

BROKEN TOYS 19

Broken Toys 19 is a personalzine by Taral Wayne. I've been pluggin' away at other projects all the while, but the time has come around for another issue, so here it is. Once again, the material seems to have come together by itself ... and did so in record time! I might have produced this issue only two weeks after the last! The letter column was actually too long this time, and had to be edited to manageable size. Locs are always welcome anyway. As I have for the last 22 years, I live with a view to die for at 245 Dunn Ave., Apt. 2111, Toronto, Ontario M6K 1S6. If you can't drop by to share the view, contact or loc me at Taral@Teksavvy.com. The date is **late July, 2013** ... and a proper summer has yet to start. Not that I can do much with one, anyway. This is ExtraTaralitoriality (or Kiddelidivee Books & Art) 269, © 2013 Taral Wayne.

ANOTHER EMOTORIAL

Of late, I've wondered just what the hell I want from fandom. I know what I wanted back in 1972, when I first joined a science fiction club. It was to talk about science fiction. Well, I don't often want to talk about science fiction anymore. When the need arises, I go to Bob to ask the big meta-questions about the genre, the meaning of it, the inside story, its history and possible futures. While Bob's not necessarily an expert on vague, impossible-to-answer questions like that, he does a passable imitation. I could probably find other people who could answer detailed questions such as, "how many Dorsai planets are there?" or "did Ursula K. Le Guin ever write for F&SF?" but – trust me – I'm never going to ask. Then what is it I want from fandom *now*?

At first, it would seem to be a simple thing to spell out a few benefits such as friendship, communication, recognition of peers, and an active social life. As far as I can tell, that's more or less what most people would say. I wouldn't reject any of those as the benefits of belonging to fandom ... but, when I delve a little deeper, I find myself wanting *more*. Let's look at those benefits again, more closely.

Friendship. Without a doubt, that is one of the biggest rewards fandom has to offer. I've made a few friendships that have served me well during my life. Yet, most of the fans I know are not friends in any meaningful way. For instance, there's one fan whom I've known for over 35 years, and have always described as a friend. But on how many occasions have we spoken face to face in the last 25 of those 35 years? I think twice ... at the Worldcons in 2003 and 2012. As I remember it, each time he was in a lather to rush off to some panel or seminar. He rarely answers email. Realistically, we're *acquaintances*. Fandom is a great place to make the acquaintance of hundreds of people – but actual friendships are much more rare than that. I probably have no fewer close friends than most people do, but to say that having hundreds of acquaintances through fandom is a real benefit might be stretching a point. In any case, I don't seem to have made any new real friendships in quite a while. Perhaps I should advertise?

Activities. I like to walk. Just up and down city streets is fine, but hiking in the country is good too. Deserts, mountains, shopping malls ... they're all good. Since I began to lose the ability to walk any great distance, however, I don't get out much. Most fans I know only like to eat, anyway. I like eating too, but let's face it, going to a pub on a regular basis is less an activity than an admission of weak self-control. The more "active" you are socially, the more money it costs, too. Frankly, I don't know even people with an income can afford keeping up with their local fandom in its endless round of pubs and restaurants.

Recognition. Recognition is a sensitive topic. There are fans who will tell you quite rudely that no good person would stoop to fanac as a means of gaining recognition. This is total bullshit, but it seems to have become the perceived wisdom. It *is* bullshit, of course, because it is human nature to want the approval of your peers. We all wish to be thought well of. Many fans go to conventions, of course, and expect their natural charisma to do most of the work. That's out of the question for me – mobility aside, it costs too dratted much to travel. Cons aren't really my natural environment, anyway. My personality is often compared to an old boot thrown into a pristine lake, waiting to be caught by some hapless angler and spoil his day. I like writing for, drawing for and publishing fanzines, and being recognized for those things means more to me than any conceivable reward I could expect for running a registration desk or boring people in panels.

The problem is that fandom has actually been pretty good to me over the years. There might have been *more* ... but there might have been a good deal *less*. Not only do I have few grounds on which to make complaints, but as fandom grows and evolves more and more into a mundane mass phenomenon, it's unlikely ever to provide me more than it already has.

So, there's my problem. I *want* more from fandom. I *need* more, both as an incentive to carry on and as new horizons to conquer. But what if there *is* no more to be had? Or at least no more that will ever be accessible to me? It's bloody *frustrating*, that's what!

“What is it that *you* want from fandom, I might ask?” But if you just want to talk about science fiction, *don't tell me*.

WARMING UP TO A GOOD BOOK

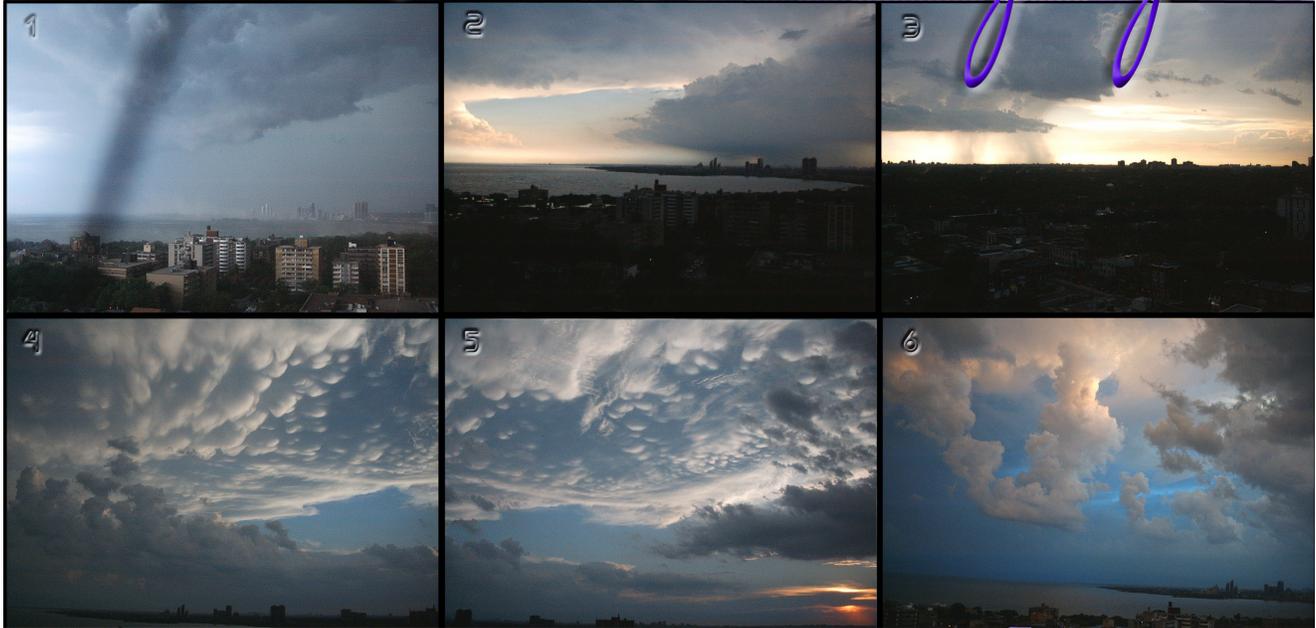
In a rural corner of a state that was not quite South, not quite Midwest, two apparent bibliophiles in a general store were deep in conversation. They were talking about their love of good books.

The taller one, who stabbed the air with his glasses to emphasize his point, made it clear how much use he had gotten from his late father's collection.

“Yeh can't judge a book by its cover. It's what's between 'em that counts. But the *best* thing 'bout books is thet they's flat and square. Thet way, when ye bring 'em in, yeh'z kin stack up 'nuff of 'em on the floor to last the *whole* winter.”

The shorter of the pair nodded sagely, and added, “True 'nuff. Firewood jest rolls all over the place.”

*It Was a Dark and Stormy Night**



It *was*, too. Around dinnertime, it began to rain. There was a lot of lightning and thunder. I went out and looked, but the rain wasn't beating down too hard on the windows, nor coming down in the balcony ... so, at first, it didn't seem so bad. Then, when I actually looked out into the distance from the balcony, I could see sheets of rain coming straight down, literally like twenty-story curtains of gauze, drifting through the air at a walking pace. I hadn't seen a torrent like that in ages.

Around 6 or 6:30 the power went off, leaving me in a bad way. I hadn't been able to sleep all day, possibly due to the intense low-pressure cell going through, and I still hadn't had any real sleep. I would just begin to nod off and come awake with a jerk, as you do while sitting in front of the keyboard. But with the gloomy overcast, heavy rain and no lights, there was not going to be any reading. No TV. No computer. No internet. No music. No hot food. No coffee. No flush toilet or running water. Worst of all, no fans or A/C. I couldn't do anything but try to sleep, so I could only lie there and try ... despite the room growing muggier and more uncomfortable by the minute ... in my imagination, at least.

At least, I have learned to keep about 8 gallons of water stored for just such emergencies, so that I can wash and flush the john a few times. I can also use it to make coffee and cook, too... when it's just the *water* that's out, and not the power. Without electricity, however, nearly everything is impossible. All there was in the apartment to eat, really, were canned beans. It was not the end of the world, plainly, but it could have been a bloody awful night for me if it had kept up.

Fortunately, the power came on again around 11, and I was able to put away the bearskins and stone axe and resume a normal, modern lifestyle.

It was only then, when I could read the online news, that I began to discover just how extreme the

storm had been.

In 1954, the remains of Hurricane Hazel managed to struggle up the wrong side of the Appalachians and hit Toronto – I was only three then, but still have vivid memories of rain pounding on the windows, and being taken to see the Humber River racing under the Lakeshore Drive bridge. Normally, the Humber was 20 or 30 feet below the span, but then the raging torrent seemed almost within reaching distance. All the rivers and creeks around Toronto flooded and one or two ill-planned streets were completely washed out, the houses swept away, killing 81 people.

During the two days Hurricane Hazel dumped on Toronto, 121 mm. of rain fell. That's about 4 1/2 inches. Yesterday, 126 mm – or 5 inches – fell in a mere two hours! Remarkably, no major damage had been reported and nobody was killed. Roads were flooding, bringing traffic to standstill, basements flooded, electrical equipment shorted out and the subways shut down ... but, by and large, it was just a big goddawful inconvenience!

Next morning, the power went off again for three or four hours. Statements from the city explained that some transformers were still underwater, and the load was being redistributed by rotating blackouts. Thousands in the west end were still without power. I guess it was my turn now. Joy. It was a little better, since it was daylight and I could read. Better still, I had just had a hot lunch and there was coffee in the pot. And best of all, the computer had been on and crashed when the power went off – but I had finished with it for the moment, and there was no work-in-progress on the desktop. I was in much better shape to be without power than I had been the night before. Hopefully, I've had my turn ... and that's the end of it.

Except ... *there's more rain in the forecast.*



Not the same storm, it's one I photographed in the Fall of 2009, but it gives you the idea...

★

*The entire passage from Edward Bulwer-Lytton's classic 1830 turkey, **Paul Clifford**, is: "It was a dark and stormy night; the rain fell in torrents – except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by a violent gust of wind which swept up the streets (for it is in London that our scene lies), rattling along the housetops, and fiercely agitating the scanty flame of the lamps that struggled against the darkness."*

Photos at head of article: 1) Storm approaches. Notice the spray kicked up across the bay from driving rain! 2) A second storm approaches in distance. 3) North of the city, at the same moment, the sun sets. 4) Rare Mammatus Clouds over Toronto. I've never seen these before, anywhere! 5) A little farther north, more Mammatus Clouds. 6) The sun finally sets below the horizon and the sky leaps into gorgeous oil-like colours. The clouds seemed to glow, as though from within, and the blue was deep and jewel-like. Even the grays were subtle, with undertones of green and peach. My photos were posted to the CBC's "commons" page that night, where probably no one saw them...

MODERN MYSTERIES SOLVED!

“An ancient Egyptian statue appears to have started moving on its own, much to the amazement of scientists and museum curators.” – recent item in the news.

I read that news item with my customary sneer of skepticism. *Sure*, it moved ... I don't doubt it for a moment. The world is full of strange, unexplained phenomena that the credulous kneel before, pray over and sacrifice their common sense to.

Actually, I *am* sure it moved. And I have no reason to doubt that the world is full of other, unexplained mysteries. My skepticism derives from the belief that, just because something is unexplained, it is *not* unexplainable. One day someone will figure out why Etch-a-Sketch portraits of Jesus weep on Easter, and why UFOs mainly abduct Republicans ... just as someone once worked out why trains are late, and why a candle covered with shaving cream won't burn.

In the case of the ancient Egyptian statue in the museum, I can make an unsubstantiated guess. Could it be that the vibrations of footfalls of passing viewers travel from the floor to the cabinet, and to the statue itself, and its uneven base causes it to creep slowly around its own center of gravity? A harder question to answer is, “why now, for heaven's sake?” Any number of possible reasons present themselves. The cabinet with the statue might have been moved to a spot where more visitors pass by. Perhaps someone moved a different cabinet in another part of the room, altering the harmonics of the floor. The floor itself might have been altered by laying a new carpet. Finding the correct answer would require a lot of tedious work, testing one hypothesis after another – it would not surprise me if nobody goes to the trouble.*

Undeniably, though, the world is a wonderful, wacky place, where weird things happen all around us. Most of the time, we never give them a thought.

For instance: Have your dishes ever moved? Mine have. At first, I only saw it out of the corner of my eye, and thought I might be imagining things. But then, I began to watch for it, and sure enough, sometimes my newly-washed dishes *did* suddenly scoot across the counter, entirely of their own volition! Not a fraction of an inch ... a good *five or six* inches, even a *full foot!* For a while, wondering what was going on bugged the hell out of me. Was it a poltergeist? Were aliens trying to communicate with me?

Hardly. The answer was warm air. When I wash dishes, they get wet and hot. Some of them have shallow, concave bottoms. Now and then, a hot, wet, plastic dish would heat the air trapped underneath, the expanding air would levitate the dish on a thin film of water ... then, *away it went!* I found that I was even able to duplicate the phenomena.

Not so mysterious after all, then?

How many readers have ever noticed that a light cup shakes when filled under a tap? As it fills, the shaking stops. Then, as water nears the brim, the cup may begin to shake again. Now, why is that?

It's all to do with the center of gravity. At first, water splashing at the bottom is well below the middle of the cup and its mass easily shakes it. As the cup fills, though, the center of gravity moves upward, toward the center of the cup, and the force shaking the cup diminishes. At some point, though, the center of gravity of the system rises past the center of the cup, and begins to exert a force on the cup again. Unless I miss my guess, *that's* the explanation.

Now, how many readers even noticed they *have* shaky cups? I thought so ... Most are merely shaky when *in* their cups.

In another news item, we learn that a century-old Swiss wrist watch has recently been found in an unopened Chinese tomb. I won't trouble you with the details. Supposedly, it's enough that it was even there. What I don't understand is why no one suggested that, perhaps, all the mysterious watch meant was that some unlucky archeologist lost it down a crevice. Or, much more likely, the archeologists who opened the tomb were *not* the first to be monkeying around there after all. It might not be all that obvious that the tomb had been opened 100 years earlier.

So far, however, no amount of ratiocination has been able to explain to me why I get pest calls from cable companies *only* when I'm in the bathroom. I guess there are some things that science *cannot* answer for us.

*In fact, the statue had recently been moved to a new cabinet – one with glass shelves. It also has a rounded bottom it wobbles on.

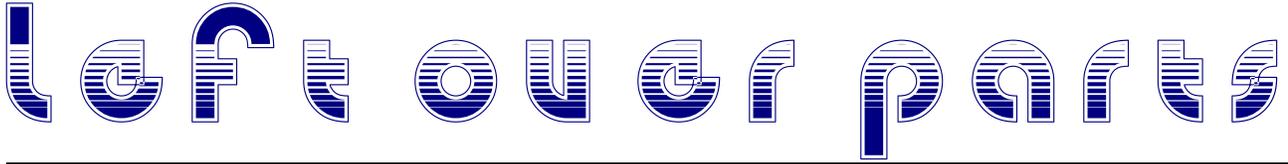


Faneds

Where have all the faneds gone,
Long time passing.
Where have all the faneds gone,
Long time ago.
Where have all the faneds gone,
Gone to apas,
One by one,
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the trufans gone,
Long time passing.
Where have all the trufans gone,
Long time ago.
Where have all the trufans gone,
Gone to FaceBook,
One by one,
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the neos gone,
Long time passing.
Where have all the neos gone,
Long time ago.
Where have all the neos gone,
Gone to Twitter,
Everyone.
When will they ever learn,
When will they *ever* learn?



We Also Heard From: Ken Fletcher, kenfletch@comcast.net, who says that “It does seem lame,” to let 18 issues of *Broken Toys* go by without so much as a howdy-do. He also admits I’m not alone in slacking off. “I’ve produced no finished art for over 2 years. My notes of comment to anyone are usually about this long. However, this morning is the first morning of the rest of my life – so I look forward to sending you more comments on *Broken Toys*. I think I had better start from this issue and work backwards....” Robert Lichtman, robertlichtman@yahoo.com “It was cool to get the latest *Broken Toys* directly from you and, happily, *not* have to feel guilty as one who hadn’t responded in issues.” True enough ... Robert won’t be getting coal in his stocking. Kim Huett, kim.huett@gmail.com “I’ve always preferred my science fiction to be colourful and alien whereas the fiction John Campbell published all too often felt like Minnesota in space.” It was actually Teaneck, New Jersey. We’d Like to Hear From: **Murray Moore**

Chris Garcia, cgarci@computerhistory.org

Another *Broken Toys*! Woohoo!

So, I read just about everything that pops up on eFanzines.com. I don't comment on everything, I try to send a LoC once in a while, and in an odd twist it seems, it's much harder for me to LoC printzines.

I have more of a broad-based interest in things, it seems. I want my zines, both the ones I create and the ones I read, to be as broad as possible. I like to read, and write, about all sorts of stuff. I can see how long tenure might make all the stuff we talk about seem to be the same, which I guess is a reason I like all sorts of different things. One of the things I loved about Arnie [Katz's] *Flicker* is that you get fandom stuff, wrestling stuff, other stuff. I liked that.

I generally like a good mix of material, myself. But one article on wrestling per decade is enough for me.

I Dream of Jeannie was a lot of fun. One of the best afternoon series when I was a good. I watched those reunion specials, and have always been a fan of Barbara Eden. She still looks great for her age! At one point, Frank Gorshin was a kind of organizer of ‘50s, ‘60s, and ‘70s TV stars, and he’d put together all sorts of events ... she was usually at them, though I never got to meet her.

Barbara Eden was one of a very select number of TV personalities I would have liked to have dated – the others were Carolyn Jones (Morticia Adams) and Julie NewMar (Catwoman & Robot AF709).

I totally agree with Andy, “100 is Not Too Many” is easily the best piece of fan writing so far this year!

*If I can get one more person to say so, then, like the what the Bellman says three times in **Hunting of the Snark**, it must be true!*

No question Stiles should have himself a few Hugos already, but it seems like it's *never* his year. It was your year in 2009. I still don't know what happened that you didn't win. To me, that was the

biggest shock of all time in the Fan Hugos. Well, after my win, that is. I think Brad will win because of the Being a Texan thing, and he does amazing work, but I really hope Steve gets one damn soon!

To be brutally honest, I think for that to happen, something radical will have to be done to reform the Hugo rules – and the people in charge don't see anything about the fan categories that needs reform.

And one for you too! Actually, Best Fan Writer and Fan Artist would be a nice double-double.

I'm a Republican, though I certainly have libertarian leanings. I am not a fan of taxes, I often have trouble paying my rent and during the Bush era, I had lower taxes, and though I made less money, I paid significantly less in taxes percentage-wise and it was easier for me to make rent every month. Not easy, but easier. Still, Bush was a terrible President, but it was a much better time for me financially. The thing that bugs me is when government gets all up in your private time business! I'm way more conservative than most fans, but at the same time, I'm way more liberal than most Republican fans I've met. The big problem I have with the Libertarians I've encountered is the whole "Total Freedom From Government!" thing. We need government, we need someone to rein in our worst tendencies, but we need to figure out the balance between Orwell and Rand Paul...

I remember when it was perfectly respectable to be a Republican! That was a long time ago, when Eisenhower occupied the White House. Eisenhower is, incidentally, the only president I have seen with my own eyes. Back then, the party stood merely for small government/low taxes/cautious change and nobody was trying to cram Jesus down your throat or lock up every drug user on the continent. It didn't promote America's role to control the world with robot flying-machines, nor were corporations trying to export all high-paying jobs in industry and manufacturing to low-paying third-world nations. Teaching creationism was unthinkable in an age when science was seen by everyone as a means of progress, and nobody's patriotism was in doubt because they didn't own a gun. Nixon began the rot by undermining the presidency with his sleazy personal behaviour and subversive use of White House power, but it was Reagan who set the party on the path of know-nothing, born-again, red-neck revanchism.

The Conservative Party in Canada has undergone a transformation similar to the GOP – Prime Minister Brian Mulroney turned the old Progressive Conservative party away from its Anti-American, small-business, rural-constituency roots. The current PM, Steven Harper, entrenched the new Conservatives as the Pro-American, global economy, corporation-friendly, oil interest party.

Greg Benford, xbenford@gmail.com

Lichtman: "I spent a decade on the Farm commune investigating whether or not "voluntary poverty" (which with the passage of time became more and more involuntary) was a Good Thing." Best concise view of the Farm I've seen.

Yep, Wiscon is fond of their obsession with linguistic purity and imaginary threats, but it's easy to ignore them. I've watched Negro go from Colored to Black to African-American to people of color and now wonder what's left. Same as Jap and Nip for Japanese--they're just abbreviations, folks, like Brit.

You say, "They are two of the three Asimov books I would most recommend to anyone who had broad tastes and could put up with the 1950s anachronisms." How about 1800s lit? – Austen, Dickens, etc? Reading widely demands tolerating out-of-date terms, etc.

Some 19th century lit I find a delight to read – Twain, for example, and he's full of Southernisms, obsolete vocabulary and peculiarities all of his own. Going back 400 years, it's a wonder we can read Shakespeare at all. However, there may be some slight difference between reading Shakespeare and Isaac Asimov. While

*The Bard's language is very different from ours, it is **nowhere** naive. A lot of early SF was naive, however. By that, I mean most early SF presented society, events and personalities rather simplistically. The reasons why pulp fiction lacked the sophistication of Shakespeare were straightforward enough, I think – the readers were young and not particularly worldly, the writers were often young and usually not as worldly as they assumed they were, and the venues (newsstand magazines) were restrictive. Of course, Science Fiction was good for **other** reasons...*

Ned Brooks, nedbrooks@sprynet.com

Heh – here you complain about lack of response, but in the zine about the lettercol being too long ...

*I don't seek a letter from everyone, every issue. Not even everyone every few issues. Many fans I excuse altogether, since they trade zines (even if digital). Others are excused for different reasons. Too many fans on my mailing list are giving me the impression that they aren't reading **Broken Toys** and just aren't interested. What I would like is some indication that I assume wrongly, even if just a few words now and then. I also worry that my regular letter writers will decide I've had my share, and then I **won't** have a full letter column anymore!*

That you have "only" 5-6 active loccers is a meaningless statistic unless compared to the number of people who get the zine. There have been zines that drew heavy response – *Cry*, *Niekas*, *Title* – but still I would guess it was a relatively small percentage of the recipients. Some apas occasionally have a mailing with 100% participation - but that is a response to a stack of zines and a running exchange of commentary.

A rough count of the last mailing list totaled up about 180 names. Admittedly, a number of them are not SF fans and perhaps aren't familiar with loccing. Many of those on my list are fanzine publishers and thus busy, and provide me with "trades" instead (even if they publish digital zines). Nor have all 180 names on my mailing list been there since the beginning. 180 is probably a little lower than the circulations of the zines you name.

What Ostertag said about music is no doubt true of books and fanzines as well. Having created an inventory of something like 12,000 fanzines, I feel obliged to list and file anything that appears, whether I read it or not. I have a few zines in *Turkish*.... With books it's a bit different - I generally imagine when I buy them that I will read them, or look at the pictures, refer to them for some detail. But in fact I am just a book nut. Bibliomania is hardly the worst of the manias.... And I have books only on shelves, not boxed or stacked on the floor.

But I think you are wrong about fandom. Any long-time hobby (or way-of-life) is bound to have boring aspects – that's life. Fandom seems to me the farthest thing possible from a cult – there is no Prophet or Holy Text, we do not dress alike, there is no coercion. What holds fandom together, even enough for there to be a word for it, is as mysterious as the Dark Matter that the astrophysicists keep chasing.

Fandom lacks the worst attributes of cults – there's never been a Worldcon that served poisoned chicken cutlets at a Hugo banquet, for instance ... though some have reputedly come close to it. Fandom does have some of the milder mannerisms of cult-hood, though, mainly a tendency toward conformity and a special way of talking to demonstrate membership. There is sometimes also a gleam of fanaticism in a fan's eye that is suggestive. Let's face it, without fandom, a lot of us would have nothing to do, and have a lot of empty time on our hands. Walking away from fandom can be very difficult when you wear the uniform, talk the talk and have nothing else to turn to.

I did not watch a lot of "I Dream of Jeannie" - she seemed rather Barbie-dollish to me, and the plots had the "superman" problem of a character with too much power. Your speculative plot is closer to the

original Arabic concept of the djinn - they were trickster demons.

I have always had a horror of work undone and piling up - but I am not an artist. In general what I want or need to do, I know how to do - I do not have to wait for inspiration.

Sequels to Dr.A's *The Sensuous Dirty Old Man*? None that I can locate. It was published by Walker and there should be some in the used-book sites - there are certainly plenty of the original.

There were four collections of "lecherous" or "gross" limericks, and one treasury of humour. Having read Asimov's "humour," I suspect it would have knocked them out in Peoria in 1934.

Funny bit about the yam!

Eric Mayer, groggy.tales@gmail.com

Too many locs! Now there's a problem most e-zine editors would love to have. I suspect only you and Arnie actually need to fret about keeping your loccols from becoming too bloated. However, I have a helpful suggestion which may be of assistance. Feel free to not run my letters. It won't bother me a bit. In fact I would prefer it. I'm out of the loccing business. I wrote hundreds and hundreds of locs and when I came to publish my own zine hardly any of the recipients reciprocated. Anyway, my letters are almost always addressed solely to you and not to fandom.

*Not publish your locs? Unthinkable! You provide a refreshing breath of cynicism every time you write! No, seriously, I appreciate that you have a take on fandom that isn't so invariably positive, which happens to match my own. What I hope for is a letter column from a wider assortment of people – not from the same half-dozen all the time. It isn't because I'm tired of those half-dozen, but because they may become tired of me and write locs for some other, **undeserving** fanzine! Then where would I be?*

As I'm sure I don't need to tell you, I agree with your Emoterial and can empathize with your feelings about being tired of fandom. (Although in my case fandom is also tired of me!) Big surprise – SF fandom is about cons and SF – subjects I have no interest in. So, it isn't shocking that fans are not entertained by my writings. Why I would have expected differently, I can't say. Theoretically, I could write about a subject of interest to fans. Theoretically, I could write about zombies or teen vampires. Alas, my desire to write to markets, paying or otherwise, is nil.

*In the next issue I hope to lighten up. And it sounds as though you've been reading too many issues of **The Drink Tank!** Serious fanzines have articles about Discworld or gender parity in convention dealers' rooms.*

I don't know to what extent your engagement with fandom shapes your work, if at all. And I also don't know of any alternative ezine audience one could turn to. Which makes me not very helpful, sorry.

I'd be hard pressed to answer that myself. Sometimes not at all. Sometimes fandom seems to permeate everything I do, if not obviously, then by influencing my attitude to the material.

At least people are willing to put down cash for some of your work. But man, talk about artists not getting paid for their time! I don't know whether you could pay me any amount to do some of the assignments you get. Provided I could [draw like you](#), of course, which I can't. Twenty pictures of a cartoon character in various states of inflation sounds like a hell of a lot of work. I guess some cartoons are more interesting and more easily inflated than others. "I want Cruella de Vil accompanied by all 101 Dalmations. How does \$10 sound? They don't make Disney movies like they used to!"

*Don't laugh. I get requests like that. Worse, I remember one comic script in which a single panel was supposed to show a full intersection from a rooftop vantage point, a traffic jam, a crowd of people, and I think a mound of sand in the middle! It was like being asked to reproduce a civil war battle on a postage stamp. I passed on the story and someone else did it – badly, I might add. The inflation story I did was well paid, you may be sure, and the amount of work it took wasn't as much as it sounds, since many of the stages of inflation were basically just beach balls with hands and feet sticking out. You have to be **shrewd** to survive as an artist.*

My father was an excellent watercolorist, represented by galleries, won juried shows, sold his paintings for a decent price. It used to irk him when the business types whose wives tended to be the art purchasers would ask him how many hours a painting had taken – obviously to calculate how much they were paying this manual laborer by the hour. His standard reply was, "Two hours to paint it and thirty years to learn how."

Bob Jennings, FabFicBks@aol.com

Jeeze! Didn't I already say that while I try to comment on most of the print fanzines I receive, I almost never comment on e-zines? So what arrives in my email today but the latest issue of *Broken Toys* as a doc.file. Foolishly I downloaded it, then glanced over it, then actually read the thing.

Your plaintive plea about people getting the zine and never responding or commenting touched a nerve with me. Reader reaction is the main reason I publish a fanzine myself, but of course, mine is printed on real paper, shipped thru the mails, and altho I don't have your problem of people getting the fanzine and never responding, you evoked a cord of sympathy with me, so I'm making an exception to my usual rule and sending off an LOC to an your e-zine anyway.

I am somewhat less sympathetic to your rambling commentary about how you have a long series of paying art jobs that you never managed to get around to completing. If the jobs were going to be that difficult to work up, then why did you accept the commissions in the first place? I can procrastinate with the best of them, but when real honest to gosh money is involved, my motivation increases geometrically. This is especially perplexing since you have often complained bitterly about not having enuf money to function in your daily life. People are willing to pay you to use your artistic talents, and you doodled around for weeks, months, even years in at least one case? I can't understand that.

Most artists I know are in or have been in similar straits that I'm in when it comes to work. It isn't that they can't do it, but that they need the money that fresh work brings even if they haven't finished the old. The part of this model that's dysfunctional are the rates -- they are usually much too low. A nationally known artist such as Frazetta could charge thousands, even tens of thousands for a painting, but the average artist, the sort I know and the class I belong to, has to price himself at roughly \$1.95 an hour, or someone else will get the work.

Just now I've turned down a job because the customer would only pay \$50 for it. If I did it in the same day, I'd be okay, but if the work took me into the second day, I'd be making less than minimum wage in this province. The fifty bucks would have been handy, but I don't actually need it. And I have other work to complete.

I'm pretty near finishing with all the recently undertaken jobs, and since I intend to be very selective in future about new work, I expect to actually catch up with the older ones in time.

*As for the zine, I get enough locs to fill a letter column, so I'm not complaining about that. But there are a ton of people who've been sent **Broken Toys** who have never sent as much as five words saying they enjoyed it -- which is all I'm asking from most of them. It would be nice, though, to have a broader assortment of letter writers, so that the column doesn't depend on the same six or eight people for all of its content.*

Say, the other thing I was going to say is that while art is important to me, writing has been important as well, and more important to me than art during the last few years.

I am envious of people who have artistic talent, especially because I have absolutely none at all. It is one of the more frustrating things in my life, that oftentimes I can visualize a scene that would make a great picture but I have absolutely no ability to turn it into reality. I can't even do good stick figures. The concept that someone who actually has great artistic ability would fritter it away and not make full use of it on a regular and frequent basis astonishes me.

Actually, it kind of frightens me. How can you cut off or deny something that is so essentially a part of your core existence? I happen to write things. I've never had much trouble writing articles or similar material, and even tho at this point in life I'm pretty sure I'm not going to become a famous or wealthy author of books or novels or anything else, at the same time I could no more stop writing things than I could stop breathing. Writing is an ingrained part of my being, and I always assumed that having art talent was pretty much the same thing. Now you say that you aren't using your art talent, that apparently you have no real interest in making use of that talent, and that except for feeling guilty about promising people results that you haven't delivered, you don't feel bad about letting your art talents atrophy. That really frightens me. I don't know how to relate to that at any level.

For all you know, you might be the second-greatest cricket player in the world, and simply haven't discovered your gift. It doesn't follow that you would have any ambition to play cricket. I know of an artist in California who was a first-rate illustrator. He used to work for Warner Brothers, and was the behind-the-scenes, faceless employee who designed the character Lola Bunny for the studio. He put in his 8 hours a day, then went home. He had no desire at all to draw in his spare time. He is disabled now and without employment, but has little desire to exercise the gift he was born with. I'm not quite that far gone. But whenever I wrench myself away from the keyboard, I don't have the option of drawing whatever I please. I have paid work to do that determines what I'll draw in advance, whether I like it or not. I'll catch up with the backlog in time, and we'll see how I feel about drawing then. I doubt I've hung up pen and pencil altogether.

I enjoyed your article on *I Dream of Jeannie* and the short "Jeannie" fiction, although I have to say I think the fiction piece, clever as it was, was written mostly from a brutish, male standpoint. Women generally aren't so unfeeling or mercenary. Women sometimes marry and fall in love with much older men and get along with them even into advanced age. I suspect Jeannie herself would have used her magic to keep the guy young and then worked to make his life more interesting, in various ways.

After all, we're dealing with a 2,000 year old woman from a completely different culture here. I suspect the idea that her true love was aging when she could snap her fingers and make him young again would be completely alien to her. I still enjoyed your story anyway. I thot it was very well written, with a plot that moved well, even if I don't happen to agree with the core logic of the piece.

*In one of the 30 episodes in Season One of **I Dream of Jeannie**, she turns her master into a chimp. I think there were one or two other transformations as well, and Tony's friend, Roger, is also subjected to a few comic changes. Remember who wrote the scripts ... most likely, men.*

Otherwise, "I Dream of Jennie" might seem like a male fantasy, but in point of fact this show has always been a particular favorite of the ladies, far more than for the men. The stories employ that romantic teasing and problem linkage that women find so fascinating. Trying to get her suitor to make the emotional commitment to true love despite a series of farcical problems and apprehensions along the way appeals to the basic instincts of women.

I also suspect that while most men would probably not have reacted quite so stand-offish and reluctant as the Major, still, a smidgen of cold logic would come into play here. The guy is dealing with a two thousand year old woman who hasn't aged a day since she hit her physical prime, and she has unlimited magic powers. I believe most men would have to think about this before just telling Jennie to jump into the sack with them. A temperamental, high-spirited lady with the power to do almost anything could be highly dangerous, or at least very inconvenient, as the stories in the TV series clearly proved.

I second your support for Steve Stiles getting his long-overdue Hugo this year. I think the fact that he hasn't gotten one of those metal phallic symbols yet after all the terrific art he has turned out for decades, is criminal. The upcoming issue of my zine *Fadeaway* features a nice piece of his cover art, and I intend to use my editorial pages to urge Worldcon members to write his name first on the ballot. Maybe this will finally be the year he gets the award.

I hope you're right, but I would almost wager money that the voters have finally lost touch with fanzine fandom entirely, and the likely winner will be that jewelry dealer, or some newbie from the internet.

I also fully support/appreciate/praise/endorse/fill in blank_____ your comments about taxes and Ayn Rand. The real problem is that people are incredibly selfish and self-centered, to the point where they refuse to see the logic of anything that might cost them money. Government must have funds to function, taxes are the way government gets those funds. The people who keep screaming about less or even no government services mean the parts of government they don't directly use, or care about, or think about much.

Years ago my family lived in a part of Nashville that had no access to the city fire department. Private fire services operated, and the yearly fee was hefty, but if you didn't pay that fee, and your house caught on fire, you could stand on the lawn and watch it burn to the ground because the private fire department would not help you. That actually happened to two houses on streets farther down from us. The dark suspicion that the private fire company may have set those fires was never proven, but the fear was sufficient for a lot of the hold-outs to cough up their protection money the next time the outfit's salesman came around.

All the services governments provide to protect our health, commerce, security, education and our lives are provided by taxes, and despite occasional problems I believe the North American governments at almost all levels do an excellent job of providing more than full value for the money we pay into the system.

In the US, I think we could use a few more taxes, with the money specifically directed toward reducing the enormous federal national debt. The interest payments alone on that enormous debt is crippling us. Unfortunately, our current cast of politicians see getting into office and staying in office as their primary goal, and to stay in office they have to promise not to raise taxes and pretend that the national debt is not important at all.

I've been expecting a day of reckoning on that matter for a long time now. But apparently our current population is more than happy to fob the problem onto the next generation. Ebenezer Scrooge, as depicted at the beginning of *A Christmas Carol* seems to be the new national role model.

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Although I cannot imagine wanting to watch the entire run of *I Dream of Jeannie*, it was a very nice show at the time, and Barbara Eden was some species of wonderful, then and for a good many years thereafter. I recently had occasion to talk about Tommy and fondly revisited that moment with Ann-Margret . . . and then realized that Ann-Margret is 72. You really can't go home again.

"There must be an afterlife because matter cannot be conscious!" I regret to say that this is a position held by a good many people other than the religious. In terms of evidence, the actual evidence suggests that consciousness is a property of certain configurations of matter. After all, we don't know of any non-material entities that can be shown to exhibit consciousness, do we? Frankly, I don't know what consciousness is -- and neither does anyone else. I wish people would stop blathering about things they don't know anything about.

It is worth remarking, re Asimov and the mystery novels, that Asimov was working out the theory of the science fiction mystery with *The Caves of Steel*. I don't quite understand why people thought you had to play unfair with the reader in order to write an SF mystery before that, but it appears they did, and so in the 1950's Asimov brought into SF the basic expository techniques worked out in mysteries twenty-five years earlier (I remember seeing a complaint by Dorothy Sayers about Agatha Christie's slovenly construction as late as the 1930's).

When in the 1970's I first had explained to me the principles underwriting language-use revision -- acknowledging and empowering the equality of the marginalized -- I thought, well, now, that's a darned good idea. But so many of the actual proposals were so rebarbative (for grammatical gender-neutral pronouns, for instance, it's either "him or her," which is stilted and unworkable, or letting go of subject-verb agreement, a horrific solution but that which has already actually taken place) that it wore out its welcome. And it's really not necessary: it's a rule of English grammar that the masculine pronoun includes the feminine instances where it is appropriate in context. This might actually be a remnant of a time in the evolution of the language when only men were present in public life -- but the way language works, according to Generative Lexical theory at any rate, is that conventions like that very rapidly become dissociated from context and become forward-looking (i.e., the associations they accumulate from the time they begin to be used as a convention) rather than backward looking. And we can certainly see the truth of that proposition in everyday use. Hardly anybody thinks of a herd of cattle when they use the expression "earmark," for example. The attempt to found a new linguistic convention has not had good results.

My feeling now, decades later, is that the effort put into language sensitivity enforcement would have been much better spent getting people to have more flexible minds.

The PC-crowd, on the other hand, have had horrific results, exactly the opposite of their nominal goals. I don't know of a single instance in which a practical PC program (for extremely variable values of "practical") has not actually snarled things up and made them unworkable -- often even more unworkable for the "differently-x'd" than they were initially, with the side-benefit that it renders the recipients formally victims and institutionalizes the oppression of everyone. The consequences have been horrific.

You would think after the last hundred years of experience with government trying to be helpful and serviceable, people would have learned something by now. But apparently not. Certainly nobody

seems to have figured out that if you want things to change in the legislature, you cannot keep re-electing the same yahoos who made the crisis in the first place and let it happen on their watch.

"In defiance of the Received Wisdom of Ayn Rand" Oh, my! Do you make a habit of not understanding anything you blather about? It's difficult to believe, given the literary games of trivialization and straw men you engage in, that you might ever have actually met a libertarian. Perhaps I should not have been too surprised, given that "received wisdom" and "Ayn Rand" so do not go together that they comprise an absurdity.

Your envy theory is . . . dumb to the point of idiocy. While I have no particular love for the way corporations are currently privileged in law, your analysis leaves out the minor point that everyone who participates in a corporation has contracted voluntarily to do so (and voluntary contract is the essence of libertarianism), so, yes, libertarians want to do away with some collective enterprises/ownership: they want to do away with those that are forced on people, those that eliminate choice and participation. The core argument of libertarianism is that you should be able to choose.

Your bugaboo "collective ownership" is not actually disvalued by libertarians; you've set up a straw man that has no connection to the realities. Anti-democratic, my ass. Tory, your ass. You've also got going a staggering economic and historical naivete in the belief that services provided by a government are in some way "cheaper" than services provided in the market. Just because other people are forced to subsidize services they don't actually use does not mean they are in any way "cheaper." A quick peruse of Hazlitt's *Economics in One Lesson* could not hurt.

Nobody, libertarians most specifically included, has any objection to paying for the services they use, including even socialist enterprises like national defense -- when that's actually what's going on. But it's somewhat flabbergasting that you don't understand at this extremely late date that's not what taxes are. There would be no practical problem with having the IRS put a check-off sheet on the tax form that allows people to contract and pay for categories of services. But that's not going to happen, because taxes are not about paying for services.

Tara, the positions and analysis in this piece are clueless, ignorant, and thoughtless. The straw man arguments are dishonest, and the name-calling is spiteful and mean-spirited. You should be ashamed of yourself.

*Although the above screams for a bare-knuckle refutation, I've never liked it when editors take advantage of their power to have the final word, so will just let Bill have it. Continuing some debates cannot possibly do any good ... and if I ever saw such a case, **this** is one of them. I'll have to remember Bill's debating style for the next time I'm on Hollywood Squares, though. Take **that**, Paul Lynd!*

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I ought to have mentioned before now that I like the titles you create for each issue of *Broken Toys*.

I've resisted the suggestion that, as an artist, I ought to have covers on Broken Toys, or at least have hand-drawn art at the top of page one. For one thing, readers forget that the banners I run don't make themselves. I scan photos or find images online, modify them and overlay the title to produce a unique product each time. Yet I suspect that most readers don't regard this as "art."

Re. music downloads. Isn't this just the same argument as fans and book collecting and working out that at some point they have more books in the house than they could possibly read in their lifetime?

I don't download much music. Partly because I haven't worked out how to use these free sites, or that I don't fully trust them not to download other, less wanted, things onto my computer at the same time. In fact I only recently downloaded my first proper Amazon mp3, a rather haunting and fragile version of Sandy Denny's 'Who Knows Where the Time Goes' by singer Kate Rusby. I found this posted on YouTube and went to Amazon intending to buy the CD, but it was on a very early album no longer available except at ridiculous prices from second-hand resellers. But the MP3 was available for the same price as a bar of chocolate, and the download proved remarkably simple, even for me.

I like record albums and CDs as much as I do books, but acknowledge that storing music on a computer hard drive can be an irresistible convenience – especially if you want to import music files from the hard drive to some external device such as an MP3 player. Fortunately, music doesn't take up much hard drive space, not compared to video. But CDs are fairly small, and I don't find them an inconvenience to keep around the house ... not compared to a much larger book. As for how many CDs I have in my collection ... under 300, and most of them used. None have never been listened to, and very few will only be listened to once.

What I don't like about downloading MP3s is that buying files one at a time encourages the break-up of albums. Sure, in many cases, an album is merely a number of random songs bundled together in arbitrary order. But I suspect that most albums possess at least some degree of unity of theme or style – picking out two or three favourite tracks does the music, the performer and maybe even the listener an injustice.

There is something perverse about the whole collecting/hoarding mentality. I look around at three walls of floor-to-ceiling bookshelves in this study alone and console myself that they're there in case I ever want to re-read them, knowing full well that I'll almost certainly never get round to it.

I wonder how many fans secretly fantasize that their collections preserve a priceless cultural legacy, that someday all that will be known of the 20th and early 21st centuries will be the knowledge culled from their accumulation of genre fiction? When I lived in a basement in Willowdale, more than 20 years ago, I would sometimes imagine that the world outside was reduced to ruins and overgrown with primordial forest once again. Archeologists would discover my basement in a state of miraculous preservation.

"Look, Atomos-41! A copy of 'The Stars My Destination.' The last known copy was burned by Neo-Clerics in 2214!"

"Never mind that, 372-Uranos ... look here! A complete run of Vertex! Our understanding of Western Civilization will leap ahead immeasurably!"

Yeah... right.

Most of the music on my mp3 player are CDs ripped from my own collection, to listen to on the way to and from work. And I'm finding that 8Gb isn't that much at around 10Mb per track. 80 albums? You'd think that would be more than enough, but that reckons without the perverse way mood affects our choices. So often I end up playing the same album (most recently Brian Eno's *Before and After Science*) in a loop for a couple of days on end before a sudden and unexplained desire to listen to *American Girl* by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers hits me, and I realise this is still on CD. Unlike your students, who download stuff they never listen to but listen to everything they've paid for, I have CDs that are still in their shrinkwrap, weeks and sometimes months after I've bought them.

Your feeling on the diminishing active readership of *Broken Toys* echoes mine of the Prophecy Apa, which has now shrunk from an initial 12-15 members to less than six. After excuses and no-shows, that often means I'm writing and responding to just four people every other month (one of whom, as the apa administrator, is sitting about an arm-length away). Four people really isn't enough, and sometimes I'm tempted to abandon the pretense of the apa and just write to them individually.

That's a very arresting picture of Barbara Eden. (To be fair, it would be an arresting picture – or maybe

just grounds for arrest – of just about anybody, aged 56 or not.) I sort of remember Jeannie, but it was very definitely “Samantha Stevens” [Elizabeth Montgomery] in *Bewitched* who was my first TV crush.

I don't know why, but the collusion of your article title *A Day in a Million* and Saara's blue fur reminded me of an old Fredrick Pohl short story, *Day Million*, in which I'm sure the post-human protagonist is described as being covered in soft blue fur. I may be misremembering.

I read that story a bloody long time ago, and couldn't remember the first thing about it. Fortunately, I still have the paperback short story collection it appears in, and it was very short. Having just reread the story, I can say that “Dora” is seven feet tall, has gills, a tail and “a silky pelt.” It doesn't say she is blue, though. It says that her colour specification is “blue” ... which apparently is a measure of her personality type. She's also a male who was reset genetically before birth. The story is peculiar. On the one hand, Pohl is trying to shock the reader's sensibilities with wildly improbable developments, such as gene modification. On the other hand, it is shockingly anachronistic. One of Dora's female attributes is that her “supra-orbital lobes, non-existent.” I think that means she was a Dumb Dora. Pohl also writes, “You say, who the hell wants to read about a pair of queers,” meaning Dora and her groom, Don, also genetically male. Never mind Day Million ... the change in attitudes since this story was written in 1966 are amazing enough in themselves!

Saara Mar, by the way, has mostly white fur, and is blue only at the extremities. She has no tail, and certainly no gills! Although Pohl's story appears in a 1970 paperback, I don't think it likely I had read it when I created Saara (around 1971).

“I yam what I Yam.” Oh dear...

John Nielsen Hall, johnsila32@gmail.com

I was going to write after #17 about belongings, but real life got in the way. What it boils down to is that I see “too much stuff” as a real problem. I admit this is a Buddhist thing – or at least, my view on it is formed by Buddhist teaching. You cannot invest yourself in all those books, CDs etc. and at the same time be aware of yourself. It's not that they are all distractions (although they are), it's that they take up space, physically and mentally. I know way too many people, and by no means all of them are fans, who have so much stuff you can barely get in the door of their house/flat/apartment. Physically, they are just a hair's breadth from becoming full blown hoarders, unable to throw away newspapers, shopping bags, and all manner of stuff that actually they don't want to collect, but they can't get rid of either. Full blown hoarders get that way because their mental space is just as crowded as the space they physically live in, and so overwhelmingly full, they cannot see themselves amongst all the stuff and can no longer tell what they want and what they don't want. It's a sickness with them. Where is the line between that and where most of the people I am referring to, some of whom are my oldest and dearest friends, are at? That's the point – I don't know. Neither, I think, do they.

So, I am not merely striking a pose on some sort of holier-than-thou promontory here. I have become afraid of not knowing where me/myself/I ends and shelves and shelves of books, fanzines, LPs and CDs begins. So after my first wife died, and having had two moves of house in short order, where all the cases and cases of stuff were heaved in and out, up and down, I got rid of it. Not all at once. The books were the first to go. My house mates went from alarm at the sheer weight of paper above their heads pressing on the beams and plasterboard of the loft, to expressions of amazement and distress that I was willing just to junk it all. One of them swore he would organise it all for me, keep what he wanted to read, and sell the rest. After three days, he gave in and called up the sort of second-hand bookshop that offers to clear houses free of charge. Next, I trucked all of my fanzines down to London to clutter up Rob Hansen's house – and let me tell you, I don't think I will offend Rob if I observe that

his house looked pretty cluttered as it was. After I met my next partner, and after we had moved into a small cottage together, I couldn't find room for all the vinyl. That really did nearly break my heart, but it went. Nowadays, I have an annual clear out of all the books and CDs, yea, even mp3s on hard drives are examined, and if I cannot really argue that I need to keep them, they go.

I'm down to two book cases – very well stuffed book cases, but just two of them. And one cabinet of CDs in the living room – and I'm thinking of getting one of those hard drive machines which would rip all the tracks on those into mp3s as well.

The "next partner" I so ungallantly refer to in the above para became my wife. She, I am sad to say, does not share my fears of losing identity in a mountain of kipple, and one of the few issues of friction between us is her propensity to compound her many book purchases, for which I can hardly criticise her since I am just as bad, with boxes of useless gadgets and free gifts from catalogues. Her daughter points out that most people have a small collection of wooden spoons and other useful bits and pieces in their kitchens. My wife has three large ceramic pots of wooden spoons alone. We have so many pots and pans, there is hardly any – no really, I am not making this up – room for actual food in our larder. Her wardrobes bulge with skirts, tops, dresses and shoes, most of which are never worn. After a week or more of nagging when I am having my annual sort-out of books and so on, she will consent to add to the pile of books – a very few – and occasionally decides that some of the gadgets and dresses and shoes can go to the Charity Shop. But these momentous moments are very far apart.

I promise you, it really does depress me having all this stuff in the house – I have nightmares of desperately searching for things, and opening cupboards and drawers where everything in them spills out and suffocates me beneath their overwhelming, dusty mass. So far from defining me as a fan, or whatever, it terrifies me. My ideal is to live in a clean empty white space. I am so far from that, it is beyond comical. I must stop writing about it now – its bad for my health.

You are the very thing that Dark Ages are made of and that future historians curse.

My nightmares are mostly about my computer becoming infected. But sometimes they're about wanting something, but turning away from it, then changing my mind and not being able to find exactly what it was I wanted again! I guess that makes us rather different ... yet I don't regard myself as a hoarder. I know one or two, and without a doubt there is an emotional investment in quite inappropriate things that makes them more miserable than it does happy. It isn't enough to have a new Blu-Ray player, they never know if the box might not come in handy, and keep not only the bubble wrap but the store bag it came in as well. While I do have trouble parting with things I once wanted, I do it all the time. What I have an insurmountable problem with is throwing stuff away. I can sell it or give it away, but not trash it!

With respect to your polemic on the evils of Libertarianism, I am moved to ask if you have actually read Ayn Rand? I have. She is not the greatest writer, indeed her style is pretty turgid and lacking in anything approaching literary value, but it ill behoves a Science Fiction fan who has cut his teeth on much so-called Golden Age writing to complain about that. Nevertheless I think I can fairly say that oft-times her ideas, many of which are startling and, I would argue, relevant, are misrepresented. I am fairly sure she never says that taxation is immoral. I think (please don't make me re-read any of it) she says that public spending on anything beyond defense, law and order and the administration of justice is immoral. If that sounds like hair-splitting to you, I understand, but there is a distance between that and the wilder shores of Libertarianism.

*I've read **Atlas Shrugged**, **The Fountainhead**, **Anthem**, and perhaps **We the Living**. As well, I've read a recent biography and her ex-husband's autobiography. I jolly well hope that's enough, because, dear gawd, I don't want to read any more! Whether or not Ayn Rand advocated the abolition of taxes or not, I don't remember. It hardly matters. As one correspondent mentioned (above), the Libertarians and Randites are not*

altogether the same thing. Abhorrence of taxation is a common thread among conservative factions, though. Nor can I see any reason why collective expenditures for defense or justice are acceptable, but not for health or education – is property more sacred than our well-being?

I guess I must be one of these evil oppressors of which you complain. I wouldn't go so far as to claim my own business is a Corporation in your terms, but I do own a few shares/stocks and I have an underperforming pension plan which also has underlying assets of the same. The problem is, while I cannot ever recall capitalism has been better than a dirty word in my lifetime, I have lived long enough to observe that no other system seems to work half as well. Also, being a citizen of these damp and ill-tempered islands, I know real socialism when I see it, and high as my regard is for Canada and all things Canadian, I do not believe proper socialism has ever set foot within its great white domain. That goes in triple big time with neon underlining for your southern neighbor. Whereof there is no knowledge, there ought not to be a lot of comment. Even the watered-down friendly oh-so-very reasonable sort of socialism as exemplified by that nice Mr. Blair, lying warmonger that he is, gave us social oppression, infringement of civil rights and ultimately (and inevitably) economic ruin. In economic matters at least, I am firmly a Tory and if that equates to Libertarianism with you, that's fine. But though Ayn Rand's ideas might have been revolutionary and wonderful if they ever were put into practice, but without that very socialist invention and massive consumer of public expenditure the National Health Service, I would have been dead about three times over. Perforce, I must have a social conscience of some sort – just not the one you would like me to have, probably.

I have nothing against owning shares in a corporation – to complain, I'd have to be more of an idealist than I am. However, I think that people who own a small amount of stock, and regard this as ownership, are mistaken. Their "ownership" of the company is so tiny as to be effectively fiction. In reality, they've loaned a tiny amount of money to the real owners, the majority shareholders. In itself, this is fine. I think a genuine reform of corporate law would have to start with that realization, however, and abolish the "collective ownership" that corporations are. Either you are a real owner, with effective control of property, or you are not. Limited liability is an instrument that leverages a modest investment into total control of very large capital assets, while simultaneously evading responsibility for them. It's a fantastic deal for a few people, but a drain on the rest.

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As far as the Fan Art Hugos are concerned, obviously there's a distinct divide in the voting of "our" fandom and that of many of the typical Worldcon attendees, so while I appreciate your plug for me, you do know that you're pretty much preaching to our choir. If I cop a Hugo, swell – I've got just the cat-proof spot for it. If not, it's still positively refreshing to get nominated these days (there was, I think, a 30+ year disconnect between my second and third nomination). When Elaine and I can afford to attend a world science fiction con, it's fine to have a good seat at the awards ceremony as well as getting a free drink and eats (always a major relevant factor for anyone in the arts, especially cartoonists). If we can't attend, it's nice to do somebody else that favor. The other nice thing about being nominated is that it generates material that's fun for me to play around with, as witness recent postings of me heroically saving kittens and puppies, and last year's "Screwball Slumbers" comic page. I'm going to continue with this for next year's "campaign."

The only times I was able to trade in on those Hugo perks, they were great! Alas, I was only able to make use of them twice, at Anticipation and Renovation. On a couple of occasions, when they weren't up for Hugos of their own, I was able to pass the perks on to Bob Wilson or Robert Sawyer ... but not without a certain amount of envy. I like a free drink and free refreshments as much as the next guy.

I'm not sure if my art is "mentally stuck in the underground comics movement" since that covers a wide range of approaches when there still *were* underground comics – as widespread in slants as

today's television cartoons, from The Venture Brothers to Adventure Time (and there's an article right there!). Do you mean my visuals or the sense of "humor"? For the former, I've recently posted my first and last underground efforts in Facebook, and although both samples are recognizable as mine, there's quite a difference in technique. I grew up when the new Boomer brand of humor was birthing, from Kovacs and Kurtzman, through Jules Feiffer and on to Lenny Bruce, the Firesign Theater, the Pythons, and there's just too much to go on citing. It would've been hard not to absorb any of that, and I'm rather glad I did. It was a type of outsider humor, looking in and no longer taking the official version of how things should be at face value. Of course, it's always existed, but in the U.S., after the Eisenhower years, it was as if the dam had burst.

*Comic book styles, whatever their influence, are increasingly an outmoded aesthetic, I think. People today want fully rounded, painterly illustrations, created digitally ... even in comic books. I regard myself as stuck in a comic book aesthetic, though a somewhat different one than yours. I've heard it called **bande dessinée**. (I think it's French for "self-deluded.")*

I look forward to seeing your Barsoom art for Gunther Hüntz, which sounds like just the kind of thing you do so well, and having just watched DreamWorks' Monsters vs. Aliens an hour ago, I'm curious as to how you'd handle Saara Mar as a giant.

Very carefully ...

Lloyd Penney, penneys@bell.net

This loc is a little late, the computer is in the shop yet again, but I am working ahead with a non-web-connected laptop, and locs are still being written. Here's a suitable example, comments on *Broken Toys 18*.

About the only downloading I do is .pdfed fanzines from eFanzines.com and the occasional outside source. I've downloaded free music .mp3s in the past, but they lost their appeal fairly quickly. I do download almost all of the zines on eFanzines, and I respond to about 99% of them. For most of them, it's a joy; for others, it's an exercise, but I want to respond so that they know their work is valuable, and they should continue with it.

I am still reading science fiction, but I freely admit that I took a four-month vacation from reading just about anything, and I think I needed it. It allowed me to get back into reading it and enjoying it again. As you said, perhaps a vacation was needed.

I've been around fandom for over 35 years now, and I've had a variety of interests within it. Trek, costuming/masquerades, con running, fanzines, Steampunk...we've tried to follow our interests as they change over the years, keeping things fresh. Maybe I'm in need of a change myself.

I saw Barbara Eden recently...she was asked to make a personal appearance at a conference, appearing with Bill Clinton. She's in her early 70s, but not only does she look like she did when she did Jeannie, she also had her genie costume, and it still fit perfectly. That must have been a real time-trip for the people at the conference.

If I had a vote for this year's Worldcon, Steve would get my vote. We do have a vote for London; hope we get to go.

Those of us who know Hope's past are perhaps a little more understanding than others. I just hope she can find some work soon; she's in a precarious situation.

So many people are or have been completists...I got over that kind of impulse when I realized that I'd never be able to complete any collection I ever aspired to have. So, I have been content to have at least a sampler of a lot of things, and while there is a larger selection of things in each potential collection, knowing about those items will have to do. Owing's out of the question.

The Canadian fanzine community is small in its numbers, but it is busy, or at least tries to be. We are horribly outnumbered in Aurora voting, and having many pros go after the fan Auroras doesn't help things. Our reward may have to be the work itself, which may be corny, but true.

My loc...I didn't get the job at Sears, either. There seems to be a real shortage of work these days, and a shortage of hiring companies. I had my cataract operation, and vision is better, especially in my right eye. However, even though I have a new prescription for glasses, that's going to have to wait for a while.

Anyway...many thanks for this issue, and you've probably got the next issue on the go. We're picking up the computer tonight, so perhaps you will get this on the date at the top, only much later than written. See you with that next issue.

Notional Holiday

Part 1 – It was the second day in a row, that weekend, that I'd been out of the house. Not merely a stroll down the street and around the corner to the Dollarama, but an ambitious undertaking that almost had me regretting it. The Saturday before, I had walked a long block down to King Street to catch the streetcar and ride it downtown. The coin show was in town again, and I had agreed to meet Simon there after the auctions. The plan went off without a hitch, and I came home with some bright shiny new coins – most of them recent Canadian issues that I had failed to find in my change. I also came home with three old, dull coins, trading on credit I had with Simon for photo retouching I do for him.



Claudius, AE Quadrans, 41-54 AD, (4)

*Balbinus AR Denarius, 238 AD
(Co-emperor with Pupienus for about 4 months)*

Titus, AE As, 79-91 AD

Sunday’s plan was to meet up with Alan Rosenthal and Jeanne Bowman to have dinner at Bob & Sharry’s place. Unlike the coin show hotel, located right on King Street only steps from the nearest streetcar stop, Bob and Sharry Wilson live a small distance north of the city. It’s not really easy to get from here to there, so arrangements were made for me to be picked up at the most convenient subway station. That happened to be Downsview, at the north end of the Spadina subway line. To get there seemed simple enough. I’ve made similar trips before. Usually, the quickest way is to walk a block to catch a north-bound bus that takes me to the Bloor Street subway line. Once downtown, I transfer to the north-bound Spadina line that goes to Downsview station, then walk a relatively short distance to the passenger pick-up area. Unfortunately, things began to go wrong the moment I entered the subway at Bloor.

The subway is normally not crowded on Sunday afternoons. Unexpectedly, the cars were packed. Standing room only. And, short as the walk was from the street, through the turnstiles, and along the platform, it was enough that I was already fatigued by my condition. As the train lurched into motion, I enviously eyed the disabled seats on the other side of the car. There was a black couple ensconced there, so that even if I could somehow force my way through the obstructing crowd, I wasn’t sure I had the nerve to suggest two women stand so that one *apparently healthy* white guy could sit. I mean, hey ... apart from the fact that I was sweating copiously and standing up only approximately straight, who could tell I had a neurological disorder? I’m old enough to worry about seeming sexist and racist, so, in the end, I just hung onto the hand grips for dear life.

It was a mistake. I should have hollered to get people out of my way and swallowed both pride and anxieties by asking for the seat. When the train finally pulled up to Spadina station, I bolted out of the car. I noticed that I was at the wrong end of the station. From where I stood to the exit was 200 yards if it was an inch, and I could barely stand. First things first ... I collapsed onto the nearest bench and rested. When my respiration was normal and I was in no longer in noticeable pain, I got up to totter my way to the escalators far in the distance – distance being a relative thing.

The escalator took me to the upper level, a large concourse that led in several directions and filled with people weaving in and out like ants in a square dance. I wasn’t sure which way to go for the north-bound line, so asked the first person I saw who was standing still. “Haa?” She no speak English. I tried to speak to a gentleman going by who clearly looked as though English was his first language. “Pardon me, sir ...” He wouldn’t even stop. I looked at a young black man on a bench, but, like everyone under 25, he was deeply immersed in his cell phone. I never even saw him come up to breath. Finally, I hobbled over to the concession stand. The store clerk was Chinese, but at least she spoke adequate English. Adequate to give me the wrong directions, that is. Luck was mine, though. I ran into a transit employee who pointed me in the right direction.

Last time I had been this way, there was a “people mover” – that is, a long, moving belt that connected the east-west Bloor line with the north-south Spadina station proper. I stood at the entrance and stared

at where the “people mover” used to be. It had been removed. If I had thought the platform on the lower level was a long walk, this was twice the distance. I could almost swear I could see the curvature of the earth at the far end. There was one bench, about half-way along.

After that, for the time being, my luck changed. The new subway cars on the Spadina line are modern, roomy, and superbly air conditioned. More important, there was hardly anyone using them. I was soon at Downsview Station and the end of the line.

Part 2 – Bob and Sharry were waiting in the car. It was a good thing I had phoned first and warned Bob that, while I expected to be on time, there was a possibility I would be 10 or 15 minutes late, depending on connections and how much walking was involved. I was late.

It isn't really a long drive from Downsview Station to Bob and Sharry's condo townhouse. It isn't just around the corner, either. So, by the time we pulled up in the driveway, Alan and Jeanne were sitting on the steps of the front door, waiting for us.

Alan likes to say that I've known him since he was 15. Not so. I think he was at least 15 ½. Hard to believe that he now has a bushy grey beard and hair, and that he hasn't lived in Toronto for at least 30 years! Jeanne and he live in a farmhouse surrounded by goats somewhere near Sonoma, CA, nominally in the small town of Glen Ellen. Two or three times a year, they visit Toronto to see Alan's family, and as many of Alan's old friends as he can manage. It's a big help when he can see some of his friends together ... as we were doing then.

Bob and Sharry's home is more vertical than horizontal. Apart from the basement, there are two-and-a-half floors, the kitchen and dining level overlooking the living room. There are plenty of books, as you'd expect of a professional writer, but also an impressive stereo system with hand-made components that have a decided Strategic Air Command look about them, and an antique turntable that came as a box of parts that had to be completely restored. Puttering with stereo electronics has been Bob's hobby for almost as long as I've known him.



We filled out the L-shaped couch and polished off a plate of M&Ms, a large dish of delicious cherries, most of a bowl of some sort of wheat crisps and a plate of a curious, sharp white cheese I wasn't told the name of. Conversation naturally moved from one topic to another, covering the news, literature, music, and other idle speculations... but I don't recall anything I could quote. As dinner time approached, Sharry went up to the kitchen to order several courses from the O, Mei. I thought it was an impressive spread – mango chicken, BBQ shrimps, crispy pork in black bean sauce, beef and snow peas, some breaded chicken dish, spring rolls and rice. Oddly, nobody touched the mango chicken. Too much of everything else, I suppose. I tucked in and enjoyed almost everything I shoveled in my

mouth. By common agreement, though, the crispy pork was deemed overcooked – the sauce tasted delicious, but the meat was like twisted, blackened shrapnel. I thought dinner was over, but, after a round of coffee and Latté, Bob brought out a farmer’s market apple pie. I’ll eat the usual supermarket apple pie, which is about half inch thick and made from an apple-flavoured goo that has no more texture than hair gel ... and tastes only somewhat better. This was real apple pie, though, with apple slices and crust that wasn’t made from old egg cartons. I ate too much ... but I’m not in the least ashamed of it. I only wish I ate as well more often. Bob modestly said he’d had better. I’ll have to have more dinners with my publishers, I guess.

The exhaustion of the effort it had taken to get to Bob and Sharry’s had worn off, but all too soon it was 10 o’clock and time to go. They bundled me into Alan’s rental with a bag of books and magazines on loan.

Part 3 – Sharry suggested that instead of following the same route home, I be taken to a different subway station, take the Yonge Street line all the way south to Queen, and then pick up a Queen streetcar east to the corner across from my apartment. In fact, if I’m taken to the Yonge Station instead of Downsview, this is what I would normally do. The only reason that I don’t go to Bob and Sharry’s the same way is that the Queen Street car is impossibly slow during the day. In fact, once downtown, it is *walking* slow. I remember once when the passengers were told by the driver that they would get to the Yonge subway faster if they got out and went the rest of the way on foot.

At Queen Street, there’s a tricky walk from the platform to the underground mall connected to the station, up some stairs, then across Yonge Street to the all-night streetcar stop. There was a small knot of people already waiting for the bus when I got there. The interval between cars that late at night is normally 20 minutes. But I noticed that people were leaving by ones and twos ... I asked one couple whether there was something I should know, and they pointed to a placard leaning against the street light. The Queen car wasn’t running that night! In fact, far up the street were a tangle of blue warning lights that had been puzzling me. I knew then that they were a roadblock.

The next 24-hour line was King street, about a quarter of a mile south. Ow. Although I’d had a fairly easy time of it so far, I was way too bottom-heavy with dinner, and still feeling the effort of climbing the stairs to street level. A quarter-mile walk was the last thing I was up to – all the worse since I’d have to make the *reverse* walk from King up to Queen again when I got home. There seemed no alternative, however.

It was a warm night, as it happened, and I was drenched in sweat before I’d gone 100 yards. When my legs began to give out, I looked in vain for somewhere to sit. But downtown had been completely remodeled in recent years. Wide window sills where passers-by might perch for a rest were out of fashion – flush windows with half-inch weatherstripping were “in.” Nor were there any doorsteps. Bus stops with benches? Nope. The only conceivable seat was the curb, and, since the traffic was incredible, that would put my legs at hazard. What the hell was going on, I wondered? Why so many people and cars? Particularly *one* car, that roared by at 10 m.p.h. with all the furor of a 737 taking off from a short runway. Was that a McLaren P1? Sure looked like the \$1.5 million billionaire’s toy. Far from sounding robustly masculine, however, it just sounded like there ought to a law against it.

It was hard to say just how far I’d progressed before I realized that I might have spared myself all the agony if I had simply returned to the subway station at Queen, showed my transfer and taken the train down to King Street. I only knew for sure that I had gone too far to turn back. That’s what comes of not using transit often enough ... you lose your savvy.

It was after 11:30 by the time I staggered up to King. I clung to a sidewalk sign to keep from falling to the cement, and panted while waiting for the next car. When it came, it was stuffed ... but this time, at least, there as an empty seat for the disabled that I was able to gratefully collapse into. Recovering after a minute, I began to look around at my fellow passengers. So many at this time of night, even if it was summer! And people were taking children home, too. The car started and abruptly stopped until the driver used the intercom to instruct people in the rear not to push against the doors. "What's going on?" I asked myself ... not for the first time that night. We began to roll, slowly, but hardly picked up any speed. We were drifting along with the press of traffic at a speed that wouldn't challenge a granny-lady on a walker.

The driver was just across from my seat, so I asked him why traffic was so slow, and why Queen Street was blocked. "I don't know," he answered vaguely. "I think there was maybe a parade or something." Parade? Parade. Then it hit me.

Canada Goddamn Day!

Let me explain. Canada became a nation on July first, 1867, when the British North America Act created the Dominion of Canada from three British colonies. From that beginning until 1982, the celebration of that birth was called "Dominion Day." In 1982, some ninny got the idea that the name was too "British" or "not modern enough" or something. In a fit of indifference, a bill was passed on final reading while only 12 members were present in the House of Commons – 8 less than a legal quorum, mind you – and "Dominion Day" became "Canada Day." The change was unnecessary, and outraged tradition-minded Canadians everywhere. One critic complained that the re-branding was "crushingly banal." But the damage was done. Ever since, we've celebrated "Canada Day." Well, *some* of us have. Many of us pay no attention ... *me*, for instance.

However, about a half-million *other* people had all decided that Canada Day was the *perfect* occasion to herd downtown and bring the city to a dead stop.

It was a long, slow crawl out of the city core, and my balls were aching from the hard seats within minutes – another cheery side-effect of my neurological condition. Happily, though, the pace picked up once past Bathurst Street, and soon we were sailing along just as though it was any other night. The streets fled by – Tecumseh, Strachan, Sudbury, Dufferin and, finally, we were at Dunn Avenue – my stop. Then all that remained was the long walk from King to Queen, where my building stood. Here it was safe to sit on the curb, at least, and I took advantage of it three or four times before I was finally home.

With a certain amount of disbelief, I stumbled across my doorway and shut the apartment door behind me at just past 12:30. I had left Bob and Sharry's place about 10:30 and two buckets of sweat ago.

Part 4, otherwise known as The Day After – There were important things to be done on Monday, but, frankly, I'd rather have amputated a limb than go out again so soon. I was exhausted, and slept on and off much of the next 24 hours, eating cold food out of the fridge, reading, and browsing the internet. I really should have been out paying my rent and bills at the nearest check-cashing rip-off joint. Tuesday didn't go much better ... though I did at least manage to collect enough wits together to write about the whole frustrating experience! Tomorrow I must get out of the apartment and pay those bills! It wouldn't do if my internet connection was suddenly c

CENSORED



I can only think of two great censors in history. Petronius Arbiter, the Roman author of the infamously ribald *Satyricon*, and Cato the elder, another Roman, of such notorious rectitude that you wonder how they lived in the same imperial capital.

Fred Hurter's *Censored* is mildly historical ... but far from great.

First, a few words about Fred Hurter, Jr. "Few" are about all that can be found, and not all of those can be fully trusted. Harry Warner Jr., for example, strongly implies that Hurter began college in 1944, after he began and ended the first volume of *Censored*. This is not so. In issue two, Hurter plainly states that he is already a student at St. Andrew's, in Aurora, Ontario, a moderate drive north of Toronto. Warner also states, with lamentable vagueness, that while *Censored* was not Canada's first fanzine, that it was nonetheless the first produced for an ajay. He might have come right out with it and revealed that in fact it was produced for FAPA, the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. According to Warner, the zine began life somewhat inauspiciously as *Rocket*, but when Hurter discovered that title had been previously used by another fan, he hand-wrote "Censored" over the title of every copy of the first issue. I cannot verify this detail, as I lack a copy of that first issue, but it sounds like something an earnest young fan would do. It was also mentioned that Beak Taylor, another St. Andrew's student, lent a helping hand with the zine. Along with Hurter, Taylor was a student at St. Andrew's College, circa 1941. As we all know – ahem – Beak Taylor went on to become the publisher of his own fanzine, *Canadian Fandom*, an altogether different proposition from Hurter's modest fanmag.

For reasons the editor never saw fit to mention, *Censored* ceased publication in 1942, after only four issues. Unexpectedly, it resurfaced six years later, and lasted for at least two more issues that anybody seems to know about. One can speculate that it was excitement over the first Canadian Worldcon in Toronto in 1948, *Torcon I*, that brought about its temporary resurrection. I have no doubt that Fred Hurter Jr. hung on in fandom for a few years longer, but the young man had already made all the mark on our pocket universe that he was destined to make.

As for his fanzine, it was typical of its era, I suppose – badly typed on mimeo stencils and hand-cranked off the drum with legibility being its highest, if unreliable, virtue. The contents consisted mainly of amateur fiction that I can see little reason to read more than 70 years later, a smattering of poetry, attempts at humour that defy laughter, some indifferent reviews of books and a primitive letter column. There is also a precious glimmer of light cast on the activities and personalities of early fandom, such as the fifth issue's report on *Torcon*.

So, why exactly have I scanned the three issues in my possession? One answer is that I don't know if anyone else even could. Another is that I knew it would please a Canadian fanhistorian who seems even more nuts about this old stuff than I ever was. But the best reason is because *Censored* was so typical of its time. Fanzines evolved swiftly in the early 1940s, changing from imitations of existing pro magazines to a medium for fannish self-expression in as little as ten years. It isn't that serious, academic or fiction fanmags didn't survive into the next decade. As a matter of fact, that particular wheel is re-invented on a continuing basis, and sometimes succeeds admirably in its goal of mimesis ... though more often not. But in the 1950s, fanzines like *Hyphen*, *Skyhook*, *Horizons* and *Quandry* became the norm for most fans.

Censored, however, is clearly a creature of the 1940s, as were all its Canadian cousins of that decade. Even *CanFan* would retain a somewhat antiquated air about it well into the 1950s, until more modern fans such as Boyd Raeburn, Norm Clarke and Gina "Dutch" Ellis turned their backs on that model once and for all. If we are to understand early Canadian fandom at all, it is through reading zines such as *CanFan*, *Vanations*, *Light* and, yes, *Censored*, that we must hold our noses and do it.

I know ... I'm *such* a snob. But, the fact remains that *Censored* would not rank even as highly as a crudzine today. Standards have risen. But they rose for entirely explicable reasons – many fanzines published in the 1940s were written for and published by teenage *kids*. Moreover, the models they had to learn from were the pulps, aimed mainly at an immature market – much, perhaps most, of the contents of those pulps would never have been published in any pro magazine after about 1950, by which time the readers had grown up. Fanzines grew up along with them.

Final Thoughts – I'm reminded of a pair of odd coincidences noticed while scanning the issues of *Censored* from my collection. In number five, there is a short piece of illustrated fiction titled "Ignorance and Intellect," by one Bert Joss. It is about a secret invention that allows a mad scientist to race his Austin at – are you ready for this? – 110 mph!!! (Your Ford Focus will do better, by the way.) Naturally, the experiment goes bad and the inventor cashes in his chips. But right away, I saw something that floored me. The car the scientist raced against looked surprisingly like a modern Audi-built concept. Then again, the Audi was a deliberate retro-design meant to suggest a 1930s Auto Union racer, so maybe the resemblance wasn't altogether unlikely. Still more surprising was the make of the rival car – it was a Tucker. So what, you say? Bob Tucker was a well-known fan in 1948, and plainly the beneficiary of a "Tuckerization." Yeah, but that's not the surprising part about it. Oddly, there *was* an automobile called a Tucker in 1948, designed and produced by Preston Tucker, whose forward-looking ideas may have been partly responsible for his car's failure. Since the '48 Tucker never made it to any showroom, did Fred Hurter Jr. know of it ... or not? He might have. To be sure, the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission's investigation of Preston Tucker's business practices – the main reason for his failure – were headline news.

So which was it? A humorous hint of a future in which the Tucker succeeded? Or a "Tuckerization?"

On this question, fanhistory is silent.

Data on Censored from the Pavlat/Evans Index and the unpublished Pelz index

Pelz circa 1984

Censored 1 (v1/n1) Jun 1941 13 pp
Censored 2 (v1/n2) Oct 1941 19 pp
Censored 3 (v1/n3) Mar 1942 28 pp
Censored 4 (v1/n4) Jun 1942 26 pp

Pavlat/Evans 1952 Index

Censored 1 (v1/n1) Jun 1941 12 pp
Censored 2 (v1/n2) Oct 1941 20 pp
Censored 3 (v1/n3) Mar 1942 26 pp
Censored 4 (v1/n4) Jun 1942 26 pp

Censored 5 (v2/n5) Fall 1948 28 pp
Censored 6 (v2/n6) ? 1954 56 pp

(The difference in how many pages are recorded is no doubt due to different methods the indexers used to count pages – for example, is a blank, inside cover page a page?)

Editorial? ... this is awkward. An entire half-page left over? I guess I can fill it if I mention that Fred Hurter Jr.'s 1940s fanzine, *Censored* is can be currently downloaded at Graeme Cameron's Canadian Science Fiction Fanzine Archive, <http://www.cdnsfzinearchive.org/> ... and should shortly be available at Fandom.cor and eFanzines.com as well. Why are Canadian fans so literal at naming things, by the way? Couldn't Graeme's site have been named something like "The National Gallery of Mimeo Art?" Or maybe "Fanzines Canadién?" Oh well ... no doubt Graeme would say that nobody would find the site then. He may be right. But maybe nobody is looking for it either. Thanks also to Kim Huett, we should shortly be able to add one of the missing issues of *Censored*, number 3.

As a matter of fact, I've recently published a "zine" called *Scanners Live in Vain*. It's little more than a list of my own zines and old fanzines that I've scanned archivally, along with links to the web where they are posted. Some of the links apparently work, even. Many do not. The first issue is only a rough one that I e-mailed to a somewhat small number of people, promising a much improved second issue when I'm able to add other zines. I've promised to scan Allyn Cadogan's run of *Genre Plat*, for instance. I've also decided it was time that the issues of *Xenium* and Glicksohn's various one-shots were online, and not only available from *Strange Attractors*, the CD-Rom I produced a few years ago.

When all that is done, I'll produce *Scanners 2* .. with actual working links! Meanwhile ...

Next issue of *Broken Toys* will be number 20! I will have a special first page header for the issue, new art. If I decide that's the case, covers may be pushed farther into the future – issue 25 at the very least, maybe later. Finally ... I rather like the distinctive touch of my front page headers on each issue. and intend to begin a policy of reprinting articles of mine that I think may not have been widely read in their first appearance. It will be a long issue as well, if I have anything to do with it ... and I do. I will even be reconsidering whether I want to begin publishing covers on *Broken Toys*. Don't get your expectations up too high on that score, however. I may have neither the time nor the will power to do do new art. If I decide that's the case, covers may be pushed farther into the future – issue 25 at the very least, maybe later. Finally ... I rather like the distinctive touch of my front page formats.