

Lost Toys 3

So ... the third issue. Begun late April, 2014. Written & published by Taral Wayne, who continues to reside at 245 Dunn Ave. Apt. 2111, Toronto Ontario, M6K 1S6, and can be reached at taral@bell.net Ostensibly, this Kiddelidivee Books & Art 280

A Fannish Wake It's an attractive idea, but I think not for me. It would take resources I don't have, such as money and space. Also friends. I do have some, and I value them very highly. Nevertheless, if I announced I was having a party, I could hardly expect them to fly in from the four corners of the continent. And the half-dozen-or-so living in Toronto wouldn't make much of a party. And when I'm dead, I expect the situation to be everworse. My family will arrange a cheap burial, and, with luck, some of the half-dozen friends I have here in Toronto would still be alive to attend the funeral. Maybe there would be a mention of it in Mike Glycer's blog, but I suspect I'd disappear from fandom without much of ripple, much less people flying in from Los Angeles, Seattle and New York to drink to my memory.

On that "happy" note, I read on the *File 770* blog today that **Bill Patterson** has passed away. He was born the same year as I was, which the sort of reminder of our own mortality that few of us are grateful for. I didn't know Bill well ... I believe we were members in AZAPA together, and likely met a few times at conventions in the 1970s. In fact, I briefly worked for Bill, when he attempted to create a science news abstract. Unfortunately, the venture wasn't a success. We fell out of touch, for a long time afterward. But over the past year, Bill had become a regular contributor to the *Broken Toys* lettercolumn, however ... a timely rediscovery of a major fannish talent. His intelligence and profundity will be missed.

The Shabby Bard of Yonge Street *Death has been busy this month. A few days ago, I learned of the death of Crad Kilodney.*

It was an otherwise ordinary get-together of friends. Alan Rosenthal and Jeanne Bowman were in town again, and were all invited up to Bob and Sharry Wilson's place for dinner. The five of us produced the sort of brilliant small talk you'd expect, and then consumed enough order-in Chinese food for ten. There was one topic of conversation, though, that wasn't so palatable. Alan mentioned that Crad Kilodney had recently died.

Crad Kilodney was not his real name, but that was how everyone knew him. He was a fixture in Toronto for many years. You usually found him, summer or winter, looking like one of those street vendors selling ties or cheap watches out of a suitcase. But Crad was selling eccentric little chapbook collections of short stories, that he wrote and published himself. Self-publishing didn't seem to be an option for him. Crad was the *bête noir* of Canadian literature, whose very name evoked shudders of distaste from our literati. It is said that he had once submitted stories to a literary contest under his own name, which he had copied verbatim from various well-known authors. The plagiarism wasn't

spotted, but every one of his submissions had been rejected, apparently on the basis of his name on the manuscript.

I always thought of Crad's own writing as that of a 12-year-old boy who never grew up. It was violent, gross, irreverent and iconoclastic, cut to the quick with an economy of art. In one short piece Crad showed his disrespect for the province's head censor by writing about her fictional death. His work isn't great literature by any stretch of the imagination, but there seems little doubt that Crad was *persona non grata* with the Canadian literary elite – and he loved every moment of it.

Crad Kilodney used unusual method to title his Charnel House publications. He had a box of cut-out words that he picked out at random, creating such unforgettable classics such as *Suburban Chicken-Strangling Stories*, *Lightning Struck my Dick and Incurable Trucks & Speeding Diseases*. Other titles were likely chosen simply to shock and offend, such as *Simple Stories for Idiots* and *I Chewed Mrs. Ewing's Raw Guts and Other Stories*. Still others had curiously bland titles like *Nice Stories for Canadians* and *The Yellow Book*. Crad wrote and published a prodigious number of such booklets under his imprint. I have about a dozen, and that's barely a representative sample. One curiosity about Crad's books is that he autographed them *all*. If you ever find one that he overlooked, snap it up ... it might be collectible!

I didn't know Crad Kilodney well. I talked with him a few times in the 1970s, when he sold me a couple of his booklets. But a few years' later, I came by his phone number somewhere, learning that he lived in a basement in North Toronto. I immediately felt a kinship, and send him some fanzines. He send me some more booklets in exchange. I think I spoke to him about the idea of illustrating one of his booklets sometime. It's a pity nothing came of the idea. I would dearly have loved to list on my resume that I was the illustrator for something with an outlandish title like *Putrid Scum*.

During one of our telephone conversations in the late 1980s, Crad said he had quit writing and banging his head against the stone wall of the Canadian literary establishment. He was going to move back to New York City, where he was born. We lost contact after that, and I had always assumed that he had done both. Apparently, this was not so. Crad never left Toronto, and continued to write ... though he may well have stopped publishing. One thing for certain is that he went online. There is a rich vein of his essays¹ and a "literary foundation" has been established to preserve his work online.² To tell the truth, I had no knowledge of any of this until literally this moment.

No doubt, going online was the smart thing to do. Presumably, Crad Kilodney reached many more readers than he ever could have by standing on street corners, selling cheaply printed booklets for a dollar. But there is no romance to a Website. Nor any character. Nobody will be much the worse, I suspect, if the Websites vanish someday. But no one who has ever seen Crad Kilodney in person, flogging his homemade publications on Yonge Street in the middle of a blinding snowstorm, is ever likely to forget *that* sight.

¹ <http://cradkilodney.wordpress.com/>

²

<http://www.cradkilodney.com/gallery.html>



Radio Ga Ga Last issue, I wrote in passing about Lucille Ball’s old radio program, “My Favourite Husband.” Unlike **Arnie Katz**, I was never all that curious about Old-Time Radio. Programs such as “The Shadow” and “Fibber McGee and Molly” were famous, but recordings are not so easy to come by that I was unintentionally likely to, so for the most part I have never listened to the great radio programs of yore. “My Favourite Husband” was a rare exception that was made possible by the inclusion of a large number of episodes with DVD sets of “I Love Lucy.”

There is, however, another exception. I don’t recall where I first heard an episode of the 1946 radio comedy, “The Bickersons,” but I loved it from the first. Then I found a CD of several episodes in a dollar store. The disks were defective, and sold for a single buck. Indeed, one of the tracks failed to play at all. The remainder played perfectly, however, and I nearly laughed my head off. The repartee between Don Amiche (John) and Frances Langford (Blanche) was lightning fast, superbly paced and acidly sarcastic. Here is an example:

B: You used to be so considerate. Since you got married to me you haven't got any sympathy at all.

J: I have, too. I've got everybody's sympathy.

B: Believe me, there's better fish in the ocean than the one I caught.

J: There's better bait, too.

B: I don't see how you can go to bed without kissing me good night.

J: I can do it.

B: You'd better say you're sorry for that, John.

J: Okay, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

B: You are not.

J: I am too. I'm the sorriest man that was ever born.

B: Is there any milk for breakfast?

J: No.

B: Then you'll have to eat out.

J: I don't care, I've been doing it all week.

B: What for? I left you enough food for six days. I cooked a whole bathtub full of rice. What happened to it?

J: I took a bath in it.

B: Why didn't you eat it?

J: I've told you a million times I can't stand the sight of rice.

B: Why not?

J: Because it's connected to the saddest mistake of my life.

I suppose that sort of humour must be an acquired taste, though. I remember playing the CD for Phil Paine one time. He stared at me as stony-faced as an Olmec head and said, "What's funny about that?" Either it wasn't funny, or Phil had a sense of humour completely different from mine. I suspect the later was the case, since he thought "Firesign Theatre" devastating funny, while I'd as soon listen to someone switching gears with a broken transmission for laughs. As they say, humour is a funny thing.

Other remarks in passing

Jacq Monahan clearly played with somewhat different toys than I. Had I ever had an Eazy Bake Oven, I would probably have baked my hamster in it, not a cake. However, I did have a squirt-sized B-52 turret, with twin machine guns, a rubber ammunition belt and radar screen that made a rattling sound. I had a doll, though. G.I. Joe. I could dress it in it's standard Marine Corps cammies, British 8th. Army khaki, or a bronze helmeted diving suit. Accessories in my collection included a flame thrower, a .50 cal. tripod machine gun, a field radio set and other equipment that has unfortunately lapsed from memory. All gone now ... except one single M-16 rifle that I have stubbornly held onto for the last 50 years! Strangely enough, G.I. Joe and generic 1/12 posable military figures came back in fashion in the 1990s! I acquired two new dolls and a large amount of assorted hardware for them.

One Christmas I opened a package and found "Santa" had left me a transistor radio very much like the one that Jacq must have had. It was a Sanyo Channel Master, and came in a cheap leather carrying case. While I wasn't one of those kids who immersed themselves into the culture of pop music the way many of my friends did, I did enjoy lying in bed, late at night, secretly listening to "These Boots Are Made for Walking," "Windmills of My Mind," "Windy," "Send in the Clowns," "Do You Know the Way to San Jose," "You're so Vain" and other popular tunes of the late 1960s. It seems my Sanyo was a trifle older than Jacq's. Yes ... I still have my old radio, too, and it works as well as it ever did, assuming radio is still broadcast. I'm not sure.

The TV is on a little longer every day, it seems. So far, the mainstay of my viewing is still the CBC news channel. But listening to The National over and over does grow a little tiresome, so I have also been trying to find other programs that might interest me. For the last couple of nights, I've wallowed in back-to-back "reality" shows such as "Pawn Stars," "American Restoration," "American (or Canadian) Pickers" and "Counting Cars." There are a couple more that I haven't seen, thankfully. Other than those, I see nothing but reruns of "M.A.S.H." and a mini-series called "Vikings" listed for

The History Channel's entire week's line-up. Grim. One common thread to all these shows is so peculiar that I have to mention it, though. Everyone in them is a freak. That is, they dress like bikers with torn clothes, tattoos from head to foot, grotesque haircuts, strange beards, and hats like "outlaw" country singers, with conches and corks dangling from elaborately curled brims. Is this the new "norm," the new "Joe Average" or the new "manly?" Or just an idiosyncrasy of people who run metalwork shops or hunt for alligators? Another possibility is that all these "reality" shows are as phony as corporate tax returns.

Murray Moore mentions that he and Mary Ellen have abandoned cable for the old-fashioned roof-top aerial. That's great, if it works for you. Unfortunately, I was unable to get much reception, no matter what I tried. I suppose it's because I face west, and the entire bulk of my apartment building, with its thousands of tons of brick and steel, lies between me and the signal broadcast from the CN Tower. The best reception I ever got was marginal at best, and limited to CBC, CTV, a Hamilton station and two local evangelical Christian stations.

Murray suggests that the voter base of the FAAns is less cliquish now that voting ends before the con begins. I see the logic of this assertion, but I don't see any difference in the final result. It likely isn't so much that Corflu attendance itself influences the way the vote goes, as that Corflu attendance is a common thread among those who take the awards seriously enough to cast a ballot.

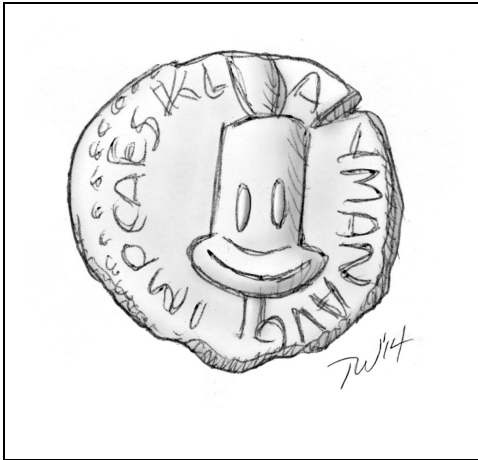
As I said elsewhere, I think the problem with the FAAns is that they are modeled too closely on the Hugos, and that the attempt to select from a broad range of tastes a single "best" of the year is a specious goal. My current thinking is that a better model for a fanzine award would have been a simple poll, to select the *five* most popular zines, writers, cartoonists, and so on ... in *no particular order*. Unfortunately, we are almost certainly stuck with the model we have.

At present I find it hard to drum up interest in my fanac. I suppose it's a passing malaise, but in the meantime I'm having a hard time motivating myself to continue ... *sigh* In a way, it's been coming for some time, but I was surprised just how quickly I passed some threshold after the last *Broken Toys*. Suddenly, I felt it might be some time before I published the next. Unusually, I had no idea what might go into number 28. In the last eight or nine years, I've written so much that I wonder whether I have anything more to say. **Wolf von Witting's** challenge to my knowledge of Graeco-Roman coins, however, is little hard to ignore. Ancient coins still arouse me.

Wolf's photo shows a gold solidus of the emperor Arcadius. Now, Arcadius was emperor of the Eastern Empire, and his brother Honorius was emperor of the Western Empire. By coincidence, I own a very similar solidus by Honorius, so I can say almost exactly what Wolf's coin is worth, because I know how much *I* paid for mine. About \$600 to \$700. Wolf also has a silver denarius that he dates to 123 BC, that he assumes is only worth about \$25. Although it is worn, the value today is more likely around \$100. The final coin in Wolf's collection is another silver denarius, though a slightly unusual type, from 42 AD. In fact, my favourite dealer informs me that it is a rare portrait of Julius Caesar, issued after his assassination. It might well be worth over \$1,000, depending on shape.

If Wolf wanted to sell them, I'd guess he'd probably get about half or two-thirds of the value for the silver denarii. But my dealer tells me that gold coins are different. Although they have a premium value over their value as gold, because of their antiquity, the gold content is nevertheless a big percentage of the bottom line. He said he pays up to 90% of the resale value of a gold solidus or aureus. So, Wolf, if interested, I'll gladly pay you a hundred bucks ... but you'd be crazy to take me up on it. A

fair dealer will probably give you nearer \$1,000, and maybe more. I have put Wolf in touche with my dealer, who will give him more precise values and might make him an offer.



I used to have one of the Iranian pieces that Wolf describes, with the old Shah on the obverse side, although not necessarily the same denomination. It wasn't silver, actually, just a copper-nickel composition that had no intrinsic value. The coins aren't rare, and can be had for a dollar or two. In mint condition, perhaps \$10 or \$15. You could pick another up easily, if you were in the habit of digging through boxes of unpriced, unsorted specimens in coin stores.

In a comment to John Hertz, Wolf said he thought it unwise to harvest the oceans. I concur, and remember when Arthur C. Clarke predicted that the oceans would feed the world. I guess even Ego C. Clarke can't be right all the time. Although many of us eat too little fish for our own good, the oceans are in fact dangerously overfished. If all 7 billions of us were depending on the sea for our daily bread, the ocean would be reduced to a sterile waste in a single generation. Unless, of course, all Clarke had in mind was a steady diet of algae cakes. He can dig in first.

Wolf's technophobia is a bit hard to swallow, from someone writing about it using a word processing program running on a PC. Yet I exhibit some of the same symptoms. I do have a computer and Internet connection, but as an artist I find the computer useful for colouring artwork, scanning it, and sending the files by e-mail. It's just as useful to me as a writer. And, like Wolf, there's just no way I would go back to using a camera I had to constantly feed film into, then pay to have it developed. As for the rest of this century's advances ... I have lagged behind on much. No cell phone, no e-book reader, no tablet, no Twitter, no Paypal, no apps, no games ... well, almost none. I did enjoy a couple of early adventure games, but that was more than ten years ago. I haven't had time for games since. Besides, these days they all seem to be about whizzing around at breakneck speed and shooting things up. Perforce, I switched from vinyl to CDs a little reluctantly, but eventually embraced them gladly. It was the same with movies on DVD. Once I *had* to buy them, I saw their inherent superiority over videotape. I never made the jump to music in the MP3 format, though. I do have a player, but have never figured out how to transfer music to it. The reason I wanted it originally was that I thought it would be keen for long walks around my neighborhood. Unfortunately, I gradually lost the ability to take walks for the pleasure, and the MP player became irrelevant. Hopefully I will acquire one other piece of modern technology that will make the MP player relevant again – an electric scooter. I have nothing against all the other consumer toys the 21st Century has brought us, though. I just don't need them and don't want to pay for them.

Just a final note on Wolf's zine. He mentions that only two "Anglo-Saxons" who have ever won TAFF. I presume he means fans whose first language is English. It's debatable whether fans like Avedon Carol, Victor Gonzalez or Stu Shiffman are "Anglo-Saxons," though they all spoke English from the cradle. Chew on this, however: no *Canadian* has ever won TAFF. Both Mike Glicksohn and I ran in the age of dinosaurs, but lost. I had the bad luck to run against Avedon, whose victory was a foregone conclusion. It was also a short race, only a few months long. I drew a number of campaign cartoons, including one two-page alternative history comic, none of which were published in time to be of any use. They probably would have made no difference anyway.

Wasn't it only about a page-and-a-half ago that I was saying that I had nothing left to write about? It just goes to show that with wasted hard work and misplaced determination, you can accomplish miracles – even writing another page-and-a-half when you really don't want to.

The truth is, I do have a short agenda left. My cat, Sailor, who has been my constant companion for the last 12 years, and who was more than 17 years old, has finally left me. She stopped eating and gradually faded away on my kitchen floor. I knew she was dying, and I knew it was coming. She had certainly lived a full and and happy life. Nevertheless, it's never easy to lose a loved pet when the time comes.

I kept a journal of her last couple of days, then after a long day I shut down the computer and found she had died quietly three or four hours before. Next day I wrote the conclusion to the journal. I could fill up my remaining two pages of *Lost Toys* with what I wrote, but I think I will not.

Honestly, it seems silly to publish something in *Lost Toys*, then turn around and publish it again in *Broken Toys*, to be read a second time by many of the same people. I'd rather they read it for the first time in my personalzine, not a throw-away apazine. Not everyone in *TePe* is on my mailing list, I grant you. But my zines are regularly posted to eFanzines.com, so there is no excuse for every member going to the eFanzine page and downloading *Broken Toys*.

The upshot of this is that I'm not running "Sailor's Final Voyage" here. Read it in *Broken Toys*, next month. I'll leave you with a photo for now. Think I'll finish off my eight pages later. I may feel more motivated than I do right now, while my psychic bruises are still tender. Not surprisingly, the death of Sailor is another reason I really don't feel like writing at present.



What are the Odds?

Earlier today, I read the FAAn Award results in e-mail. There were no surprises. I have been saying that I could have made book on the results ... but who would have given me worthwhile odds? I would have won a dollar for every dollar I put up, and after taking my cut as the bookie, my net winnings would have been 90 cents.

Yes, very nearly the same people who won in every category won in every category last year. There are minor differences – Steve Stiles won as best fanartist this year instead of Dan Steffan. But the two artists have traded the FAAn back and forth for the last several years, so it amounts to the same thing whichever one wins. In four of the categories, the winner was the same person or fanzine as last year:

Best Single Issue: *Trap Door*
Best Website: eFanzines.com

Best Fan Writer: Andy Hooper
Best Letter Writer: Robert Lichtman

The other categories show only slight variations from the previous year(s):

Best Personal Fanzine: Andy Hooper (multiple winner for Best Fanzine and Best Fan Writer)

Best Genzine: *Banana Wings* (multiple winner for Best Fanzine and Best Fan Writer)

The remaining two categories haven't existed long enough for such a pattern to develop.

I'll say it again, I love Steve Stiles as a brother, and Andrew Hooper is a writer whose tenacity of subject I admire. I'll go further and state that *Trapdoor* and *Banana Wings* are at the top of my list of fanzines to read. I have voted for them all in past years. Yet I cannot shake the feeling that the same names and titles appearing year after year in the FAAns cannot be right. Never mind "*vox populi*." It does not stand to reason that there is so *slight* a difference in the opinions of the voters year after year. Does Robert never have a bad year and produce a paucity of letters? Does no one ever think that Schirm has had a particularly good year and deserves to be moved up on the ballot? Has no one been impressed by the rise of Beam, or weighed whether three issues of *Challenger* are worth one of *Trapdoor*? Does no one's taste drift over time?

Obviously, such thoughts do cross some minds, but when the ballots are counted the same handful of names invariably rise to the top. The sum of fanzine fandom's thoughts seems remarkably inflexible. If we are going to award the FAAns to essentially the same six to eight people for the foreseeable future, I don't see what purpose the awards serve.

I realize that I'm repeating myself, but once again I think the problem stems from imitating the model of the Hugos. With fanzines as different as *Banana Wings* and *Science Fiction Commentary*, I don't see how we can point at one and say with any confidence that it's "best." Same with artists and writers. J.T. Majors writes book reviews, I write personal confessions, Chris Garcia writes about wrestling and B-movies and Claire Briarly writes about whatever it is Claire Briarly writes about. Who is the best writer depends an awful lot on whether you like to read book reviews or about pro wrestling. I draw furry pin-ups, Steve draws hip, offbeat humour, Brad Foster draws cute, goofy stuff. Who you think does it best is bound to reflect the subject you prefer. What kind of consensus can exist in such an environment?

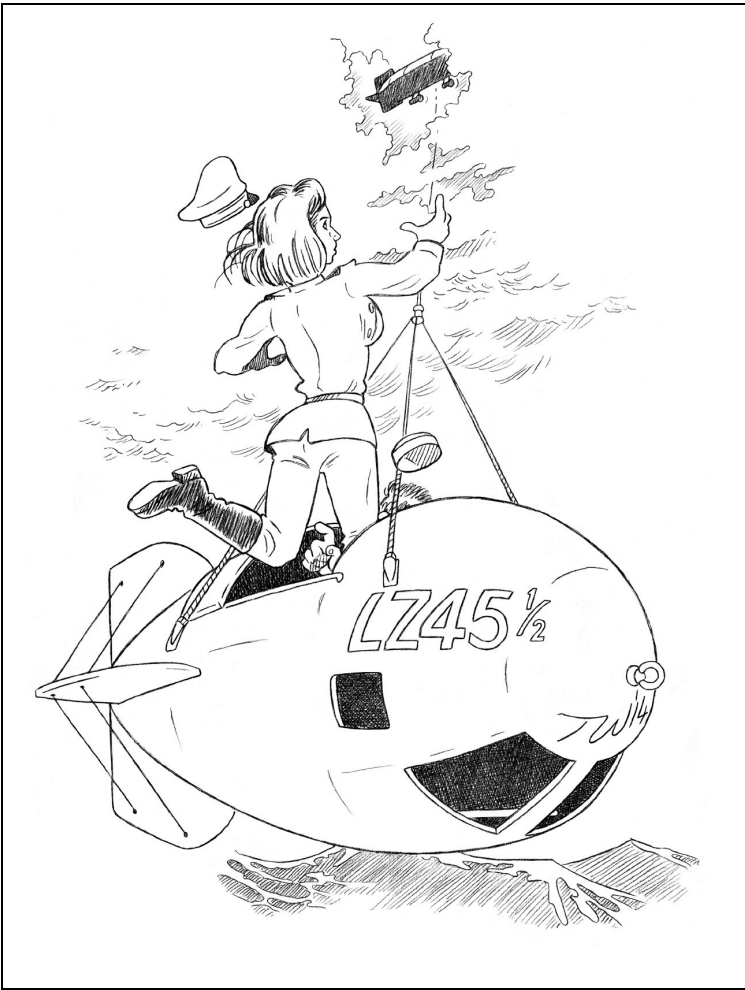
The FAAns ought to have done away with the hierarchical model of the Hugos from the beginning, and sought to chose a representative sample of what was best in fanzine fandom every year instead. A poll that selected the most popular 3 or 5 in each category would have served us far better than a boring celebration of "the usual."

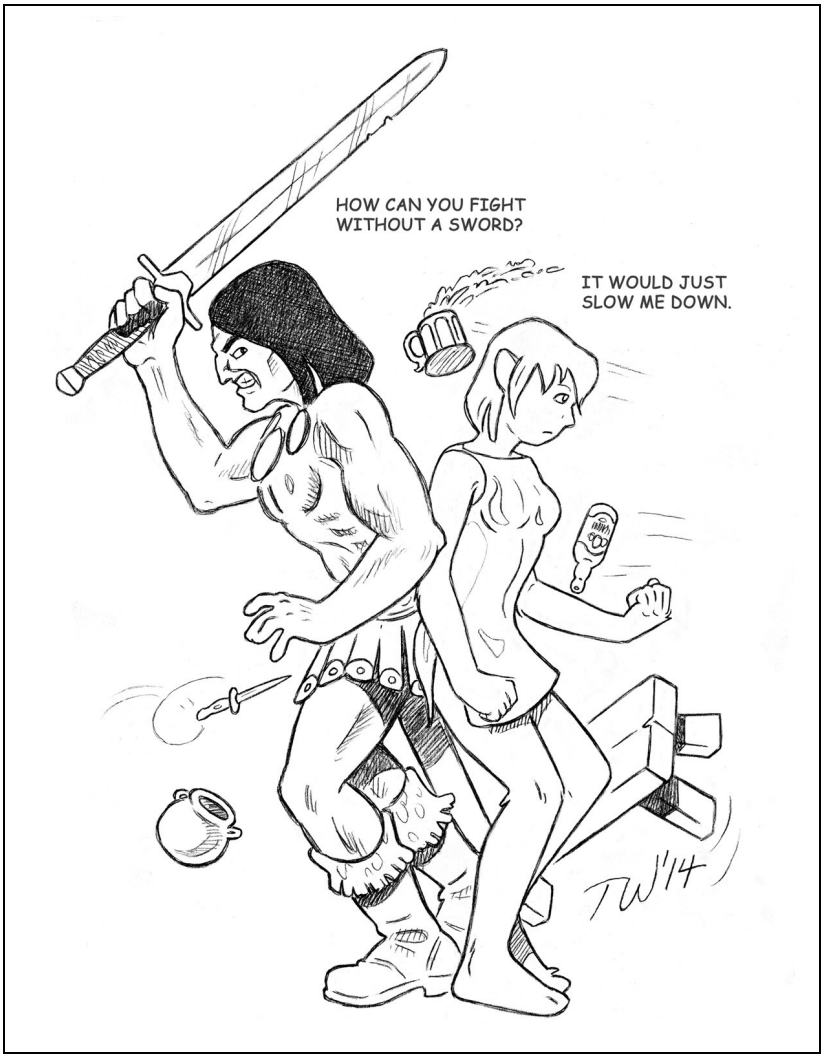
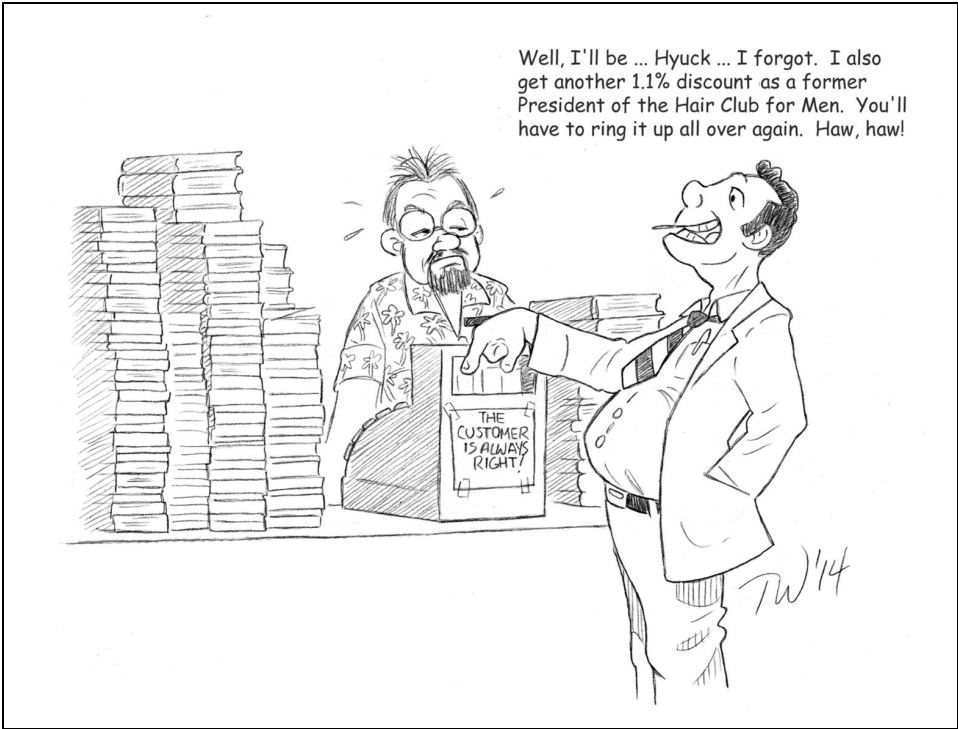
Wrap Party

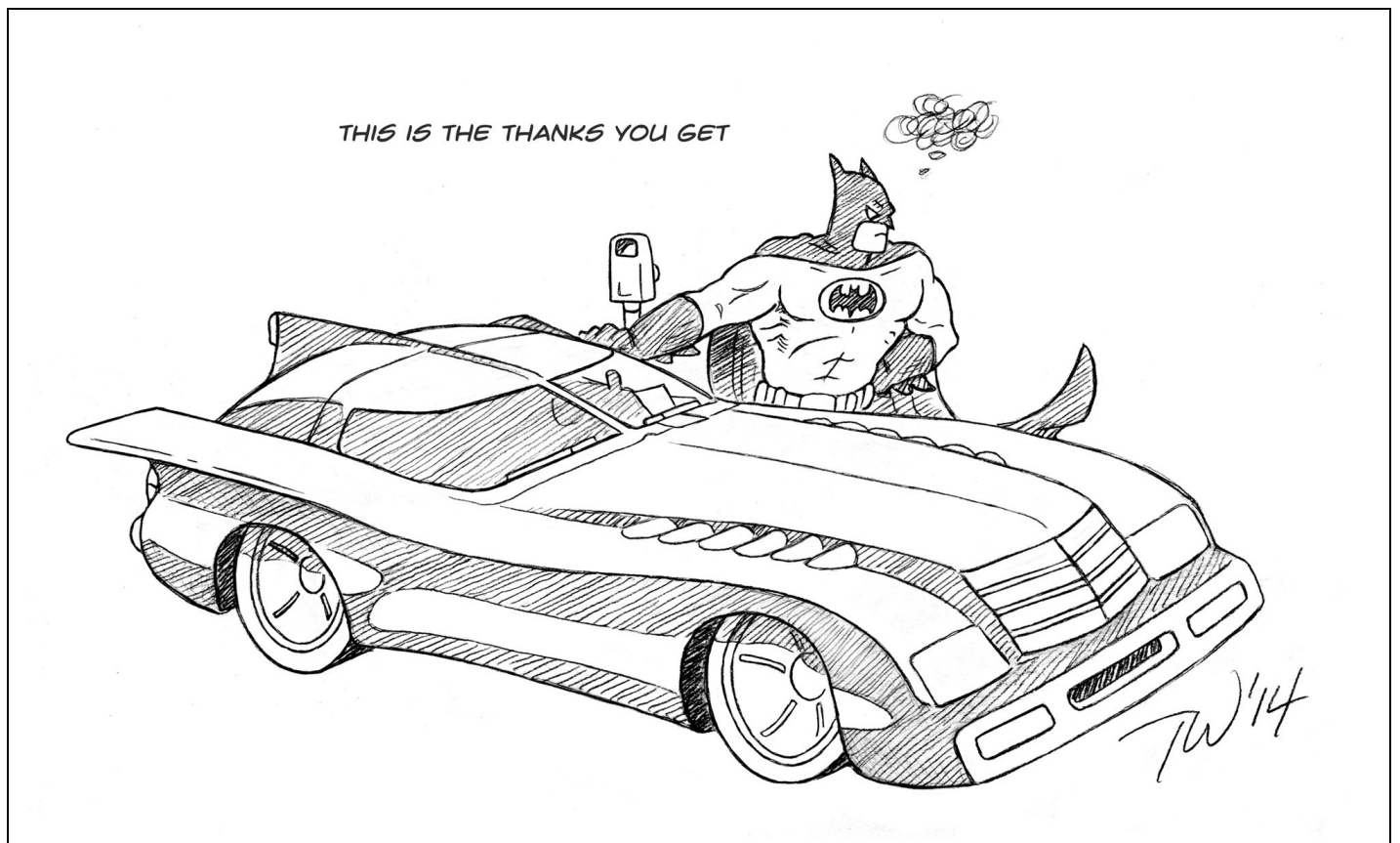
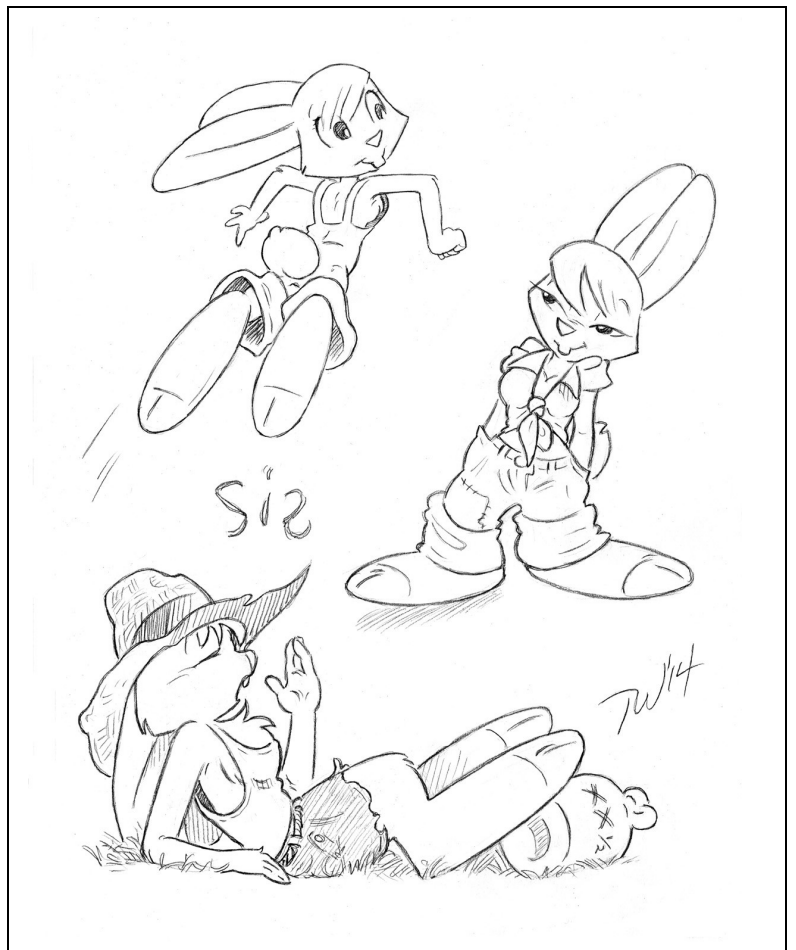
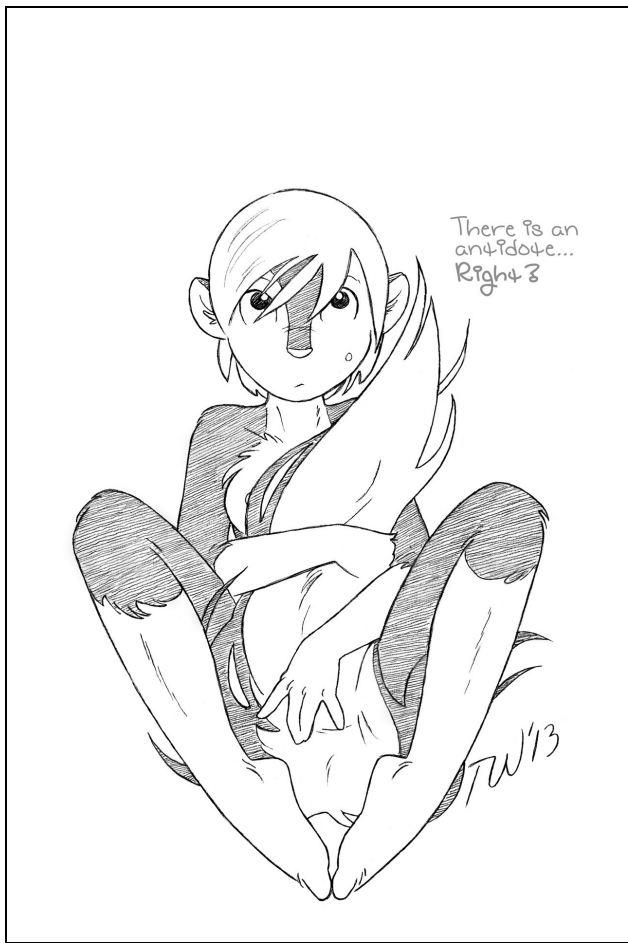
I am still not much in a mood for writing. It was only with an expenditure of will power that I have gotten this far, and filling an entire 12 pages is out of the question. I not only just don't feel like writing, at the present moment I question the value of it as a pastime for me.

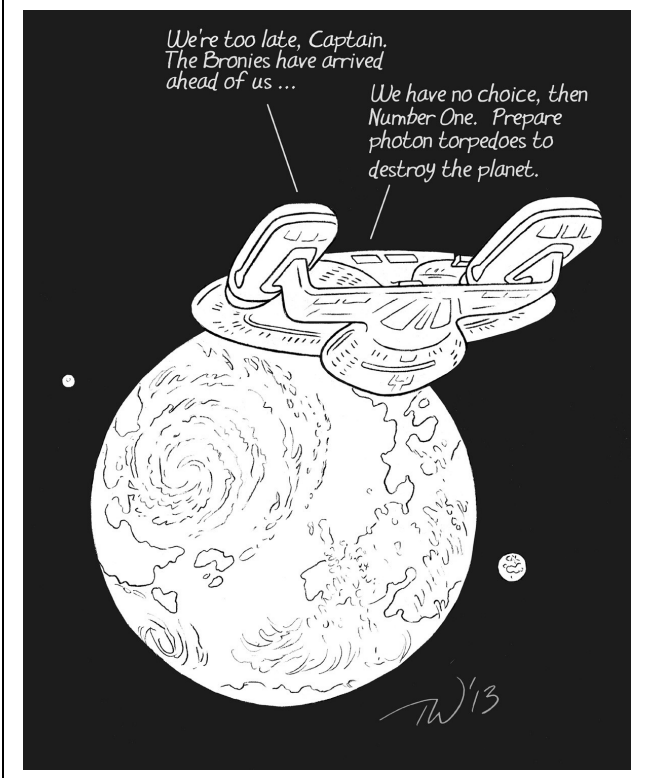
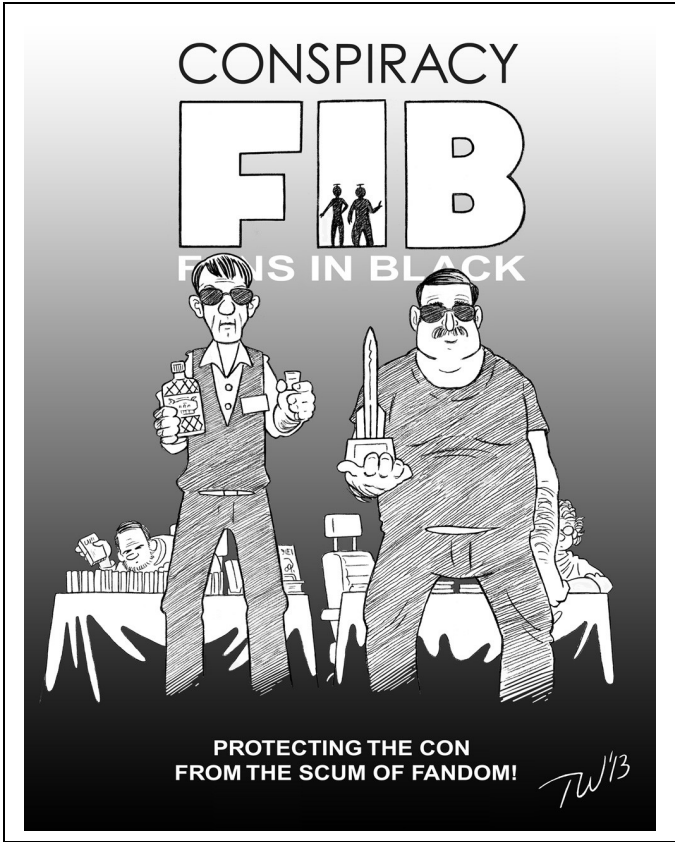
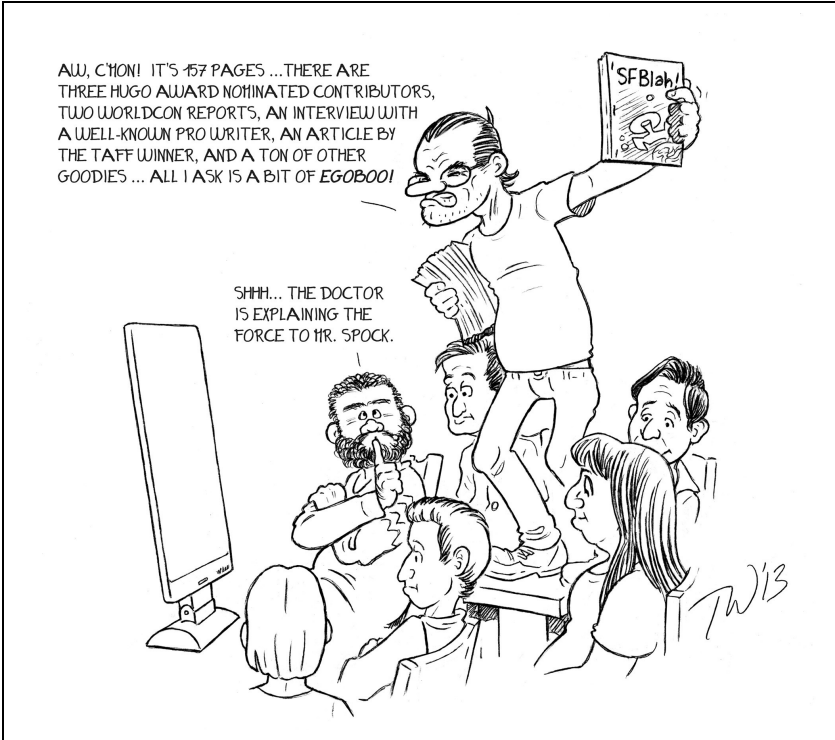
Under the circumstances, the next *Broken Toys* will not likely be completed until the end of May. Conceivably, not even until min-June.

The up-side, however, is that I'm drawing a good deal more. Should I ever get my act together, I may even mail some of it to fanzines to publish. Instead of another 4 pages of my laboured prose, then, a salad bar of recent art.









Enough