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Whadya know, another issue of VIBRATOR. This the Special Christmas Issue, or for our Jewish and Muslim friends, the Special Holiday Issue.

Colds and such have run their revenging paths throughout family this season, reducing most of us to gibbering idiots. At least none of our diseases are communicable over the virtual airwaves. This fanzine is guaranteed Ebola free.

If you have survived Christmas and the New Year, why not tell me how you have done it. What are your secret solutions to this endemic annual problem. Do you hide under the duvet or go out pilgrimaging for lost cats and people who can't afford beans? Or do you simply wake up occasionally and let your better halves fondle you back into life?

As usual Vibrator 2.0.11 is published by Graham Charnock at 45 Kimberley Gardens, London N4 1LDF, UK. Send locs and/or virtual dog poo to [graham@cartiledgeworld.co.uk](mailto:graham@cartiledgeworld.co.uk). I'm hoping this issue will be proof-read as usual by Pat Charnock. She may correct mistakes but I fear she will be unable to put any much-needed sparkle into its contents. This issue has been particularly hard work with seasonal viruses wreaking their havoc and the psychic desolation that is Christmas itself leaving me all pretty dispirited. But, hey, that's fanac.

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## IRISH BANDS

U2? Don't talk to me about U2.

I've never liked U2. They always struck me as witless and transparent, both bombastic and simplistic, swinging between portentous \*meaningful\* lyrics and trash like Batman. The Messianic posturing of Bono soon made him the World Hero speaking for the planet's poor he always wanted to be (how many private jets does he have?). The Edge's guitar virtuosity is based upon the pre-sets of an echo pedal and Adam Clayton has never learnt to stand with his legs together, and pounds out monophonic linear bass stabs until the cash cow comes home. There were better bands to come out of Ireland, Stiff Little Fingers and the Radiators from Space for one

Just so you know, we are talking rock bands here, not your mealy-mouthed diddley-diddley merchants like The Dubliners or bastard C&W clones like Tommy Makem. Some music is probably best heard in Dublin pubs with a finger in your ear, but doesn't necessary translate into iconic vinyl productions.

I probably first became aware of Irish rock through Rory Gallagher, via his first efforts in Taste, whose first single BORN ON THE WRONG SIDE OF TIME I played over and over, and his later solo career. Gallagher was a consummate guitarist. I always recognize greatness in guitar playing by fixing on people who can do what I cannot do, and Rory Gallagher was certainly one of those.

The brilliantly-named Radiators from Space are ostensibly the first genuine Irish Dublin-based punk band, fronted by Philip Chevron who went on to join/form the Pogues

Stiff Little Fingers were from Belfast rather than the Irish Republic but gave a good reckoning of themselves in the punk context; their inflammatory lyrics about bombs got them banned from Civic Centres such as Newcastle.

The Undertones, another Northern Irish band from Derry, had the dubious distinction of being John Peel's favourite punk band and released a couple of solid, not to say iconic, singles. TEENAGE KICKS, their classic single, was a great hook without really anywhere else to go. Personally I was always discomfited by Sharkey's singing persona, which didn't seem to click. I never believed he was capable of fucking anyone. He later found a career in A&R management. I remember he embarrassingly once attempted the first live rendition from an aircraft, but it was not live, and he missed his cues, and ended up miming out of time, which made the whole experience ridiculous.

Eire Apparent were an early group to find some celebrity because of their association with Chaz Chandler, manager of Jimi Hendrix. Their lead singer was the distinctive Ernie Graham who went on to be subsumed into the generic pub-rock movement through occasional outings with Help Yourself.

But we always come back to Rory Gallagher, a musician triggered by nothing more than the impulse to play, and not in the market for any self-aggrandizement. Listen to his albums and you will find a man struggling to raise lyrical clichés by virtue of his vast technical prowess, sometimes falling short, sometimes transcending himself. He was never a stadium player. He always seemed to give his best in small clubs and theatres. At the end he was struggling with illness but dragged himself out to play on stage when sometimes he perhaps shouldn't have. But it was all he could do, all he knew.

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## **HERE'S UNCLE JOHNNY, ON THE MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH**

If you were in control of your ending, you would surely want to go when you had achieved everything, sorted everything and the right moment had actually arrived.

But that's just fantasy. No one does that, probably not even the TV Director on the boat. What actually happens is that everybody declines, ("I shall diminish, and go into the West"- not your favourite book or character, but truth is truth) and achieves less, can't be bothered with anything, and there's never a right moment for anything. And even when you have fully realised that truth, what are you going to do about it? Wouldn't it be ludicrous to have lived a life of pleasant self indulgence (such as most fans have lived, let's face it) only to realise that the end of the line is approaching and suddenly become sort of wondrously organised paragon of asceticism? People would laff.

The worst thing is that people like me (and maybe even Ian Williams), believe that you are doomed to repeat it all over again. Oh, the context may change, it will probably be even worse next time, but the same salient features of your present life are more than likely going to come around in your next one. That's why I really should say goodbye to my lovely wife and my lovely family and my lovely friends and go and meditate in a cave near Mount Kailash as The End hoves into view. It would be ludicrous- but sometimes ludicrous is the way to go. Except my new found romance with the dialysis machine will ensure that I never make it out of the country, let alone to the Western Himalayas. I am doomed to lie on a bed attached to a slowly churning machine, along with a dozen others similarly chained to a relentless beeping medical washing machine, all of us gently dozing and whimpering (or in one case with headphones clamped to head singing along tunelessly to the movie of Mama Mia) until our hearts decide that enough is enough and putter to a stop.

Heavens, Charnock, you don't half have it easy! You sit up there in your North London eyrie, plonking at your guitar, or churning out award winning fanzines full of gloom and woe and self pity and you don't know what suffering is! Literally.

But I shall not continue in that vein. The O. Henry thing was I suspect a continuance of the same theme, so I am going to ignore that too, entertaining though it was. I won't leap to the defence of the Dalai Lama, though I admire that nice Mr Williams for doing so ( I shook his hand once, you know. Not Ian Williams'- well, that is, I am sure I must have shook Ian Williams hand at least once, but No, I SHOOK THE HAND OF THE DALAI LAMA! Why am I shouting?) and actually agree that he is used as a kind of certificate of purity for various people selling snake oil, but yes, but no, but what I really wanted to say is that your recollection of BarCon really did make me wish I had tried to put in an appearance, and maybe next year I will. Who knows?

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### **JIM LINWOOD CAN ALWAYS BE RELIED UPON TO PRODUCE PHOTOGRAPHIC INTEREST**

Congratulations on receiving your first Nova Award which I'm told looks like a vibrator.

Paul Skelton asks who was the woman to Ethel Lindsay's right in the photo you printed in V8. It was Frances Evans, one time co-editor of Femizine and partly responsible, along with Sandy Sanderson, for the "Joan W. Carr" hoax. She was active in the 50's & 60's – in 1961 she married Brian Varley and become Francis Varley. Here's a photo of her with Vince Clarke taken at the same time and location on the steps of St Martin-in-the-Fields during LonCon 60.



Photo by Don Ford from Rob Hansen's THE 1960 EASTERCON.  
<http://www.fiawol.org.uk/fanstuff/THEN%20Archive/1960con/60con4.htm>

Ian Williams' mention of e-fags and quitting smoking reminded me of the time I gave up over 30 years ago when smoking was almost compulsory in fannish circles. My first attempt involved herbal cigarettes which contained no nicotine or tobacco but, nevertheless, produced as much carbon monoxide as ordinary cigarettes. After smoking four or five a day in my GLC office the rumour spread that I was smoking pot which attracted small crowds of local government officers sniffing around outside. One even came up to me and asked "How much for a spliff?" but I resisted the temptation of a joke at his expense. The only effective method of quitting I discovered was going cold turkey which I augmented by going into the smoking compartments (when there were such things) of trains and made nauseous by the smell.

Your health notes reminded me of several other friends who have contracted diabetes. Several years ago I went to stay with a chemist friend who I hadn't seen for some years. In the early morning I went downstairs to the kitchen for a drink of water. My friend was there injecting his arm with a syringe. The theme tune from *Man With The Golden Arm* ran through my mind alarmed that he should have sunk to this. "It's not what you think," he said "I'm a Type 2 Diabetic injecting insulin." He went on to explain his condition and showed me his home test kit to monitor

blood glucose levels which involved pricking a finger and putting a drop of blood into the kit where a meter displayed the result. Thankfully my friend is still alive and well.

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**I THOUGHT TARAL WAYNE HAD BEEN IGNORING ME, BUT IT WAS BECAUSE HE WAS POSTING LOCS TO AN EMAIL ACCOUNT WHICH HAD BEEN NON-OPERATIVE FOR A MONTH. FINALLY FOUND THIS THOUGH:**

*Loc on Vibrator 2.0.8, 19 Nov 2014*

Hasn't the fad for high-tech cop shows ended yet? I remember watching the New York based one, and a couple of episodes of one involving Naval Police, and then grew tired of the whole megillah. As far as verisimilitude goes, they were about as accurate as a Sherlock Holmes story. In reality, police labs routinely do mistaken DNA analysis of the wrong semen, or leave their own fingerprints on the scene of the crime.

While I've gotten cable TV back, after several years abstinence, I have the cheapest level of access, and get nothing good. The cable channels, on which I used to watch brilliant documentaries by Ken Burns or Kenneth Clark, had degenerated to showing "reality" shows about pawnshops, alligator wrestlers and flea markets. Worse were shows that promoted crank ideas like Noah's ark or UFOs as though they were science. So, all I use cable TV for is to watch news.

For entertainment, I have a good library of old television programs on DVD. I can watch *Bewitched*, *I Dream of Jeannie*, *Get Smart*, *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, *The Munsters*, *the Addams Family*, *Gilligan's Island*, *I Love Lucy*, *Newhart*, *Bob Newhart*, *Night Court*, *Barney Miller*, *Yes Minister*, *Blackadder*, *Red Dwarf*, *Fawlty Towers* ... even *Bottom*. Right now I'm going methodically through a new release of the complete *WKRP*.

I have even more TV animation such as *The Simpsons*, *Futurama*, *ReBoot*, *Samurai Jack*, *Venture Brothers*, *Tripping the Rift*, *The Tick*, *Rocky & Bullwinkle*, *Tin Tin* and *Duckman*. I have *shelves* of animated features... makes me wonder why I need cable at all.

I'm not as totally cut-off from contemporary television as it sounds. My friend, Bob, has loaned me various high-profile series such as *Mad Men* and *Breaking Bad*. I have to admit, though, that as grown-up and serious as this stuff is, it lacks a certain charm to me. Watching them is a little too much like going to the opera, because it's *good* for you.

There are so many ways to complain about FaceBook. Yours is certainly one of them that has occurred to me. Why do people post pictures of the Pope, football players, actors from Star Trek or aging rock stars that purportedly advance this or that cause? As you say about the Dalai Lama, who accredited these people as experts on the major issues of the day? Why should we listen to them? I'll go one step farther and ask why we seem to feel the need to go on line with a lot of like-minded people and tell them we support a "green" future, feminism or a higher minimum wage? Do we suppose we're on to something no one else is onto yet?

Has the Dalai Lama ever said anything for public consumption that wasn't just common good sense, like "learn to live with your neighbors," or "don't judge yourself on how expensive your car is?" Nobody asks him about the goofier beliefs of Buddhism, I notice, like how many Buddhas there have been before Guatama Buddha, or how old the Earth is, because that would show the Dalai Lama is maybe just another crackpot like Pat Robertson in some ways.

Milt Steven's mention of being phased out at cons as a superfluous, old white guy, is probably going to become more common, as space is found for fans who are less old, less white and less male. It's nice to know you've given your

life to a hobby, only to be asked to make one more sacrifice for it and get lost. But such is the price of progress. I think Karl Marx said that. Probably also Joe McCarthy, Ayn Rand and every other determined social reformer since Julius Caesar.

“Fans (British and American) of our generation are two people divided by a common language but united by a love of the genre that none of us can be bothered to read any more.” Wonderful homily, that! Being the cynical bastard I am, I immediately twisted it into “but united by a contempt of the genre that none of us can be bothered to read any more.” But I wonder if that’s true. I look at the tedious stuff about science fiction clogging up fanzines like *Beam*, *Challenger*, *Askance* and *Drink Tank* – not to mention most newer zines like *Breaking it All Down* and *Ecdysis* – it seems as though you can’t get the bloody fans to shut up about it. Even I do it, and I *hate* reading fanwriting about science fiction.

It wouldn’t be so bad if the article argued that Robert A. Heinlein was a transvestite, or that John W. Campbell was Grand Dragon of a local KKK chapter. That would be interesting because it would be something completely new and unknown. But articles on SF are almost never like that. Instead, they usually tell us what we already know or could easily find out if we cared. Nine times out of ten, the item is a review of book I haven’t read, don’t intend to read, and most likely wouldn’t enjoy if I did read. That’s why I can’t understand how we, as fandom, can be united by the subject of science fiction if we can’t be bothered to read it any more. It’s like being united by a common torment.

Speaking of torment... the only local convention I’ve been to in ages is one called SFContario. I went to the first three, but skipped last year and the one that just finished this weekend. It’s small all right – it appeared to be under 200 this year, according to one eyewitness, and it appears to be growing smaller. The problem is that I don’t – unlike Robert Lichtman – connect very strongly to the fans there. I do know a number of them, and can make pleasant small talk when the opportunity arises, but, unfortunately, there is a good reason why I have stopped using SFContario as an opportunity to. Going to and from the con hotel involves a couple of short walks, and two different routes by transit. Getting into the streetcars with a folding roller is a challenge in itself. But it’s November, and the weather is volatile. The first three times I attended, I was lucky that the weather was favorable. It was apparently this year as well ... but only by the skin of our teeth. Monday it snowed, and Tuesday the temperature dropped well below freezing, with a brisk wind that produced a perceived teeth-chattering minus 18 degrees! No way I want to risk standing on a dark, exposed street corner at 1 a.m. or later in those kind of frigid conditions.

Had there been more people I wanted to see at the con, I might have chanced it, even paid an outrageous one-day membership, if I expected a good time. But almost none of my old cronies attend SFContario. I don’t have any interest in the program, so what I mainly remember of the first three is sitting around in the registration area with nothing to do, waiting for panels to finish so that people will come out of the rooms to talk. Then, almost as conversation has warmed up, they flee back into the program rooms for another round of talking heads, while I cool my heels outside. And remember ... these are not people I am particularly close to, only people that I can engage in small talk with. There is a dealer’s room, but it’s hardly any larger than my living room, *and* there are more books in my living room. When you juggle all the factors – cost, benefit and difficulty of getting there – the only sensible decision is to save my money and stay home.

It’s a little sad, though. Had any the factors been slightly different, I might have changed my mind. It would not have made much difference if a Saturday pass had been a little less expensive. A bigger dealers room would have only provided another half-hour’s entertainment. A lift to and from the con would have helped enormously – but I don’t think I know anyone with a car who went. What would have made the most difference is if SFContario attracted the people in fandom I know from out of town. But, for whatever reason, that’s exactly what it doesn’t do very well.

I don’t think I’ve ever been strafed in my imagination by a Spitfire, but I have had a few odd experiences with airpower that were entirely in my head. For instance, watching the dogfight between an F-86 Sabre and a Mig-17

while I was sitting on my balcony one summer. The planes were quite real, and made an incredible racket as they streaked by and pulled a high-g climb right in front of my eyes. But it was only make-believe because they were part of an airshow held every year by the nearby Canadian National Exhibition. Another year, a wing of F-16s dropped napalm on my neighborhood from rooftop level. At least it seemed like it from where I was sitting, munching on a slice of take-out pizza. The damn thing flashed overhead so close to me that if there had been a satellite dish on the building across the street, it would have sucked into the jet intake.

I've also watched a heavily laden Lancaster bomber lumber into the sky at the crack of dawn on a doomed bombing run. Well ... the veteran pilots may have been heavily laden from lunch, and it was really a muggy afternoon at the Hamilton Airshow, about an hour's drive from Toronto. The aircraft was on display afterward, giving rubbernecks like me an opportunity to climb a ladder to peer into the cockpit. I also argued with the 75-year-old pilots. They remained quite unrepentant about firebombing Dresden. I guess they didn't read *Slaughterhouse Five*...

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# ADOPT A PAPER BAG!

Ever thought what a rotten life paper bags have? Most of them are born into ignorant sharecropper families and become itinerant at an early age; forced to leave home and fend for themselves they drift from liquor store to liquor store finding only a temporary embrace wrapped about a fifth of scotch. Or else they congregate in supermarkets or shopping malls where there is at least some warmth to be had in the miserable seasons. Pick up your phone and adopt a paper bag today. Just ten pounds can save a paper bag from recycling and give it a new lease of life, perhaps to line a sanitary towel bin or else as a disguise for a UKIP candidate. We'll send you a photo of your paper bag and a regular newsletter to remind you of its progress through life. You can even arrange to see and pet your paper bag (appointment necessary). Don't hesitate. Do it today, without thinking.



PHONE BAG TO 70243 TODAY



## DESPERATE TIMES CALL FOR DESPERATE MEASURES

*I was rummaging through my old emails and earmarked a few things. This is not an attempt to record my remarks for posterity as much a blatant exercise to try and give people some hooks to maybe hang a loc on.*

*Once upon a time, for instance, I was obviously concerned about my mental state:*

“I'm pretty good with names of people I know or have worked with, but occasionally the word for a quite familiar object or concept will escape me. It may happen while I'm writing and can't find the verb or adverb or adjective I want. I find if I park the problem and go on with some other mental chore, the word I want will invariably pop into the front of my consciousness in due course.”

*This might have lead indirectly to a reminiscence about my mother's passing:*

“When we used to visit my mother in her elder years she often referred to me by either one of my two brothers' names. I didn't take this personally of course, but would gently remind her of my name, whereupon she would simply smile as if to say 'who cares'. When I last saw her she was in the last stages of dementia in a care home and I made great play of re-iterating my name to her when talking to her (at her really) I don't know how much she took in, but when the time came for me to tell her I was leaving, she howled and clutched at the air. She definitely didn't like that idea.”

*Then again at one stage I was obviously concerned with the mental states of dogs:*

“Considering whether or not dogs think as such is, as that guy on Brains Trust used to say, is it depends what you mean by \*think\*. Dogs, like humans, obviously betray pretty direct responses to stimuli such as \*hmm bone\* which might be thought of as a cause and effect response known as \*thought\*. Humans have similar fairly programmed responses (Hmm, sex) but how much thought is really involved? We should all be aware by now that thought and consciousness are two separate things and not even that important in getting through life. We can drive from A to B on a familiar journey often without even being conscious or thinking about it, and thus be surprised when we arrive safely without any memory of the thought processes involved.

Dogs' responses might be something like this; they live from minute to minute, second to second, where \*thought\* isn't really required. Then again thought, in a human sense, if you associate it with consciousness, requires some awareness of \*self\* and dogs and lesser mammals are obviously incapable of this. The good upside of this is they can't contemplate their own mortality, or possibly anything beyond \*hmm, no bone\*. In general I don't think dogs or any lesser mammals can be said to think in the way we understand the process.

On the other hand it is obvious that animals can work out problems (viz crows and other laboratory animals who know how to get food by solving problems). Since they can't think consciously this is probably attributable to a survival technique, which is a subset of learning based on observation we possibly don't yet understand.

This has been a public announcement.”

*Discussions of and about Jonathan Maclamont bought us talk of conrunners as such.*

“I kind of balk at the term 'conrunning fandom'. I know it exists but I've been trying to forget it was such a force that has changed fandom as I know it for the worse. Even fanzine fandom is one remove from sf, conrunning fandom is on the other side of the universe as far as I am concerned. I was on the committee for Seacon '79 but we never ever thought of ourselves as \*conrunners\* just people trying to bring other people together in a common cause. I don't think modern \*conrunners\* have that ethic at all.”

*Editor: (Recently Macalmont sort of endorsed this in a Loc to Vibrator where he confessed he didn't consider himself a \*fan\*.)*

*How I came to be considering the prospect of stool softeners I forget but it was obviously a burning issue at some stage. I recalled an excursion in Austin specifically to try and find stool softeners for Frank Lunney.*

“Ted was also part of that trip. I forget what his medicinal needs were at the time. I'd never heard of the term \*stool softeners\* before then, but they seemed a different breed of drugs from general laxatives. I've never suffered from constipation. Just the opposite, thanks to a diet of vodka, which a dose of immodium generally relieves. Many many years ago I went to a family barbecue in Hereford and ate some heldover sausages. They actually caused me to stop on a motorway hard shoulder on the way home and poop behind a tree, and initiated a prolonged bout of IBS which seemed to last several years, causing me to poop in several unexpected places as I drove around London in a white van. I think my digestive tract is still pretty sensitive from all that, but I have learnt to live with it. Better out than in as they say.”

*(Later, much later, as it happens, I experienced my one and only ever personal experience of the Hell that is impacted faeces and really appreciated how these drugs might be important to some unfortunate people. Subsequent research into the subject revealed to me that Elvis was a famous sufferer of Megacolon, a hereditary condition where the nerve endings responsible for peristalsis do not extend into the lower bowel, meaning it is unable to clear fecal matter. Now I apologize for the shitty turn this conversation has apparently taken.)*

*Let's talk about chilli, instead:*

“I had a can of Stagg chili one time. I can't remember if it was vege or not, but it really bore no resemblance to anything I knew as a chili whether con carne or without. When I left home I hung out a lot with Graham Hall and one time, round Moorcock's place, he taught me how to cook chili con carne. (My mother never used to cook it at home). I've never found anything that approaches the chili I make myself, although Pat's is pretty good.”

*Film sometimes stimulates email discussion:*

“I totally agree about ERASERHEAD being unsettling. I first sort of saw it at a convention, maybe even Seacon, but fell asleep during an earlier film, and only woke up halfway through it when I became very confused about what was going on and what was reality and what was not. The other unsettling film for me is IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS. I don't know why. I may have been in an alcoholic fugue (I had certainly been dreaming very badly) when I saw it, but I had the same difficulty separating reality from unreality. I've seen it since and now wonder why I was so bothered. It all depends on your state of mind at the time, I guess.”

*This is the trouble with having friends who are writers:*

“Generally I don't like the novels of any of my friends. I've never been able to read Rob's (Holdstock) stuff, although he was unremittingly generous in presenting me with signed copies of each of them as they were published. Similarly I've baulked at most of Chris Priest's novels, including the supposedly most readable Prestige. I haven't enjoyed anything by him since The Space Machine. And I've never been able to make it to the end of any of Moorcock's most recent tomes, even though some of them Tuckerize me. I don't think my friends need feel especially singled-out though. There is little I find tolerable in most modern sf and haven't really enjoyed anything since Kurt Vonnegut's Galapagos.”

*And don't get me talking about guitars and guitarists*

“I also note from my Guitarist magazine that guitar hero Joe Bonnamassa uses an onstage teleprompter for his lyrics. I know the Rolling Stones also do the same but he is twenty-five and they are eighty-five. The last time I saw Lucinda Williams she read many of her lyrics from a stand. This is a problem of amnesia which probably only applies to



musicians. I don't feel happy performing in public unless I have lyric crib-sheets to hand. My excuse to myself about this is that I have probably written over three hundred songs, but I still can't remember the lyrics to my most favorite ones. I think I'm asking how Sandra manages, since her lyrics are always particularly dense (in the best possible sense). Brian manages to do it without cribs as well, but I suspect that is because he has only written five songs. I was always impressed that Bob Dylan in his youth could go on stage and apparently reel off two hours of very wordy lyrics with no problem. If he doesn't use some kind of prompter these days, I would be very surprised."

*I am surrounded by kipple. It is no wonder it sometimes insinuates itself into my emails:*

"I now sleep in James' old room, but it still has about ninety percent of his clutter in it and only 10% of mine. His clutter includes piles of CDs, computer games for every imaginable platform, and his collection of Transformer collectibles. He is now in a stable long-term relationship, with a home of his own, but I think the clutter he has left behind is clutter he deliberately wants to leave behind so we will never be free from it. My old studio is full of DIY clutter and books and bric-a-brac, and my new study is gradually being taken over by my CDs,, DVDs, vinyl and electronic equipment. You are right that clutter tends to fill any space made available to it very quickly. I tell myself I may win the lottery and be able to buy a big empty house to move into, but it would itself very quickly become full of clutter. As far as I can see clutter is something that only death will free me from."

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#### **PAUL SKELTON MUST HAVE BEEN HAVING A BAD DAY WHEN HE WROTE THIS CRANKY LETTER. MAYBE CAS HAD ASKED HIM TO SHAMPOO BESTIE**

You'll be pleased to hear that the mid-day issue of Vibrator dropped onto my doormat yesterday, pretty promptly, at around 12.30 pm. I was particularly taken with the false Tennessee license plate, mainly because I've recently read a novel in which the bad guy was at some point driving a white van with just such a plate. So, obviously, only a churlish pedant would stoop to nitpicking after you had gone to all that trouble to make this issue special for me.

The trouble is though, once you get a reputation as a hot-shit fanwriter publishing an award-winning fanzine, little lapses are wont to stand out. The fact is that square kilometres or acres are by definition measures of area, so unless you thought we were pretty thick and might have taken you to mean 8.9 km<sup>2</sup> of height, or 2,200 acres of velocity, saying the fungus covers an area "of area" is a bit redundant. I think you need a better quality of vodka.

I always have a cursory stab at Sandra's lyrics (I knew the first but, tantalisingly, couldn't actually think of the title), but I don't worry at them unduly as I am more than half convinced, given my general ignorance of pop songs more recent than my early twenties, that I'd never have heard of them anyway. I do though love the concept and feel sure that her lyrics are much more interesting than the originals.

I now have more news of my knee...**but I am not going to tell you!** You blab to everybody!

Having been offered a free (second-hand) laser printer I have to say that I found Robert Lichtman's closing info to be of considerable interest.

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#### **HERE MARK PLUMMER ATTEMPTS TO REDEEM HIMSELF FROM WRITING A FRANKLY SHODDY LOC ON THE LAST ISSUE OF VIBRATOR BY DIGGING AN EVEN BIGGER HOLE**

Well, that's a bit embarrassing about Bryn Fortey. I do remember him writing to us in what my computer files tell me was September 2006. 'We've had a letter from Bryn Fortey,' I said to Claire, because that seemed the best way of

summarising what had just happened. If anybody had asked me what happened next I would have said that we printed his letter in Banana Wings #28, and then sent him issues for a while although we never heard anything further. It seems that this is true in all but one somewhat crucial respect. I will get back in contact with him. The incident does serve to demonstrate that young people such as myself -- for Robert Lichtman's information, I am 27 years old -- can't be trusted with fanzines. Clearly we should leave the form in the hands of award-winning veterans such as yourself.

Congratulations on the Nova, by the way. Of course, you missed out on the best bit by not being at Novacon. Not the actual award ceremony per se. It is perfectly pleasant to hear your name announced from the stage and have the hundred or so people who haven't gone home by that point applauding as if they had any idea why your name has just been announced. If necessary it's usually possible to arrange to have somebody follow you up to the stage to whisper in your ear, 'Remember, Graham, that you are mortal' but I think most people find it's sufficient to note that the same audience will applaud equally enthusiastically the person who has won the raffle.

*(EDITOR: It was good of you and Claire to goad Rob Jackson into accepting it on my behalf, although Nigel Rowe reports he was pretty terrible at the job, and hardly gave me any credit at all. Furthermore he was happy to sit around with the award in the bar all evening and graciously accept everyone's congratulations as if it were his own. I have had a stiff word with him.)*

But no, the best bit is the private ceremony that happens afterwards, where in company with a select gathering of Nova alumni Dave Hicks presents this year's winners with the key to the door, the one that leads to the **\*better\*** convention in the basement that only Nova winners get to attend. I trust Dave will send you your key in the post, together with your special Nova-award-winners full-dress socks. It'll be a wholly different life for you from now on, I tell you.

While I'm not quite as young as Robert Lichtman thinks -- I will in fact be 87 next January -- it's true that I don't think of vinyl as my format. CD seems to be my natural medium, with MP3s being just a bit too transient. I do still have plenty of vinyl, but that's most down to a lack of any idea of what to do with it. I do still have the kit to play records but in practice never do, and have CD copies of many of the albums now anyway. I remember being at a party at the Carol/Hansen house about ten years ago and seeing Rob at the stereo, lifting and flipping an LP to play the other side. And I recall thinking that this action which would have once been entirely common and (literally) everyday now seemed so alien.

I thought I'd send you an update on the progress of the John Wesley Harding CD. Previously in Vibrator, and in response to your imprecations, I noted that I'd taken it down from the shelf. It then resided on the sofa bed in the back study for a while, part of a small pile with copies of Black Dogs by Ian McEwan and Dark Secret by Diana Wynne Jones. From there it moved briefly to the floor, and then to my desk where it is currently sitting underneath the latest Inca. I have calculated that it's therefore describing a decaying anticlockwise orbit around the CD player where it will finally land at 6:14pm on 27 February 2023, by which point I will be fifty-nine. I will keep you posted about developments.

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#### **HERE'S A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE HONORARY TREASURER OF ST GEORGE'S CHURCH, PRENDERGAST, HAVORFORDWEST**

Hello there, as Val Doonican used to say. (Eamon Andrews could only manage "Hello.") The restraint in your minuscule use of colour printing is remarkable, since I don't notice restraint in any other department.

Fireworks, Diwali? Hah! Why are these nuisances tolerated? Dropping a piece of litter in the street or layby is punishable by a £1,000 fine, but throwing out explosives at random is just harmless fun, like incendiary sky lanterns or footloose mass-market drones. Inexplicable. Modern Halloween too. Where is the Wicker man for trick-or-

treaters when my Celtic instincts need it? My SF response should be "Trick, little girl! Come into my laboratory for interesting experiments!" But this is incompatible with my current calling as Church Treasurer.

(Mr Redd, reading Vibrator must be inculcating a Bad Attitude. Try deep breathing before you LoC.)

Evidently I have neglected to comment on V 2.0.9 (even Bryn Fortey was faster than me there) let alone 2.0.10 and given the obvious quality which the Nova award implies (congrats) I have to repair the omission.

2.0.9 Linda Ronstadt also did some fine versions of "Silver Threads and Golden Needles". Nice to have a reminder of Charles Platt, forever poised uncertainly between *enfant terrible* and Perfect Gentleman. SF stories referencing the Fifties *Astounding* are proliferating, so get into the next trend now and start writing up your *New Worlds* days into short fiction before everyone else does. Mark mentioned that Bob Dylan tape with "Einstein disguised as Robin Hood" – well, those two lps were the two which shaped me, and that particular song started me humming to myself in gloomy anticipation, "You wouldn't think to look at him/He was famous long ago/For writing sci-fi stories/On Desolation Row." Except that the fame part never happened.

Bob Dylan – it must be Vibrator 2.0.10. You reveal that the younger generation regards "Like a Rolling Stone," "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall," "It's Alright Ma, I'm Only Bleeding" and the rest as Pointless. Is great old stuff indecipherable now? "Mr Tambourine Man" is good enough to sing alongside "Greensleeves" and "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" – it's been done – but is any song of quality now beyond the comprehension of the de-skilled consumers which our society produces? Ah, now I *know* I've become Victor Meldrew (or as the young call him, Victor who?)

Sudden moment of enlightenment as I realise that I too am on the wrong side of a generation gap for "Stardust" and "St Louis Blues." They don't hit me the way they evidently hit an awful lot of other people. Similarly I didn't appreciate "Harbour Lights," but then I heard an old recording by Arthur Tracy ("The Street Singer") and after that it worked. Maybe those listeners who react badly to early Dylan or to say Nilsson with "Everybody's Talkin'" – I've seen someone visibly appalled by that, and not for the usual reasons – maybe these people can *only* connect with modern pop-culture. Oh dear. They're never going to understand us. Or vice versa. Archaeologists digging up the lost civilisation will be scratching their heads (all of them) over a lot more than the socio-economic connotations of Vibrator 2.0.10. Maybe Robert Lichtman is right to explain carefully about Athens being in Greece. Poor old Bob Dylan. Not sure I'd call much of his last few decades worth picking up, but **Time Out of Mind** was a good moan, and **Modern Times** does at least mumble along to pleasantly familiar ingredients, so that's two out of three where I can sort of agree with Ian Williams.

Your Classic reprint on p.9 was fun. Thanks again for sending paper issues.

What was this about old Michael Moorcock and Deep Fix records? Was there more than one?

*(EDITOR: Only one proper album release David, but Mike has issued a number of collections and agglomerations with other material since, some of which are distinctly bottom of the barrel stuff.)*

PS: A quick PS: it occurred to me that we must have something other than Bob Dylan on our playlists, even at our age and not streaming anything yet. My favourites this season are Mary Hopkin's download "Iesu Faban" - just lovely - and my cherished "Festive Cornwall", a freebie CD from Cornish World magazine including all-Cornish folk, pop, wassail, male voice choir hymns etc and Brenda Wootton singing "Tom Bawcock's Eve". I suppose both these offerings should count as world music to you lot; tons more fun than your average commercial product, and best of all sounding as if Simon Cowell, Pitbull and Lady Gaga had never been born. Happy Christmas!

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**AND HERE ROBERT LICHTMAN APOLOGIZES FOR NOT WRITING 6 PAGE LOCS. ANYBODY WOULD HAVE THOUGHT HE'D BEEN PRODUCING HIS OWN FANZINE JUST IN TIME TO GET INSIDE THE DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT FAAN AWARDS.**

Good work on Steve Stiles's part for the new masthead artwork on *Vibrator 2.0.10*, and to Nic for that Tennessee Vibrator Plate. The little state image in the background reminds me that in olden times the Tennessee license plates were fabricated to match the shape of the state borders. (*Editor: Here Robert included a link to a site which I have deleted because I think you are all perfectly capable of imagining what he is talking about*) They had to drop this unique appearance in 1956 due to national standards being boringly established that decreed that all license plates for cars conform to a 6-by-12-inch format. But they didn't drop the shape for motorcycle plates until sometime in the mid-'60s.

Of your toenails you write, "constantly need cutting (does anybody else have this problem?) and I am constantly finding it harder and harder to reach them and contort myself into a position where I can actually cut them." It's hard to overlook the need to cut them so that one's socks don't end up being punctured by over-long ones, but I have noticed that they grow at about half the pace of my fingernails—a small but significant blessing. As for a good position, I've found that it's too hard on my lower back to bend down to cut them, so I put one foot at a time up on the edge of the bathroom sink and cut them in that position.

I agree with your disagreeing with Paul Skelton over the lyrics – "That big fat moon's gonna shine like a spoon, we're gonna let it, you won't regret it" – in Dylan's *I'll Be Your Baby Tonight*." I remember when I first played the *John Wesley Harding* album and heard him sing that for the first time, chills ran up and down my spine, it was so sexy and romantic. I find it significant that Paul semi-retracted his characterization of them as "banal" in the closing sentence of his paragraph.

Still with Paul, he writes of his bike that had 18 gears – three on the pedal cog and six on the rear derailleur" – and how because of that he "never found a gradient up which he could not cycle." Counterbalancing this, R-Laurraine Tutihasi says she discovered she "couldn't really deal with the multi-speed bike that seems standard now. I'll take the old three-speed any day." I'm with her on this. I've had occasion – not in recent times of course – to try out one of those multi-geared derailleurs. While, like Paul, it allowed me to climb a grade without having to get off the bike, it seemed ludicrous to me to have to pedal so fast and energetically in order to do so. With my old four-speed, I had no objection to occasionally walking my bike for a stretch.

In the part of Moorcock's letter that Jhim quotes, he writes, regarding distribution of issues of *New Worlds*: "Street sellers turning up at Portobello Road to get their issues (we sold a fair number by this standard method whereby the street seller buys the issues at a discount and sells them full price -- *Big Issue* works a similar system, I think). This was the sixties and the counter-culture." Even so, it's a mind-stretcher and -bender to think of science fiction magazines being hawked on the street like the *Berkeley Barb* and the *Los Angeles Free Press* – or in more current times, the latest issue of *Street Sheet* being hawked by a homeless person. Did this *really* happen!?

Back to Dylan, I would certainly agree with Unc's assessment that he "has become steadily more irrelevant as time has gone on – though I know it is sacrilege to say such things." No, it's true and can be observed. For instance, checking his upcoming dates there's only one listed for him, next May, at the B. B. King Blues Club and Grill in New York. Its seating capacity is 650 (seated) or 1,200 (standing), which is tiny compared to the two venues where I've seen Dylan in concert. In 1964 he was at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, which holds 3,000, and in 1986 at the Greek Theater in Berkeley, with a capacity of 8,500. I recall the Civic being *very* crowded and my seats were not close to the stage, while at the Greek we sat just two rows back from the edge of the stage (thanks to Paul Williams's ticket-scoring abilities) and so I don't know if it was full but it wasn't empty, either. The New York venue is a big come-down from these.

My mention of the Bay Area as movie location reminded Fred Smith "of the helpful bystander who, noticing us looking up at the tall buildings in San Francisco, recommended that we take the elevator to the top floor bar in the Bank of America building for the best view of the city. I don't know if it is in fact the highest (Robert?) but it does seem to overlook all the others, including one next door which I noticed had a swimming pool on the roof." It's the

second tallest building in San Francisco, topped only by the iconic Transamerica Pyramid. Depending on when Fred visited S.F., it might have been the tallest – its standing as tallest lasted from its construction in 1969 until the completion of the Transamerica structure in 1972. My information is gleaned from (*Editor: Here Robert included another link but you can find it for yourself by googling ‘tallest buildings in San Francisco’ if you are bothered. Please people, try not to include links in emailed locs. They don’t work. You know they really don’t.*) Some more recent buildings are listed there that seem subjectively taller although they’re not because they’re located on higher elevations than the top two on the list.

No irony, Paul S, in my completist-like noting that the original Parthenon, on which the one in Nashville is modeled, is in the Athens located in Greece. Paul notes that there’s an Athens in Georgia, but there’s also one in Ohio. I’ve been to both of them selling books from the Farm because they have in common hosting large universities – which meant there were also bookstores to be visited. Both were little oases of hipness and calm in states largely lacking either.

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### **OUR VERY OWN COMMENTATOR FROM AMERICA’S MID-WEST, MILT STEVENS WEIGHS IN HERE**

Vibrator 2.0.10 deals with one topic I’ve never seen discussed in a fanzine before, trimming your toenails. Toenails are the sort of things you don’t think about very often unless you are a foot fetishist. I have no idea why anyone becomes a foot fetishist. Now I find myself wondering if there are any podiatrists who aren’t also foot fetishists. I’ve always suspected that a podiatrist was a foot fetishist with a degree in the subject.

Back when I was a crime analyst, I encountered an odd situation involving a foot fetishist. The incidents occurred at the UCLA library. Someone was crawling under the tables in the library and painting women’s toenails without their knowledge. I can understand why women would have a problem reporting this matter to the police. Since these incidents were happening in a library, it didn’t seem likely the women were drunk in most cases. However, we still had a major problem. Was this sort of thing illegal? In order for something to be illegal, some group of people in society must want to do it. We never did figure out whether the whole thing was illegal or not, but we were able to avoid making any arrests.

When we talk about a person getting their foot in their mouth, we usually don’t mean it literally. We mean it figuratively. However, very young humans can get their foot in their mouth literally but not figuratively, since they don’t know how to talk yet. Older humans lose the flexibility to get their foot in their mouth literally but get better and better at doing it figuratively with time.

With advancing age, I’ve had problems trimming my toenails. I resorted to getting a pedicure. I found this approach to be quite satisfactory. Having your feet massaged is quite a sensual experience. I know there are cultures where it is expected that a woman will wash her husband’s feet. This sounds rather servile, but maybe the women get something extra out of the deal. Women across the world encounter times when their husbands are dull and lustless. The foot washing ritual causes men to start thinking about this and that. Thinking about this and that can lead to the other thing. Everybody enjoys the other thing.

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### **OUR FAVORITE WEST COAST CORRESPONDENT JACK CALVERT COMES UP TRUMPS AS USUAL:**

Firstly, congratulations on the passage of Vibrator into the ethereal realm of award-winners. I notice that the issue at hand begins with an illustration of you celebrating your well-deserved win in suitable fashion. It’s good of you to put

in the loc deadline. I love deadlines: if it weren't for them, I probably wouldn't do anything at all except meditate on the vast undifferentiated vista of time rolling off into the future.

Mushrooms: it's the season for them around here. Well, mushrooms, toadstools, or some even more exotic form of fungi. As soon as the weather started getting gray and rainy, these things started appearing in lawns, front gardens, and those grassy strips (whatever they're called) along the street edges of sidewalks -- the ones that prevent your passenger from getting out of the car after you've found a parking space. The fungi show up all of a sudden: not just friendly little fairy-tale sort of mushrooms, but great ugly multi-layer things that might appear in a novel by H.P. Lovecraft, or Roy Kettle. Luckily, they fade away almost as quickly as they appear, long before they get big enough to envelop any of the over-priced houses around here.

I can empathize with Paul Skelton's metatarsal break. Not that I have had that particular problem, but some time back before Christmas, I managed to create my very own foot problem. I used to go out for morning jogs, and one morning, I had a notion to give that a try again. I started with a warmup exercise, holding onto a doorway, and swinging swinging my left leg enthusiastically. Then I switched to the right and began swinging equally enthusiastically and with lots of follow through. And kicked the doorframe -- which did no damage to the frame, but put paid to the morning jog notion for a while. The big toe on that left foot is still recovering, and I expect it will be back to normal Soon, having gone through several phases of color changing, swelling, inflexibility, and (oh yeah) pain emanation.

On the other hand, I've been resisting my doctor's efforts to get me to take statins, mostly because of the side effects that Paul mentions. I'm also in that ten per cent risk group, but that seems a reasonable risk to me, especially since my age itself is now my biggest risk factor, and nothing I can do to get that down.

I'll add my voice to the chorus of folks who would like to hear about your adventures at New Worlds. "Horrible," Mr. Moorcock writes. But the horror seems to come from censorship and problems with distributors. I remember reading in Frederik Pohl's memoir about similar distribution monopoly problems in the U.S. I do wonder whence the censorship came from. That, at least, seems to have passed away.

I should add, belatedly, that I also enjoyed your O. Henry story in the lastish -- a very smooth piece of writing. I remember going through a phase of reading O. Henry stories long ago. We had "Cabbages and Kings" on the shelf in my childhood home, and maybe some other books, left from the time when he was popular.

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## **FRED SMITH TRIES THE OLD I KNOW I AM NOT WORTHY AND TOO LATE PLOY, BUT IT DOESN'T WORK DOES IT**

### **FRED:**

I know I'm far too late to LOC this Vibrator, especially with the next ish due any minute now (so you said!). However, as somebody has remarked, you should at least get an acknowledgement for each one you've slaved over. Having said that, a monthly schedule is pretty difficult to keep up with and in view of the festive season even more difficult! There's no getting away from it: Robert Lichtman is some kind of superman to keep churning out the lengthy epistles he sends to every faned.

*(EDITOR: Here is a tip not only to Fred but our other readers. Robert Lichtman correctly wins all the awards possible for best loc writer, but his secret is simple. He sits down, reads the issue, and decides what he can and what he cannot comment on. Being a man of the world with a good back history both in fandom and out of it, as well as being a general man of the world (i.e. old) there is little that does not engage him. I wish I was only half the man he was.)*

Just one comment: there's been some discussion about the pros and cons of hugging. All I can say is that I'm for it - at least with the opposite sex. Yes, there is a touch of sex involved (just a touch!) and I'm not interested in hugging men. Friend of mine swore off hugs, however, after his son, on hearing that my friend and I had been seen embracing a couple of attractive ladies, accused his father of turning into a dirty old man! Not good, particularly the "old" part!

Anyway, enough of that . Looking forward to the next ish and.....

*(EDITOR: I'll hug you anytime, Fred. The last thing we need in this fanzine are repressed psyches).*

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### **BRAD FOSTER THOUGHT HE'D MISSED THE DEADLINE FOR VIBRATOR 11. WELL, HE HADN'T.**

On the new issue, first, big congrats on the Nova award. That is one of the cooler looking awards out there now, and you Brits just hog it all to yourself, gosh darn it! I see you note in your comments here that you consider many fanzine editors to be "mad". I get the feeling, in the context, you consider that a bad thing. But surely, it's the only thing that does allow one to –be- a fanzine editor, isn't it? I mean, by definition, fanzine editors are mad, aren't they? And that's a good thing!

Wait, what's this—a late loc on issue #2.0.8? Followed by one for issue #2.0.5? Well, maybe there is hope for my little loc here after all. Or, at least there might be, if it was at all interesting. So far, gosh darn it, it seems to be lacking in just that quality.

There's a Hugh Massakelah Avenue in Buckhurst Hill? Was all excited by that, until realized that the fabulous jazz musician Hugh Massakela I know of has no "h" at the end of his name. Excitement abating, gosh darn it.

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### **REMEMBER WHEN PIRACY RULED THE WAVES?**

On 17th December 2014 the first Starbucks opened in Sweden. On the same day Swedish police raided servers used by the torrent-tracking site ThePirateBay and effectively closed the site down. What links these two acts , apart from chronology and geography, is that they were both instigated by massive international megacorporations.

A recent discussion with some colleagues has revealed some startling misconceptions about internet piracy which I feel it is my duty to try and correct. One person was under the impression the audio streaming site Spotify were involved in piracy; Spotify is in fact an ultra-legitimate subscription service which pays a royalty to the artistes it features. The same person broadened the issue to include all streaming, when in fact most streaming is also done by sites which pay license fees for the stuff they stream. That person may have been thinking of downloading bit torrents, which is not streaming at all, but is of course what is at the core of most discussion these days pro and against internet piracy. Maybe you are in the happy position of never having had to or wanted to download anything using a bit-torrent client and therefore don't know what I'm talking about, so paraphrasing Wiki at this point might help clarify issues.

'BitTorrent is a protocol for the practice of peer-to-peer file sharing that is used to distribute large amounts of data over the Internet. To send or receive files the user must have a BitTorrent client; a computer program that implements the BitTorrent protocol. '

There are also bittorrent trackers which provides links to files available for sharing. Most of these trackers, like Pirate Bay, are what have come under fire in recent legislation by the British government (among others) who have attempted to proscribe them.

The argument governments used is that peer-to-peer sharing represents a a violation of copyright and other intellectual property rights, depriving copyright owners of revenue otherwise due to them.

But the issue of intellectual property is itself a thorny one. The government wants us to believe that all copyright is sacrosanct and theft is theft no matter what the circumstances; they believe this largely because it is what large and



powerful lobbies aligned for self-protection tell them. In fact the issue is not that cut and dried. It's hard to conceive, for a start, of vast international corporations possessing intellectual property; where is the intellect of corporations such as Sony and Fox lodged exactly? They commission and buy material from solo artisans and crafters, who are paid handsomely, and by virtue of that assume copyright of the material and can sell it or trade in it in any way they wish. Is that really the sort of individual protection that copyright laws were originally framed to provide? Loathsome though this aspect of capitalistic materialism may be, I can allow that people who indulge in wholesale commercial piracy, producing knock-offs of CDs & DVDs, and even books, that are identical to the original product are criminals by any definition. But there is a line to be drawn between them and peer-to-peer file sharers who are not in it for profit and are no more criminal than an individual passing on a book or cd he enjoyed to a friend. And yet it is these people who are targeted by government proscriptions.

An exceedingly sensible colleague then entered this argument by asking what would happen if governments suddenly, by fiat, made coffee production and consumption illegal. It is hypothetical territory that some people may feel happier in dealing with. Of course if coffee were made illegal a lot of law-abiding people would stop drinking it, but a lot of people would continue drinking it and perhaps adjust their moral positions according to the circumstances and justify breaking the law by saying, 'Well, it shouldn't be banned anyway. It's a stupid law'.

This is in essence what it boils down to. It would indeed be an especially stupid law and they would indeed be even more justified if the law had been framed by a government bowing to the pressure of vast global tea producers to further their own interests. That, rather than governments glorying abstractly in their power over people, is exactly what is happening with the internet with governments trying to prescribe what ISP providers can provide and what they can't. They are being dictated to by vast corporations such as Sony and Fox, and thus any law which proscribes actions which are against the interests of such corporations are stupid laws., which in the end only have the effect of criminalizing otherwise innocent sections of their populace.

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## VIBRATOR BACKSIDE

They say the best bits of a Vibrator are often lodged in its backside. Well, they are wrong. Here you will find nothing but an oddball selection of opinions and prejudices, many of which have probably been given voice to elsewhere.

There's the Mamas and the Papas for instance. I watched a Sky documentary about them and realized what a truly crap group they were, with trite saccharine songs and layered in west coast harmonies that make you cringe with their unoriginality. Apparently John Phillips who wrote all the crap songs was a pretty nasty character as well, who denied incest with his daughter. Well, he would wouldn't he? Just like Prince Andrew denies ever having had sex with a seventeen-year-old. And the originator of that phrase has recently died as well. Mandy Rice-Davies, who always impressed me by combining a strumpet's first name with a double-barrelled surname. So here I am watching Jason Segal sing 'Life's a Happy Song' backed by a host of muppets. No, Jason, life is not a happy song; life is if anything a tiresome monophonic dirge that goes on in the background while you grout tiles.

I just have to mention Ian Williams here. The man is a saint who self-lessly re-homes pussies who have fallen on hard times. Sometimes he has angst and wonders if he might be mistaken for a pervert as he goes about his saintly ways, but frankly I can forgive him anything, and name him my 2014 Man of the Year.

If you haven't tried Loccing Vibrator, why not give it a go? You too could bathe in the reflected glory of the many awards this fanzine is destined to go on and win (it says here). [graham@cartiledgworld.co.uk](mailto:graham@cartiledgworld.co.uk)

Next issue 2.0.12 will be out end of January. But don't take my word for it.

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