

Lost Toys 7

Seventh in the series of Lost Toys published for Arnie Katz's apa, TePe, by Taral Wayne, in September of 2014, from 245 Dunn Ave. Apt. 2111, who is easily contacted at Taral@Bell.net. This is Kidelidivee Books & Art 287.

The Program Regularly Scheduled for This Time Will Not be Shown...

I had originally meant to run an article on Roger Zelazny here, and then re-print it in *Broken Toys*. That was when I expected *Lost Toys 7* to precede *Broken Toys 31*. Due to unforeseen difficulties, however, that was not the case. *Broken Toys* has been mailed and *Lost Toys 7* has no likelihood of being read by anyone until the end of October. Even then, I'm making the BIG assumption that Arnie will be able to meet his October 22nd deadline ... a promise I have little confidence in.

It is not as though Arnie has been late only this once. I think he has been at least somewhat late with every mailing, and certainly with three or four of them. The situation is worse than it even appears. While Arnie was a full month late in mailing the last disty, the deadline had already drifted about two weeks off the initial date, so in total the last mailing was not **four weeks** late, but **six**.

All right ... shit happens. We all understand that fandom takes a back seat to more pressing matters such as late taxes, computer failure and coronary by-passes. What irks about the chronic lateness that TePe exhibits is that Arnie does not communicate with the members. Instead, he leaves us in the dark, wondering whether to send him a "Get Well" card or make threatening phone calls. Ross Chamberlain – who lives in the vicinity – twice called on Arnie in person, and asked about progress. Neither time did Arnie give Ross any meaningful explanation or a reasonable guess when we might expect the mailing. In fact, the second time Ross visited the Katz household, it was to attend a party.

So Joyce and Arnie can hold a party, but not send batch e-mail to the APA members to let us know what to expect?

Thirty-year fan feuds have started over less than his.

Lost Toys is not a major effort to me, but it does use some time and energy that could be used elsewhere. How can I tell that the next contribution I make – perhaps this very issue – will ever be distributed at all? Uncertainty like this is more than enough to kill any incentive I have to continue.

Officially, this is now out of my system. I hope Arnie has not been driven to apoplexy ... because that would do no good. Now is the time for constructive suggestions, and I have one.

During the "crisis," R-Laurraine Tutihasi volunteered to fill in for Arnie if needed. This is very commendable, since I see no reason why any rational person would want the hassle of being caretaker for a lot of cranky, old fans like me. Also, there is no indication Arnie wants to hand over the job. What

I suggest, then, is that R-Laurraine should become our “emergency” OE. If there is no trouble putting out TePe on time ... swell. If it goes a week overdue, however, or Arnie gives her the word, then R-Laurraine can swing into action.

R-Laurraine says that all she needs is for us to send our zines in .pdf format to *both her and Arnie, the regular OE*.

Does that sound sensible to anyone? Will this detract too much from the role of the founder and caretaker of this APA to be acceptable? Or will the membership bend over and hope for the best?

One word of caution – let’s get this matter settled before the *next* mailing is late....

Eric Mayer / Vexed 6

I remember that Herb Alpert album! I found the cover in the trash many years ago, and kept it. Of that generation’s listening music, the Tijuana Brass was actually rather listenable. Other performers with survival skills are Nat King Cole and Harry Belafonte. I have some of their records, left over from my parent’s stash, along with what may be the world's only surviving copy of George Formby's comic banjo songs! I own one album of authentic Scottish bagpipe music by William Gilmore ... whoever he was. And "Knees Up Mother Brown," a collection of English pub singing that was popular for a few months in the mid 1960s. Among the tracks, “I’ve Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts” and "Don't Dilly, don't Dally" were both performed on the Muppet Show, a couple of decades later.

I didn't keep the marine band marches, Mitch Miller, Perry Como, the Hundred and One Strings, "Exodus," “The Singing Nun” and other music my folks seemed to think worth listening to.

Your zine is acquiring "standards." Already it looks better than most non-apazines.

Speaking of mini comics, a week ago I was going past a nearby espresso shop and glanced through the window. There was a bubble-gum machine inside that dispensed mini-comics! Next time I'm out of the house, I'm taking a camera to record the ultimate debasement of a grass-roots movement! (*I did, too.*)

Mobile devices are not useful for any sort of heavy-duty work. You can write with a laptop, I grant you, but isn't adequate for graphics work. You'd have to bring some sort of scanner to plug into it (they used to make a hand-held type) and you'd want a better monitor than I've seen on most laptops. But a laptop can substitute for a desktop if you really **must** work out of the house. A tablet, or smart phone? Forget it. I don't see them ever being useful for serious work, not even serious gaming.

Guess I'll have to save anything else on my mind for private correspondence.

R. Graeme Cameron / Fanac Follies 5

If you have 200 unbuilt model kits, you beat me. I have a mere 70 or so ... Not all of mine are airplane kits, either. For one thing, I built quite a few models in the '80s and early '90s, covering most of the basics such as Spitfires, Migs, F-15s and all that. At that point, I began to branch out. My unbuilt kits still include a Mosquito, an SR-71 and other must-haves, but I also have kits such as the Titanic, a V2 rocket, a see-through Apollo capsule, the PT 109, a Lear jet, the robot from Lost in Space, a Chrysler turbine car, a 1958 T-Bird, and even a spaceship or two. Apart from finding the time to build all this

stuff *right*, there's the basic problem of where to put the finished models. I'm actually thinking that I'll have to get rid of a substantial part of my SF collection.

Yeah, I know ... an involuntary shudder went through half the readers. But I'm not going to read most of that crap again. A lot of it really *was* crap, too. A writer would be known for one novel, leading me to collect every obscure title in his career, filling about eight inches of shelf space for work that only specialists and collectors had ever heard of. It always turned out that there was good reason these books were obscure. The writer's other books usually turned out to be shadows of his best work, with little to offer unless the reader was as fixated as the author was on Fuzzies, Dorsai, positronic robots or Kzinti. Now, after 40 years of collecting this stuff, I discover I'm *not* all that interested.

Don't despair for me, though. Even after a thorough cull, I suspect I'd still have well over a thousand SF and fantasy books in my core collection. I just wish I had a buyer and that the Sally Ann was the not most obvious option available for disposing of the surplus.

I suspect that being real tanker was a lot less interesting, most of the time, than playing a role playing game. When not just sitting around, chain smoking and smelling of grease, the job consisted of bouncing around inside a tight metal compartment with hard, angular objects projecting at head level into the limited space available. Do you know the nickname for tankers in the army? "Zipperheads." It's from all the stitches in their scalps. Of course, you can wear a leather helmet, but the inside of a tank is already about 105° inside, and inevitably you decide to take your chances. Then one day you go into battle. There may not be much to that, either. You drive around, looking for targets, or firing at coordinates on a map, and then a flash and searing pain and you're dead! You never saw that in-coming anti-tank round coming! If you're luckier than that, you finish driving around and maybe never even fire the gun. Trapped in a tiny steel cell with the gun, firing it must blow out unprotected eardrums. What mere game could capture the essence of so much "fun?"

Getting to know people through apas sounds like a good thing, but in my experience I have rarely ever gotten to know anyone well through the printed word. Private correspondence is the only way I really get a sense of who the other person is. One reason for this is that writing is an Art. Doing it well takes skill. And, like any art, writing is a purposeful arrangement of the facts, where what's left out is as important as what remains. In other words, even the most truthful of narratives is a deliberate lie.

Harry Simon / Warpath

Since you were talking about depression, grey seems appropriate. I don't think I've ever suffered *clinical* depression. Nevertheless, over the last few years I've usually been pretty depressed. When my social workers questioned me about it, eager to recommend whatever counseling I might need, I would tell them, "Sure I'm depressed. I have no means of making a living, I'm deeply in debt, I might be thrown out of my apartment, I have little contact with what's left of my family, my social life is limited and I'm losing the ability to walk. What part of this should I be cheerful about?" That usually produced an appalled look, followed by a meaningful silence on the subject. Moving right along...

Fortunately, things have been looking up. I receive a disability pension that is actually better than what I made while a free-lance artist. While it's not ideal, the roller I have has permitted me somewhat more freedom out of doors than I've had for the previous two or three years. And I'm eligible for a power-assisted chair that may even make going out something I can do for pleasure again. With the money I've saved, I've been able to air condition my apartment, replace my computer (apparently only

moments before its terminal failure), and indulge in ticking off a few items on my bucket list. Life is not ideal, but it continues to have its charms.

On the other hand, there was a guy I knew. We were friends for quite a number of years. Most people thought he was a total schmuck ... and he was. But not a schmuck without a few redeeming qualities that I painfully excavated from beneath an antagonistic, resentful, suspicious, humorless outer shell. I listened to him. *O boy*, did I listen to him, and I did my best to allay his resentments and suspicions, and to try to develop an appreciation for the bitter ironies of life. Finally, though, his innate nastiness got the upper hand. I think I understand why it happened, but *I have feelings too*, and the repeated attacks and crude insults I got from him when he was drunk, or pissed off, became too much to bear. My own sense of dignity had taken enough of a beating, and it was plainly not going to end, so I broke off from him. To tell the truth, I doubt it even mattered to him that I was gone. His emotional attachment was to his pet skunks, and since he inherited a sizable amount of money he had become totally independent of friends – he preferred cheap sympathy from people who only knew his persona on-line. So I guess you can be depressed and still be an asshole.

Was that the same Bill Konkol known in SF fandom? Must be, because you mention him as a member of Arnie's circle. I recall some fanart, but I never knew much about him other than that. That's a touching reminiscence of Bill Konkol that deserves more exposure than an apazine can give it. Or have I missed its appearance in some other fanzine?

R-Laurraine Tutihasi / Arizona Bobcat

You're right! That's R-Laurraine rather than R. Laurraine. Why is that, anyway, if you don't mind my asking?

As for Marc Schirmeister not responding when you asked for art, that doesn't surprise me. Schirm is sometimes a very hard man to make sense of, but I'm fairly sure that he didn't mean anything by it. Most likely he was just preoccupied with other things – the bill for digging up the driveway to repair the drainage pipes, perhaps? Or that his mother was nagging him and his tenants behind on the rent. Or managing the estate of his late friend, Lou. Or the two-week deadline on 40 pages of freelance layout for some cheap production of a cartoon that will go direct to video. Or a show he wants to attend, of vintage camping equipment used by turn of the century California prospectors. There's usually a lot on Schirm's mind ... some of it pretty eccentric, but much of it just troublesome.

Anyway, Schirm is well positioned for going down in fanhistory as the last holdout of the 20th century. Earlier this year he acquired his very first computer. He still isn't on-line, as far as I know ... though it's been months. Nor was Schirm ever a great one for correspondence. When the mood is on him, he may write 5 pages on steam driven cars, or Sierra Mountain resort hotels that all burned down decades ago – there was one such in the recent *Fadeaway*. Schirm also seems to contribute art to Joseph Major's *Alexiad* on a regular basis. Evidently something in them hit Schirm just *right*, and at the exact right moment, to get his attention. You should probably have just tried again.

Ironically, even though we've been very close friends for three decades, because he was off-line, Schirm has never read a single issue of *Broken Toys*. I could kick him, sometimes.

Ross Chamberlain / Rossifer

So far I've been delighted with the new computer! It's faster than I imagined it could be, and Windows 7 wasn't very difficult to master. The learning curve was under 48 hours. Like XP, it had some unusual ideas about where I'd like to store my data, including a folder somewhere that was already labeled with my name. Another for photos. Another for music, and so on. But I didn't want my files arranged their way. I hardly ever appreciate it when someone else tries to do my thinking for me. I did what I had done with XP, and created my own folder in which all my personal files had their own sub-folders. That way, I go right to that folder and everything I've saved or done is right at my fingertips, not spread out wherever Microsoft thought it belonged.

I've once or twice seen Jerry Pournelle in action. His mouth puts him in a class with Mitt Romney for saying the wrong things and not having a clue. Add that to his obnoxious politics and militarist fiction. I prefer to steer clear of foul weather when I see it coming, and have left rooms to avoid Pournelle.

The movie adaptation of Tin Tin was superb in my opinion. Even though they looked exactly as they do in the comics, after a while I simply forgot they weren't real people,. Did you notice the little in-joke at the beginning of the film, when Tin Tin poses for a portrait artist working the flea market? Not only was his portrait in Hergé, the artist's style, but the street artist himself was a caricature of George Remy ... aka, Hergé!

There is a sequel in the works. The first movie was based on the Tin Tin book, "The Secret of the Unicorn." Logically, the next should be based on, "Red Rackham's Treasure, which is the second part of a larger story. Much of the first movie directly refers to incidents, which *should* follow in the sequel. Unfortunately, what little I know about the sequel suggests that this is not in their plans. Pity, because the second part is also the introduction of a second major character. In "The Secret of the Unicorn" we met Captain Haddock for the first time. In "Red Rackham's Treasure *ought* to introduce us to Professor Cuthbert Calculus.



tin tin



tin tin

herge (george remi)

Wolf von Witting / The Village Herald

Good luck with TAFF. Although I've found little to choose between most candidates in recent years (usually all names unfamiliar to me), you have the advantage of novelty as well as modest familiarity.

As for charming Canadian fandom, you needn't worry about that. Most of it, the fanzine part at least, is in TePe ... and who else is going to vote for TAFF? In fact, you could bribe all four of us for under \$100, I'm sure.

In a comment to Garth you mention the ancient need for rituals. What explains those of us who are uncomfortable with such rituals, as I usually am? People have tried to tell me that I have my own *private* rituals. I keep my eye out for them, but so far I'm unconvinced of their existence. Ordering a pizza and reading a Tin Tin book while I eat is a ritual of sorts, I suppose, but it hardly seems deep-seated or psychologically essential.

Joyce Katz / Sand

Printers are indeed the weak link of computer technology. I have one, but have gotten almost no use from it. From the start it had problems with the print queue, and simply wouldn't print the second document. Sometimes not even the first. Clearing the queue didn't seem to do anything ... not even clear the queue.

You may forget that I'm an artist. As well, I have always worked with my hands. If I were blind and unable to do that, I fail to see what I would have to live for. Even if I learned Braille or got access to audio books, I can't read *all* the time. I don't see my friends very often. They have their own lives. I only hear from family a couple of times a year. About all I could do is eat ... and I'm heavy enough as it is. So what would be the point of going on? God? Even if there is one, he's never occupied any very important place in my life before. That isn't going to change.

However, there's *really* no need to worry about me jumping in front of a streetcar. To start with, I probably couldn't find one and jump at the right moment. Secondly, there is only the remotest likelihood of my going blind. I was speaking somewhat rhetorically ... a bad and very fannish habit.

Arnie Katz / Clap Trap

The drawback of your dedicating an entire issue to a single subject is that if that subject isn't one I have much interest in, I'm unable to comment on it. To be fair, this issue wasn't entirely about spiritualism. You also wrote about NFL football. Unfortunately, except for, "turn it off," I haven't anything to say about that, either. Hockey is the only sport I tolerate ... but I still won't watch it or pay much attention team standings on the way to the Playoffs. I think people should *play* sports if they have any genuine interest ... though a true sports fan might honorably retire as he gets older and creakier.

Old serials? None I'd watch. I've seen some wretched thing called "Rocky Jones: Crash of the Moons," but thought it a waste of time. How can I seriously take some middle-aged guy in manifestly-faked fistfights as an action hero of any kind? The story was ludicrous. I remember seeing the Kirk Allen Superman serials, as well as a few episodes of an unbelievably lame Batman. Again, I saw no virtue in them. Evidently there is some sensibility about these things that enables many fans to enjoy bad movies, worse pulp fiction and worthless "Golden Age" comics, that I utterly lack.

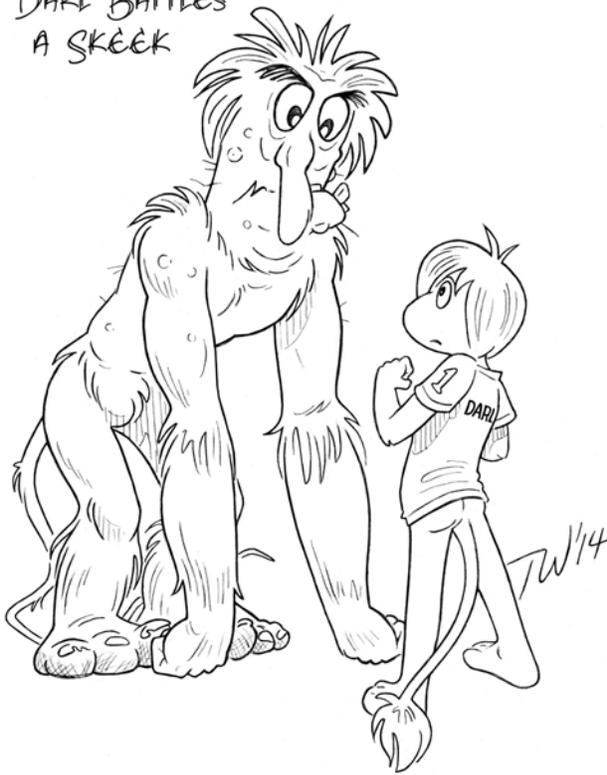
On the other hand, I love animation ... which so many fans seem not to "get."



HISPANO-FRANCO
AEROMARINE
RUNABOUT 'VENICE'

Everyone who ever flew one loved the eccentric flying qualities of the Hispano-Franco company's Aeromarine Runabout. It turned on a dime - usually the moment you relaxed your death grip on the joy stick. It had a faster rate of dive than any other aircraft in the sky - giving the pilot little chance of recovering from a momentary loss of attention before hitting the waves. Most of all, beware takeoff in choppy seas. The spinning propeller had little enough clearance even in calm water. The plane's only real virtue was that it was easy to tie up to the dock, thanks to the handy cleat attached to the fore deck, which hardly ever separated from the wood once the original four screws were increased to six. The example illustrated, christened "Venice," was owned briefly by actor William (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd, who won it at poker. Thinking he had won a ranch, he ordered it sunk at first sight. It was raised 60 years later and restored for Michael Jackson.

DARL BATTLES
A SKEEK



Enough!

There is a significant chance this is the final issue. But my predictions have often been wrong ... this **could** be one of those times.