

# Scrofulent Mud

Being a *Convertible Bus* special for <plokta.con 2.0>.

Any plans for Bollywood chest hair display are ruined by my cardiologist's appointment on Friday morning, when I am given an ECG and shaved. This will mean I'm going to have an itchy chest all weekend. Joy.

At 8:40 on Friday night I get my mobile back from Tanya, after a week's loan (Her Need Was Greater Than Mine). I find there are a whole series of text and voicemail messages from Lilian, complaining that I won't get back to her.

Gratuitous mention of Anders Holmström, just so that he'll think this is an important fanzine.

The Farah Mendelsohn Show contains phrases like, "We seem to have a tinny echo here," and "psychopantic," and "I don't actually think genitals are that important."

Random overheard comment: "How would you like me, John?"

Alison F assures me that Neil whom-we're-not-allowed-to-call-Squaddie-anymore-but-in-that-case-why-is-that-his-LiveJournal-username? will kill me for the photo on the front of *CB* #10. In particular, she says, I'll get in trouble for captioning it, "The Freebairns". I did this because (a) if I'd labelled it "The Johnstones", then *Alison* would have killed me, and frankly, I'm more scared of her than I am of him, and (b), it was funnier.

(Later conversation - Neil: "Do I look like I give a fuck?" Me: "If I thought you gave a fuck I wouldn't have published the picture." I'm still alive.)

**Fanzines, fanzines, fanzines!!!** (Or more DFC reports than you can shake a Tobes-beating-off stick at.)

There's a lot of fanzines here. There's a *Banana Wings*, which Claire viciously doesn't wait until I've sat down before giving me. Yvonne's *Joie de Vivre* shows that she can't spell Neil's name either, but at least she doesn't think Phil Raines is Alan Sullivan (q.v. *Plokta*). The promised *Shebang* doesn't materialise, though, which is a shame. And if I don't mention *Floss* Lilian will get upset.

Re-reading the stuff I've written for these fanzines is a bit uncomfortable, as I see all the places where I could have done it better, or am repeating myself, or have accidentally appropriated someone else's voice.

Sunday. I discover the disadvantage of existing on too little sleep since April. I am very ratty and tired and short-tempered.

This is the first convention I've ever been to where I've seen the GoH jogging around the hotel. We suggest ideas like setting up hurdles, or people to interview him on the move. Though nothing we

come up with would have been more unnerving than the woman in her knickers that apparently he did encounter. (GoH was John Meaney, by the way.)

I like the hotel staff here. They're friendly to us, even when we're being unfriendly. Though some of them aren't that clever.

I incur the wrath of sercon fandom by watching the football on Sunday morning. But not for long, before I decide I just can't be bothered. Must not be a Real Bloke. When England score, I hear from the bar the most restrained and well-behaved football cheer ever. Get laughed at by everyone because my mobile is sending me text messages of the score.

Another gratuitous mention of Anders Holmström: "Sex with Anders is unnoticeable."

**Something that would be supplied for a Thog's Masterclass if the original source wasn't so slight:** "He is helping Frodo into the mithril vest when he suddenly stops; 'My Ring!' Transfixed, he reaches forward to grab it." The Lord of the Rings The Fellowship of the Ring Official Sticker Collection

Seen on Bollywood Night: Sir Neil Ruff-Diamond, formerly of Her Majesty's Third Foot and Mouth. Yvonne's clothes seem to have all fallen off.<sup>1</sup> I think Tanya's outfit (complete with cool jewellery) looks better than Lilian's, and Tanya demands I put that in writing. And there's an Alison Freebairn lookalike in the Bollywood film!

At Dave Hicks' room party, he says to me: "in case you hadn't heard, the buzz is, 'that Tony Keen, he's a good fanwriter, he needs to be encouraged.'"

So this is all your fault.

*The Convertible Bus*, No. 11 of a one-shot fanzine, composed at <plokta.con 2.0> in between being attacked by umbrellas, by "Britain's most frequent fanzine publisher",<sup>2</sup> **Tony Keen, 15 Heathbridge, Heathbridge Approach, Brooklands Road, Weybridge, Surrey, KT13 0UN**. Being a Croydon fanzine is a state of mind. Arkansas. ✉ [keentony@hotmail.com](mailto:keentony@hotmail.com). This fanzine supports England, but has drawn Portugal in the sweepstake, and expects Argentina to win it anyway. LiveJournal: <http://www.livejournal.com/~swisstone>. Technology is **wank!** June 2002. A local fanzine for local fans.

<sup>1</sup> But it was all done in the best possible taste.

<sup>2</sup> So says One of Our Greatest Living Fanwriters, and who am I to dispute with her?