which she tends to play standing up. Apart from music she's interested in traveling (naaahhh, it doesn't show at all *g*) and computers, loves dogs, likes reading (mostly fantasy) and going out to the cinema or to pubs, and collects dragons and extraordinary silver jewelry. She loves walks along the sea shore and is addicted to ice cream. In her "other life" she works in product planning/marketing for microelectronics.

MUSINGS:

Katy: My Interfilk experience: What can I say? You got me hooked on overseas cons :). I never expected not only to find new friends, but basically a new family. The filk community has become a big part of my life and I can't thank Interfilk enough for bringing us. We, and also the German filk fandom, would not be where we are now without your help.

Ju: Interfilk opened the world for me. That sounds a bit like a can opener. But really it was more like a dimensional gate. There was this world beyond the ocean that we thought was so far away. So totally beyond anything that was reachable for a weekend. It was full of names we knew from cassettes and CDs, full of voices that we had listened to again and again in our living rooms. And it seemed quite impossible to get there, so far away. I should have believed my Tolkien "Still round the corner there may wait a new road or a secret gate...". The new road got us to Canada, the secret gate to FilKONTario. And suddenly people we had never seen before welcomed us, hugged us and turned out to be friends. Family. A whole new continent of family.

Interfilk makes distances vanish. Among all other achievements of Interfilk that one seems to me to be the greatest. More Tolkien: "We still remember, we who dwell in this far land beneath the trees, the starlight on the Western Seas." And we keep returning.

Bloodsimple

©2001 Jane Mailander

To the tune of "Bloodchild" by Joey Shoji

Because I finally read the story.

Like most, I heard the song first, and I shuddered.
The lyrics Joey Shoji sang were fraught
With horror, gore and violence so graphic,
The story should be told by Ridley Scott!

Long afterward, I finally picked up "Bloodchild,"
The novelette that spawned that ghastly song –
But read in silent anger as I noticed
That Joey had been lying all along!

Dishonest song, misleading end –
Its words distress and cause you pain.
Try reading what the author wrote –
You'll never think that way again.

The colonists from Earth, in many stories,
Don't have to deal with lives already there.
Most times, the worlds for exiled humans' dwellings
Were safely free of sentients, and bare.

But what if they hold people? "Bloodchild" ponders–
And people who demand that rent be paid?
So humans turned to living incubators
For land to live – a free and mutual trade!

You plant your flag, you pay the price:
That's all Octavia Butler wrote about.
With morbid, out-of-context words,
The song turned "Bloodchild" inside out.

The storyteller lives beyond the ending
(The one "ripped open" healing even then).
He learned about the role he'd play in bearing
The precious young who'd see him as a friend.

The moral here is: Read before you listen,
And don't trust all the story's been put down.
Now I can't wait till Joey sings his new song
About that painted fiend– Bozo the Clown!

Dishonest song, misleading end –
Its words distress and cause you pain.
Try reading what the author wrote –
You'll never think that way again.

BIO:

Jane Mailander has been filking since before she knew it had a name. In sixth grade her lyrics (to "I've been Working on the Railroad") were used for a Catholic school pep rally. She grew up listening to folk albums – "I can't tell you which bands were popular when I was in school, but I can rattle off all the verses of 'Goober Peas.'" She attended a convention filk panel put on by D.C. Fontana and Lynn Barker, and fell in love. She attended her first con filk in 1982, her first house filk in 1983, and her first filk con (ConChord 1) that same year. Has been writing filks (knowing the name of the beast at last) since 1981. Plans to have a book of her filksongs out pretty soon now.

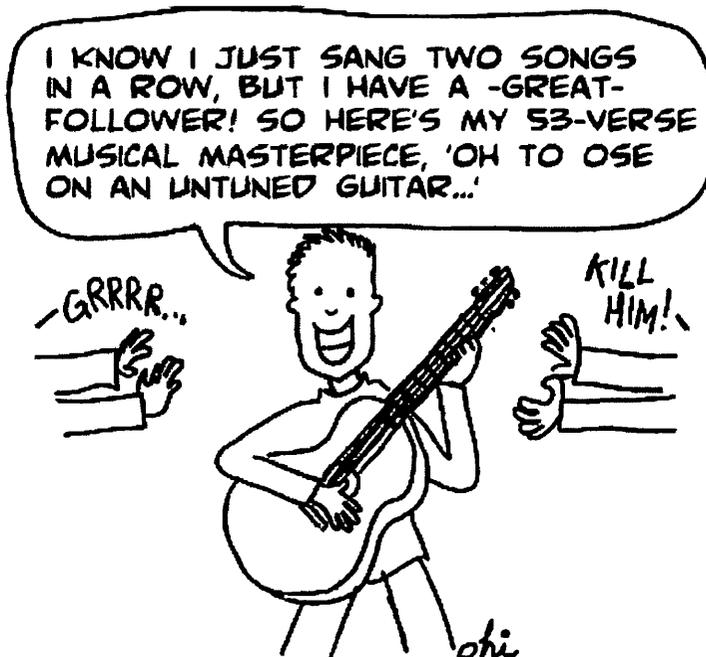
MUSINGS:

I was pleased to share the con with Urban Tapestry. During their concert set, at the end of their Xena song I let out a Xena whoop that must have made an indelible impression on them (since they asked me up on stage at Consonance 2001 during their concert to provide the same whoop at the end of the song).

This was my first visit to New Jersey. It was also the closest I ever got to NYC. I have a now-bittersweet memory of the one time I saw the World Trade Center towers with my own eyes as I was driven to the airport.

As a guest, I received several gifts. I loved my skeletal hand (received in connection with something or other); I also received a very nice leather belt containing pouches of fruits, nuts and flakes ('cause I'm from California, see); the belt has gone with me on several RennFaires ever since, *sans* the granola. I was treated like a princess by the con committee and attendees (and showered with magnificent chocolate-chip cookies courtesy of Count Spatula).

Unfortunately, despite the fun and the good singing that weekend, my ghastly flight home is still the strongest memory I took away from my Interfilk adventure.



The Earth's Last Picture

Lyrics: Rudyard Kipling

Music: Steve Simmons

Intro: Fmaj7 A Fmaj7 A

Fmaj7 A
 When the Earth's last picture is painted,
 Fmaj7 A
 And the tubes are all twisted and dry.
 Fmaj7 A
 When the oldest colors have faded,
 Fmaj7 A
 And the youngest critic has died.

A Bb A
 We shall rest, and faith we shall need it.
 Bb A
 Lie down for a eon or two
 Bb A
 Til the master of all good workmen
 Gmaj7 Gmaj7/B A
 Shall put us to work, to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy, they shall sit in a great golden chair.
 They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair.
 They shall have real saints to draw from: Magdalene, Peter, and Paul.
 They shall work for a year at one sitting and never be tired, tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame.
 And no-one will work for the money and no-one will work for the fame.
 Ah, but each for the joy of the working, and each in his own separate star
 Will draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things, of things as they are.

Repeat first verse, alt melody.

Notes:

Play slowly, freely. In the A to Bb changes, the chord should slide up and down. These arpeggios are similar to but not exactly what I play.

Arpeggio :

Fmaj7 A
 E---0---0---0---0---0---
 B---1---1---1---1---2---2---2---2---
 G---2---2---2---0---2---2---2---0---
 D---3---3---3---3---2---2---2---2---
 A---3---3---3---0---0---0---0---
 E-----
 (repeat)

Arpeggio :

A | Bb
 E---0---0---0---1---1---1---
 B---2---2---2---2^3---3---3---3---
 G---2---2---2---2^3---3---3---3---
 D---0---0---0---2^3---3---3---3---
 A---0---0---0---1---1---1---
 E-----
 (repeat)

BIO:

Current bio, 100 words or less? Deep breath: born '53, fandom '70, guitar '73, filk '74, married Ruth '78 (thank you!), daughter Kate '82, son Rob '84, four careers (computing, sysadmin, fandom, family), no divorces, no grandchildren, chaired Conclave '78, once Interfilk guest (thank you!), Ad Astra Fan GOH (thank you!), current member DI, IEEE, GT, SAGE, USENIX, past president DI, SAGE, Waldo & Magic Inc, board of directors DI (now), SAGE (past), vote for me for USENIX board, musically influenced by (alphabetically) Beatles, Buffet, Dillards, Dylan, Eberhardt, Friends (mine), Ian (Janis), McLean, Ruth (wife), and Zevon. Dead eventually.

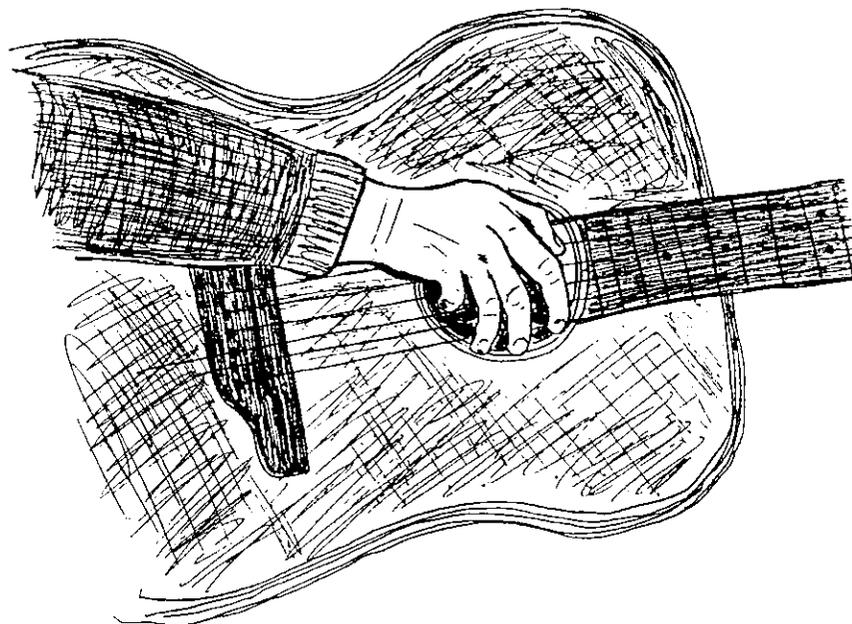
MUSINGS:

To be honest, my first response was shock. "Why *me*?", followed almost immediately by "Oh my gawd, what am I gonna *do*?" Feelings of being undeserving and nervous persisted right up until the taxi hit the hotel.

Oh, but the con, the con. People made me feel so welcome, it was like an extra Christmas. Brunch with Mary Ellen and the vocal teacher. Hamburgers at a local shop with whole groups of new friends. Seeing (and hearing, and hearing) Leslie for the first time in over 10 years. Puzzlebox! How wonderful! Plus there were so many people whom I'd known only by name or reputation. Yes, I'd heard other people do their material, but so often the original is still the best.

Even my own concert worked :-). I'd been such a Midwestern provincial since the kids were born that most folks in California had heard neither my old stuff nor the new.

A number of old friendships and acquaintances got re-tuned, and many of the folks I met there became and remain important parts of my filking life. I'm still immensely grateful to the Interfilk board and the community for the (undeserved, undeserved!) opportunity, and hope we can continue to spread it far and wide.



Ashes

©2001 Cecilia A. Eng

Dm **Am**
It was a clear day in New York City,

E
A bright September morning –
Am

A day without a warning.

Dm **Am**
We watched in horror as your lives were ended

E **Am**
In the towers that all fell down.

Chorus 1:

Dm **Am**
And they'll give your loved ones a jar of ashes,

E
A wreath of roses

Am
And politicians' poses.

Dm **Am**
They'll fill your jar from that pile of ashes –

E **Am**
The ashes that all fell down.

And all you'll get is some three column-inches
To tell your story,
Your dreams and hopes of glory.
All the rest is just dust and ashes
In the ashes that all fell down.

(chorus 1) **Dm – Am – E – A –**

D **A**
But we as a nation swear that we will remember

E
By every dying ember

A
The eleventh of September

D **A**
And we'll rise again to build a new tomorrow

E **A**
From the ashes that all fell down.

Because our forebearers lived through world-wide pandemics,
The Great Depression,
World Wars and dark oppression
And the followers of hate will see us rise from these ashes –
These ashes that all fell down.

Chorus 2: D A
 And we'll give you more than just a jar of ashes,
 E
 A wreath of roses
 A
 Or politicians' poses.
 D A
 Like the phoenix, we will rise from these ashes –
 E A
 These ashes that all fell down.

Yes, we'll give you more than just a jar of ashes,
 A wreath of roses
 Or politicians' poses.
 Like the phoenix, we shall rise from these ashes –
 These ashes that all fell down.

 D A
 Yes, the eagle, like the phoenix shall rise from these ashes –
 E D – A
 These ashes that all fell down!

For those who died and especially the thousands who will never be found.

The best and sweetest revenge against an enemy who wants to see you dead,
 to see you fail, to see you live in fear
 is to be successful and live
 Happily Ever After.



Ashes

Words and music by Cecilia Eng

Dm F E
It was a clear day in New York Cit - y, A bright Sep - tem - ber morn - ing - A

Am Dm Am
day with - out a warn - ing. We watched in hor - ror as your lives were end - ed In the

E Am Dm A
tow - ers that all fell down. And they'll give your loved ones a jar of ash - es,

E Am Dm
A wreath of ros - es And pol - i - ti - cians' pos - es. They'll fill your jar from that

Am E Am A
pile of ash - es, The ash - es that all fell down. But

D A E
we as a na - tion swear that we will re - mem - ber By ev - 'ry dy - ing em - ber The e -

A D A
lev - enth of Sep - tem - ber, And we'll rise a - gain to build a new to - mor - row From the

E A D A
ash - es that all fell down. (Be - cause) give you more than just a jar of ash - es,
And we'll

E A D
A wreath of ros - es Or pol - i - ti - cians' pos - es. Like the phoe - nix we shall

©2001 Cecilia Eng

A E A

rise from these ash - es- These ash - es that all fell down. Yes, we'll
Yes. the

D A E D A

ea-gle like the phoe-nix shall rise from these ash-es- These ash-es that all fell down!

BIO:

Cecilia Eng has been writing and performing science fiction/fantasy music since 1985. Her first album, *Of Shoes and Ships*, was first published in 1988 by Off Centaur Inc. and is still available on cassette together with *Cecilia Eng Live!* from Firebird Arts & Music. Her latest album, *Harmony in Practice* was published on CD by Firebird in 1998 with the help of her favorite British musician/arranger, Emrys Atkinson. She has also contributed to a number of albums based on the writings of fantasy writer Mercedes Lackey as well as doing behind-the-scenes MIDI arrangements for some of Michael Longcor's CDs. On the latest CD, *Owlflight*, she has for the first time been able to have real live musicians play some of her virtual MIDI arrangements – an experience which has been a true joy for Cecilia and a (literally) breathless experience for some of the musicians (real wind instrumentalists have to breathe??)!

For the last 10 years, she has been bringing music performers to OryCon and other conventions in the Pacific Northwest through the non-profit association, *Friends of Filk*, and can often be found raising money behind their dealers tables at conventions in the area. She has also been a featured music guest at Dreamcon (Everett WA), Congenial (Racine WI), Tropicon (Palm Beach FL), Boskone (Boston MA), OVFF (Columbus OH), and Consonance (San Jose CA).

MUSINGS:

One of the reasons that Friends of Filk was organized in the Pacific Northwest, was that all too many of us have not got the budget to travel to other areas of the country to hear the science fiction/fantasy music we love. The music from other regions is so varied that Friends of Filk began raising money to bring musicians from other regions to our local science fiction/fantasy conventions so we could hear new music and perhaps have music from our region travel back with our special guests.

It was therefore with great delight that I accepted Interfilk's invitation to be their guest at the Ohio Valley Filk Fest – an event I had always wanted to attend but never could quite scrape up the funds for air tickets and hotel rooms. I think the existence of OVFF is one of the reasons there are so many excellent songwriters and performers from the Midwest, many of whom I was able to hear in person for the first time.

One of the things I'll always remember from OVFF is standing at the back of the main performance room while sound checks and things were happening. I was chatting with friends waiting to go on stage and had finished off a plastic cup of water. Midway through a conversation, suddenly the plastic cup shattered in my hand, strewing pieces on the floor around me. Stage fright? No, why would you think that??? It did help to break some of the tension and we all had a good laugh over it.

I'd like to thank everyone from Interfilk and all the folks who contribute money and auction items to the Interfilk fund for this wonderful chance to attend OVFF!

Filk Circle Meeting

Words: ©1995 Glenn Simser

Music: various traditional. Gospel bluegrass uptempo

Acapella TTTO: I'll Fly Away

Lead: **G** Come the morn my **C** Mundane tasks are over, I'm on my **G** way
G **C** **G**

Choir: Mundane tasks are over. I'm on my way

Lead: **G** To make music with my closest friends, I'm on my **D** way
G **D** **G**

Choir: With my closest friends, I'm on my way

Lead: **G** I'm on my way to the Filksing, I'm on my **C** way
C **G** **G**

Choir: I'm on my way, Join the circle **G**

Lead: **G** Harmony will set my spirit free, I'm on my **D** way
D **G** **C**

Choir: I'm on my way, I'm - on - my - way **G**

Verse: TTTO: Brush Arbor Meeting

G **D** **C** **G**
 Years ago when I was starting out, I learned to play Guitar
G **D A D**
 By pickin' with my Father's family
G **D** **C** **G**
 Bound together by the music and the blood within our veins
D **G**
 We all had a place within that harmony

G **D** **C** **G**
 But Time moves on and I grew up, and struck out on my own
G **A D**
 Far from the Family Circle chose to roam
G **D** **C** **G**
 But Fate was kind She let me find, a path which carried me
D **C** **D7** **G**
 To a greater Circle than I'd ever known

Chorus:

(All) C D G
 And they call this phenomenon a Filksing

(Lead) G D A D
 You can never be quite sure what song we'll play

(All) G D C G
 Science Fiction, maybe Rock, Celtic, Folk or Fantasy

(Lead) D G
 Join the circle and we'll sing till break of day

In the Years since my adoption by the Filk Community
 My Soul's been on a spiral to the sky
 Through the tolerant acceptant attitude within this ring
 I have overcome my fears and learned to fly

CHORUS

Bridge 1: TTTO: Will the Circle be Unbroken

 G C G
 No the Circle won't be broken, Though we go our separate ways

 G G D7 G
 For we'll all be looking forward, to the next chance we get to play

Bridge 2: TTTO: A Place in the Choir

G
 All of the Filkers have a place in the ring

D7 G
 And everybody there has a song to sing

C G
 But the way it all blends is a magical thing

G D7 G
 Mundanes can't comprehend

CHORUS

(Acapella Chorus, slow down the third line. To half speed)

NOTES:

Very rarely do I come up with an original Score for my songs. Usually as in this case I just write words TTTO.

The original tune, comes from a Gospel song, Brush Arbor Meeting, performed by the group Brush Arbor. They also included sound bytes from three other popular Gospel tunes: *I'll Fly Away*, *Will the Circle be Unbroken* and *A Place in the Choir (The Animal's Chorus)* in their song. If you want the full lyrics to these songs, check *Rise Up Singing*. I borrowed the guitar chords from there.

Filk Circle Meeting will never be recorded commercially for several reasons, royalties being just one. But it is a joyous song which embodies many of my feelings towards the Filk Community as a whole. It is meant, like all Gospel Filk, to be sung together by everyone who is a part of that community, as a celebration of their membership. Enjoy.

BIO:

Growing up as the second generation of a musical family, it's not hard to see where Glenn's love of jam sessions comes from. Given the "tradition" that any musical instrument set down is fair game in a circle, he developed an early taste for anything with strings. What's harder to understand is his love of recording media, although that may have started with his Dad's old reel-to-reel at age 4.

Glenn discovered Filk Music at his very first SF Convention, and was jamming by his second. There's been no looking back. Today, Glenn melds these passions together into an unusual blend. Commonly he can be found at conventions, behind the soundboard doing live recordings of filk performances. That's when he's not behind his table selling filk products to an eager clientele. In the off weeks between cons, he can be found in his Annex to USB Studios, digitally engineering the raw recording into another filk album.

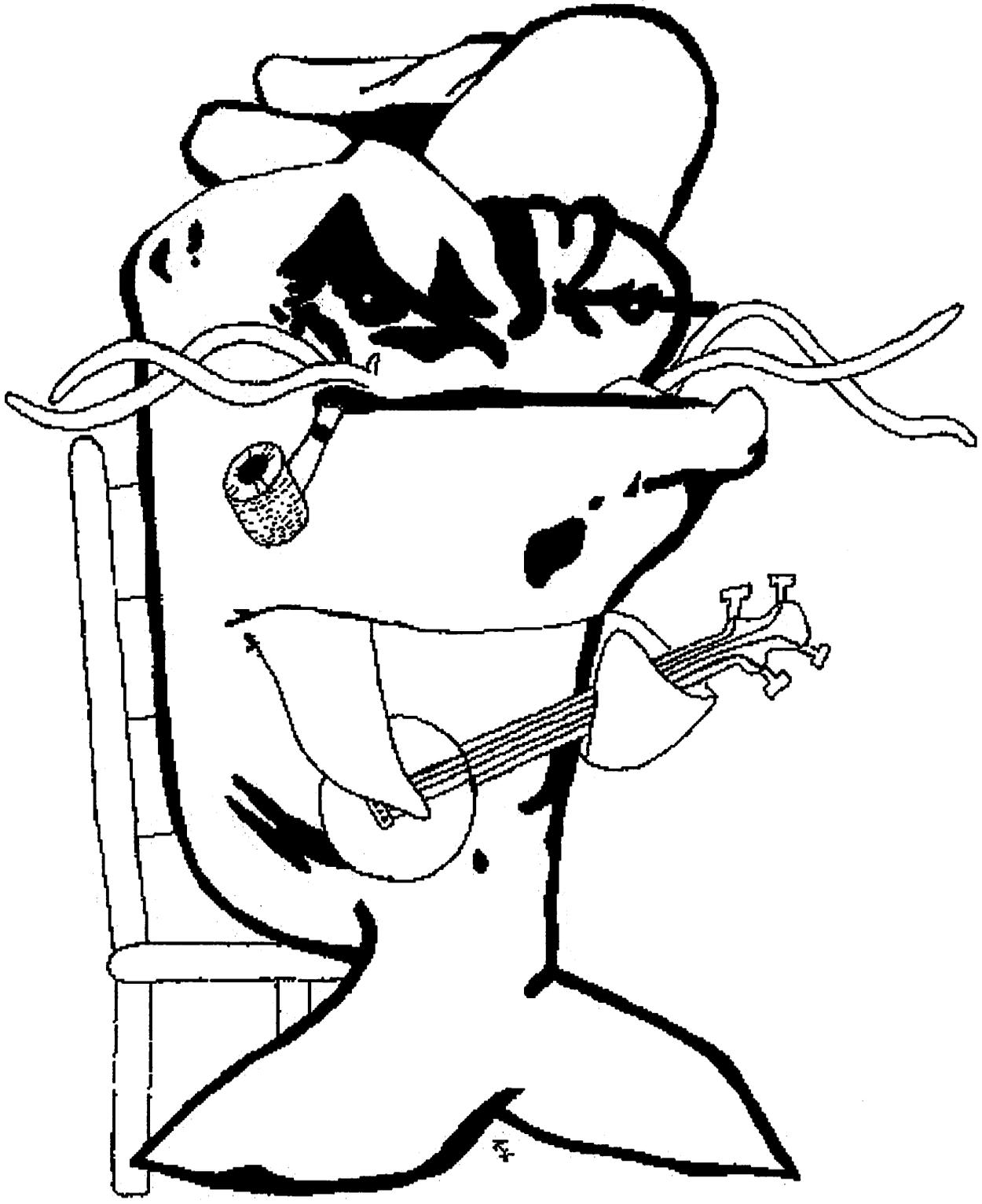
Stage Ninja, Sound Engineer, and Merchant, Glenn can sometimes be coaxed out to the other side of the microphone to showcase his own material.

MUSINGS:

It never dawned on me that I could be considered as an Interfilk Guest. I normally work the other side of the mike, and don't usually think of myself as a "Performer", so I was totally shocked to be asked to go to GAFilk. Being an Interfilk Guest was one of the most wonderful and terrifying experiences of my life. Wonderful because I got to meet so many new friends, visit a new city, and face new challenges. Terrifying because I have Stage Fright.

In the end that was the real reason I accepted the honour. I realized I had to face this fear head on, and overcome it. And, if I could stand up and do a full concert set of nothing but my own material, and not die, then I'd never be afraid again. You know what? It worked!

GAFilk's mascot is a variation of the Darwin Fish, and for the first GAFilk convention they wanted a Name for the little darling. So they decided to make that the subject of their song contest. Now, as Interfilk Guest I didn't think it would be fair for me to compete, but as I recall the conversation I had with Concom on the subject, Brenda Sutton said something along the lines of "Of course you can enter. You just can't win." Her tongue was so far in her cheek, I thought she was eating Toblerone. So, I submitted the song. Come the weekend of the convention, it was the only entry. I have the unique distinction of being the person who did "NOT win" the first GAFilk song contest. I did the tune in my concert instead.



BIO:

I discovered the filk community at my second con, through the “final” (at the time) Clam Chowder concert. But it took until Phrolicon '91 for me to make my filk debut, helping Joe Neff premiere our co-written “The Dalek Song” (parodying the “The Lumberjack Song”). From there, I rattled off a string of parodies (such as “Donuts, Donuts” and “Ghost Pirates in DC”), before settling down (well, at least a little bit; I still engage in frequent wordplay) to craft a new string of energetic and optimistic originals, and the occasional quiet, sentimental number. Armed with twin six- and twelve-string Seagulls, I ply the Northeast Corridor, with side trips to FKO, OVFF, and I’ve even been known to turn up on the West Coast every now and again. A structural engineer by profession, I often work architectural themes into my songs, be it designing whimsical hotels (“Hyperion”), or dreaming of future cities (“Builder’s Song”).

MUSINGS:

Interfilk sent me to Consonance 1999, where I joined GOH’s Clam Chowder and TM Cecilia Eng on the bill, a bit of appropriate scheduling since, as my bio mentions, Clam Chowder was my first introduction to the world of music at conventions. It thrilled me greatly to have been sent to Consonance, as I’d gotten to know many of the regulars through trips to west coast Worldcons and a pair of well-timed business trips, and I enjoyed hearing and playing with them once again. The highlight of the weekend for me came when I closed my concert set singing Tom Paxton’s “The Honor Of Your Company” with the Clams and Cecilia backing me with wonderful harmonies.



Mercury – Our First Steps

©1981 Harold Groot

C
(*slow, wistful – fingerpick*)

C Am F G
It seems like only yesterday, perhaps, at most, the day before
C Am F G
A child watched a TV set and listened to the Redstone's roar
F G C Am
I watched each second of that flight and never did I think to leave
F G (build) F G
Fifteen minutes – not so long, (*strum*) except when you forget to breathe!

(*LET HER RIP – full hard strum*)

C Am F G
Freedom Seven in the sky, Sheppard rides the glory trail
C Am F G
Soars a hundred miles high, starts the dream that must not fail

A painted crack upon the side, the Liberty Bell was next to fly
And once again the voices whispered, "You can't succeed until you try"
A journey safe through upper reaches, parachutes are soon pulled free
But too soon, escape bolts blow – and inward flows the rushing sea!
'Copter engines overheating, Grissom struggles with each wave
Child's heart a hammer beating – "It's the *man* that you must save!"

Then Friendship Seven lifted off, the third for Project Mercury
Powered by an Atlas booster, Glenn would stay for orbits three
Others followed in their footsteps, soon the moon was walked upon
But to me, for sheer excitement, none matched Al and Gus and John!
(*slow, wistful – fingerpick*)
Child's dream is lost and gone, I'm not needed on that team
(*strong finish*)
But the vision still shines on – for a Man can also dream.

BIO:

Like many other filkers, Harold was filking before he discovered fandom. He started in High School chemistry class, writing songs like "Good Titrations" (tito: "Good Vibrations") and "Secret Reagent Man" (tito: "Secret Agent Man"). He got introduced to organized fandom and filking in the mid-'70s with the NYC Trekcons. Settling in Pittsburgh after college, he was able to travel to cons both on the East Coast and in the Midwest. Back then there were very few songbooks available and no tapes. He found that the songs known in one area were often unknown in the other, so he helped cross-pollinate songs in the two areas. In the early '80s he moved to Northern California (San Jose), bringing his library of songs and trading with West Coast collectors. He met the San Diego group Windbourne and joined as an absentee member, getting tapes by mail and working out his part from them. When Windbourne made their first tape he flew south to join them in the studio, and shortly after he moved to San Diego to join up full time. He left Windbourne in the late '90s when family matters brought him back north to San Jose. He was surprised and very honored to be a Interfilk Guest and had a wonderful time in Toronto. Along with singing at SF conventions, he currently also sings with the folk group Quarter Moon.

MUSINGS:

I was delighted to be asked to be the Interfilk Guest at the 1999 FilKONtario. After the usual "pick the jaw up off of the floor" response, I managed to send off an affirmative and started planning for the trip.

Friday, I got to moderate a panel on West Coast Filking styles. Bardic Circles (in various forms) tends to be the favorite out here, but it is seldom used in Toronto.

Saturday, I got to be the announcer at the Song Writing Contest, and then there was the Interfilk Auction to which I had contributed a couple of items. I had a copy of the *Windbourne Songbook* that I had made for us to use on stage. (Only a few copies were ever made and they were never sold.) I also donated a single copy of the first tape put out by my new group Quarter Moon. Anyway, I was delighted and amazed at the prices people bid for these items. Hundreds of dollars to Interfilk! It's not like you can't go buy these in stores.... oh, wait, it *is* like you can't buy these in stores. Maybe someday... Until then, hooray for people who collect rarities!

Sunday had two big events. The first was the Filk Hall of Fame Concert, and of course you can easily guess that this included some really great stuff. After that came the Great Canadian Filk Preserve, which is an open jam session. I really like the open jams at the end of filk cons – it's a great way to interact and relax at the same time. Everything else is done, and since I wasn't leaving until the next day I could just immerse myself in the music. Wonderful stuff.

FTL Pizza
©1999 Alan Thiesen

Am G | F E | Am G | F E

Am G Am
The doorbell rang. To my surprise
F E
It was a pizza man with shifty eyes
Dm Am
He stuck one foot in the door and said,
B7 E
"My cheese is hot. My sauce is red. You got
Am G Am
Double anchovies, extra large.
F E
Seventeen ninety-nine, cash or charge."
Dm Am
"Ain't ordered no pizza. Won't pay no bill."
E F E7 Am G F
"You ain't ordered it yet, but you will."
E
This is

Am G Am
FTL Pizza
F7 Am G
Delivery faster than light.
Am G Am
FTL Pizza
E
Order today
E7
And in a relative way
Bb7 E7 Am G | F E | Am G | F E
Get your pizza yesterday night.

"I'm having steak. There ain't no way
I'd order pizza from you today."
"Tomorrow," he said. "I kid you not.
We like to deliver when it's hot."
"Not a chance. No way in hell.
Never even heard of FTL."
He smiled and said, "Don't have a cow.
| E F | E7 Am G F
You've heard of us now."
E
You know it's

FTL Pizza
Delivery faster than light.
FTL Pizza
Order today
And in a relative way
Get your pizza yesterday night.

I said, "You're going back in time,
 Changing the future, and that's a crime.
 Like a story I read where this future guy
 Goes back in time, steps on a butterfly.
 Back in the future, everything changed.
 Even the *language* got really strange."
 He smiled as if to say, "Don't fret."

E F E7 Am G F
Can't change the future, 'cuz it ain't happened yet."

E
 But he sang
A G A
Ev T L Pisa
F7 A G
Delifery vaster thin licked.

A G A
Ev T L Pisa
E
Ardor toupee

E7
And in a relatif vay
Bb7 E7 Am G | F E | Am G | F E
Get your Pisa yesterday nicked. So if they

Change the way to spell "hors d'oeuvres"
 Or your boyfriend's sex change gives him curves
 If your pizza's green and square and strange
 Or the President tells the truth for a change
 If your goldfish suddenly starts to snore
 As the world is bracing for another war
 It's not a part of Nature's plan

| E F | E7 Am G F
Blame that Pizza Man.

E
 Let's boycott
Ev T L Pisa
Delifery vaster thin licked.
Ev T L Pisa
Ardor toupee
And in a relatif vay

Bb7 E7 A
Get your Pisa yesterday nicked.
Bb7 E7 A6 (or A7 or Amaj7)
Get your Pisa yesterday nicked.

FTL Pizza

Words and Music by Alan Thiesen



The door-bell rang. To my sur-prise It was a piz - za man with



shift - y eyes. He stuck one foot in the door and said, "My



cheese is hot. My sauce is red. You got Dou-ble an-cho - vies, ex-tra large.



Sev-en-teen nine - ty-nine, cash or charge." "Ain't or-dered no piz-za. Won't



pay no bill." "You ain't or-dered it yet, but you will.



"This is F T L Piz - za De - liv-er-y fast - er than light.



F T L Piz - za Or-der to-day And in a



rel - a - tive way Get your piz - za yes - ter-day night."

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NOTES:

Dialog spoken by the Pizza Man is in italics.

Only the first verse exactly matches the melody as written. Feel free to tweak the melody for the other verses.

In places where there are no lyrics, I have added bar lines to suggest the timing of chords.

In the last two choruses, the chords change along with the language, but the melody is the same.

When I sing this with Paul Kwinn and Taunya Gren, we change “boyfriend’s sex change” to “Pizza Man’s sex change”, and Taunya sings the last chorus. The final chord is intended to sound not quite right. Pick the not quite right chord you prefer.

BIO:

I met Alan Thiesen at Noreascon 3, but I really knew him long before that. When I was a little girl, only three years old at my first filk, Mike Stein played “Wishful Thinking” as a lead-in to his sequel. “Wishful Thinking” seemed to be written just for me. After all, the other kids **did** believe in Santa, and I **wasn’t** nuts. I didn’t believe in horses, but unicorns were real. I didn’t believe in alligators, but dragons flew in the skies, just look, you can see them!

When I went to Noreascon I was five and I knew who the greatest hero in the world was: the man who really knew what childhood was all about.

Well, now I am a big girl, but I know it’s not a lie. Alan is a big kid, too, and he still understands what being a child is all about. It’s OK that he doesn’t quite understand about grown-ups, they don’t really matter anyway.

After all, they don’t believe in dragons and unicorns, either. With love to my personal hero, Alan (because he was tired of being named after a body part) Thiesen.

– *Cacie Sears (at age 12)*

MUSINGS:

At the risk of sounding incredibly sentimental, one of the great joys of ConCertino ’99 for me was watching the children (particularly Talis Love, Liam Browne, and Matthew Cochran) playing together. My wife Alta was three months pregnant at the time. “This is my future,” I said to myself. (Wow, Adam is 2 years old already. How time flies when you’re changing diapers!)

Another highlight was singing “Hope Eyrie” with the assembled filkers at the restaurant Sunday evening after the con. I wonder what the mundanes thought of us. :-)

Many thanks to Interfilk, to ConCertino, and to my pre-con hosts, Persis and Spencer.

Stop Singing Ose or I'll Kill You

©1995 Paul Kwinn

C
 When I got into filking, it was for funny stuff
F **C** **F** **G** **C**
 Tom Lehrer was my deity, I couldn't get enough
C **F** **G** **C**
 But there are some less silly folk who seem to disagree
F **C** **G** **C**
 They make you cry and wanna die, and usually off-key

C **G**
 Please someone play something happy
C
 My tears are all but run out
G
 Stop singing ose or I'll kill you
C
 And that'll give you someth'n to cry about

So I would sit through one, then I'd sit through 2 and 3 [and 4 and 5 and 10*]
 The plants all started wilting, overdosed on minor keys
 The air was getting heavy, and humid from the tears
 Forgot completely how to smile, felt like it had been years

I've heard enough of diseases
 The horrors of plague and of gout
 Stop singing ose or I'll kill you
 And that'll give you someth'n to cry about

Tell me what rocket scientist had this idea of fun:
 "Let's sit and cry for hours, singing sad stuff by the ton
 For surely we'll be loved by the hankie retail stores,
 And if our listeners suicide, well that will just draw more."

It's time for me to say something
 Though some may think me a lout
 Stop singing ose or I'll kill you
 And that'll give you someth'n to cry about

So I am on a mission to stop those ose-y hordes
 I re-tune their guitars so that they can't play minor chords
 A tank of nitrous oxide I keep within my bag
 I aim and fire at maudlin folk, they laugh until they gag.

I'll bring the fun back to filking
I've got it all figured out
Stop singing ose or I'll kill you
And that'll give you someth'n to cry about

Yes, stop singing ose or I'll kill you
And that'll give you someth'n to cry about

BIO:

Long ago, in the deep, deep primordial quagmire of time, space, and music (*San Jose, California, 1997*), a symbiotic entity known as Puzzlebox came into being. The tripartite presence was both male and female (*Alisa Garcia, Taunya Gren, & Paul Kwinn*), both short and tall, both blonde and bearded. Into the celestial void, it sent signals, vibrations, declaring its presence, its intentions, its passions to the universe (*they got together and started making music*). And lo! The heavens were stirred (*what a windbag*), and found a place for the Puzzlebox. There amongst the people of passion for science and for fiction (*once he gets going...*)... Did you call me a windbag? (*If the shoe fits.*) The proper poetic mood, the dramatic presentation to stir the soul, are essential for (*blah, blah, blah*) Now see here.. (*Nope, time to talk straight*) But I'm the announcer (*You're the windbag; be quiet.*)

(*Puzzlebox has been playing music together for four years, and Interfilk kindly sent the three of them to GAFILK in 2000. They play guitar, keyboard, and flute, and sing some nice harmonies. Their music has won some song-writing contest awards.*) Ah, the glory of victory! (*Shut up. They have traveled to cons all over the continent, and were recently guests of honor at Filk Continental 2001 in Germany. Alisa even met her husband Luis through filk.*) Amore! (*Look, I'm warning you... Their CD, "Assembly Required", was released in 1999. They are very grateful to Interfilk for the guest shot, as well as to the filk community at large for their support.*) A gratitude that knows no bounds! <Pow!> (*I did warn you.*)

MUSINGS:

Puzzlebox had the extremely good fortune to be chosen as Interfilk guests for GAFilk in Atlanta, Georgia, in January of 2000. We had a great time, and introduced a number of people there to our music. Gwen Knighton (of Three Weird Sisters) gave Taunya her first-ever harp lesson at the con. Most notable though, was the fact that, in spite of Alisa coming down with a severe flu at the con, Bill Sutton was not deterred: he brought a rendition of "Have Some Madeira, M'dear" to her room (starring Alisa in the role of the ingenue, of course), complete with props. The only "Madeira" to be found was actually straight Scotch and Brenda poured a big portion, thinking Alisa would sip it daintily to go with the song. But she was so out of it that she knocked the whole thing back and ended up coughing with her eyes watering. Thanks Interfilk! (And thanks Bill.)



Worlds Without Number

©1997 Heather Borean

Chorus: **G** **Em** **C** **D**
 Worlds without number, stars without end
 G **Em** **C** **D**
 As many as the grains of sand on a foaming ocean shore
G **Em** **C** **D**
 Watched o'er and cared for by the maker of them all
G **Em** **C D** **G**
 He who made their numbers and the souls that in them dwell

G **Em** **C** **D**
 I like to watch to watch the stars at night as they wheel in their course
G **Em** **C** **D**
 I used to feel so tiny, when compared to all they are
G **Em** **C** **D**
 Then I'd remember that the maker of them all
G **Em** **C D** **G**
 Is also my Father, I am his child.

CHORUS

Some call him Elohim, others simply Lord
 Allah he is known to some, he's God to many more
 His names they are legion, I can not name them all
 I call him Father, I am his child

CHORUS

BIO:

I grew up surrounded (among other things) by books and music. Discovering filk was for me like coming home, even more so than regular fandom. Oddly enough, I was introduced to Wayne (my husband) and filk on the same night, at the same party. Corny as this sounds my life hasn't been the same since. Toronto filking has changed quite a bit in that 15 years since I met it. I think it's safe to say we've developed our own style. I learned to play the guitar partly in response to the changes. In 1990 I asked (?) coerced (?) bugged (?) (choose one <g>) several friends into helping me put on a Filk Convention. The result was FilKONtario. Being an Interfilk guest has been the biggest thrill of my filking life; I don't expect that I'll ever top it. In non-filking terms, I'm a wife and mother. Wayne and I have three children: Mike 14, Ian 13 and Vicky 10. I am a teaching assistant in Mississauga, and am an active member of my local ward with The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I mention this to round myself out; music, my family, church and working with kids, are who I am.

MUSINGS:

The excitement levels were getting pretty high in the week before the con. I was in the middle of a two week placement for a teaching assistant who was out for surgery and the placement was not going really well. So, I was looking forward to some time away. The week previous I'd been e-mailed about pick up at the hotel, a Thursday night dinner with the Con Com and other guests and sound checks. Every e-mail seemed to add a little oomph to my excitement level. So Wednesday dawned bright and early (I woke up at four and couldn't get back to sleep). We were at the airport in plenty of time and I nervously checked my guitar. The gentleman at the odd shaped luggage was quite nice, he promised to take good care of it.

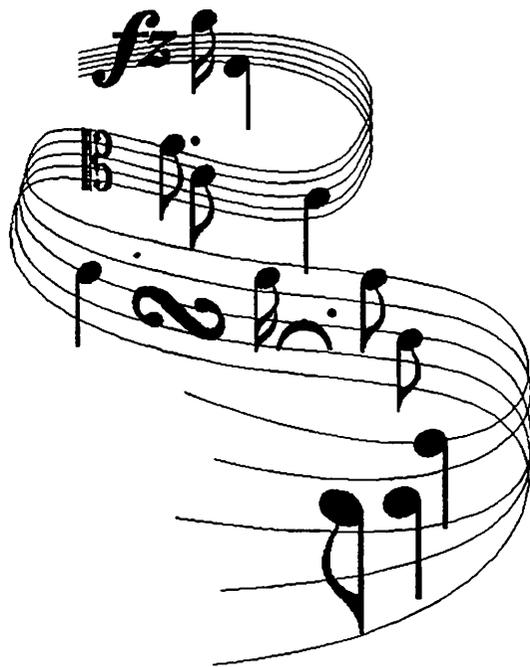
Being met was cool (hey I've never done this before, little things mean a lot to me). Then, on Friday, Lynn Gold (who is Chair for 2001, and Interfilk guest for Conterpoint) offered to fulfill one of my desires – to see the ocean. She drove us through the hills that surround San Jose and to Santa Cruz. As the hotel was really dry, I spent lots of time drinking (*water*) and hoping that my throat would be ok on Saturday. Me nervous?

How did it go? I'll let you know when I've seen it!

Reality was hard to go back to. It was nice being a guest. I don't remember when I've had a better weekend. Thanks, Interfilk!

ADDENDUM:

Interfilk is many things to different people. So is the filk community. I have always enjoyed filking, and filkers and the filking community but it wasn't until September 11th that it hit home how much the community means to me. All the New York filkers I know were a big part of what I was thinking about those first few days, and then in the aftermath watching the community, once again, pull together. It has done so many times for many different reasons, and Interfilk is a part of that community. I have benefited from Interfilk as a guest, as a convention organizer, and perhaps most importantly as a listener, by being able to meet and hear people I might never have had the chance to see and meet. And that of course is Interfilk's mandate. Thanks again Interfilk!



PC Cycle, Book One: Magic User, Level One

Words and Music ©2000 by W. Scott Snyder

How did I get in with these people? What am I doing here?

What did I do to deserve to live in so much fear?

I cast my Magic Missile several rounds ago

That's the limit of my power

So I think it's time for me to go

Chorus:

(But) My Mom said I was the smart one and I should hit the books

Wear the robes of a Wizard, grow my beard out just for looks

Now I wear this stupid pointy hat, here upon my head

I'm the last one in the party but I'll be the first one dead

Oh I should have been a fighter, with a helmet on my head
I'd have the monsters begging me not to leave 'em dead
I'd hack and slash my way until the evil minions yield
And have a 10 upon my hit die, and get to hide behind a shield...

CHORUS

Then I might have been a cleric and served a mighty God
Who'd let me cast spells and wear armor and bash skulls with an iron rod
And if by chance I did get hurt, I could heal my own ills
And never worry 'bout my conscience, 'cause my God claims all my kills

CHORUS

Then I could have been a dexterous thief and hide out in the dark
And get that triple damage backstab guaranteed to make them bark
And it my just be leather armor, but it looks heavenly to me
As I stand here in my bathrobe, with a 10 for my AC

CHORUS

So now I face the monsters, my dagger in my hand
Don't know what I was thinking when I joined this motley band
As soon as there's a chance for it, this mage is going to flee
I can't afford the bravery when my hit points are just 3

CHORUS

BIO:

Scott makes his living as a “Sonic Architect” in the video game industry, currently serving as Audio Director for Infogrames in Santa Monica, California. He graduated from the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign with a Master’s degree in Sound Design, qualifying him to do absolutely nothing, but he managed to land a job in his field anyway. He is happily married to the lovely Amanda, and is the proud father of Zoë Catherine Snyder, born August 29, 2001. Scott started writing “filk” songs years before he knew such a thing existed, and was introduced to the filk community at Westercon in 1994 by some good friends who threw him into the filk room and told him he couldn’t leave until he played “The Magic Song.” The rest, as they say, is history.

MUSINGS:

I first learned of the Interfilk Organization at the last Musicon (also known as SnowCon) where I met, and was subsequently snowed in with, Bill and Brenda Sutton. They told me about this great organization that sent folks to go meet other folks that they wouldn’t have otherwise met. It sounded like a great idea to me, and I’ve been a supporter ever since. Fast forward a few years, and I was honored and VERY pleased to be selected by Interfilk to attend FKO 10 as the Interfilk Guest. I had heard about how great a convention FKO was, and I have to say that the rumors are completely true. A good time was definitely had by all. An added bonus was that I met and befriended Tim and Annie Walker *and* Phil and Lissa Allcock at this convention, which made the whole thing an extra-bonus win for me, regardless of the rest of it. :)

I was incredibly nervous about the concert – I had my new “PC Cycle” songs to debut, and I wasn’t sure how well they would go over. Also, it was a long concert, and my first as a “featured guest” and I was mulling over everything that could possibly go wrong (typical performer’s disease). My wife Amanda saved the day by giving me a shot of Single Malt about 30 minutes before my set, and it did the trick to take the edge off my nerves. After a shaky first minute or so, everything clicked, and I think everyone had a great time. At the end of the set, we were tight on time, but the audience kindly wanted an encore – so instead of having me simply perform another tune, they ran an impromptu Interfilk auction, the winner getting to select what song I would perform as an encore. I was overwhelmed. The auction was fast and furious, but in the end Allison Durno and her co-conspirators won the day, and requested that Amanda and I perform “Rudy” – which we did – and the rest, as they say, is history. :)

PS: The rumors of a torrid affair between Rudy and Nessie have never been proven true.

Not The Man

Words and music by Lynn Gold

G Em Am D

Got a call from my old boy-friend the o - ther day Had - n't heard

G Em Am D G Em

from him in quite a while - - - We spent a cou - ple hou - rs catch - ing

Am D C D Dsus2

up on things And I thought a - bout how much I yearned to see his - smile As we talked

G Em Am D G Em

we re - mi-nisced a - bout the times we'd had And how much we'd like them once a - gain -

Am D G Em Am D

He asked me if I thought I had an o - pen mind And he told

C D Dsus2 C Em

me he was glad that I was still his - friend We were both un - at - tached so we de-

Am Bm

ci - ded to meet At a res - tau - rant where we used to go Then he warned

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Interfile Songbook - the first ten years

C Em Am C

me that a lot of things a - bout him have changed That I real-ly, real-ly, real-ly, real-ly

D Dsus2 G Em Am D

ought to - know He's not the man that he used to be He's noth -

G Em Am D G Em

ing like his for - mer self He's not the man that he used

Am D C D Dsus2

to be He's made a bunch of chan-ges that have al-tered his health He's

G Em Am D G Em

got a new bod, a new phy - sique He's grown his hair an inch or two -

Am D G Em Am D

He's not the man that he used to be And he says

C D Dsus2

that he is noth - ing like the guy that I knew (2.So I went)

Not the Man

©2002 Lynn Gold

Got a call from my old boyfriend the other day
Hadn't heard from him in quite a while
We spent a couple hours catching up on things
And I thought about how much I yearned to see his smile

As we talked we reminisced about the times we'd had
And how much we'd like them once again
He asked me if I thought I had an open mind
And he told me he was glad that I was still his friend

We were both unattached so we decided to meet
At a restaurant where we used to go
Then he warned me that a lot of things about him have changed
That I really, really, really, really ought to know

Chorus: He's not the man that he used to be
 He's nothing like his former self
 He's not the man that he used to be
 He's made a bunch of changes that have altered his health
 He's got a new bod, a new physique
 He's grown his hair an inch or two
 He's not the man that he used to be

And he says that he is nothing like the guy that I knew

So I went out to the restaurant to meet my date
I was there before I had to be
'Cause I wasn't sure if I remembered where it was
But the place was where he said it was when he spoke to me
As I sat I tried to look as if I didn't care
And I waited for my guy to show
I looked around to see if someone looked like him
Kind of glancing at the random strangers come and go
Eventually I had to use the ladies room
So I went and did what I had to do
As I washed my hands, a tenor voice rang out from behind
And I realized the woman there was you-know-who

CHORUS

And he's definitely nothing like the guy that I knew

He had on designer clothing on a woman's bod
That showed off his/her designer waist
The feet had matching pumps with not excessive heels
I remembered that he always had impeccable taste

Then we went to our table and we wined and dined
And I acted like I didn't care
I noticed half the people in the restaurant
Were all sneaking glances at us trying not to stare

It turned out my romantic lunch was not at all
The way that I had hoped it would be
'Cause whenever we go out somewhere my luck's always bad
All the guys hit on her instead of hitting on me!

She's not the man that she used to be
She's nothing like her former self
She's not the man that she used to be
She's made a bunch of changes that have altered her health
She's got a new bod, a new physique
She's grown her hair an inch or two
She's not the man that she used to be

And she's definitely nothing like the guy that I knew

BIO:

I was creating and performing filk music long before I knew the genre existed. The Columbia University Science Fiction Society "discovered" me when they saw my guitar with me in the computer room (I played with the school's Marching Band) and saw my lyrics on the school computer.

I came out to California as one of the first "Net romances," and after becoming one of the first "Net divorces," I connected with the filk community. Eventually three of us formed a group called "N Strings Attached" which gave me a chance to perform and to do lots of arranging. As our musical interests diverged the group disbanded, and I've been performing and writing as a solo act ever since.

I also got involved in running filk conventions. I've served in various positions for Consonance, including Con Chair, Programming, Publications, and Webmistress, and I'm President of Fanfare Music, the parent organization for Consonance. I was also an advisor for Conterpoint Too!

MUSINGS:

Even though I'd been to all the other previous Conterpoints, there was something different about being an Interfilk guest. I felt a sense of responsibility to my local filk community and made sure to bring with me songs by filkers who I knew didn't get exposure elsewhere.

One of the highlights for me was doing Fred Capp's "Mindwipes", a song about a person who wipes out people's minds for the CIA, and then being told we were ten minutes from CIA headquarters! Another was doing the song I've submitted, "Not the Man", which is loosely based upon a true story, because I knew the guy running sound for the con (Scott Dorsey, a.k.a. "Kludge") knew at least one – if not both – of the parties involved.

The New Argument

©2001 Dave Luckett

Am **E7**
 All we have of freedom, all we ever knew,
Am **E7**
 This is just a silly phase that we're passing through.
Am **E7**
 Ancient rights undoubted – phooey and p'shaw!
Am **E7** **Am**
 Let's be ruled by lesser breeds from outside the law.
E7 **Am**
 Monarchs are the good guys – see “Lord of the Rings”.
Dm **Am** **E7**
 Right throughout the genre, we make truce with Kings.
Am **E7** **Am** **E7**
 Still, it's just half-hearted – let's go all the way,
Am **E7** **Am**
 Oh what fun! Say, everyone! Let's join the SCA.

You can be a Trekkie, but that doesn't count.
 Be oppressed by experts, not by Paramount!
 Or you might try Star Wars, though that's hardly fair –
 Who'd be a republican under Princess Leia?
 Regency or Arthur, Manuel, Aragorn –
 There's a separate fandom for each monarch born.
 Get ahead of fandom, tell you what to do:
 Get into the SCA before they get to you!

Franchise is outmoded, votes are simply nulls.
 Monarchs are selected for skills at whacking skulls.
 You can be a noble, Duke or Earl or Bey,
 Just as long as you don't think that you'll have a say.
 In distress, said Kipling, or disaster too,
 Stand beside your master, and he'll stand on you –
 These are words to live by, these are words that ring
 When some loon beseeches you to suffer for a King.

BIO:

Born, gosh, that's a long time ago now, in Sydney, New South Wales, and refuses to alter that, despite temptation. Came to Perth, Western Australia, by five different trains at a time when the West coast was no more than a device for tripping up Dutch navigators. (The last sentence, like the current government, contains several Australian jokes. Take no notice; nobody else does.) Has ten books of SF and fantasy out in Australia for younger readers and has now achieved first publication in the US. Married, with one child, or when the wind is right, two, including himself.

MUSINGS:

Interfilk, having lost its collective mind, actually wanted me to come and sing to them. Having heard the standard of filk at the Chicon room parties some three weeks earlier, I had gotten to the point of wondering whether self-injury was an option, considering my faulty self-taught guitar and primitive writing, when it occurred to me that opera, in which I was actually trained, might answer. I think I am right to say that I am the only person ever to have filked "Nessun Dorma", which when you think about it, is an achievement. To my utter astonishment, the audience picked up the chorus, which says something about the audience. I finished the set shaking so badly I couldn't pick up the necessary post-performance drink and had to put my mouth down to it, like a camel. Which says something about me, since the assembled had been kind to the point of benevolence, like everyone I met in America. I hope some time to come back. Does anybody know the three-chord version of "Vesta la Giubba"?



Aral's Nightmare: Five Hundred Miles ...

© 2000 Lee Gold

To the tune of "Five Hundred Miles"

Just last month, from Jackson's Whole,
Came a note from Clone Control:
 "We have closed a project down for lack of funds.
And the unclaimed property
Can be all yours legally,
 Because the clone progenitor's your son."

So my wife said, "Yes, that's fine,"
And she signed the dotted line,
 And she started to remodel and to plan.
And I let her have her way:
It's our dear son's DNA,
 But I'm desperate, and I hope you'll understand.

Chorus: Lord, there's one! Lord, there's two! Lord, there's three! Lord, there's four!
 Lord, there's five hundred Miles in our home.
 Five hundred Miles! Five hundred Miles! Five hundred Miles! Five hundred
 Miles!
 Lord, there's five hundred Miles in our home.

When I go to get a bite
In the kitchen late at night,
 There's a dozen of them rummaging around.
ImpSec says a hundred Miles
Hacked into Top Secret files
 And there just might be some more they haven't found.

CHORUS

Now the project's lack of cash
Means our boys are growing fast.
 They didn't have the funds to keep them small.
In the one true wealth, I'm rich,
But I can't tell which one's which.
 Don't know how my Captain keeps track of them all.

CHORUS

BIO:

Barry and Lee Gold met each other in 1967 at her first LASFS meeting, when he bought her fanzine and sang her first filksong. They got married two years later. Barry started filking in 1965 and he's been singing ever since – a wide variety of songs: serious and funny, uplifting and political, folk and filk – to anyone who will stand still and listen. But he didn't buy a guitar until 1973.

Lee's best-known filksong is probably "You Bash the Balrog", originally published in her monthly roleplaying game magazine, *Alarums and Excursions*, back in 1976 and reprinted in *Westerfilk II*. She writes songs about many different subjects, especially her favorite F&SF books. (One of her favorite of her own songs is "Let the Birds Fly", about *Bridge of Birds* by Barry Hughart.) She can carry some tunes in a bucket if the bucket is big enough, but doesn't lead them because Barry is willing to lead her songs for her as well as singing the many other filksongs in his repertoire. She does sometimes recite Tom Digby's poetry (and edited an anthology of Digby's writings when he was an Honored Guest at the ConFrancisco Worldcon).

Lee publishes *Xenofilkia* (a bimonthly filksong fanzine which has come out on time since October 1988) and *Filker Up*, collections of her favorite, previously unpublished songs by herself and acquaintances. See <http://theStarport.com/xeno/> for details.

Lee created the "Poker Chip Bardic" style of filk circle, an attempt to find a happy medium between the Bardic and Chaos styles of Filk Circle, to allow for followers and themes, but still ensure that even the shyest filkers get their turns. The Golds are used to Southern California and Boston styles of Chaos and Bardic circles but understand that Midwest Chaos is a different herd of cats.

Together, Lee and Barry were inducted into the Filk Hall of Fame in 1997.

MUSINGS:

When we got to Columbus, Lee counted up our luggage: two suitcases (one full of songbooks and issues of *Xenofilkia*), a guitar, and an under-the-seat bag. We took a taxi to the convention hotel, arriving around 8 PM Thursday. The taxi driver was about to go when Lee counted the luggage again – and found the guitar wasn't there; it was still on the front seat. We got it out and went into the hotel to check in.

We were given a wonderful room on the first floor, very close to the program rooms. It even had a refrigerator. (I'm told many of the rooms at this hotel did.) The concom and Interfilk disclaimed responsibility so perhaps it was just that we registered early and arrived early.

We hosted a Fantasy filk, a Reform & Conservative Sabbath morning service (led by Solomon Davidoff), which allowed me to say Kaddish in memory of my father who died three years previously. I'm deeply grateful to all the people who showed up so we could have a minyan of ten plus.

Barry's concert went fairly well, I think. Translation: he didn't mispronounce any words and stayed out of his booming bass lower range during Jan Kelson's "Forever Melody", and my newest "A Poet is a Maker" also went well; Barry says I sang an acceptable variant of the standard melody on my lines in "They're Singing Rudyard Kipling in the Circle".

Either this night or the preceding night, one of Lee's stranger Muses had dropped by and said, "Five hundred Miles. Just think about the implications." She told Barry and Maureen O'Brien about it, but didn't get around to writing it till last weekend (and when we sang it at San Diego, Karen Rodgers cried out at us, "You are Evil!")

Sunday? We sang in the con suite till Barry realized we had to go to bed even with late check-out at 1 PM. Monday morning, we hung around the lobby for awhile talking to people as they left, and then leaving ourselves for the nightmarish trip home.

It was incredibly wonderful – except for the airplane part. If we ever come again, we'll take an airline.

The River

©2001 David Weingart

D **C** **G** **D**
 Once was a young girl who traveled a river
D **C** **G** **D**
 Laughter and light were the gifts she could bring
D **C** **G** **D**
 Sailed on the water in search of forever
D **C** **G** **D**
 (To) those on the banks, she would call out and sing

Chorus: **D** **C**
 It takes time, it takes time
 G **D**
 For the river to carry you down
 D **C**
 To the sea and the tide
 G **D**
 The moments lost never are found

Once was a young boy who went to the river
 Saw a young maiden and followed along
 Walked on the banks to the shores of the ocean
 Joining her travels in laughter and song

CHORUS

Bridge: **D** **C** **G** **D**
 The river is wide and the river is narrow
 D **C** **G** **D**
 With white rocky rapids and warm gentle sands
 D **C** **G** **D**
 Meanders and waterfalls, each you must travel
 D **C** **G** **D**
 And guide yourself on with the oar in your hand

The banks of the river are crowded with people
 The banks of the river are silent and strong
 You watch as they pass or you land and you settle
 The eddies and currents move ever along

What will you be on the banks of the river?
 A tinker, a tailor, a soldier, a king?
 As you sail on to the shores of the ocean
 Open your heart and your spirit and sing

CHORUS (2x)

C **G** **D**
 The moments lost never are found

BIO:

In a hole in the ground, there lived...well, it's not important, since Dave's not a spelunker. Now, if it was a beach or a snowboard park, that would have been a far more sensible way to start out a story.

Dave got his start long about the first of March, 1962, and his parodic start listening to his mom's Allan Sherman records and the Dr. Demento show. He wrote a number of songs long years back, but he didn't discover filk until he discovered SF fandom in the fall of 1980 during his freshman year. It was the start of a long, downward spiral into the depths of madness and degradation. Those earliest songs have vanished into the mists of time and the universe is likely a better place for it.

After two decades in filk, Dave's been known to write songs on almost any subject, some of them are even singable in polite company. He's run filk at regional cons and Worldcon, he's won and lost song contests, he's been nominated for Pegasus awards. He's managed to filk at every con he's been to, including Costume Con.

In his copious free time, he's a senior programmer and systems analyst for a rapidly-shrinking multinational corporation. He lives in a thoroughly mundane split-level house on Long Island, New York, with his wife, the two cutest and most infuriating children in the known universe and five guitars. He speaks French very badly. <http://www.liii.com/~phydeaux/>

MUSINGS:

The reason I go to filk cons and why I love filking was best expressed at the very end of the convention, when I walked into the consuite for the dead dog and Merav Hoffman looked up at me, 3000 miles away from the New York area where we both hang our hats and said, "Welcome home, Dave" and both of us knew it was meant exactly as it sounded. Filk is home.

Consonance programming is very heavy on concerts, which is nice; you get to sit down and listen to all kinds of really amazing folks. This was my first trip out to a west coast filk con (thank you, Interfilk!)

For my set, to put it mildly, I was terrified.

But if there is a more welcoming audience than filkers, I've yet to meet them. They're there for the music and the fellowship and together they make strong magic. By a few songs in, the magic worked through me and with me and fed me. Gary Ehrlich rescued me by bringing me some water, Steve Macdonald rescued me by re-tuning *The Beast That Eats My Fingers* (my 12-string), which had already taken two flying dives on the stage. And Urban Tapestry was wonderfully kind enough to sing with me on my last song.

All told, the con was a blast, even though I was (ta ta ta TUM) dead tired. Everyone was really nice. UT, I love the three of you, you know that? Mike Stein was an excellent toastmaster, really quick with a pun and a smile. And there are so many talented and creative and wonderful people. I can't wait to get back home to it all.

Filk is home.

Star Song
©1997 Erica Neely

Please ^C forgive my ^F inattention when you ^G speak,
 Please ^C forgive my ^F distant look and ^G dreamy eyes,
 But my ^F ears are better ^G suited to the ^C music of the ^F stars,
 And my ^C eyes for ^G gazing up at ^C foreign skies.

Please forgive my inability to give up,
 Please forgive my saying we've not won the race,
 But the moon was never my goal— it is only just the start,
 And by quitting we will never get to space.

Chorus: **F Am G CF**
 But you don't hear them singing,
 F C G
 You don't hear them call,
 Am F G Am
 The children of Earth don't listen,
 F C G Am F
 To Star Song,
 F C
 To Star Song!

Please forgive my ingratitude to you,
 Please forgive my lack of praise for this half-start,
 But we were the generation who almost touched the stars,
 To this dream we gave our hopes and gave our hearts.

Please forgive my intolerance of your lies,
 Please forgive my deep disgust for all your schemes,
 But you made us believe, you can't now make us forget,
 And you cannot put a price tag on our dreams.

CHORUS

Please forgive my inattention when you speak,
 Please forgive my distant look and dreaming eyes,
 But my ears are always straining for the music of the stars,
 And my eyes to catch a glimpse of foreign skies.

Alternate Chorus:

For I can hear them singing,
 I can hear them call,
 Some children of Earth still listen,
 To Star Song,
 To Star Song!

BIO:

London, 1650. A small woman, clad in a dark cloak, the hood obscuring her face, ran through the streets. Just a few hundred yards up the cobbled hill and she would reach the sanctuary that the cathedral offered. Her only hope, her only chance. Her skirt caught under her shoe and she went down, her knees hitting hard on the granite cobblestones. And then they were upon her...

Erica Neely actually wasn't alive in 1650. No, really, she wasn't. But she has, in fact, been to London, and her songs do transport you far away from where you are (unless, of course, you actually happen to live in some of the places she mentions. This is fandom. Things like that happen.) Whether she's singing of death on a battlefield, robots fighting for freedom, loves lost and found, inner demons, or even the occasional song in which Not Everybody Dies, Erica's voice goes places, and when it goes it takes you along for the ride.

In person, she may surprise you. This big, bold powerful voice comes out of a shy young woman who's very soft-spoken. These songs of tortured souls and pain come from someone who's quite cheerful and upbeat. It probably won't come as a surprise to anyone that she's intelligent and charming and witty. That she loves to sing, by herself and with other people, is even more obvious. Sing with her and let yourself get taken along.

MUSINGS:

I remember getting the call saying that Interfilk wanted to send me to FilKONtario – to say that I was ecstatic would be an understatement! My involvement in filking had waned slightly, what with starting graduate school and moving to the middle of nowhere (central Illinois); being asked to be a guest definitely renewed my enthusiasm!

In many ways, FilKONtario was the perfect convention for Interfilk to send me to. As I understand it, the purpose of Interfilk is to cross-pollinate filk communities; they send relatively unknown filkers to conventions so that they may be heard and, in turn, take the music they hear back to the community they come from. It is a chance to hear new music and make new friends. I was looking forward to that. And yet, despite what many may think, I am almost painfully shy – I am not good in large groups of people I don't know. Being sent somewhere I don't know anyone could be somewhat nerve-wracking – which is why FilKONtario was so perfect. I didn't know very many people – but I *did* know some. I had met Dave and Judith Hayman at my very first convention in the US (ConCertino). I met Urban Tapestry and Dave Clement at Digeridouze in England and was charmed both by their talent and by their friendliness – a trait I was to find in many more people I met at FilKONtario!

I have far too many warm memories from FilKONtario to share them all, and I'm very grateful to Interfilk for helping to provide them. But the best of them must surely be the realization that, no matter where I go in the filk community, it only takes a few days to turn strangers into dearest friends.

Filk Is Fattening

Words and Music by Fred Brown

C F C

I was first in-tro-duced to filk-ing when I at-tend-ed Trek Five. I had

G7 C Am D7 G7

brought my gui-tar but found it bi-zarre to find oth-ers pick-ing and grin-ning.

C F C

They were so friend-ly and cor-dial and in-vit-ed me in to sit down.

G7 C Am Dm7 G7 C

And af-ter sing-ing a few of their own, they said, "It's your turn, Fred-dy Brown."

chorus

F G7 C F C

Filk is Fat-tening. The more that you do it you bulge. You can

G7 C Am D7 G7

tell by the size of their but-tocks and thighs If they are ad-dic-ted to filk-ing.

F G7 C F G7 C

Filk is fat-tening. You're add-ing inch-es with songs. Al-

G7 C Am Dm7 G7 C

though there's a few that es-cape this re-view I'm a-fraid that ma-jor-i-ty rules.

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Filk Is Fattening

©1998 Fred Brown

I was first introduced to filking when I attended Trek Five.
I had brought my guitar but found it bizarre to find others picking and grinning.
They were so friendly and cordial and invited me in to sit down.
And after singing a few of their own, they said, "It's your turn, Freddy Brown."

I've never looked back on that moment, I've filked everywhere that I could.
I fit in so well and I've tried to excel at playing guitar and singing
But as I look fondly upon them, these people that I'm filking with,
There are things that I see that really scare me – tell me if you don't agree.

Chorus: Filk is fattening. The more that you do it you bulge.
You can tell by the size of their buttocks and thighs
If they are addicted to filking.
Filking is fattening. You're adding inches with songs
Although there's a few that escape this review
I'm afraid that majority rules
(last chorus only)
I'm afraid that this song may be cruel. But I'm sorry, majority rules.

Now if this is true, I'm shaking and giggling probably as well!
'Cause when I started that, I was already fat, since I had already quit smoking.
Filking is fun but addicting and once that it gets in your veins,
Your blood starts to clot, you develop a pot, then everything else starts to grow. CHORUS

BIO:

I started playing the guitar about 38 years ago. I have played all styles, over the years, but my favorites are Blues, Jazz and Folk. I like to write and perform my own original music more than doing covers and have written well over 200 songs. One day I was invited to go to a Star Trek Con (Toronto Trek V) and stumbled across a roomful of guitarists saying they were playing "Filk". They told me what it was and then on hearing I had a guitar in my room (never leave home without it) invited me to go and get it and join in. Since some Filk music involves parody and comedy, I even had a couple of songs that I had written that I didn't even know were Filk songs! I enjoyed myself so much I continued to go to Cons and filks in my area.

MUSINGS:

I was extremely happy to hear I had been chosen to be the Interfilk guest at Conterpoint 4 in Maryland last year. It was a real hoot! I felt like royalty as I was giving my concert. The audience was extremely attentive and supportive. I had a good turnout for my Music Theory class too.

It was good to meet some new filkers including Michael Longcor who was also a guest performer at that con. It was also good to see some of the filkers who come up to FilKONtario from the Washington area. I felt right at home and why shouldn't I? Filkers are the kindest, most accepting people on the planet (and beyond?). I urge everyone to get involved.



Barrayaran Roses

Lyrics & Music: © Maureen S. O'Brien
Arrangement: Andrew Eigel & Maureen O'Brien

Em
We are like the roses;
B7
We do not belong.
Em
Fighting to survive,
D
To stay alive we must be strong
Am **Em**
All our lives, beginning when we're born –
Am D B7 **Em**
Because Barrayaran roses need their thorns.

We are like the roses;
Brought here by mistake,
Not supposed to be here.
All you see here, we were forced to make.
All that we have made we mean to keep.
We are Barrayaran roses, rooted deep.

Am
Barrayaran roses,
Em
Hardy as a weed.
Am **Em**
Handle us respectfully or else we'll make you bleed.
Am **Em**
We were meant for gardens, behind stone walls to stay –
Am D B7
But sometimes, garden roses grow away.

We are like the roses.
We are forced to grow.
Homesoil here was never sweet,
But no defeat can make us go.
We are no one's fool and no one's pawn.
We are Barrayaran roses, growing on.
Growing on....

Fanboy Soul
©2000 Terence Chua

G
I'm just an aged fanboy from a faraway land
G C D
Never went to any cons till now, don't know these big name fen
Em D Em D
I have never talked to authors I have read for all my life
C Am7 D G
Even though I've just turned thirty and divorced my first wife

I've got a decent paying job and responsibilities
But inside me's still the little kid that trembles at the knees
Meeting Bova or Greg Benford, or Forrest J Ackerman
Harlan Ellison would send me straight into la-la land

Em
But I've got to keep my dignity
C
I've got to keep my cool
D
'Cuz it's really not so pretty
G
When I drool
Em D Em D
Though I've worshiped them for ages they must never really know
C Am7 D G
Just how much they've touched this aged fanboy's fanboy soul

So I move among the famous trying hard just not to stare
Even asking for their handshakes is a task that I don't dare
I would stutter and I'd stammer and they'd think I was a jerk
Best to walk by nonchalantly and then double back and lurk

God, I've just become a stalker
Can't I shake off this malaise?
Try to get rid of this goddamn
Childish phase?
I'll just go right up to meet them, head up high and casual stroll
Though inside I'm sweating buckets into my fanboy soul

Em D
I'll hold myself together
C D G
And try to weather the brunt of their fame
Bm Em
Pretend it doesn't matter
C G D D7
And hope that I remember my name

Now I've talked to some of my heroes and it really was a treat
They're impressed I've come from faraway, they say it's kind of neat
But although I'll never really lose that child-like sense of awe
What the heck, it doesn't matter, this is just what fandom's for!

So I've kept my grown-up dignity
I've kept my grown-up cool
And I've managed not to throw up
Or to drool
But inside I'm still that kid who'll never manage to grow old
And I'll treasure all these feelings deep inside this fanboy soul

NOTES:

I attended my first American Worldcon in 2000, in Chicago, and was on the program there as a filk performer as well as a panel participant so I got to use the Green Room as a cheap breakfast nook as opposed to the extortionist prices of the hotel restaurant buffet. One morning while consuming a bagel and coffee, I found myself listening in to, and eventually participating in, a conversation at the table involving a white-haired gent whom I realized after a few minutes was Harry Harrison. Now, consider this – I've been an SF reader all my life, but I've never gotten to meet any of the people whose work I've enjoyed or idolized over the years. Now I was 30 years old, once divorced, a lawyer – a **judge** for all that was Holy – and I didn't have the excuse of youth anymore to go completely berserk and yell, "OH MY GOD YOU'RE HARRY HARRISON! JIM DIGRIZ BE PRAISED!" Instead, I had to be nonchalant, have an adult conversation with Harry, talk about mutual friends in Singapore, and act all professional and cool about it. It was agonizing.

It didn't stop with Harry Harrison. Everywhere I turned I bumped into people like Turtledove, Bova, Forry Ackerman, Stanley Schmidt. It was like a kid getting to see Disneyland for the first time and see that Mickey Mouse and the gang were all real, and friendly, and talking to him. Holy crap.

I wrote the song soon after Chicon. Let me tell you, you never get any less star struck. At MilPhil, I was buying a trade paperback from Colleen Doran, whose comic book work I'd been reading in high school and all I could think about was, "Wow, she's **hot**," and trying not to drool.

So that's where the song came from. It's proven to be one of my more popular, and I guess that's because we've all been there, tussling between melting and being dignified, at some point. But hey, that's what fandom's for.

BIO:

Terence Chua is a longtime SF fan and new filker. He was introduced to the filking scene at Worldcon '99 and has since built up notoriety for his ABBA-based Cthulhu filk. He also authored a Singapore-published anthology of SF short stories titled *The Nightmare Factory* which is, sadly, out of print. He lives and works in Singapore.

Terence has since moved on from ABBA-Cthulhu filk, but like any good monster, it will haunt him always through a thousand filk cons, screaming.

MUSINGS:

The honor of being an Interfilk guest was both surprising and flattering, even if a mix-up in communications somehow made my point of origin the Philippines instead of Singapore and having OVFF misspelling my name on the announcement. If I had been quicker on my feet, I'd have come to the convention calling myself "Fred" and filking in Tagalog, but I think everyone, including myself, was embarrassed enough as it was. Without Interfilk, though, I wouldn't have made it to OVFF in the first place – always a lot of fun – nor would I have had the distinct pleasure of having several women fawn all over me on stage during the Three Weird Sisters concert *and* the Interfilk Auction. I hear that Rob Wynne is pushing for it to be mandatory treatment for future guests – starting with him, of course.



Interfilk Guests

The First Ten Years

Who	From	To	Year
Mike Whitaker	England	Consonance	1992
Randy Farran	Oklahoma	ConCertino	1992
Steve Macdonald	Michigan	ConChord	1993
Zander Nyron	England	OVFF	1993
Kristoph Klover	California	Musicon	1994
Heather Rose Jones	California	FilKONtario	1994
Urban Tapestry	Ontario	Conchord	1994
Mark Osier	New York	Harmonicon	1995
Jordin Kare	California	ConCertino	1995
Catherine & Paul Mac donald	New Brunswick	OVFF	1995
Rennie Levine	New York	Musicon	1996
Timelines	South Carolina	Consonance	1996
Steve Dixon	Washington	FilKONtario	1996
Nick Smith	California	OVFF	1996
Doug Wu	South Carolina	FilKONtario	1997
Phil Allcock	England	Concerto	1997
Karen Linsley & Lloyd Landa	Ontario	Conchord	1997
Cat Faber	Oregon	OVFF	1997
Diana Huey	Ohio	Consonance	1998
Julianne Honisch & Kerstin Dröge	Germany	FilKONtario	1998
Jane Mailander	California	Contata	1998
Steve Simmons	Michigan	Conchord	1998
Cecilia Eng	Oregon	OVFF	1998
Glenn Simser	Ontario	GaFilk	1999
Gary Ehrlich	Maryland	Consonance	1999
Harold Groot	California	FilKONtario	1999
Alan Thiesen	California	Concertino	1999
Mary Miller	Texas	OVFF	1999

Who	From	To	Year
Puzzlebox	California	GAFilk	2000
Heather Borean	Canada	Consonance	2000
Scott Snyder	California	FilKONtario	2000
Lynn Gold	California	Conterpoint	2000
Dave Lockett	Australia	ConChord	2000
Lee & Barry Gold	California	OVFF	2000
Tim & Annie Walker	England	GAFilk	2001
Dave Weingart	New York	Consonance	2001
Erica Neely	Virginia	FilKONtario	2001
"Downtown" Freddy Brown	Ontario	Conterpoint	2001
Maureen O'Brien	Ohio	ConChord	2001
Terence Chua	Singapore	OVFF	2001
Mike & Marsha Diggs	Kansas	GAFilk	2002

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