

ALEXIAD

(ΑΛΕΞΙΑΣ)

\$2.00

Friday marked the nineteenth anniversary of 9/11. I spent most of the day watching remembrances on the history channel. It is hard for me to believe it has really and truly been nineteen years since that horrible day. I recall only too well the sick realization that my country was at war.

— Lisa

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 Richard A. Dengrove, Tom Feller, John Hertz, Robert S. Kennedy, Lloyd Penney, George W. Price, David M. Shea, Taras Wolansky

Comments are by JTM or LTM

- The 146th Running of the Kentucky Derby was **September 5, 2020**. Authentic won in a race without spectators. No Triple Crown this year, among other bad things.
- The 145th Running of the Preakness Stakes was **October 3, 2020**. Swiss Skydiver won in a thrilling stretch duel. She is the first filly to win the Preakness since Rachel Alexandra in 2009.
- The 152nd Running of the Belmont Stakes was **June 20, 2020**. The distance was shortened to a mile and one-eighth, and the race was run without spectators. Tiz the Law won by four lengths.
- The 95th Running of the Hambletonian (1st leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) was **August 8, 2020** at Meadowlands Racetrack in East Rutherford, New Jersey. Ramona Hill won, one of eighteen fillies which have won the Hambletonian.
- The 66th Running of the Yonkers Trot (2nd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) at Yonkers Raceway in Yonkers, New York was canceled.
- The 127th Running of the Kentucky Futurity (3rd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) was **October 11, 2020** at the Red Mile

in Lexington, Kentucky. Amigo Volo won.

- The 66th Running of the Cane Pace (1st leg of the Pacing Triple Crown) was **August 8, 2020** at Meadowlands Racetrack in East Rutherford, New Jersey. Tall Dark Stranger put on a blazing finish to win, while Captain Kirk came in third.
- The 65th Running of the Messenger Stakes (2nd leg of the Pacing Triple Crown) at Yonkers Raceway in Yonkers, New York was canceled.
- The 75th Running of the Little Brown Jug (3rd leg of the Pacing Triple Crown) was **September 24, 2020** at the Delaware County Fair in Delaware, Ohio. In a race without spectators Captain Barbossa took advantage of the two leaders having worn each other out to win.

Trivia: 8

Art:

- Sheryl Birkhead..... 5
- Trinlay Khadro 2, 3, 4
- Marc Schirmeister..... 6, 7, 8, 9

Printed on October 13, 2020
 Deadline is **December 1, 2020**

Reviewer's Notes

The repercussions of my coincidental problems continue. As you will notice from the thinness of this issue. Most of my reading has been non-SF connected.

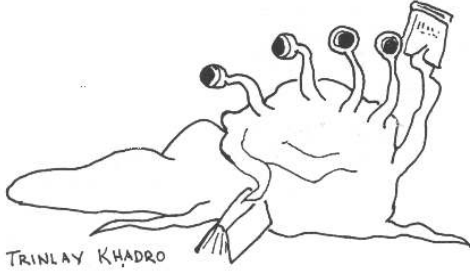
A flurry of posts on the Society for the Perpetuation of Fannish Fandom has approvingly cited the National Fantasy Fan Federation, the N3F. If nothing else, you can join as a Public Member for free, and get their nine (9!) fanzines by email. And other fanzines, including this one.

The very long-remembered will recall that it was considered a refuge for goshwowoboyoboy neos (and you have to be long-remembered to remember what those mean), including an infamous incident where an old fan and tired, returning from a gafiation (more old words) joined up to see what had been happening when he had been away, and got a "welcome to Fandom" greeting letter. It seems now to be a last refuge of older Fans.

Cancellations continue, and being shut in has caused a rise in crankiness. There are several examples of the latter, and I don't want to inflame opinion by going into detail. A vaccination is needed now more than ever.

— 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 directly from George Price for a reasonable sum.)

https://www.amazon.com/-/e/B01BMIC4MU?ref_=pe_1724030_132998070

— Advt.

The current proposed schedule for the Artemis Moon landing project is that Artemis 1, an unmanned test, will make a loop around the moon in 2021. Two years later, Artemis 2 will repeat Apollo 8, making an orbit of the moon with a crew. And in 2024 Artemis 3 will land at the lunar south pole, hopefully before the last moonwalker passes away.

All plans subject to change without notice.

“Is it normal for all of the men to smoke?”

“It is in my experience, Doctor. One of the few comforts for soldiers.”

“Very good for them, of course, Colonel. Medical evidence is clear that tobacco smoke kills the germs that would otherwise infest the air passages. Cigarettes are better than pipes for the purpose.”

“Does not tobacco make men cough, Doctor?”

“No. Quite the opposite. Most men find their bronchial passages infected by germs as they reach adulthood. They would all cough in the natural way of things. The tobacco reduces the severity of the cough they would otherwise have. My lecturers were very clear on that point at Medical School.”

— Andrew Wareham, *The Winter War*

It is well when writing a novel set in another period to have the characters generally express attitudes of the period, or if different to explain why the characters are out of keeping with their peers.

So this is why Blackadder, George, and even Baldrick should have been puffing away

in the trenches. It's a cunning plan to clear your lungs.

For those who take part, we have received notice that the 2021 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund race will be canceled. This is the latest in the string of cancellations due to the ongoing pandemic. Stay tuned.

The M/V *Polarstern*, research icebreaker of the German Alfred Wegener Institute for Polar and Marine Research has completed her year-long freeze-in in the Arctic ice, returning to Bremhaven on October 12. Their report is that the ice is dwindling away.

The inexorable march of time, the destroyer of delights and the sunderer of societies, has struck again. **Dame Enid Diana Elizabeth Rigg** CBE died September 10, 2020, of cancer. Born July 20, 1938, she was first best known as the talented amateur Emma Peel in *The Avengers*, though she only appeared for two series, leaving because she was paid less than the cameraman. In other genre-related work, she appeared on *Doctor Who* with the Eleventh Doctor Matt Smith, and in *Game of Thrones* as Olenna Tyrell, getting killed (of course!) in the seventh season.

She had several relationships, including a marriage to Archie Stirling, nephew of Sir David Stirling; their daughter Rachel Stirling has also appeared in *Doctor Who*.

MONARCHICAL NEWS

The Brussels Court of Appeals has ruled that the former Delphine Boël, natural daughter of King Albert II and Baroness Sybille de Selys Longchamps, is **Her Royal Highness Princess Delphine van Saksen-Coburg/de Saxe-Coburg**. The princess was ruled to be King Albert's daughter after DNA tests in January of this year. She and her children **Princess Joséphine** and **Prince Oscar** are now royal, but not in line of succession.

YOU'RE SO VAIN

by Joe

There will be a solar eclipse on **December 14**, visible in Arucania Region, Los Ríos Region, and Bío Bío Region of Chile and the Northern Patagonia Region of Argentina. Maximum totality will be 130 seconds, visible at 40° 18' S. 67° 54' W. in Argentina. The eclipse is part of Saros 142, which began April 17, 1624 and will end June 5, 2904.

NASA Eclipse website:
<https://eclipse.gsfc.nasa.gov/eclipse.html>

Other useful eclipse websites:

<http://www.hermit.org/Eclipse>

<http://www.eclipse.org.uk/>

ISLANDIA

Review by Joseph T Major of
PRINCES OF SANDASTRE:

The Perilous Quest for Lyonesse Volume 1

(1990, 2020; Gateway;

ISBN 978-1473232235; \$31.99;

Gateway (Kindle); \$4.99)

and

THE LORDS OF THE STONEY MOUNTAINS

The Perilous Quest for Lyonesse Volume 2

by “Antony Swithin”

[William Antony Swithin Sarjeant],

Edited by Marc Sebanc

(1991, 2020; Gateway;

ISBN 978-1473232242; \$24.12;

Gateway (Kindle); \$4.99)

In 1942, the heirs of Professor Austin Tappan Wright of Berkeley Law School published a novel he had written titled *Islandia*. He had been a Professor at Berkeley Law School; his father had been a classical scholar and his mother a novelist. The professor had kept something secret until his death in 1931 in an automobile accident.

He had spent years and years inventing a new land; with its own history, languages, culture, and geography. As you can see he died too soon to read *The Hobbit* (1937). After some editing, the book came out, with its detailed description of an alternative land in the Karain subcontinent of the Pacific Ocean.

In a sequel, Wright's completor and editor explained how Islandia had been conquered by Japan in World War II. A beginning of this process might be found in Christopher Nicole's historical novel *Lord of the Golden Fan* (1973), about Will Adams, an English ship pilot who travels to Japan in 1600, meets the future *sei-i taish gun* Tokugawa Ieyasu, and becomes his *anjin* (pilot), organizing several trade expeditions. Then as a part of his *King Rat* eastern history novel series, Charles Edmund Dumaresq “James” Clavell wrote *Sh gun* (1975) about John Blackthorne, an English ship pilot who travels to Japan in 1600, meets the future *sei-i taish gun* Yoshi Toronaga, and becomes his *anjin* (pilot), organizing several trade expeditions. (P.S. Nicole used the *real* names.)

Adams might have sailed past the Atlantic island of Rockall. Rockall is at 57° 35' 45.7" N 13° 41' 14.3" W, in the Atlantic Ocean, 187 miles west of Scotland, 263 miles northwest of Ireland, and 430 miles south of Iceland. It was claimed by the United Kingdom in 1955. Rockall has a land area of 8442 square feet (784.3 m²).

At first none of this matters to one Simon Branthwaite, a refugee. It seems that in the year of grace MCDIII, his father and older brother had come out for Lord Percy. Unfortunately, Hotspur had fought the King at Shrewsbury and lost both the battle and his life, leaving the Branthwaites with a desperate need to go abroad. In fact, Simon hears, to Lyonesse.

Now Lyonesse was sort of underwater at

the time, having been an extension of Cornwall that suffered Atlantisization because of its wickedness, in the aftermath of the reign of Arthur. But, Simon hears, there is another Lyonesse. (Yeah, Lothian in Scotland.)

All the same Simon goes to Bristol to find a ship to take him to Lyonesse. The dock area is like it seems every other dock area in the world, and he saves a foreigner from being ambushed. Turns out the ambush is not from boredom, or the old ultra-violence, or even money. The guy is being set up for a political hit. Simon manages to avert it, through clumsiness and craft.

However, he does have a contact for a ship going to Sandastre, which is in the same direction as this Lyonesse, out in the middle of the Atlantic. Moreover, this Avran Estantesec is going back there.

And perhaps it was a good idea for him to have Simon along, as Simon manages to foil a second assassination attempt on board. Somebody out there doesn't like Avran.

But they are sailing southwest; this Rockall is more in the latitude of Portugal. What that brings to mind is Antillia, the legendary dominion founded by the seven Visigothic bishops escaping the Islamic conquest of Spain.

Then they reach Sandastre. The capitol city is beautifully designed, nigh a resort. And Avran is the son of the ruler (!). Yet he is received in a most unaffected manner. As it happens, he's not the heir, but the way things have going that status could change at any moment.

This is part of the world-building. The Eslef (Prince) is a primus inter pares, not an absolute monarch, and the succession, should the direct line run out (which with all the murders in Avran's family seems to be something to consider) would be decided by the council.

And what strikes Simon is the escort that comes to bring Avran to their home. They are riding not horses, but strange animals with horns. It turns out that a skilled rider can control this beast, called in the Sandastrian language *sevdru* (pl. *sevdryen*), by force of will. (The original edition used the word "telepathy", which the editor seems to have thought anachronistic.)

One of the riders strikes Simon's eye, and perhaps contrawise. It's Avran's sister, whose name is Ilven.

The plot goes along several lines for the next few chapters. In one, Simon learns more about the flora and fauna of Rockall. One of which adopts him, a *vaisan*, a small furry animal about the size of a cat, but which bonds to one person for life. This one happened to be the *vaisan* of Avran's and Ilven's dead brother, and it was wasting away until Simon showed up.

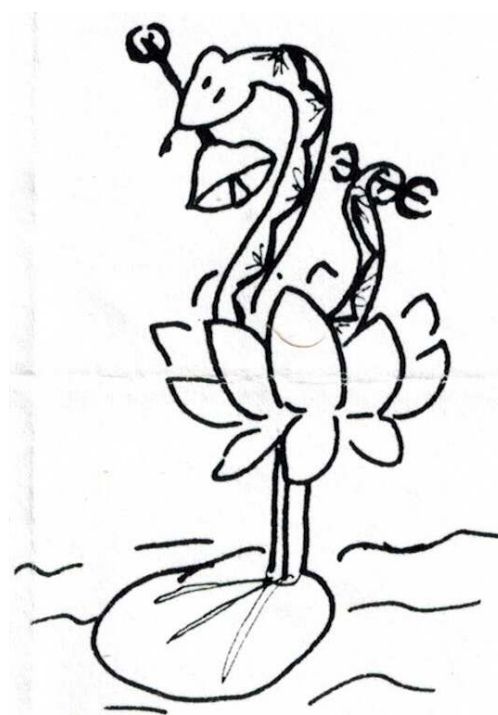
The plants are different too, with exotic flowers in particular. The fortress city they are in was modeled after one.

In the second one, Simon learns the local

language. The only people who speak English there are Avran, Ilven, and the somewhat comical son of the eslef's chancellor, who becomes Simon's servant. The language issues become important later.

In the third one, Simon does his anjin act, except it's with archery. They really need *The White Company* (1891) to lend a hand. Not only does Simon have to teach longbow archery, he has to find the trees that make good bows. He puts on a striking demonstration, with the help of many, including Ilven, who figured out how to get closer to him.

In the fourth, the intrigue regarding the plot against Sandastre continues. Simon finds himself getting wedged into various encounters with plotters, who for various reasons don't notice him. His first revelation depends on his memorizing a conversation in a language he doesn't know, which is something.



And finally, it all comes together, when Ilven takes Simon out for a ride. She starts explaining the various words for "love" in their language — love of a pet, love of a family member, and love of a spouse. Which last, she adds, is what she feels for Simon and which she thinks he feels for her. She was right. (The woman always knows first.)

So Simon is betrothed. Except now, he has to pick up his quest to find his father and brother. He will have something extra to say to them, evidently. With much regret, everyone agrees. And Avran goes along, being too much of a target there at home.

It's not clear whether the first ambush they run into is a specific assassination attempt or merely standard-issue banditry. Fortunately

Simon has resources the locals don't know about. (Not only is he an archer, he is a knife-thrower.)

And for the next few weeks their journey is a slog. Which picks up when they meet a wandering conjuror, who uses several of his stage tricks to confound assailants and enemies. But he still can't help Simon resolve the advances of a grateful young woman of presence, drawn to the exotic rescuer. He has a goal, understand, and someone to return to once he finds them. Fortunately this works out for him in the end.

There are Englishmen around, and rumours of more in other nearby places, but so far no sign of Simon's father and brother. He will have to continue his search when this series is . . . **To Be Continued.**

Swithin published four books of this series in his lifetime, the other two being *The Winds of the Wastelands* (1992) and *The Nine Gods of Saffadne* (1993). He died of cancer in 2002. Sebanc states that he had plans for a dozen works. How much of this will be the author's and how much the editor's works remains to be seen.

The effort required at the worldbuilding must have been immense. Moreover, Swithin manages to convey it naturally — probably because his protagonist has to have it all explained to him anyway, so we the readers string along listening.

It's not an ideal land, kept so by restrictions on technology and mandatory Wasserman tests; there is intrigue, assassinations, and banditry. Simon may have traded one dangerous situation for another.

MINE THAT BIRD

Review by Joseph T Major of
PRACTICE TO DECEIVE
by Ann Rule

(2014; Gallery Books;
ISBN 978-1416544623; \$26.99;
Gallery Books (Kindle); \$8.99)

The author had a certain . . . dissonance about the writing of the book. At one point, one of the suspects was named Peggy Sue Stackhouse. (She remarried frequently.) Ann Rule was born Ann Rae Stackhouse, which was why her earlier books were as by "Andy Stack".

But at another point, Peggy Sue was married to Mark Allen, owner of longshot Kentucky Derby winner Mine That Bird (2009). Their marriage was brief but profitable for her.

Mine That Bird was not even foaled when Russell Douglas was found dead in an automobile on Whidbey Island, in Washington state, on December 26, 2003. He had been shot in the head, and for some time suicide had been considered a possibility, only ruled out when no weapon was found in the vicinity of the vehicle.

His wife was, as expected, a prime suspect. She was a bit hasty about wanting the insur-

ance money. However, they could not find anything to tie her to the murder.

The late Mr. Douglas had an interesting collection of sex toys, but then he had had a side-line selling them. That lead lead nowhere, as well.

The investigators prowled among several locals, finding a tangled skein of relationships and some curious attachments, but none that led anywhere. Finally, they found a trail leading to a former Whidbey Island resident named Jim Huden, who had relocated to Florida. Interviewing him was perilous, since Hurrricane Charley was bearing down on them. He answered some questions, indicated he would answer more . . . and then vanished into the hurricane.

But they had a suspect. And shortly thereafter, they got the murder weapon. Huden had not thrown in into the ocean, but had given it to a friend, who turned it in.

After that they focused on the intermediary, Peggy Sue Thomas (as she was then). As they followed her from marriage to marriage, she eluded being pinned down, and for that too. Then the case broke when an itinerant musician was arrested in Mexico. Jim Huden was extradited to the U.S. and then things began to move.

Finally, in 2012, Huden went to trial. In spite of having no defense, he went to court, though he at least didn't go on the stand. They gave him life plus thirty years. Too bad for the reincarnated kid John Huden.

After that they went for Peggy Sue. She at least pleaded out, taking a four-year sentence. Which left only Mrs. Douglas, who had blown through her late husband's insurance money and was flat broke. They couldn't pin anything on her, however.

And so we end a crime story that begins and ends in mystery. We know who, but not how. Why seems a little more obvious (money) but that seems to be the only motive, and how the murder was arranged is a vacancy.

GRACE AND INFAMY
by Lisa Major

It has been more than two years since Edgar Ray Killen, convicted of three of the most infamous murders of the century, the murders of Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney, died in prison. His death raised a question I have not been able to find an answer to. Killen was born the same year as my father. So there are two men born the same year. One man, my father, lived and is living a life of grace. The other is responsible for infamous murders. I do not understand how one man can live a life of grace and the other one of infamy which he apparently never repents of.

INTERNATIONAL MONTH
by Lisa Major

September is International Month. Nor-

mally we of the libraries get assigned a country in order that we may display books about and have programs about the country our branch is assigned. This year, though, we are not open to the public, so nobody is assigned a country. I decide that I will have my own private studies of a country. But which one? I puzzle over this for a few days until I realize that I have been walking past my answer just about every morning. There is a bakery owned by a woman from Uganda who has a marvelous display of products from Uganda in her window.

Choosing Uganda means an easy source of products from my country of choice. A lazy reason to choose Uganda, I admit. But it was a royal pain finding something from Spain, last year's country at my library branch. Products from Japan and India were much easier to find than something from Spain. Products from Japan and India are sold at many places in Louisville.

And so I go into her store to buy the customary product from the year's country. It is a difficult choice among all her crafts but finally I walk out with a carved wooden elephant, a wooden bracelet and a decorated little bowl which is the only thing guaranteed to be from Uganda. The little bowl gives me something of the same feeling of a calm serenity I got from my little Japanese rice bowl I bought when my library was assigned Japan.



TRIPLE CROWN 2020
by Lisa Major

This year the Belmont, normally the last of the Triple Crown races, was run first. The winner was Tiz the Law. Unfortunately the Belmont forfeited its claim to being the test of champions. Instead of a mile and a half it was cut down to a mile and an eighth. Tiz the Law is

owned by Sackatoga Stable, the same folks who brought us Funny Cide.

The Derby was run on September 5. Tiz the Law went into the Derby as the favorite only to be upset by Authentic, trained by Bob Baffert. Authentic's win gave Baffert a tie with Calumet's legendary trainer Ben Jones, they both now having six Derby wins. I did not care much for the masks the jockeys wore. It seemed highly unsafe to me for them to have their vision blocked that way. It may be that the masks do not block their vision the way they do mine. For the sake of the jockeys, I hope that is so.

In the Preakness Swiss Skydiver outgamed the favorite Authentic to become the sixth filly to win the Preakness. You go, girl!!!!

WORLDCON BIDS

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

Memphis, Tennessee
August 23-27, 2023
<https://www.memphis23.org/>

New Orleans
(On hiatus)

2024
Glasgow
August 8-12, 2014
<http://glasgow2024.org/>

2025
Seattle
Mid-August 2025

Brisbane, Australia

2026
Jeddah, Saudi Arabia
<https://jeddicon.com/>

They just don't give up.

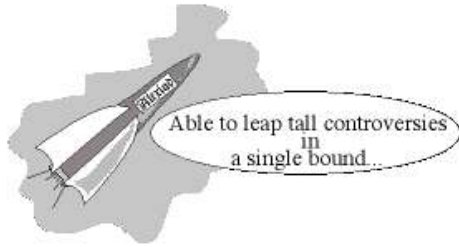
WORLDCON

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

And now it looks like the Washington Marriott Wardman park, the main convention hotel, may be closed.

2022
Chicon 8
Chicago
September 1-5, 2022
<http://www.chicon.org>

 Letters, we get letters



From: **Tom Feller** September 17, 2020
tomfeller@aol.com

Thanks for sending the zine.

I have no comments on articles, but did want to let you know how we are doing. As you may remember, we live in McKendree Village, which is what they call a "Continuing Care Retirement Community", and reside in the independent living building. Officially, we are allowed to come and go as we please, but unofficially, they strongly discourage us from taking any unnecessary trips off campus. Our building has stayed Covid-19 free, but one resident in the nursing home building and five employees have tested positive. We are going stir crazy, as you can imagine.

So many of our recipients are in that sort of living space. I haven't seen Grant or Tim since March because of that, and Bob Kennedy is in one as well.

— JTM

From: **Richard A. Dengrove** Sept. 25, 2020
 2651 Arlington Drive, #302, Alexandria, VA 22306-3626 USA
RichD22426@aol.com

A letter of comment for *Alexiad* August 2020.

Lisa, you talk about your sister sending you masks free. I got one free from my wife Heidi. She had watched a Korean woman on YouTube make one from a sock. Then she made herself and me one. It was not great looking but fit the bill. Then, all of a sudden, masks became cheap enough to buy en masse. I wonder if the YouTube video caused the prices to fall.

In "Reviewers' Notes," Joe, you talk about an icebreaker, the USCGC *Healy*. How many icebreakers does the US have? I hear the US government barely only has one.

Two; the *Healy* (WAGB-20) and the *Polar Star* (WAGB-10). Every year a proposal is made to build more icebreakers, and every year it vanishes.

In reviewing *My Enemy's Enemy*, you talk about the atom bomb and the Third Reich. I heard that one problem was it failed to put enough blood and treasure into the project. Another was the advocates of Aryan physics drove nearly all the experts out.

Rodford Edmiston, in his "Joys of High Tech," mentions a trench known as the Challenger Deep. I was wondering whether this was a play on Conan Doyle's Maracot Deep. There, underwater explorers reach the remnants of a scientifically advanced Atlantis. As for Professor Challenger, he was the hero of several Conan Doyle stories and at novels.

No, it's a real undersea depression; deepest in the world. It's named after the survey ship HMS *Challenger*.

— JTM

Also, Rodford mentions plate tectonics and the Saint Andreas Fault. I remember reading a book that speculates on the future after man. In 40 million years, the fault has moved Southern California to near Alaska.

Back to Reviews. In reviewing "The Big Bang Theory," Taral Wayne got it right: the show was about arrested development among super nerds. Howard was a decent sort. However, the others were impossible.

Now I go to the letters. First Timothy Lane's letter. I'd like to tell Tim, good, keep on exercising. I have been lifting weights – not much weight – for 20 years. I like the results: I look better and apparently feel better than others at 75. That doesn't mean I'm not having any of the problems of old age. Exercise is not the fountain of youth as one doctor told me.

Another comment on Tim's letter concerns a woman who thanked her parents, Ayn Rand and God. Lacking a comma between Ayn Rand and God, Tim decided they must be married. I am of a different opinion: they were married and now they're divorced. The reason was Ayn Rand was an Atheist.

In responding to Robert Kennedy, I agree with you, Joe: the Neanderthals were destroyed by intermarriage. In fact, according to their DNA, the late Neanderthals only had Cro-Magnon mothers.

In commenting on George W. Price, I have to say he is a man of principle. With the lines drawn, he can still criticize Trump when he thinks he's wrong. I hope I could do the same for a President I favored.

In his letter, Taras Wolansky wonders about the Trojan Horse. I have always believed that it was a Gift Bearing Greeks.

I think that's about it for now.

From: **Lloyd Penney** September 26, 2020
 1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2 CANADA
penneys@bell.net
<http://lloydpenney.livejournal.com/>

Many thanks for issue 112 of *Alexiad* . .

.don't worry about lateness, you have an awful lot on your plate these days. A lot of us do. Just getting it out when time allows is plenty good enough. Time to get moving to meet the deadline.

We are at the stage of the COVID-19 pandemic where we're heading towards a second peak of cases. Most countries are working hard to keep masked, socially distanced and aware of the news and any scientists' announcements about what to do, what to be aware of and what may be coming next. Even with all this, we've been lucky to keep our casualties down to about 9,300. Yvonne has been making masks for us and for friends, and I've been busy as an editor, plus making jewelry. Gotta do something to pass the time, seeing how many special social events have been cancelled.

I miss dogs to some extent . . . there are a few we see here and there as we travel, but I do miss cats. They are rarely seen outside if ever. We have no pets of our own, so we do appreciate the pets of others. Like being an aunt and uncle, we can enjoy their company, and then give them back at the end of the day. It's been a long time since that has happened.

This year's retroHugos . . . Great to see a Canadian winner in Joe Shuster. I hope the estate and the organizers of the Joe Shuster Awards, Canada's annual comics awards, know about this. Same goes for Amal El-Mohtar, another Canadian Hugo winner.

The local, and my loc . . . We are now attending our pub Orwell's for every Third Monday fannish pubnight, so that's gotten back to relative normal. I am starting to take complete stock of all the various earrings, necklaces, brooches, and other jewelry items, and I will put them on our Facebook page to try to sell them there. If that doesn't work, we will experiment with other social media.

The fan expectations for the various modern-day Trek properties are very high, and unrealistic. They want the same as what was produced in the 60s, and that level of tech . . . I just want a good story. I enjoyed both *Discovery* and *Picard*, and I did see the first two episodes of *Lower Decks* . . . I am PVRing them, and I expect I will see them at some time. I find them a little too manic.

There was a meme about whether Star Wars or Star Trek was better, and the Trek reply was that they didn't hate six out of nine of the films. But now it seems the Trek fans are getting that way, too. Maybe they should all retreat to AO3 and let the rest of us watch unbothered.

— JTM

Rich Dengrove, you honour me. I am just having fun contributing to fanzines, and I pray they continue on. I am not receiving as many zines as I used to, but with other activities here and there, I have enough zines coming in to

keep me more than busy. I have had times where I wonder if what I do matters, but the participation is usually enough to keep me going.

It is late, my eyes are crossing, and I am choosing my words carefully, so I must be quite tired. I will wind it down, fire it off, but not before saying my goodnights, and giving you my thanks for another issue of interest. See you with the next one.

From: **George W. Price** September 29, 2020
4418 N. Monitor Avenue, Chicago, IL
60630-3333 USA
price4418@comcast.net

August *Alexiad*:

In "Humor Risk" Joe reviews *Giraffes on Horseback Salad*, by Josh Frank et al. He finds the story "exotic and wacky," and says that is an "amazing thrilling wonder." I expect it also had some startling and fantastic adventures, and might even count as one of those famous fantastic mysteries. Or is that unknown?

It's an analog of a story from a galaxy far far away. And the tale is astounding!

—JTM

Taras Wolansky suggests that "the Trojan Horse of legend is actually the garbled recollection of a siege engine, in a society that had regressed and could no longer build such things."

Could well be! In that line, I have seen it theorized that the myth of centaurs arose when primitives first saw a man on horseback, and assumed it was all one creature.

"What Happened to Milo" (not by Simon Wiesenthal or Joseph Heller) reminded me of a famous image in the movie version of *Catch-22* (I'm not sure if it is in the book). A light plane swoops down on a swimmer standing upright on a diving float and the propeller shears off his upper body cleanly, disintegrating him from the waist up into a great spray of bloody bits. The lower torso and legs remain standing for a moment, and then topple over into the water.

It is a horrifying and powerful image. It is also complete b.s. — a flat-out physical impossibility.

Using reasonable assumptions as to the speed of the plane and the revolutions per minute of the propeller, it is easy to calculate that the propeller blades would strike the man only once, or maybe twice at the most. Those one or two strikes would make terrible (and likely fatal) gashes, and fling the mangled body off the float. And the impact might break the propeller blades, or even knock the plane

out of the air.

But there would be no buzz-saw shredding effect.



Our present problems with how to provide a temporary income to large numbers of workers laid off because of the pandemic make me wonder if one long-term effect might be to resurrect an old idea: We should all have enough savings to tide us over a long period of unemployment. It might become the expected pattern that when you split off from your parents and get a full-time job, you will start saving as much as possible — living as frugally as you can — during your first few years as a working-man (or woman). When you have saved enough to support yourself during a long and unexpected layoff — say, a year at a subsistence level — then you could start thinking of getting married and buying a house, and so on. Failing to thus prepare for a rainy day that might be a year long would be considered socially irresponsible.

If something like that became the social norm, we wouldn't have to worry about the government suddenly having to take care of large numbers of people during a pandemic or other prolonged emergency.

To be sure, we would also have to make it an ironclad rule that the politicians must not inflate the currency or otherwise undercut the value of our savings. Well, I can dream, can't I?

From: **David M. Shea** September 26, 2020
4716 Dorsey Hall Drive, Unit 506, Elliott City, MD 21042-5988 USA

Well, this is a surprise. I wrote. "What Isobel Deserves" on impulse one day, and sent a copy to you because it was a well known special interest of yours. If I expected any reply, it might have been a note arguing with my conclusion. I had no idea *Alexiad* still existed, or that you were still active in fandom. My only activity in fandom for the last several years has been a LOC now and then in William Breiding's *Portable Storage* that he kindly sent me. Okay, I did receive one issue of *Rune*.

I also miss the libraries. The only activity here is that one may pick a book off the website, and come into the lobby to collect it in a disinfected bag. My usual library activity is to read periodicals, and browse the shelves looking for something interesting. There is no prospect of that style of library use returning soon.

(Here in Louisville some branches are open for computer use but most are still doing curbside. I miss getting to interact with our patrons. Work at a small community library and you really belong to a community of readers.LTM)

I did not know that Salvador Dali was a Marques. The late and unlamented "Frohvet" was once speculated as a Russian Grand Duke, but probably riot valid. There is a Czech tennis player named Linda Fruhvirtova whom I may claim as a distant cousin.

I am a cat enthusiast but have never lived full time with a cat; except once in the Army, when our barracks adopted a stray. Little known fact about the U.S. military, most large bases have a staff veterinarian. Nguyen did riot enjoy being vaccinated but forgave us because we fed him.

What struck me most about the Hugo winners was that without exception I had never heard of any of them.

Join the club.

Grant McCormick: The notion of aliens looking down on the Terrans far predates Niven and the 1970's. See Clarke's "Rescue Party" (1946) or Norton's *Star Guard* (1955).

It is pleasing to see some familiar names in the lettercol, at least. I still have unpublished articles. If anyone wishes to see some of them, for personal interest or even publication, you know where to find me. This offer may not be repeated.

Good to see you're still interested. What all do you have?

—JTM

Old joke, slightly modified:

Two scientists are talking. The first one says, "We've started using members of Congress in some of our experiments."

The second scientist says, "Really? We mostly use rats."

"Well you know how it is," says the first scientist. "You get so attached to the rats . . ." (I hear rats can make good pets.LTM)

From: **Robert S. Kennedy** Sept. 30, 2020
The Terraces of Boise, 5301 East
Warm Springs Ave., Apt. B306, Boise,
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Thank for Vol. 19 No.4 (August 2020,
Whole Number 112).

Things remain about the same here. They reopened the dining room on Monday. Still have to practice distance. There has been one death. But it was from cancer and not caused by the Wuhan virus. I have gone to the dentist, an eye appointment, and a medical appointment. I can get out and go places being very careful and wearing a face mask. Still it's quite boring. I am a member of the Food & Beverage Committee. But we can't meet as a group. I have "attended" two meetings via Zoom in one of the executive's office. I just installed a Web Camera and hopefully that will work and allow me to attend via my own computer.

How ever did the Brady Bunch discover Zoom in the seventies?

I have an excellent window in my Living Room. But for a number of days the view was obscured by smoke from the fires in California, Oregon, and Washington. Now the sky is clear and I have a great view of *The Brown Hills of Boise*. If it was not for the view from my window I would go crazy.

Previously I mentioned BBC America rebroadcasting *Deep Space 9*. Most of you probably know it is still going on. As much as I enjoy the series, if I watched all that is available I would not have time to watch anything else. So I have to delete some of the shows that look like they are not as interesting as others. I sometimes wonder if when recording the actors laugh when they say something meaningless, but which sounds good. Oh, and isn't it wonderful that all the space aliens have humanoid shape, breathe the same air, and speak Standard American English?

I watched the first episode of *Star Trek: Discovery* on CBS. I was not impressed and the acting was poor.

A few weeks ago I received a letter saying that I had won \$1,000,000+. It purported to be from Publishers Clearing House. However, it also listed other organizations. It appeared to be signed by a name I recognized as being with PCH. The letter was poorly constructed. I was to call a certain phone number and ask for a specific person. Included with the letter was a check for \$6,000.00+ for my expenses. It was oddly issued by a local Boise business. In looking at the encoding at the bottom of the check the Check Number was not in the usual position. Also, the rest of the encoding appeared to be longer than usual. But I didn't check that out. The printing on the reverse of the check was a bit off center. It was obviously a SCAM. I can't imagine the trouble I would be in if I had deposited the check and

called the phone number. If this was a major mailing by the Scammers I have to believe there are people who fell for it.

The "Nigerian Prince" emails are appearing again.

—JTM

Taral Wayne: Excellent review of *THE BIG BANG THEORY*. When I first saw it listed I thought it would be another idiot TV show and didn't watch it. A few years ago my niece, Sheila, and her husband, Brad told me to watch it and even gave me a DVD of the first season. I'm very glad that they put me on to the program. I now watch *YOUNG SHELDON* and think that it is even better than *THE BIG BANG THEORY*. The actor playing Young Sheldon is outstanding.

George W. Price: Good comment regarding the President and emergency powers and that the Constitution cannot be suspended. Your saying that the presidential election "will be between worse and worse" is right on. I've been making that comment for some time now.

The September 4 issue of *THE WEEK* magazine reprinted a "cartoon" from the *Pittsburg Post Gazette*. A woman and man are walking past a newspaper stand with a paper headline: "Trump, Biden Trade Barbs". The woman says: "Someday I'd like to vote for the better of two goods rather than the lesser of two evils...." I couldn't agree more. Well, one can always vote for a minor party candidate or leave it blank. But I think that it is a good argument for one of the choices being None of the Above.

Taras Wolansky: I noticed your letter in the September/October issue of the *Skeptical Inquirer*. Also a letter from Alan Dean Foster.

From: **Taras Wolansky** October 1, 2020
Post Office Box 698, Kerhonkson, NY
12446-0698 USA
twolansky@yahoo.com

Thanks for the *Alexiad* August 2020.

If you had made the deadline September 30th, then you could say, "October the First Is too late!"

Rodford Edmiston: Excellent piece on continental drift. On the mixed-up geology of North America: according to John McPhee in *Basin and Range*, American geologists were slow to accept plate tectonics because, early on, it didn't do a good job of explaining that continent.

Another oddity is plate tectonics' tendency to wipe out craters. I once happened to look at a Larousse Encyclopedia of Astronomy from the Sixties, and it asserted that lunar craters were popped volcanic bubbles! The apparent rarity of meteor craters on Earth must have misled some astronomers into ruling them out as the primary cause of lunar craters.

David M. Shea: Maybe I should reread me some Heinlein juveniles!

And while you're at it buy the

essential guide to them! (Written by cough cough cough hack hack aag aag aag aaaargh . . .)



Taral Wayne: My theory is that the initial concept of *The Big Bang Theory* was inspired by Snow White and the Seven Dwarves, except that four "dwarves" were more practical for a sitcom.

Having biologist Amy share Sheldon's Nobel Prize in Physics was indeed an awkward piece of political correctness.

Worldcon Bids: Nice, France no longer in the running for 2023? No matter, as long as it's not Chengdu.

Tim Lane: I hadn't heard about famous abolitionist John Greenleaf Whittier's statue being vandalized but I'm happy that it seems to be only spray paint, according to press accounts. N.B.: When I searched for it online, it seems that only conservative sources had reported the incident.

"But how could [Ayn] Rand be such a militant atheist if she had a daughter by God?" Therein lies the sordid untold story!

Robert S. Kennedy: VHS machines appear to have been designed by Rube Goldberg, and have a tendency to break down.

"Neil Degrasse Tyson . . . blamed the end of Neanderthals on their having been destroyed by us Homo sapiens." This is actually the consensus view, especially if you include indirect effects like out-hunting them. Neanderthals flourished in Europe for hundreds of thousands of years, and then modern humans suddenly showed up and the Neanderthals promptly headed for the exits.

Joe: The fact that whites and Asians have only a small percentage of Neanderthal ancestry suggests that the interbreeding events were limited in size. That so many people have this ancestry is merely because the size of the population that eventually became Europeans and Asians has increased from a few thousand, to billions.

There's the Toba Genetic Bottleneck theory, which states that the human breeding stock was reduced to 3000 — 1000 pairs, because of the effects of the eruption of the Toba volcano in Indonesia, about 75,000 years ago. So I guess they didn't get picky about their partners.



Lloyd Penney: “The fact some states refuse to handle this sickness (thoughts and prayers) ...” I suspect you're reading political propaganda with too little caution. Of course, sophisticated Canadians looking down on uncouth Americans is an ancient comedy trope!

I am much more worried about the Chengdu bid than about Saudi Arabia. China has the money and manpower to buy as many supporting memberships as it needs. And it doesn't seem that there is anything anyone can do about it.

George W. Price: “I never saw a Friden [electromechanical calculator] opened up for servicing . . .” Then you never met the Turkish dwarf — a great guy!

AL du Pisani: The US and the RSA are not that different. Every time the minimum wage is raised, beginning workers, unskilled workers, and mentally challenged workers have a hard time finding jobs.

Retro-Hugos: Are we finally seeing gender quotas pollute the retrospective award? The Leigh Brackett subliterate “best” novel, written when she was a rookie hack and published in the bottom-feeding *Startling Stories*, looks pretty bad compared to the other nominees.

What I thought was odd was that *Animal Farm* and *That Hideous Strength* didn't even get on the ballot.

Brackett also won Related Work for a mere article, but I don't remember what else

was nominated.

Campbell still won Best Editor, but if I remember the full voting results it looked like some obscure women editors did better than they should have.

Dorothy McIlwraith was editor of *Weird Tales*. She got 14 nominations and 52 first-place votes out of 275. Mary Gnaedinger was editor of *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*. She got six nominations and 39 first-place votes. The only other woman who got any nominations was Babette Rosmond, who edited *Doc Savage Magazine*. Campbell got 33 nominations and won on the first round with 151 first-place votes.

—JTM

From: **John Hertz** September 30, 2020
236 S. Coronado St., No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057

We who are here — you who read this — are survivors; at least, for now. Others will survive us.

Susan Ellison outlived Harlan awhile. Roberta Pournelle outlived Jerry awhile. Harlan and Jerry, so dissimilar I have to catch my breath mentioning them in the same sentence, were each strong and maybe great contributors to SF and to our community.

Harlan began as a fan, which may have made him more sensitive to our faults; even through the magnificent moment when someone whose standing as a pro was unassailable rebuked him “But Harlan, I'm a fan” — and past that to end had fanish faults and virtues himself. So had Jerry, who could slip a Nuclear Fizz in the Insurgent manner.

When we say to one another, as we must, Grab that torch, it doesn't, can't mean we should try to imitate the inimitable — or that one each of them was not enough; at least, for now. It means Let us each strive to be as good, or better, in our way, as they were in their way.

And so we can be inspired by what we disagree with. Jerry and I, as I said at his death, used to meet for lunch and disagree. I may never forget phoning Harlan inviting him to a con panel discussing *The Glass Bead Game*.

Thanks for Joe's note of *Giraffes on Horseback Salad* about the Marqués de Púbol and the Higher Marxism. It reminds us to be cautious with “The strangest story ever told”.

Thanks to Lloyd Penney for accepting my rebuke. I hope and pray more of us will vote in the FAAn Awards, will nominate in the fan-category Hugos. Even John Stuart Mill warned of what happens when we look on and do nothing.

To few but George Price can I point out that Friden calculating machines were no improvement over a slide rule in accuracy. They brought precision.

If you think all the fans in *Fallen Angels*

were like Jerry Pournelle you should wash your reading glasses with better soap. If you think Pournelle dreamed of fans' being just like him you may force me to think you're a dope. If you think despite my efforts that characters in books are all wish-fulfillments of their authors I'd better stop giving you rope.

Just this one.

— JTM

WAHF:

Martin Morse Wooster, with various items of interest.
Marty Cantor, Patrick McCray, George Phillies, F. Paul Wilson, with thanks.

FEAR AND LOATHING IN DALLAS

. . . the rain had struggled to wash away the miasma of prejudice and bigotry perpetrated by the fat swine, bloated on their oil money, and the degenerate descendants of the cowboys who did their bidding. The President was going to thrust his head into these great grinders of jaws in a hope of reviving the fortunes of his policy.

The *National Observer* had sent me down to this pesthole in order to report on the visit. Fortified by some uppers and half a bottle of Jim Beam, I was standing on the curb in this dinky island of green surrounded by melting asphalt which they fancied was a park when it happened.

Three shots rang out, and in the tumult I raced across the street to the site of their origin. There had been a rifle visible in the window of the building and I presumed it was just another redneck saying “hey looka this!”

A slimy little man was coming out the door when I came up to it, and I thought I could make out a whiff of gunpowder. I drew my .357, stuck it up his nostril, and said, “Not so fast!”

Instantly we were surrounded by large menacing thugs in official blue uniforms with badges, and I was handcuffed and taken away.

About six that evening my lawyer Dr. Gonzo came down, forcing his 300-pound body through the narrow corridors of the jail which were redolent with the stench of fear from Negroes taken into the cells to be beaten with clubs. “You're free to go,” he said.

At the front desk the spiteful little clerk handed me back all my possessions, even the revolver, which they had thoughtfully unloaded, and then said, “Dr. Duke, they'll take you out the back door.”

His face seemed to be melting, turning into the visage of a lizard, as he issued this threatening ukase. No doubt the police would shoot me while I was trying to escape, or something

of the sort. Dr. Gonzo said, "What's the matter?"

"The press is packed ten-deep out front."

Lynched by the newspapers or shot by the police, now that was a choice. We allowed ourselves to be escorted out back, where we were stuffed into the back seat of a police car and taken at high speed to a motel.

The news was not good. The President had been killed by the sniper, whose smirky face I recognized instantly. For some reason they were exulting about how quickly he had been captured, thanks to the intervention of a passerby.

I took six Miltowns in an effort to become a man in a gray flannel suit and drifted off into sleep . . .

. . . there is nothing more depraved than a man in the throes of an ether binge. That was what I had to do in order to endure the pains of being made to testify.

Once I had spoken my piece I could sit in the courtroom and do my reporting first-hand but as a witness I could not be there until then. I had written up the previous days' testimony, stoking my fires with alternate binges of cocaine and uppers, based on the reports.

Then I was called. I said to myself, "Remember, be quiet, be calm, say nothing, speak only when spoken to: name, recall of events, nothing else, ignore this terrible drug, pretend it's not happening . . ."

There is no way to explain the terror I felt when I finally began to testify: "My name is . . . ah, Raoul Duke, yes . . ."

As the prosecutor's face melted and turned into that of a lizard with great grisly fangs and a flicking tongue I recounted the story of why I had been there that day. Eventually the inquisition came to an end.

Then the defense attorney, who had somehow acquired the face of a bloated pig, asked a few absurdities about how I had managed to read minds, was I a bourgeois, and what was my relationship to a man named Ruby who had been arrested for brandishing a gun in a Dallas police station.

The floor opened up and revealed a shaft to hell and I walked around it on edge, taking a seat in the press section. The court then adjourned for lunch.

Over the next few days a procession of fat fascist police types testified to various incidents. They showed someone's grotesque home movie of the shooting, with blood spattering everywhere as if from some EC comic of the early fifties when they were good.

The prosecution rested and I hoped I could go back to Colorado, but for some reason they presented a defense. The accused had sat through all the testimony smirking and I wished I could have brought my .357 in and finished the job . . .

. . . his defense had been simple but brilliant, all the evidence was forged or lies. I would have to ask and find out what he was taking and where he got it.

This was followed by the testimony of the inhabitants of a mental institution who had escaped somehow. They saw an army of gunmen and I wondered how I had escaped being shot.

The next batch of lunatics accused everyone except the men's room at Freddy's Bar & Grill. Most of those people couldn't plan their way out of a paper bag. I did make some notes about the hot drugs the spies were using so I could try some.

The jury was out about three-quarters of an hour. After the guilty verdict, I managed to ask one about how hot and unpleasant it must have been in the jury room. It turned out that most of the delay was the lineup for the john.

After writing my day's report I found a bar that sold raw tequila and had a bottle, with cocaine around the rim of the glass instead of salt. Once the big ugly scary beast got out from under the bed so I could shoot it, things were all right and I drifted off to sleep.

However we had to all go back the next week for a sentencing hearing. For some reason an old west lynching was off the table, which was a pity as it would have made big money, replacing a soap opera. But that sort of off-hand justice was apparently reserved for Negroes.

Dr. Gonzo predicted the man would get the death penalty and life without parole. When I pointed out the contradiction there he said, "It's the legal system. What do you expect?"

After a truly spectacular amphetamine binge we fought our way through the giant eye-eating plants that had sprung up around the courthouse and bullied our way into seats behind the defendant, so close I could smell the cheap oil they used on his hair. . . .

. . . the testimony on that little worm Lee's behalf had been divided. His wife had cried, in bouts of broken English and shaky Russian, that she couldn't raise her children alone. His mother, who seemed to have been released from the pigsty, said that her dear boy couldn't possibly have done that. Those animal tranquilizers can do strange things.

The asylum inmates took the stand next. Drooling from the bouts of Thorazine they needed to exist, they repeated how everyone else was guilty.

Finally, Lee himself spoke on his behalf. He ran through the litany of how he had been framed. The judge slapped him down every time he tried to speak on behalf of Communism. It was interesting watching the mallet pop up from beneath the judge's wig and boink Lee on the head.

The prosecution repeated its case in brief. They left, their scales chittering as they went through the door, and Dr. Gonzo gave me a couple of peyote buttons to get me through to dinner.

In the morning the jury foreman announced the verdict. He was really a giant stork and his long beak shook at Lee as he sentenced him to a burning. I imagined him being strapped to a rack, being basted with barbecue sauce by two giant Mexicans who were turning the rack over a mesquite fire, but it turned out they meant he would be executed in the electric chair.

I went back to my hotel room, finished off the bottle of Cuevas, popped a couple of uppers, and began writing . . .

. . . Over the next few years I tried to forget this. The television wouldn't let me, and I often had to peg a few shots in the direction of some drug-crazed madman who had a new theory about "what really happened".

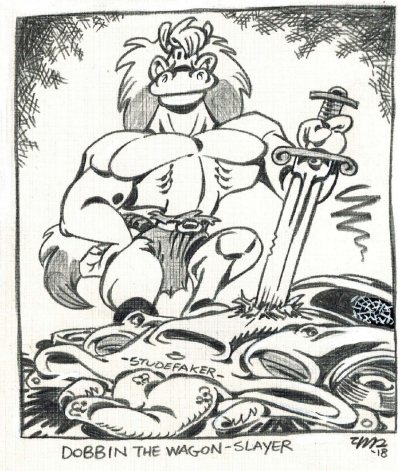
They were dragging out the appeals, spending thousands of their own dollars on promoting their theories, which money would have paid for good drugs. Often I would see a report of one that was highlighted by small chattering things pouring out of the screen and trying to eat me. I had to buy a lot of televisions.

They were warming up for the tenth anniversary when it happened. Those great ambling greaseballs in Washington who covered their inhumanity in black robes issued a legal diktat. I wondered what they were taking, and fortified myself with two blotter papers before reading the decision.

The demon that rose up out of the paper went away once I ran it over with the car, and I managed to make some sense of the thing. Apparently all death sentences were unconstitutional. How they would raise the dead from prison cemeteries was another matter, and I had some cocaine while thinking about this.

The next morning's news showed that little shit Lee giving the high-sign, and saying he was vindicated. I started looking into sniper rifles better than that piece of Italian trash he had had . . .

— Not by Hunter S. Thompson



AN UNMADE EPISODE OF THE TWILIGHT ZONE

“You unlock this door with the key of imagination. Beyond it is another dimension. A dimension of sound. A dimension of sight. A dimension of mind. You're moving into a land of both shadow and substance, of things and ideas. You've just crossed over into the Twilight Zone.

“This is Thomas A. Anderson, a faceless employee in a mundane office of a meaningless company in a undistinguished city, but with a second life that is more real than his days. His ventures into imagination will lead him to a terrifying finding; he does not live in a real world, but in — The Twilight Zone.”

And in a later scene —

“Let me tell you why you're here. You're here because you know something. What you know you can't explain, but you feel it. You've felt it your entire life, that there's something wrong with the world. You don't know what it is, but it's there, like a splinter in your mind, driving you mad. It is this feeling that has brought you to me. Do you know what I'm talking about?

“The Twilight Zone.”

“Do you want to know what it is? The Twilight Zone is everywhere. It is all around us. Even now, in this very room. You can see it when you look out your window or when you turn on your television. You can feel it when you go to work . . . when you go to church . . . when you pay your taxes. It is the world that has been pulled over your eyes to blind you from the truth.”

THE REAL SOLUTION OF THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

I have a cartoon that explains the ending of *The War of the Worlds* (1897). I can't print it, I don't have the rights, but I can quote it:

Martian Commander inspiring the troops:
“Alright my fellow Martians! Today is the day we finally conquer the Earth!”

Troops:
“**DEATH TO EARTH!**”

Medical Officer:
“Now before we leave you all need to be vaccinated against Earthly viruses.”

Commander (slapping hypodermic out of M.O.'s tentacle):
“*Get that thing away from me! Don't you know vaccines contain mercury!?*”

Random Trooper:
“*You're not giving my kids autism!*”

Final scene with dying Martians and wrecked Fighting Machines amid the ruins of London:

“And after all of Man's weapons and devices failed, the Martians were slain by the tiniest creatures that God and his wisdom put upon this Earth.”

For some reason this seems especially relevant now.

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Writers, Staff: Major, Joseph, Major, Lisa

This is issue **Whole Number One Hundred and Thirteen (113)**.

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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