

ALTF ZERO

issue

Whatever happend to Spontaneous Human Combustion?

Illustration

Poetry

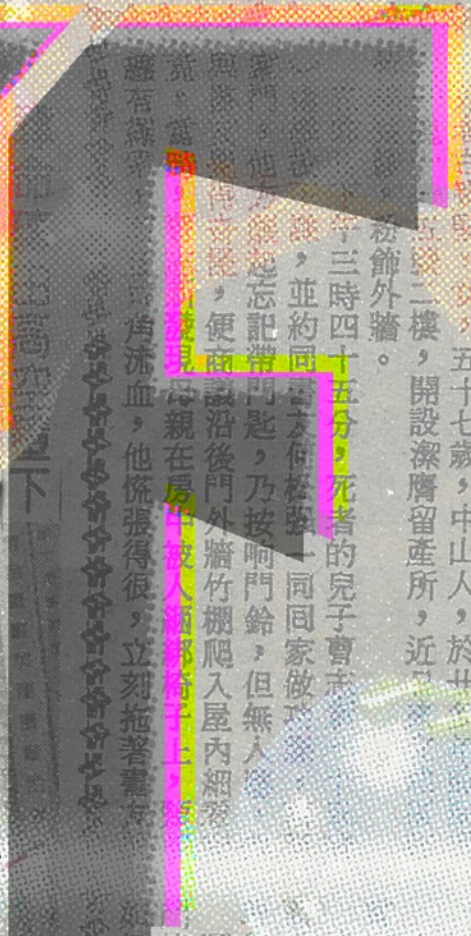
Comic stuff

FALLGUY RECORDS!

Alt Revival
FERMANAGH?!?

AND MORE
AMAZING
THINGS!


www.altf.online
issue 0 april 26



What is this?
The answer might be in 'why are you reading this?'. Our answer is community. There is one, maybe, not actually sure. The goal is to create a focal point, a hub for all things alternative in Fermanagh and the wider area. That, includes you.

Potential is limitless when communities comes together

CONTENTS

Welcome to the pilot issue! The taster, tester, sample edition!

Writers Nook:

Verse, Poetry, Ramblings, Flash Fiction, the wordy section.

SMUZ . sucs (*S;ightly Underground Comics Stuff*):

Comic/Illustration and reviews (of comics)

Wyrd: Strangens, the Unexplained.


What/Who is In/On & Around:

Fallguy, Gigs, MONSTER Trucks!

(AltF = Alternative Fermanagh)

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Writers Nook

Lakeside Poem

Basked in a soft sunlight,
As it is about to dim towards dusk,
I am sat at a lake, flat with stillness.

An aeroplane flies above,
Leaving a trail dragging behind it;
Like a piece of chalk,
On a blackboard of blue sky.

Far beneath it yet within my sight,
Fly a v-formation of geese.
I can't help but think of the leader,
Is it really that special?

Across the lake is an old Nissen Hut,
I bet it still reminisces of the war,
Hopefully like me, it doesn't wish for another.

Rejection From The 27 Club

I stand open-mouthed and mute,
Star-struck dumb at Kurt Cobain;
As he denies me entrance.
"Sorry man, it's nothing personal."

I see Jean-Michel Basquiat,
Focused on his next painting.
He looks up at me briefly and shakes his head,
Before returning to his artwork.

Janis Joplin stares at me and asks,
"Have you even listened to my music?!"
While Amy Winehouse puts it bluntly.
"We don't want you in our club!"

"We are more particular than you might think"
Jimi Hendrix explains, accompanied by loud applause,
That has followed him all the way from Woodstock.
I can sense that they also agree.

Jim Morrison then speaks, saying that he likes my poetry,
And also me, but that it is not enough.
Before I can reply I am thrust into darkness,
That only leaves once I open my eyes.

My heart has started beating again,
I get helped up from the floor by my friends.
I catch my breath that was once absent,
As I immediately forget about what I just saw.

My Near-Death Experience forgotten and shrugged off
We move towards the table, large enough to sit us all.
My friends all sing for me, "Happy Birthday!"
I see the cake and I count twenty-eight candles.



FODC

We have our own particular
Sky out here in the sticks
Of Fermanagh, above the willows,

Beneath the stars, between the devil
And the deep blue Erne, where the clouds
Are a cat-café, stuffed with tabby,

Black, orange, white, fur
Is all around us, we have had
Enough of your talk of train tracks,

Bus routes, aeroplanes,
Leave us alone to our own imperfections
We are content with our waiting lists

And our hospitals are slow enough as it is,
Praise be to Jesus, this is both
The century of the forest and of the bog

And out here we worship The Old Gods.

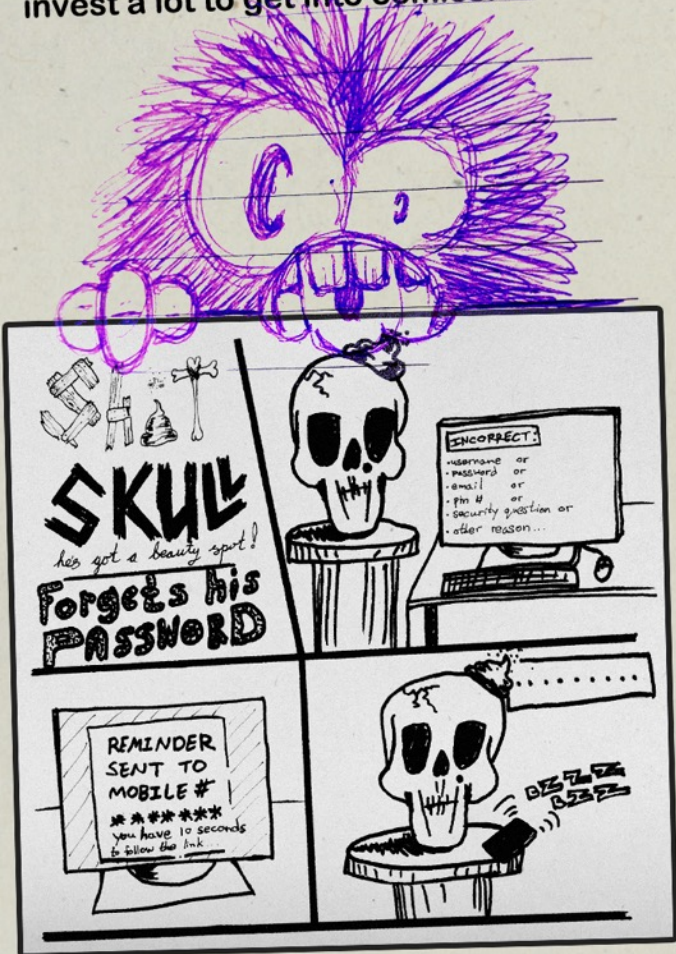
Twelve Bar Blues

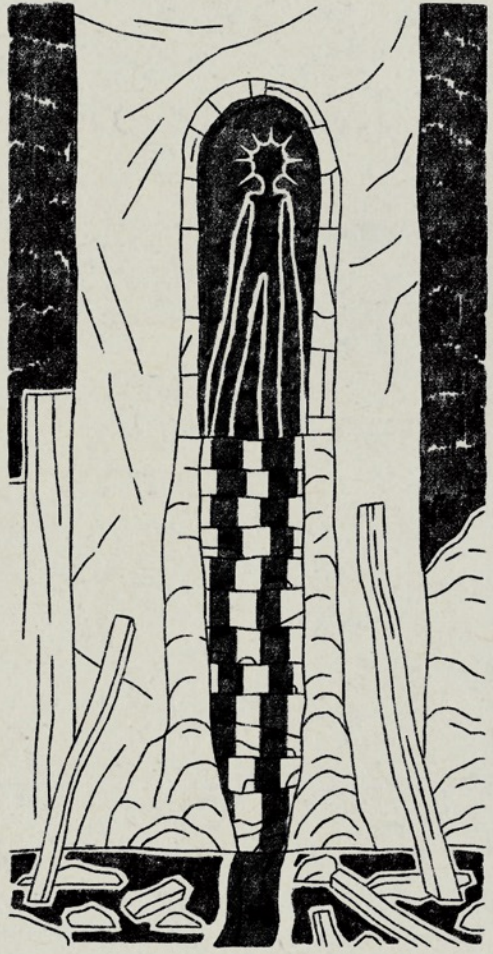
I have lived by my wits alone, and starved
While joke after joke falls flatter than the stomach
That I now lease out as a spirit level. Times were
I'd have played it like a washboard,
Our blues-skiffle combo going topless for a gimmick,
But then the whole world and Bob Dylan went electric
And I was left staring glumly at my navel.



Slightly Underground Comic Stuff

Welcome to the first ever Smuz sucs, we've got some excellent surreal stuff from Aaron Deer! Some Shit Skulls plus someone with a mere casual interest in comics, reviews a comic! None other than F.Gizzard himself! Proving that you don't need to invest a lot to get into comics!





thine heavenly duties



An idiot with a casual interest in comics

reviews comics <=£2

F.Gizzard

Strontium Dog

QA (Quality Comics) No8, sometime in the 1980s

Scripts: Alan Grant Art: Carlos Ezquerra Lettering: Jack Potter

Price: 40p (£2 for 5)

Flick through thoughts:

Gritty, lots of action and 'grrr' faces and a nice centre page mini poster. A smattering of some space ships. All combined with the smell, look and feel of old newsprint paper... This is probably going to be the same for 90% of the older comics I'm drawn to.

"Thought" Thoughts (the actual review):

I'm not the right person to 'review' anything. But my thoughts are that this was a fun little read. It follows a few classic tropes, so its not hard to get into even though its clearly an in between issue, part of a bigger story. I guess I'd say it feels slightly episodic. I like the looks of Strontum Dog, but can't say I've read much before, certainly not as an adult. This issue looks and reads like mutant cowboys in space... oh and random Scottish in space? Because why not?

This brings me to a criticism. Some of the dialog was annoying/difficult to read. "Alpha an his freend come blastin' in like twa Hovlies."

It wins a rating
of ----->



Someone with a casual
interest in comics reviews, comics

**Whats the rating thing about?
heres the**

KEY

(to understanding the rating thing)



<-----The all time classic favourite. Who doesn't like it? Its good but not great. But everyone (most) likes it. Good allrounder, average and average is fine.

----->
Excellent! Great! Love it! This is going in my forever box. Would read it multiple times!



Does this really need explaining? ----->

Perfection (in my opinion) ->

Should be in a curriculum somewhere ----->



<----- Heirloom grade!

<-----Compulsory reading!

<-----Flawless example of everything I love.



<----Burn it, its crap. Just dont bother. In my opion there are little or no redeeming qualities.

----->
I don't like it but many will. Not necessarily any criticism of quality or skill. But its not to my personal taste. Definitely give it a read, you might like it!



Wyrd

Whatever happened to spontaneous human combustion

by F.Gizzard

Spontaneous human combustion (shc), a staple topic of classic 'unexplained' books and magazines of the 60s and 70s. Along with mild renewed interest in the 90s with the 'new age', and magazines like 'x factor'. (Nothing to do with the Simon Cowell show.)

In an era where mainstream newspapers reported ufo sightings. There used to be many cases of people inexplicably bursting into painless flames, leaving nothing but ashes.

But much like UFOs, articles of shc dwindled and faded from the public eye.

** Spontaneous human combustion is a well-documented phenomenon in which a human body ignites and burns without any known contact with an external source of fire. In some cases the damage is slight. In others the victim is reduced to ashes. And in some of the strangest cases nearby objects escape relatively unscathed.*

Perhaps brain rot put out those flames?

But here we all are again, with a new public interest in all things occult and esoteric. News too you? My evidence for this assertion? When Waterstones stocks a range of tarot cards, and Poundland sells crystals I think it's safe to say its public interest.

Whatever happened to spontaneous human combustion? Would you believe that the last case of shc in Ireland was in fact in 2011!
(<https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-europe-15032614>)

Back in 1888 an old soldier climbed up into a hayloft in Colchester, England, to sleep off his drunkenness. He was found completely consumed by fire, while the highly flammable hay around him, both loose and in bundles, was not even scorched. (The British Medical Journal, April 21, 1888)

** Spontaneous human combustion is not a phenomenon recognized by 20th-century science: it is not listed in the International Classification of Diseases compiled by the World Health Organization, nor is it a subject heading in the Index Medicus, the National Library of Medicine's index of biomedical literature. Despite the evidence of police and fire authorities, arson specialists, coroners, and pathologists, most doctors and scientists regard seemingly indisputable cases as simply not thoroughly investigated.*

On an October evening in the late 1950's, 19 year old Maybelle Andrews was dancing with her boyfriend, Billy Clifford, in a London discotheque. Suddenly she burst into flames. The fire blazed from her back and chest, enveloping her head and igniting her hair. Her boyfriend and some of the bystanders tried to beat out the flames, but they could not save her. She died on the way to the hospital. According to Clifford's testimony:

I saw no one smoking on the dance floor. There

were no candles on the tables and I did not see her dress catch fire from anything. I know it sounds incredible, but it appeared to me that the flames burst outwards, as if they originated within her body. Other witnesses agreed.

The final verdict was "death by misadventure, caused by a fire of unknown origin."
(Michael Harrison, Fire From Heaven: A Study of Spontaneous Combustion in Human Beings)

Will the public's imagination be reigned?
Lets nope not.

Contemporary scientific and medical opinion rejects the idea of shc, dismissing the many instances of inexplicable deaths by burning as simply "puzzling" or "unsolved" (Readers Digest Mysteries of the Unexplained 1982).

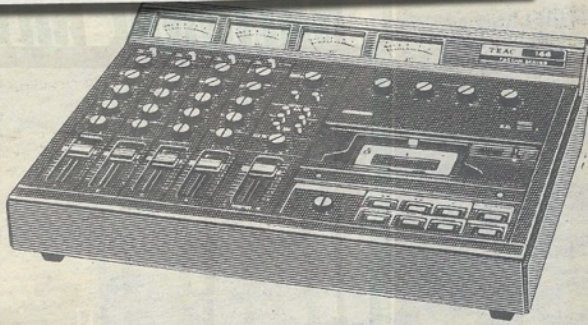
I believe that modern forensics demystified what would have otherwise been cases of spontaneous human combustion.

And THATS what happened to spontaneous human combustion..

What/Who is In/On & Around

Fallguy Records

Look at your hand,
Sounds weird I know, just humour me
for a second and look at your hand.
Pick a finger. Doesn't matter which, your
choice.
Take a closer look.
What do you see?
If they're like mine, you'll probably see
dried skin? Scars? Ink?
All signs of a life lived your way.
Still with me? Good.
Now, focus in on a fingertip.
What do you see?
Unless you've had them removed for some
nefarious reason, you'll see the lines, or
grooves, which create your unique print.
Just consider that for a second.
Not one solitary soul on this planet will
have the same finger print as yours, and
that's a pretty powerful thing.
No one can know what your capable of
achieving, what you could offer others, what
you can create.
Not even yourself most of the time,
In a world of turmoil I feel It's more
important than ever to take a break from it,
even for a minute, and focus on something
which seems as insignificant as your finger.
Have I lost you yet?
Don't worry, I'm getting to the point.
If you take a vinyl record (not a vinyl, I have no idea what they are) and take a look at it
closely, you'll see something familiar.
Lines, grooves, which create the unique music which is contained within the record.
Cool right?
I mean, the depth of sound created by a stylus running along a disc of polyvinyl chloride still
baffles and bewitches me to this day.
Consider further the method in which those grooves are created.
I'm not talking about the mass production of the records, but particularly how the master
plates which the "clones" are created.
In the smooth area beyond the magical, musical grooves, you'll find a few codes which will
indicate who was involved in creating this particular piece.
One of the most famous being "Pecko" or "A porky prime cut" etched into the "dead wax"
This is the signature of George Peckham, a record engineer who was responsible for the
creation of the master from which the records were born. Most notably Led Zeppelin records,
but you'll find his signature everywhere!



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There's a good reason why people like me get excited when we find signatures like these on a record. It's because we know that the record which bears this signature, or even simple initials in the case of Harry Moss (HTM, who you may find on early presses of Beatles recordings from Abbey Road) will sound and feel superior to one that does not.

These vinyl records sound the way they do because the people involved in creating them, made them that way. Not because a computer programme flattened out the frequencies or any other unnecessary tweaking, but because George Peckham, and Harry Moss created them that way.

Not artificial, just human intelligence and feel.

Their vinyl "fingerprint" is unique to that record, and may only be fractions of a percent different from later reissues which do not bear their name, but different non the less.

I guess what I'm essentially getting at, is I think I love these things because they're human in a way?

They can be awkward at times, like us unreliable if treated badly, but capable of undeniable beauty.

I'd go as far to say that they can cause people like me to have as close to a religious experience as possible without your Deity of choice being involved, and I mean that sincerely. I can remember listening to Van Morrison's "Astral weeks" start to finish, without opening my eyes (except to change sides, there's that awkward, human quality again) and I saw colours, shapes, images which became more vivid the longer I listened, and before you even think it, No, I wasn't under an illicit substance. That experience helped me through a pretty dark time.

So next time you're in the shop, or wherever vinyl records may be, just think about the history inside these 1-foot square pieces of art. Beyond the talent and artistry of the minds behind their content, just think of the people who made this physical piece of history, as well as the people who loved it before you. For them, there was no YouTube or Spotify, so the majority of the tracks in the record could have been heard by the original owner for the very first time from this actual record, and that's pretty cool link to the past I think.

Now, go listen to something....

FGR

Alternative Revival by Ruairi Devine

The alternative side of Fermanagh has been secluded from the spotlight for quite some time. You'd be forgiven for thinking that there was nothing alternative about Fermanagh. An occasional event with little to no notice beforehand here and there, is how the scene has been rolling for years.

Music is always a big part of the alternative scene, finding any concerts in Fermanagh is obviously very difficult. That doesn't mean it's impossible however. Local bands are playing gigs more regularly, with one particular venue renowned for hosting them, **The Old Oak**. They run various music events and is easily one of the best spots in the area. All the information you need to know about these events can found on their socials, or eventually right here.

The Old Oak can be found on **Forthill Street, Enniskillen**, with a downstairs bar and an upstairs party room/nightclub. Since its current manager Jollian 'Jools' Mathema took the building under his direction, he has strived to make a "safe space where the alternative communities of Enniskillen and Fermanagh can enjoy themselves". Jools has believed that there has never been a space in Enniskillen for the alternative community, and that they are deserving of their own as much as anyone.

The Oak has a huge array of music genres, from punk rock, rave, art rock, post punk, just to name a few, and makes it clear to the alternative audience in Enniskillen that no one is left out of their functions. Even for those looking to kick back to just have a bit of fun, the bar offers regular enjoyable events like karaoke nights, quizzes, games and most importantly a great atmosphere.

In comparison to any other bar in Enniskillen, the Old Oak's entertainment output is next to none. Since many of the existing venues moved to focusing much more on country. The upstairs nightclub called the "Club Jewels" hosts local bands and club nights with something for everyone. Darren Miller is a regular musician in the Old Oak famous for his rock and roll style. Local legends 100Forests are a legacy band with a new sound, mixing shoegaze with punk to create an artistic and psychedelic sound, and have been performing at the Club Jewels and local area for years. Zeal Machine are an up-and-coming alternative punk rock band from Belfast who are also making a name for themselves through their gigs held in the Club Jewels.

The Oak is a signature spot in Enniskillen that will show you how the alternative scene in Enniskillen and the wider county of Fermanagh and neighbouring counties) is alive and kicking. With many more events lined up for the year, it is a spot you won't want to miss out on.

法官自初步斷定她是被人弄至窒息而死。

若干財物被掠走，但

師，逝世多年
費育醫院工作

她不會隨便
毀，究竟兇

問，並打算

苦主家人應
望任律師的住

死者家人提供法律

Necromystion
Talking Knives

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Bit of an update (late I know) but there is now a
 new venue, the The Gasworks!

Also branches at:
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MONSTER TRUCKS!?!?
 well... a single monster truck 🤪

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