

FORGOTTEN TOYS MAY BE CONSTRUED AS BROKEN TOYS 51, OR NOT... BUT



Forgotten Toys – February 2018, produced by Taral Wayne, who hasn't left the fastness of 245 Dunn Ave. #2111, Toronto, Ontario Canada, M6K 1S6. I can also be reached at (416) 531-8974, or Taral@bell.net. *Forgotten Toys* can be downloaded free from eFanzines.com, or fanac.org/fanzines/Electronic_Fanzines. Most of the work on this concordance was done in the fading days of 2016 and '17. This is Kiddelidivee Books & Art 318, **Feb. 2018**

Fansplaining...

Although I have been dropping hints of this, I have no doubt that most of the readers have forgotten that I planned a follow-up to the final issue of *Broken Toys*. Well, here it is. As advertised, it is mainly an index to the full run of *Broken Toys*, with brief explanations. I also have a key to the layered logos that appeared at the top of page 1 of most issues. But the principal reason for publishing this concordance was to print whatever letters I got for the final issue. It seemed a shame to let them go to waste, but publishing another issue for them only put the problem off one remove ... unless the issue was *not really* an issue. Hence *Forgotten Toys* ... the last of a series of similar titles.

For the record, it all began with two issues of *New Toy*, a personal/genzine published in 1986 and 1987. A third issue was published quite a few years later, in 2010, and was meant to be the start of a new series. Yet somehow my plans didn't gel. Between *New Toy* 3 and my next zine, my aims changed entirely, and in 2012 I began *Broken Toys* instead.

In 2014, Arnie Katz finally talked me into becoming a member of his new digital-apa, *TePe*. I wasn't really very keen on joining, having had mixed experiences with apas in the 1970s. But I hate turning people down, and I was not the same awkward and uncertain fan I was 40 years ago. If I made a fool of myself, I had no doubt I could extricate myself from the predicament with suavité and ease! There were nine more-or-less monthly issues of *Lost Toys* before troubles at the Katz end led to his apa's demise. For me, it was a reprieve. While *Lost Toys* consisted mainly of ephemera, re-used material and mailing comments, I was doing two monthly zines at once!

There was also a single issue of *Stolen Toys*. I had been asked to contribute to what amounted to a one-shot apa, to be used at a local convention to encourage new fanzine fans. Fewer a dozen people contributed, and so far as I know the zine had no influence on anyone whatsoever.

And this one-shot is *Forgotten Toys*. I really suspect it will be the last time I play with that title. What is left? *Executive Toys*? *Unsafe Toys*? *Licensed Property Toys*? I think not...

There is also *Rat Sass*, my latest zine. Once again, I've been talked into joining an apa – in this case, rejoining *Rowrbrazzle*. I had belonged to 'Brazzle from 1984 to 1991, and left partly due to boredom, but also because in those days you printed and mailed some 60 copies of your contributions to the central editor. This was both hard work (if you had standards) and could be expensive. But "minac" was inherently unsatisfying, since there was minimal feedback as well. When Edd Vick recently took over the editorship, he asked if I would consider coming back to the fold. I didn't agree right away, but eventually decided that the game had changed. I no longer had to print and ship paper copies, and by now I was facile enough with words to generate material in my sleep. I would try it again.

However, by that time I was also ripe for a change of pace, so I rejected any title with "toys" in it right from the start. First I considered *Rat's Ass*, an appropriate anthro title with an edge of cynicism to it that seemed "me." And then an ever-so-small change of spelling came to me that was much more clever. *Rat Sass* has so far only appeared in four mailings of 'Brazzle, and has contained only minimal new writing. I've re-purposed material for it, mainly *FurAffinity* journals and *Fraggle Rock* stories. Whether I will stick to it, I can't guess. I need only contribute twice a year, so it's hardly a major chore.

But I have promised a return to regular publishing sometime in the near future. Well, what of it? I have been saying that it was my intention to return to the original title, *New Toy*. There was a pleasing symmetry to that plan, and a return to a somewhat more formal approach to pubbing my ish. However, I admit that I've been having second thoughts about that. In the last few months, I've missed the ability I had to create and disseminate new material on a timely basis with *Broken Toys*. It's not easy to find another fanzine that might publish my time-sensitive writing in less than three months. Nor are all fanzines created equal. My childhood reminiscences or medical adventures are a poor match for a Brit zine whose joy is fans getting together at the pub, or a different fanzine focused on reviews and genre-related news. Eliminate those opposites and I don't see a lot of "middle."

This has led me to rethinking what I intend to do when I resurface with the new fanzine. Perhaps the formally laid-out and carefully planned *New Toy* once or twice a year is not the way to go, after all. But certainly not another monthly – the demands are just too ghastly to take on that burden again. For the moment, I'm fairly sure in my own mind what I will be doing later in 2017 ... however, I'm keeping my plans to myself. After all, I may change my mind again.

Forgotten Toys:

The Broken Toys Concordance

All issues of *Broken Toys* began with a multi-layer banner across the top, with font superimposed over illustrations taken from the Internet. Only four issues have covers. Articles frequently began with a simple heading in large font, but with later issues I became more likely to contrive quite elaborate illustrations ... also using components found online. On occasion, they were often more complex than anything I would have had time to draw, yet I think they were rarely regarded as art, merely as eye-candy. I tend to look at them that way myself, so will not list any illustrations in *Broken Toys* that were not hand-drawn. Art is listed in blue. All material not credited is my own.

Broken Toys 1, Jan 2012, 8 pages

<i>Another New Start</i>	1	Editorial
<i>Unfinished Business</i>	2	Commenting on recent fanac and laying plans
<i>All Good Things, Even Furry</i>	4	Personalities of the local furry fandom
<i>Rotsler Goes West</i>	6	D. West wins the Rotsler Award and turns it down

Broken Toys 2, Apr 2012 16 pages

<i>Forgotten Glory</i>	1	Notice of 11 th (and final) Hugo nomination
<i>Customer Satisfaction</i>	2	Imaginary response of Henry J. Ford to Bonnie & Clyde
<i>Best of the West</i>	3	Fan art vs. clip art
<i>Antipodal Bride</i>	5	A "Steven Story" about Aussies and pornographic art
<i>Left Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	7	Greg Benford, Brad Foster, Chris Garcia, John NielsenHall, Kim Huett, Andrew Hooper, Jerry Kaufman, Dave, Locke, Eric Mayer, Robert Runté

Fanart Hugo Chart 2012

Broken Toys 3, May 2012 14 pages

<i>Taken For Granted?</i>	1	Fan art Hugo vs. a Fan Writer Hugo
<i>Vini, Vidi, Texti</i>	2	Short anecdote from an old coin show about modern times
<i>His Famous Last Words</i>	3	Veiled account of a fan famed for stubborn arguments
<i>Disarming Childhood</i>	4	Toy guns of childhood ... <i>and</i> adulthood
<i>Wrong in One!</i>	7	Filler
<i>ReFinancing a Nation</i>	7	Our greatest product – debt!
<i>Left Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	8	Ned Brooks, R. Graeme Cameron, Brad Foster, Chris Garcia, Greg Giacobe, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, Steve Stiles
Art	12	Taral

Broken Toys 4, June 2012 10 pages

<i>The Greening of Little Italy</i>	1	Another story of my Italian-Canadian friend, Steven
<i>Why So Serious?</i>	3	A parable of gender parity gets me branded a beast

Art	4	Taral
<i>The Euro Peso</i>	5	The Greek Bankruptcy may prove Jane Jacobs right!
<i>Dance Cats Bomb at Altar</i>	7	Humorous dig at characters in <i>Cats Don't Dance</i>
<i>Left-Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	8	Dave Locke, Eric Mayer
Art	10	Taral

Broken Toys 5, July 2012 12 pages

<i>An End to Definitions</i>	1	Defining fandom is easier than reaching agreement
<i>Just Say Yes to Drugs</i>	1	I am prescribed with more medications with gibberish names
<i>Back in the Walk of Life</i>	3	I try using a walker for the first time
<i>Left-Over Pieces (letters)</i>	4	Gregory Benford, Ned Brooks, John Nielsen Hall, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney
<i>Trading on Death</i>	9	Worthless while alive, treasures when dead
<i>You And Whose Army</i>	10	Military prowess is not always in your nation's best interest
<i>A Rose is Not a Rose</i>	11	How sexual politics mangles language
<i>Standing Orders</i>	12	Good health practices will be the death of us yet
Art	12	Taral

Broken Toys 6, Aug 2012 14 pages

<i>Screen Captures</i>	1	I reflect on Arnie Katz and Chris Garcia
<i>Mars Needs Brains</i>	2	The media misrepresents science, Saara sets them straight
<i>Tough Room</i>	3	My sense of humour enrages some readers of the F770 blog
<i>Left-Over Parts (Letters)</i>	5	Ned Brooks Graham Charnock,, Ron Kasman, John Nielsen Hall, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, John Purcell
<i>Anything For a Buck</i>	12	Events at Ditto 12, from one of my little seen 1991 zines.
Art	14	Taral

Broken Toys 7, Sept 2012 14 pages

<i>Down Syndrome</i>	1	I remember toys given me on Christmas day in the 1950s
<i>Hugo, No Go</i>	2	An excited call from California to remind me I lost the Hugo
<i>False Dawn</i>	4	Canada's Aurora Awards can't tell fanac from shoe polish
<i>Left-Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	5	Brad Foster, Hope Leibowitz, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, Kent Pollard
<i>Bullwinkle's Mythology</i>	11	
<i>And the Meek Shall Inherit the Bill</i>		How the rich saving on taxes costs the rest of us trillions
<i>No Longer a Ghetto</i>		The Shooting at Aurora had a stfnal dimension
<i>Year of the Jackpot</i>		Does gunplay in Toronto spike with the solar cycle?
Art	14	Taral

Broken Toys 8, Oct 2012 16 pages

<i>An Old Muse and Tired</i>	1	Editorializing on lack of recent fanart
<i>I May Not Know Art, But</i>		
<i>I know What to Buy</i>	2	Fanart as an "investment"
<i>Confederation –</i>		
<i>Why did We Waste the Time?</i>	3	Canada a nation in name only
<i>Left-Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	5	Ned Brooks, E.T. Bryan, John Nielsen Hall, Ron Kasman

		Dave Locke, Rich Lynch, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, Garth Spencer
<i>The Man on the Moon</i>	14	Thoughts on an unfinished painting of Neil Armstrong
Art	13	Taral
<i>Not Fandom As I Know It</i>	15	Ramblings about my local fandom and the Hugo
Art	16	Taral, contrib to the Chicon Sunday Funnies

Broken Toys 9, Nov 2012 14 pages

<i>Frankenstorm!</i>	1	Halloween weather
<i>Dave Locke 1944 –2012</i>	2	Dies Halloween 2012
<i>Left-Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	3	Brad Foster, Eric Lindsay, Eric Mayer, Mark Plummer, Lloyd Penney
<i>In a Corporate Board Room, Far, Far Away</i>	9	Disney Buys What It Can No Longer Create – Star Wars
<i>The Real Story</i>	11	How Chicon VII messed up the art they requested
Art	11	Taral, from the program book of Chicon VII
<i>Now We Are 61!</i>	12	My birthday trip to the Mandarin All-You-Can-Eat Buffet
<i>Confession</i>	13	Deciding to go to SFContario or not
<i>Nudes</i>	14	Bit of doggerel
Art	14	Taral

Broken Toys 10, Dec 2012 24 pages

<i>Now We Are Ten</i>	1	Editorial nattering
Art	2	The Faned – certificate used for the award
<i>In the Absence of Content</i>	3	The daily routine of avoiding ideas
<i>Three's the Charm</i>	5	Report on SFContario 3
Photos	7	People seen at SFContario 3
<i>To Write or Not to Write</i>	9	Random Thoughts on our ex-Prime Minister's sucking up, NASA's probes and rovers, and online comics I follow
Art	11	Modest Medusa – by Jake Richmond
<i>Left-Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	12	Ned Brooks, Alan D. Burrows, Dada Dada (Akumentai), Brad Foster, Andrew Hooper, Eric Mayer, Bill Patterson, Keith Soltys
<i>Baring Mishap</i>	19	Going topless legally in Ontario
<i>Trading Spaces</i>	20	Space, as it was then and now
Art	23	Semantics – two page strip by Marc Schirmeister

Broken Toys 11, Dec 2012 16 pages

<i>Taraltorial</i>	1	Editorial excuses for publishing twice in December
<i>When Every Christmas Was White</i>	1	I celebrate Christmas
Photo	7	Christmas 1958 or so...
<i>Conquest of the East Pole</i>	8	Humour ... pretty much what it sounds like it's about
<i>Left-Over Parts (Letters)</i>	10	Alan Dorey, Brad Foster, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penny, John Purcell

Broken Toys 12, Jan 2013 20 pages

<i>The Ghost in the Typewriter</i>	1	Editorial about the bias against digital fanzines
<i>Too Lazy to Write</i>	2	Parody of lazy writers who give URLs instead of explain
<i>The Week is Too Short</i>	3	Making plans for New Years ... then tearing them up
<i>Left-Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	4	Ned Brooks, Brad Foster, John Nielsen Hall, Rebecca Jansen, Eric Mayer, Bill Patterson
Photos	10	Tom Turriton, Hope Leibowitz, Steve Stiles
<i>The Odd Kipple</i>	11	Some transgendered fans I know
<i>Puss & Wings</i>	14	A cat as guardian angel
Art	15	Secret Agent Yuki – unfinished comic with Rebecca Jansen

Broken Toys 13, Jan 2013 26 pages

<i>It Doesn't Take a Crystal Ball</i>	1	FaceBook and online groups – the apas of the 21 st century
<i>Why I Don't Write Con Reports</i>	2	An argument for a complete end to writing con reports
<i>Left-Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	6	Ned Brooks, R. Graeme Cameron, Alan Dorey, Brad Foster, Chris Garcia, John Nielsen Hall, Ron Kasman, Eric Mayer, Bill Patterson, Lloyd Penney, Mark Plummer, Ron Salomon, Steve Stiles
<i>Saara's Icebox</i>	23	Evidence that ice was found but overlooked by Curiosity
<i>Bob & Doug Conquer Mars</i>	24	The McKenzie Brothers fake a Mars landing in my dreams
Art	26	Four of the icons I use most frequently online

Broken Toys 14, Mar 2013 16 pages

<i>Cold Cuts</i>	1	A cold stops my fanac, so I watch movies instead
<i>A Star in the Making</i>	3	Captain Star is one of the best cartoons no one knows
<i>Hold That Pose!</i>	4	"Pygmalionism," a National Geographic show that wasn't
<i>Left-Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	6	Ned Brooks, Richard Chandler, Brad Foster, Steve Jeffery, Rich Lynch, Eric Mayer, Jonathan McCalmont, Bruce Patterson, Robert Runte, Keith Solytis, Felicity Walker
<i>Coming Out</i>	14	A couple of Steve Baldassara's anecdotes
Photo	14	Steven Baldassarra at CNE grounds
Art	16	Kiki and Darl Fraggles having a cuddle

Broken Toys 15, 1 Apr 2013 18 pages

<i>Maybe 100 Really Was Too Many?</i>	1	About writing my 100 th and final article for <i>Drink Tank</i>
<i>I, Cookie Monster</i>	3	Experimenting with "certain" cookies for insomnia
<i>Mars Needs Dope</i>	4	Satire on the urgent need to grow pot on Mars
<i>Left Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	5	Ned Brooks, Bruce Gillespie, Steve Jeffery, Eric Mayer, Bill Patterson, Lloyd Penney, Keith Soltys, Ron Salomon, Terry Whittier
<i>A Has-Been, Once More</i>	17	I learn that my run of Hugo nominations has been broken
Art	18	Taral

Broken Toys 16, 1 May 2013 14 pages

<i>Quo Vadis, Fandom?</i>	1	Fandom ain't what it used to be... but what is it?
<i>Faith Healing</i>	3	I legally become disabled, a turning point in my life
<i>Also in the News</i>	3	The humorous side of gun violence in the US

<i>Left Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	4	Ned Brooks, E.T. Bryan, Brad Foster, Chris Garcia, Dave Haren, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, Janet Wilson
<i>Trinka's Lament</i>	11	Doggerel
Art	11	Taral
<i>Elephant in a Room Party</i>	12	After decades, <i>finally</i> nominated for a Canadian fan award
<i>Pay More and Save</i>	13	Buying cheaply never saves you money
<i>Drink Tank 340</i>	14	Announcement of special issue containing my 100 th article
Art	14	Taral (DT 340 Cover)

Broken Toys 17, May 2013 18 pages

<i>What Does it Take to Get a Laugh Around Here?</i>	1	Never mind sense of wonder, what about sense of humour?
<i>You <u>Can</u> Take it With You</i>	2	In defense of materialism as a spiritual calling
<i>Got to Have Them All</i>	4	"Completionist" philosophy applied to Isaac Asimov
<i>Left-Over Pieces (Letters)</i>	9	Eric Mayer, Fred Patten, Lloyd Penney, John Purcell, Steve Stiles, Walt Wentz
<i>Play to Win</i>	15	I predict losing the Aurora to something totally irrelevant
<i>Tricky Dicks</i>	18	Curious mystery novel by uniquely named L.A. Morse.

Broken Toys 18, June 2013 20 pages

<i>Emotorial</i>	1	Does digital cheapen fanzines? Is fandom a cult?
<i>Dream a Little Dream</i>	3	Rediscovering <i>I Dream of Jeannie</i> on DVD
<i>Work, a Four-Letter Word</i>	5	Why artists always owe work going back <i>years!</i>
<i>Worth Every Penny You Never Paid Him</i>	7	Promoting Steve Stiles' Hugo chances
<i>A Day in a Million</i>	8	Saara Mar turns 293 and doesn't look a day over 150
Art	8	Taral (Saara Mar desktop)
<i>Photo</i>	8	sculpture by Rubin Avila
<i>Left-Over Parts (Letters)</i>	9	Greg Benford, Ned Brooks, Steve Jeffery, Bob Jennings, Robert Lichtman, Eric Mayer, Bill Patterson, Lloyd Penney
<i>First Names</i>	18	Silliness in the Garden of Eden
<i>In Defiance of the Received Wisdom of Ayn Rand</i>	19	Randists regard government as a racket ... and want in on it
Art (& Text)	20	Taral

Broken Toys 19, July 2013 28 pages

<i>Another Emotorial</i>	1	What's fandom done for me, lately?
<i>Warming Up to a Good Book</i>	2	There are many reasons to appreciate books... this isn't one
<i>It Was a Dark and Stormy Night</i>	3	Record rain in Toronto leaves flood and darkness behind
<i>Modern Mysteries Solved</i>	5	Why do your dishes move by themselves?
<i>Faneds</i>	6	Doggerel inspired by Peter, Paul & Mary and the Internet
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	7	Greg Benford, Chris Garcia, John Nielsen Hall, Steve Jeffery, Bob Jennings, Eric Mayer, Bill Patterson, Lloyd Penney, Steve Stiles
<i>Notional Holiday</i>	21	Hard to get around on a damned national holiday!
<i>Censored</i>	26	The earliest Toronto fanzine, and one of Canada's first
<i>Enditorial</i>	28	Filling space with a few notes on upcoming issues

Broken Toys 20, Aug 2013 32 pages

<i>A Good Idea and a Loonie</i>	1	What's a good story idea worth?
<i>The Man With the Ultra-Violet Eyes</i>	3	The little-known Bob Tucker
<i>Lou Scarborough (1953-2013)</i>	5	A California animator I knew dies
Art	5	Lou Scarborough
Art	6	Lou Scarborough
<i>TAFF Touch-Down!</i>	7	Jim Mowatt's stopover in Toronto
<i>Entropy</i>	9	The universe is running down ... but can be replaced!
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	13	Dave Harren, Andrew Hooper, Ron Kasman, Eric Mayer, Keith Soltys
<i>Loccers' Hall of Flame</i>	21	Who wrote to me, and when, in order of appearance
<i>Key to Broken Toys' logos</i>	23	What's behind those logos on every issue's first page?
<i>Fandom Now and Then</i>	23	If you grow they will come ... and come ... and come ...
<i>In Praise of Ferengi</i>	24	More than the miserly, anti-Semitic stereotype? You bet!
<i>Nothing New Under the Rainbow`</i>	28	Remember when there was no sex in SF? I don't either
<i>A Loonie in Change</i>	29	The strange, overpowering urge to write about Fraggles Rock
Art	32	Taral (Darl's Hole)

Broken Toys 21, Sept 2013 20 pages

<i>Small Matters</i>	1	Tax bullets! Free pot! Fuck the Hugo.
<i>Left-Over Parts (Letters)</i>	4	Ned Brooks, Jason Burnett, Ken Fletcher, Brad Foster, Dave Haren, Rebecca Jansen, Eric Mayer, Bill Patterson, Lloyd Penney (twice), Milt Stevens
<i>Not Rocket Science: The Hugos</i>	16	When is fanac not fanac? Often, when it's up for a Hugo
<i>Written in Stone</i>	18	Hunting for fossils in the creek where I grew up
<i>Seus Chef</i>	20	Doggerel by Walt Wentz

Broken Toys 22, Oct 2013 26 pages

<i>The October Country</i>	1	Despite ennui, and health issues, there's a silver lining...
<i>The Undigitalized Man</i>	3	Books are better than Kindle, but only a fool writes by hand
<i>Walking With Spirits</i>	4	Rediscovering Halloween
<i>Left-Over Pieces</i>	8	Ned Brooks, Rich Chandler, Dave Harren, Andrew Hooper, Richard A. Wright/HotRod302, Steve Jeffery, Bob Jennings, Bill Patterson, Eric Mayer, Milt Stevens, Art Widner, Lloyd Penney
<i>Timor Mortis Conturbat Me</i>	25	Fannish memory is failing us
<i>Friday Fanzine – Broken Toys</i>	26	<i>Broken Toys</i> reviewed by Steve Davidson, <i>Amazing Stories</i>

Broken Toys 23, Nov 2013 20 pages

<i>Late Middle Age Crisis or Early</i>		
<i>Old Age Senility?</i>	1	Deepening health problems and the irrelevance of art
<i>Crew Mates</i>	3	Who on TNG do I most resemble? Resistance is futile
<i>Paying the Troll</i>	4	I hear from an anonymous fan whose life I ruined
Art	5	Taral
<i>Left-Over Parts (Letters)</i>	6	E.T. Bryan, Jason Burnett, Brad Foster, Dave Harren, Ron Kasman, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, Milt Stevens, Tom Turriton, Walt Wentz

<i>King of the Grill</i>	15	A “Steven” story told over my birthday dinner
<i>Mayoral Travesty (Rob Ford)</i>	17	Satire sung to “Bohemian Rhapsody,” by Steve Baldassarra
<i>Emotional – It Can’t Get No Worse</i>	19	My doctor takes another vital step toward killing me

Broken Toys 24, Dec 2013 36 pages (First Christmas Issue)

Photo	1	Photo of Saara Mar figure, dressed in Christmas lights
<i>T’is the Season</i>	1	Declining heath and Christmas spoiled ... but I still love it
<i>A Christmas State of Mind</i>	2	Christmas with the family changed over the years...
<i>So Now It is Christmas</i>	4	Some of the people who make me grateful for friends
<i>The Greening of the Conservative Party</i>	7	The Harper government takes one step forward ... four back
<i>Hot Buttered Mice</i>	8	Salacious doggerel by Paul Kidd
Illustration for Hot Buttered Mice	8	Taral
<i>Hot Buttered Mice – 2nd Course</i>	16	A sequel by Walt Wentz
<i>Locs for Broken Toys</i>	17	Brad Foster, Steve Jeffery, Bob Jennings, Timothy C. Marion, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, Milt Stevens, Steve Stiles
<i>The Bag Lady of Rochdale</i>	30	My personal memories of Judith Merrill
<i>Canary Song</i>	34	I submit a short story to a magazine for the first time
<i>The Christmas That Nearly Was</i>	35	The full story how the Grinch totally fucked this year up
Photo	36	Original sculptures of Saara and others, ready for Christmas

Broken Toys 25, Jan 2014 26 pages

<i>The World Begins Anew</i>	1	Another year, same old plans to use it better
<i>Wayback When</i>	2	The Good Old Days when I was a guest at ConFurence III
<i>Twice Upon a Time</i>	4	Reviews of <i>Frankenweenie</i> and <i>ParaNorman</i>
<i>Being Immortal</i>	7	We are as gods to our cats ... to our sorrow
<i>Left-Over Parts (Letters)</i>	9	Jason Burnett, Brad Foster, Kim Huett, Bob Jennings, Ron Kasman, Timothy C. Marion, Eric Mayer, Bill Patterson, Lloyd Penney, Keith Soltys, Milt Stevens
Art	20	Taral
<i>Fly on the Wall</i>	21	A shaggy dog story about – and not about – fandom
<i>The Devil’s Riddle</i>	26	Doggerel by Taral and Walt Wentz

Broken Toys 26, Mar 2014 20 pages

<i>Kneecapping the FAANs</i>	1	Hard not to notice voting patterns
<i>Passing the Torch</i>	3	I relinquish title of Canada’s First Fan to Graeme Cameron
<i>The Glass Eye Blinks</i>	4	Cable TV is wonderful ... so why don’t I watch it?
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	5	Brad Foster, Steve Jeffery, Bob Jennings, Timothy C. Marion, Eric Mayer, Bill Patterson, Lloyd Penney, Milt Stevens
<i>Perchance to Dream</i>	15	Once a dream, sleeping becomes a nightmare
<i>Snow Job</i>	17	What are neighbors for if not little favours like this?
<i>Three Coins From the Fountain</i>	18	Three rare coins added to my collection, and their histories
Photo	20	“The Traveling Wilbury,” a roller, and my cat Sailor

Broken Toys 27, Apr 2014 26 pages

<i>Center of Controversy</i>	1	Toronto, the country's largest and least visible urban center
<i>Working Against the Gain</i>	3	Freelancing – the royal road to poverty
<i>The Colour Out of Lovecraft</i>	4	Looking back on a life even more a failure than mine
<i>There Can Only be One Ending</i>	5	The “wrong” ending to Harry Potter is really the right one
<i>Left-Over Parts (Letters)</i>	7	Brad Foster, Andrew Hooper, Steve Jeffery, Ron Kasman, Jerry Kaufman (twice), Richard A. Wright/HotRod302, Eric Mayer, Bill Patterson, Kent Pollard, John Nielson Hall, R-Lauraine Tutahasi (twice)
<i>The Old Oaken Fuckit</i>	20	The Oak Island Treasure is more elusive than Dark Matter
<i>From Sound Stage to Holo Deck</i>	22	TV had geeks long before Star Trek
<i>No Good Deed</i>	24	It's not always good luck to find money ... or secret plans
<i>New Tucker Hotel</i>	26	The original Tucker Hotel gets a renovation
Art	26	Taral, “The New Tucker Hotel”

Broken Toys 28, May 2014 22 pages

<i>A Dance in the Old Dame Yet</i>	1	Diverse topics and changes of fortune
<i>The Shabby Bard of Yonge Street</i>	2	Crad Kilodney, Poet Laureate of the cold Streets of Toronto
<i>Sailor's Final Voyage</i>	5	Day by day journal of my cat's final days
<i>Left-Over Parts (Letters)</i>	8	Ned Brooks, E.T. Bryan, Brad Foster, Ron Kasman, Eric Mayer, Bill Patterson, Lloyd Penney, Milt Stevens, Tom Turritin
<i>What Are the Odds?</i>	19	No surprises in the year's FAAn awards
<i>A Time to Reflect</i>	20	Trying not to let it all get me down, but awards don't help
Art	22	Taral

Broken Toys 29, July 2014 20 pages

<i>Turning the Page?</i>	1	Big, new, shiny toys in my life – get set for changes!
<i>Dinner Après the River</i>	3	Dinner and the last day of the neighborhood bookstore
<i>Walter Weight Champion</i>	5	Walt Wentz, my proofreader and partner in crime
<i>The Easy Way to Good Health</i>	6	Looking after your health only works if you don't work at it
<i>Leftover Parts (Letters)</i>	8	Michael Dobson, Brad Foster, Bob Jennings, Ron Kasman, Barry Ken MacKay, Ned Brooks, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, Steve Stiles, Richard A. Wright/Hot Rod302
<i>Picking Huck Finn's Pocket</i>	17	Thoughts on Mark Twain, Huck Finn and pocket change
<i>Pocketful of Histories – Saladin</i>	19	Acquiring a silver half-dirham of the fabled sultan

Broken Toys 30, Aug 2014 28 pages

<i>A Life Misspent</i>	1	What if all those people who laughed at you were right?
<i>The Montreal Screw-Job</i>	3	My five-minutes of fame turn out to be illusory.
<i>Enter the Gentry</i>	4	My neighborhood goes up-scale ... and downhill
<i>These Goodly Gifts I Will Give to Thee</i>	7	Fiction – never refuse egoboo when offered by a witch
Art	7	Taral
<i>Leftover Parts (Letters)</i>	11	Ned Brooks, Steve Jeffery, Bob Jennings, Ron Kasman, Robert Lichtman, Mark Manning, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, Keith Soltys, Milt Stevens
<i>Death, Supply & Demand</i>	25	How to make a killing in the art world

Broken Toys 31, Sept 2014 24 pages

<i>Did it Ever Really Happen?</i>	1	I reacquaint myself with local furry fandom ... as an outsider
<i>Sussing Zelazny</i>	3	Comparing Zelazny books after re-reading
<i>The Hundred Years War</i>	6	After 100 years, is it time to get over the First World War?
<i>Not All Holes</i>	7	Fraggle Holes discovered in Ken Fletcher's imaginary world
Art	7	Taral
Art	7	Ken Fletcher & Taral (colour)
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	8	Ned Brooks, Steve Davidson, Brad Foster, Steve Jeffery, Bob Jennings, Lloyd Penney, Jefferson P. Swycaffer, Milt Stevens, Walt Wentz, Richard A. Wright/HotRod302
<i>Hidden Hugo Cache (Photos)</i>	19	Steve Stiles (Photoshopped by Taral)
<i>Notional Enquirer Exposes...</i>	20	True story about the clever ruse to manipulate fan sentiments
<i>Song of Saara</i>	21	A fictional character looks back at the years with her creator

Broken Toys 32, Nov 2014 28 pages

<i>Halloween Not</i>	1	A few remarks on why this isn't the promised Halloween ish
<i>Taking Stock</i>	2	A look at the development of <i>Broken Toys</i> up to this point
<i>Wheels Within Wheels</i>	4	Removing 1960s "picture coins" from my Bucket List
<i>The Sausage Whisperer</i>	8	Where do I get my "Steven" stories? From Steven, of course
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	11	Ned Brooks, Brad Foster, William Earl Haskell, Rodney Leighton, J.T. Major, Eric Mayer (twice), Lloyd Penney, Bill Plot, Keith Soltyis, Milt Stevens, Jefferson P. Swycaffer
<i>Do <u>Not</u> Watch These, Ever</i>	26	Three animated films not worth the paper to draw them on

Broken Toys 33, Dec 2014 32 pages

<i>Just So You Know</i>	1	Still not the Halloween issue ... but I have a creative solution
<i>One of Those Months</i>	2	My whole month's income lost... but it's not all bad news
<i>Jim Mowatt TAFF Report</i>	4	The Toronto installment of the 2014 TAFF trip plus photos
<i>Left Over Parts</i>	11	Ned Brooks, Brad Foster, Dave Haren, Steve Jeffery, Bob Jennings, Ron Kasman, Joseph T. Major, Jim Mowatt, Lloyd Penney, Kent Pollard, Milt Stevens, R-Laurraine Tutihasi
<i>Thor About Thomething</i>	29	A dim view of the second Thor movie, <i>The Dark World</i>
<i>The Company I Keep</i>	30	Collecting toy figures from movies, TV and comics
Art	32	Taral

Broken Toys 34, Dec 2014 20 pages (First Christmas Issue)

<i>Season's Gleanings</i>	1	Still not the Halloween Issue, it's the Christmas issue instead
<i>The Game is Up</i>	2	The only two computer games I've played are still nearly real
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	3	Ned Brooks, Dave Heren, Steve Jeffery, Ron Kasman, Eric Mayer, John Neilsen-Hall, Jefferson Swycaffer, Milt Stevens
<i>A Christmas Wish List</i>	16	Eight things I want for Christmas (I eventually got five!)
Art		Christmas card by Taral

Broken Toys 35, Jan/Feb 2015 26 pages

<i>View of a New Ocean</i>	1	With 34 issues, I reach my previous record number of issues
<i>Last Year Was Ninety Minutes</i>	2	I finish writing the issue with 90 minutes of 2014 to spare, and review <i>The Bishop's Wife</i> as a coin collector. My electric powered chair, Traveling Matt, arrives!
<i>The Oil Reich</i>	5	Power and Democracy in Canada's Oil Patch, Alberta
<i>High Plains Halfling</i>	6	Smart Aleck Hobbit riddles and cow pokes don't mix
<i>Leftover Parts (Letters)</i>	8	Steve Jeffery, Rodney Leighton, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, David Redd, Keith Soltys, Milt Stevens, Steve Stiles, Jefferson Swycliffer, R-Laurraine Tutihasi
<i>Ka-Blam, Zow!</i>	21	A close encounter with an F-18 in the streets of Parkdale
<i>Winter Blahs</i>	23	Diverse ways to keep busy during the winter months
<i>The Turks and Caicos</i>	24	Canada's Caribbean province?
<i>Yes, I Said That</i>	25	I quote myself – outakes from the year 2014

Broken Toys 36, Feb 2015 20 pages (First Official Halloween Issue)

<i>Cover</i>	1	Art by Ken Fletcher, Colour by Taral
<i>Fraggles Rock</i>	2	The Halloween Issue at last ... and my first Fraggles story
<i>All Fraggles, Now and Then</i>	4	How Darl Fraggles brought Halloween to the Rock
<i>Art</i>	22	Kiki & Darl Fraggles by Taral
<i>Art</i>	23	Four Fraggles drawings by Taral
<i>Back Cover</i>	24	Red and Black pattern by Brad Foster

Broken Toys 37, Mar 2015 34 pages

<i>This Too Shall Pass</i>	1	My first kidney stone in maybe 40 years!
<i>How to Drown in Bed</i>	4	As though a stone wasn't enough trouble, I flirt with congestive heart failure and fluid filling one lung
<i>Prisoner at St. Joe's</i>	7	Further adventures in avoiding the Grim Reaper
<i>No Furry Like the Readers Scorned</i>	11	Review of a small press anthology leads to self doubt
<i>Left-Over Parts (Letters)</i>	13	Jason Burnett, Ross Chamberlain, Brad Foster, Bob Jennings, Eric Mayer, Merrystar (Muppet Wiki Support), Lloyd Penney, John Purcell, Keith Soltys, Jefferson Swycaffer, Milt Stevens, R-Laurraine Tutihasi
<i>Snow Daze</i>	30	One of Traveling Matt's first spins outside runs into snow
<i>The Fifty-Cent Monster</i>	32	The mimeo I did all my pubbing with finds a new home ... Also, the fanzine that Victoria Vayne never published

Broken Toys 38, Apr 2015 30 pages

<i>Who Needs a Satan?</i>	1	Inevitable pessimism due to continuing health woes
<i>Alternate Endings –</i>	2	Diverse topics
<i>The Old Ending</i>	2	Low spirits can't go no lower
<i>Life Signs</i>	3	Signs my health is improving
<i>The Nascent Pro</i>	3	Writing a story is only the start...
<i>Running in Place</i>	4	Ever-changing medications
<i>The Social Gadfly</i>	4	Attending a book launch in Traveling Matt
<i>Photos</i>	5	Bob Wilson's launch of <i>The Affinities</i> at Bakka-Phoenix
<i>Black & White Into Space</i>	7	Best example of early television science fiction

<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	10	Ned Brooks, Brad Foster, Bruce Gillespie, Dave Haren, Kim Huett, Bob Jennings, Ron Kasman, Eric Mayer, Keith Soltys, Milt Stevens, Jefferson Swycaffer
<i>A Gift Horse</i>	25	Not all propositions are equal... certainly not hers
<i>For Further Consideration</i>	26	Review of <i>The Furry Future</i> , a collection of anthro fiction
<i>Cos' I don't Cosplay, That's Why!</i>	29	An unsatisfactory relationship with the idea of role playing
Art	29	Taral

Broken Toys 39, May 2015 34 pages

<i>Editorial Mutters</i>	1	The editorial outlook is looking up
<i>Out of the Joint</i>	2	An outing with Traveling Matt to a free comic book event
Art	2	“Modest Medusa” by Jake Richmonds
<i>Fair Day's Drive</i>	4	Comics from paper to online – meeting Jake Richmonds
Art	6	Posts by Richmonds
Photos	7	Toronto Comics Arts Festival, 2016
<i>To Serve and Neglect</i>	8	Police comedy in the suburbs of Toronto
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	10	Ned Brooks, Graham Charnock, Dave Haren, William Earl Haskell, Ron Kasman, Steve Jeffery, Bob Jennings, Hope Leibowitz, Allan Maurer, Eric Mayer, Ron Saloman, Milt Stevens, Jefferson Swycaffer, R-Lasuraine Tutihasi, Walt Wentz, Richard A. Wright/Hotrod302
<i>Big Hero Nix</i>	31	Review of Disney's anime-exploitation film
<i>Father of the Bride</i>	33	How I saved my sister's wedding (ahem)

Broken Toys 40, May 2015 34 pages

Cover	1	Taral (Partial Colour)
<i>Editorial Confessions</i>	2	First warning that issue 50 would be the final Broken Toys
<i>A Little Time in Little Italy</i>	3	Ice cream with Steven in the Little Italy neighborhood
<i>Flat Out in Little Italy</i>	4	Traveling Matt's flat tire puts a damper on Steve's barbecue
<i>Left-Over Parts</i>	8	Ned Brooks, Brad Foster, E.T. Bryan, Dave Haren, Steve Jeffery, Ron Kasman, Rodney Leighton, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, David Redd, Milt Stevens, Jefferson Swycaffer, Philip Turner
<i>Only Following Instructions</i>	28	Minor childhood reminiscence
<i>Doug Winger: Fallen Sparrow</i>	29	Life and death of a California furry smut artist
<i>Less is More</i>	32	A non-alcoholic banquet drinks up
<i>The TAFF and I</i>	34	Lost opportunities
<i>Vanitas, Vanitas!</i>	38	All but certain prediction that I will not win an Aurora
TAFF Race 2000	39	Comic story to promote my 1982-83 TAFF race

Broken Toys 41, Aug 2015 44 pages

<i>Editorial Jive</i>	1	I celebrate my 300 th fan publication with faint praise
<i>The Exhibitionist</i>	2	Visit to the CNE grounds with Matt, memories of the “Ex”
Photos	5	The Canadian National Exhibition grounds being prepared
<i>Posterity for Today</i>	6	Announcing an online site for fanzine art, <i>The Zine Artists</i>
<i>Fire Sale</i>	8	Fire inspectors decide I don't need books, zines or hobbies
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	12	Ned Brooks, R. Graeme Cameron, Alexander Case, Brad

Foster, John Nielsen-Hall, Dave Haren, Bob Jennings, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, Paul Skelton, Milt Stevens, Jefferson Swycaffer, Philip Turner, David Williams

Art
As If the Colonel Wasn't Enough
Seussing it Out

23 **Part of my 1982-83 TAFF campaign**
 40 Some things should just not be on the menu
 42 Dr. Seuss goes to Hollywood ... four times

Broken Toys 42, Sep 2015 38 pages

<i>Life in Free Fall</i>	1	Loose ends, the daily grind, looking for my center...
<i>Ned Brooks: He Passes Away</i>	4	Ned Brooks (1938 to 2016)
Photo: Passing asteroid?	5	Rosetta films a space rock passing closely by Comet 67P
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	6	Ned Brooks, E.T. Bryan, Brad Foster, Steve Green, Dave Haren, Steve Jeffery, Ron Kasman, Allan Maurer, Eric Mayer (twice), Fred Patten, Lloyd Penney, Patricia Peters, David Redd, Paul Skelton, Milt Stevens, Philip Turner
<i>The Director's Cut</i>	31	One man's sacred cow is just another man's side of beef
<i>When it Finally Sinks In</i>	32	Is there anything you don't have to clean?
<i>Fall of Empires</i>	34	Vanishing industry, changing neighborhoods
The Zine Artists	38	Announcement of new website for fanzine art

Broken Toys 43, Oct 2015 28 pages

<i>The Blank Page</i>	1	Writing ideas are hard to come by
<i>The Long Wait for Bragging Rights</i>	2	How my first short story sold for absolutely nothing
<i>Christmas Begins in October</i>	5	Amazon is the new Santa
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	7	Brad Foster, Dave Haren, Steve Jeffery, Micheal Kesselmeier (ed. Oldstyle Press), Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, Paul Skelton, Milt Stevens, Steve Stiles, Philip Turner, Tom Turritin, R-Laurraine Tutihasi
Photo	23	Accepting "my" Hugo...
<i>Democracyland!</i>	24	Talks like Capitalism, Looks like Marxism to me
<i>Every Good Neighborhood Has One</i>	26	Spooky fiction (later to become my second sold short story)

Broken Toys 44, Dec 2015 28 pages ("Extended Nov" Issue)

<i>Old Business –</i>		
<i>Where There's No Smoke</i>	1	Much to everyone's relief, my apartment is defused...
<i>Fawks News</i>	2	Religion makes for senseless revolutions
<i>Secret Ballot</i>	3	The editor takes the rap for one of his letter writers
<i>Exogamy</i>	3	What I wrote for some other fanzines
<i>Taking License</i>	4	Authorized for time-travel? Not quite... Just parking
<i>What to Do When the Chips Are Down</i>	6	"Do toilet seats explode?" is not a silly question at all
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	8	William Breiding, Brad Foster, Dave Haren, Sam Long, Eric Mayer (twice), Lloyd Penney, John Purcell, Paul Skelton, Milt Stevens, Philip Turner, Keith Soltys, Jefferson Swycaffer, Walt Wentz
<i>Heads and Tails</i>	25	Toronto Coin Expo in October, and Torex in November
<i>Flickering Lights:</i>		
<i>A Dim View of the Auroras</i>	31	More than one bulb loose in the marquis of these awards

Broken Toys 45, Dec 2015 16 pages (Second Christmas Issue)

<i>Season's Bleatings</i>	1	A holiday issue indulges my desire to write more fiction
<i>A Christmas Album – 1976</i>	4	Three Christmases Past contrast changes in my life
<i>The '90s... To Present</i>		
<i>Rock and Yule: A Christmas Story</i>	8	A return to Fraggle Rock with Kiki and Darl

Broken Toys 46, Jan 2016 40 pages

<i>Lost Week</i>	1	More bad health news and a surprise visit to the hospital
<i>File Still Open: A Celebration of a Newsletter</i>	6	File 770 becomes six years old!
<i>Waste Not, Want Not</i>	8	Eating what you find at the bottom of the deep freezer
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	9	Dave Haren, Steve Jeffery, Neil Jamieson-Williams, Bob Jennings, Eric Mayer, John Nielsen-Hall, Andy Porter, John Purcell, David Redd, Paul Skelton, Milt Stevens, Philip Turner
<i>Ben Bova: Mars</i>	31	Mars today, compared to the Mars that Bova wrote in 1991
<i>Pompeii and Circumstances</i>	32	A visit to the Pompeii exhibit at the Royal Ontario Museum
<i>Photos</i>	36	Alan Rosenthal, Bob Wilson, me & exhibits at the ROM

Broken Toys 47, Feb 2016 38 pages

<i>Grace Notes –</i>	1	
<i>Soft Sell</i>	1	I confess to be an author, and plan further crimes of fiction
<i>Sealed Envelope, Part 1</i>	2	Eric Mayer's secret predictions for the FAAn Awards
<i>Lookin' After Business</i>	2	Doctors' appointments just never seem to end...
<i>Faith and Fantasy</i>	3	Do fandoms become religion? Or will faith become fandom?
<i>Baggage Claim</i>	4	No honour among thieves, but apparently a sense of humour
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters, Part 1)</i>	6	Richard Dengrove, Brad Foster, Steve Jeffery, Arnie Katz, Lloyd Penney, Paul Skelton, Philip Turner
<i>Anti-Theft Device Included</i>	16	How in the world do kids get their toys out of the packaging?
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters, Part 2)</i>	19	Fred Patten, Eric Mayer, Joseph Nicholas, Lloyd Penney, Bill Plott, Andrew Porter, David Redd, Paul Skelton
<i>Shock & Law</i>	33	An old business partner goes to jail for a second time...
<i>Time in a Bottle</i>	35	Seeing one of my earliest homes again brings back memories

Broken Toys 48, Mar 2016 36 pages

<i>FAAning the Flames</i>	1	Watching the FAAns before opening "The Secret Envelope"
<i>Who's Laughing Now</i>	3	Toronto's sad, brief flirtation with Populism, via the Fords
<i>Off the Shelf</i>	4	When home repairs are needed, why must there be obstacles?
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	8	Claire Brialey, Rich Dengrove, Brad Foster, Eric Mayer, Joseph Nicholas, Lloyd Penney, David Redd, Paul Skelton, Milt Stevens, Jefferson Swycaffer, David Williams
<i>Bedside Manner</i>	27	A story about abusive health care that happened to a friend
<i>Claudius the Fraud</i>	28	The real emperor Claudius was not as charming as you think

Broken Toys 49, May 2016 52 pages (June also correct)

<i>My Name in Lights (Odditorial)</i>	1	<i>Broken Toys</i> once again in the dim spotlight of the Auroras
<i>Conflicted Issues</i>	2	Fandom and Fanzines have shaped my life... for the better?
<i>Bread in Captivity</i>	6	You <i>can</i> depend on all the machines in your life ... if you fix 'em
<i>Loafin' Around ... An Aftermath</i>	9	Then again, maybe I spoke too soon. New is good too
<i>Overselling the Dream</i>	10	<i>The Martian</i> gives me food for thought about Mars hype
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	16	Reese Dorycott, Dave Haren, Rebecca Jansen, Bob Jennings, Eric Mayer, John Nielsen-Hall, Fred Patten, Lloyd Penney, Paul Skelton (twice), Keith Soltys, Milt Stevens, Phil Turner, Edd Vick
<i>Kill the Fuckers</i>	41	"Fanzine Reviews and Brit Fandom" – says it all
<i>Street Smart</i>	45	There's a right way to give money to panhandlers
<i>To Sleep, Perchance to Snore</i>	46	Being tested for sleep apnea keeps me awake nights
<i>The Sealed Envelope, Please</i>	50	Eric Mayer's predictions compared to actual FAAn results

Broken Toys 50, Sep 2016 74 pages (Final Issue!)

<i>Cover</i>	1	<i>Taral (Full Colour)</i>
<i>Life and Death of a Fanzine</i>	2	The best laid plans of mice and men, you might say
<i>Prose and Cons</i>	3	If I had a dime for every sale, I'd be twenty cents richer
<i>For My Own Good</i>	8	Some people will kill you with concern for your safety
<i>If It's Saturday</i>	13	A brief mention of the TAFF party for Anna Raftery
<i>Let the Fraggles Sing</i>	14	We don't all have a song in our hearts – mine are on CD
<i>All Things Pass</i>	17	The Old School of Furry Fandom has no place today
<i>Goin' Home Again</i>	19	Rejoining Rowrbrazzle is a perverse thing to do
<i>Left Over Parts (Letters)</i>	20	E.T. Bryan, Brad Foster, Bob Jennings, Ron Kasman, Eric Mayer, Joseph Nicholas, Ray Palm, Lloyd Penney, John Purcell, David Redd, Paul Skelton, Keith Soltys, Steve Stiles, Milt Stevens, Philip Turner, Walt Wentz, David B. Williams, Victoria Vayne
<i>Don't Get Me Started</i>	49	Barry Kent MacKay describes his early days in fandom
<i>Art</i>	58	<i>Wild life paintings by Barry Kent MacKay</i>
<i>Talk to the Hat</i>	59	Parting thoughts on the fan who was more than a template
<i>The View From the Top</i>	62	Mike Glicksohn (unpublished guide to fandom)
<i>LEBCon</i>	65	Saara Mar's report on a <i>real</i> 1978 relaxacon
<i>Pulling Strings</i>	68	After all these years, I have finally seen <i>Supercar</i>
<i>Joyce Katz (1939-2010)</i>	69	Brief notice
<i>To Breathe or Not to Breathe</i>	70	How is sleeping with a mask on your face "easier?"
<i>Visitation Rights</i>	73	There are dreams and there are dreams. Some are special
<i>Back Cover</i>	74	<i>Barry Kent MacKay</i>

Key to Broken Toys' Banners

BROKEN TOYS 1	Images of assorted toys from Internet
BROKEN TOYS 2	Toy guns from Buck Rogers to Johnny 7
BROKEN TOYS 3	Muppet Show play figures
BROKEN TOYS 4	Batmobile toys, side by side on my desk
BROKEN TOYS 5	Model spacecraft on shelf over my bed
BROKEN TOYS 6	Printed tin service station from the 1950s
BROKEN TOYS 7	B&W photo of my Christmas presents circa 1957
BROKEN TOYS 8	Smurfs in Smurf village
BROKEN TOYS 9	History of Flight, picture coins from Jello boxes
BROKEN TOYS 10	Photo of a woman with blue hair and silver eyes
BROKEN TOYS 11	Colourized photo of Fireball XL5 in flight
BROKEN TOYS 12	Gilded woman from 007 film, <i>Goldfinger</i>
BROKEN TOYS 13	Mechanical toy spaceship bank from 1930s or '40s
BROKEN TOYS 14	Fraggles hamming it up in <i>Fraggle Rock</i>
BROKEN TOYS 15	Hand carved, wooden toy boat
BROKEN TOYS 16	Scene from only episode of <i>Three Stooges</i> with all four
BROKEN TOYS 17	Misfired Colt .44 Magnum, badly damaged
BROKEN TOYS 18	Fraggles huddled around a desktop computer
BROKEN TOYS 19	Parts tree for a plastic model WWII plane
BROKEN TOYS 20	Willy Ley-style space ship in low Earth orbit
BROKEN TOYS 21	A hot-dog. Unequivocally the wüerst from any issue
BROKEN TOYS 22	Wickedly grinning, gloating, smirking jack-o-lanterns
BROKEN TOYS 23	Parts for a Space Shuttle model
BROKEN TOYS 24	Photo of Saara Mar figure getting ready for Christmas
BROKEN TOYS 25	Scene from <i>The Neverhood</i> , a computer adventure game
BROKEN TOYS 26	A Japanese quartette who perform dressed as rabbits
BROKEN TOYS 27	A dark scene from a grim, stop-motion animated film
BROKEN TOYS 28	Box from 1/32 scale plastic Airfix figures of 7 th Cavalry

BROKEN TOYS 29	Pressed tin “Space Fort” toy set, circa late 1950s
BROKEN TOYS 30	Photo of “quartered” glass of wine from the Internet
BROKEN TOYS 31	“The Last Supper” with TV breakfast cereal characters
BROKEN TOYS 32	Scene from <i>Toy Story 2</i>
BROKEN TOYS 33	Marx WWII toy soldier play set, just like one I had
BROKEN TOYS 34	Hokusai’s “Great Wave” as the Cookie Monster
BROKEN TOYS 35	Lindberg model kit of rotating-wheel space station
BROKEN TOYS 36	Munster Koach [outer cover by Ken Fletcher & TW]
BROKEN TOYS 37	Von Braun-style spaceship accelerating from Earth
BROKEN TOYS 38	Bob & Doug McKenzie figures on the set
BROKEN TOYS 39	Fireball XL5 on launch pad at Space City
BROKEN TOYS 40	Scout ship from <i>Forbidden Planet</i> on Altair IV [+ cover]
BROKEN TOYS 41	Believe it or not, a futuristic, automated supermarket
BROKEN TOYS 42	Flintstone flivers
BROKEN TOYS 43	From Wallace and Gromit’s <i>A Grand Day Out</i>
BROKEN TOYS 44	Early plastic spaceship toy from 1950s
BROKEN TOYS 45	A lot of really cold-looking Fraggles
BROKEN TOYS 46	Robots in storage from the film, <i>I, Robot</i>
BROKEN TOYS 47	Still from unknown stop-motion animated film
BROKEN TOYS 48	Pressed tin airport play set from the 1950s
BROKEN TOYS 49	Spirit from <i>My Neighbor Totoro</i> and “Traveling Matt”
BROKEN TOYS 50	Woman coated in chocolate with a strawberry [& cover]
FORGOTTEN TOYS	Brush and oil paint under clockwork

Broken Toys 20 – reviewed by Steve Davidson, for “Friday Fanzine”, 11 Oct 2013, **Amazing Stories**

Broken Toys 33 – Reviewed by R. Graeme Cameron, **Amazing Stories**, 2 Jan 2015

Broken Toys 37 – Reviewed by R. Graeme Cameron, **Amazing Stories**, 30 Apr 2015

Broken Toys 42 – Reviewed by Peter Young, **Big Sky 5**, Oct 2015

Broken Toys 44 – reviewed by John Wesley Hardin & Jacque Monahan in **Beam 10**, Aug 2016

Broken Toys 50 – reviewed by Bob Jennings in **Tightbeam** 274, Oct 2016

Broken Toys 50 – reviewed by Andrew Hooper in **Flag 18**, Dec 2016

BROKEN TOYS

CONCORDANCE

WAHF: Nathan Kaiser, who offers his condolences over the death of a fanzine. Reese Dorrycott, who observes from the cover that Doozers are like cats ... always underfoot. Grant C. McCormack, who says, "I regret that I never got a chance to meet you on my trips to Canada, back in the nineties, when I still had a life and could travel." I pointed out that I was scarcely the same person back then as I am now, and he might have been disappointed. Hope Leibowitz, who says I am amazing. Sometimes Hope is spot on. Albert Temple claims to have known all along that an era had begun. Spike sends her congratulations. Mitch Marmel concurs that Joe 90 was not one of Ian Anderson's better notions. According to Skel, Mike Glicksohn commented on Broken Toys 50 in his own posthumously published article, so I include him among the WAHFs.

Kent Pollard – kentpollard@gmail.com

I must say, I envy you the new life you are discovering. The last year or so you have seemed more upbeat and chipper than ever, and producing 50 of anything with regularity (other than the obvious bad joke hiding there) is an accomplishment of which you deserve to be proud. While my comments have been few, I have appreciated every step you've shared of the last four years.

It is, of course, the cliché for angry old men to complain about the "olden days," so here I am, on about couches.

Three years ago, for our anniversary, my wife and I received a little money from her parents specifically aimed at living room furniture. We put some thought into it, though less than you (in part because for Victoria to get out of her wheelchair and into a piece of furniture more than once in an hour is task to rival the efforts of Hercules), as we ended up with a serviceable sofa and a pair of recliners in a rich chocolate brown that are too deep for either of us in their natural state, and trap pet-hair like it was the design intent, and so spend their entire lives under dust covers with an assortment of large pillows arranged and roped into place in the back so as to make them actually somewhat comfortable to sit in for more than a few minutes. I give them little thought, now, other than to bemoan their apparently short lifespan and the collapse of the top of the sofa back, as the 60+ pound retriever has claimed it as a perch, so as to better peer out the front window and keep us (woefully security-unconscious) humans safe from the depredations of passing children and flyer-delivery folk.

Your own furniture adventure set me to ruminating on my own living room furniture history. The first set I recall is that of my maternal grandparents: dark-brown behemoths of a brown almost-fur-like fabric that I can only imagine was some dungeon designer's version of velvet, and either walnut or dark oak, probably from the turn of the 20th century when they married, but possibly inherited, certainly constrained in its

durability only by people's sensibilities, since I can't imagine anything but a fire making a dent in it. I last experienced it in the early 80s, where it had long been consigned to the basement of an Aunt (along with the oak dining room table it lived with), where it was the center of my first forays into Dungeons and Dragons with a cousin and some friends.

My parents' own set were a shiny gold brocade set, of which my mother rarely left the right-most end of the couch with her knitting and crocheting, while the chair was inarguably my father's domain. The couch was hiding the same sort of cast-iron hide-a-bed you experienced, because of course my older siblings were going to drive 8 hours into the remote north frequently and need a place to stay while visiting their parents. (My sister never visited in the decade we were there, my brother and his family visited twice, in the summer, when they could sleep in their tent in the front yard.) That set was hauled around three times, and I was young enough (and self-centered enough) that I have no notion of its disposition when they died in the early '80s.

The first furniture that was semi-mine was a set given to my best friend/roommate by his mother when she relocated, and whose construction would have rivaled that of my grandparents', though much less Spartan in its design and appearance. Again made of real wood, hard and true, it featured a peacock-blue stain with gold embroidery. It would likely run into the many thousands today, yet we, in our willful recklessness, abandoned it in the back yard when we moved to separate homes.

Next up was the set my wife brought with her when we moved in together. Tan woven fabric over a pine frame with no wood showing, its chief attributes were that it was easy to move and hard for cat-claws to damage. We gave it away to make room for the next set.

Up next were a pair of matched La-Z-boy (actual brand name rather than knockoffs) love seats. A total of four reclining sections across the two, they were over-stuffed, metal and pine framed, with variegated striations of deep blue-green with an assortment of subtle companion colours. They were heavy and oh-so-comfortable, serving us well for about 15 years, until they'd become so threadbare as to be a bit of an embarrassment. We would have happily paid significant money to have them reupholstered, but, alas that is a dying art. The person who we'd have gone to at any time in the last couple of decades had recently disposed of all her equipment, and the other we were able to locate actively discouraged us from paying for her services. And so they went, to be replaced by what we have now, the durability of which saddens me.

And now I am I, certainly not the I, I wanted to be. But I have a couch, and a dog, and a wife (who both put up with me in exchange for food), and I get to look forward to *New Toy 4*. Maybe that's enough, for the moment.

It's sometimes hard to bear the loss of old furniture. But it gets lost along the way, along with your favourite shirts, toys and friends... Which is the hardest to bear probably says a lot about you. You can't shit on your friends, for instance. And toys you can only pretend talk back.

In all the years my family moved and shed furnishings along the way, most of it was forgotten immediately. I don't remember any of my beds well, except the one I had to fold up into a couch in the morning. It wasn't very comfortable, but during the day it was very conveniently tucked out of the way. I also remember a succession of upright folding beds that I slept in throughout much of my time as a young man – no wonder my back seemed to be the first thing that gave way as I got older...

When my mother died, most of the better furniture went to my sisters. I kept a circular drum table that I liked, and kept until a few years ago when it was obviously taking up more space than it was worth – and Mom's dogs had chewed all the corners anyway. I have a couple of plain pieces from the

1950s – a narrow set of drawers and a set of low floor shelves – both were long ago painted over. My mother's 1960s drawers are more or less as they were, and still in use. And I have a captain's chair that I use in the kitchen, for my meals. My couch is brand new and the bed is only about five years old, but most of the furnishings I own are cast-offs, given to me by people I know, or dragged in from the curb. Décor is a luxury to which I've never been able to aspire.

Ron Kasman – ron.kasman@gmail.com

Thanks for issue #50, and my congratulations. Your fanzine has been entertaining. You can make buying and throwing away a couch into a literary drama, so there was always something to enjoy in *Broken Toys*. Usually there are several things. It might help that we are about the same age, so we saw things as they shifted and turned in about the same way. I also went from full table to half-table to no table then to no pass, in my case at several conventions. I understand. The conventions have filled up, and giving me a pass means not selling one to someone else. And they don't need me. That's the way things work sometime.

In your LOC section, I commented that I would not get onto a panel at another convention unless hell froze over. Well, I got a second convention, and then a third in October. Things are changing back, at least a little. Maybe they will change back in furry fandom, too, as people like us become nostalgia acts. I aggrandize myself too much. I am more like a geek at some conventions, more like a nostalgia act at others.

My graphic novel is done and with the publisher – the on line version, that is. But it is being solicited for distribution, and the paper book version will be out early in the new year. This, I suspect, will not change my status one bit with the people who run conventions. Hey, that's OK, too. They are not that interesting either anymore, so it sort of balances out.

The last chapter I read of your semi-autobiographical reminiscence of being a young comic fan was the fourth. If you get copies from the publisher, you should remind me to buy one from you. Or better still, pressure my readers into buying one from you.

I hope this note reaches you in improving health. Good luck with the next endeavour.

Mostly good, but I have to take care to stay on top of things.

By the way, I saw *Empire of the Sun* on DVD over the last few days, which made me want to find out about J.G. Ballard. It seems he had a lot of trouble cracking the SF market in the 1950s, and sold some very old stories once things got rolling for him in the 1960s. I guess it is always tough. And did R. J. Sawyer get himself an Order of Canada? And to think that I sat on a porch with him once and ate potato chips.

Empire of the Sun is not much like his SF ... **really!** There's a plot of sorts, for one thing. I never acquired a taste for Ballard's work, though I enjoyed his WWII novel. Apparently it is semi-autobiographical, and, if so, does much to explain his later SF. It takes a small intuitive jump to interpret his different ruined worlds as evocations of Singapore in 1941-or-2.

Yeah, Robert's life ambition seems to have been fulfilled. I don't know what he'll do with himself now ... go to Hollywood and doctor scripts, would be one option. It pays well. He might win an Oscar. Or maybe Robert's ambition is to replace Neil deGrasse Tyson when the man retires... Why not both?

Dave Haren – tyrbolo@comcast.net

I still have my commentary on the full run in progress. I fell off into a number of mad schemes that have slowed it to a crawl.

That's the second time you've mentioned that, and I'm still not exactly sure what you mean – a loc on all 50 issues at once? Or something more like a review of the full run.?

Lots of paperwork involving glue on fingers. I happened across a bunch of complexity level-8 vehicle kits I had hidden away over 20 years ago. John McEwan (who turned out to be from Canada originally) used to sell these, along with cryptic instruction sheets and lots of misspellings. The Krass Maffi experimental half-tracks were made by Krauss Maffei, who still do electric railroad equipment.

This is therapy, since my fingers still don't work right, and I want them to do so. I therefore grind away at miniature paintings and building tiny paper kits to rebuild some dexterity, or at least figure out how to work around the lack thereof.

I read *Rat Sass* but have no scintillating witticisms to share about it.

Nothing to worry about... it's just an apazine I do for *Rowrbrazzle*. We don't scintillate here in ~~Kaes~~ *Rowrbrazzle*.

Rebecca Jansen – rebejan@shaw.ca

So long, *Broken Toys*. No, I mean it was sooo long. It took me at least two hours to get to the last page (was it being given the bird we flipped to?) Thanks for making/sending it!

I have three box sets of *Supercar*, *Fireball XL-5* and *Stingray*, so it seems our Anderfannishness is very similar! *Thunderbirds* always left me cold, marking me as a minority among old puppet show fans. I don't know how you managed to pay \$100 for any of them though – I can't remember paying much about \$40 for any and definitely picked up the *Supercar* one in some clearance for half that. Once I had a Region 2 PAL format DVD player, I also took the plunge on the even earlier shows, *Four Feather Falls* and *Torchy The Battery Boy* (a Pinocchio character with a flashlight on his head who visited 'Fruitown' on the moon where lost toys dwelled). Also got half the set of the *Space Patrol* marionette show Roberta Leigh made after *Torchy*, to compete with the Anderson's *XL-5* (they separated part way during the making of *Torchy*). The top puppet at *Space Patrol* looks suspiciously like Robert Heinlein! Maybe acts like him too...

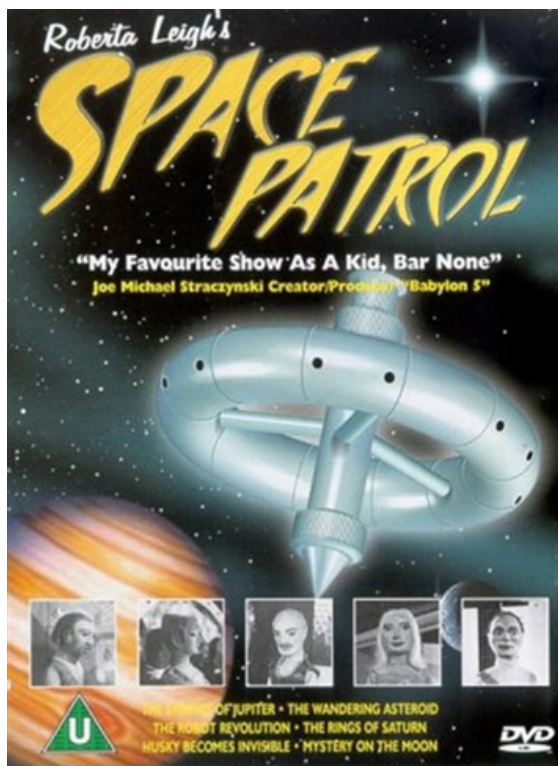
I thought Commander Dart or whatever his name was looked a lot like Heinlein too. But that's backwards. It was actually Heinlein trying to look like the commander ... or rather like the sort of 1940s RAF pilot that the wooden space hero was modeled after.

I paid more or less \$90 for the boxed set of *XL-5* because I only knew of one source – The World's Biggest Book Store, which then had a fabulous DVD section for British television. They were closing it, however, so I moved quickly to buy the set. A year or two later, having downsized other things as well, World's Biggest was no more. That's what happens when penny-pinching accountants run

businesses – they cut production and services along with manpower, and destroy the business. Since then, I've learned that Amazon is usually a better place to buy unusual items.

I don't have *Supercar* or *Stingray*, though. I might someday acquire *Stingray*, since I haven't seen them in so long. I watched perhaps a third of all *Supercar* episodes on YouTube recently ... but, alas, there were no full *Stingray* episodes for some reason!

I too, stand out from other Anderson animation fans by being less enamored of *Thunderbirds*. Apart from the chauffer and the nerd-kid with glasses, the characters are entirely bland. And they're costumed like hairdressers! I also don't understand where all that super technology comes from – the old guy who owns everything seems to be in some kind of business that made him a multi-millionaire, but apparently he doesn't sell that technology as a business! He keeps it for himself, so that he and his boys can make a few odd rescues, instead of all the world's rescue agencies being able to save thousands!



DVD Cover of Space Patrol



Captain Larry Dart of the United Galactic Organization

Somehow I've also accumulated small stacks of semi-pro Anderson fanzines relating to the shows as well ... one which ran throughout the 1980s was *S.I.G. (Supermarionation is Go)* which ended at #20 and spawned two further regular fan mags; Anderson's own *FAB* digest which is still going (past #80), and from the publisher of general telefantasy magazine, *Time Screen*, became *Century 21*, which was large and glossy but lasted only around three and a half years. Then there have been twenty-some digest issues of *Andersonic* that are unaffiliated with a fan group, but as avidly acquired for interviews with obscure model makers, puppeteers and background painters of yore. Add a few old British annuals and documentary DVDs (one entirely on *Supercar*), and I'm the almost complete Gerry Anderson fanatic, I guess. I'd been fascinated with miniatures since coming across a doll's house for the first time (my own *Days of Perky Pat* never arrived though, all I ever managed to shell out for doll-wise was one Japanese kimono-wearing *Licca* with no miniature layout or vehicles, etc.), but as a kid I actually always chose the non-cartoon kids' show over the cartoon (maybe Warner Bros. stood a chance, but they were the only ones). I think the earliest

Supercars are now my favorites, they were quite clever with more attention to writing than Anderson shows went on to have. The Mitch the monkey and Master Spy puppets are among the all-time best designs too, just love seeing them in action. You might want to give the early '60s British *Space Patrol* a try, Andy Partridge of *XTC* credits the sights and sounds of them as a lasting inspiration, and they at least acknowledge a vacuum of space for their adventures, unlike *XL-5*. *Four Feathers Falls* has a lot of fantasy to it, but I expect even if they were coloured they'd be non-transmittable due to the bad-guy Mexican stereotypes (... although with a potential President Trump, hoo nose).

I'm familiar with *Space Patrol*, and have watched the pair of videotapes I own numerous times. I don't find them as entertaining as the Anderson shows, but they are imbued with a weird 1930's pulp-magazine sensibility that makes them fascinating. I remember Andy Partridge's short interview about *Space Patrol*, also.

My interest in old puppet shows also extends to such as mischievous *Sooty* (a little bear with a magic wand) who is bigger in England since the 1950s than *Casey & Finega*, the only Canadian equivalent I can think of. Old books and annuals and the few DVDs available of classics of the past. The originator, Harry Corbett (not the one from *Steptoe & Son* though), was as dexterous as a great magician in operating *Sooty* and his companions while usually appearing in frame and interacting with them. There used to be a "magic circle" fan club for *Sooty* viewers and they could even meet him person at live shows ... well, they still can meet him, but it's modern and not quite as wild, almost gaunt-looking as the original '50s ones. I say that in the plural, as many puppets were used because they were forever getting cream-pied in the face or otherwise soiled. Harry Corbett's son Matthew took over for a long time and it's on to a third hand existence now. Remember Rod Hull and his large aggressive Emu under his arm? It's like that; a sort of charming but slightly violent *Id* or *Snoid!* There are many of the oldest *Sooty* shorts on Youtube, you might find something in them as in *Supercar*. Same with the rival to *XL-5*, *Space Patrol*.

Brad Foster – jabberwocky2000@hotmail.com

I think we all know you have fan-pubbing in your blood, it just is something you forget now and then. (Yes, I know you never came right out and said you wouldn't publish more after this run, but you kept strongly implying it. But, as those of us who have followed your output through the decades know, you really have no choice any more. Case in point: this final issue opens up by letting us know that there will be another issue, plus there will be other zines to come. You can't escape it, Taral, it's in your DNA, you MUST PUB YOUR ISH! :)

And yes, you did, indeed, entertain me. And sometime enlighten, and sometime gave me a little glimpse into a whole 'nother world, and sometime made me laugh, and sometime made me sad – basically, your writing has had an affect. It is good. I look forward to much more, however and wherever it shows up.

I am -also- very pleased to see you plan to get back to more of your own art when you return to issues of *New Toy*.

Okay, it must be said – the title design for the "All Things Must Pass" article is award winning. I don't know what category of which award, but that is clearly deserving of an award somewhere!

Yeah, waiting to see if you have won the "dealers' room space lottery" sounds like a pain in the ass, as far as being able to actually plan for everything you need to have done to attend. I've not encountered that yet, but a variant of it. There is a big Anime-oriented convention here in Dallas called Akon. Nice having it in my backyard, since I don't have those worries about having to get transportation or hotels set up in advance.

But the artist room is so popular, something like 150 artist spaces with over a thousand people wanting to get in, it has become a literal race to register each year. Sometimes I have been lucky, sometimes not. They announce the day, hour and minute that the on-line registration will open up, and then it's first-come first-served (they will still check each applicant, and if you do -anything- wrong on the form, you are kicked out, and that brings one more in, so always a chance if you were past the first 150). I'm still old-school typing in on the forms, and I know I'm up against much younger kids who have the flying-thumb typing skills to beat my time hands down. But, sometimes, I get lucky. I do know that it took me about 15 seconds to fill in the first bit of info last year that was required to "lock down" your position, and my number was something like 250. Damn! But, with so many people wanting in, there is no really "perfect" or "fair" way to go about it. I've just been very pleased when I got the space, and mildly disappointed, but immediately looking for other things, when I did not.

How on Earth can there be so many artists! If one person in ten can become a competent house painter, one in fifty a professional auto mechanic, one in a hundred a licensed physician, why does one in four people think they are an artist? But go to any furry con, and that's about what the proportion is! Of course, many of them frankly stink and have no business trying to sell the stuff... But nobody seems to notice.

And I have no idea, one way or the other, about the night life at these things. I was always so shy about showing up at anything after the con closed ("Who the hell would even be interested in talking to me?") that I spent most of my early time at conventions in my hotel room, drawing. It wasn't until I got married, and Cindy started dragging me to the parties, that I became semi-aware of this whole other group. But I still have this feeling that people are only talking to me to be nice to the ol' guy, and would not notice one way or the other were I not there. Ego of the artist, I guess: I want people to look at my work, but I have no expectation that they would care about *me*. If I have any rep for being a nice guy, it's because I am standing next to the sweet and caring Cindy at these places, and I benefit from her real glow of warmth.

Still healing up from the latest eye surgery – had initial surgery on my left eye about three weeks ago to install a little shunt in the eye to help relieve some of the new pressure there that had managed to destroy about 80% of my vision in the past six months. (That one snuck up on me!). Had to get some more stitches in it about a week ago when it wasn't "re-inflating" enough. Going back tomorrow to see if it has filled back up enough, but NOT TOO MUCH!, and we have finally gotten some balance there. Glad I kept the eye patch from my cataract surgery a couple of years ago on the -other- eye, back to my Pirate Brad look for a few weeks. Yes, this has nothing to do with the cataract that I thought was my only problem a couple of months back. Still have to deal with that, but the thing right now is to keep me from losing still more vision in the eye. Ah, it's so much fun to grow old, isn't it?

No, it really sucks. Life can be sweet when you're young, but then, gradually, it's all taken away until at the end there's not much reason to live. Some get shafted worse than others, though. All things considered, I'm not lodging any formal complaints. If I can't hike the mountains or deserts, or attend conventions, at least I'm okay at home, can read and pursue my interests, feed myself and do enjoy life generally. I can't imagine how I'd cope if, say, I lost my eyesight. With one stroke (so to speak) I'd be robbed of the ability to do or enjoy anything. How do you draw, watch movies or build a model kit in Braille?

Well, that kind of sucks as a loc on the issue, but hey, this was the last one. Or was it.... There will be one more... or will there be more.... stay tuned, kids, say tuned...

The Concordance should just be letters, assuming there are enough, and an index. The last thing I want to do is publish letters on the Concordance!

Philip Turner – farrago2@lineone.net

The saga of the new couch struck a chord with me. I had a much easier time getting rid of one which was an emergency single bed: most of the frame was wood, which became firewood, and there were some pieces of angle-iron, which could be hacksawn down to dustbinnable size. The replacement is a one-arm settee which is 50" wide, and has a reading lamp perched on the arm (on the right) and a small table the height of the seat at the left side for books, mugs, plates, etc. It cost £200 and it was a remarkably easy self-assembly job as the instructions were written in English English.

I've always been amazed at the Victorians, who had 500 different words for furniture. We barely have 50 – a couch or a sofa, what's the difference? "The difference, my dear sir, is that it's a settee ... and those overlarge appendages you have so unwisely unshod are resting upon an Ottoman, not a foot stool..."

I was a keen devotee of the Gerry Anderson TV series back in the mists of the 20th century. And my parents also enjoyed *UFO* (got the box set) and the weird and wonderful antics of the *Space 1999* crew. Yes, the stories tended to be rubbish, but they were *enjoyable* rubbish.

As someone who doesn't do sleep very well, I was amused to read of your adventures with your CRAP (okay, that's not what it's called but my brain has a tendency to make its own interpretations, usually inappropriate, when it sees something close to an existing word). My brain doesn't switch off at the end of the day, whether it's 11 p.m., midnight or 4 a.m. if the CFL treats us to overtime out West. Thus it takes me ages to get to sleep. And I'm pretty useless at getting up the next day, most of the time.

As far as your CRAP goes: you didn't want it, it didn't work and it ended up in gadget heaven, i.e. a suitable cupboard. That's the way the world operates. Covering both nose and mouth and applying pressure sounds like a concept dreamt up by an alien with no appreciation of how the human body functions. How can the pressure be relieved other than by turning you into *Le Pétomane* for a nocturne in the key of B-flatulence?

The same acronym occurs to me – over and over – but I have so far resisted the temptation to use it. I agree with your conclusion, that whoever designed it had previous experience as a plumber of sewage engineer, but had clearly not grasped the concept of two-way flow, as occurs in the process of respiration! There is, in fact, a fancier CRAP device that drops the pressure during the exhalation stage of the cycle – but it costs more money, naturally. Also, I have no idea of how it is timed. Do you learn to breathe according to its dictates, or does it adapt to you? I would not be surprised to learn that you breathe when it tells you to ... unless you pay for the *still more* expensive model, at least!

It took quite a long while, however it seems as though I have learned to sleep using the CRAP machine ... although I sometimes wonder if I couldn't as easily do without it.

Are we supposed to psychoanalyze you on the basis of the back cover and decide you're a bit of a psycho on the quiet? I suppose that's just over-analysis.

I suppose you could analyze Barry Kent MacKay, who would likely be amused at the suggestion. He already knows that he's a nut, and the self-knowledge delights him. It did seem like an odd way to bring the issue, and the run of *Broken Toys*, to a close ... but the more I thought about my disappointments and disillusionments along the way, the more amusing it appeared to give fandom the finger.

Best of luck with whatever you do with your time, now that the obligation to Break Toys has gone.

There's always politics...

David B. Williams – dbwilyumz@tds.net

After long consideration, I have decided that this will be my last LoC to *Broken Toys*. I fear I would have to be too creative to comment intelligently on completely imaginary future issues.

I had to smile when you mentioned that you had never purchased any new furniture. I look around and see that I am sitting in a reclining easy chair from my grandparents. When I moved into my first unfurnished apartment in 1974, my mom and uncle arrived with a U-Haul containing a bed and desk from my sister's room at the old homestead, a table and chairs for the kitchen/dining area, a Danish easy chair, and a large couch with a pull-out bed. After 42 years, all these items are still with me, having followed me to a second unfurnished apartment in a different city and then to my unfurnished house. When I moved into the house, my mom also acquired a couple of chests of drawers on my behalf, rather battered old things from yard sales.

In fact, as I think about it, I have never enjoyed anything new except various appliances and clothes. The house was thirty years old when I bought it. All my automobiles have been second- or third-hand. Nor have I ever had sex with a virgin.

I have never heard anyone else tell this disreputable story, so I will claim the credit for myself. I have even occasionally smoked second-hand cigarettes! At one time, when financially stressed by extra demands on my resources, I began collecting and smoking half-used cigarettes. At retail prices in this area, cigarettes are worth about 29 cents each, so one that is discarded before being smoked down to the halfway point is still worth about 15 cents. Yet you see these discarded treasures everywhere, especially in the ash trays outside supermarkets, convenience stores, movie theaters – places where smokers get out of their cars, light up, but only manage three or four puffs before they reach the entrance and have to toss them away. So, rather than spend money on new packs of cigarettes or just quitting, I fashioned a cigarette holder out of a short length of plastic straw and began picking up half-butts and smoking them. All went very well except on rainy days, when most ash trays got soaked.

Oh well. In addition to cigarettes, I now also buy lottery tickets. Some day, I hope, I will be able to buy a new house, buy a new car, and try sex with a virgin. I'm not too old for a new house or new car, but I fear time may be running out on that third ambition. At this point in Advanced Middle Age, I too am becoming increasingly used.

I hope you aren't in the habit of buying used lottery tickets as well... if so, you may be deluding yourself about your chances.

Eric Mayer – groggy.tales@gmail.com

I've been pretty regular about loccing *Broken Toys*, so it is ironic that as you reach your final issue I'm just too frazzled to write the sort of loc it deserves. Having to replace a computer and being off-line for a month will do that, at least to me. I think I have already commented on some of the pieces here anyway.

Has *Broken Toys* been a success? That is really for you to answer because, as fanzine editors, the only reward we get is whether we are pleased with the results of our efforts. Have you entertained me? Certainly. In fact, *Broken Toys* is (was) the only fanzine I still read. Have you entertained fandom? Have you entertained fandom? Obviously, if you look at your ever-expanding loccol – even if some of your loccers are not, strictly speaking, fans. And then there is your second-place finish in the FAAns. For someone who is not part of the clique, that is the highest possible finish. And who knows, next year you might even break the Corflu Crowd ceiling and actually win.

I think the short answer is, “Yes, it was a success.” I kept myself busy, honed my skills, maybe even learned to sepll a little bteter through sheer repitition. I kept Eric Mayer from gafiating entirely. That’s not a mean trick. I even got Victoria Vayne and Barry Kent MacKay to write locs. I’m thinking of raising Francis Towner Laney from the dead, next.

However, in one limited sense, *Broken Toys* was a failure. I had hoped to reinvigorate lapsed fanzine fans like Moshe Feder, Linda Bushyager, Brian Earl Brown, Robert Runte, Leah Zeldes, Joe Siclari, Pat Virzi, Rob Jackson and others that I had thought of as my contemporaries back in the 1970s. For the most part, I failed in that ambition. They either lacked interest or were too busy trashing the presidential candidates on Facebook.

Win a FAAn? Well, there is one thing I haven’t tried yet ... but I’m too young and cowardly to die.

The price of new furniture is ridiculous, and for huge sums you get crap. The only time I ever bought anything new was when my parents gave me some money to do so, after I moved to New York to go to school. Otherwise, my furniture has come from family and thrift stores and occasionally from second-hand/antique stores. Older furniture was often better made, anyhow.

Sometimes better-looking, too. And there may be secret compartments with mysterious keys or documents hidden in them! Or just dead mice.

It was incredibly unreasonable to require you to haul that couch back into the apartment. Man, why are people so damn mean? Right now we have a candidate running for president (Trump) who, near as I can figure, has got this far only because there are tens of millions of just plain mean people out there.

Years ago, the washing machine that came with this house broke down and wouldn’t fit through the new doorway. Mary and I dissembled the machine, mostly with hammers. What a racket.

Wow. A loc from Victoria Vayne. She was smart to get out of fandom when she did, and stay out. Wish I had had as much sense. But since I didn’t, I rather wish she’d stuck around a bit and done some more writing and editing.

To this day I don’t fully understand her departure, but it plainly had to do with issues of control and insecurity. Victoria was never comfortable with uncertainty or the possibility of criticism. At the time she left, she was probably a lot more popular than I was at the time, but fandom was still not “safe” enough for her. I think, too, that Victoria felt that she could never achieve the standard she wanted for *Simulacrum* – the writers and artists she admired and wanted to publish were even then somewhat of a closed circle, and she could not find newer, younger names with the same clout in fandom. Nor was she confident enough (or brazen enough) to write everything herself, as I learned to do.

I met Mike Glicksohn a few times during the nineties, oddly enough when I was out of fandom. I visited him and the Skeltons in Toronto, and he visited me in Rochester. We went to a Rochester Redwings game and played computerized Strat-O-Matic baseball, since he shared with me an enthusiasm for baseball. I liked him a lot, and that surprised me because his personality in loccols seemed a bit prickly ... but mostly he was a BNF and a congoer and somebody who obviously enjoyed mingling, exactly the opposite of me, the solitary, reclusive outsider. But he put me at ease immediately. And as I've grown older I've come to realize that the ability to get along with people – which I'd despised as a teen – is maybe the greatest gift of all, and Mike had it in abundance.

He liked people, and certainly knew how to get along with them. But I never could find anything to talk about with Mike. His interests were *all* so very unlike mine – they included sports, card playing, whiskey, and authors that he collected – most of whom I was indifferent to. Any conversations we had was limited to our almost antipodal attitudes about fandom, and couldn't go far from there.

Paul Skelton, paulskelton2@gmail.com

Speaking of the 1960s (which I will be doing later, but that will be a whole other subject), in Michael J. McInerney's *HKLPLOD* 3 (1962) Dick Schultz's LoC responded to Michael's second issue in part with...

"First off, your lettercol was too concerned with saying 'I liked ... I didn't like' about the last issue. I suggest forgoing the egoboo and digging out the gems of generally interesting info that always seems to drift in somewhere. Sort of like Terry Carr mailing comments. Instead of reviewing the last issue, the lettercol should go off from there."

"What has this got to do with the price of eggs?" you are doubtless asking. Well, the thing is, in my LoCs I always try to "go off from there," rather than simply "reviewing the last issue," as that latter approach always smacks to me of LoCing by ticking all the boxes. You know the sort of LoC I mean, where the writer says "Here I have your last two issues, and a couple of hours with nothing else to do so I guess I'll just get to LoCing them"... as if, from the evidence of the LoC in front of you, you couldn't figure this out. These LoCs usually finish "Here I am at the bottom of the page and it's getting late so I guess I'll get this off now. See you next issue."

"Eggs! Price of!" you quickly assert. Well, the problem is that *Broken Toys* 50 is a stonkingly big issue that practically demands a massive and coherent response. Unfortunately, it isn't really a thematically coherent issue. It would have been, had you restricted yourself to the historical overview, the letters, and just the odd other article. It might even have been a better issue (structurally at least) at that. But of course you had all this other good stuff (and indeed it was good stuff) that you wanted to squeeze in, so that the final impression of *Broken Toys* was it wandering bloatedly off into some swampy jungle and getting lost. In a way, it was like waking up on Christmas morning and finding not one, but several stuffed pillow-cases at the bottom of the bed, so that you are almost overwhelmed by your new toys.

The above is a bit like an English country road – it goes from here to there, but takes in a lot of scenery between, as well. I can play at similes and metaphors, too.

It was a very large issue – although not the longest I've ever published. DNQ 34 was 96 pages, as I recall ... and those were pages that I had to type on stencil, and crank through a Mimeograph machine! Imagine doing that today! But more than just large, the final issue of *Broken Toys* rambled a lot. Yet, I think it was more thematic than it might at first appear, since most of the material was backward-

looking. The overview of the fifty issues and my intentions was certainly a reflection of the past, as were the Glicksohn pieces. I looked back at *Fraggle Rock*, looked back upon furry cons, talked about rejoining *Rowrbrazzle*, that I had last belonged to sometime in the early '90s, Barry Kent MacKay rambled on about his involvement in fandom in the 1970s, and I wrote about a fan party at Linda Bushyager's home more than 40 years ago ... albeit from an imaginary point of view. Though I might be stretching a point or two, the issue plainly looks back the way it came more than it does toward the future.

Yet, the odd thing is that it was unplanned. I have never really planned any issue of *Broken Toys*, other than, "It's October, so I'll write something bout Halloween." The original remit for *Broken Toys* never permitted more.

What this means, of course, is that there isn't a single "there" for me to go off from, nor even any reciprocal "there" towards which I might go off. All this leaves me to do, of course, is tick the fucking boxes!

The cover was superbly executed, Taral, and well worth the extra effort and time in the colouring. The subject matter doesn't bang my particular buttons, but I can still appreciate that it is a fine job and excellently done. I suspect, if you hadn't given this last cover (last of the official 50 at any rate) your best shot, you would always have regretted it. You may not have gone out with a bang, but *Broken Toys* certainly did.

"It's hard to believe, but here we are, at the end of 50 issues of what may well have been Canada's last great traditional fanzine..." are your very first words this issue. Nobody could ever accuse you of lacking in self-belief. One does, of course, accept a degree of playful facetiousness in that opening remark. We could of course ask if it was "great," or simply exceedingly good (a bit like one of Mr. Kipling's cakes, though I think he has less justification for such a claim than you would have). Also we would have to ask if we are using "great" in respect of the international standard, or in a uniquely Canadian context.

Obviously, I had to be playing fast and loose with the word "great." What is "great?" For that matter, what is "a traditional fanzine?" I wanted to leave open the idea that for a lot of people, a badly produced volume of ineptly written fan fiction was nirvana, or that some other fans see no point to a fanzine at all unless it promotes, reviews and discusses science fiction. For those people, there are other kinds of fanzines than the ones I published, and I won't dispute their right to wallow in whatever kind of fertilizer they prefer. When we begin to open up definitions, we soon come to a point where the topic we were discussing dissolves away into everything ... or nothing at all. It is profitless to go far in that direction.

But it seemed to me that following in the footsteps of Canadian zines that followed in the footsteps of *A Bas*, *Can Fan*, *Energumen*, *The Monthly Monthly*, and *Torus*, *Broken Toys* really might be the last of its kind from Canada ... never mind the "great."

You went on to write...

"It became clear, after a few issues, that I had exhausted pretty much all I had to say about fandom for the time being."

This resonated across the fannish dimensions and struck an echo from *The Hog on Ice* 3 (back in February 1973), where Creath Thorne wrote...

“The past year has seen me grow away even more from fannish fandom; this is due in large part, I think, to the lack of really good fanzines being published anymore. In a fairly recent issue of *Locus* Harry Warner published a column where he claimed that fanzines today are better than ever. I can’t agree, and in a rebuttal to Harry I was going to point out that in 1960 the following fanzines were being published: *Habakkuk*, *Fanac*, *Discord*, *Innuendo*, *Void*, *Hyphen*, *Warhoon*, and *Xero*. Today we have *Granfalloon*, *Outworlds*, *Tomorrow And...*, *Energumen*, and *Moebius Trip*. Some of these fanzines are entertaining, but I don’t think they come anywhere near to matching the 1960 fanzines. This may be, however, a minority opinion.”

Now you wrote (in *Talk to the Hat*)...

“All the evidence suggests that modern fandom is forgetting Mike Glicksohn, *Energumen* and The Hat faster than the Americans are forgetting what it was like to live in a free, safe and affluent nation.”

...and here’s Creath, even back in 1973, if not exactly writing him out of fandom, at least writing him “down” (and Susan. We mustn’t forget Susan in the *Energumen* context, which, as I understand it, is one of the things that used to piss her off).

I do think Creath was technically correct in essence but the thing about Harry was that, whilst on the one hand we remember him for his fanhistorical writing, when he was actively fanning, he was always in ‘today’, and that the new fanzines that were being published in 1973 probably struck Harry as every bit as good as the new fanzines that were around in 1960 (maybe “better” might have been a stretch). Also, 1960 could have been a bit of a freak year, and Harry might have been talking in broad brush-strokes. Obviously, after this lapse of time, we may never know for sure. I was never overly fond of *Moebius Trip*. For that matter, to be temporally even-handed, I don’t think *Habakkuk* was quite right up there either (albeit significantly better than *MT*), but I was not sufficiently prominent in fanzine fandom to get the newer “biggies” as they were published – only reading read them the same way I read the older ones, as odd issues picked up here and there – and never felt they suffered by comparison in that context. I could not, however, comment on how much they stimulated and energised the fandom of their time, compared to how other zines did in earlier eras.

This is because fanzines have always had two faces (*pace* Jeanne Gommoll’s *Janus*). On the one hand you see them individually, as exemplars of the medium, whilst on the other hand they are part of an ongoing social scene ... sadly, more so then than now. This was brought to my attention back in the day when Walt Willis sent me three back issues of *Hyphen*, asking me to let him know my opinion of one of them, which he had thought particularly well done. Myself, I couldn’t see it, before it dawned upon me that what I was reading wasn’t well done because individual contributions were brilliant and would stand the test of time, but because it was a perfect example of “Fandom is exciting now. Get it whilst it’s hot.” Except, of course, that by the time I was reading it, those particular events were no longer wonderful and exciting, so that for me the strengths of that particular issue did not prove to be transtemporal.

...and yes, I have been recently reading through previously unread fanzines from the box containing those beginning with the letter “H.”

This is a rather complicated debate for a letter column! For one thing, let us pass on the question of whether fanzines were better in 1960 than in 1973. Many of those ‘70s zines were, of course, the exemplars of fanzine fandom for a later generation, and it’s not at all clear whether that’s due to when you were first exposed to fanzines, or how intrinsically excellent they were. Also, the social context in which fanzines are published evolves constantly – fandom in 1960 was not what it was in 1973. Fanzines played a less important role in the ‘70s than they did in the ‘60s, I think. For one thing, the

feeling that fanzines had to stick to science fiction as a topic had seriously weakened by *Energumen's* last issue, so anyone who valued the zines he got in the mail for the reviews and articles that kept him informed about the genre is going to see later fanzines as less good, regardless of refined writing, attractive presentation or originality of the material. Personally, I see more or less a continuity of fanzine production from after the Second World War to sometime in the 1990s, when we all began to notice we were getting old. It had its ups and downs and fashions, but there was always something of value.

When I wrote "people are forgetting Mike Glicksohn," I didn't mean us old fogeys. We may forget him yet ... but also where we left our teeth. What I meant was that fan history is not being passed on, and it's not being passed on because we don't make enough effort, but because it is not relevant to what fandom is, today. We might entertain someone just met at a convention, who is still a youngster of only 25 or 30, but amusing stories about Ted White or Forry Ackerman or Claude Deglar won't fire that person's imagination. Those days, those people and those activities no longer matter in an age of media tie-in costuming, virtual reality role-playing and conventions run by Marvel or Paramount. These are the people vying to run the Worldcon now, and voting on Hugos, and will soon determine who the TAFF winners are. Publishing amateur paper magazines just isn't a "thing" anymore.

Barry Kent McKay's back cover was also pretty spiffy, even if he couldn't be asked to spend umpteen weeks colouring it. His letter/article/autobiography was also exceptionally interesting. I'd be thrilled to think I might do as well in recounting my own fannish involvement, though obviously any such hope would be self-delusional.

Lloyd Penney's comments about trimming down his book collection resonate somewhat here. I am beginning to see little reason in having books simply because I liked them on first reading. As one gets older the opportunities for re-reading diminish ... plus those opportunities clash with those for reading new stuff, so whilst I see little likelihood in my having to move away and downsize my entire life, downsizing my book accumulation is beginning to take on the connotations of a butterfly bursting from its pupa. Of course if I then discover I can no longer afford to buy new books, it will be like the butterfly had flown straight into a spider's web and been devoured on its maiden flight ... but I guess you makes your choices and takes your chances.

When it comes to *Talk to the Hat*, I find it odd how we either resonate with (or indeed fail to resonate with) other fans. In respect to Mike Glicksohn, you wrote that you and he were "very different people in every way except one – we both liked to publish fanzines," explaining why your relationship was at the "Through the next few years, Mike and I tried to get along" level. Quite conversely, I suspect Mike and I were alike in all respects except one, that one being that he was an outgoing extrovert and I was a shy introvert. Oh, and plus I never published a Hugo-winning fanzine. Plus, come to think of it, I was never a Worldcon Fan GoH. So OK, maybe there were a few other differences too. Let's not dwell on them. The simple fact is that we were pretty "simpatico" from first meeting. We got along. We resonated. So we could never meet for more than a couple of weeks every other year – so what?

You wrote that Mike's piece was "not Mike at his best." Actually, I don't agree. I think that this was an absolutely first rate piece, given the audience at which it was aimed. This appreciation has absolutely nothing to do with Cas and me being name-checked therein ... basically because we weren't. Place-checked, yes, but name-checked, no. I don't recall previously seeing a "fan" article clarify just how much it can bloody well cost to be a fan! One does wonder, though, had he really been attempting to point out the delights of fandom to SF readers, how successful he'd have been effectively stressing just how many books they would no longer be able to afford if they chose to go that route.

One almost wonders, in fact, if Mike was not trying to discourage fans from attending his beloved conventions, and clogging them up with uncomprehending neos.

You write of getting back to your project of republishing *Ah, Sweet Idiocy* in digital format, but don't explain WHY you are doing it. My first thought was to make it widely available to a new generation of fans, but then you move on to talk of producing CD's or a LULU POD edition, either of which is relatively expensive. I mean if a .pdf is good enough for *Broken Toys*, why would it not be good enough for *A, SI*? Plus, of course, there'd be no actual expenses to recoup and if you wished you could convert it to an .epub using a free online converter. Of course, if the object is to make some money out of the project, then e-format would not be the way to go. I say this with regret, because *A, SI* is one of the things I don't have'

I still don't have any real answers to these questions. But, there is a great deal of supplementary material to go along with *ASI* itself, and I would like to bundle them together in one package, so that *ASI* can't be cherry-picked while the rest is discarded.

I note from the TAFF piece that the UK is now, and has been for some time, perfectly happy to send fans to the US who have no connections with fanzines or with US fandom, whilst when part of US fandom ever proposed to send such a fan to the UK, UK fandom invariably threw all its toys out of the pram. Do you think it possible that UK fandom trying to get what it wants might have roots going deeper than the FAAns?

I'm sure this will be welcome news to our conspiracy-minded friends, but for myself I'm not sure how to address the question.

I was intrigued by Bob Jennings' mention of *The Insider*, so e-mailed Michelle asking for a sample copy. She replied (almost instantaneously) that, contrary to Bob's assertion, I could get it in e-mailed .pdf segments. That might resolve your problems about whether they'd accept e-trades. Mind you, you may not want to trade. The only new writing in it is basically Bob's, whether it be his '8-page fnz review column,' expansive because grossly overwritten, or his LoC (the only one). Everything else is ripped off from the professional press (cartoon strips, articles from newspapers, etc.) except for club stuff like listings of anything that's happening of an SF nature over the next 12 months. Now I have to write them a LoC that comes across as fairly positive, but makes it clear they shouldn't bother to send me any more issues. Wish me luck.

It was a great way to go out, Taral. As an example of...

“That explosion of fan activity in Toronto led by Mike Glicksohn”

...it could not be bettered. I'm sure he'd have been very proud of you.

And as we all know, Boyd Raeburn was the real power behind Mike Glicksohn, pulling Canadian fandom's strings with relative anonymity.

Bill Plot, wjplott@aol.com

You stirred the guilt in me with your comments about people who never acknowledged *Broken Toys*. I did a few times, but not nearly as often as I should. I feel sadness that it is going away, but pleasure in knowing that more fanzines will be forthcoming from you. *BT* was something I looked forward to each issue, and it

became part of my treadmill routine at the YMCA. No, I was not reading it on a tablet or such. I printed the damn thing out, then stapled it in lots of a dozen or so pages for easy handling.

The YMCA part came about because of my wife. We are raising a 6-year-old grandson. A couple of years ago, she began to hassle me about staying healthy because we have this lad to take care of. I finally agreed to go with her to the Y and sign. up. The Y lady asked me what my goals were – losing weight, improving energy, etc. I said, "No, my goal is to get her off my back." The woman cracked up and said, "We don't have that on our checklist, but we'll try to work it in." The outcome was, I've been going to the Y two or three days a week for over two years now. I do not enjoy it. When people ask if I feel good after a workout, I respond, "No, I don't feel good. I feel hot and tired and sweaty."

However, *Broken Toys* and my SFPA mailings have made it bearable. I warm up with 12 or so minutes on the treadmill, then do 10 damnable weight exercises. I wind up with 15 more minutes on the treadmill, ultimately walking about 1.5 miles.

Why am I telling you all of this? Well, to throw a guilt trip back on you. If you stop publishing fanzines for me to read at the Y, then you risk endangering my health. Is that any kind of trade-off on my poor LOC record?

The bottom line – in response to your question: "*did* I entertain you?" – is an unqualified "Yes." I have always found *BT* interesting and entertaining. I am pleased to know that you will still be producing fanzines in the future.

A few off-the-wall comments from your natter and the various letter writers, without trying to be too specific on who said what:

– Science popularizers like Neil DeGrasse Tyson serve a useful purpose if they get kids interested in science. What starts out as show biz might turn into a career. Without that catalyst, perhaps no thought of a science career.

– Your adventure with the new sofa was amazing. First, I share your dislike of cushions that require a helping hand to rise from. When we go shopping for such, my first requirement is firmness. I am so glad, though, that the sofas we have purchased over the years did not come from Ikea. I do not enjoying putting things together.

But what I really glad of is that we don't live in an apartment building with neighbors like yours. That woman's behavior was unbelievable. First, that the problem had to be solved immediately, and second, that she was indifferent to your disability. What a horrid person.

Well, I had marginal notes on a couple of other items, but *TB50* was so lengthy that I had to staple the zine in 10-page increments. At the moment, I cannot find the other sections. Rather than risk further delay and failure to send the LOC altogether, I shall dispatch it now.

Thanks again for sending me that first issue several years ago.

Yes, I Said That : *Talking Points 2015*

You know what they say about people who become intoxicated on Lovecraft ale? “They can’t hold their ichor.”

The US increasingly resembles a boarding house that is ruled over by the crazy tenant in the room upstairs at the end of the hall, who everyone is a little afraid of, and lets have his own way.

All fiction is a magic trick, which, if preformed right, makes you believe. Some magic tricks are easy – like Smurfs and Bambi. Other magic tricks are harder, like Shakespeare or Casablanca. And just like magic shows, some audiences are harder rooms than others.

Whoever said being poor was not a crime never stood with empty pockets before a judge.

It takes time to be *thoroughly* stupid.

The politics of the American Congress resembles a case where the human stomach has rejected the patient's brain.

On holidays, we who put the “celibate” in “celebrate” don’t do much of it.

We all descend from the same grease molecule that got stuck to an amino acid ... everything else is snobbery.

Nothing drives us to kill as does the fear of death and what may follow...

Show me a politician with balls and I’ll show you a politician who isn’t standing for office in the next election.

The ideology that puts the profit motive ahead of everything not only puts a value on all things, it decides that unprofitable things aren't worth doing.

The deity that requires your worship isn’t worthy of it.

Cutting-edge technology cuts both ways.

Anyone who credits his good fortune to God's blessing should be equally ready to admit that his bad luck is God's judgment too.

There’s nothing wrong with national debt. The economy just expands, and it’s only when some damn silly fool thinks the debt has to be paid that the trouble begins.

The instinct to collect will outlast the English language.

Don’t ever get too good at anything: God will cut you down in an instant.

I am not a snob, I am just intellectually lazy!

Whiskey and Red Bull? The ghosts of the 100 million Scots who have ever lived and died will rest uneasily tonight...

"Practicality" ... It'll never work.

For every political action, there is a reaction ... then inaction.

Rome fell in a day ... several times.

If Rings of Power are made illegal, will only evil wizards will have Rings of Power?

All the women in my life are inconveniently fictional.

Famous Last Words: "If Darwin was so smart, why am I still alive?"

There is nothing that free enterprise loves so much as a monopoly.

The best way to live an incredible life is to have modest expectations.

Those with the loudest voices in any democratic debate are usually those with the most to gain ... and most often get their way.

You can't choose your ancestors ... and you don't have to live like them, either.

Many people approach the metaphysical looking for clear-cut answers, when in fact there are only unanswerable questions.

Democracy is not the most efficient form of government – just far and away the best.

Generally, cats are smarter than stunt men.

Do you ever wake up in the morning with the indescribable feeling that you are missing out on something important, but haven't any idea what it could be? If I'm lucky, it goes away after a few minutes ... only to occur again the next morning.

It is a fact that the markets are always displeased when the common man gets a break.

I welcome most imaginary people into my home.

God created an unsustainable universe when he added entropy.

The poor have few rights, but are assumed to have heavy moral responsibility.

It wasn't an *interest* in SF that held fandom together, it was SF as a *common language* and *way of thinking* that held us together. Today's fandom is the other way around.

My problem in life is been that nobody is good enough for me ... and if there was someone, *I* wouldn't be good enough for *them*.

We need the Ford Brothers like we need hemorrhoids with Artificial Intelligence.

His blood would poison a leech.

Life is full of little mysteries, most of which are of little benefit if clarified.

If ever I am so beloved, remember that I like Grand Marnier, not bourbon.

There are some questions science can't answer... and just as many that religion can't explain away.

"Deities come and deities go... the title to a piece of Promised Land is only as good as the sharpness of your blades" – old Caananite proverb.

I have never owned a car but have never felt virtuous about it.

Moderation and indifference ought not to be synonyms.

First you sell them a problem, and then you sell them a solution.

I know sensitive lawyers and accountants who are offended merely because they are universally condemned as black-hearted scoundrels without a drop of human compassion or remorse, willing to compromise whatever shred of ethics that remains for thirty pieces of silver. I ask you, if it is politically incorrect to laugh at *them*, then at *whose* stereotype is it safe to laugh?

Yes, I Said That : Talking Points 2016

Every dawn is someone's darkest hour.

If it was easy to be perfect, you might just discover one day that you had achieved perfection, and have no reason to get up in the morning.

If you're religious enough, you can believe anything you want.

To save democracy, we had to overthrow it.

Bathing baby sloths is one job you just can't hurry...

The intellectual stagnation that hangs over the place is so thick that it would take a NASA lander to penetrate.

Being a violent sociopath is an equal-opportunity profession.

This is what you get if you pickle a Chihuahua.

Toronto is the city still saving up for a rich history and architecture.

The human race has been the topic of a *thousand* literatures!

As we go about our daily business, nature is insidiously eating us.

All developed nations are well tuned balanced between collective action, democratic regulation, individual initiative and capital investment. Anyone who advises running on one cylinder is a fanatic who doesn't know how human societies work.

Nothing is, or ever will be, perfect – something we should perhaps keep in mind when our expectations rise too high. This works as well for political theories, presidents, and marriages ... even new cars.

It's not fair to trash big houses, fast cars and the trappings of luxury until you've had them. I'm still waiting for the chance to make up my mind.

Like mass and energy, money never actually disappears into nothingness – it always comes from somewhere and buys something. (*written in answer to a complaint about wasted taxpayer money.*)

Some people read a book the way they would solve a puzzle. They just seem to want to know how it comes out. Once you know, why would you try to solve a puzzle a second time? On the other hand, I read a book as an "experience." Finding out how it ends is important, but so is the journey along the way. I as much like reading a book again as I like taking a pleasant walk in the park more than once.

Nothing today, thank you. I'm not getting up.

Whimsy should never be discounted as a logical reason.

Economists and governments tremble at the waver of a hair in the wind. Any departure from growth causes them to sweat, even the inevitable rise and fall of the tides.

Is there nothing too senseless and dangerous that someone will not only try it ... but do it?

Not only is experience unnecessary to inherit a family fortune, but it is positively out of the question.

INTALKSICATED – a drunk who talks and talks and won't shut up.

There would be many more famous authors than there are ... if only they could have made a sale.

At some point in recent American history, "capitalism," "the free market" and "consumerism" became non-falsifiable positions ... sort of like religion, or the belief that Elvis was taken away by a UFO to live on Saturn.

Being myself is being quite a lot of different people, actually.

I couldn't afford university. I joined an SF club instead.

A man whose time was past before he was born.

At some point you just have to give up on the constant anxiety about calories, or consign yourself to the hell of vegetarianism.

You know you're getting on when by law the fire marshal has to be present when they bring in your cake.

Too often the past doesn't die with us ... it is forgotten *by* us.

I'm so old I remember when TV was silent ... then I learned to turn up the volume knob when I was four.

Some people would follow a hockey puck into hell.

I was always a lukewarm radical... it's only because conservatives are so thick-headed and obviously wrong that I'm kept on the left side of issues.

Q: Why can't Linux users ever have sex?

A: No matter how well you dress them up, they'll always be Unix.

Few people enjoy stuff as much as they enjoy wanting it.

Political correctness -- There are no wrong moves ... but no right words.

Philosophy is so easy once you recognize that even if you ignore it, the world goes on just the same...

SF is the literature of making the imaginary seem plausible. The art that goes into the plausibility is what makes it SF. If nothing is implausible, then it's probably mainstream literature. If it's not plausible, it's fantasy.

There is no one so jealous of their intellectual property as the heirs who had nothing to do with creating it.

Yes, I Said That : *Talking Points 2016*

There are no mad scientists... only mad ideas.

All evidence is faked, except the evidence I wanted to believe anyway.

Everything can't be about making money. You only need money, after all, because there are some things it must be spent on.

I have an unshakeable belief that I cannot stand beets... but I can't remember when I have ever eaten any.

High intelligence combined with narcissism and a total lack of critical self-awareness is a dangerous combination. It produces irrefutable gibberish. [Ayn Rand]

The horrors on Earth go to the grave with us, and never trouble the dreams of the gods.

Interesting how some people would rather pay a dollar to a lawyer than a dime to anyone who has done honest work for them.

The future is just a guess away.

Who holds them in check when all branches of government collude? The jig is up.

Being dead is a the only pre-existing condition that matters, ultimately.

We are a wonderful species ... perpetually condemned to tyranny, suffering, torture, slavery and stupidity because we believe in the powers that be.

Unfortunately, two of the most stupid words ever written in the English language are "don't worry."

Act for the people, or act for God, but you can't act for God if you act against the people.

Never buy a spellchecker with a send of humour.

How like a god to take the credit when he's done nothing...

Three out of four writers probably get their starts just by thinking what they should have said in some argument.

As the sage said, "everything that goes wrong begins at birth."

[]