



# VIBRATOR

This may prove to be the latest issue of VIBRATOR, the cheap economy size fanzine from Graham Charnock at 45 Kimberley Gardens, London N4 1LD, UK. The last issue was completed in September 2013 but not released until February 2014. This was sheer laziness on my part and not an attempt to seek eligibility for any 2013 FAAn awards. Oh no, certainly not. Also, by delaying it I managed to piggy back distribution on the back of my charming wife's estimable fanzine *Raucous Caucus* (vote now, you know it makes sense). I had not intended a follow up issue so quickly but lo and behold people wrote me locs, and I thought they deserved more attention than I had given people writing to my previous fanzines who often had to wait years for them to be printed, or perhaps forever (yes, Murray Moore).

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This is Vibrator Revitalized Version 2. 0. 2 March 2014  
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## ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER WAR

Loncon3 was pretty low on my radar before the Rossgate affair broke. The idea of a Worldcon on my doorstep filled me not so much with anticipation so much as dread that I might not be able to find sufficient ways to ignore it. But Rossgate certainly spiced things up, albeit for a very short time. Thanks Loncon.

Some play was made of the decision to hire Ross being the sole decision of the Chairs, and not run through the committee. This annoyed the pants off Farah Mendelsohn in particular who as Head of Hall Exhibits obviously thought she was qualified for, nay entitled to, a significant say in the matter. That aspect didn't worry me. I prefer larger policy decisions like this to be taken by as few people as possible and not filtered through camel-designing committees, especially when the warped views of people like Farah Mendelsohn might prevail against common sense. Some people called it a PR blunder and got the wrong end of the stick; Ross is an international celebrity who would have guaranteed an entertaining event. It should have been seen as a PR coup. (I can even forgive that the affair seemed to have been orchestrated by his toadying attention-seeking mate, Neil Gaiman). What else are the Chairs paid for (What, they volunteered for the job? Crazyes....)

At the core of Rossgate of course was that some overly anal protective fans thought Ross was not only not One of Us (a patently stupid and mistaken notion which people could easily have corrected if they had spent more time googling his career accomplishments than looking for examples of tabloid-based editorial vitriol) but that he was a bit too Laddish to have anything to do with their precious convention. Seanan McGuire assumed not only that she would win a Hugo but that Ross would taunt her with being fat even as he thrust the phallic monstrosity he held in his hand towards her (perhaps I should rephrase that). On the evidence of Ross's previous work at comic conventions where he had never been anything except professional (and witty and entertaining), this was obviously nothing but a fevered fantasy on her part, or perhaps even wishful thinking. It was an irony of the kind so often engendered by social media, that elements of fandom laying charges of harassment and bullying against him, sought to demonize him by using exactly these tactics themselves. Ah, well. It's all over now. But at least for twenty-four hours we lived in Interesting Times.

(PS anyone who criticizes Ross over the Gwyneth Paltrow incident should actually check out the video on Youtube, and they will feel pretty stupid).

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## A TRIP TO LEAMINGTON SPA

For reasons not associated with fandom in general but with a very small part of it, it fell to Pat and I to take a trip to Leamington Spa. I think I may have driven through the place at some time, but have never visited it charged with the specific mission to explore and report on its facilities. Tickets were booked on a train out of Marylebone without bother and the train was neat and clean and left on time. I can report that wi-fi is available on what is quaintly called The Chiltern Line and sockets readily available for you to plug in your lap tops. Unfortunately we had not brought ours. Pat had to be satisfied with reading a copy of HOMAGE TO CATALONIA while I interrupted her to point out things like sheep.

Living in London we were not really affected by the deluges that hit a lot of the country in the early part of this year, so it was salutary to see the effects of all that rainfall even in somewhere like the Chilterns which had not been especially targeted as an at-risk area. Fields on either side of the railway track were sodden and waterlogged with huge expanses of standing water. Areas which didn't have standing water were muddy morasses reminiscent of the trenches in World War I. Seagulls everywhere were in their element. It was obvious that ground-water levels were still at such a level that it would probably take more than a long hot summer to dry all the mess out. When we arrived in Leamington itself it was in fact pissing down, so it seems the misery is unlikely to end quickly. Leamington Spa is a small town historically famous as the name suggests for having restorative waters which attracted health faddists from 1784 onwards. It was developed along Georgian lines with wide streets and elegant parades. A nice place to walk around on a sunny summer's day, but not particularly nice on a wet day in February.

We did what we had to do, and then shopped. Leamington Spa has a nice selection of shopping facilities including a Planet Bong, the only thing we could find which had any science fictional reference, but which proved to be more of a shop specializing in ephemera and fancy dress costumes, and certainly not Bongs. Pat however squealed with delight as she spotted an Ecco shop and dived in to buy a pair of shoes, reduced from some extortionate price to £70. I bought a pair of Bamboo socks for £8.99 which make them the most expensive pair of socks I have ever bought. I will wear them once then feed them to my Panda.

We visited the Pump Rooms, which has a library, a museum and an art gallery and then refreshed ourselves in their attractive cafe. After that there was time to visit the Jephson Gardens just across the road, where there was a lake, views of the River Leam and a small but attractive Palm House. And then home and thence to bed.

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## ON THIS DAY IN HISTORY

On this day in history in 1612, the intrepid worldwide adventurer Seamus McGovern invented the 1:1 scale map, a concept he later sold to the writer Jorge Luis Borges. At first McGovern merely made a map of his toilet, which he could fold and put in his jacket pocket and which came in handy when he actually had to find his way around his toilet, which was usually most Saturday nights. Later he made a map of his kitchen and his bedroom, which proved unwieldy but just about manageable. His downfall came when he attempted a map of Hyde Park. Apart from running to several volumes, which required a shopping trolley to carry them around, it showed little but grass and failed to engage the general map-buying public.

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## JOSEPH NICHOLAS, THE ORIGINAL KILL THE FUCKER REVIEWER, HAS HE STILL GOT IT? LET'S SEE.

Dear Graham

Thank you for the copy of the revived *Vibrator*. (No issue number, I notice, from which I speculate that you may not have a complete run of the previous issue of your own fanzine. Or, perhaps, that it is next to pointless to put an issue number on something which last appeared around two-thirds of your lifetime ago.)

I noted your comment in passing about Andy Hooper's all-inclusive fan history chronology. As I said in a response to him (a response which failed even to be listed in the WAHF column), there are several problems with such attempts. Firstly, his awareness of what happened (in particular) in 1970s British fanzine fandom is based to a large extent on what he perceived of it from eight thousand miles away, and thus inevitably partial. Secondly, he was discovering it many years after it had flourished and disappeared, which renders such knowledge even more partial because it is based on what had survived of it (chiefly because it had been written about elsewhere) than the thing itself. Thirdly, as a consequence of the previous two, this left him with a distorted impression of who were the leading fans of the period, because he had no means of assessing the centrality of those who had survived into a later period (I had a marginal presence in the letter columns of various US fanzines in the early 1980s) vis-a-vis the centrality of those who had gafiated (such as you and Roy Kettle).

This partial view led him, in the original version of the inclusive chronology, into a number of sillinesses, such as a belief that Greg Pickersgill was a major 1980s fan -- an error corrected in the revised, second version although this remained hamstrung by the central, unavoidable ideological error which attends all attempts to construct inclusive chronologies: the pretence that what is happening in one location, amongst one group of people, is replicated and shared by others elsewhere. For example, the 1970s was periodised as "the Trufan Rebellion" -- but is it at all likely that London fans knew of or cared about their New York

counterparts? Indeed, did London fans view themselves as in any way as "trufannish" as New York fans, bearing in mind the latter's conscious rejection of preceding theories of numbered fandoms versus the former's broader concern with driving out mediocrity? Of course not.

Anyway, there's my two-penn'orth on the matter. Or, allowing for inflation since two-thirds of your life ago, £3.5 million in annual salary, £500,000 in additional pension contributions, £1.2 million in deferred share options, £60,000 in Hong Kong relocation expenses, and £42,000 for a company BMW. Rewards for failure, you say? But of course!

Regards, Joseph

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A special P.S. to the GCHQ vermin who are reading all UK e-mail and internet traffic: fuck off and die, you Stasi scum.

*Joseph can be reached at [josephn@globalnet.co.uk](mailto:josephn@globalnet.co.uk), you Stasi scum*

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#### **JOHN NIELSEN-HALL DOESN'T THINK I'VE GOT IT IN ME. IS HE RIGHT?**

Sweetheart, I don't know what the point is of writing you a LoC. Not only will you not print it, you probably won't produce a 2.0.2 but instead issue some other bit of bollocks instead. But I am registering my response, which I would like to bet, despite my years and medical record, is still a bit more reliable than yours. Go on! Prove me wrong, if you can.

JOHN

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#### **STEVE STILES THINKS HE'S THE FIRST PERSON TO MAKE A JOKE ABOUT A VIBRATOR. IS HE RIGHT?**

Hi Graham;

Thanks for VIBRATOR, a very stimulating fanzine –which is something you've probably heard all too many times before....

I have yet to see Nazis At The Center Of The Earth, but I may yet force myself to do so as Jim Young was a good friend of mine. When he lived around here, we'd see him frequently and as he was dating the fabulous Susan Palermo we had great hopes that he might pry her out of New York to live somewhere in this area so that we might see her more often. It is a morbid coincidence that Jim died of the same thing that took her, although in his case it was mercifully fast, whereas with Susan it was pitilessly drawn out, raising and dashing our hopes from month to month. To add to the nastiness of that twist of fate, her earlier boy friend, Lou Stathis, creepily also died of a brain tumor.

As to Another Day Another War, which I read as President Putin attempts to annex part of the Ukraine (in a move reminiscent of Hitler's maneuverings in Czechoslovakia and Poland), my main gripe as a flaming liberal viz the military, and as a former draftee who helped saved the United States from Ho Che Minh, is that the same old fuckers in Congress, many of them draft dodgers during the Vietnam war, those same guys who are inclined to beat the war drums, are the same s.o.b.s who are inclined to cut benefits for those currently serving and those who are veterans, many of the latter –about 900,000- who are on food stamps. God forbid that the military budget be cut in any way as the menacing multitudes of Canada and Mexico threateningly eye our very borders!

Currently reading Greg Benford's "Beyond Infinity," a story that has the human race still carrying on after hundreds of millions of years on Earth; in this unlikely scenario the current top breed of our species have a lifespan of thousands of years, and have pretty much ditched the idea of having a reliable memory in favor of living in the moment. The protagonist, however, is close to being an Original human and merely has a span of three or four hundred years. Greg himself, last time I checked, is Chairman of Centagen Inc., an organization dedicated to research on stem cell therapy. They're got a product, Stem Cell 100, a herbal mixture that supposedly rejuvenates the body and slows the aging process, and a second generation product that's patent-pending. However, it costs sixty dollars for a month's supply, a bit pricey for my retirement budget, and the chance of my insurance company paying for it is in the realm of fantasy, more so than "Beyond Infinity." A pity since I'm all in favor of an expanded and more vital lifespan since my body stopping being 35 years old about four years ago when I turned 66.

Best, Steve.

*Steve Stiles can be reached at [stevecartoon2001@gmail.com](mailto:stevecartoon2001@gmail.com)*

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*Enough of these letters. Let's talk about something serious.*

## **DON'T ROCK THE BOAT**

*The moment we want to believe something, we suddenly see all the arguments for it, and become blind to the arguments against it.*

*George Bernard Shaw*

Lately I've been involved in a number of heated arguments with multiple protagonists, which unfortunately and ultimately proved particularly destructive. This was, I think, because most of the contributors to the argument, argued very badly. It set me to thinking about the whole process.

Arguing is something we all do on some level. Someone says or writes something we disagree with and we argue about it with them. It comes naturally, surely? Most of us would not consider there was a skill or an art involved in arguing or feel the need for any tuition in it. In fact we might assume that most of the teaching we have required in the subject would seem have been already *learnt* at an early age, when our parents may have said something disagreeable to us, with which we took issue. But in those cases we are not so much talking about developing skills in arguing, but the ability to automatically gainsay, when we felt uncomfortable with controlling instructions along the lines of 'don't do that!'. This is self-obvious since no one would expect anyone barely beyond infantilism to manifest the skills of logic which are only several essential to *real* arguing. This being the case, many of us might in fact deride the idea there was any art or skill involved in what we consider such an instinctive thing. But this may be yet another self-propheying manifestation of automatic gainsaying and we would be wrong, I think.

If arguing is not a skill or an art why is so much credence given to it in high level education, whether in formalized arguing groups such as debating societies, or when we are more mundanely challenged to *argue* a certain topic as part of an academic test or assessment? In the latter case of course what we are often being asked to is to demonstrate either a basic or advanced critical ability. And the sad fact is that few of us have ever developed these abilities, or have allowed them to lapse through underuse. How often, for instance is anybody out of high school ever asked to critique a text, far less produce a fairly anodyne review of a film or novel? Follow a crowd out of a cinema and you will rarely hear any comment above a level of 'liked that/didn't like that'. It is hard to find reasonable sustained arguments even in the comments pages of popular or contentious blogs where people like to pretend they are at their most literate.

I believe to argue successfully one has not only to learn and become involved in fairly high-level critical techniques but to hone the skills involved on a more-or-less constant level. What are these skills? There is initially the ability to make a triage-like judgement or assessment of a situation, and an identification of its salient points. It is easy to be emotionally distracted at this stage if the initial framing of the proposition is bleeding all over the operating theatre and making you uncomfortable but we should never veer too far away from being able to apply rationality and coherent logic in making any critical decisions. Breathing deeply helps. What also helps is learning the basic rules of logic, both deductive and inductive. If this is beyond you, you should turn off your television now, or at least switch over to a channel showing Ant & Dec or Strictly.

Additionally one should always be able to see the other person's point of view, even or perhaps especially if one doesn't agree with it, because it will help you understand the thought process your counter-proposer is using in his particular assessment. It also never hurts to agree with whatever points the counter-proposer make that you do in fact agree with. Often people who are arguing ignore common ground and fail to incorporate it into their argument, laying themselves open to charges of obdurate single-mindedness. Again, this is a skill to be learnt and doesn't just come intuitively.

It's a sad truth, I think, that many people cannot argue successfully because they have not been taught how to recognize and exploit the critical techniques involved. Hence they so often fall into a syndrome of 'can't argue, won't

argue' and will characteristically justify it by the desire to live a quiet life and not rock any boats. They view the process of argument as invariably confrontational (when of course it need not be) and are stressed by their assumption they will not be able to give a good account of themselves. In doing so they are self-limiting in their ability to argue and fall into a loop which not only frustrates themselves but people who at the very least want not so much as to even argue but simply have a reasonable discussion. Such people see even the mildest bone of contention as leading to a scenario of ultimate painful destruction. In short arguing scares them. Frequently, if they witness an argument but do not directly contribute to it, they are often nevertheless keen, after the event, to take sides, as if they are aware of their shortcomings as arguers and need to re-establish their public personas in a good light. What may give them confidence in future may be as simple as learning that there is no shame in losing an argument if they have argued well.

Che Guevara said: *'Silence is argument carried out by other means.'* This seems to me a statement typical of someone who has never learnt to argue successfully, and carried a big gun. Guevara, along with a host of militants, notoriously used a framework of physical power and a network of people dedicated to physical revolution to try and put over his ideas. I don't think anyone ever had a successful argument with him, neither is there much evidence he attempted to engage in any.

We all sometimes fall into the trap of feeling there is nothing left to learn as regards our everyday behaviour, but when we give up learning, even if it is something as prosaic as the skills of arguing, we die a little and make life difficult for those who are simply trying to get on with us.

Eventually, of course arguing can end up as self-destructive, which is something I would never wish on anyone:

*Men are convinced of your arguments, your sincerity, and the seriousness of your efforts only by your death.*

*Albert Camus*

Mainly, because it is not even true.

*"Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose"*

*John Prine – Sam Stone*

Mind you, I never thought Che Guevara's death really convinced anyone of his arguments. But he was a good poster guy for his generation. So was Jesus.

*Graham Charnock*

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*Okay serious stuff over. Bring on more Empty Horses*

#### **PAUL SKELTON THINKS I LACK DIRECTION. IS HE RIGHT?**

Graham,

How is your sense of direction? Cas has a terrible sense of direction. What is more it not only fails to work in the standard 3 spatial dimensions, but in many others also.. For instance we will be down Tesco's for the weekly shop, having split up shortly after entering the store, partly to save time and also to separately deal with what we each consider important. On meeting up again she will say "Oh, I not only got the mouthwash we needed, but it was on offer, 'two-for-the-price-of three'". I will respond, "Wow! You don't see many offers like that!" "Oh, you know what I meant," she'll add, delivering a friendly forearm-smash to my chest, before heading off down the next aisle, leaving me desperately trying to break my fall without also breaking any of the many glass bottles that I'd been in the process of ferrying back to our shopping trolley.

So you see, left/right, North/South, up/down, cheaper/dearer, before/after, it makes no difference, Cas will as like get it wrong as right, and I'm wondering if maybe you might have the same gene? I mean, here you are going on about being 'BORN TOO LATE', when the whole thrust of the piece is about you being born too soon, rather than too late.

Not of course that a bit of semantic fumbling will make any difference in the long run. You'd need the 'magic' of Iain Banks' Culture to have the resources to cope with any significant extension of life-expectancy. Yeah, we may have come a long way in a relatively short space of time, and the rate of change is obviously increasing with almost bewildering acceleration, but the amazing new breakthroughs required for unlimited free energy and virtually unlimited natural resources, which concepts underpin the Culture novels, are not I suspect around any corner we're likely to turn in dozens of generations.

So I guess, all we can hope for is to die...but hopefully not until you've produced and mailed to me a few more issues of VIBRATOR.

**Paul Skelton can be reached at [paul\\_skelton\\_ynqvi@hotmail.com](mailto:paul_skelton_ynqvi@hotmail.com)**

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### **MURRAY MOORE THINKS I DON'T PRINT HIS LOCS. IS HE RIGHT?**

Dear Graham,

I hope that you are alive else I will have wasted my time typing these words. And I hate wasting my time.

As to your status, I have just read Vibrator 2.0.1 dated September 2013. I have not heard of your demise, so I take my chance in labouring painfully to compose this LoC. I searched the Internet for 'dead Mr. Grumpy' and 'dead Mr. Unpopular' without a result. I do not Like Facebook. If you ever wondered why I ignore you on Facebook, you can accept my statement that I do not have a Facebook account, or you can be paranoid that I do have a Facebook account and that I am ignoring you and that I am lying to you.

Getting back to wasting my time, I think less than perhaps yourself about long-life-living. Based on my health and the dates of deaths of my parents, particularly my father, I wake each day with the expectation that I will live to age 90.

And inasmuch as I am age 62, age 90 is a comfortable span of time distant. I allow the possibility of misadventure and of incurable disease. Misadventure is basically fate. Incurable disease about the same. That volcano in Yellowstone National Park exploding. An asteroid. My only prescription medication is to control my cholesterol.

However I might not be sighted by age 90. My father was legally blind before he was 90. He stopped driving the day that he approached the single set of stoplights in his village and he could not see whether the light was red or yellow or green.

My mother-in-law, 92, stopped driving not too many years ago, after she drove her car into the garage attached to her home, with the garage door closed.

But maybe some of that medical research you describe will result within 30 years of the availability of replacement eyeballs or of a gizmo that looks like glasses with connections into the brain. Or maybe I will get a seeing eye dog.

Sight is my most valued sense. Whether I have taste is open to argument. My hearing is failing, I think Mary Ellen said to me recently. My memory is crap because I can't remember the two other senses. Touch? Useful sure but not my priority. Smell. Again not a priority. Smell won't keep me alive if our house fills with carbon monoxide, but I will be able to hear the alarm.

Blood pressure 210 over 165? Isn't 120 over 90 the ideal? My blood pressure is excellent, thanks for asking. Not even Andy Hooper gets me excited. Dead level, am I, so to speak.

As you might know, from reading the following info in one of my posts, I am a great great uncle. Use your influence in the naming of your second grandchild: Arenal absolutely is not on. If necessary, ask to buy naming rights.

Murray Moore

**Murray Moore can be reached at [murraymoore@gmail.com](mailto:murraymoore@gmail.com)**

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### **JERRY KAUFMAN THINKS I'M GRUMPY. WHAT DOES HE KNOW?**

*Vibrator* arrived, piggybacked on *Raucous Caucus*, just a few days ago, and I've read it. You amused me, Mr. Grumpy, and I appreciate it. If it's undeniably true that you disliked people before you were on Facebook, perhaps you've remarked on this at one or another Corflu that Andy attended also, or maybe you said something in one of your YouTube videos?

In any case, I do agree that it is annoying there's no way to mark something on Facebook to show that you "dislike" it. You want to express an interest but perhaps because it's very sad news, or it horrifies you (an announcement, a product, or whatever) but you have to use that all-purpose "like" button. Irritating.

I think Peter Roberts works at Kew Gardens as an expert on mushrooms and other fungi. Our appreciation of Peter goes well back into fan historical times. Before we met, he did a column for our 1970s fanzine, *The Spanish Inquisition* - it was called "The Comfy Chair." When we did a live presentation of material from the zine, at a Balticon, we had someone read Peter's column installment as though telepathically, and I demonstrated the "Angry Budgie Dance" he described. I suspect that, had he been in

attendance, I would still have been the one to do the dance. I think Peter was too dignified - despite the orange suit he typically wore.

I like the Iain Banks and Iain M. Banks books I've read to date, but don't think I have read enough to comment on your criticisms. However, our mutual friend Andy Hooper has read a lot of his work, and perhaps will have a few remarks. (Let's you and him fight, said Wimpy from *Thimble Theater*, if memory serves. I, of course, am above all that.)

Until the London Worldcon, I remain yr humbug and expedient servant,

Jerry Kaufman

***Jerry Kaufman can be reached at [JAKaufman@aol.com](mailto:JAKaufman@aol.com)***

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**MEANWHILE IN A GALAXY FAR DISTANT FROM OURS PLANS WERE LAID TO LAUNCH AN INVASION AGAINST OUR OVERLORDS OF BUREAUCRATIC ESTATE AGENTS, AND INVITE THEM TO ATTEND CORFLU 32.**

We are pretty confident that the 2015 Corflu will be held in the UK, in either Bristol or Newcastle (negotiations are on going and even going on). What does this mean in real terms? Put aside a cache of money, guns, and energy and pencil the as yet undisclosed dates into your diary. Write to the chairperson Pat Charnock at [patcharnock@gmail.com](mailto:patcharnock@gmail.com) to let her know of your interest and to receive progress reports as and when they are published. Don't know what Corflu is? Well frankly you are stupid and I don't think we want you at our convention dedicated to fanzine fandom and full of feel-good activities, and chances to enjoy the company of truly amazing people like Ted White and Frank Lunney and Rich Coad. Even Jerry Kaufman has been known to turn up and wrestle. Turn up and enjoy Andy Hooper's latest wide screen dramatic extravaganza which will at least ensure you a nice night's sleep. If any of that doesn't appeal to you, then you are lost even to your own grandparents.

**MONKEYS**

Peculiar things aren't they. Furry and simian and they tend to gibber a lot, as if they had no real idea how to speak and communicate. Somehow they resemble us, and yet not those ones that display their bums. I am a little disappointed that monkeys have never been known to play guitars, unless you count Lowell George. Apparently Darwin thought we all evolved from monkeys, but he was an idiot anyway. Hands up anyone who owns a monkey? I thought not.

**I FEEL BAD ABOUT NOT PUBLISHING MURRAY MOORE'S LOC ON BOOMCHICKAWAHWAH SO HERE IT IS:**

Dear Graham,

I, like yourself, Graham, have "never produced any fanzine with the view to winning any award or reward". And, like yourself, each year I am a success. Each year I achieve neither award nor reward.

In the annual ANZAPA poll of its members, two years ago my memory suggests, highest vote getter in the Most Humorous category was myself. In comparison, in this year's FAAn Awards voting details, I was just above a footnote as a letter writer. Analysis, thus. The Hugo nominators are most clueless about fanzines, fan writing, and fan art. The FAAn voters are better judges than Hugo nominators.

But, obviously, inarguably, the best judges, with the most taste, are the members of the Australian and New Zealand Amateur Press Association.

Give up Chunga, Graham. It's a dead end for you. Stop going to Corflu. Save your money. ANZAPA is the place for you. Come home.

Since 2009 you have lost half an inch in height and two kilos in weight. Thus, if you need to lose another, say, 24 pounds, simple: lose a further six inches in height. Or live another quarter century.

No, no need to thank me. I am glad to be of help. For the record, I do not have a licence to practice medicine. But most of so-called medicine, it's just common sense, yeah?

You report that litres of your semen have passed under an unspecified bridge since 2009. I thought that I would get more information when I was reading Pat's "I'll wake up with an uncomfortable feeling that something is amiss, that all is not right" but no, Pat was talking about her own liquid, and very eloquently, I must say.

A pharmacist I knew in a city in which we used to live (no details: criminal activity) told me how he had his vasectomy before the operation was legal, thanks to a friendly doctor, or a friend, at least. Vasectomy is not one of those do-it-yourself surgical procedures, unlike, say, amputation and tooth-pulling.

I don't recommend the doctor who did my first vasectomy. He wanted to talk Canadian football. Subsequently I was in bed and Mary Ellen demanded to see my testicles. I pulled back the covers and she gasped, but, sadly, not in the way that men like women to gasp.

Imagine oranges: big oranges: bigger. My scrotum was so taut that I could have used it as a drum, accompanying you playing one of your guitars.

"Shirt Story" would go over gangbusters in ANZAPA, even more so if you could work in a kangaroo.

The remembrance of Paul Williams by Lenny Bailles and Dan Steffan and the Roy Kettle article are worth the paper on which they are printed, a true compliment, in a time when most fanzines are not printed.

I like your page numbers. Did John D. Berry help you choose them? Useful and stylish: both. William Morris would approve.

*(Graham: That's it. All you other people who wrote me Locs on Boomchickawahwah can just fuck off).*

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### **BRAD W. FOSTER ACTUALLY COLOURED THE SHREW. HE MUST BE AN ARTIST.**

A nice mix of bits and pieces of thoughts and such, just right for the small zine format.

Your note about Joachim Wenz inventing the doodle sent me to the interwebs. How could anyone invent a doodle??? Interestingly, the only references I can find link back to you talking about it. See how helpless I am, I'll believe anything anyone tells me, especially if it is in print.

Loved the walking tour guide at the end. Now I want to write those, too.

Oh, and here's the shrew, colored in, as requested.

stay happy ~ Brad

***Brad Foster can be reached at: [bwfoster@juno.com](mailto:bwfoster@juno.com)***

### **NOW WE COME TO SAY GOODBYE**

It's been fun, hasn't it? A little bit of light-hearted frivolous stuff, a little bit of serious debate, A little bit of gratuitous self indulgence. Not enough about Star Trek, some might say. No mention of Catherine Crockett at all (until now). And absolutely no photos, or discussion of life as a French Peasant, so it cannot be confused in anyway way with A Mirror for Observers

Anyway another issue under the belt. Two fanzines in as many months, eh? Surely that deserves some kind of award. Oh well, please yourselves.

If you liked this fanzine and want to receive another issue, please let me know. Same goes if you didn't like it. There are no boxes to tick here like on Facebook; you will have to work to register your response. If you don't you may not get another issue, depending on my whim. That may just suit you fine and dandy, mind you.

[graham@cartiledgeworld.co.uk](mailto:graham@cartiledgeworld.co.uk)

*This issue is dedicated to Curt and Liz Phillips, especially the latter.*