



Broken Toys is a personalzine by **Taral Wayne**, and in no way implies that my other zine, *New Toy*, is a dead letter. Once again there is a very satisfactory letter column, so keep writing locs. As has been the case for more than 20 years now, I live at 245 Dunn Ave., Apt. 2111, Toronto Ontario M6K 1S6. Or loc me – Taral@Teksavvy.com The date is late **May 2012**, and this is ExtraTaraltoriality (or Kiddelidivee Books & Art) 252. Deal with it.

Taken For Granted?

Good Lord... is it Hugo time again? Every year, the same old thing. I'd like to say I never expect the email notifying me that I've been nominated for Best Fanartist again this year, but that wouldn't be the truth. It isn't as though I *do* expect it – in fact, it astonishes me more and more, because my activity as a fanartist has diminished in almost exact inverse ratio to the effort I put into fanwriting. Logically, it would make far more sense if I were to move from Best Fanartist to Best *Fanwriter*. But the capricious folk who nominate haven't seen fit to make the change.

No, it's simply more than I'm not surprised any more. And I no longer give any credence to kindly meant suggestions that someday I might win. I think Steve Stiles and I could sing a duet to that tune. Neither of us has much conviction that our chances are anything but slim to none. The painful fact is that we are probably our own worst enemies, since we must certainly split votes that might go to one or the other if there were only one of us. Still, even with all the votes cast for Steve and I together, I don't think we could overturn the Mighty Hugo Winning Machine that Brad Foster. And even Brad is not entirely secure in his position as number one – apparently only a single vote determined that Brad, and not the internet cartoonist, won the Hugo last year.

So I am reconciled with collecting nominee pins, and I suspect Steve is as well.

I haven't lost ambition entirely, it's just that I have a new one. Since 2005 I have been writing like a fan possessed. 89 appearances in *Drink Tank* alone. 12 in *Banana Wings*, 12 more in *Askance*, 10 in *File 770*, 10 in *Challenger*, 18 reviews and whatnot for *Alexiad*. I was in 10 out of 17 issues of *eDitto*, 2 of *Revenant*, 6 issues of *Reluctant Famulus*, as well as appearances in scattered issues of *Time & Again*, *Head*, *Visions of Paradise*, *Argentus*, *Novoid*, *Space Cadet*, *One Swell Foop*, *Journey Planet*, *Chunga*, and other zines I won't name because, by now, you are unquestionably sick of reading a list.

My contributions have included some pretty lengthy works – two immense Worldcon reports, for example, one of them expanded into a one-shot, *To Walk the Moon*. I've also published one issue of *New Toy*, two previous issues of *Broken Toys*, and recently a collection of my old Canadian fanhistory articles, *The Great White Zine*. So far this year, I've racked up over 30 articles, and it's still only May.

You know something? I'm beginning to grow a little weary...

In the first couple of years, I was greatly encouraged in this outburst of fanwriting by Mike Glycer, Arnie Katz and Chris Garcia. I also had the help of a (nearly) tireless proofreader, Walt Wentz. The egoboo in letter columns began to flow steadily, satisfying a need that grew as quickly as I could turn out finished essays. Of late, however, the egoboo seems to flow a little slower. Perhaps, like any junkie, I simply need a bigger fix. Whichever it is, I'm been feeling more and more taken for granted. I send articles. They get published. A couple of locs mentioned them obliquely in next issues letter column. But where are all the exciting claims that I'm the Next Great Thing? Where is the praise for the mastery and sensitivity of my writing? Heck, lately my efforts have even been criticized as "unsuccessful" in one respect or another, and some other articles offered to fanzines have been turned down. The bloom is off the rose.

Am I taken for granted now?

Thereby hangs my new ambition. I want not only the egoboo, but also to accomplish something that I don't believe has been done before. *Never* in the history of the Hugos has a fanartist been nominated in different category... as a *fanwriter*, for instance. 'Nuff said?

Oh wait ... I forgot ... Steve Stiles is a pretty good fanwriter too. Maybe I'm just setting us up for another impasse ...

VINI, VIDI, TEXTI

Overheard at a recent coin show, where a couple of sweet-looking girls were examining Roman coins in a case. One of them obviously knew her hobby. The other was peering curiously at a large bronze sestertius, perplexed by the inscription.

"So, you can read this?"

"Some of it," said the other girl.

"But it's just letters, no words."

"Yes, but where you see CAE. AUG. IMP. It means, 'Caesar Augustus Imperator.' 'Imperator is where we get 'emperor' from."

"So, um, it's like Latin text-speak," she said, brightening up. Texting she understood.

"Yes. But all in caps," said the knowledgeable one.

"Shouting."

Robert, the dealer at the table – who had been listening to this patiently all the while – interjected. "Well, 2000 years is a *very* long distance."

Neither girl bought a coin at his table.

(Inspired by a somewhat shorter treatment by Tene. tenebreux@gmail.com)

His Famous Last Words

(A Roman à Clef)

Has Lenny Gerber ever agreed with anyone about anything? If so, I can't recall the last time it happened. As long as I've known Lenny, he has joined discussions in apas, commented on news groups and written in FaceBook, and left a trail of dissension behind him. All by himself, he transforms simple topics into tediously protracted nightmares of the irrelevant, topiaries of twisted logic and junkyards of anal retentive nitpicking. It might be that fandom brings out the worst in him, but I think Lenny's obstinacy is more likely *deeply* ingrained in his character. He has a need to correct those around him. I doubt very much he can overhear a conversation between two people in a café – in which they mention rain coming down outside – without feeling the urge to contradict them by insisting the sun is shining.

I picture Lenny blindfolded against a bullet-pocked wall, passionately defending the Party's right to execute him, while all around him the revolution is breaking out. If his tax audit disallowed every one of his deductions and Lenny had nothing to pay with, he'd cite the very paragraph of tax law that would send him to debtor's prison. I've met few people who are so in love with pettifoggery and with so little sense of their own best interests.

I can only conclude he'll lose no sleep tonight knowing that in the World According to Lenny, Steve Stiles may be fandom's best-loved fanartist, but will never win a Hugo. This is as it should be, says Lenny. Clearly Steve does not deserve a Hugo as long as so many voters are ignorant of fanzines and have no idea what is published in them. Is *Challenger* a better fanzine than a video of six sock puppets enacting an episode of Dr. Who? Not if there are 91 people on the internet who say otherwise. Nothing will trouble Lenny's conscience or sense of fitness. As long as those *i*'s are dotted and the *t*'s crossed, he'll sleep the sleep of the righteous.

And in that sleep, I have no doubt Lenny dreams. In his mind he is ascending a scaffold. As he nears the fatal guillotine, a vision of Sidney Carton climbs ahead of him, beckoning. Then, inspired, Lenny declaims, "It is a far, far better thing I do. I go to a far, far better Worldcon." The crowd is wild with cheers ...

What he cannot imagine is that the cheers may be for the man in the black hood who will tug the rope.

Naturally, I expect to hear from Lenny shortly after he reads this. He'll send e-mail to ask why I'm mocking his honesty in sticking up for his principles. I will answer that I'm *not* mocking his *principles*. Nor, for the record, do I disagree with anything he has said of late – I'm a busy man and wouldn't care to expend that much time.

Taral: "I am merely saying that you are too earnest, Lenny, too determined, and it leads you to argue *too much*."

Lenny: "No, that's not so. I have never argued with anyone more than the merits of my case require. I have always been willing to drop an argument as soon as I'm made my point and

brought the other party around to my way of thinking, and see no reason why anyone should think less of me for not giving in just for the sake of convenience. Perhaps *other* people tire too quickly of defending their own opinions, which only goes to show how weak their positions are to begin with, but I choose to have more integrity ... ”

Sooner or later, Lenny will finish making his case, leaving me only one response: “You prove my point, I think.”

* * *



When was the last time you saw a bunch of kids – mostly boys – playing with toy guns? I don’t mean huge, parti-coloured water cannons that look like a lewd circus clown’s penis, but toy guns that are supposed to *look* like guns.

Set the clock back to 1962. At the age of 11, I had enough toy guns to arm a platoon. I had a Daisy air rifle that made a *huge* bang, and cocked with a realistic lever action just like the famous Winchester Rifles of the 1880s. I had a replica musket from the American civil war, bought at a tourist trap in Gettysburg itself, during the centennial. It had a removable rubber bayonet, real wood stocks and a working lock and trigger mechanism. You could place a cap on the pan for *real* action! I had a die-cast metal Luger that was very realistic looking, though scaled to a child’s hand rather than that of an adult SS Obergruppenführer. The cocking action disguised a hatch to load a roll of caps. I had any number of Colt Peacemakers, the epitome of all “cowboy guns.” Another of my many toy guns was a small water pistol. It resembled a magazine-loaded Thompson, except that it lacked a shoulder stock. I imagined it was a hand weapon that actually fired like a machine gun. It was an idea whose time in reality hadn’t yet come... but would.

One of my prize possessions was indicative of the times. President Kennedy had been a huge fan of Ian Fleming’s spy novels, kicking off a fad in men’s reading. Sean Connery exploded onto the silver screen as 007. The boob tube, meanwhile, spun off imitation spies as readily as it had previously given us wacky housewives, wooden police detectives and rugged looking brain surgeons. I had a James Bond briefcase with any number of gizmos inside, and a secret way to unlock it. By pressing a trigger hidden in the handle you could fire a rubber bullet almost halfway across the living room and

scare the cat! Another piece of indispensable espionage equipment I owned was a camera that snapped into a pistol at the touch of a hidden button.

My favourite gun of all, though, was one I never owned. My friend Mark had one of the fabulous Marx Company Thompson M-1 submachine guns. It was molded faithfully in jungle green, had adjustable rear sights and was almost life-size. A realistic cocking handle on the right side drew back a spring loaded ratchet. Pulling the trigger released the mechanism, making a raucous noise any kid with an active imagination could easily believe was automatic fire. Mark never let me use it ... driving me to a lifelong quest for The Perfect Toy Gun.

I never really found it. Not while I was still of an age to actually play with it, anyway.

From the late 1960s, though, there was mounting pressure on toy makers to stop manufacture realistic toy guns ... or, indeed, *any* toy guns at all. After all, playing with guns taught children that killing “Injuns” and “spies” was good. Concerned parents imagined that children who grew up playing “war” would become hardened to taking life, grow up into warmongers and become canon-fodder for far-flung foreign conflicts. Conversely, if shielded from any such negativity, little boys would grow up to be... I dunno... women? Hippies? Incapable of even thinking about violence, at any rate.

For an entire decade, it was all but impossible to buy your sons (or daughters) a toy rifle or pistol that wasn't bright green or orange and filled from the water tap.

It was irresponsible, wholesale manipulation of a generation.

Ronald Reagan was a big step backward for America in almost all ways, except in this: it became acceptable to arm your children once again. There was a brief resurgence of toy guns, but the main source was the wave of imports from the Pacific Rim. Cheap imitations of the once-glorious Marx toys flooded dollar stores. Once again, the aisles of Toys-R-Us were stocked with Daisy air rifles. I found creditable Peacemakers, Lugers, flintlocks, Browning Automatics and 9mm Berettas. Gamers re-fought WWII and the Vietnam war. G.I. Joe was reborn, meaner and more authentic than ever.

Nevertheless, the damage had been done. You could find the toy guns, but the PACs and legislators had left their mark on them – by law, any replica of a firearm intended for children's play, or that might possibly fall into the hands of children, had to have a bright orange or red plastic cover blocking the muzzle. Perfectly respectable-looking Smith & Wesson .38 revolvers that I might have been proud to own were ruined by an orange bottle cap glued over the business end! I learned that you could generally break it off, but the results sometimes left a lot to be desired. A file, sandpaper and infinite patience helped only so much.

It was clear who war toys like G.I. Joe and diecast scale model tanks were aimed at. Only adults could pull out their wallets, or their credit cards, to meet the sticker price.

Almost as quickly as the Renaissance of toy guns blossomed, it withered and died again. The rebirth of G.I. Joe and all other military oriented playthings vanished along with the Star Trek Phasers and concealed spy weapons, leaving kids nothing better than wimpy old light sabers with which to work off their aggressions. Perhaps it was thought that cutting people up with laser beams was too far-fetched to be a bad influence?

Where has this 40-year old persecution of toy guns gotten us, you may ask? Is contemporary society violence-free? Have we become emasculated flower-children, garbed in flowing, brightly coloured robes and dancing in rings while NRA chapters close nationwide?

Hardly. A moment's thought about Dick Cheney or Anders Behring Breivik puts the lie to any such delusion. Children no longer play "cops an' robbers" in the streets, it's true. Why should they? In major urban centers they play with real guns, competing for turf with other kid gangs – gangs with names like Bloods and Crips. Ordinary Okies drive trucks full of fertilizer-derived explosives up to government buildings, with day-care centers on the ground floor, to detonate their cargo. Drive-by shooters pistol school children. Neighborhood Watch members shoot on sight. A week hardly goes by without a synagogue, church or mosque blown up. Ice hockey is more violent than ever.

As if all that weren't terrifying enough, have children ever actually been sheltered from violence, or do they simply role-play the parts of gangstas, mercenaries and barbarian warriors in another way? Before you answer, I suggest you check your children's video game library... It is highly unusual for children past the age of 6 to only play only games such as "Barney Makes a Friend" or "The Smurf's Smurfiest Adventure." By the age of five, most children gravitate to games with words like "blood," "kill," "war," or "murder" in the title – the age when, at one time, they put their teddy bears aside and strapped on a Roy Rogers belt and six-guns.

Meanwhile, the pressure on toy guns only increases. Police Departments pressure city councils to outlaw them altogether. In the media, cases appear on a regular basis of police officers thrown into a panic by some child with a vaguely realistic revolver – that is, one without a clown face – or an M-16 only 16 inches long. Now and then the cops shoot first and ask later – excusing themselves by telling the six-o'clock news that they couldn't take the chance the kid might have been packing Pop's real handgun. (As though we didn't pay them well to take chances, and not just shoot anyone in the general public who makes them nervous.)

Even Airsoft guns are under attack. They can look fairly real but are made of plastic and shoot only plastic BBs. They are clearly meant for adults, and have the hated orange muzzle tips... but no matter. Banned outright in many municipalities are the costly, realistic replicas, with working parts that are also patently aimed at adult collectors. Adult kids are apparently not to be allowed toy guns either. The cops claim to be worried that realistic but non-functional handguns might be used in robberies. So they might... but would it better if criminals had, perforce, to rob convenience stores with *real* guns?

Nice going, concerned Mothers! Good call, sensitive Fathers! A special round of applause for Officers looking after the public interest! In my day, we shot up make-believe ethnic minorities and persecuted pretend criminal elements with gleeful abandon, and the full authority of our imaginations. But I never saw another kid do any greater violence to another than a knuckle sandwich. Nobody carried a 2-inch pen knife ... let alone a 9mm Glock. School bullies wouldn't beat you to death under a bridge. Hockey players weren't brought on charges of assault and manslaughter.

If we tried, one wonders how many more improvements we might make to the human psyche?

I *did* find the perfect toy gun eventually... but that's a story for another day.

Wrong in One!

It usually takes a lot to get me down, but some days I've got a head start. A little while ago, I commented on the CBC's webpage about socialism in Western Canada, and compared it to the socialist movement in California in the 1930s. I mistakenly referred to the attempt to elect Sinclair Lewis governor of the state. I meant *Upton Sinclair*. A natural mistake... if you're scatter-brained like me. Both are American authors whose best days were in the Depression. Both are "Sinclairs." Nobody noticed that I had mixed them up, however. When I saw the mistake, I wrote another comment to correct myself. This attracted immediate attention – five people disagreed with me ...

Refinancing a Nation

While leaving one of my hastily formed opinions on FaceBot a couple of days ago, I had a stroke of genuine inspiration. Although I had spent the last few years reading dozens of books on the subject of the catastrophic collapse of the American economy that appears to be pulling the rest of the world down with it, the actual circumstances were still about as clear as mud. It was as though to explain the elegant trajectory of a baseball from a father's hand to his son's mitt, there was no other way than to quote pages of abstruse calculus and log tables.

In my mind, suddenly, all the facts and complicated theories collapsed into a simple, transparent shape. I understood. It's really very, *very* simple.

In the past, wealth was measured in assets – tangible goods, resources that could be processed into goods and property, both physical and intellectual. The means to manipulate assets was money. However, money is sometimes in short supply. To cope with the need for money, the stock market was created, and for two centuries Wall Street investment firms supplied the money. Unfortunately, Wall Street abandoned that practice, and American wealth is no longer measured in assets.

For a long time now, the American economy has run on manipulating *debt*. This should come as no surprise to anyone. It's been a constant thread through every discussion of the current recession – however, it has been improperly understood. Debt is not a by-product of the economy, it *is* the economy. Most investments in assets return about a 10% profit. Not bad, but Corporate America became much greedier, from Reagan on, than it had ever been in history. Why deal in assets when the return on debt was 30% ... or even more!

So, the American economy abandoned the hoarding of assets, sold them off to Europeans, the Japanese, the Chinese, the Saudis or anyone else who had antiquated ideas about wealth. The American economy then ran *entirely* on debt – it bought, sold, exchanged, shared, divided, manipulated and shed debt instruments. The more debt that AIG, Goldman Sachs, Lehman Brothers, Bear Stearns, Morgan Stanley, and Merrill Lynch acquired – and the fewer cars, ships, televisions, diesel engines, machine tools, electrical generators, DVD players, computers and passenger jets the domestic economy produced – the richer they said we all were!

So America has *plenty* of debt now, but no money to pay it and no way to *make* money anymore.

And to figure this out, they award *degrees*?

Left-Over Pieces

Chris Garcia, garcia@computerhistory.org

Good issue, and I love the header!

I have had a tough time keeping my mouth shut about nominations over the years. Luckily, James and I were nominated together because I couldn't not tell James if I wanted to! Linda had a rougher time with it, as there was no way I could keep it from her and she was annoyed that she couldn't say anything. I kinda wish it was like the Oscars where you get to be shocked by the announcements, and screw it if you don't wanna be nominated.

I just rewatched "Bonnie & Clyde" the other day. I had forgotten how important cars were in that film.

I love having custom art done for us, but it is rare that we can get it on-deadline these days. I guess it's another byproduct of publishing as often as I do. No one can keep up, which is probably the biggest reason that so few people respond to my various zines. No one can keep up with the *Drink Tank*, I get that.

Nothing wrong with the Photoshop art you run... since I resort to it myself. As for readers not locking, there's no law saying they can't loc an issue two or three behind.

I **do** disagree with Kim Huett on one significant point: I do see myself as a part of the fannish community. I love fandom, it's my family, and it has been for ages. Yes, I'm not overly-concerned with the amount of response I get, and I totally understand why folks would find that sad, but the fact is it's what I've got. I love zine-ing. I really do. I can see that sending stuff to me would suck for folks who want response more than just doing it for the fun of it, and for that, all I can do is say "Sorry." I don't think any of my contributors are aspiring pros, though to be honest it's mostly James, you and me, Taral. Maybe I've got to change my schedule. I don't think I'm indifferent to response, I would love to have more of it, but at the same time, it's hard for me to want to stop doing what I love to do as often as I want to do it. So it goes. Of course, you go and publish an issue with great response to great material, so maybe it's just me...

Ned Brooks, nedbrooks@sprynet.com

Hi Taral - Thanks for the e-zine. If I voted in the Hugos I would be hard put to chose between you and Steve Stiles.

I'm grateful. Judging from the FAAns, I think a clear-cut choice for a lot of older fans. Steve all the way. Probably the best thing I could do for his chances is give up fanart. Neither of us have a *realistic* chance.

I never engaged in the process you describe of trying to get a particular artist to illustrate a specific fanzine article. Not that it wouldn't be a good idea. I got nowhere with Fabian trying to suggest a cover for the Arthur Machen book. Mae Strelkov did a beautiful job with the earlier Machen book, just from having the text. One reason I have never done this is that I have not been publishing articles or fiction in fanzines - my zines (except for The New Newport News News, long ago) have all been commentary, and the artwork either something mentioned, or purely decorative.

I have no artistic ability myself, so for my apazines I do take art off the Net - I do 18 apazines a year, and don't know any fanartists who would do art for something to be seen by maybe 30 people. I never had Photoshop, and I'm not that fond of collages anyway, except from a real genius like Harry Morris.

I use stuff from the internet myself, because I have no time to do 8 or 10 little drawings to stick at the top of an article. If I had done that this issue, it wouldn't have been released before June or July. Mind you, I don't like to

use other people's *art*. Commercial "clip-art" is as far as I'll go, but mainly I take photos and mash them up. The logo over "Antipodal Bride" in the last issue, for instance... It's a photo of warning signs on a road in the Australian outback. But on one of the signs I superimposed the silhouette of the bride in gown and veil that I found on some clip-art company's web page ... and modified suitably. Then I found an appropriate photo of Ayer's Rock, and pasted that in the background. It may sound like a lot of work, but it's actually it's way easier than drawing. Almost anything is. That's one reason I write so much these days. I must admit to being rather bored with drawing, and have a hard time sticking to it long enough to finish anything I start. I end up mainly finishing what I'm *paid* to do, but even then I go days without sitting down with my drawing board.

I can understand that you don't want the chore (and expense!) of mailing a paper zine. But as Brad says, that hardly explains why you would do a zine with none of your own excellent art. Have you forgotten how to draw? Not being an artist I have little feel for the transition from drawing on paper to drawing with a mouse or some sort of cyber-tablet. But if you don't have a scanner you must know people who do.

The Fanart Hugo diagram is interesting to look at and must have been a lot of work. Some of the artists I never heard of, but with most I retain a sense of what their art looked like. But why isn't there a "win" in 2002?

The main reason there is little of my art in *Broken Toys* is that I want to establish a frequent schedule. As for the 2002 Best Fanartist Hugo, that was a technical glitch – a "boo boo" as we put it in the profession. It has been corrected since.

R. Graeme Cameron, rgraeme@shaw.ca

Thanks for Broken Toys 2. Will indeed be reviewed in The Frenetic Fanac Review #2.

Enough comment hooks re fan art that I will probably be compelled to write a loc.

I checked out Google Images for the first time. I don't get it. All that stuff just for computer wallpaper purposes? A lot of fantastic professional art, but surely it's not clip art? Must be copyrighted? Gotta pay for it? Google has a 'may be copyrighted' warning. What are they doing? Are they saying "Here's a lot of nifty stuff; use it at your peril?"

If I were a professional artist I'd be quite pissed off to see my work posted for free downloads and ghod knows what use. Or is it clip art with the creators' permission? Or not? If not, how does Google get away with it?

Obviously I haven't got a clue. Can you fill me in? What's the deal?

All Google does is give the address to any image embedded in any web page. They warn that it may be copyrighted because indeed it may... not by Google but by whoever owns the web page. The purpose is not to provide a lot of free clip-art but to help you find information on the net. Suppose I want to know how many funnels the Titanic had. I could search for articles and hope that one of the 14 that I end up reading mentions this trivial fact... or I can search for a photograph and get the answer right away. Inevitably, people do re-use what they find, but a good deal of what's online is public domain anyway – photos of "Doc Holliday", for example. Others are in a grey area – the NASA logo, for instance, or a photo of the Louvre. While they do belong to NASA or some news agency, nobody would be likely to object to the material being used to create more publicity for themselves. Then there are commercial illustrations – I've used clip-art of birthday cakes, locomotives and artist's easels. Indeed the clip-art service does charge. But they are never likely to know that I've borrowed a low-rez sample from their web page, adapted it, and used it in a fanzine that only a couple of hundred people will ever see – none of whom are likely to buy a tombstone from that particular stone mason. But this has nothing to do with Google any more than if you cut pictures out of the phone book.

Brad Foster, bwfoster@juno.com

Shame on you for swearing "the oath of secrecy" when you were told you would be on the Hugo ballot, and then immediately telling friends you were on it. Have you no fear of the wrath of the fannish ghods? Personally, I've gotten around the problem by never actually taking the oath—though it also helps that there really isn't anyone I feel would actually care about it. I tell Cindy, of course, but most of my friends have no real interest in things fannish. And I know, from past experience, I'd have to explain what it was all about, and then they'd still look at me with a "so what?" expression. So I've never had a problem not telling anyone before nominations are officially announced.

How did you avoid the Secret Oath Binding Body and Soul to Non-Disclosure on Pain of Worse Than Even Death? When the Hugo Committee contacts you about accepting the nomination, they ask you not to tell until such and such time. I should think that after 47 repetitions you of all people would remember ... unless, that is, you were too excited to read past the news you were nominated again? I *wish* I still felt that excited.

I do think you nailed it with your observation that "this is the beginning of the end for fanzine artists of the old school". The times they are a-changing in the sf field, and the little corner we've played in so long is about to be completely lost. I did a search around the web after reading your comments here, and found a couple of sites that listed all the nominees in all categories, along with their opinions of each. When it got to the Fan Artist listing, several of them had variations of "Who the hell are any of these people?" and "Why should I care?" as their only comments. So it goes.

Enjoyed "Best of the West". And yes, there wasn't much attention to the whole Rotsler award thing. But, it's just like the low number of people who nominate and vote on the Fan Artist Hugo: we're very tiny, tiny fish in a very small pond. At least it means we can pretty much do whatever we want without worrying about getting in trouble.

Yep, ease of getting and using art pulled off the web is killing off the need to get artwork to fill in those blank spaces in zines. And getting a zine put together by a Hugo nominated fan artist, full of mostly images off the web (though most of them very nicely put together), kind of drives that point home. Down the line you need to put together an issue where you do get art from various fan artists – hey, maybe it'll be the big "last gasp of fan artists" issue or something!

I'd love to, but it would mean delaying publishing an ish for which I have all the written material for another four to six months. *Assuming* I could get half the artists whose work I admire to do anything for me, that is.

Was interesting to read, via Andy Hooper, that West had abandoned his FAAn award certificate, and then evidently bad-mouthed the people who voted it to him. You've got to admire that level of thick-headed curmudgeoness (a word?) in the face of people actually trying to be nice to him. If I ever win the lottery, I'm going to pay to have both you and West flown into the same con and set up a panel with only you two on it, discussing art. I think it might prove... interesting.

Deadly? No, actually, I've been at the point of wanting to refuse awards ... and stepped back. I've had fantasies of getting up to the mike, taking the silver Rocket and saying to the audience that they took their bloody time... and now I don't want it any more. Sanity returned every time... so far. Maybe D. just had a lower breaking point than I do. I *suspect*, though, that he just likes signaling "up yours" to people.

You know, just had a thought- all those great responses from folks this issue to your comments about the West/Rotsler Award thing, but nothing from West himself. And there probably never will be.

Finally, since you ran the chart at the end, started looking it over and got curious on the length of runs for names, from their first to last/latest nominations.

I see I've just tied Rotsler this year, having been off and on the thing for 29 years now, just like him. And you've been on there 26 years now – I don't know about you, but I'm feeling my age with those numbers.

Teddy had a 21 year run, and impressive in he wasn't on the ballot only one of those years. Stu also pulled the only-off-once thing in his 16 year run. Looks like Atom also covered 21 years.

But Steve kicks all our asses, being on the very first ballot and now the latest one, a full 46 years!

And still as bitter as ever. How does he do it?

Charts is always interesting.

Eric Mayer, groggy.tales@gmail.com

Good looking zine. I like the logo and you have a knack for finding attractive fonts, and not overusing them. Fonts can be tempting can't they?

I have a problem loccking however since I have said something to you about most of the material already when I saw the previews. I don't recall what I said, exactly, but I'll bet I tell you pretty much the same thing I did the first time around.

It is interesting that Hugo nominees are told so far in advance. Given that, I'm surprised word doesn't get out sooner, or perhaps it does amongst those who are in the know. To be nominated for the Hugo as many times as you have is an honor, even if it is a crime that you haven't won. Nominators have to actually come up with your name as a worthy artist, whereas voters only need to check off a name from a list and tend to check off names that are familiar, or only vaguely familiar if they have little knowledge of a category. So making the short list might mean more. Hey, I have never even made the short list for any award or egoboo poll. I wouldn't say you have no chance of winning. As a far as I know you did little fanart this year (I recall you doing art for those Canadian awards). So given how uninformed Hugo voters are, this might be your year.

Yes, the Internet may kill of hopes of any fanartist winning the Hugo, or any fanwriter or actual fanzine winning. Not surprising. To say, the Internet is the best publishing tool available to amateurs. Hobbyists in the past were able to use hectographs, spirit duplicators, mimeographs and copying machines. Each of those shaped the sort of zine that could be produced. The Internet allows for far more leeway and few modern fans seem interested in using the internet to publish emulated paper zines, as you and I still do. Which is maybe, for them, not so stupid.

Funny about how Clyde Barrow allegedly wrote a fan letter to Henry Ford. Bet he wasn't such a satisfied customer when he found out that those old Fords might have had good horsepower and great in the rain but they weren't worth a damn in a hail of bullets. Guess the car didn't, as Clyde said, continue to sustain its "freedom from trouble."

I already had my say about D. West's behavior in declining and slamming the Rotsler. (Nice recent photo of him accompanying the article...) I sure wouldn't turn down an award. Except maybe because I am an electronic ghost fan I would have to decline a physical award and ask for a .jpg of it which I could display in my electronic world.

By most definitions Rotsler's little squiggles are far more artistic than West's labored art school stuff. Rotsler created his own unique cartoon style which obviously communicated brilliantly with his intended audience.

And why would fanart be evaluated by either commercial fine arts standards? Fanzines are a whole different context. Artists who might not be able to produce something that would fit the standards of commercial art may nevertheless have a lot to offer.

Color photos from the Internet function to illustrate articles but they lack the personality and creativity of fanart. Things that are important -- or should be I think -- in fanzines and all fanac. Isn't fanzine fandom supposed to be a creative hobby? Granted there is some

creativity in photoshopping pictures so maybe I am just showing my age in not being thrilled about that art form.

Your tale about the moves of that fellow and his wife remind me a little of my ex-father-in-law. He was from Texas and his whole family still lives there. While in the navy for twenty years he lived in every corner of the country, almost (San Diego, Florida, Washington DC and Washington State) and when he retired from the service he wanted to move back home. However his wife, who had been in the WAVES, was from the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania and her family was there and she insisted on moving back there. Consequently, she spent decades feuding with and mostly not speaking to her family. But you knew that was coming didn't you?

For a moment there I wondered where you got my signature. The "E" looks vaguely like mine. But then I saw the big dot over the "i" and I never dot my "i's" except when I type.

I think it was a font named "Catholic Schoolgirl."

Why would Kim Huett think Chris Garcia isn't part of the faanish community? To think that first of all you would have to believe that putting out ezines does not make you a fan. You'd also have to figure that winning TAFF doesn't make you a fan or putting on a convention such Corflu. I guess I'd love to hear what, exactly, Kim thinks Chris should do to get a fan community membership.

Loved the Hugo chart also. Its neat to see the "life lines" for nominees. You have one of the longer lines I see.

Very enjoyable zine and I will also note you got a lot of locs for an ezine and very interesting ones.

Corflu this week. What happens when you win?

Heart stoppage, due to shock? Especially as Corflu was *last month*, as of this writing...

Lloyd Penney, penneys@bell.net

I have Broken Toys 2 here, printed out so I don't strain my tired eyes, and I will offer a few comments on the contents. TGIF...

Congratulations on another Hugo nomination! I wish you better luck this time around. I will also say congratulations on your first Aurora nomination. I admit I blew my own secret about my own Aurora nomination, but it seems I didn't get the full message about holding out the nomination until Easter time. Oh, well, the word is out now. We will see who gets the pretty nomination pins and who gets the pointy trophy. I've become a little apathetic about the whole thing now...time weighs on me, and it's tougher to care.

The Rotsler Award being declined...I suppose anyone could do that, but it seems that D. West's declination was not all that gentle or mannered. There are other awards one could accept or reject; if there was a nomination process in this, D. could have pulled his name from consideration with some grace. I guess he wasn't given the opportunity.

The local...I would like to think that the letters I send to ezines are an investment in keeping the whole fanzine subculture going. A few have told me to keep my crappy letters to myself, and I have complied. As much as I respected and still respect Mike Glicksohn re: the end of fanzine fandom, I sure hope he's wrong.

This is the Corflu weekend, and I am definitely not in Las Vegas, so we shall see who wins the FAAn Awards, too. I would suggest sending out some fillos to the three clubzines in this country that I know of, anyway ... BCSFAzine, OSFS Statement and Warp in Montreal, and they can start printing your artwork for more national awareness. Graeme Cameron and Garth Spencer can certainly print your work as well. Perhaps a really pointy Aurora may be in your future.

Garth and Graeme do use material I send them, both art and the written word. BCSFAzine and I also go a long, long way back. But it never seemed to raise public awareness of *moi* very much.

I am not sure, but I believe that Dave Vereschagin may live somewhere in Toronto now. I did find Rosemary Ulyot in Kingston. All of this was quite some time ago.

Time to fold up and get to some paying work. I still have a little bit of it, so I am grateful for small miracles. I wish you a pleasant weekend, and let's see what Vegas shows us this time around.

Steve Stiles, swstiles@comcast.net

I am unexpectedly going to attempt a brief LoC of some kind on your handsomely lettered BROKEN TOYS #2. Writing letters of comment on fanzines is a rare activity for me, and I'm not happy about that sad state of affairs, but what with my working hours and long commute I'm forced to choose between written fanac and fan art, and I chose the latter, which I'm probably much better at (although there are times when I wish there was an equivalent of Spell Check for the former). It must be nice to have an excess of spare time, I dimly remember when I had some of that.

Spare time is all I have, but it doesn't help. There's still too much to do.

The Fan Art Hugo: I won't win, either. Probably never will. I might've become embittered about this years ago if I were a lesser fan, a less enlightened fan, but when handed a situational lemon scare up material for cartoon shticks, I always say. Hence the Windsor McKay inspired SCREWBALL SLUMBER I did last year. I've got a few more SSs in mind, plus a sequence with Ted White featured as my Hugo Consultant (which is part of the gag; Ted really doesn't think much of the value of today's Hugos). In fact, I was going to start on that this evening but decided to write this instead.

A "situational lemon scare up?" Is that a Japanese cartoon series?

We shouldn't give up hope, though: where there's life there's hope. Sometimes when there's death there's hope, too: what I'm getting at is that eventually one of us might get by and score a Rocket on the sympathetic "Vote for him; he's about to croak." Sort of like a Mercy Fuck. But realistically I doubt it. If I do get one *after* I pass on to my reward (or whatever) I will piss ectoplasm on the participants during the awards ceremony.

Nonetheless, I'm happy enough to get nominated these days; looking at your chart, I'm amazed to see that there was a thirty two year gap between my previous nominations, and I wonder: was I chopped liver all those years back then? I'm pretty sure that I had a respectable output of decent cartoons and art in 1973, for example, when I was doing four or five color dittoed illustrations for Andy Porter, some with two or three shades of blue! When xeroxing came in, I mastered pen work with the #101 Imperial – no mean accomplishment since every one else was using a #102! Then there was 1980: that was when I was really learning my chops with the brush, using those techniques utilized by Hosakai and Hiroshige! The year 1986 was cool for me when I got into shading with coquille board, and I really liked a lot of things I did in 1995, just after the comic book industry collapsed, and I had nothing else to do.

I'm not sure that the internet/Photoshop will put all us pen and paper people out to pasture. Anyway, fandom is hardly monolithic these days, so there are many pastures out there. Currently I try to graze in the fanzines, online and otherwise, a few Yahoo! groups, a paper apa, and Facebook, the latter which rather strikes me as Instant Fanzine.

I was dragged, kicking and screaming, into regularly doing art for Earl Kemp's EI, mostly thanks to Earl's perseverance, but once there I found I was happy to have an almost monthly showcase for whatever cartoon idea hit my fancy. The thing is, at least with me, that once the cartoon or illustration idea is formed, it becomes a compulsion to get it done, whether as paper or pixels. It's analogous to sex, in a way (but I won't take that thought any further). And Photoshop is pretty cool; no more messy expensive paint to deal with! I also wonder to what extent Photoshop is used in more commercial outlets such as children's book illustration.

The downside of internet fanac, at least for me, is the damned immediacy of it all; instant, sometimes continuous requests for fan art that has had me on a treadmill of seemingly never ending deadlines --with no pay – on top of a full time job for months at a time. It would be easier if I had a simpler style, but that would rob me of the fun between start and finish. At any rate, fandom shouldn't be a chore, so for the time being...

"A simpler style." Like Bill Rotsler's. *There* was a style that was made for the mimeo stencil! And there was a late fifties sensibility about it when young American artists were preoccupied by the modern European artists very much concerned with shape and line. I wonder what Bill would've done with sophisticated computer graphic programs if he had lived a lot longer; in his last few months, when he was too sick to do much, he created geometric designs with MacDraw, and I'm sure he would've gone much further than that had fate permitted. But as far as his usual work was concerned, I think Robert Runte nailed it: half the charm was their spontaneity and the sense of capturing the moment. That, and the fact that I liked the man, made it much more personal when I copped the award named after him.

Greg Giacobe, ggiacobe@optonline.net

Well, I could say "RAEBNC" and let it lay. But I'll throw in three short comments:

1. The problem over locs brought to mind that perhaps they've changed form, and are now manifest as such things on Twitter, FaceBook, etc. But then I realized that someone's Twitter account would have to substitute for a perszine. And I get the feeling that's not what you would like to see happen.
2. I have to agree with Brad Foster: A Taral zine with NO Taral art?! WTF?!!
3. I think this is the first time I saw through your alias when writing about Paul Kidd.

Letters of Comment was the currency of old fandom. You pubbed your ish partly to satisfy the Inner Demon, but also to establish your chops as a fan. The more feedback you get, the more chops. Much as the Do-Gooders like to tell us we should abandon such vanities, the Primate soul requires knowing its place in the pack, and prefers to be nearer the top than the bottom... where the pickings are lean and stale. Publishing a fanzine that nobody thought well enough of to ever write to was pretty much the writing on the wall that you were uninteresting, irrelevant, and probably expressed yourself poorly. All of which are just about the most damning things to accuse the insecure but potentially boundless ego of most early fans.

Yeah... I know... there's a conspiracy to get me to draw again. I *could* stuff the next issue with nekkid bunnies, but how would it look to the impictorate mass of fandom, who don't "get" nekkid bunnies.

WAH!

Ron Kasman
Garth Spencer
Phil Morgan
Carol de Priest
Benny the Ball

