



Broken Toys 21 is a personalzine by **Taral Wayne**. Since the last issue was a special one, you might expect number 21 to revert to normalcy... ha, ha... Since I'm making up this atypical header weeks in advance, I can't be sure of that and neither can you! I haven't moved from 245 Dunn Ave. Apt. 2111, Toronto Ontario, M6K 1S6 yet ... and short of a gorgeous Japanese movie starlett worth millions falling in love with me, I doubt I ever will. Until then, contact or loc me a Taral@teksavvy.com. The date is end of Sept. 2013, and this is @ **EXtrataralitoriality/Kiddelidivee Books & Art 271**.

Small Matters

I. In mid-month, a veteran walked onto a Navy base and killed a dozen people, then himself. One might almost imagine him at St. Peter's gate, arguing for his right to be let in. "Your honour, plainly I am a bad-tempered loser who lacks self-control, has memory blackouts and should never have been allowed to carry guns around. So is it *my* fault that I shot 13 people in a self-diagnosed fit of PTSD? Or is the fault of whoever let me have the gun? Like society." You know ... that *almost* makes sense.

It's getting to the point where I talk with my friends about the latest shooting outrage in the US about once a week. Hard as it is to believe, though, the amount of violent crime has actually been on a steady decline since the early 1990s! As for massacres involving firearms, however, *that* seems to be on an upward trend. Unfortunately, it is probably much too late to imagine that gun control can make any dent in the statistics. There are a staggering number of guns out there, in dubious hands, maybe one firearm for every man, woman and child in the United States. Or maybe three? I sure don't know. But the number is vast, and it is much too late to consider cutting back on them. Any attempt would result in the owners of firearms in hiding them under floorboards, stashing them behind walls and burying them in oilcloth in the backyard ... *anything* before surrendering the most precious things in their lives.

But what about bullets? Oh sure, there are trillions and trillions of them out there, along with the guns. But, unlike guns, bullets get used up. Once fired, a bullet is a spent case and a hole in a paper target ... hopefully that's all. What if the manufacturers of bullets were required to keep record of how many they manufacture, and may only supply limited amounts to the public? Suppose, also, that

military calibres such as the M-16/M-4's .556 mm rounds are restricted to the military, who are forbidden to let it out of their hands? A lot would slip through the cracks, of course, but I think there would pretty soon be a general shortage of ammunition. Suddenly, all those guns would surely be a lot less dangerous.

It could be difficult, and many people would be furious that they can't get hollow-points and armour-piercing rounds for target practice any more ... except by getting it from a criminal, an offense they can be charged with. There would be a lively black market. But the black market would also be to the advantage of public safety, as illegal bullets would be *even more expensive* bullets.

In a few years, the scarcity of ammunition might have the felicitous effect of making people *think* before shooting each other. People who would otherwise not give it a thought before popping a few caps at rival gang members at a dance might remember the cost before drawing. "Is it worth a hundred bucks to do this?" Ironically, others might be deterred from gunplay not because they could go to jail for shooting someone, but for having forbidden ammunition with which to do it! It *could* work! At least it's worth a shot.

Strangely enough, this was a comedy routine a number of years ago, by a stand-up comic whose name I don't remember. He proposed that a bullet cost \$5,000. Of course, I'm not proposing anything as extreme as that. But if only we could start with *five bucks*...

II. I think it's about time our politicians spoke up about their marijuana use. Half the people in Canada (and the United States) are known to have smoked pot at some time in their lives, and some smoke it regularly. Yet, whenever we attempt to discuss the matter of legalizing cannabis, the same official fear-mongers wave their arms in the air and squeal "irresponsible!" "It will lead to greater drug use!" and "it's only for a handful of ex-hippies who want to use dangerous drugs recreationally." Dude ... so many people smoke marijuana now, it could hardly get worse. If pot really is a gateway drug that leads to harder drugs, or a threat to national health, we must already be too far gone in decline to worry about it any further.

Besides, if we are to make any progress toward ending the War on Drugs, we have to end the patently untrue idea that there are only a few "pot heads" among us who want a radical change made for their benefit alone. Legalizing marijuana is for *all* Canadians. It is for the half of us who at some time or another smoke it or bake it in our cookies. It is for those who don't want to use pot ourselves, but also don't want their sons or daughters, husbands or wives and nephews or nieces to have criminal records. It is for those of us who suffer unnecessary pain or debilitation for which regular prescription drugs are ineffective ... and costly ... and often cause undesirable side-effects. It is for those of us who perceive our tax money wasted on a useless, unenforceable moral code written by our great-grandparents, who also punished homosexuality, vagrancy and card games with jail time. It is for cops who are tired of sending harmless, respectable members of the community to jail for something the cop may well do himself in his spare time! And for cops who may be shot in the line of duty, and other cops who are corrupted by easy money created by Rico laws. It is for those of us who are sickened to see billions of dollars made available exclusively to organized crime. Ending the legal oppression of marijuana is, I repeat, a boon for *all* Canadians, and *all* Americans, whether they know it or not. It's as much for those who favour the continued prohibition as well as the more than half who realize it is wrong.

Recently, the new leader of the Liberal Party of Canada, Justin Trudeau, came right out and said he had smoked marijuana and would work toward legalizing it if his party wins the next election. I suspect this was a turning point in Canadian politics in several ways. The last time a Canadian

politician advocated a new posture on marijuana was over ten years ago, when Prime Minister Jean Crétien introduced a bill to Parliament to decriminalize small amounts for personal use. Unfortunately, that session of Parliament came to an end before the bill was debated, and pressure from the American government assured that the bill was not re-introduced. Prime Minister Paul Martin put forward the bill a second time in 2004, but the government was defeated in a confidence motion. New elections put a Conservative government in office, and there was no more talk about defecting from the War on Drugs.

Within a very short time after Justin Trudeau's statement that he would pursue Liberal policy in this matter, the cries of outrage began. Astonishingly, not only from the Conservative Party, its think tanks and evangelist base, but from the New Democratic Party! The NDP have traditionally been the left wing of Canadian politics, espousing socialism, trade unions, environmental issues, social justice and even free internet access! But on the issue of legalizing marijuana, the leader of the NDP, Thomas Mulcair, came out on the side of the Conservatives! In his view, it was premature to think of even decriminalizing marijuana, let alone legalizing it.

I've voted NDP in the past, but won't next time, you can be sure of it. While legalizing pot may be a minor issue compared to some of the major headlines of late – whether they be poison gas in Syria or blackouts in Detroit – it is an important measure of the health and sanity of our society. Will we continue to imprison millions of harmless people in unspeakable conditions for *purely political reasons* – just as people are imprisoned in Russia for defying the government of Valdimir Putin – or are we going to put a stop to the monstrous violation of civilized society called the War on Drugs? By upholding the repressive policies of its Conservative opponents, the NDP has placed itself *to the right* of the Liberals ... and on the wrong side of history.

III. There was a time when you looked forward to the Hugo results. You were never sure who would win, of course, but you presumed reasonable results. No more. The film and TV categories are full of Dr. Who and Marvel comics. It may be that the newest Dr. Who is better than ever, and I, for one, usually enjoy a good superhero flick. But *best* of the year? If so, it is disappointing that the genre can do no better than an old chestnut and some comic book characters!

I can't comment much on the other professional categories, but when we come down to the fan categories I'm just brimming right over with opinions. I think this is the first year in which Old School fandom entirely lost its grip on the fan categories. The sad thing about it is that once you could congratulate the winners sincerely, and commiserate with the runners-up, telling them "*next* year for sure." But I'm *not* glad any of the winners of the fan categories won. I'd be a liar to say anything else. My first thought on hearing who won was to commiserate with Steve Stiles for being shortlisted for the 12th or 13th time ... but I suppressed the impulse. Once I began to think about how *I'd* feel in Steve's shoes, I wasn't certain that hearing everyone's "sorries" wouldn't just make me feel *worse* rather than better. Unlike past years, in which losing the Hugo was to another fanartist, this year Steve lost to a pro. I had never heard of Galen Dara. When I saw the Hugo ballot for the first time, I went to the internet and did a search for the name. What I discovered was a pro cover artist wannabe. From what I could see, she painted covers for cons and the small press, but I didn't see anything I'd call fanart. Perhaps I missed a piece here and there that Dara did for a fanzine that I never saw, but the overwhelming majority of images on her webpage were for convention, semi-pro or professional use.

To win, Galen Dara pushed aside a fanartist who spent more than 45 years doing something he loved and did for the friends he made. Steve Stiles earned the respect of the community from which he

sprang, but was passed over for the Hugo once again by someone who appeared from seemingly nowhere, has little public service behind her and probably has very little idea what fanzine fandom is. But the worst part of it is that the signal sent to us Old Schoolers over the last few years is unmistakable. None of that fanac business matters now, nor will ever matter again – henceforth, the fan Hugos will be determined by random spurts of enthusiasm for novel candidates, either minor pros or pretensions of becoming pro. As likely as not, the winners will drop from popularity within a year or two, when they grow tired of fandom or go on to a full time career. We have entered a new age of Fandom for the Moment, without history or memory. Perhaps the sooner forgotten, the better.

Left-Over Parts

WAHF: **Kjartan Arnorsson**, **Robert Lichtman**, who makes this observation, “Looks like a bumper issue, and I look forward to doing more than scanning it. When I was downloading and filing it, I noticed something: You’ve published more frequently than Arnie: two issues of Broken Toys since the last fanstuff, and if you track back from his previous one you’ve published three issues in the time frame he’s published just one. I’m sure there’s some *cosmic significance* to be drawn from this!” **Andrew Porter**, who has this to say, “I am so far behind on looking at these, it’s ridiculous...” Yes, it is. ;) **E.T. Bryan**, who writes, “I note that Greg Benford is one of your correspondents. Is this the science fiction author/physics professor? I don’t remember telling you (but may have) that he was the head of my oral committee when I was at UC Irvine. I tried to get on his plasma research team but he wasn’t buying it – even my bribe of a framed painting of Albert Einstein with his tongue out didn’t swing the deal.” Later, E.T. added, “On my oral qualifying exam he asked me to analyze the Ringworld to find out if it was stable or not. I proved it wasn’t and passed the oral. Unfortunately, I didn’t pass the written at that time – had to go to UC Riverside to get the thing completed. I doubt he’d remember me anyway so no point in me contacting him.” So, naturally, I contacted **Greg Benford** ... he replied, “Interesting...I recall the student but what’s his name? [Will he] be at worldcon?” Alas, no. I also heard a second time from **Rebecca Jansen**, who notes that old copies of *DNQ* and my art folio, *TransFur*, are being auctioned on eBay for \$15, \$20 and even \$30! Why can’t I get that kind of money for my zines? Finally, a note from **Steve Jeffrey**, along with a file showing a robot he thought I’d be interested in, perhaps because it looked a little like something I’d draw. In fact, I had a video of it *walking*.





Lloyd Penney, penneys@bell.net

I've been intending to get to this, it's the top of the pile, and I wanted to get this to you before you were preparing the next issue, but as always, others come in to say that no matter what you've got on your desk(top), what I have for you is much more important. With that, here's the extremely late letter of comment on *Broken Toys 19*.

Late's the word. I began putting the issue together the night before your loc arrived. Although I tried to squeeze it in, it put me a page over 32, and nothing to fill a page 34. Your loc on *Broken Toys 19* will have to go into issue 21. It's unfortunate how employers have such a distorted view of priorities that they can't wait for people to finish with clearly more urgent matters.

When I joined up with that ragtag group called fandom in late 1977, I got what I basically wanted, and that was some friends, as I had moved to Victoria, BC earlier that year, and I had no friends at all. I got to indulge myself in one of my SF interests, Star Trek, and I found others to indulge myself in my other interest, SF anthologies. As time's gone on in my own area of fandom, I wanted some personal measure of achievement, and friends around the world, and things to do and create. I think I've been fairly successful in that, so I've got what I wanted out of fandom, and I have tried to put as much into fandom as I can. What do I want from fandom now? Perhaps some recognition of what I've done over the past 35 years of fanac, but I've certainly recognized that I've aged out of the usual fandom demographic, there are younger fans doing their own fanac, and I will take what little attention I can get.

That huge rainstorm was amazing. We were taking Yvonne's sister and her husband to the airport when it started coming down, and flooded the streets of Etobicoke pretty quickly. Usually, it takes us about 15 minutes to drive to their airport, double that from her sister's place, and about 2 hours coming home. Then came the power outages. We also had emergency water, and was able to get more from the basement laundry taps. Some pretty rich families got taken down a peg or two by having their lavish furnished basements ruined.

Welcome back to Ken Fletcher; your fine artwork is much missed. Asimov books had 1950s anachronisms? Yes, but I never let myself be swayed by that. They were, after all, Asimov books from his writing prime, and that's the era they came from. Yvonne just finished reading the original short story "A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens," and there are some anachronistic terms I use there that were eliminated in the movie, such as a smoking bishop. In that movie, that became a bowl of punch.

I understand that Dickens' beloved classic was loosely based on an anthology of short stories that were written in the first century A.D.

Many years ago, I was labelled a fascist simply because I said I was a Canadian. We benefit from the level of socialism we have, and sometimes I think we could use a little more. However, we don't want to alarm the *New York Times* any more than they already are...I remember when they went ballistic when Ontario elected an NDP government. Yikes! The godless commies are at the gates!

Just finished the first page, so I will end it on the second. Off it goes to you, many thanks, and I hope it makes it in for the 21st issue. No matter what, see you then.

Ken Fletcher, kenfletch@comcast.net

I've seen few LOCs that have become better essays. "I pity the fool zine-editor..." who would think to edit that. 8)

It communicates a personality. It appears honest. I find the tone to be conservative, in among the best senses of the word, "individual." It has an anecdote that becomes a parable. There is the experience of being a situational minority. There is the host that didn't remember the social dynamics of their own parties... but was courteous, just the same. There was thoughtful thinking, and an illuminating answer. And we all get to meet the Chair of the Ghods, which reminds me that I might find and share the illuminating epigram, but my Chair might still collapse -- perhaps to keep me more centered within the local *gravitas*.

You are writing about major social changes, and the social awkwardness as things change. You share good parables and offer readers clear ways to visualize different points of view.

I'm not well-socialized in my culture. I'm unlikely to be invited to parties. I did encounter a party like that, as part of life with a public co-ed high school. It was a weekend "cast party" after the last performance of the School Play. Everyone helping put-on the play was invited. We on the stage-crew were me and 3 other geeks and nerds. It was in some family's urban finished basement, soft drinks & party-food prominent. Records, but no real dancing, as I recall. (The people in the play were too exhausted, I think.) And then, in about an hour, the basement lights were dimmed, and most everyone else paired up on the furniture (or other rooms), to "make-out", as the tribal term was. 8) Us stage-crew geeks clustered in the corner watching, for about 5 minutes, discussing the situation in whispers. We realized we were about the only non-cast members who had actually shown up. We also realized the current party activities were not going to change, and it was ridiculous to expect to be able to 'bum a ride' home. We all grabbed cans of soda pop, thanked the (slightly) embarrassed hostess at the bottom of the basement stairs, and we geeks walked home. The weather was good, we all lived in the same general neighborhood (which was only about a mile-and-a-half away) so it was a good nighttime walk.

That was the extent of my "private high-school party" experience. It was educational.

In retrospect, I've guessed that the actors in the play had done several "cast parties" before,

that were 'snogging in the basement' events. The hostess (and cast) may have been sincere about having a post-play party open to all the support staff. But when the party actually happened, after about an hour the cast went into default-mode, and started the private party that they really wanted. 8) "Being socialized" is the other play support staff, who knew better than to attend that post-play cast party. 8)

Ned Brooks, nedbrooks@sprynet.com

Thanks Tara! It's STEPHEN King, though for all I know there is a benighted scribbler cursed with the name "Steven" King, or a conman named James Jones using that as a pen-name.

Stephen King? Could it be another pseudonym for Richard Bachman, do you think?

When I did the Smooth ritual with Tucker we did not find cups necessary - we just passed the bottle. I doubt any germ would survive the fluid, smooth as it is. I once shared Galaxy Bourbon at a con with another fan - there were stars all over the label and it was Roughh!

I'm sure scientists have produced pure UV, and Kelly Freas showed me a laser pistol that emitted an invisible beam in the UV. Some birds would fly up if it was fired at them. But all the commercial "black light" bulbs I ever saw also emit some visible light at that end of the spectrum.

I think it a little unlikely that anyone would have an excimer or nitrogen-gas laser in the UV band as a sort of "science toy." Are you sure it wasn't just a UV lamp, producing non-laser light by fluorescence? "Black light" tubes are commonplace.

Electronics are not immortal - even solar-powered calculators will eventually suffer decay of the liquid crystal display. But in my experience, such devices usually became obsolete before they actually failed. I did have a small cassette deck where the belt turned to useless goo. I think these are silicone rubber - I had a Gestetner impression roller drool out of the machine into a pool of what looked like Silly Putty. Some of the oldest electronic devices were so over-engineered that they survived - I have a 40-lb wire recorder that still works. I have never had a TV fail - but I suspect you are a much heavier user. The set I have now was in my mother's house for several years before my nephew got a 5-ft flat screen there. If my TV (I only use it to play videos through) dies, I just about have room for a 30-inch flat screen.

Back in the previous millennium I went to cons a lot and I don't remember seeing harassment or discrimination based on race or gender or gender-identification or any other distinction that a fan might be stuck with. There were remarks about Trekkies of course, and political disagreements, especially about the Vietnam war.

Under US law, there is still one loophole in the corporate ownership of popular culture - you are free to parody anything. Of course there have been copyright cases that hinged on a judge's decision as to whether the work in question is a parody.

Milt Stevens, miltstevens@earthlink.net

Thanks for *Broken Toys 20*. I received it just before leaving for Lonestarcon. Since the con was in Texas, they had a bucking bronco machine in the exhibit area. I decided not to try it. After the con, I felt like I had tried it and been bounced on my head several times. I'm used to the idea that the day after a con is travel day, and the day after that is crash day. This time it was more like crash week. However, I seem to have recovered enough to stagger around the house and maybe even write an LoC.

Of course, I have my own theory as to the organization of fandom. I think fandom resembles the Holy Roman Empire. We are a loose confederation of sometimes feuding states. We use the terminology of a universal state that disappeared a long time ago. Local organizations and special interest groups run their own affairs. There isn't anyone who can tell them what to do, although some folks will try. We cooperate whenever we feel like cooperating. We are fairly good at cooperating when we perceive an external menace. Worldcon is our version of an electoral monarchy with the chair as emperor for the year. In limited ways, the chair can tell us what to do, and we may even do it.

So, you're saying is that fandom is threatened by Turks and doomed to extinction after the First Worldcon War?

Why do I write? These days, I write to remind people I'm still around. I also write to keep in touch with people I may talk to at cons. I do it to get fanzines which inform me as to what is going on in fandom. Sometimes they amuse me as well.

Back in the beginning, I thought writers and editors were ghodlike figures who actually knew what they were doing. Later, I learned that wasn't exactly so. I also thought SF writers knew more about science than I ever would know. Some do know more science than I ever will, but that isn't as important as I thought it was. I knew there were fanzines years before I ever saw one. I knew I could write for fanzines even if I didn't know what I was doing. By writing for fanzines, I might acquire EGOBOO. Egoboo was like sex but not as messy.

My views on just about everything have changed a lot in the last fifty years. That was to be expected. My views on fandom have changed some, but not as much as my views on everything else. I still enjoy reading SF (mostly). Cons are fun, even if I do feel like I've been stomped into the carpet. By comparison, writing is much less wearing.

Writing doesn't cost anything and won't give you a cold at the end of the weekend, either.

Dave Harren, tyrbolo@comcast.net

In re: *BT20*. I looked at the lists, noticed I was responding to more evens than odds and decided to hold off til an odd numbered ish.

Then the copyright bit. This is a subject I am interested in, highly opinionated about and have spent some time studying up on.

I think people who screw the producers of original work are the scum of the earth. Sadly copyrights were invented to protect those who screw them; in the beginning it was protective of the printers of books, not the authors of books, Starving Artist is a concept that was around before anything like copyright as a legalism.

USA tried to modify this concept to extend some reasonable term limit to protect the originator, but it wasn't ever intended to grant rights in perpetuity. Nor was the intent to gut the culture for a century while the material things were stored on is crumbling into illegibility. The Dark Ages opened a large blank space in human history and this misguided legalistic mess has opened another. I have reasonable access to the records prior to 1923, and cannot possibly live long enough to see the cultural materials of my own life again.

There is a bright spark in the darkness, some fool of the corporate world issued a takedown notice to Larry Lessig. Lessig and EFF are going to push this case right to the supreme court if necessary to get the legal system to step on corporate overreach. There are exceptions to copyright, fair use, academic use, and parody are all in the law already. No one can claim total exclusivity under the law but the misguided of the corporations have tried.

I always remember the case of PK Dick, he was the most popular SF author in Europe, but didn't get much except fame. Almost starved to death in USA. After he died they made his stuff into movies and people got rich from them. They wouldn't film them when he was alive, because they might have to see him get fat by eating and lose his artistic edge.

There are people who think these things need to be fixed. Usage of others' ideas is how we got here, human culture is a fabric of stolen, borrowed, mutated and improved ideas. The idea that some band of sociopathic cocaine sniffers can hold our heritage hostage while it crumbles away pisses me off.

Here's another overlooked thing about copyrights, you cannot copyright the law and you cannot copyright facts. That does not stop various misguided nuttys from doing just that, and complaining about those who free such material for usage.

Lessig is the originator of Creative Commons which allows originator to specify the legal limits to what you can do with their work. Down off my soapbox ... temporarily.

Rebecca Jansen, rebejan@shaw.ca

A belated response to the music downloading topic... Steve Jeffries connected it to accumulating books, and I remember reading, maybe it was Twain, that such excess can represent to the collector/accumulator/hoarder amounts of future time they hope to have. I have music I haven't listened to and books I haven't read, even a few DVDs I haven't watched, and it comforts me to imagine I will be around to do so someday. Perhaps it's also just nice to have something new to you about in case of an emergency of having nothing better to do? I find I tend to save DVDs now to experience first with someone else I think might like whatever it is.

My basic understanding of Ayn Rand was that she was heavily shaped by experience of a fascist/communist government, in light of which finding 'virtues in selfishness' as she put it, would be refreshing and healthily balancing. In application in a different society (extremely preoccupied with individual liberty, often to an extreme) with different economic pressures her admirers tend to be the ones constructing straw men to fit the scenario, but that scenario was the first three decades of the Soviet experiment and nowhere and nothing more. She was a reactionary is what I'm saying, a rather extreme one in many ways, carrying on a fight in exile based on a fear of the communist revolution being successfully exported to the U.S. Motivated extremists find in her a soul-mate I'm sure, but they are about fighting Reagan's Evil Empire and paint any Democrat enemy (among an ever-growing enemy list) as cut from that cloth when they aren't and have much older roots in fact than they themselves can claim.

I think the early *We The Living* is her most honest and likably human work... after which she became a zealot and just an old crank really. The one philosophical treatise with her husband titled *The Virtue Of Selfishness* could be a useful catalyst for reflection for the unexamined superior altruist type person. By rights she should appeal most strongly to creative people as she appeared to me at least to place them at the top of the pyramid. Perhaps Robert Moses was a great fan of Rand; the man responsible for swathes of commerce-free project housing and superhighways to give access to every sprawling suburb where individual owners are kings? Everyone for themselves is really the antithesis of community or civilization generally; I've always thought the wilder libertarians should try pulling those bootstraps from some third world lawless locale, but of course they are mostly just ignorant of the extent of privilege and access to which they've been born into. They like to pretend there is a meritocracy where it suits them, but few have really merited their position from which to crab about taxation, they are beneficiaries of nepotism as surely as yet another Kennedy politician; the basis of all class divisions. You who didn't take up a life's work similar or the same as your parents are still the exception, and even more so if you didn't have their backing.

I think selfishly I fought for same-sex marriage (through letter writing, meeting politicians and manning tables for PEERS and EGALE) as it seemed a visible and achievable marker of societal progress, and I didn't think we'd had much worth pointing to since the moon landing. I'd witnessed violence against gays firsthand, or even perceived gays. If people start beating up curmudgeonly fans clutching obscure print fanzines while ranting about the old days being worthless and sick, I will be there to stand against it I can assure you. :^)

Anyway, these are my thoughts back to you. I speed them off to whatever use or fate you decide. Still waiting for a surgery date by the way.

Brad Foster, bwfoster@juno.com

Here are some notes on *Broken Toys 20*, a pitiful excuse for a loc, but then, par for the course for me these days.

Wow, 32 pages in this issue! Man, if you keep using up material at this rate, we're never going to see another issue of *New Toy*, gosh dang it!

Brad is rightfully concerned, since I have sequestered a stunning back cover of his for the

next issue of *New Toy*. There have been several reasons for the hold-up, foremost of which has been the monthly issues of *Broken Toys*. Why not skip a month, you ask? I could, but there is a difference between the two zines, one of which I edit on the fly, and the other which involves planning and more work. I'm beginning to realize that if I want to ever publish *New Toy* again, I may have to change my approach and edit it as though it were just a long issue of *Broken Toys*. The fact is, I have quite a lot of material set aside for the next issue, and enough for an issue after that. The material is too long to fit into my monthly personalzine, so reverting it to *Broken Toys* is not a good option.

I can hardly ever remember my dreams for more than a few moments after waking up. And of course, in my mind, the little bits that do remain before floating away always tease at some sort of epic wonder that would make just a – perfect – comic or story, if only I could recall it! Cindy has learned the secret – she'll wake up, but lie there with her eyes closed and replay it in her head as she tells it all to me. Once she opens her eyes, it will start to fade for her as well.

My theory is that dreams are not processed for your long-term memory, which is why we forget them so fast. If you take a moment to recall your dreams immediately, in effect you give them the long-term memory processing your dreams ordinarily don't receive.

The "Entropy" piece had me looking around the room, and assessing the stuff in here. And was interesting (and just a touch sad) to realize that, aside from the drawing board, which I got like 40 years ago, and the computer, which we got three years ago, just about everything in here is either something bought second-hand, or received as a gift. Weird....

I once had the opposite experience ... I looked around at all my second-hand stuff and things I brought home on trash night, and thought how strange it would be to just go to a store and buy a sofa or desk *new!* It seemed as insanely profligate as having a live-in cook or housekeeper. One look at the price of new furniture, though, drove that idea right out of my head. The only new furniture in my place is my mattress and springs. (Thanks, Alan!)

Before some friends gave us their old TV when they upgraded to a nice big flatscreen (and I almost busted my back moving their old monster one in here!), our previous TV was getting darker and darker. I had gotten tapes of the *Matrix* series as a Christmas gift, but refused to watch them knowing how dark the movie was, so I'd only see about a third of what was on the screen. When we finally got this new/old one in place, I was amazed at seeing stuff in commercials and things that I'd thought I'd seen a million times before. Even finally watched *The Matrix* at last!

I remember playing a claymation computer game called *The Neverhood* with a monitor that was half-dead. When I finally got a newer monitor, I was astonished how much had been hidden in shadows that weren't actually supposed to be pitch dark!

Thanks for running the key to the images in all the logos. I think I had figured out *most* of them, but nice to have the definitive guide to it all.

Bill Patterson, bpral22169@aol.com

Thanks to Keith Soltys for his kind words about the Heinlein biography. I hear from other sources that Tor has now put volume 2 on its schedule for June 2014 release – a mere four years after volume 1, and 9 years after it was written. I have not actually heard from David Hartwell, my editor, since May, and of course Tor does not itself tell me anything. Ever. How they plan to get through legal review, copyediting, galleys, and photo selection – to say nothing of the actual printing – in 10 months, I do not know. Performance on the first volume does not encourage.

The trade paper edition (June 2011) was indeed revised and corrected. You can get an idea of the extent of the revisions before hunting the second impression up by taking a look at the errata tab on my author site for the biography, www.whpattersonjr.com. The first long entry is my proofreading corrections from when the book came out. As I recall, the last ones we were able to get in were those by Harry Turtledove. Although it gravels my bibliophile's soul, I try to refer people to the trade paper edition rather than the hardcover first.

Jo Walton's "low opinion" of volume I? [[I asked about this, last issue](#)] Keith is talking about a discussion blog Tor hosted on its site before the book was actually released. (I imagine it is still available though googling).

Did she have a low opinion? My three-year-old recollection is that she initially praised the book, but later in the kickoff post expressed a candid concern about the accuracy of some minor facts. The way she expressed it, though, could be read as a general indictment of the research base of the book, and the comment thread thereafter focused on what people thought were inaccuracies -- inaccurately for the most part, I might add (one commenter continued to speculate at length and on no actual data, so far as I can tell, about STDs contrary to the contemporaneous diagnosis and treatment). Much of this material was, I'm afraid, not very useful for revisions and corrections. Even all but two of the half dozen? seven? examples of "carelessness with fact" Jo specifically talked about were, shall we say, not well taken, and in one case she simply had her facts wrong, and I spent weeks trying to track down her misrecollection of a biography she had, apparently, not read with any real attention. The two I was able to confirm, though, were used in the corrections.

The whole episode made me think unkind thoughts about peoples' lack of common sense on all fronts.

It is continuously astonishing to me that people seem to feel free to make up factoids and treat them as if they were real.

[If we weren't free to make up our facts, what would we do for politics?](#) In answer to a facetious question about his next book, Bill gave me an entirely serious answer:

A. E. van Vogt, actually -- I'm about 40,000 words into a van Vogt biography that will touch on some of the same themes, though in a very different way. AEvV was also involved with his times, but in a quite different way, not so generally illuminating, I think. but still worth considering. He is, after all, one of the most uncredited pirated writers in our field, spinning off basic trope after basic trope that is still being exploited in film as the Alien franchise grinds

on to the Prometheus sequel. The first half of his biography is all Canadian -- and mostly in the plains. He didn't move to L.A. until 1944, when his reputation was all set. I have all the access I can take, by agreement with Lydia van Vogt -- but can't take much extra research while the Heinlein biography is in production.

Eric Mayer, groggy.tales@gmail.com

Stellar issue, considerably less than stellar loc. I'll ruin my perfect "Hall of Flame" record. I've been mysteriously under the weather the past week. Not sleeping, not being awake when I'm up, and hardly enough energy to read, let alone write. However, I resist doctor visits, so hopefully things will work themselves out pretty soon. The last thing I need to do is get myself entangled in the medical maze. So I won't try to reiterate what we've already talked about.

You wouldn't smooooth? What kind of a fan are you? Actually, that'd be me, too. Not that I wouldn't drink, but I find those kinds of public ceremonies embarrassing. I wouldn't sing the hymns or say the prayers when my parents dragged me to church as a kid. So, I dunno....I guess I'm only damned to eternal hellfire, while you're a fakefan, which is surely much, much worse.

Fannish traditions like smoooothing are fun to read about for an introvert like me, but would be uncomfortable in reality and the same goes for fan jargon. Luckily, the few times I've been around fans the jargon was kept to a minimum, reserved for print where it belongs, in my opinion. Kind of like all that Sixties hippie talk. I was amazed when I went to see a concert at the Fillmore East in New York City and people were actually saying stuff like "Cool it, man."

As for Bob's plastic eyes...is that on the up and up?

The eyes have it! I told the story exactly as I got it from Tucker.

Entropy's a bitch isn't it? You sure have an impressive list of equipment breakdowns. I'm with you -- I think -- in that once I have something I use it until it no longer works *at all*. Not working *right* is a hardly even an annoyance. Hell, *I* don't work right. That's the way of the world. Things only work right for a short time, and then they work poorly for a long time. My computer running XP hasn't worked right for years. I've got used to it, like I've got used to my creaky back.

Coffee makers, though, must work right. Coffee is too important to be left in the hands of an unreliable coffee maker. I tried drip makers for years. Almost instantly they ceased brewing the coffee hot enough, and also didn't last long. I moved on to electric percolators. Those were expensive and never lasted a year. Finally I got a simple stove top percolator. Beautiful. I can make the coffee strong as I want and hot as I want and the only moving part is a hinge on the lid. Plus it works if the electricity goes out since we have a gas stove. In addition, I found that by adjusting the perk time, I can use half the coffee grounds the other makers required.

Percolators have fallen out of fashion. I think I read that they tended to overbrew the coffee and make it more bitter than is considered ideal.

Newsflash: My HP laserjet printer is apparently dead! It's been on the way out for years so no big surprise, but still....

Jason Burnett, jason.burnett@starfleet.com

I just finished reading *Broken Toys #18*. I hadn't intended to write a LOC on it - it was more in the nature of listening for a minute before joining in the conversation when I read #19. That being said, I do find myself compelled to say that I greatly enjoyed your article about libertarianism, both for the thoughts contained and for how they were expressed.

I also wanted to say that if you ever decide to pub your Fraggie lore, you'll have at least one interested reader. Like Kiki, I'm fascinated with the Doozers. When I was watching Fraggie Rock during its first run on HBO, I used to wish they'd produce a Doozer sticks construction toy. It's probably a good thing for my youthful wallet that they didn't though - it would have taken up all the money that I ended up spending on SF, D&D, and my first computer (a Commodore 64).

And now I'm off to read *Broken Toys #19* (in between doing actual work).

Let's face it, without fandom, a lot of us would have nothing to do, and have a lot of empty time on our hands. Walking away from fandom can be very difficult when you wear the uniform, talk the talk and have nothing else to turn to." This describes a lot of people I know, as well as myself. I also think you've just perfectly explained the phenomenon of people who remain in fandom but no longer read SF. It's a certain style of social interaction that you get used to and want to carry on with, regardless of what you're currently reading.

Your mention of *bande dessinee* (and I can definitely see how your work fits that style) in your comments to Steve Stiles makes me wistful that there was more of a market for imported/translated comics in America. We get a pretty fair selection of manga (though even that is very heavily slanted toward a couple of types of story), but practically nothing from Europe and nothing from Mexico (unless you happen to live in a place with a large immigrant community and a store that stocks Mexican magazines). I suppose the standard American reluctance to import culture from anywhere is intensified once you add pictures.

It gets a little easier if you read French, but in 30 years of hunting for translations into English, all I've found are *Tintin*, *Asterix the Gaul*, a handful of *Lucky Luke*, *Smurfs* and one or two issues of this or that. There are a few "serious" comics in French that I know about, like *Blueberry* and *Valerian*, but I didn't care as much for them.

As we began the letter column with a loc by Lloyd Penney on *Broken Toys 19*, that was too late for that issue, it seems appropriate to finish this letter col with another loc by Lloyd Penney.

Lloyd Penney, penneys@bell.net

The weekend's about done, and there's a bit of time to do some more writing, and top of the

list is *Broken Toys 20*. Comments to come after these two approaching returns...

I have the disadvantage of not remembering just about any dream. I am sure I do, everyone must, but I cannot remember the last time I could recollect any images upon awakening.

I know there's a biography of Bob Tucker being written, and stories being relayed, but my only story was with sharing a panel with Tucker at the Chicon in 1991, and his bidding a "granddaughter" to go and bring some medicine from the room. He and the rest of us on the panel demonstrated the smoooooth to all assembled. There were some bemused looks, but other faces looked completely blank. When it came to not having a taste for alcohol, I remembering refusing some single malt from Mike Glicksohn, saying that I don't have the taste for it, but such a vintage as he had would be wasted on me, and someone with more experienced taste should have it, and he appreciated and respected that idea.

The biography that so-and-so is writing of Bob Tucker was the direct motivation to write my Tucker piece. If I was going to put the anecdote on paper for her, I might as well make an article of it.

I don't care for whiskey any more than bourbon ... or gin, vodka or rum. Not one of them meets my minimum criteria for sweetness – they just taste as bitter as poison and whatever subtleties there may be seem totally beside the point. Yes, strychnine might have more interesting flavour overtones than arsenic, but ...

More and more people are looking into getting rid of their cable, and going online for their entertainment. We were looking at getting a dish, but several condo towers have been built close to us, which shuts us off entirely from the signals from the CN Tower. Some have moved their computers into the living room, and the keyboard has become the remote, and they watch the shows they want, when they want them. Very tempting, given how Rogers seems to be the best of the worst when it comes to customer service.

Yvonne may be dealing with your own mobility problems soon. She tired quite easily, and that's one reason for us considering a TAFF run, and then stepping back. Should we somehow have the money to get to London for the Worldcon next year, we will probably need some kind of scooter or wheeled chair to enjoy the convention without sitting in a comfy chair somewhere fast asleep.

I wouldn't be willing to run for TAFF or DUFF myself anymore. It had not occurred to me to give it any serious thought for years and years, but around the time of my "comeback" it seemed like it was no longer a waste of time. Unfortunately, before I decided to do anything rash, my legs gave out – I don't judge myself a suitable candidate anymore. I could do little but hang around fan's homes or pubs, and have to be waited on hand and foot just about. Nor would I like to go to all the trouble of traveling and not see any of the country.

I remember pressure in my neofan days to not only read as fast as you could, but to own a copy of the book you read, because otherwise, how would we know if you *really* read it, hm? Yes, I subscribed to that crap years earlier, but today, I do read SF, I read for pleasure, and I read as slowly as I need to, given a busy life.

As I approach the end of the page, I am reminded that I must get some dinner on the go, so off I go to do so. Thanks for this issue, and see you with the next one.

NOT ROCKET SCIENCE: THE HUGOS



A bit of background might throw a little light on the subject of the Fan Hugos. The first fan Hugo was created for Best Fanzine in 1955. The next two, Best Fanartist and Best Fan-writer, were not created until 1967! And no more were created until Best Fancast in 2012 ... *45 years later!* Meanwhile, the number of professional and semi-professional categories has proliferated like hamsters. The award committees had not kept up with changes in fandom and the need for new fan categories, and deserve a lot of the blame for the current struggle to determine who will control the too-small-number of fan Hugos.

For instance, there is this year's motion by Kronengold and Padol to expand the Fanartist category to include other artistic activities. If the motion is ratified, then fanzine illustrators will be competing in the future with metal-working, model making, glass etching, leather work, costume design and possibly so-called "body art." "I Love REH" with a rocket stabbing a heart – why not? Oh ... and let's not forget that the motion specifically mentions making jewelry.

I mention jewelry-making because this is the second year that Spring Schoenhuth, a convention jeweler, has appeared on the Hugo ballot. Now, I don't know the lady. I probably ambled in front of her table at the Reno Worldcon, perhaps also at the Montreal Worldcon. I don't question that she loves her mother, is kind to kittens and makes wonderful jewelry. Nor am I suggesting that Spring is behind the motion to officially recognize her art as fanart.

Nor do I want to waste time on the craft vs. art argument. Trying to draw some distinction such as "art" has intrinsic meaning while "craft" has practical application will fail on any number of exceptions. In the past, the argument has actually been about class distinctions – art is for rich, cultured people; crafts are for poor, naive people who prefer a nice chair or quilt to a Rembrandt. Let's empty our heads of *that* notion right now.

The difference that matters is in that small, three letter word "fan." Whenever Brad Foster or Steve Stiles allow their work to be published, it is a gift to the fanzine editor. The artist is paid nothing for his time and effort except a copy of the zine the art appears in. With today's digital fanzines, the artist doesn't even get that much. When was the last time Spring Schoenhuth gave away jewelry? Or at

least lend it on a regular basis to people to wear at cons? So far as I know, if you want to wear the bling it takes cash. There is nothing wrong with this. But it is a business – like writing novels for Tor – and not fan activity. So how is Spring Schoenhuth a fanartist?

The case doesn't seem to be like Greg Benford's or David Langford's, where professional writers clearly write for the non-profit fan press as well.

Spring Schoenhuth is a professional artist and fanac is no part of her business.

I have to guess at the contortions of logic that make her a fanartist, but I imagine the chain of thought goes like this: Ms. Schoenhuth is a fan. She is also an artist. Therefore Ms. Schoenhuth is a fanartist. The logic is similar to that well known adage, Chris Garcia is a fan. All fans sooner or later die. Therefore Chris Garcia is dead.

But the Hugo committees for both the last two Worldcons permitted Ms. Schoenhuth's name on the ballot. They had the power to declare her inappropriate, but did not. Why? Aren't Hugo committees required to read the rules they are trusted to enforce? More likely, they agree that Chris Garcia is dead. It may also be that they subscribe to the mistaken idea that *vox populi* must have the final say ... and that, if the voters wish to nominate a coal scuttle full of potatoes or a moose on a trampoline as best novel, they may. But I'd love to hear John Scalzi howl on the day it happens.

The fact, is no reasonable person can deny that new categories for emerging forms of fanac like podcasts and blogging are necessary. The mistake over the last 20 years has been that we haven't expanded the fan Hugo categories to keep up. Various arguments have been given to explain this away. One is that the awards cost money. But really ... considering how many have to be made each year, the cost of another two or three cannot be the real reason. More likely the reason was that they were only "fan" Hugos after all, not real ones that matter to most of the Worldcon's members. Unless they are forced to by changes in the constitution, it's unlikely any Worldcon committee will create awards they don't care about.

Best Fancast took care of one problem, at least ... but not until it became such a problem that a podcast actually won a Best Fanzine award. Unfortunately, blogging is still considered a form of fanwriting and eligible in that category.

Even worse, we now face the possible necessity of shoehorning several completely unrelated kinds of fanac into the single category of Best Fanartist because certain people want what they perceive is their slice of the pie. Those slices will be pretty thin if the Kronengold and Padol motion is ratified, and I predict nobody will be satisfied. It would have made far more sense to create a *new* "fanart" category for sculpting, crafts and model making.

How about another category for costume making? To avoid a conflict with the costume show, it should carefully distinguish between making costumes and making a presentation in them on stage. That would add two entire new Hugos in the fan categories. Three, if you count Best Fancast from a couple of years ago. Is creating three fan Hugos in 45 years too much to ask?



WRITTEN IN STONE

When I was a kid, I lived in the west end of Toronto, right next to shallow Mimico Creek. The bottom was brittle, grey Ordovician shale, 450,000,000 years old. There was a little sandstone somewhere, too, I think, but it must have been farther upstream because I never found it *in situ*, only shards of it that had washed down from its unknown source. I spent a lot of time along the banks of Mimico Creek, poking at things and looking for stuff in the gravel beds. There was little of real interest, but the fossils I found there were more than enough to capture the imagination of a 12-year-old kid. Not big, exciting dinosaur bones or Hominid skulls, for the most part just crummy little shellfish, but evidence of the reality of the unthinkably ancient past all the same.

Most of the fossils were of cephalopods, related to modern squid and nautilus. Unlike squid, cephalopods had a shell, and unlike the nautilus their shell was long and pointy, not curled up into a compact spiral. In life, Ordovician cephalopods would have looked like an elongated ice cream cone whose tasty end had sprouted tentacles.

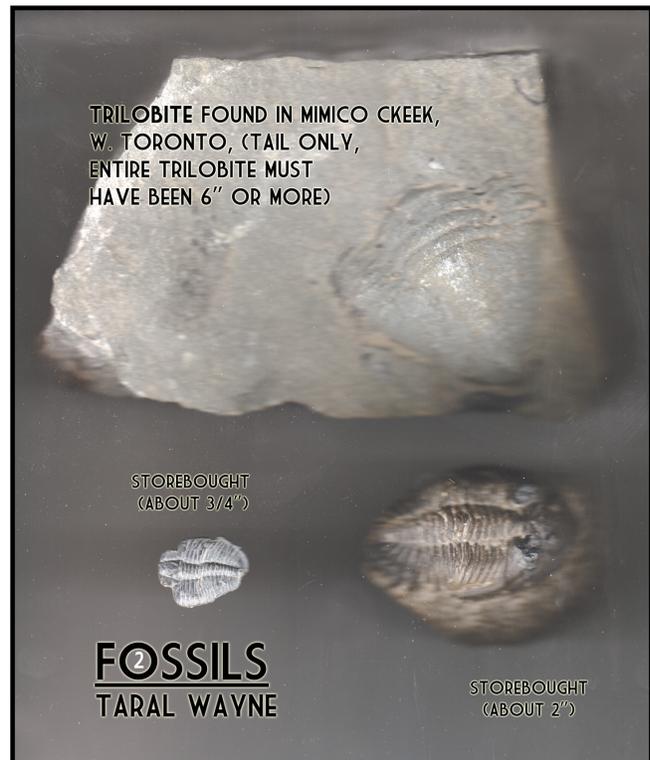
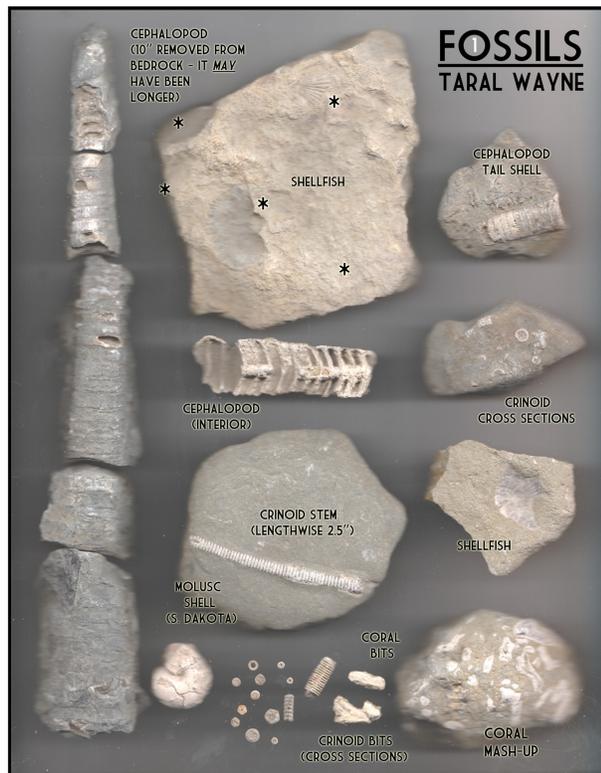
I also frequently found crinoids: ancient sea-lilies. Though they were actually an animal, crinoids looked a lot like a common daisy. However, I would be nervous about picking any daisy that could wave its petals and fed on bugs, the way that crinoids fed on marine plankton. Their fossil stems are often found embedded lengthwise in the rock, but were sometimes preserved end-wise, in cross section. That way, they looked like tiny buttons with five even-tinier holes arranged in a star.

The Humber River, a mile east of Mimico Creek, was much larger. You didn't wade out into the middle unless you thought being washed out into Lake Ontario was a congenial way to spend a summer afternoon. Unlike my creek, the Humber had a muddy bottom and was dominated by sandbars. I never saw bedrock. However, the sand was partly made of loose crinoid stem segments that had eroded completely out of the rock. They were so abundant that you could pick hundreds from a single handful of the Humber's coarse muck. Most were tiny, almost as small as grains of salt, but some were large enough – two or three millimeters across – that interior details could be plainly seen. Judging from small differences that I found from one to the next, there must have been many different species of crinoids living on this particular patch of the Ordovician's shallow sea bottom, half a billion years ago.

The next most common fossil in Mimico Creek's shale were dull, largely identical mussels of some sort. Though sometimes visible edge-on, like a broken plate, most fossil seashells had the usual ribbed fan-shape. Being no expert in bivalves, there isn't much else I can say about them.

As well as shellfish, there was coral. The coral was almost always broken up into bits about the size and shape of a pinto bean, yet now and then a piece was a little larger and might show a branch or two. Most of the coral I found was jumbled-up and embedded in sandstone, but I found loose pieces, too. Whether it had once been brightly coloured, as modern coral reefs often are, I couldn't tell you.

The two photos show the best specimens of my collection.



Most of my collected fossils were found in the 1960s, when I was between the ages of 11 and 17. In the summer months, I spent a lot of time wading in the shallow waters, trudging through the mud and picking over the gravel bars. I was driven partly by boredom, but I genuinely enjoyed the messy, smelly, gurgling chaos of running water shaping the land.

More than 30 years later, I overcame my natural laziness to make a couple of return visits to Mimico Creek. I brought a friend from Florida once, and promptly found a couple of nice specimens for him to take back home. Surprisingly, Mimico creek had dug itself quite a bit deeper – I think at least a foot deeper, possibly more. How could running water only a few inches deep scour away a rock bottom in so little time? A minuscule island about twenty feet long, that had been a prominent feature of the creek when I was 12, had vanished completely, and the gravel banks I had been familiar with were all in the wrong places. But there were still plenty of fossils waiting to be picked up! Either I had the “eye” for it, or I had just had plenty of practice in years gone by, but in no time we were carrying an armload of muddy rocks. My Florida friend, however, found nary a one!

I had never found a good trilobite, though. Textbooks assured me that the ancient ancestor of the horseshoe crab did indeed populate the ancient seabed that would someday become southern Ontario. The headwaters of the creek were up around the Forks of the Credit, an area whose gravel quarries were known for trilobite finds. I had seen superb samples in the Royal Ontario Museum that were labeled as local discoveries. But for some reason, I never found a single one in Mimico Creek. In frustration, I bought a tiny fossil from the souvenir kiosk at the museum. Then, some years later, a friend gave me another that he bought in a different museum.

On my last visit to Mimico creek, my luck changed. I noticed a huge piece of shale, half-submerged in water and the other half buried in muck, and there was a trilobite, as plain as day, embedded in the grey matrix. It was not a whole trilobite, just the tail section. All the same, this fragment of a long

dead crustacean was the size of a hockey puck. Pity there wasn't more of it ... but even a tail section was more than I had ever found before. The chunk of shale the fossil was embedded in was the size of a watermelon, however, and I only managed to get the trilobite home by lifting the slimy rock up to my chest and dashing the it against another large rock to break it up. Luckily, the break wasn't through the middle of the fossil!

It was the capstone of my collection. I couldn't have known that, except in my memories, I'll probably never hunt those childhood gravel beds again.



Seus Chef Walt Wentz

"Do you like Green Cat and Ham?
Deep-fried Fido? Snails with Spam?"

"No, I don't like them, Sam-I-Am!
Nor Monkey Brains! Nor Candied Lamb!"

"Would you eat some Chocolate Moose?
Vanilla Squid? Or Caramel Goose?"

"No, I won't eat those ghastly things!
Nor Camel Toes! Nor Wombat Wings!"

"Then how about Koala Lips?
Or Sauteed Walrus Moustache Tips?"

"No, I won't eat them, Sam-I-Am!
For such foods I don't give a damn!"

"But Chinese folk eat those things now
So what do YOU want, anyhow?"

"Ah, *now* you're talkin', Sam-I-Am,
Fetch me a Cow and fork, then scam!"