

# ALEXIAD

(ΑΛΕΞΙΑΣ)

\$2.00

September is international month at the library. My branch's country this year is Spain, that land Hemingway loved, and so I have begun studying Spain. At World Market I discover only two things made in Spain, both costing more than I am willing to spend. Japan and India were easier in that regard but I got attached to the little Japanese rice bowl I bought for the display and selfishly kept it. Spain is the first country that I, according to my father's grandfather, have ancestors from and so has a special interest to me. I am not preparing any differently than I prepared for Japan or India. Fortunately, I find a pretty little pitcher and saucer set at a thrift store and pay the store a quite reasonable three bucks for it. It is a lucky find for me, because at Worldfest I find nothing from Spain.

On September 11 I watched the documentaries of 9/11 and I remembered. Joe calling me and telling me to turn on the TV and the images burned into my brain. The knowing my country was now at war with a savage, ruthless enemy.

— Lisa

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The 94th Running of the Hambletonian (1st leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) was **August 3, 2019** at Meadowlands Racetrack in East Rutherford, New Jersey. Forbidden Trade won.  
 The 65th Running of the Yonkers Trot (2nd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) was **August 31, 2019** at Yonkers Raceway in Yonkers, New York. Gympanzee won.  
 The 126th Running of the Kentucky Futurity (3rd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) is **October 6, 2019** at the Red Mile in Lexington, Kentucky. Greenshoe won, while Gympanzee started well but faded.

The 65th Running of the Cane Pace (1st leg of the Pacing Triple Crown) was **August 3, 2019** at Meadowlands Racetrack in East Rutherford, New Jersey. Captain Crunch won.  
 The 64th Running of the Messenger Stakes (2nd leg of the Pacing Triple Crown) was **August 31, 2019** at Yonkers Raceway in Yonkers, New York. American Mercury won.  
 The 74th Running of the Little Brown Jug (3rd leg of the Pacing Triple Crown) was **September 19, 2019** at the Delaware County Fair in Delaware, Ohio. Southwind Ozzie won, after coming in first in the first heat, while American Mercury, who came in second in the second heat, came in third.

Printed on October 16, 2019  
 Deadline is **December 1, 2019**

## Reviewer's Notes

One of the hardest things to do these days, it seems, is to get up a meeting. If you set it up far in advance, half the attendees have something come up so they can't make it. Working on the fly, as it were, means that no one is available to begin with.

And I think this is happening to actual physical get-togethers. Local clubs are fading away. Fan-run cons are being pushed out by professionally run ones. (We saw this just the other day, where Imaginarium here had a huge attendance in spite of a bad venue.)

But the professional ones have problems. While Dragon\*Con seems to be the new venue of choice, what I see are stories of huge mobs being shuffled from one room to another, with no interaction. I have referred to this often enough, as the transition from participants to consumers.

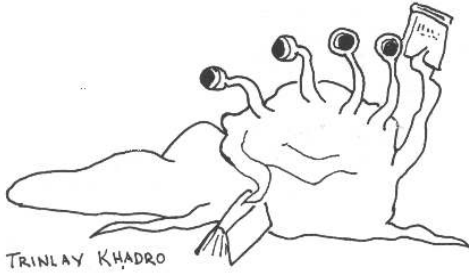
Just as the growing experience of SF is superhero movies. In one sense that is a regression to the old pulp ways, with slam-bang action instead of the sort of speculation that the notorious editor Astounding Unperson strove for. Next is the latest academic trend, which will become passé when it gets outmobbed.

Darrell Schweitzer has observed that we do not come again; there are no longer young faneds. In comparatively recent times, you will recall, there were APAs for editors under twenty. These days it seems the entire field is passing away; once upon a time there was an APA for people on the FAPA waitlist, and *it* had a waitlist. Now FAPA clings to life.

— Joe

## RANDOM JOTTINGS

by Joe



Buy my books. (All available on Amazon.com for quite reasonable prices, except the Hugo-nominated *Heinlein's Children*, which can be bought from NESFA for a reasonable price.)

[https://www.amazon.com/-/e/B01BMIC4MU?ref=pe\\_1724030\\_132998070](https://www.amazon.com/-/e/B01BMIC4MU?ref=pe_1724030_132998070)

— Advt.

**Operation Flash: Episode 2: Hinges of Fate**, the sequel to *Operation Flash: Episode 1: Knight's Gambit Accepted*: by Nitay Arbel (2019; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 18 #3) is now out (2019; One Music as Before Press; Amazon Digital Services; \$0.99). The situation in Germany after the explosive death of Hitler and several others, including Himmler, continues to be chaotic, with a conflict brewing between the *Widerstand* and the Nazis. Meanwhile, the Allies are having their own differences, over the decision to make peace or pursue unconditional surrender. And there is a mole in the *Widerstand* . . .

Apparently the German film-maker Werner Herzog, director and writer of *Aguirre, the Wrath of God*, is in the new Star Wars "western", *The Mandalorian*. Now if they could have got Clint Eastwood:

"I don't think it's nice, you laughin'. You see, my bantha don't like people laughing. He gets the crazy idea you're laughin' at him. Now if you apologize, like I know you're going to, I might convince him that you really didn't mean it."

— Not from *Star Wars: A Fistful of Credits*

*The Pursuit of the Pankera* (NHOL G.183), the new title of the original version of *The Number of the Beast* (NHOL G.189), is having publication problems and the release date has been pushed back to Spring/Summer 2020. There are editing problems with the manuscript, due to the manner in which it has been created (from a number of varying drafts).

The ebook edition is tentatively priced at

\$9.99, but there is a Kickstarter to fund preliminary costs and subscribers to that will be able to buy the ebook for \$7.00.

Scott Christian Sava has rebooted *The Dreamland Chronicles*, this time with hand-drawn art. Book One of the original run was reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 6 #5.

<http://www.thedreamlandchronicles.com>

Hugh Lupus continues his story of a different World War II in *An Extra Knot: Part III* (2019; \$4.99) and *An Extra Knot: Part IV* (2019; \$3.99). He continues to personalize the war, with for example tales of the death of a salamander at Gibraltar. The style of many short paragraphs may be a bit offputting, and they all seem stuck in Spain for now.

It is an imaginative alternate history and one that deviates from the all too common trend of *Victorious German Arms* (by Gary Gygax and Terry Stafford, 1973). For example the striking defense by the U.S. Marines against a German coup de main . . .

The RRS *Sir David Attenborough* was christened by Katherine, Duchess of Cambridge on September 26, 2019 at the Cammell Laird yards in Birkenhead, in the presence of her namesake, along with the Duke. The ship was laid down in October 2016 and launched in July 2018. Her assignment will be to provide logistics support to the British Antarctic Survey and further their researches.

The underwater remote piloted vehicles on the *Sir David Attenborough* are named *Boaty McBoatface*, so the Internet poll got something anyway.

Across the sea, the U.S. Coast Guard still can't get a replacement for its only Antarctic Ocean capable icebreaker USCGC *Polar Star* (WAGB-10), which is 44 years old.

On October 4 the German icebreaker RV *Polarstern* began its year-long drift in the Arctic ice pack. The ship sailed from Tromsø accompanied by the Russian icebreaker *Akademik Feodorov*, through the Northeast Passage. The drift will begin at 83° North 137° East, in the Lapatev Sea north of Siberia. It is estimated that the ship will exit the pack in September of 2020, in the Fram Strait between Svalbard and Greenland.

The expedition, known as MOSAiC (Multi-disciplinary drifting Observatory for the Study of Arctic Climate), will have about 600 researchers from nineteen countries (presumably shuttling in and out) studying the polar ice and the climate of the Arctic. It is led by the German Wegener Institute, named for the proponent of continental drift, who died during an expedition to Greenland.

Not far away, Polar trekkers Børge Ousland and Mike Horn have begun their own traverse of the Arctic Ocean, hoping to set a record for a winter traverse. They too hope to meet up with their support ship *Pangaea* in the Fram Strait,

sometime around the New Year.

We regret to report the death of **Alexei Arkhipovich Leonov** on **October 11, 2019** in Moscow. Born **May 30, 1934** in Listvyanka, West Siberian Krai, RSFSR, USSR, Leonov was commissioned in the Soviet Air Force in 1957. In 1960, he was chosen in the first group of cosmonauts, and in March of 1965 flew in the Voskhod-2 mission, being the first person to carry out an extra-vehicular activity ("walk in space"). He then commanded the Soyuz-19, the Soviet mission of the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project. He retired at the rank of Major General.

Leonov was an accomplished artist, having done sketches of his fellow space travelers during the ASTP, and painted a number of other astronomical portraits.

He was twice Hero of the Soviet Union and a commander of the Order of Saint Anna, second degree, among many other honors. He was the last surviving Voskhod cosmonaut.

## LITTLE GIRL LOST

Commentary by Joseph T Major on **WITHOUT A TRACE:**

**The Disappearance of Amy Billig**  
by Greg Aunapu and Susan Billig  
(2001)

There are mamas at any Angel gathering, large or small. They travel as part of the troupe, like oxpeckers, fully understanding what's expected: they are available at any time, in any way, to any Angel, friend or favored guest — individually or otherwise. They also understand that the minute they don't like the arrangement they can leave. Most hang around for a few months, then drift on to something else. A few have been around for years, but this kind of dedication requires an almost preterhuman tolerance for abuse and humiliation.

The term mama is all that remains of the original expression "Let's go make somebody a mama," which was later shortened to "Let's go make a mama." Other fraternities have different ways of saying it, but the meaning is the same — a girl who's always available. A widely quoted section of the Lynch report says these girls are called sheep, but I have never heard an Angel use that word. It sounds like the creation of some police inspector with intensely rural memories.

The mamas aren't pretty, although some of the newer and younger ones have a sort of demented beauty that erodes so fast that you have to see it happen, over a period of months, to feel any sense of tragedy. Once the girls have developed the proper perspective, it's easy to take them for granted. One night in Sacramento the Angels ran out

of beer money and decided to auction off Mama Lorraine in a bar. The top bid was twelve cents, and the girl laughed along with the others. On another occasion, Magoo was packing Mama Beverly on a run to Bakersfield when he ran out of gas. "Do you know," he recalls, "I couldn't find a single gas-station attendant who would give me a free gallon of gas for a go at her." The public prints are full of testimony by men who take pride in having sold their talents dearly, but people who understand that their only talent is not worth fifteen cents or a gallon of gas are not often quoted. Nor do they usually leave diaries. It would be interesting to hear, sometime, just exactly what it feels like to go up on the auction block, willing to serve any purpose, and get knocked down for twelve cents.

— Hunter S. Thompson, *Hell's Angels: A Strange and Terrible Saga* (1966)

Amy Billig would have been 62 in January. The Boomer generation had many subcultures; families parted from their old communities and set up in places where everyone was about the same age. They did not want their children to suffer as they had, in the Depression and the war, and strove to give them idyllic lives.

There were demons out there. Sometimes the flower children would encounter them and the results would not be pretty.

Amy was seventeen on that March day in Coconut Grove, Florida. She was a fey sort; a vegetarian who wrote faerie poetry, a sweet innocent girl who lived in a land of sweet innocence. There were terrible things out there in the world of 1974, but they were far away.

Her father was a wounded veteran; her mother a devoted housekeeper. She had been their miracle child, born after a long struggle with failed pregnancies. She was the sweetness and fulfillment of their lives.

It was a trusting world they lived in, she lived in. So trusting, in fact, that if she wanted a ride, she would hitchhike. She wanted to go have lunch with some friends. They never saw her, she never turned up.

There was a biker run going through Coconut Grove. Thompson describes a similar one in California, and even given his predilection for the apocalyptic, it does not seem to be the most forgiving of environments for naïve and innocent seventeen-year-old women.

By the time Amy had not come home for dinner, her parents had come to realize that something had gone deeply wrong. They began a search; after about a week, the police became involved. There were community functions, questionings of various people, and a stir began to grow. Edna Buchanan, the Pulitzer Prize-winning crime journalist, de-

scribed the beginnings of this effort in *The Corpse Had a Familiar Face* (1987).

There was no clear evidence of anyone having seen Amy getting picked up. The police and the Billigs began making enquiries among the bikers.

If they had consulted Hunter S. Thompson, they might have been better prepared. The bikers boasted vaguely of having found a young woman, offered leads, and generally wanted money and provided nothing.

Susan pursued leads for years, travelling across the country, meeting people in remarkably unprepossessing venues. Nothing ever came through. She met with young women who were in the same status, with depressing but uninformative results.

And there were the hoaxes. Some of them even went so far as to try to get money, and a pair who went too far were arrested for it.

Under the stress, the Billigs deteriorated. Susan's husband Nathaniel had to give up his art gallery; they sold the house and moved into a smaller one, all the while afraid for Amy out there.

And the calls began. Someone was calling them, mocking them with news of Amy. She was with bikers, she was in a harem, she was coming home again . . . the calls were always from telephone booths, virtually untraceable.

Technology evolved and the calls now were from a cell phone. A cell phone owned by the U.S. Customs Office, which declined to reveal who had it. In the end, the man slipped up and was caught. His defense was that he was doing it to get away from the stress of his job at Customs, relieving his ill-feelings by stringing along the Billigs with false statements and expressions of hope for Amy's rescue, and lurid descriptions of her torments. For some reason the justice system failed to see the therapeutic value of this, but he only got two years in prison.

"It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts." ("A Scandal in Bohemia") While it was not unreasonable to suspect bikers, the Billigs, their supporters, and the police apparently concentrated on them to the exclusion of any other theory. It is not unreasonable to question the belief that a woman, even one as innocent and trusting as Amy, would voluntarily go off with a biker. There are ones who mean well; but a biker who styles himself an outlaw would be less likely to be in that category.

Yet there are those who give too much trust. There is a parallel with the first notorious kidnapping in America, the Charley Ross case (covered in *We Is Got Him* by Carrie Hagen (2011; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 10 #6)) of 1874. Charley was picked up by two strangers who offered to take him to buy firecrackers.

When the two kidnappers were killed in the course of a housebreaking, the one who lived a few minutes said that Charley had been handed over to a couple. Like the Billigs, the Rosses

spent the rest of their lives tracking down false and unfounded leads.

Amy's father Nathaniel died in 1993; Susan her mother died in 2004. The case is still open and there are a number of websites dedicated to tracing it. She is featured on the Charley Project ([www.charleyproject.org](http://www.charleyproject.org)) which discusses missing people. Amy had a brother, so there is a possibility of a DNA identification, one way or another. Edna Buchanan believed that Amy had died the day she was kidnapped. There may have been reasons for not approaching the Vidocq Society (see Michael Capuzzo's *The Murder Room* (2010; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 9 #5) for their story), even though it seems to have been their sort of case. Susan Billig continued to search until the end of her own life.

**For every mystery there is someone, somewhere, who knows the truth.**

<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/27219555/amy-billig>

#### HEINLEIN IN PROFESSION

Review by Joseph T Major of  
**THE PLEASANT PROFESSION OF  
ROBERT A. HEINLEIN**

by Farah Mendlesohn

(2019; Unbound;

ISBN 978-1783526789; \$32.95;

2019; Amazon Digital Services; \$6.04)

Mendlesohn has undertaken a difficult task; she has analyzed the Heinlein body of work from a different perspective, and found many worthy and insightful comments. For example, she is quite explicit about his enlightening and uplifting portrayals of women.

She discusses Heinlein's works in the context of the era and of the constraints and considerations of their writing. Some of her conclusions will be surprising, as when she argues that in *The Star Beast* (NHOL G.124) Betty is the smarter and more focused of the two.

The discussions of other works are enlightening. Mendelsohn gives a detailed description of the point at which she believes *Farnham's Freehold* (NHOL G.154) went wrong.

We are seeing more insightful reviews and commentary of Heinlein's work of late, taking off from the opening up of his archives and the discussion of his life. Whether this survives current trends is a matter for concern, since a field that loses its past loses its future.

#### PADWAY REPEATED

Review by Joseph T Major of

**HARRY SEVEN**

by D. A. Hill

(2017; CreateSpace;

ISBN 978-1877756404; \$16.99;

2017; Amazon Digital Services; \$3.99)

Pete the cat was looking for a Door into Summer that cold winter, but never found one.

His slave Dan Davis, by way of contrast, found a Door into the Past . . . with some startling surprises.

Harrison Seely thought that with a nice house in Princeton he could settle down. But there was a Door into, not summer, but cold damp wartime Britain, as he astoundingly found.

Alicia Rowntree was *appalled* by this roughly dressed Yank who showed up on her doorstep, but sought to instill in him proper behaviour. Yet there was something appealing about him, she thought.

In alternating stories, Hill tells of this couple drawn together by destiny, and by fate. For it seems that Harry is trying to shift the course of the war, which did not go at all well.

There is a proper understanding of the differences; selling tobacco at ten quid the pound to get spending money up to more serious matters. And Lady Alicia has some very well placed connexions. (Hill does slip up in having her dismissed so abruptly from the Firm; having read the immense struggle they were at to push out Kim Philby, who was a *lot* more disposable (see *Cold War Spy-master* by “Nigel West” (2018, 2019) for that little do), the dismissal seems rather abrupt.

Connections make for interesting results, as when Harry gives someone a drive through contemporary New Jersey and New York. General Eisenhower was properly impressed.

But he is “Harry Seven”. The time-line shifts need to be done over and over again. (Look out for a guy named “Richard Lee”, Harry, and don’t let him get in firing range of you.) And as Harry influences the British to clean up the Scheldt properly . . .

Whatever will Harry Eight have to do? Maybe he should go over to Philadelphia and look up Lieutenant-Commander de Camp for some advice.

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#### EMPERORS IN THE SNOW

Review by Joseph T Major of  
**USURPER:**

*A Novel of the Fall of Rome*

by David Gray Rodgers  
(2017; Amazon Digital Services; \$2.99)

The disturbances which took place in Britain in the year 406 are not described in detail by any contemporary historian; what is definitely known is conveniently summarized in Oman’s *England Before the Norman Conquest*, pp. 172, 173. Stilicho’s great victory over King Radagaisus is historical, and Niall of the Nine Hostages, High King of Ireland, was drowned off the Isle of Wight at about that time; the date cannot be fixed with complete accuracy, and I have made the two events coincide to emphasize the fact that in 405 the Empire was in a flourishing condition, victorious over all its enemies. Misled by the scale of Gibbon’s great history, we are accustomed to think of

the Fall of Rome as an age-long decline; actually, the Western Empire was destroyed in the seven years covered by this novel, and its destruction was as sudden and unexpected as the fall of the twentieth-century European Empires in Asia.

— Alfred Duggan, *The Little Emperors* (1951), “Historical Note”

The Empire is, as always, under siege, with barbarians crossing the borders to take land and obliterate the inhabitants. They built walls to keep them out; but some struck by sea. And so we begin this narrative with a junior officer of the Legions hunting down a group of raiders.

It is the consulship of Flavius Arcadius Augustus (for the sixth time) and Anicius Petronius Probus, the year MCLIX of the City. In the Christian calendar it is A.D. 406. Marcus Severus Curtius is with a patrol attacking a band of marauding Saxons. (Informatively, if perhaps anachronistically, he muses on the history of Rome in Britannia, and on the development of legionary equipment; it’s nice to know that someone was aware that the legionary of the fifth century was not armed like Lucius Vorenus.) He violates orders to save a group of women who have been taken by the Saxons, and gets called before the commander, Constantinus (in full, Flavius Claudius Constantinus).

And so begins the brief rule and campaigns of the usurper Constantine III and his loyal son, Constans. (They both are in *The Little Emperors* and *Eagle in the Snow*.)

Over the next few years, Constantine rises to the Purple, crosses into Gaul, and strived against the inept rule of Honorius and the machinations that brought down Stilicho. Perhaps he believed that the Emperor did not make a man an officer just to obey orders, for Corvus finds himself enrolled in Constantine’s personal bodyguard, his *scholarii*. For Constantine is going to be proclaimed emperor.

The period is so inadequately documented that Rogers need not follow the careers of the hapless Sempronius Felix (of *The Little Emperors*) or the doomed Maximus (of *Eagle in the Snow*). Constantine is proclaimed Augustus and proceeds to consolidate his control of the five provinces of Britannia before heading across the Channel.

The narrative is more focused on conflict than on political interaction, and the problems of warfare in a decrepit and decaying state are all too painful. Gaul is torn among the invading barbarians, the armies obeying Honorius, and the armies of Constantine, so nothing goes well for the invaders or for the inhabitants.

Finally, when all those have fallen, Marcus Severus returns to a desolate and abandoned Britannia, resolving to try to save something. The burden is great but someone has to do it. He has not been defeated, he still has both hands, and he is a soldier, not a bureaucrat who burns people alive for changing their jobs.

Portraying the moral collapse of a polity,

which engenders its political collapse, is a terrible lesson for the reader. What to do about it is less easy, but doing what one can is a start.

Maximus bent down and then straightened up, the sword resting in the crook of his arm. He raised his head and turned his eyes upwards to the sun. He said, “What is the end of it all? Smoke and ashes, a handful of bones, and a legend. Perhaps not even a legend.”

They watched him go through the broken gate, heard his feet, heavy on the flint strewn path. “He is going to his temple in the woods,” said the tall man. “Listen.”

There was a long silence, and then a deep voice cried, “Mithras!” and the cry echoed back across the hill. And after that the silence went on for ever.

— Wallace Breem, *Eagle in the Snow* (1970) “Epilogue”

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#### IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF GRANDDA

Review by Joseph T Major of  
**HONOURING TOM CREAN:**  
*A Centenary Expedition with the Crean Family*

by Bill Sheppard and Aileen Crean O’Brien  
(2017; Antarctic Kerryman Publishing Co Ltd, ISBN 978-1-83853-066-2;  
2019; Amazon Digital Services; \$2.99)  
<http://www.tomcrean.ie>

As you know, Bob, Thomas Crean, late Royal Navy, British Antarctic Expedition (*Discovery*), British Antarctic Expedition (*Terra Nova*), Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition, was only here on a visit, and after his supposed death he returned to the land of the Tuatha de Dannan, where he spoke to the Lady of his noble and hazardous deeds in the cold places of the mundane world.

But being in mortal flesh, he left behind childer. Who in turn had descendants, one of whom was Aileen Crean O’Brien, a virtual hyphenation. These are modern days, and after the disintegration of her marriage, Aileen took up with Bill Sheppard.

Having a family tradition is poorly honored these days, but Aileen and Bill decided to do it right proper. They would reenact Grandda’s traverse of South Georgia with the Boss and Wuzzles (Ernest Shackleton and Frank Worsley). Alexandria Shackleton was unavailable, Henry Worsley had his own matters to tend to (see David Grann’s *The White Darkness* (2018; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 17 #6) for more on this), and they weren’t doing the Guinness ad so getting Lord Mountevans wasn’t on the table (and Sheppard confuses then-Lieutenant Teddy Evans with P.O. Edgar Evans). They decided to go with Aileen’s two sons Cian and Morgan.

They had to be properly prepared, and did

training in Poland. A problem not encountered by the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition was the proliferation of permits required. They were fortunate this was a British colony and not a third-world nation with dozens of bureaucrats each of whom would need to wet his beak from the bottomless funds of these colonialist oppressors.

And then, in October of 2016, they were off. South Georgia has regulations set to preserve the wildlife, like most remote biomes. These had to be adhered to, but as the walkers were going over ice, mostly, it wasn't a problem. They made the usual tour of Grytviken, seeing the graves of Shackleton and Wild, and learning that Henry Worsley would soon be buried there too.

Then it was off to the landing site. The original cave that the six guys off the *James Caird* used is small and hard to find, which makes the original effort seem even more amazing. Then it was on to the site of Peggy Camp, from which Shackleton, Crean, and Worsley set off to traverse the island.

Not long after they began, disaster struck. Aileen fell and broke her leg, multiple breaks. She had to be taken back to the coast to be sent to a ship, and fortunately HMS *Clyde* had a sick bay and a generous rescue policy. (*Clyde* is the Antarctic patrol vessel and Falkland Islands guardship.)

When Aileen was in good hands, Bill and the boys finished the trek. They took considerably longer than Great-Grandda, Wuzzles, and the Boss, but that was the record crossing of the island. And so the rescue was commemorated by descendants. Aileen recounts her slow recovery from having had a leg smashed.

Such a legacy should be honored.

#### MOSQUITIA

Review by Joseph T Major of  
***THE LOST CITY OF THE MONKEY GOD:***

#### ***A True Story***

by Douglas Preston

(2017; Grand Central Publishing;  
ISBN 978-1455540006; \$28.00;  
2017; Hachette Book Group; \$9.99)

The first Nero Wolfe novel, *Fer-de-Lance* (1934), had to do with a golf club that was rigged to fire a poison dart into the golfer when he hit a ball. Wolfe might well read *The Lost City of the Monkey God* and even notice the connection. The fer-de-lance of Mosquitia in Honduras is *Bothrops atrox*, and it is a supremely poisonous and aggressive snake.

It's not the only hazard of that region. Among the insects, including mosquitos, there are various types of fire ants, including ones that swarm in trees and fall down on you if you incautiously grab the wrong vine. And chiggers, gnats, and the like.

Not surprisingly, malaria is endemic there, also dengue fever. But the most horrific ailment to be encountered in Mosquitia is

leishmaniasis, also known as "white leprosy". You don't want to know about its symptoms, believe me.

And of course the locals include a disproportionate number of drug cartel people, who shoot first and don't bother asking questions.

At this rate, the sensible person will wonder why go there at all. But non-sensible people went, such as Theodore Morde, researcher who later would meet with Franz von Papen regarding an overthrow of the Nazi government. While Morde was really looking for gold (that's always a good excuse), he claimed he was searching for the fabulous lost White City of ancient Mesoamerica.

Preston was historian for an expedition to find the White City. In this case, they had something a little more reliable to go on: airborne lidar. The security and availability of the lidar equipment were stringent, and having it in a shabby plane may have been an attempt at keeping it from drawing notice. The scans turned up some interesting-looking sites.

Getting there was more than half the fun. The expedition had to be directed by retired SAS men, and the list of precautions against unfriendly animals was unnerving. Traveling through the jungle was an effort. The explorers had to have their machetes marked with yellow tape to help warn them of each others' presence, lest they slash people instead of plants. Their hammocks had to be enclosed and everyone doused themselves with DEET on a regular basis to keep off insects. (Foreshadowing: it didn't entirely work.) Almost as soon as they arrived, they encountered an enormous fer-de-lance, and others later on. It had to be snakes.

Once they got there, however, there was indeed an ancient city. The explorers found carvings and the remains of what seem to have been buildings with great plazas. This was an entire civilization, not Maya — and it disappeared around 1500. Why?

Preston discusses in detail the immunological problem. It seems that while Columbus's first voyage was healthy, the second, which was more of a colonizing effort, contained a number of people who had various illnesses. Particularly smallpox, and Preston spares no effort at describing the symptoms.

The indigenous population suffered over 90% death rates. At this level, a civilization will disintegrate, as the means of carrying on the fundamentals of it cease to exist.

It should be noted that someone was bound to bring over disease, anyway. How the Norse colonizers didn't is an interesting question.

And disease struck back. Preston and several other members of the group contracted leishmaniasis, and his description of the treatment is equally harrowing.

Beyond that was the social context. Not the ancestral one, the modern one. Unusually for such an expedition, they didn't have to pay bribes and get a wilderness of permits; the new president of Honduras was on their side, and such obstacles vanished. (And the drug people left them alone, too.)

However, the specialists on the area who weren't involved had the power of the Internet to complain. Not surprisingly, the expedition was condemned on every level.

Then too, there was the prospect of pot hunting. Looters would be willing to get leishmaniasis in order to loot the site, and the Honduran government stationed troops there — who got leishmaniasis.

Lost civilizations have been a mainstay of pulp fiction and its descendants. The fate of this lost city is an indicator of how optimistic such tales were. Without written records, all that is left is often imposing, certainly impressive ruins; the signs of a people who died in silence.



#### HOW TO SUCCEED IN ESPIONAGE WITHOUT REALLY SPYING

Review by Joseph T Major of  
***THE MILLIONAIRE WAS A SOVIET MOLE:***

***The Twisted Life of David Karr***

by Harvey Klehr

(2019; Encounter Books;  
ISBN 978-1641770422; \$25.99;  
2019; Amazon Digital Services; \$12.82)

"This El Jannings," said Mr. Morros, "at foist I could not finding. Ve sand out G-mans. No good. Ve chacking opp through incomm texis, sushhel security codd, but ve cannot find. One day valks into my uffus a men, turns out to be El Jannings. He is a adventur-ous type, not like I'm, spiritzel type. It is fonna to sit leesten to El Jannings tukk."

— H. Allen Smith, *Low Man on a Totem Pole* (1941)

The various incarnations of the Soviet State Security apparatus had an agent in the Hollywood movie industry, one who could provide cover for other agents. His code name was FROST.

His name was Boris Morros, the man who told H. Allen Smith how he sand out G-mans to find El Jannings. He was also about as useful to the Soviets, having been notorious as a creator of various front enterprises that never quite worked as advertised.

Then, he became a double agent for the FBI and worked in that field for a few more years, finally writing a memoir, *My Ten Years as a Counter-Spy* (1959). Presumably it was edited by someone who knew Standard English spelling.

This shows how desperate the State Security was for agents once the initial influx of ideological agents dried up. Boris Morros was no Julius Rosenberg or Alger Hiss.

Neither did he get dragged into the muck known as McCarthyism. A man Tailgunner Joe *did* accuse of being an agent of the Soviet Union was David Karr, a writer and investigator for the notorious Washington investigative columnist Drew Pearson. Karr admitted to having been interested in Communism in the forties, but not any longer.

From there, he went on to being a business executive, managing the affairs of the crucial defense industry Fairbanks-Whitney. Or perhaps mismanaging it; he was removed from his presidency after several years of poor profits. All the same, it was alleged that *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* (book 1952, play 1961, movie 1967), the tale of a window-washer who made himself CEO, was based on his career.

Nothing amiss, he reinvented himself again, becoming a representative of various other commercial enterprises, including in the end the 1980 Summer Olympics. You know, the one that got boycotted over the invasion of Afghanistan?

Along the way he became a publicity agent for a time, and got embroiled with an interesting set of people. He was represented by Louis Nizer and faced Roy Cohn in court. One of his business partners (who got out before getting sucked dry) was Thomas Lanphier, the man who shot down Yamamoto Isoroku.

And then he died in 1979, just too soon to see the end of his plans. His estate was somewhat disheveled, as he had five children, four ex-wives, and an outdated will. Far too much of the money went for legal expenses.

And then, and then . . . it turned out that after having been denounced by McCarthy as a Soviet agent, he became a Soviet agent! It's not clear that he could have passed information to the KGB (or GRU). John Walker he wasn't. But he was an agent of influence, though how much actual influence he had was another matter. A shady businessman, always wheeling and dealing, may not be the best or most reliable source out there. But you go with what you can get.

Karr comes across as another one of the lousy businessmen who had KGB ties, up there with Armand Hammer and Robert Maxwell. Indeed, he claimed that at one point

he had saved Hammer's life. Perhaps the KGB felt that bourgeois exploiters were naturally like that.

It seems almost beneath the skills of such a renowned and informed scholar as Klehr to write about such an insignificant figure. The histories of influence and espionage are riddled with such; Karr is perhaps useful as an exemplar of failure.

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#### THE LISBON CANNON

Review by Joseph T Major of

#### CODEWORD OVERLORD:

#### *Axis Espionage and the D-Day Landings*

by "Nigel West" [Rupert Allason]

(2019; The History Press;

ISBN 978-0750989930; \$32.95;

2019; Amazon Digital Services; \$15.99)

"Lisbon Cubed" by "William Tenn" [Philip Klass] (*Galaxy*, October 1958) is about a clash of spies in a convenient neutral venue. Alien spies, in disguise, fighting their war in the neutral haven of Earth. Yet none invents a spy ring. None bets \$50,000 at a casino. None of the spies is smuggled off Earth to be punished for currency manipulation.

Just as neither Operation MINCEMEAT nor Operation FORTITUDE required sending an actual living person into the Germans' hands to break under interrogation and reveal the landing plans for the invasion of Sardinia or those of Patton's First Army Group. Thus Pohl's and Kornbluth's semi-posthumous fling "The Quaker Cannon" (*Analog*, August 1961) was a little off.

This book explains not only what happened during that real-life deception, but who was responsible. The opening may be a slog, as Allason lists the German wireless intercept units and their processing of the Allied messages they intercepted, along with the Allied communications (and deceptive communications) units.

Then the people we all know and love got nvolved. IVAN/TRICYCLE (Dusko Popov) continued his high living in unrationed Lisbon, passing on his news from the exiled Yugoslav government. ARABEL/GARBO (Juan Pujol Garcia) with his well-placed set of notional agents sent along hints and inductions, (mis)leading the Germans on.

Other lesser agents had their moments. Not to mention the original Blofeld, OSTRO (Paul Fidrmuc), who was the target of some concern lest he guess right.

The Germans were riven by strategic disputes, whether to have the counterattack force near the beach, ready to intervene, or well in reserve, to be sent to the most desperate part of the front. And whether to defend at the Pas de Calais, which had abundant ports and was closest to the enemy, or other, more distant venues.

It is noteworthy that the Germans *never* suspected any of their sources. Granted, there may have been incentive to overstate the Allied strength but their lack of concern is in keeping with the lower status given to intelligence

officers in the military command structure.

The deception effort was a significant contribution to the success of Allied victory. This overview of its creation and reception will contribute to the understanding of the war as a whole.

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#### GUIDE FOR THE WIDERSTAND

Review by Joseph T Major of

#### HOW TO KILL HITLER:

#### *A Guide for Time Travelers*

by Andrew Stanek

<http://eepurl.com/bhTc9H>

I have found a cartoon set in Berlin, on that epochal night of 30. Januar 1933. An officer is briefing the SS sentry outside the bedroom of the *Führer und Kanzler*, explaining how important it is that Hitler gets enough rest. The sentry has mixed feelings; he is enthusiastic about the new age for Germany but there are some problems — at that point a portal through time opens up. The intruder paralyzes the officer but the sentry is able to shoot him. Then he says, "IT'S THESE CONSTANT ATTEMPTS ON HIS LIFE BY TIME TRAVELERS!! I MEAN, YOU KIND OF HAVE TO WONDER!!"

Stanek has produced a work which explains the opportunities and difficulties of this task. He lists all the times when Hitler was close to getting killed, the moral ambiguities involved in killing him, and the practical obstacles to the matter. From the homeless guy in the doss-house in Vienna down to the Greatest Military Leader of All Times in the Wolf's Lair, he gives details on where and when and how.

*Elleander Morning* of her eponymous book (by Jerry Yulsman (1984)) obviously hadn't read this book, since she went to Vienna when Hitler was in Munich. (She was also very clumsy, as she got arrested and executed for the murder.) Gero von Rengsdorf (of Nitay Arbel's *Operation Flash* (2019; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 18 #3 & V. 18 #5)) seems to have done so as indicated by his choice of a trigger instead of a time fuze.

And then, there is the Glöder problem (*Making History* by Stephen Fry (2014)) of some super competent successor, a matter considered in our time-line by the planners for Operation FOXLEY. It should be noted that the BBC panel which reviewed the matter concluded that no Glöder was forthcoming (see the documentary *Killing Hitler* (2003; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 8 #3).

Reading this book would make one think we live in a very low-probability time line, given the inhuman luck with which the Führer escaped death time and again. It is a reminder of the evil that man can do.

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#### HORSE NEWS

by Lisa

The Saddlebred World Championship was held at the state fair here in Louisville. World Champion Five Gaited was Boucheron.

Last Sunday Joe and I head to Lexington to see the Futurity. It is a gray drizzly day but even so we still get to see the fastest filly trotter and a magnificent colt named Green-shoe win the Futurity. Our admission to the track is free and I wonder at this even as I enjoy it. It is not long before I discover what is probably the reason for this. The track has installed slot machines in a dimly lit area. The machines raise my hackles. I cannot help finding them repulsive and wondering if it is really good for mental health to sit in this dim lighting and focus on mere machines. I remind myself that I am no psychiatrist and that the people do have a right to spend their time and money as they choose. Still, drizzle and all, I will take my day over theirs. It is quite possible, however, that the slot machine players think it is crazy to be out in the drizzle watching horses circle around a track instead of being warm and dry in front of a slot machine. And perhaps they are right.

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### Death at the Bookdrop by Lisa

Last week I went out to get the bookdrop and there was a flash of black and red as something scuttled back out of sight. I tilted the bin up for a better look. The mysterious something is a black spider with an odd red mark on its body. Unsure of its species I sought pictures of black widow spiders on the net. My heart sank at what I found, for this spider is a perfect match for those pictures. And this deadly little creature has chosen to build her web right where I have to put my foot to push the bin back into its place. I know she is innocent of intent to harm me and that she has no idea that by doing so she has made it inevitable that I have to kill her. I am not about to risk a bite to capture and relocate her. Nor do I dare put myself at risk to do it humanely.

When my shift is over I get a bottle of spray soap and head out to the bookdrop, hoping that something has warned her of danger and sent her to a safer place. It has not. She is still where I cannot coexist with her. I harden my heart and began spraying her with the soap that will suffocate her. She made a break for the mall and I chased her, my heart pounding with fear that she will escape and get into the mall. She reverses direction and runs in my direction. I kept spraying her with the soap and finally she stops running. Her little body convulses with her struggle to breathe but finally she is still. I lean against the bookdrop and fight the urge to throw up. It was self-defense but still I have killed something that had no intention of harming me and which could not help being a threat.

Saturday morning I discover that a mostly white or very clear gray spider with some dark markings has built a web in our back passage-way. I find a spider guidebook at Main Library and look through it. I had hoped our new tenant was some variety of garden spider but

the closest match I find to her are spitting spiders. To my relief they are not dangerous to humans. That does not change the fact that she is blocking my path to the backyard I am clearing out a little at a time. The problem resolved itself. I went to her website last night and she was gone. I am of two minds at this. She was in the way and would have been so for the rest of the summer because I could not have made myself kill her. She was, though, an interesting creature new to me and even had a subtle beauty quite unlike my favorites, the striking black and gold argiope.

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### BUYING AND NOT BUYING by Lisa

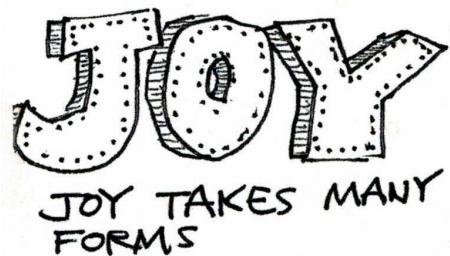
Last payday I failed to hold to my principles. I passed by the display of Dollar Tree washcloths and could not resist one, even though they were made in China and I really did not need more washcloths. They have been the little luxury I miss most. I did enjoy unfurling them in water. I liked also finding new ones and my old favorites of Wonder Woman, Beauty and the Beast and Cinderella. They are also a neat texture for washcloths.

Twice at the Hopkinsville Walmart I have passed on Breyer models because they come from China. The first time I went home with a beach towel featuring an anchor and which reminded me of my father. The second time I went home with a pizza eating shark beach towel also from India but which did not remind me of my father. This being September, though, the season of beach towels has passed except perhaps at thrift stores and Amazon. I am somewhat leery of Amazon since I cannot see the country of origin as I can at Walmart.

In August Joe and I went to the State Fair. It was very hot that day and so we stayed inside as much as possible. We looked over the exhibits. I acquired several inkpens for my inkpen collection and we had our yearly ice cream. I looked at some horse models but they were all Chinese. I instead bought some handmade Ugandan spoons for my silverware collection. They are wood, not stainless steel but they are pretty and sold by a local business.

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### The Joy of High Tech by Rodford Edmiston



Being the occasionally interesting ramblings of a major-league technophile.

### Setting a Baseline

Any competent engineer (or navigator, for that matter) will tell you, in order to know where you're going you need to know where you've been. That is, you need a frame of reference.

If you're trying to measure the effect something has, you are just guessing if you don't know what the situation was beforehand. Some of the greatest blunders in history (not just in science, either) resulted from people assuming that what they observed after taking some action was an improvement, or any change at all. Because they hadn't bothered to confirm what the situation was before making the change.

As one example, during the Second World War Germany kept increasing their output of aircraft, tanks and other implements of war. Considering their early successes with what they were building at the start of the War, for most of that period they should have been constantly increasing their conquests! However, Great Britain increased their output even more, and that was a shade of what the US was doing, which pales in comparison to what the Russians were building! Once their opponents got on a war production footing, the Germans were vastly outproduced, in spite of constantly improving their own production. The German command looked at how much they were producing and the increases there, and simply didn't understand just how much more than that the Allies were putting out.

It didn't help that the Germans often focused on an unnecessarily high quality of production in many areas, wasting valuable resources on things which didn't need to be that good. The Germans had a gas mask container for foot soldiers which was made of corrugated sheet steel, with a complicated fastener. The US used a canvas bag with simple snaps. The engines for German military aircraft were exquisitely machined in places where that wasn't needed for performance, yet they ran on 80 Octane gasoline. (On the other hand, while each V2 rocket took about the same amount of materials and manufacturing work as a medium bomber, by that time in the war the Germans usually weren't getting the bombers back from flights over Britain, either, and the planes were taking vital aircrew with them.)

Part of the problem of finding a baseline is that a situation may be constantly changing. (During WWII rapid improvements in technology even rendered some baselines obsolete. Once you have radar, you don't need to keep building improved audio aircraft detectors. No matter how much larger those giant concrete reflectors are now vs then, radar renders them all obsolete.) Even the way a situation changes may change. This is especially true with regard to natural phenomena. One of the greatest revolutions in the human understanding of the

universe was accepting the depth of time, closely followed by how that amount of time expands what may happen. Mountains rise and wear away. Continents split, with oceans filling the gap; then they crash together, squeezing the water out, including downwards. Even on the scale of human lifetimes, a single flood can change the course of a river, shifting landmarks. Wars have been fought because one party thought the old marker was here and another thought it was there.

The Colorado River Compact of 1922 — a legal agreement on how to divvy up the water in that area — was based on rainfall and river level measurements which turned out to have been made during one of the two wettest 100 year periods in the past 1200 years. Over most of the past several decades the law allocated more water than was in the river! Reservoirs in most places fluctuate from year to year, with heavy rainfall years making up for drought years. However, in most of the Colorado River watershed, reservoirs have been going down almost steadily in recent decades. Add global warming and the changes it is bringing to local rainfall and snowfall and you have a disaster in progress.

Living things can also change the environment, often in ways which aren't obvious until something causes the living things to change.

For thousands of years, bison were the dominant large mammal over much of North America. (In a bit of local history, this explains why there's a road (and distillery) named Buffalo Trace near where I live in Frankfort, Kentucky.) Because of what the bison ate, how they traveled, what seeds stuck to their coats or were left in their droppings, they determined what grew. Not just the plants, either. The predators, the scavengers, the entire ecology of much of North America was shaped by the vast herds of bison.

The bison themselves only achieved dominance after their predecessors — which included great herbivores such as massive ground sloths and woolly mammoths and predators such as *Smilodon fatalis* — died out. With the bison effectively gone (though they have made minor comebacks in some areas) the environment of the western US changed dramatically.

One of those minor comebacks of bison is in Yellowstone National Park. Reintroducing bison to Yellowstone caused systemwide changes in the environment, without humans doing anything else. New plants are growing, new animals thriving. The region is slowly returning to the way it was before Europeans found it. Whether that return is what some individual human wants is irrelevant. The first national park was created to preserve — and in many ways restore — what used to be there. Adding bison (and wolves) is helping fulfill that purpose.

Sometimes it is safe to ignore data of more than a certain age. In fact, you might have to ignore it, if changes in circumstances render it irrelevant.

A large part of determining what your baseline is comes from determining when it is. I used to do trendline analysis of highway traffic for a living. We knew to generally ignore traffic count and composition data from before the late Sixties. The development of the Interstate Highway System had so altered travel in the United States that the earlier information was not only useless, but including it could distort the modern results. Add in the more local consequences of malls opening, drive-in theaters closing and bypasses being constructed around towns, and finding a baseline for traffic becomes very complicated, indeed.

So, the next time someone declares victory or success, try to find out the context. They may actually be going backwards.

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### GENDER AND THE HUGO AWARDS

by Taras Wolansky

I had been away from Tor.com for a while. Recently I tried posting a comment — and got disappeared again.

The comment was in response to a September 10th\* article by the hitherto reliable James Davis Nicoll, "Gender and the Hugo Awards, by the Numbers". Nicoll deploys statistics, apparently trying to prove that Hugo Award nominations have always discriminated against one sex or another, women for most of its history and men in recent years.

I caught a pretty fair copy of my comments before they evaporated. Here they are:

In this kind of discussion, the problem usually lies in choosing the wrong baseline.

Let's say we find that the Xenolinguistics faculty at Proxima U is 5% Andorians, when Andorians make up 15% of the population of Proxima b. Proof of discrimination in hiring?

Not if only 5% of xenolinguistics Ph.D.'s are Andorians. If there is any discrimination, then it's upstream from Proxima U.

Of course, the real explanation may simply be that Vulcans are particularly interested in (and good at) xenolinguistics, and if they are overrepresented, then other species must necessarily be underrepresented.

To apply this to the current case: in those days of yore when relatively few women were nominated for or won the Hugo Award, a) women wrote relatively few science fiction stories, and b) the stories they wrote tended to be space opera or science fantasy. (Women SF writers with scientific or engineering backgrounds were still very rare.) While Tanith Lee and Marion Zimmer Bradley and Anne McCaffrey produced much memorable work, they mostly chose to work away from what was then considered the core of the field. (Compare it to the way that westerns and comedies rarely win the Oscar.)

Similarly, if male writers had mysteriously stopped writing SF in the last few years, we could easily explain the shortage of male nominees and winners without charging sex discrimi-

nation.

Problem is, as far as I can tell, most SF is still written by men. And I've encountered feminists online who say they will nominate and vote only for women until some point of social justice is reached.

\* There is nothing to indicate that Nicoll's posting has been closed to comment — except that no comments at all have been posted since September 12th.

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### 2019 Worldcon Con report by Sue Burke

Future Worldcons should be held in a Tardis. Popular events could be put on a time loop so anyone could attend even if they conflicted with other programming. More importantly, every room for panels, ceremonies, readings, or other events could be bigger on the inside than the outside so everyone would fit in.

At the 77th Worldcon, held August 15 to 19 in Dublin, Ireland, space became the big issue, as it has at some previous Worldcons. The convention was sold out at about 5,800 people, which was a few more than the Convention Centre Dublin (CCD) could handle. To accommodate that, the Spencer Hotel hosted children's programming, The Odeon Point Square, a movie theater and unfinished commercial space almost a kilometer from the CCD, hosted the Art Show, book launches, acoustic concerts, craft workshops, art projects, displays, autographs, some panels, and the academic program. However, crowds at Point Square were bigger than that space could handle, too.

Convention volunteers and venue staff did the best they could for crowd control and remained cheerful and efficient, but for me and many others, it meant I attended less than I wished. I would pick an event I really wanted to go to and get in line at least a half-hour in advance. Afterwards, I'd find the queue to the next favored event but forego any programming in the intervening hour.

Despite the inconvenience, the snaking queues became good places to meet new people.

The Auditorium held only 2,000, so events there required wristbands to get in, and we had to line up in the afternoon to get them. I didn't attend the Opening Ceremony/1944 Retro Hugos, Masquerade, or Hugo Award Ceremony. (During the Closing Ceremony, I was standing in line at the airport). I wanted to get a wristband for the Hugo Awards, but the queue was enormous and located outside, next to the CCD, during a cold, windy rainstorm, so I abandoned that attempt. (In fairness to the organizers, I'm not sure where else the queue could have been located. All available space inside the building was in use.)

Other than that, the convention was splendid: well-organized and always on time. Events started at 9 a.m. with accessible yoga and a "stroll with the stars" morning walk, and ended



in the wee hours at Martin Hoare's Bar – known as Martin's, named for the volunteer who was to be Fan Bar Manager but who died a few weeks before the convention.

Guests of Honour were Prof. Jocelyn Bell Burnell, academic; Ginjer Buchanan, editor; Mary and Bill Burns, fans; Diane Duane, author; Steve Jackson, game designer; and Ian McDonald, author. They made themselves available in interviews, panels, kaffeeklatches, and literary beers. Featured artists were Afua Richardson, Jim Fitzpatrick, Maeve Clancy, and Sana Takeda. Special guests were artist Dr. Eleanor Wheeler, scientist Dr. Norah Patten, and astronaut Dr. Jeanette Epps.

The city of Dublin made visitors welcome with a good selection of hotels and other accommodations, convenient trams and buses, museums, sightseeing, restaurants, and bars. Like many people from overseas, I came early to tour the city and country, which was as green and beautiful as I'd been told.

During the Worldcon, thousands of tempting events vied for attention. I was drawn to panels, talks, readings, a couple of concerts, a medieval combat demonstration, a stand-up comedy show, and a dance; I wandered through the Art Show and Dealer's area, perused displays and fan tables, attended parties, and spent a lot of time meeting friends from around the world. I could have also attended podcast recordings, plays, films, and workshops, gone on a treasure hunt, run through the park, and joined in role-playing or board games: in the game room, 460 board games were loaned for play during the convention, and Unstable Unicorns was most popular.

Convention organizers deserve praise for the volume, quality, and variety of programming, including some deftly made last-minute additions and changes due to crowds or popular demand. We never forgot for a moment the delight of attending an Irish Worldcon and being wished a hearty *fáilte* (welcome) at every turn. The convention newsletter, *The Salmon of Knowledge*, often included bits of local lore, such as the legendary origin of the Giant's Causeway. Good food and refreshments were available at reasonable prices throughout the CCD.

Like many people, I watched the Hugos in the overflow viewing area, the Second Stage, with the ceremony live-streamed on a large screen. The room had tables and a bar and a rapt audience, so it wasn't so bad. The ceremony, with charming and enthusiastic presenters, was marred only by a robot captioning system that we quickly learned to ignore after it turned Ada Palmer's references to *Lord of the Rings* and *Game of Thrones* to "bored with the rings" and "cream of thrones" during her introduction to the Campbell Award winner. Of course there was a word or two by the evening's recipients that ignited controversy, but that's a feature of the Hugos, not a bug, and it seems to have accomplished something.

For me, one of the many high moments of the convention came on Saturday evening at

the Bright Club Ireland, a stand-up comedy show. Steve Cross made an excessively deep textual reading of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* to determine the exact date that the Earth is destroyed by the Vogons. (Listen to a version of it here on the BBC:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/sounds/play/p05w5bkx>)

John Scalzi's Saturday night "Dance Across the Decades" turned one of the CCD halls into a three-hour writhing, rhythmic celebration of fannish ecstasy. It may become legend. Its stomping, sweaty crowd no doubt broke at least three distinct safety regulations, but the CCD staff wisely turned a blind eye.

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#### RETRO-HUGO WINNERS

Courtesy of *File 770*

##### Best Novel

*Conjure Wife*, by Fritz Leiber, Jr.  
(*Unknown Worlds*, April 1943)

##### Best Novella

*The Little Prince*, by Antoine de  
Saint-Exupéry (Reynal & Hitchcock)

##### Best Novelette

"Mimsy Were the Borogoves," by Lewis  
Padgett (C.L. Moore & Henry Kuttner)  
(*Astounding Science-Fiction*, February  
1943)

##### Best Short Story

"King of the Gray Spaces" ("R is for  
Rocket"), by Ray Bradbury (*Famous  
Fantastic Mysteries*, December 1943)

##### Best Graphic Story

*Wonder Woman #5: Battle for Woman-  
hood*, written by William Moulton Mar-  
sden, art by Harry G. Peter (DC Comics)

##### Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form

*Heaven Can Wait*, written by Samson  
Raphaelson, directed by Ernst Lubitsch  
(20th Century Fox)

##### Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form

*Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman*, written  
by Curt Siodmak, directed by Roy Wil-  
liam Neill (Universal Pictures)

##### Best Professional Editor, Short Form

John W. Campbell

##### Best Professional Artist

Virgil Finlay

##### Best Fanzine

*Le Zombie*, editor Wilson "Bob" Tucker

##### Best Fan Writer

Forrest J Ackerman

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HUGO WINNERS  
Courtesy of *File 770*

##### Best Novel

*The Calculating Stars*, by Mary Robinette  
Kowal (Tor)

##### Best Novella

*Artificial Condition*, by Martha Wells  
(Tor.com Publishing)

##### Best Novelette

"If at First You Don't Succeed, Try, Try  
Again," by Zen Cho (B&N SF and  
Fantasy Blog, 29 November 2018)

##### Best Short Story

"A Witch's Guide to Escape: A Practical  
Compendium of Portal Fantasies," by  
Alix E. Harrow (*Apex Magazine*, Feb-  
ruary 2018)

##### Best Series

*Wayfarers*, by Becky Chambers (Hodder &  
Stoughton / Harper Voyager)

##### "Best Related Work"

Archive of Our Own, a project of the Orga-  
nization for Transformative Works

##### Best Graphic Story

*Monstress, Volume 3: Haven*, written by  
Marjorie Liu, art by Sana Takeda (Im-  
age Comics)

##### Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form

*Spider-Man: Into the Spider-Verse*,  
screenplay by Phil Lord and Rodney  
Rothman, directed by Bob Persichetti,  
Peter Ramsey and Rodney Rothman  
(Sony)

##### Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form

*The Good Place: "Janet(s)"*, written by  
Josh Siegal & Dylan Morgan, directed  
by Morgan Sackett (NBC)

##### Best Professional Editor, Short Form

Gardner Dozois

##### Best Professional Editor, Long Form

Navah Wolfe

##### Best Professional Artist

Charles Vess

##### Best Semiprozine

*Uncanny Magazine*, publishers  
editors-in-chief Lynne M. Thomas and  
Michael Damian Thomas, managing

editor Michi Trota, podcast producers Erika Ensign and Steven Schapansky, *Disabled People Destroy Science Fiction Special Issue* editors-in-chief Elsa Sjunneson-Henry and Dominik Parisien

“Best Fanzine”

Lady Business, editors Ira, Jodie, KJ, Renay & Susan

Best Fancast

**Our Opinions Are Correct**, hosted by Annalee Newitz and Charlie Jane Anders

“Best Fan Writer”

Foz Meadows

“Best Fan Artist”

Likhain (Mia Sereno)

Best Art Book

*The Books of Earthsea: The Complete Illustrated Edition*, illustrated by Charles Vess, written by Ursula K. Le Guin (Saga Press /Gollancz)

~~John W. Campbell~~ Award for Best New Writer

Jeannette Ng (2nd year of eligibility)

Eastasia is at war with Oceania. Eastasia has *always* been at war with Oceania.

Lodestar Award for Best Young Adult Book

*Children of Blood and Bone*, by Tomi Adeyemi (Henry Holt / Macmillan Children’s Books)

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DRAGON AWARD WINNERS  
Courtesy of *File 770*

Best Science Fiction Novel

*A Star-Wheeled Sky* by Brad R. Torgersen

Best Fantasy Novel (Including Paranormal)

*House of Assassins* by Larry Correia

Best Young Adult / Middle Grade Novel

*Bloodwitch* by Susan Dennard

Best Military Science Fiction or Fantasy Novel

*Uncompromising Honor* by David Weber

Best Alternate History Novel

*Black Chamber* by S.M. Stirling

Best Media Tie-In Novel

*Thrawn: Alliances* by Timothy Zahn

Best Horror Novel

*Little Darlings* by Melanie Golding

Best Comic Book

*Saga* by Brian K. Vaughan, Fiona Staples

Best Graphic Novel

*X-Men: Grand Design – Second Genesis* by Ed Piskor

Best Science Fiction or Fantasy TV Series

*Good Omens*, Amazon Prime

Best Science Fiction or Fantasy Movie

*Avengers: Endgame* by Anthony Russo, Joe Russo

Best Science Fiction or Fantasy PC / Console Game

*Red Dead Redemption 2* by Rockstar Games

Best Science Fiction or Fantasy Mobile Game

*Harry Potter: Wizards Unite* by Niantic, WB Games San Francisco

Best Science Fiction or Fantasy Board Game

*Betrayal Legacy* by Avalon Hill Games

Best Science Fiction or Fantasy Miniatures / Collectible Card / Role-Playing Game

*Call of Cthulhu: Masks of Nyarlathotep Slipcase Set* by Chaosium Inc.

OTHER AWARDS

EUGIE FOSTER AWARD

“When We Were Starless” by Simone Heller (Clarksworld)

THE HANK REINHARDT FANDOM AWARD

Edward Decree

THE JULIE AWARD

George Perez

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SIDEWISE AWARDS

Courtesy of *Amazing Stories*  
<https://amazingstories.com/2019/10/134755/>

Short Form

Oscar (Xiu) Ramirez and Emmanuel Valtierra, *Codex Valtierra*

Long Form

Mary Robinette Kowal, *The Calculating Stars*, Tor

Special Achievement Sidewise Award

Eric Flint

For his ongoing encouragement of the genre of alternate history through his support of the community and writers developed around his *1632* series.

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WORLDCON BIDS

2022

Chicago  
Mid-August — Labor Day Weekend  
<https://chicagoworldconbid.org/>

2023

Chengdu  
August, 2023  
<http://www.worldconinchina.com/index-e.html>

Memphis, Tennessee  
August 23-27, 2023

<https://www.memphis23.org/>

Nice, France  
August 2-6, 2023

<http://worldconinfrance.org/en/>

New Orleans  
(On hiatus)

2024

Glasgow  
August 8-12, 2024  
<http://glasgow2024.org/>

2025

Seattle  
Mid-August 2025

Perth, Australia  
(On hiatus)

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WORLDCON

2020

ConNZealand  
Wellington, New Zealand  
July 29-August 2, 2020  
<http://ConNZealand.nz/>

2021

DisCon III  
Washington, D.C.  
August 25-29, 2021  
<http://discon3.org/>

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NASFiC

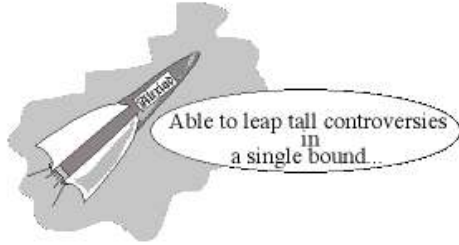
2020

Columbus, Ohio  
August 20-23, 2020  
<http://columbus2020nasfic.org>

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 Letters, we get letters
 

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From: **Timothy Lane** August 17, 2019  
[timothylane51@gmail.com](mailto:timothylane51@gmail.com)

It's interesting, and may be deliberate, that your discussion of conspiracy theories was sent shortly after the death of Jeffrey Epstein, which has generated a few of its own. Given the phenomenally abysmal watch he received, it's at least possible that someone made sure that he would find it easy to commit suicide.

After all, there really are conspiracies. Cousin Abe was killed by one organized by John Wilkes Booth, and a conspiracy of Puerto Rican nationalists tried to get Harry Truman. James Earl Ray's escape after assassinating Martin Luther King was, at the least, very suspicious.

Technically, the change in who holds the Bismarck title isn't exactly monarchical news. The Iron Chancellor was never a monarch, though he arguably played a larger role in running Prussia and then Imperial Germany than William I did, and certainly more than the moribund Frederick III. Would you also report on whatever heirs there might be to Richelieu, Mazarin, and (especially) Colbert?

The last Duc de Richelieu, Marie Odet Jean Armand de la Chapelle de Saint-Jean de Jumilhac, died in 1952. Mazarin had nieces who married into various noble families. Colbert's elder son was the Marquis de Seignelay, French Minister of the navy; his younger son was Archbishop of Rouen.

So let me get this straight. The first legs of the Trotting and Pacing Triple Crowns are at the same track on the same day, and likewise the second leg? That seems weird. I wouldn't have thought the same track would have trotting and pacing races, especially on the same day.

Both trotters and pacers are Standardbreds and race on the same tracks, just in different races for each. Pacers tend to be faster so it is not considered fair for them to compete with the slower

trotters.

— LTM

I have undoubtedly read the Ann Rule book already, but it doesn't sound familiar. I have to disagree slightly with the implication of the conclusion of the article: they deserved a lot worse than life in a penitentiary.

I saw *Destination Moon* some months back on TCM. It turns out that George Pal was a good friend of cartoonist Walter Lantz, so when they explain their plans to the potential investors, it's in the form of a Woody Woodpecker cartoon.

Captain Ahab was a monomaniac about getting the White Whale, but he wasn't the sort to turn pirate. When the Parsee told him that "hemp only can kill thee", he thought that could only refer to hanging, and he would never do anything to earn that.

I wonder what Maxwell Knight thought of the hanging of William Joyce as a radio traitor on the grounds that he started making Nazi propaganda broadcasts before formally expatriating himself. This was probably inevitable, but I think a better alternative was to make him remain a German after the war. (As I recall, something similar happens with Kim Philby in Forsyth's *The Fourth Protocol*.)

I remember Grant explaining the plot of the Skylark series and the way the villainous race (the Fenachrone) kept getting wiped out, and then recovering. (Something similar would be done with the villains in the Lensman series as well.) Perhaps Rod Smith has the right explanation, that he carried the series further than he originally intended. Grant noted similarly that after a certain point, each Lensman book could have ended the series.

Well, the Dragon Awards do include one book I've read (Weber's *Uncompromising Honor*) and one I probably will read if/when I can get hold of a copy (Stirling's *Black Chamber*). Amazing.

Taral's colloquy with Joseph on the subject of SF/F today is one I can understand. There's probably a reason most of my SF reading is alternate history of one sort or another. That's basically the fictional equivalent of reading history (which I also still read).

But now, alternate history books are winning the Hugo, or whatever they're going to call it after the next protest. There was always *The Man In the High Castle* (1963) but nowadays you've got *Jonathan Strange & Mr Norell* (2005), *The Yiddish Policemen's Union* (2008), and now *The Calculating Stars*.

Way back when, I accumulated a scattering of contemporary coins I got hold of (probably mostly when we were in Greece) from various countries. Most probably would now be considered collectible rather than legal tender, though not worth much. I have no idea what has hap-

pened to them, or to my complete collection of state quarters.

There's an interesting tidbit about Philip II's brief consortship to Bloody Mary Tudor. At one point he advised the English to build up their navy. I'm sure he later regretted that advice.

I hope Joy Smith already realizes it, but Joseph's anecdote about the Australian voter (Mawson) in Antarctica was fictional, applying current law to a century-old historical example. (The Mawson-Mertz story is an epic of Antarctic exploration. You can look it up on wikipedia, or ask Joseph — he loves to dis-course on such stories!)

*Mawson's Will: The Greatest Polar Survival Story Ever Written*  
 by Lennard Bickel (1977, 2000).

— JTM

I agree emphatically with John Purcell's take on *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*. I can't imagine anything ever replacing the original with the narration by Boris Karloff. Elizabeth once got me a Grinch figure, which was left with nearly everything else we had in our now-sold house. (They just recently got my application for an absentee ballot for this year, and I pointed out that the nursing home is now my permanent residence and the house I'm officially registered at isn't even ours anymore.)

I don't think there were any actual white slaves in America, but for a long time there were indentured servants. In addition, I will note that the similarity of "Slav" and "slave" is hardly an accident.

I have a few comments on George W. Price's discussion of the Dred Scott case. First, the militia at that time meant all white males of suitable age. Different states had different levels of organization. In the slave states, militia could be called out in the event of a slave revolt, but that was rather rare.

I will also note that a book I read on the right to vote many years ago mentioned that, at the founding, voting restrictions were primarily based on property. As a result, a few women and free blacks were wealthy enough to qualify, and were able to vote in a few states. As property requirements were eliminated, women and blacks were formally excluded even in those states that had previously allowed them.

That's an interesting solution to vaccination resistance, though it might be hard to link any particular unvaccinated person as a source of infection.

I think 300,000 black slaves actually taken by Europeans as opposed to bought from black slavers such as the Dahomey could be true. It should be remembered that more slaves went to Brazil than to the West Indies, and more to the West Indies to North America. Not to mention the slaves the Boers held until Britain freed them. I doubt all of those were bought from other tribes.

From: **Joy V. Smith** August 20, 2019  
8925 Selph Road, Lakeland, FL  
33810-0341 USA  
[Pagadan@aol.com](mailto:Pagadan@aol.com)  
<http://www.joyvsmith.com/>

Thanks for all the reviews; it saves me a lot of time! Ah, it's been a while since I've thought about the Skylark of Space series — not in my library now; I wouldn't mind reading the first one at least again. Thanks to Rodford Edmiston for the background.

Lisa, it sounds like you had a good time at the Breyer fest. (Btw, I have a friend with a fantastic collection of Breyer horses, which she's been collecting for years!)

I enjoyed the con reports too and thanks to Taral Wayne for the movie reviews: *Aquaman*, *Mary Poppins Returns*, and *Early Man*. Saves me more time. (I usually google movies that I come across on TV, which saves me time — and mental anguish.)

Mary Poppins has a bag which is bigger inside than outside and she takes crazy adventures with adoring companions. She is a Time Lord. (Just wait until she regenerates into Fran Fine of *The Nanny*.)

— JTM

More info and reviews in the LOCs. Thank you all! (I would like to read the Murderbot sequel: "Artificial Condition." Should put it on my Amazon wish list.)

From: **Lloyd Penney** August 23, 2019  
1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, ON  
M9C 2B2 CANADA  
[penneys@bell.net](mailto:penneys@bell.net)  
<http://lloydpenney.livejournal.com/>

I realize that the August 1 deadline for *Alexiad* 105 blew right past me, and I also now have issue 106. As usual for me, these days, it is time to catch up and so here is a loc on both issues.

105... It is difficult to not buy Chinese because it truly is everywhere. China is giving Canada a hard time because we detained a Huawei executive per our agreement with the US. It is making life difficult, but not impossible. I do not accuse John Scalzi of anything, but the Fan Auroras awards here are now usually won by people who are either pros doing nonpro stuff, or friends of the pros. As a result, fans don't really participate any more, which kinda seals the deal.

Well, with what's happened... Washington did get its Worldcon, and Discon III will take place in 2021. The idea of a Chinese Worldcon in 2023 is causing some discussion, especially with the current US/China trade war, and the fact that China is holding two Canadian businessmen in exchange for the Huawei executive being held for the US in Vancouver. The Dublin Worldcon is recently done, and

next is Wellington, New Zealand. I guess we can keep track of where Worldcon is going, even if we can't go.

Steve Francis had had qualms about both the Dublin and the New Zealand Worldcons. The Dublin one, he said, didn't have a large enough facility, and reports agree with that. He wondered if New Zealand fandom had enough people to properly run a Worldcon.

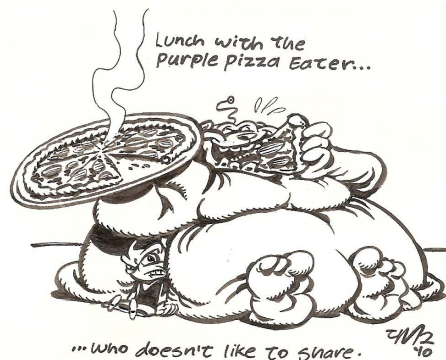
The loccol... I love cats, but I'd take a puppy, too. They are so social and potentially affectionate, and for some people I know, that is more than they deserve. I often think dogs are more than we all deserve, but I am glad they are there, for they are usually our unconditional friends, and they will love you when no one else wants you.

Nancy Kress has a story you would probably like. I can't remember its title but it's in the collection titled *The Best of Nancy Kress*, along with a good story about Anne Boleyn.

— LTM

You are right about the fan Hugo nominees...by the looks of it, changes in the award definitions now means that we no longer qualify to win those awards. Same goes for the Aurora awards, too. I guess we do what we do for the sake of doing it, and keeping busy.

It's not just that. With two superb books on the history of the field to consider, the "Best Related Work" was a website that published fan fiction.



My loc... Indeed, why are the things that taste good so bad for you? If we could get Brussels sprouts to taste like chocolate, we'd have it made. But, we are of the age where we must watch our weight and food intake, and I will admit that everything fits much better now. Our trip to England was spectacular, and one

benefit that came from it is that my insomnia is for the most part gone. Yvonne's assignment with her former employer has only four weeks left in it, to her relief, and I will be going in for a second interview with an advertising agency next week. When Yvonne finally retires, I hope to be bringing in some income, just in time. The steampunk event in Ottawa was tremendous fun, but was a one-off gala event.

My lack of optimism on fan funds stems from some of the response we got about CUFF (we raised about Can\$1000 for the fund while not really touching any of the money already in it), and the reaction I got when making inquiries about our own TAFF candidacy. I think the fan funds have their purpose, and they help to spread smiling faces around the world, but I think we were not considered optimal candidates for TAFF, given we rarely if ever drink. That shouldn't be a reason, but...

106... I have many of the central fannish texts as either hardcovers or e-files, and I hope that they will remain available as e-texts, long after publishing paper books becomes a curiosity.

The loccol... I am glad that Taral is noticing how many letters I write, but I must be the only one who gets all the fanzines I do receive. I can report that I wrote a total of 185 locs in 2018, and so far this year, I have written 90, which means I am still falling behind. I still have a pile of locs to write on the zines I have, but these days, time seldom allows. When the cool weather returns, perhaps I can catch up. Taral and I are both proof that when the interest wanes, and it has done for many of us, we find something else that also has a fandom within it. We need the interaction with others. (Taral's graphic... 11 Hugo nominations and one Aurora nomination. Mine is quite opposite...1 Hugo nomination and 18 Aurora nominations. At least I won that twice.)

Fannish history is replaying, the second time as farce. We've already had an attempt to redo the Boondoggle, now we've got the Futurians all over again.

—JTM

John Purcell's letter...I do hope the fan funds can be better run in the future, and that everyone can participate. I can report that CUFF has sprung to life again, with Fran Skene being this year's CUFF delegate at CanCon in Ottawa, which I believe is also the annual Convention this year.

Sue Burke, my flip phone is just that, my phone. I also have a Samsung tablet that may need replacing soon. Together, they are my smartphone. At least, when one fails, or is replaced, I am not entirely out of the loop, or inconvenienced. Al du Pisani... Yvonne is retired by now, and I am about five years away. I know that as the most expensive city in Canada, I know that once we are both retired with limited income, we simply won't be able to afford to live in Toronto any more. We can

barely do it now. We've never been able to afford to buy a house, and rents are becoming insane. SFFSA continues to put out wonderful issues of *Probe*, and they continue to send them to me. I hope I am not a financial burden on the club.

There we are. Sorry that I missed that August deadline, but I won't miss the October one. Thank you for these two issues, and I wish us all improved health as the birthdays pile up. Take care.

From: **Robert S. Kennedy** Sept. 17, 2019  
5301 East Warm Springs Avenue, Apt. B306, Boise, ID 83716-6205 USA  
[robertk@cipcug.org](mailto:robertk@cipcug.org)

My thanks for Vol. 18 No. 4 (June 2019, Whole Number 106).

Thank you for your book reviews, especially *TRIUMPHANT: The Genesis Fleet* by "Jack Campbell" (John G. Henry) and *AGENT M: The Lives and Spies of M15's Maxwell Knight* by Henry Hemming. I'll try and obtain them from the library.

The convention reports by Leigh Kimmel are enjoyed.

The continuing movie reviews by Taral Wayne are very much appreciated. It would be nice if he could have a review or reviews of some movies that he really liked.

**George W. Price:** Thank you for your response to my question regarding the new mayor of Chicago, Lori Lightfoot.

**Sue Burke:** So you're 64 years old, but you don't feel old. That's good. I'm 86 and sometimes I feel old, but not always. I hardly remember 64. Anyway, you're just a youngster. There are people here in the CCRC where I live who consider me a youngster.

From: **John Purcell** September 22, 2019  
3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845  
[askance73@gmail.com](mailto:askance73@gmail.com)

Good morning, Joe and Lisa. I hope the fall season is treating you well now that it has arrived. Here deep in the heart of SouthCentralEastern Texas this has happened only in name: summer weather essentially lasts until Thanksgiving weekend, and resumes around Easter. There is never a real "winter" here.

**We had nasty heat until just a few days ago. Overnight we went from running air conditioner to running heaters.**

— LTM

Weather related news: Valerie and I are fine here. Tropical Storm Imelda has pummeled the far southeast region of Texas, from the Houston metro area and over into Louisiana. The heaviest hit area is around Beaumont, which may never dry out: in some locations over three feet has fallen this past week. The

flooding around Houston and the lowlands over to Louisiana is extensive. Fortunately Imelda has now pretty much petered out, but the damage is done. I hope all of our friends in that area are safe.

Ah, I see you and I have yet another thing in common: dunning phone calls and junk mail selling Medicare insurance and extended auto warranties. Recognizing them for what they are — a waste of time, paper, and money — I don't bother answering phone calls that display as "unknown caller" and promptly delete those messages, and the paper waste of not only those ads coming in through the snail mail but also the auto warranty mail all gets shredded and dumped into the recycling container. It is entirely possible that what we shred might eventually end up back in our mailbox as reconstituted extended auto warranty mail. The cycle continues.

Your note about the inter-relatedness of Queen Elizabeth II and Boris Johnson — who might not be prime minister much longer, one can hope — is something that is very common to ruling classes in Europe, or anywhere in the world, for that matter. It happens in America, too: witness the Kennedy, Roosevelt, Harrison, and Bush clans, or the families that inhabit the top 5% income earners. They love to keep it, even it means marrying cousins. Just the thought of that makes my stomach hurt.

The only case I can think of there was that Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt were fifth cousins. Eleanor was Teddy's niece by his alcoholic brother Elliott.

— JTM

Some very interesting books reviewed in this issue. The one titled *Agent M* I am likely going to check out of our local public library — if it's on the shelves, that is — which is reopening tomorrow morning (Sept. 23rd). Even before their extensive 16 month remodeling/expansion began, the Larry J. Ringer Library had a good selection of Jack Campbell books. In fact, the SF section there has always been extensive, so I am very much looking forward to going in to renew my library card next week and spend some serious browsing time while there. They have enlarged their holdings and shelving areas a lot.

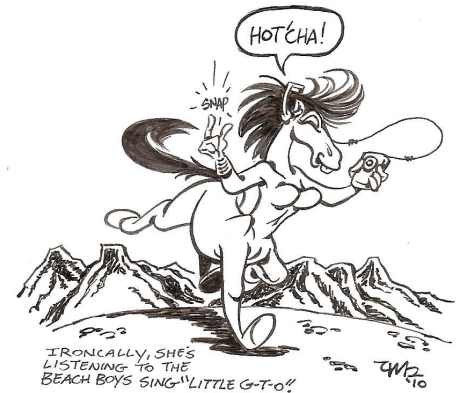
A nice selection of con reports this issue makes me realize that I need to write up ArmadilloCon 41, which Valerie and I attended at the beginning of August. We had a good time there, meeting and chatting with assorted writers and artists (Joe Lansdale, John Picacio, Sarah Felix, William Ledbetter, etc.), and fan friends such as John Gibbons, Matthew Tepper (he was there promoting the upcoming LosCon he is chairing this year), Charles Tolliver, and many others. It was a pleasant weekend, and we look forward to returning next year.

Speaking of conventions, as you probably know, I am chairing Corflu 37, the fanzine fan's convention, which will be held here in College

Station, Texas at the Hilton Hotel and Convention Center over the March 13-15, 2020 weekend. The membership list is growing, and information regarding memberships and room reservations, etc., is easily found at [www.corflu.org](http://www.corflu.org). If any *Alexiad* readers wish to join us, we look forward to seeing you there.

That should do it for today. I have some online grading to do today, so I had best get on with it.

In the meantime, thank you for the reminder email to write before the deadline hits. I bruise so easily.



From: **George W. Price** September 25, 2019  
4418 N. Monitor Avenue, Chicago, IL 60630-3333 USA  
[price4418@comcast.net](mailto:price4418@comcast.net)

August *Alexiad*:

Joe's "Reviewer's Notes" discusses conspiracy theories, and how they are usually framed in a way that makes them impossible to refute. Indeed so. Arguing with conspiraphiles is useless.

As I think I've said before, when someone offers a conspiracy theory, I like to test its likelihood by asking him two rather obvious questions:

- (1) If this is such a deep secret, how did he find out about it?
- (2) For this conspiracy to work, how many people would have to be in on it, and is this a small enough number to be trusted to keep the secret?

It often turns out that the conspiracy was not leaked to him — no, he figured it out by himself, and it just has to be true "because nothing else makes sense."

A deeper question is why so many people are so eager to believe these concoctions. I suppose part of it is a desire to be one-up on other people: "I know something you don't know."

However, I strongly suspect that a more compelling reason is that to certain people the

existence of conspiracies is actually comforting, because it helps make sense of the world. It terrifies them to think that world-shaking events like Kennedy's assassination can have trivial causes. They just can't believe that a worthless sack of shit like Oswald could, all by himself, bring down the leader of the Free World. There just has to be more to it than that.

That Secret Masters are running things behind the scenes — even though the masters are wicked — is far less scary than having to believe that no one at all is in charge. That would leave the conspiraphile staring into the abyss. And that is horrifying.

\*\*\*\*\*



Rodford Edmiston's "Joy of High Tech" discusses the pseudoscience used by Doc Smith in his "Skylark" stories.

Alas, on occasion Doc also got the real science wrong.

I particularly remember several scenes in the Lensman series in which frigid-blooded Nadreck visits humans in their natural environment, which to him is extremely hot. Most notably, when Nadreck and other frigid-blooded Lensmen attend Kinnison's wedding, their "fiercely-laboring refrigerators chilled the atmosphere for yards around" (*Second Stage Lensmen*, Chapter 23).

Well, no, that could not happen. Refrigerators transfer heat from the inside to the outside, so all that refrigerated armor would be heating the air for yards around, not chilling it. As a chemical engineer, Doc certainly knew that, so this just has to be counted as a lapse.

\*\*\*\*\*

Timothy Lane mentions Poul Anderson's stories, saying, "He insisted that the barbarian Krankheit (I think that's the spelling) had nothing to do with news anchor Walter."

I checked the original story ("The Barbarian," F&SF, May 1956), and it is "Cronkheit"

— which is even closer to the famous news anchor. But in 1955 when Anderson must have written the story, Walter Cronkite had only just started his career at CBS. He hosted "You Are There" 1953-1957, and didn't become the top news anchor until 1962. So the similarity of names was probably just wild coincidence. For what it's worth, "Krankheit" is German for "sickness."

In his notes on the story in *The Best of Poul Anderson* (1976), Anderson said that was the origin of the name, and praised Walter for his Apollo coverage.

\*\*\*\*\*

I notice that Lisa's comments are now in a larger and much more readable type face. Thank you for the change.

\*\*\*\*\*

Taras Wolansky takes exception to my figure of 300,000 as an upper limit for the number of black Africans captured by European and American slave raiders. He puts it closer to zero percent: "the white slave traders barely got off their ships, much less invaded the interior, and merely waited for the black kings of the Slave Coast to bring the slaves to them." Well, Taras is very likely right. I did not remember an exact figure, and guessed at "300,000" as a generous upper bound to the uncertainty.

If the current push for "reparations" gets serious, should we demand that part of the reparations be paid by the descendants of those African kings who actually captured and sold the slaves?

Slavery existed since ages ago, among almost every people. Unless you are a woke Twitter mobster, for whom slavery is unique to Faschist AmeriKKKa.

— JTM

From: **Lloyd Daub** September 29, 2019  
6535 W. English Meadows Drive D205,  
Greenfield, WI 53220-3995 USA  
[ldaub@wi.rr.com](mailto:ldaub@wi.rr.com)

Thank you for keeping me on the mailing list. Sometimes I don't have time to do justice to an issue, and other times I am stumped for anything to say that others won't say better.

RE: the true crime stories. Richard Pryor has it right. I take another opportunity to point out that the real purpose of prison is neither punishment nor rehabilitation (although either happening on the side is fine with me). The purpose is to protect society from predators, whether they are violent or not.

I came to this conclusion too late to try it out on one of political science professors, who was trying to get us to debate the topic of sentencing repeat offenders to longer terms. He was argu-

ing that each crime was its own offense, and did not deserve more punishment than it had the first time. Leland McLemore was a very fair man—he wasn't concerned with winning or losing, only in getting us to think about our views and examine them for flaws. But the class debate was only punishment or rehabilitation. I strongly doubt either of the perps in the examples here would have benefitted from either and changed their ways. But protecting us from them makes perfect sense, I think.

Re: Musk and companies: Anyone thinking that the failure of Tesla means SpaceX is a fraudulent fund-raiser (I think that's the point being suggested in the Destination Moon segment) needs to also consider his Boring company. Hyperloop or not, the company is succeeding in getting public money to have governments take a look at its projects.

<https://www.boringcompany.com/projects>

If not Musk, someone else — note the long record of thrilling space ventures (Pournelle and Heinlein were both charmed by OTRAG) that never got anywhere. I've mentioned the Artemis Project before, not to mention Rotary Rocket.

— JTM

RE: *Agent M* — it should surprise no one that the kind of person who engages in the spy business has no business being trusted by anyone. I am reminded of a Georgette Heyer novel, where the gentleman of Bonnie Prince Charlie's era has a portfolio of documents to be hauled out at need. He only needed one to 'scape whipping, and so the rest of the file was stored away. He should, of course, have turned over everything. Or destroyed everything. But he's not like you and me. He's like MI5, the CIA, or the FBI. For all the information that gets turned over to the PM, there's always something held back.

Arriving soon: *A Republic, If You Can Keep It*, by Neil Gorsuch

Arriving someday: *Interference: a novel* (Semiosis Duology) by Sue Burke; *The Andromeda Evolution* by Michael Crichton; *The Best of Jerry Pournelle* by Jerry Pournelle.

At this point, these and yours truly are the only SF authors I am reading. My apologies to all the hundreds of others. I am a print-reader, not an e-reader.

Health and good days to all.

From: **Sue Burke** September 30, 2019  
5415 N. Sheridan Road, Apt. 1711,  
Chicago, IL 60640-1971  
[sue@sue.burke.name](mailto:sue@sue.burke.name)  
[sueburke.site](http://sueburke.site)  
[semiosispax.com](http://semiosispax.com)

Thanks for the latest issue. I enjoyed it a lot, including tales of ancient gold coins and thrift shop finds.

My Worldcon report is elsewhere in this issue, editor willing, and I'd add to it that my husband and I had a lot of fun the week before the con touring southwest Ireland. (Except for the part where he was thrown off a horse Killarney, but he had the prescience to land in a soft, deep mud puddle.) (Also flight back home was cancelled, which resulted in returning home a day late after an overnight layover in London's Heathrow.) WWII buffs may recall that Killarney was home to Monsignor Hugh O'Flaherty, the "Scarlet Pimpernel of the Vatican." They're rather proud of that – in fact, the Killarney Brewing Co. makes a Scarlet Pimpernel IPA to celebrate his "altruism and courage."

We also visited the castle of Lord Dunsany (that is, Edward Plunkett, the fantasy writer) and were welcomed by the current Lady Dunsany. I learned that several generations earlier, the family begat Saint Oliver Plunkett, an archbishop executed in 1681, framed by the Popish Plot. I got to hold two of his relics (am I more blessed now?), and to inspect some of Dunsany's manuscripts.

And you didn't go to the South Pole Inn?

<http://www.southpoleinn.com/>

When Joe asked if anyone had heard of the Best Fan Writer Hugo nominees, I thought it was a rhetorical question. Foz Meadows, who won, has a high profile and a well-read blog. These days, writers often follow each other's blogs and communicate with each other through comments; blogging platforms (and Twitter) encourage that. Fan writers also often write for other sites that are essentially online magazines. The times, they are a-changin'. Much communication now comes to us on screens rather than paper.

In other words, there's been a paradigm shift and we are no longer relevant.

— JTM

In fact, I received a sales report for my novel *Semiosis*. Fully half the sales were e-books, one-fourth were audiobooks, and only a fourth were hardcover and paperback sales. As I've been hand-selling the novel, I've met a few people who had read the e-book or heard the audiobook and now wanted the signed paper book as sort of a souvenir. Young'uns – what will they think of next?

On another subject, does anyone know who is the literary executor of Susan Allés Blom? I know someone who has the manuscript of her second Inca novel, in case there's a publishing interest.

For the record, I'm relieved to say I'm not related to Alderman Ed Burke of Chicago (I did a little checking to make sure). I was surprised by George W. Price's assertion that Chicago's zoning laws might exist only to fuel

corruption, while Houston has done fine without zoning. I used to live in Texas. The state and its municipalities are notoriously corrupt, and politicians have found lots of ways to offer quid pro quo about real estate without zoning. What the lack of zoning has accomplished is deprive Houston of tools to deal proactively with sprawl and flooding, which are becoming onerous problems.

George also offers a compromise on vaccinations: parents can sue if an unvaccinated child causes an illness. The problem is finding and proving the infectious culprit. A person can start shedding the measles virus four days before the rash appears. If that person passes through a room, the viruses shed into the air can infect someone else who enters that room for up to two hours later. Symptoms of the illness won't show up for the newly infected person for a week or two. By then, how can you figure out whom to sue? As the legal axiom goes, you have no right without a remedy – that is, if you could sue someone to remedy your harm but you can't identify the defendant, you don't have an effective right to sue.

Taras Wolansky asks what legal privileges men had that I didn't have when I was growing up. I'm glad to answer.

When I started high school in 1970, in some states women couldn't serve on juries. Men could get a credit card or start a business without their wife's permission, but a wife needed her husband's permission. Most Ivy League universities didn't admit women. Women could get fired for becoming pregnant, and in some states, single women couldn't get birth control pills. Although women were safer drivers, they paid more than men for auto insurance. Women could legally be paid less, and some published pay schedules openly listed different rates for men and women for the same job. Female flight attendants were fired at age 32 or if they got married or put on weight and stopped looking sexy. Women weren't allowed to run in the Boston Marathon. Schools didn't have to offer sports for girls, and mine had no intramural teams until Title IX was passed, and then it had a team for track and field, and that was all.

Girls weren't admitted to the Milwaukee Trade and Technical High School; electrician wasn't a career I could prepare for. Newspaper job listings were "Help Wanted: Men" and "Help Wanted: Women." Women's applications weren't accepted for jobs deemed unsuitable: long hours, dangerous, unpleasant, specialties reserved for men, or involving too much responsibility – although some women were (and still are) eager for those jobs. Women were allowed in the military only in limited numbers and as support staff or nurses.

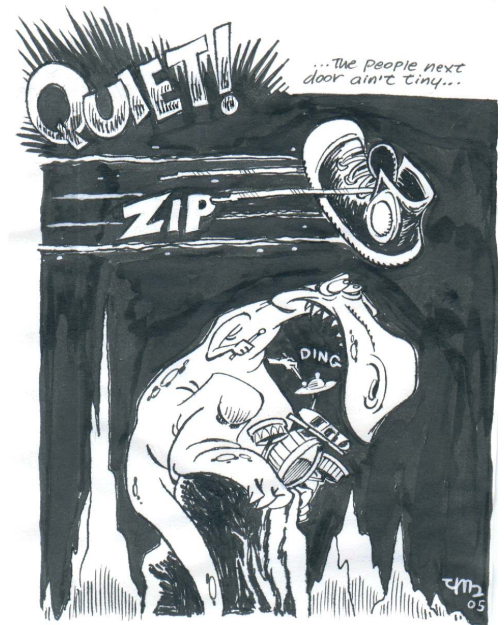
Speaking of nurses, because women could be paid less, some jobs became pink-collar ghettoes, and to this day nurses remain underpaid despite difficult jobs that require extensive education and training, and long hours. Women aspired to be doctors, but until the mid-1970s, medical schools and professional organizations could limit or ban women as students or mem-

bers.

I could go on.

The past was a different country. It had Forbidden Zones.

To close on a cheery note, I'd like to retweet a tweet from Angry Robot Books that now has my imagination churning: "We obviously love a good Space Opera, but we'd love to hear from any budding authors currently working on a Space Dancehall, Space Dubstep, Space Flamenco, or Space Boogie-Woogie." Space Flamenco! That would be fun.



From: **Taras Wolansky** October 1, 2019  
Post Office Box 698, Kerhonkson, NY  
12446-0698 USA  
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Thanks for number 106, August 2019.

Joe: We were discussing the proposed Worldcon in China offline.

The rationale, if it even deserves the dignity of that designation, seems to be that if we pretend China is not a fascist dictatorship, it will magically become a liberal democracy.

It's like when the international community gave Russia the Olympics. Treat Russia like a member in good standing, and it will behave like one. And it even seemed to work – briefly. Until the Games were over, that is, and Russia went back to its old habit of invading its neighbors.

Thinking about the Sochi Olympics reminds me of what else they featured: Russia cheating on a massive scale.

Now, imagine opening up the final Hugo ballot for the Chinese Worldcon, and discovering that all the nominees are works published in China. (This could happen even without Chinese government involvement.)

And what about guests and attendees who have criticized China in the past? Will they even be allowed to attend, or will they have mysterious problems with their visas?

Would it be safe for such people to set foot in China?

—LTM

Anyway, I friended both of the rival bids, Nice (France), and Memphis (Tennessee), so you can guess my opinion.

Apparently World SF frowns upon negative campaigning, so the rival bids are not allowed to point out obvious facts; for example, that China is a fascist dictatorship that dissects political prisoners for their organs.

Admittedly, setting a Worldcon in just the kind of dystopia SF has been writing about for a hundred years would add a certain piquancy!

Review of Henry Hemming's *Agent M*: "His agents had discovered and identified Melita Norwood, the atom-bomb spy at the heart of the British effort—yet nothing was done about it!" I thought Norwood was revealed by the Mitrokhin Archive, ca. 2000. How much earlier was this?

This was in the thirties. Knight had got an infiltrator to work as the CPGB Chairman's secretary, and she found Norwood's name on a list of those who would do spy work. He reported it, and the senior man at MI 5 decided it wasn't worth following up.

Of course, she got away without even a slap on the wrist. But I think about the Rosenbergs and feel a little better. Spying for Stalin was a very safe job (aside from the risk of being purged and killed by your own side) but it was not totally safe.

Leigh Kimmel (Windy City con report): "On Sunday we woke up to an unseasonably late snowstorm hamstering away." I love that expression, but what does it mean?

Rodford Edmiston (NASFiC con report): I was in the same hotel you were. I'd come down in the elevator and, for all practical purposes, I was already in the convention center. Sweet!

Timothy Lane: "When the British begin closing down the slave trade, the King of Dahomey... [pointed] out if he didn't sell prisoners of war as slaves he would have to kill them." I recall reading an account of a mass human sacrifice. Apparently this was the fate of enemy captives who weren't sold as slaves.

That was called a Grand Custom. Since it was indigenous, instead of imposed by outsiders, it was apparently an acceptable form of behavior.

—JTM

Robert S. Kennedy: Interbreeding between Neanderthals and modern humans, migrating from northeast Africa, probably didn't occur on a "massive scale". The populations involved were tiny; it's just that all modern Europeans and Asians are descended from them.

George W. Price: Abraham Lincoln, among others, blasted Chief Justice Roger Taney for simply getting the facts wrong in the Dred Scott decision. He apparently didn't know that the rights of free black citizens to own property and to vote had been recognized in northern states from the beginning.

Come to think of it, it's likely that people with African ancestry had been voting all along even in the South, in places like New Orleans.

Sue Burke: I enjoyed hearing you read at Worldcon.

The late William F. Buckley used to talk about "the zoo section of the dictionary". Many queer and timorous beasts live there. (I think I'm misquoting Robert Burns.)



The way it seems to be sorting out is the Hugo Awards mostly for women authors, and the Dragon Awards mostly for men. That's if China doesn't simply run off with the Hugo Awards, as I speculate elsewhere.

Taral Wayne (review of *Aquaman*): "what was the Justice League doing during all this? Were Superman, Batman and Wonder Woman having a poker night while the undersea world attacked the surface world?" The DCU as well as the MCU filmmakers like to have their cake and eat it, too. In one film, the fate of the world depends on a single superhero and the others don't seem to exist. In the next film they're all working together.

Review of the *Mary Poppins* sequel: I thought it was inappropriate for *Mary Poppins* to engage in a sexually suggestive vaudeville act, especially with her child charges in the audience. I suspect children would not have been admitted to a show like that at the time. But I guess our media are so sexualized today

that none of the filmmakers noticed anything off. They even edited in shots of the children being especially delighted by the risqué humor.

From: **AL du Pisani** July 31, 2019  
945 Grand Prix Street, Weltevredenpark 1709, REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA  
[du.pisani@kilos40.co.za](mailto:du.pisani@kilos40.co.za)

Lisa spoke about her sense of place, and the strange places that sometimes work themselves into our imagination as maybe a second home, even though it is nothing like your own – From reading I found a kinship with Arthur Upfield's Outback Australia, even though he was chronicling a place that was becoming lost in time. And with Tony Hillerman's Navaho Rez. Both of them alien to me, yet with a call of familiarity.

Wish I know why. Sometimes I wonder if they will still call to me, if I read them now.

The one book I have read of Rebecca Roanhorse's had something of that kinship, even though it is taking place in my least loved SF setting – The overpopulated, poverty stricken hellhole. (With an environmental disaster, to boot.) Yet the setting is drawing me back, and I will probably end up reading some more by her.

Angrygirl Unlikelyname needs a setting designed to make teens angry.

It has been a very mild Winter in Johannesburg – with maybe a week of real cold. Even then it rarely went below freezing – In fact, I averaged one less blanket on my bed than usual, maybe even two. So it was never quite as cold as it have been in previous Winters. I am just hoping that the rains will start soon. We have had a day of rain in late August, but the rain season is supposed to start about 10 October.

From my desk at work I can look towards the South and see the tallest building in Africa. Mostly completed. It is the fourth tallest building in Johannesburg, and was not originally planned to be so tall. Apparently the builders got enough interest that they extended the building.

Of the ten tallest buildings in Africa, four are in Johannesburg. I know about the Carlton Centre and Ponte, and suspect the last of the buildings is the Hillbrow Tower. All of these were built in the 1970's. Each of them in some way or another a pale shadow of what they were designed to be.

The Hillbrow Tower is a TV and Radio transmission tower. At one stage it had a restaurant on one of the top floors, where you could look out over the city. Terrorism threats closed that down in the late 1970's, and it have never re-opened.

The Ponte was a mixed residential and commercial building. As far as I know it was also a victim of the terrorism threats in the late

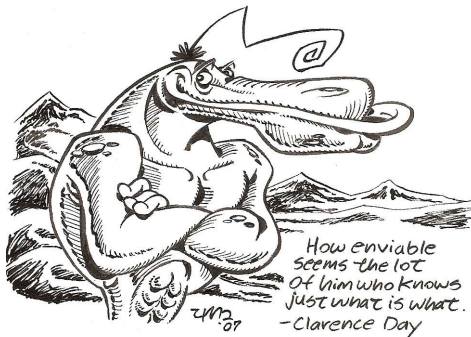


1970s and 1980s – I read that one management company tried their best, but it was designed before security became paramount, and had too many entrances. A colleague of mine had a flat there years ago, when he was a student. And he said that you could see the faded elegance in the flats.

And the Carlton Centre is in the middle of the Johannesburg CBD, and businesses have fled from there.

The new building, the Leonardo, is built in Sandton, the new hot location for businesses – except for those like my firm who have gone even further North, towards Midrand.

*How strong and steadfast those without  
The least uncertainty or doubt.*



*How enviable  
seems the lot  
of him who knows  
just what is what.  
-Clarence Day*

Ironically enough, no other city in South Africa contains any of the rest of Africa's tallest buildings. And the planned tallest building in Kenya, does not currently have any building activity. If the building is ever complete as planned, it will be significantly higher than any of the buildings in Johannesburg.

In the mean while it is just politics as usual. Eskom is still a black hole sucking up money, and the unions are still not interested in any remedial action which will cost jobs. Looks like the country will have to collapse before they will take things seriously – and maybe not even then – people can be wilfully blind if they really want. And we have a lot of wilfully blind people out there, not all of them politicians or in union leadership.

For some reason I find Pam Uphoff's *Wine of the Gods* and *The Directorate* series fascinating – have to read the books as soon as I get hold of them, and I am willing to reread some favourites after a very short time.

Otherwise I am keeping my head down, as I continue to live and work in South Africa.

I hope you will always find a readable book when you need one.

Thank you for your concern. "Finding" is the problem. There used to be a dearth of SF out there; now there is a plethora, and between the lack of filtering and the proliferation of agendas

there is the problem of finding something to one's tastes. Sometimes I have to write them myself.

— JTM

From: **John Hertz** October 10, 2019  
236 S. Coronado St., N. 409 Los Angeles, CA 90057 USA

Perhaps you are the Newer Christy Minstrels.

The Royal Manticoran Navy, mentioned by Leigh Kimmel in connection with Inconjunction XXXIX, were a big help at Spikecon. Alas, I left them out of my con report, which the electronic may see at

<http://file770.com/spikeconspoonfuls/>

(and others may have on paper from me for the asking). Thanks to Rodford Edmiston for his photos; they would have been more useful if labeled.

About the fan-category Hugos, I keep saying the outstanding difficulty is that we don't nominate. The ballot is then dominated by choices of people who do. I've looked at this year's numbers. They are the same. I've been published in fanzines about this — *Banana Wings*; what better could you ask? — for six years that I recall.

The plaint is that the blogger hints that a Hugo nomination would be nice, and her followers proceed to do so.

— JTM

Even George Price misstates the Dred Scott decision. Justice Taney (pronounced as if spelled "tawny") never "asserted" that "free blacks should never become citizens". He was not saying what he wanted. He was analyzing what the law required. He had freed his own slaves. Years before being placed on the Supreme Court he had spoken against slavery.

I like, mostly, V. Hopkins, *Dred Scott's Case* (rev. 1967). Hopkins says he means to treat the case *sine ira et odio* (Latin, "without anger or hatred"), and does, in 200 pages. This is short. By the time the case came to the Supreme Court there were many complications. Much more has been written, before and since. In 1819 Taney defended a Methodist minister (Taney himself was a Catholic) who at a camp-meeting in Maryland attended by three thousand of whom four hundred were blacks; the minister had condemned slavery, was indicted for inciting rebellion. Taney, pointing to the freedom of speech, got an acquittal: but he said more.

Mr. Gruber is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.... No slaveholder is allowed to be a minister of that church. Their preachers are accustomed ... to speak of the injustice and oppres-

sions of slavery..., if any slave-holder believed it dangerous [for] his slaves to learn that all slavery is unjust and oppressive, and persuaded himself that they would not, of themselves, be able to make that discovery, it was in his power to prevent them from attending.

Nor was that all.

We are prepared to maintain the same principles, and to use, if necessary, the same language here...., the evil of slavery.... is a blot on our national character.

Samuel Tyler's *Memoir of Roger Brooke Taney* (1872) ends its report of the Gruber case, "Upon such grounds did Mr. Taney rest ... before a slave-holding jury and before slave-holding judges" (p. 131).

**WAHF:**  
**Martin Morse Wooster**, with various items of interest.  
**Patrick McCray**, with thanks.

SEEN ON THE WAY  
by Lisa

We were heading down Bardstown Road when I saw a hilarious sign. It read:

Hello! My name is Inigo Montoya.  
There is a yard sale on Rufer Avenue with great cheap stuff.  
Prepare to buy!

I spent the next few minutes laughing in appreciation. That was as good as my two favorite TV commercials. In the first a family is standing in front of a vacation machine with various choices. They choose St. Petersburg and materialize to snow and buildings with strange spires. One of the kids remarks that he doesn't think they're in Kansas anymore.

The second commercial is Flo from Progressive. She has traveled back in time to 1460 England. A woman sitting on a throne condemns her to standard treatment of the time for witches.

Sadly neither commercial ever got aired enough for me to tire of them.



*Yeah...I'm a ghoud little fan-  
I sent in my Hugo nominations!*

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WALT DISNEY PRESENTS  
STAR WARS

*Star Wars: Aguirre, the Wrath of the Force*  
Directed and written by Werner Herzog  
<https://www.imdb.com/title/tt2585410/>

In this thrilling new tale set in the Star Wars Universe, Herzog tells a tale of the dark days of the Galactic Empire. Grand Moff Aguirre (James Franco) is dispatched by Emperor Palpatine to explore the dangerous and mysterious Manus Sector, with an aim of discovering a new source of kyber crystals.

Their ship breaks down on the planet Cynsky, a wretched hellhole of scum and villany. Stranded and beleaguered, the ill-equipped expedition disintegrates into hellish squalor and chaos.

Isolated and becoming increasingly withdrawn, Grand Moff Aguirre begins enforcing discipline with ruthless and unpredictable cruelty. In an ultimate act of rebellion, the unstable Aguirre proclaims his dim-witted sparkly underling Ferdinand (Robert Pattinson) Emperor and declares war upon Palpatine and all his Sith.

Mutiny and counter-mutiny flourish among the abandoned expedition, separated from any starship and in a desperate trek through hazardous forests, empty deserts, and ruined cities to reach a ship that is rumored to have landed. Under the strain and pressure of the expedition, Aguirre becomes slowly mad, ranting and declaring that Palpatine is betraying the Sith, randomly killing men for being turncoats. His daughter Yenna (Nicole Kidman) is his helpless puppet, having come on the expedition as Chief Scientist and found herself trapped.

Ambushes take many of the party, and in a climactic grisly scene, Aguirre kills his daughter, crying as he does, "You will not be the child of a failure!"

In the terrifying finale, with all the other members of the expedition dead, Aguirre stands on the deck of a wrecked spaceship, surrounded by Ewoks. He declares, "I, the Wrath of the Force, will marry my own daughter, and with her I will found the purest dynasty the Galaxy has ever seen. Together, we shall rule this entire sector. We shall endure. I am the Wrath of the Force . . . who else is with me?"

Herzog has taken the Star Wars saga in a new and darker course. Five stars, four avocados, and two thumbs up.

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Co-Editors: Lisa & Joseph Major  
Co-Publishers: Joseph & Lisa Major  
Writers, Staff: Major, Joseph, Major, Lisa

This is issue **Whole Number One Hundred and Seven (107)**.

**Art:** What we are mainly looking for is small fillos. Your fillo will probably be scanned in and may be reused, unless you object to its reuse.

**Contributions:** This is not a fictionzine. It is intended to be our fanzine, so be interesting.

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WHEN I CAN'T IDENTIFY A CHARACTER IN  
THE TRIANGLE FANFICTION CARTOONS,  
I ASSUME IT'S AN INCARNATION OF THE DOCTOR

IT'S A FAIR COP



<http://arthurkingoftimeandspace.com/creativeprocess>

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