



Ohio Valley Fiddlers Fest X

Ohio Valley Filk Fest X

Juanita Coulson

Guest of Honor

Bill & Brenda Sutton

Toastmasters

Buck Coulson

Listener Guest of Honor

Brought to you by

The OVFF Committee

Sally Kober- Chairman

Shelby Bartellis
Emily Vazquez Coulson
Lori Coulson
Kathy Hamilton
Diana Huey

Carol Siegling
Van Siegling
Bob Smith
Larry Smith
Jan Wagner

With Help from the Friends of OVFF

Lorene Andrews
Dawn Marie Blades
Bruce Coulson
Shannon Eiston

Pat Engle
Ed Jones
JR Murphy
Lee Wardstar

October 21-23, 1994

Hilton Inn North, Worthington, Ohio



MUSICON 4

January 6-8, 1995

Guest of Honor
Margaret Middleton

Toastmaster
**Michael "Moonwulf"
Longcor**

Special Guest
Todd Alan

Membership Rates:
\$23 until Dec. 1
\$28 thereafter

Mail to: **MUSICON**
P.O. Box 198121
Nashville, TN 37219

Hotel:
Quality Inn Executive Plaza
Murfreesboro Road at I-24
Nashville, TN
(615) 367-1234

Room Rate: \$48, 1 to 4



Welcome to Ohio Valley Filk Fest Ten

Wow. Ten years already. I guess conventions are like children - they tend to age or date a person. Also cons tend to mutate. The OVFF committee has always liked to be daring and innovative; we still aren't done yet. It wasn't enough to create the *Pegasus Awards*, the Committee Bakery, the Saturday midnight breakfast, and the Mad Hatter's Tea Party; we felt that the songbook and tape production industries needed twisting too.

OVFF would never have made it past year three, much less to number ten, without the wonderful support of all of you. Hopefully, the tape and songbook will trigger many happy memories. (Of course, by doing these, we made the job of the OVFF XX committee really impossible, but who knows what will happen in the next ten years.)

Special thanks go to Gary McGath, Spencer Love, and their "elves" for all the hard work they put forth in producing the OVFF memorabilia. We all knew the job was dangerous (and you asked for it), but we still can't tell you how much we appreciate your efforts!

I'd like to thank all people who been part of the OVFF committee over the years (some of whom have moved on to other climes and/or endeavors):

Van Siegling & Lori Coulson (who started it all...)

Shelby Bartellis

Emily Vazquez Coulson

Kathy Hamilton

Hiliary Hertzoff

Diana Huey

May Kay Kare

Sharon Palmer

Bob Smith

Larry Smith

Jan Wagner

Mark Wise

and all those who are or have been Friends of OVFF:

Karen Adams

Lorene Andrews

Bruce Coulson

Terry Davis

Shannon Elston

Todd Cameron Hamilton

Bob Huey

Russell McCarty

J.R. Murphy

Dennis Palmer

Margo Riedel

John Stitt

Gloria Stover

Peggy Terrell

Lee Wardstar

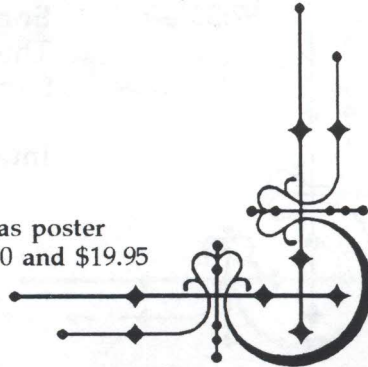
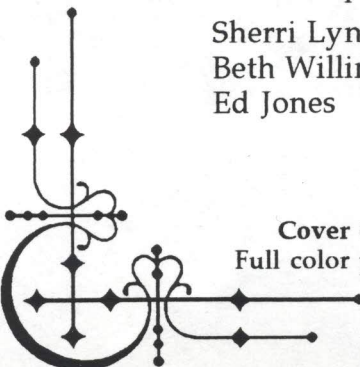
and the clever people who have crafted the *Pegasus Awards* all these years:

Sherri Lynn Kline

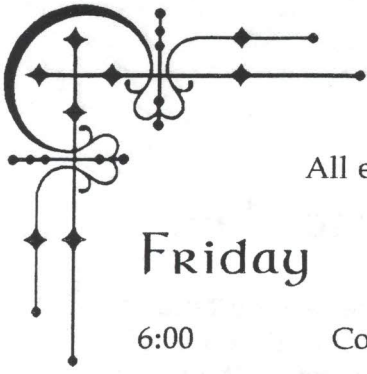
Beth Willinger

Ed Jones

--Sally Kobee
Chairman of OVFF X



Cover Credit: An interpretation by Pat Engle of a Kelly Freas poster
Full color prints & T-Shirts are available from Kelly Freas for \$20 and \$19.95
plus S/H at 7713 Nita Ave; West Hills, CA 91304



Schedule of Events

All events will take place in the Ballroom unless otherwise noted.

Friday

6:00 Con Suite opens (officially at least)

7:30'ish **The Madhatter's Halloween Tea Party**
"Proper" (costumed) attire is strongly encouraged. Prizes will be awarded for best costume, best hat, and whatever else takes the judges' fancy!



9'ish **Golden Oldies Sing-Along**
Joe Ellis will lead this rousing sing-along down memory lane. Lyrics will be projected on the wall for those of us with less than perfect memories.

10'ish **Open Filking**

Saturday

11'ish **Workshop: Overcoming Performance Anxiety (2 hrs)**
Conducted by Mary Ellen Wessels

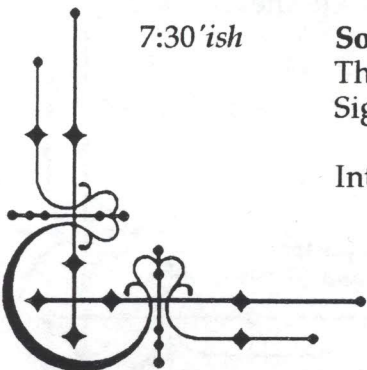
1'ish **Concerts**
1:00 Bill & Brenda Sutton
1:30 Musical Chairs
2:00 Michael "Moonwolf" Longcor
2:30 Kathy Mar
3:00 Tom Smith
3:30 Juanita Coulson

4'ish **One Shots** (15 people, one song each)
Sign up at the Registration Desk

5'ish **Dinner Break**
(Function rooms will be available for open filking)

7:30'ish **Song Writing Contest**
Theme: The Best Song Tom Smith Never Wrote.
Sign up at the Registration Desk

Intermission: **Interfilk Auction**



9'ish

Workshop: Music Improvisation (2.5 hrs) in **Room 262**
Conducted by Sally Childs-Helton. See following article for full description.

9'ish

The History of Filk (According to Juanita & Buck Coulson)

10'ish

Pagan Music Circle
Moderated by Bill & Brenda Sutton

11'ish

Open Filking

Midnight

Brunch Buffet & Pegasus Awards Presentation (in hotel Coffee Shop)
Tickets are on sale at the Registration Desk. (We sell out every year so buy your tickets early!) Function rooms will remain open for filking

Later

More Open Filking

Much Later

The Filk That Never Ends
(Sleep is for the weak and sickly.)

Sunday

11:30'ish

Concert: The Black Book Band

1'ish

Farewell Jam Session

4:00

Function rooms close.
Dead dogs may hang out at the Con Suite.



Alternate Filk Rooms:

John Snow Suite
Room 262

Available for open filking at all times (except during the Improv Workshop Saturday evening)

Con Suite Hours:

Potter Wright Suite

Friday: 6pm - 2am

Saturday: 11am - 2am

Sunday: 11am - until we die on the vine

Dealer's Room Hours:

Ballroom - Stansbury Section

Friday: 6pm - 9pm

Saturday: Noon - 6pm

Sunday: Noon - 3pm

Registration Hours:

(after hours go to the consuite)

Friday: 3pm - 11pm

Saturday: 11am - 2pm

Sunday: Noon - 3pm

(in the back of the jam session)

Babysitting Hours:

Rooms 211 & 215

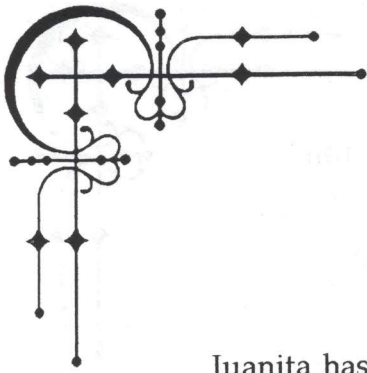
Friday: 7pm - 1am

Saturday: Noon - 5pm

7pm - 1am

Pool:

Open until midnight



Juanita Coulson

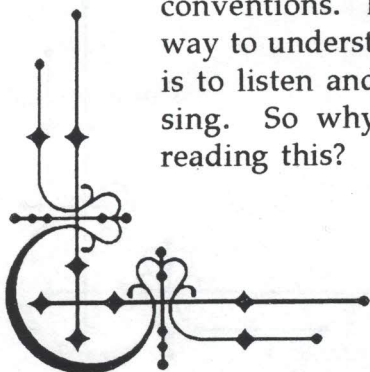
by Bruce Coulson

Juanita has been performing on stage from a very early age. She got her start in a pinochle parlor. (Quick! Can anybody tell me what pinochle is?) Her first encounter with fandom was in college (Ball U) and it was love at first sight. She helped run the first art shows (winning an award for her artwork), wrote fiction both amateur and professional, and invented filking.

Well, not quite...but Juanita was one of the very first filkers, and can remember looking for hidden corners away from the parties to hold secret filks. Filking, in its infancy, was not a respected part of fandom; it was treated as an aberration, "not really SF-related" and filkers were forced to find places to sing where mundanes and fen alike would not be annoyed. It took a lot of time and effort for filking to gain official sanction at most cons.

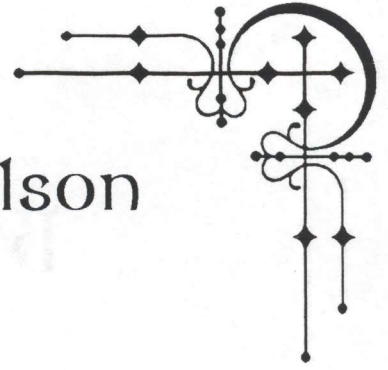
Of course, Juanita was not just singing; she was writing novels, running a household, and publishing Yandro, the acclaimed fanzine. Juanita also practiced music, collected records of notable groups, and improved her voice by holding conversations with people...a mile away! (No!, not on a telephone either!).

Today, Juanita is still writing and performing. She has out-sung steam calliopes, fried the recording equipment of obnoxious fen, published several books and short stories, and gleefully attended a large number of conventions. Bu the best way to understand all this is to listen and watch her sing. So why are you still reading this?



ROBERT "BUCK" COULSON

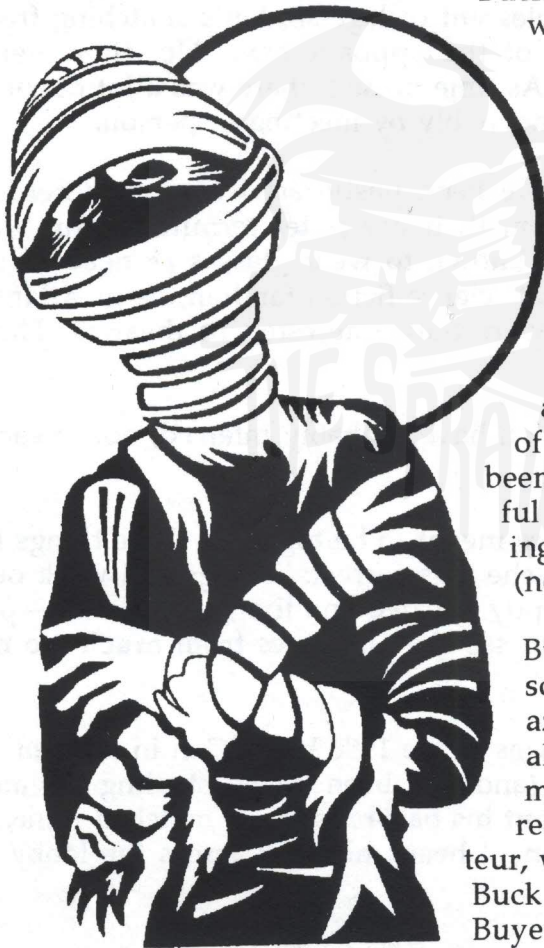
by BRUCE COULSON



So, why all the interest in Buck's past?

I mean, Buck lives in the past (the distant past; try Civil War or earlier) but you don't have to. You should be more concerned with meeting him now than worrying about what he was like before.

But, if you insist...

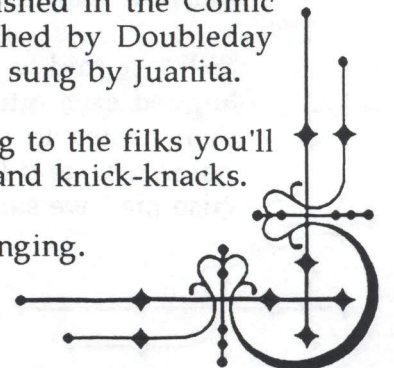


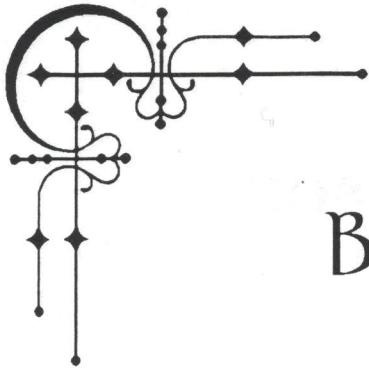
Buck Coulson's high school graduating class was 7 people. (We're talking *real* small town here) He grew up in the small resort of Silver Lake, IN, and didn't live in a house with indoor plumbing until he was 21. (He had to hunt rabbits to put meat on the table.) With so few cultural outlets, Buck developed a hearty interest in speculative (scientification and fantasy) books. This in turn led to fandom, meeting my mother and becoming a professional beach bum, writer, speaker, and fan GOH. He was for years the editor of the world's best second best fanzine, has been to more conventions than all but a handful of fen, and has managed to avoid becoming embroiled in most fannish feuds/politics (no small feat, that last!).

Buck has one of the largest collections of science fiction hardcovers, paperbacks, magazines, and art books in the Midwest. He also has a stunning collection of obscure music (mostly on antiquated (78 rpm) record technology). He is a skilled raconteur, with a cynical, sardonic streak a mile wide. Buck has had columns published in the *Comic Buyer's Guide*, books published by Doubleday and Lazer, and written songs sung by Juanita.

Buck Coulson is also a huckster, and when he's not listening to the filks you'll find him in the Dealer's Room selling tapes, CDs, sf books, and knick-knacks.

But there is a reason why he's Listener of Honor, and not singing.





Bill & Brenda Sutton

by Bill Roper

They met on the Net.

Yes, I know. It's one of the oldest cliches around, dating back to the first time someone connected two disparate computers and allowed their users to communicate with each other. Nevertheless, it's the truth, and we are stuck with it.

The particular Net was CompuServe, which at least makes it respectable (for that time and place). They were not two adolescent college students snatching free time on the internet to prowl for members of the opposite sex. No, they were two adults, looking for a little conversation. As time passed, there was a **lot** of conversation, followed by phone calls, followed inevitably by meeting in person.

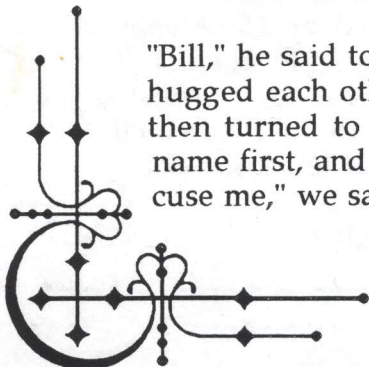
According to the cliché, they should have been pasty-faced computer nerds with Coke-bottle glasses and no life away from their computer terminals. This was not the case (although they have both been known to wear glasses as needed). They were both active participants in their local science-fiction fandom; he in Atlanta, she in LA. They were both filkers. They were both interested in theater. They had plenty of things to talk about.

They were also both married. (And, as you have probably inferred, not to each other.)

The cliché also says that, if two people are meant to be together, these things have a way of working out. In this case, the cliché was correct. Things **did** work out and our heroes, Bill and Brenda, are now happily married and living in Atlanta -- providing Brenda with a second opportunity to see the Olympics from **much** too close a range.

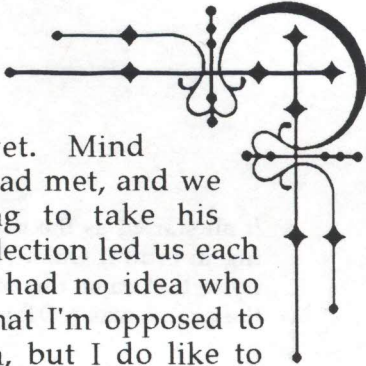
I remember when I first met Brenda. It was at the 1986 WorldCon in Atlanta. I had met Bill a while back at Chambanacon (and had been busily stealing his material ever since -- not only was it good stuff, but his bari-bass range matched mine...) and had been expecting to see him at the con. I heard him call across the lobby of the Marriott and headed over to meet him.

"Bill," he said to me, gesturing to the woman at his side. "It's Brenda." Brenda and I hugged each other, stepped back, looked at each other, then turned to look at Bill. (There are too many Bills in this story, but it was my name first, and I intend to keep it. Readers are advised to parse this carefully.) "Excuse me," we said, "but who is this person that I've just hugged?"





(left to right): Brenda Sutton, Buck Coulson, Bill Sutton, Bill Roper, Howard Scrimgeour (kneeling)



It seems we hadn't met yet. Mind you, Bill thought that we had met, and we were momentarily willing to take his word for it, but further reflection led us each to the conclusion that we had no idea who we were hugging. (Not that I'm opposed to hugging attractive women, but I do like to know who they are.)

Anyway, Bill made the necessary introductions, we hugged again, and things have proceeded more normally since then.

They were married, appropriately enough for two filkers, at OVFF -- The Ohio Valley Filk Fest, the Midwest's oldest filk convention. This allowed many of their friends to attend who might otherwise have had difficulty getting to the wedding. And since the wedding was in Renaissance garb, it gave Brenda an opportunity (and a deadline!) to practice her costuming skills. The results were wonderful.

Given that this is the tenth OVFF, maybe they brought the pictures with them. If not, you **could** ask them to describe the wedding, including jumping over the guitar (in lieu of a sword).

Since then, they've kept busy, working, playing, and raising children. They're extremely active in their local religious circles. They've recently joined the landed gentry, owning that portion of their house that the bank doesn't. And they practice their music. A lot. (I can tell.)

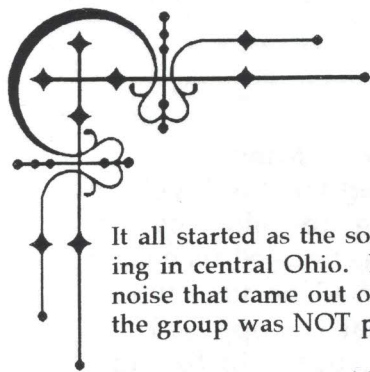
Unfortunately, between all the things they're doing and all the money they've got tied up in the Sutton place, they're not getting to as many conventions in the upper Midwest as they used to. And this means we're not seeing nearly enough of them up here.

Fortunately, the friendly folks at OVFF noticed this too and were kind enough to import them as your toastmasters for this occasion. This probably has something to do with their being bright, witty, and authentically nice people who are a lot of fun to have around. It also doesn't hurt that they're talented songwriters and musicians.

So, if you're sitting in the big sing at OVFF, and you've sung five of the last seven songs, and really have a good follower, and you're about to start, but then you notice Bill or Brenda poised to play, why don't you give them a chance to sing? You'll probably enjoy it.

(You see, not only are they talented, but they're **real** polite...)





The Birth of OVFF

by Van Siegling

It all started as the solution to a problem. Except for one weekend a year (Marcon), there was no filk singing in central Ohio. Back in 1983, I invited over some fen who lived in the area and who liked filk. The noise that came out of that meeting was NOT music. (It took awhile to convince the police and SPCA that the group was NOT practicing animal torture!)

Since the group couldn't produce filk, we decided to import it. How do you get the best filkers to come to you? You start a convention! What do you call the convention? The committee lived in Columbus, but the best site was in Cincinnati. Both cities are in the Ohio River valley. (Some of our best waste products actually make it all the way to Cincinnati!) Ohio Valley Filk Fest was an obvious choice for a name.

Why would a committee hold their first convention in a different city over two hours drive away? Because of the machinations of SMOFFs (Secret Masters of Filking Fandom)! Several of the original OVFF committee members had attended Midwestcon. It was held in a very nice, hollow dome style hotel in northern Cincinnati that had a beautiful, soundproofed auditorium. There was no comparable facility in Columbus at the time. (Also, Larry Smith and I were able to negotiate a very liberal hotel contract.)

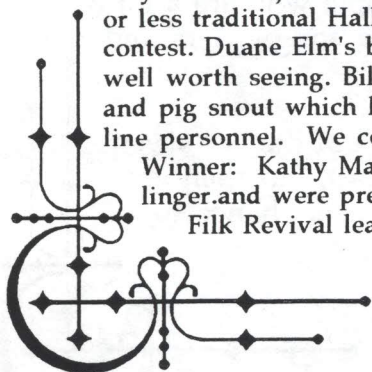
At OVFF 1, some fen from a neighboring state approached the concon about organizing their own filk convention in 1985, with the idea of alternating years. Due to the many fannish commitments of the members of the OVFF concon, we readily agreed to this. Regrettably, the efforts of this other concon came to naught. (Alas, there was no room in the inn, er hotel.) The OVFF concon did not find out about this until approx May, 1985. Instead of throwing a convention together in 3 months, the OVFF concon wisely decided to wait until 1986 to hold OVFF 2.

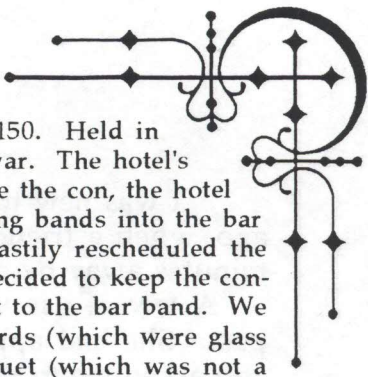
A Brief History

by Kathy Hamilton

OVFF 1 (1984)- Founding members: Van Siegling(chair), Lori Coulson, Kathy Hamilton, Emily Vasquez Coulson, Jan Wagner, Sally Kobee & Larry Smith (maybe others) Held in Cincinnati, Attendance: 79. GOH was Julia Ecklar, Awards were Silverlay (silver solder on glass) pictures created by Sheri Klein. Friday evening concerts. Artshow/dealers in same room. No program book. Most Memorable Moment: Julia's 30+ minute stand-up comedy routine describing her trip from Pittsburg to the con hotel and why she was late.

OVFF 2 (1986)- Cochairs: Kathy Hamilton & Mary Kay Jackson. Held in Columbus, Ohio at the Park University. Attendance 112. Guests: Bill Sutton, Margaret Middleton. The consuite & dealers room were on the second floor. We didn't find out until the week before that there were NO elevators in the hotel, not even a freight elevator. Greg Cronau hauled most of the consuite supplies up over the room's balcony using a rope & tackle. The poor dealers had to schlep all their stuff up a flight of stairs. There was a beautiful, though small loft (right over the hotel's registration desk) where people congregated Sunday for a very informal jam session (the start of our now traditional closing jam). We opened the con with a more or less traditional Halloween party complete with pumpkin carving, apple bobbing and our first costume contest. Duane Elm's beautiful unicorn costume won hands down, though Murray Porath's satyr was also well worth seeing. Bill Sutton came as a "young urban porcine" (yuppig) complete with pink face paint and pig snout which he had worn on his airline flight to Columbus much to the bemusement of the airline personnel. We conducted the first songwriting contest (Topic: Things That Go Bump in the Night; Winner: Kathy Mar's "Doppleganger".) The Pegasus awards were etched goblets crafted by Beth Willinger and were presented at a brunch buffet held Saturday MORNING. Most Memorable Moment: The Filk Revival lead by the Reverends Bill Sutton, Steve Schwartz and organist.





OVFF 3 (Oct 30-Nov1, 1987) - Cochairs: Kathy Hamilton & Mary Kay Jackson .
Guests: Mercedes "Misty" Lackey & Michael "Moonwulf" Longcor. Attendance: 150. Held in Delaware, Ohio at the Holiday Inn. This was the year of the infamous bar band war. The hotel's tiny bar was located just across the lobby from our function room. A month before the con, the hotel management decided they wanted to beef up their bar business and started booking bands into the bar during the evening. After we lost the war with the bar band Friday night, we hastily rescheduled the formal concerts from Saturday evening to the afternoon. This worked so well, we decided to keep the concerts in the afternoon at future cons. Unfortunately, the evening open filk still lost to the bar band. We ended up filking in the consuite, the halls, even the pool area. The Pegasus Awards (which were glass wands crafted by Beth Willinger.) were announced at our first MIDNIGHT banquet (which was not a breakfast buffet by the way but sandwiches). We were honored to host the wedding of Bill and Brenda Sutton during the Saturday dinner break. Bill & Brenda wanted to broadcast the wedding ceremony over CompuServe, the computer online service where they first met. This almost didn't come off when we discovered there wasn't a working phone jack in any of the function rooms and the hotel staff did not know what was wrong with them. After a couple of panicky hours (alternate plans included running over a 100 ft of phone cord through the lobby and down the hall to a sleeping room) Greg Cronau again came to our rescue. He talked the hotel manager into letting him into the hotel's phone switching room where he figured out the problem.

OVFF 4 (Oct 28-30, 1988)- Chair: Sally Kobb. GOH: Bill Roper, TM: Diana Gallagher Wu. Held at the Ramada Inn in Columbus, OH. Sunday was the 50th anniversary of the Mercury Theater's radio broadcast of "War of the Worlds". We celebrated the occasion with a 50's style "War of the Worlds" concert medley and a "War of the Worlds" dead dog party where we listened to the remake starring Jason Robards with sound effects by Industrial Light & Magic. The comedy troupe "The Gunderson Corporation" gave a performance at OVFF 4. Chimera Productions videotaped the con and put together a TV show that was shown a number of times on local public access TV channels.

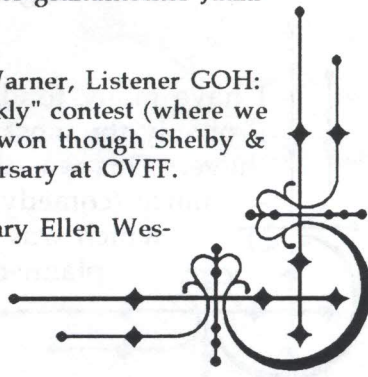
OVFF 5 (Oct 27-29, 1989)- Chair: Van Siegling. GOHs: Barry & Sally Childs-Helton; TM: Joey Shoji. Held again at the Ramada Inn/University Inn (the hotel changed its name after we had mailed out the second progress report which made finding the hotel difficult for some of the attendees). The Pegasus awards were etched slate plaques. Every attendee was given a copy of the filking board game "The Cosmic Drain" where good luck, represented by upward moving hotel elevators and stairways, shortened the journey to fandom, and bad luck, represented by the Cosmic Drain Co. plumbing, sent you back to Munkia.

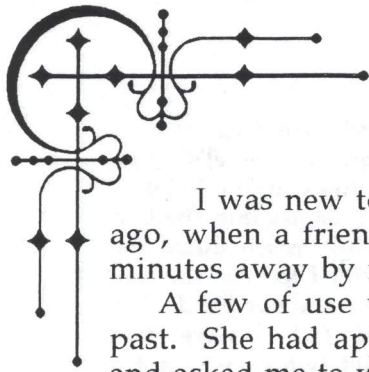
OVFF 6 (Oct 26-28, 1990) - Chair: Emily Vazquez. GOHS: Musical Chairs (Linda Melnick, Jean Stevenson, Lucinda Brown.) We switched hotels again to the Hilton Inn North in Worthington, OH. Our first Mad Hatter's Tea Party was hosted by our first Listener GOH Mary Frost Pierson who came as Mary, Queen of Scotch. Mitchell and T.J. Burnside Clapp brought there brand new baby to show off. (The birth announcement, which was published in the program book, was a truly hilarious parody of an article in an aviation magazine announcing a prototype rollout.) The Pegasus awards were leather cassette jackets, which they've been ever since.

OVFF 7 (Nov 1-3, 1991) - CoChair: Kathy Hamilton & Emily Vazquez Coulson. GOH: Cynthia McQuillin, TM: Robin Bailey; Special Guest: Tom Smith; Listener GOH: Howard Scrimgeour. Attendance: 202. Held at the Hilton Inn North in Worthington, OH. This year, Cochair Emily Vazquez Coulson showed off HER brand new baby, Miranda, who amply demonstrated that she had inherited her grandmother Juanita's powerful lungs & voice. Tom Smith *almost* swept the Pegasus awards.

OVFF 8 (Oct 23-25, 1992) - Chair: Shelby Bartellis. GOH: Kathy Mar; TM: Larry Warner, Listener GOH: Marie Schneider. Attendance: 203. Our first unofficial "Sleep is for the weak & sickly" contest (where we see which committee member can go the longest without sleep). Carol Siegling won though Shelby & Diane weren't far behind. Tom & Lee Billings celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary at OVFF.

OVFF 9 (Oct 22-24, 1993) - Chair: Shelby Bartellis. GOH: Duane Elms; TM: Mary Ellen Wesels; Listener GOH: Helen Parker; and a special Interfilk Guest: Zander Nyronnd. Held at the Hilton Inn North in Worthington, OH. Attendance: over 210.





Moments in Time

I was new to fandom in general, and filk was something I had first heard a month ago, when a friend told me a filk con was going to be next weekend, and only twenty minutes away by my trusty ten-speed.

A few of use were standing around in the lobby talking when Julia Ecklar walked past. She had apparently left something in her room, so she set her guitar by my feet and asked me to watch it for her. So I stood there and stared at it, **hard**. After all, it was Julia's. Maybe it would do a trick, maybe it would sing me a song.

There was laughter from the far end of the lobby. A hand appeared in my rather limited field of vision and started to depart with the guitar. I followed, still staring hard. The hand stopped, and its owner turned to face me. "Thank you, you can stop now," Julia chuckled. "Were you waiting for it to do a trick?"

"Yes," I said, looking up. As the look of amazed disbelief spread across her face, I tried to decide if everyone was laughing at me or at her....

Jeff Estep

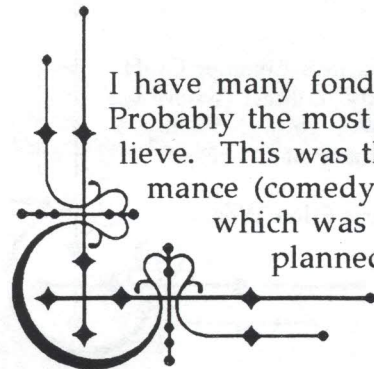
I was at the first OVFF but I wasn't on the committee because I was new to the committee, new to the Columbus group, new to filk, and pretty much new to fandom. Van & I had just really started dating and boy did we start several tongues to wagging! (Who is that girl? Who's she dating? Who is Van dating? Etc., etc.) I was actually grilled about my intentions towards "our Van" by more than one OVFF attendee. But the best "griller" by far was Sherri Kline. When you've been grilled by Sherri you've been quizzed by the best! By the next OVFF I was on the committee and married to Van so I guess my intentions were honorable!

Kathy Mar and I with various other insane fellows started the all-night Saturday night filk. We wanted OVFF to never end. Well, everyone knows that it can't be tomorrow until you've been asleep so we decided to keep it Saturday by staying awake! (OK, OK, sometimes when you DO go to sleep you enter a time warp & sleep whole days just to catch up with the rest of the world!) Amazing things happen at the Saturday late night filk like our annual Looooove Puppy (really draw out the Looooove), chinchilla toupees (don't ask it's much too long and incoherent a story to tell here but if you insist on knowing, ask me or Kathy or Mew) and "Sleep is for the Sick and Weakly", our anthem!

So, if you want a complete OVFF memory, please join us Saturday night in the main filk room. Then there's the after-con dinner trip. It's usually Chinese/Thai food and we do fun stuff there too, like the year Kathy taught all of us how to hand spoons off our noses, and boy, do those fortunes from the cookies get interesting!

Carol Siegling

I have many fond memories of OVFF's past, however, one stands out above the rest. Probably the most fun I've had at OVFF to date occurred in the early years, OVFF 2 I believe. This was the year Bill Sutton was GOH, and we were asked to put on a performance (comedy, not music). We decided to do a travelling revival, the purpose of which was to cure someone of Frank Hayes Disease - notably Frank Hayes. We planned the whole thing on a napkin over dinner, but it still worked out very



well anyway. We placed shills in the audience (for realism) and even had an organist (for atmosphere). After the typical preaching, we called for all those needing healing to come forward. Juanita was first up, but unconvincing in the symptoms of FHD. Amazingly, we had several volunteers in addition to the shills. One even crawled to the stage! We offered our unique Filk Salvation Kit, which included (among other things) a capo, guitar picks, extra guitar strings, and a copy of the (at the time) newly released "Divine Intervention" tape. We passed the collection plate to great applause and tribulation. We even collected about \$7, several pieces of candy, some Halloween toys, and a dirty diaper. We were not sure if we cured Frank, but we most certainly did help many others.

Steve Schwartz

OVFF 5 was only the second convention I had ever attended and the first one I had ever attended alone. I wasn't quite sure what to expect, wandering the halls of the Ramada. However, I managed to get myself adopted several times over the weekend, and I knew I was home. On Sunday, I marched up to Van Siegling, that year's chair, and asked how to "sign up to help run this silly thing" and the concom hasn't figured out a way to get rid of me yet!

Shelby Bartellis

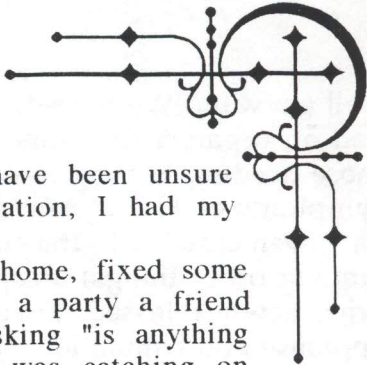
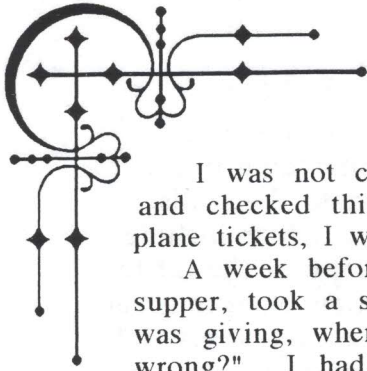
The first time I attended OVFF, I knew I'd come home. And not just because I was living in Chicago at the time and so homesick for Ohio that I would've abandoned everything just to stay an extra day. No—it was something in the way people greeted each other like family during the holidays. It was the laughter, and the quiet anticipation of imminent, extraordinary things. And it was the music. Powered, as it was, by uninhibited people making music for music's sake, it seemed a part of everything and everyone. All were welcomed, regardless of ability or expectations.

It was a little overwhelming to a shy person like me, and not at all what I was used to. So, even though I've been involved with the con since OVFF VII, I have only recently been singing to be heard (as opposed to singing at 4 am in a nearly abandoned hallway or stairwell so no-one could hear me and thus have to cover their ears!). I'm still shy, but now it feels natural somehow to be greeting people like family, laughing, and sharing this music we all love.

Diana Huey



Memories of OVFF



I was not confused. If I had been confused, I would have been unsure and checked things out. As it was, I had my hotel reservation, I had my plane tickets, I was going to OVFF 8 as Listener of Honor.

A week before the con, I went to work normally, came home, fixed some supper, took a shower and was thinking about going off to a party a friend was giving, when I got a call. It was Shelby Bartellis, asking "is anything wrong?" I had left the information about which flight I was catching on her answering machine, but maybe the tape had gotten garbled. no problem, I could give her the info again. But no, she was asking why I wasn't there. There?? I'm coming next weekend. No, the con is **this weekend. THIS weekend??!!?? THIS WEEKEND!!!!**

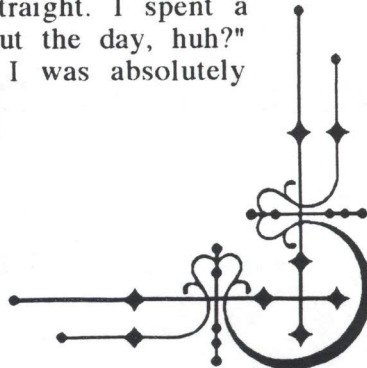
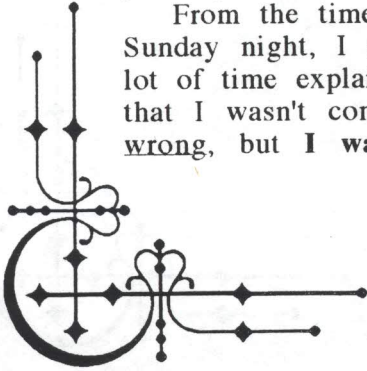
Hokay, no problem. Just let me stop hyperventilating, and I will call the airlines. Unfortunately, there were no flights to Columbus still going out that evening. Next flight I could get was at 5 in the morning. Fine, I'll take it. A little more hyperventilating, if I have to be at O'Hare at 5 ayem, I need to leave by 3. And since the el doesn't run all that often after midnight, maybe I'd better leave by 2. Good grief, I can't risk sleeping, and who can sleep with all this hyperventilating going on? I might as well leave right now, it's 1 in the morning. I'm packed, fine!

At O'Hare, none of the ticket agents are open. Not much of anything is open, vast amounts of the airport blocked off. With a bit of exploration (hauling all my luggage since I don't yet have a ticket and no-one of the check-in gates are open, either), I found some psuedo-food and read a bit. And hyperventilated. At 3:30, somebody showed up who could sell me a ticket and let me through the gates to a waiting area. Flight at 5:00, arriving at 7:00 (losing an hour). Lori Coulson, who is a morning person (what a perverse concept!) picked me up on the way to hitting bakeries and party places for con suite supplies. Got to scritchel several of their cats; cats can be a good sleep substitute, too (I think it has something to do with the elementary particle of Snoozon -- they absorb and re-emit them).

By the time I got to the con, things were starting up again. I did have a room; apparently since I specified OVFF, it got reserved for the correct days. Since I missed the Friday night filk, though, I wasn't going to sleep and miss more! Concerts! Panels! Groups of people sitting around jamming!

In the next two days, I got about 15 minutes sleep, laying my head on my bhodran case in the con suite while Barry Childs-Helton and Steve Macdonald showed off licks to each other. By 4 am Saturday night, everything seemed hilarious (well, we were listening to Carol Siegling's stories of stapling her brother to a tree...) and I was getting the illusion of sand pouring past my vision (wow, look at the little black dots!)

From the time I got up for work that Friday to the time I got home on Sunday night, I calculate that I was awake for 64 hours straight. I spent a lot of time explaining to people who said "Got confused about the day, huh?" that I wasn't confused. I knew which weekend OVFF was. I was absolutely wrong, but I was **not confused!!!**



Marie Schneider

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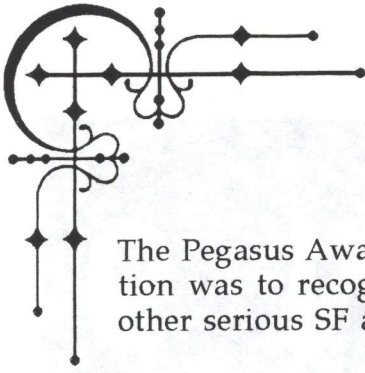
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A FANNISH GETAWAY

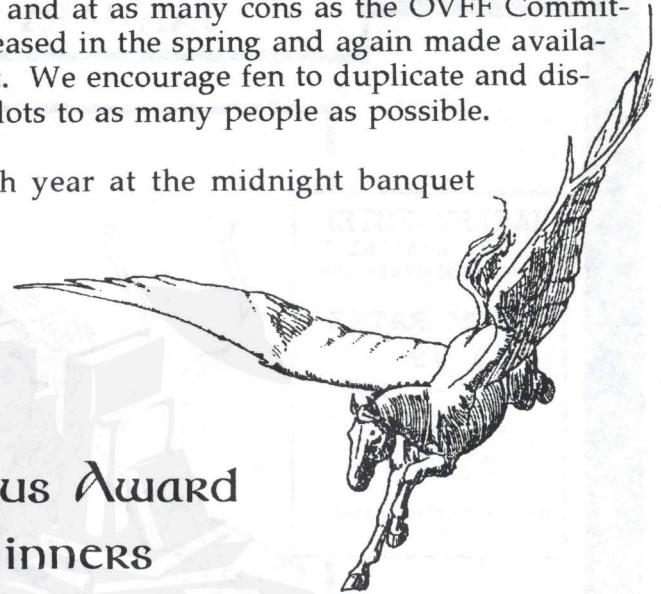


THE PEGASUS AWARDS

The Pegasus Awards were created at the same time as OVFF. The idea behind their creation was to recognize and honor excellence in filking. (At that time, and even now, no other serious SF award program recognizes filk.)

The nomination and ballot procedure is similar to that of the Hugo's, except you don't have to buy a membership to vote. Nominating ballots are made available at the preceding OVFF and distributed by mail and at as many cons as the OVFF Committee can make it to. The final ballot is released in the spring and again made available via mail and at as many cons, etc., etc. We encourage fen to duplicate and distribute both the nominating and final ballots to as many people as possible.

The awards are presented at OVFF each year at the midnight banquet Saturday evening.



Pegasus Award Winners

1993

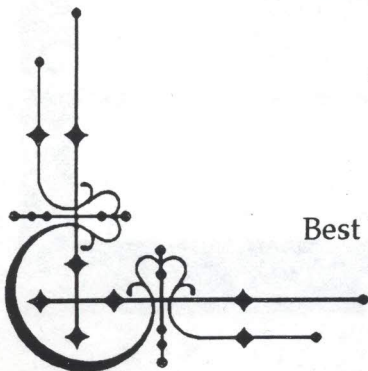
- Best Filk Song: "*Green Hills of Earth*" by Robert Heinlein/Mark Bernstein
Best Writer/Composer: Leslie Fish
Best Performer: Tom Smith
Best Humorous Song: "*Rhinotelexomania*" by Michael Longcor
Best Space Song: "*Lightsailor*" by Barry Childs-Helton

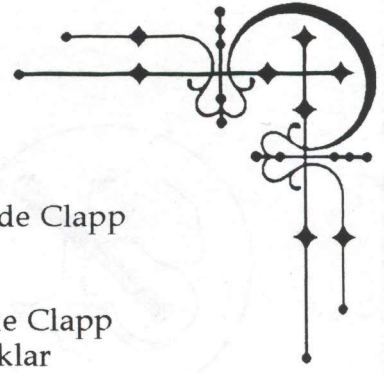
1992

- Best Filk Song: "*God Lives on Terra*" by Julia Ecklar
Best Writer/Composer: Dr. Jane Robinson
Best Performer: Michael Longcor
Best Tribute: "*Madame Curie's Hands*" by Duane Elms
Best Genre Crossover: "*Return of the King*" by Tom Smith

1991

- Best Filk Song: "*A Boy and His Frog*" by Tom Smith
Best Writer/Composer: Tom Smith
Best Performer: Tom Smith
Best Love Song: "*Velveteen*" by Kathy Mar
Best War/Vengeance Song: "*Temper of Revenge*" by Julia Ecklar





1990

Best Filk Song: "*Lullabye for a Weary World*" by T.J. Burnside Clapp
Best Writer/Composer: Julia Ecklar
Best Performer: Mitchell Clapp
Best Fannish Song: "*Weekend Only World*" by T.J. Burnside Clapp
Best Literature Song: "*Daddy's Little Girl*" by Julia Ecklar

1989

Best Filk Song: "*Dawson's Christian*" by Duane Elms
Best Writer/Composer: Kathy Mar & Duane Elms (tie)
Best Performer: Technical Difficulties
Best Fantasy Song: "*Wind's Four Quarters*"
by Mercedes Lackey/Leslie Fish
Best Techie Song: "*Do It Yourself*" by Bill Sutton

1988

Best Filk Song: "*Wind From Rainbow's End*" by Bill Roper
Best Writer/Composer: Mercedes (Misty) Lackey
Best Performer: Barry & Sally Childs Helton
Best Historical Song: "*Song of the Shieldwall*" by Malkin Grey
(Debra Doyle) / Peregyn Wyndryder (Mellisa Williamson)
Best Media Song: "*Superman's Sex Life Bogie*" by Tom Smith

1987

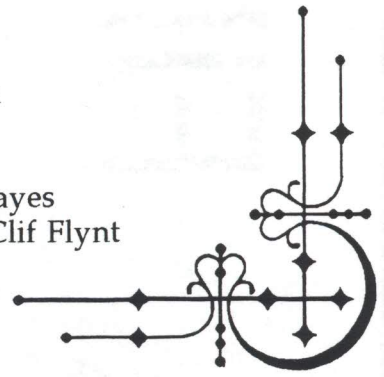
Best Filk Song: "*Harbors*" by Anne Passavoy
Best Writer/Composer: Leslie Fish
Best Performer: Julia Ecklar
Best 'Ose: "*Ian the Grim*" by Clif Flynt
Best Schtick: Unreality Warp/ Mediocre, etc.
by Clif Flynt & Bill Roper

1986

Best Original Filk Song: "*Witnesses' Waltz*" by Leslie Fish
Best Male Filker: Bill Sutton
Best Female Filker: Leslie Fish
Best Parody: "*Daddy's Little Boy*" by Murray Porath
Best Original Humorous Song: "*A Reconsideration of Anatomical Docking Maneuvers
in a Zero-G Enviroment*"
by Diana Gallagher

1984

Best Original Filk Song: "*Hope Eyrie*" by Leslie Fish
Best Male Filker: Bill Maraschiello
Best Female Filker: Julia Ecklar
Best Parody: "*Twelve Years at Worldcon*" by Frank Hayes
Best Original Humorous Filk Song: "*Unreality Warp*" by Clif Flynt





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**FINAL BALLOT
OHIO VALLEY FILK FEST 1994 PEGASUS AWARDS
For Excellence in Filking**



Please vote once in each category. If mailed, final ballots must arrive by Friday, 14-Oct-94; ballots may also be turned in at the convention up until midnight on Friday, 21-Oct-94. Mail to: OVFF, P.O. Box 20125, Columbus, OH 43220-0125. We strongly encourage you to copy and distribute this ballot wherever you wish. You do not need to be a member of the convention to vote.

BEST FILK SONG

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Drink Up The River</i>
by Kathy Mar | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>On The Inside</i>
by Renee Alper |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Gather Day</i>
by Steve McDonald | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>PQR (You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet)</i>
by Tom Smith |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <i>My Thousand Closest Friends</i>
by Naomi Pardue | <input type="checkbox"/> No Award |

BEST WRITER/COMPOSER

- Joe Ellis
- Bob Kanefsky
- Zandar Nyron
- Steve Macdonald
- Tom Smith
- No Award

BEST PERFORMER

- The Black Book Band
- Kristoph Klover
- Kathy Mar
- Steve Macdonald
- Larry Warner
- No Award

BEST CHILDREN'S SONG

- Cockroaches on Parade*
by Waller
- Monsters In the Night*
by Diana Gallagher
- Monster's Lullaby*
by Meg Davis
- Robin Hood*
by T.J. Burnside-Clapp
- Wishful Thinking*
by Peter Thiesen
- No Award

BEST RISQUE SONG

- Greensleeze*
by Barry Childs-Helton
- Itty Bitty Titty*
by Mary Folly
- Kama Sutra*
by Murray Porath
- Kinsey Scale*
by Bob Kanefsky
- Like A Lamb To The Slaughter*
by Frank Hayes
- No Award

NAME _____ PHONE _____

ADDRESS _____

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OVFF X SONGWRITING CONTEST

The Song Writing Contest began at the second OVFF. The rules are simple. The subject of the song must be appropriate to the topic (which is announced at the preceding OVFF). All lyrics must be original and you must cite the source of music if it is not also original.

The songs are performed before the judges at OVFF. If the songwriter is not a performer, he/she may have someone else perform the song for them. (It is also permissible to enter a tape.) The songs are judged on the quality of writing and not the singer's performance.

This year's topic is: **The Best Song Tom Smith Never Wrote**



Previous Songwriting Contest Winners

1993 Mythical Beasts

"Cold Butcher" by Steve McDonald

1992 Love Songs (tie)

"I Will Walk With You" by Cynthia McQuillin
"Eternity's Waltz" by Michael (Moonwolf) Longcor

1991 Heros and Heroines

"Reed Turner, Novel Hero" by Renee Alper

1990 Aliens

"Face Hugger" by Tom Smith

1989 Best Drinking Song (tie)

"307 Ale" by Tom Smith
"I Can't Party as Hearty . . ." by Michael (Moonwolf) Longcor

1988 Ad Astra (To the Stars)

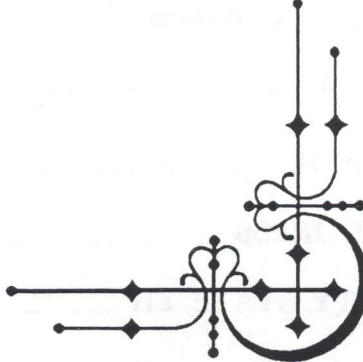
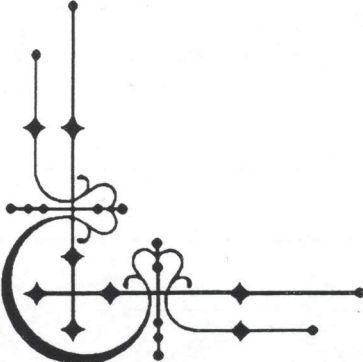
"Lightsailor" by Barry Childs-Helton

1987 Best Scary Song

"Hellraiser" by Tom Smith

1986 Things That Go Bump in the Night

"Doppleganger" by Kathy Mar



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CLOSING NOTES

We hope you've enjoyed this year's OVFF as thoroughly as we have. We're looking forward to seeing you again next year. Steve Macdonald has graciously accepted our invitation to be Guest of Honor, and Lan Laskowski will be Listener of Honor. At the time this program book went to press we were still in the middle of hotel negotiations for next year so we don't have a firm date yet. It will be either the weekend just before Halloween, or the weekend immediately after.

first will be for totally original songs (lyrics and music), the second will be for original lyrics to an existing tune. The 1995 topic for the original music & lyrics contest is: **Anti-Ose** (perky, bouncy, you know, the opposite of 'ose). For the second contest we are looking for: **Parodies of Show Tunes**.

Memberships for OVFF 11 can be purchased at the con registration table Friday & Saturday or on Sunday in the back of the main filk room during the jam session. During OVFF 10 the price is \$16. Immediately after the con, the price will rise to \$20 until 14-Feb. Banquet tickets are \$15

and dealer tables are \$15 (membership not included). Memberships to our sister

Don't forget to pick up your nominating ballots for the 1995 Pegasus Awards. Please help us distribute these as widely as possible.

We are making a change to the Songwriting Contest next year. Several people have told us they think they can write nifty-keen, neat lyrics but can't write music. While the current rules definitely allow someone to enter a song with non-original music, there appeared to be a strong bias against such songs by the judges. We agreed they might have a point there. *Sooo...* we're splitting the songwriting contest in two. Yes, that's right. There are now **TWO** contests. The

conventions Marcon, Orbcon, and Necrocon are also available.

Last, but not least, we would like to thank Pepperidge Farm for the cookies and bread, Domino's and Papa Joe's for the pizza, Pat Engle for the cover art and Kelly & Laura Freas for permission to use it, Lorene Andrews for all the other Pegasii art we've used throughout the year, and most especially all you filkers out there who have gifted us with 10 years of music and friendship.

See you all next year!

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