

ALEXIAD

(ΑΛΕΞΙΑΣ)

\$2.00

The newspaper a few days ago carried the news that India had successfully managed to land its Chandrayaan rocket on an unexplored section of the Moon. My heart soared at this. I cheered silently because I was in a restaurant and I did not think the other patrons would appreciate an exuberant yell. How else could I, as a proper space cadet, feel? Yay Chandrayaan! You go, India! Welcome to the Moon Landing Club! Congratulations on your magnificent achievement. Once when I saw a full moon I said that we would be back. The Indians have made my words come true. Thank you, India.

The anniversary of the 9/11 attacks is less than a month away. I remember as if it were yesterday. People jumping from the towers rather than be burned alive. The dark days after. The silence of no planes except our warplanes. Going to a grocery store and seeing armed security there.

— Lisa

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The 68th Running of the Yonkers Trot (1st leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) was **June 30, 2023** at Yonkers Raceway in Yonkers, New York. Up Your Deo won.
 The 98th Running of the Hambletonian (2nd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) was **August 5, 2023** at Meadowlands Racetrack in East Rutherford, New Jersey. Tactical Approach won.
 The 129th Running of the Kentucky Futurity (3rd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) will be **October 8, 2023** at the Red Mile in Lexington, Kentucky.

The 68th Running of the Messenger Stakes (1st leg of the Pacing Triple Crown) was **June 30, 2023** at Yonkers Raceway in Yonkers, New York. Captain Batboy won.
 The 67th Running of the Cane Pace (2nd leg of the Pacing Triple Crown) was **August 5, 2021** at Meadowlands Racetrack in East Rutherford, New Jersey. Confederate won.
 The 78th Running of the Little Brown Jug (3rd leg of the Pacing Triple Crown) will be **September 21, 2023** at the Delaware County Fair in Delaware, Ohio.

Printed on September 5, 2023
 Deadline is **October 1, 2023**

Reviewer's Notes

The peculiar thing is that I can't remember what the first Heinlein book I read was. My grandfather had a lot of SF around his house. There were several issues of *Astounding* and some of the Ace editions of Burroughs's fiction (they would be worth a lot of money now).

I read most of the Tom Swift, Jr. books from the Stratemeyer Syndicate. There were one or two I never found. By the time they did, I was on to more serious things.

Strangely enough, I remember reading *Glory Road* about when it came out, when the Frankfort library got a copy. But I had been reading Heinlein, and was pleased to find a new one.

And it was Burroughs, too, legitimate editions by then. But I didn't begin with *A Princess of Mars*. I seem to recall a three-book edition and I read *Thuvia, Maid of Mars* first.

They had J. G. Ballard. Not his later works, but things like *The Crystal World*. This was one of his Dennis Wheatly style worldwide disaster works.

I ran out of SF works. The nearest thing was Flying Saucer works. I became afraid that the Men In Black would come get me. Someone must have donated a collection to the Frankfort library.

Those were the days, fifty years ago, when that sci-fi trash was disdained by all the serious teachers. If I'd been getting the magazines back then, I might have joined fandom before I did.

— 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 Advent Publishers, or from ReAnimus Press in electronic format.)

<https://www.amazon.com/stores/Joseph-T-Major/author/B01BMC4MU>

<https://www.AdventPub.com/1531>

Advent Publishers
P.O. Box 16143
Golden, CO 80402-6003

<https://reanimus.com/store>

— Advt.

The Seattle Museum of Popular Culture has removed all mentions of J. K. Rowling from its Harry Potter exhibition.

... Every record has been destroyed or falsified, every book has been rewritten, every picture has been repainted, every statue and street and building has been renamed, every date has been altered. And that process is continuing day by day and minute by minute. History has stopped. Nothing exists except an endless present in which the Party is always right.

The RSV *Nuyina*, the support ship for the Australian Antarctic program, has departed early for the continent. A staffer at the Casey research station has an unspecified medical problem that cannot be treated by medical personnel at the base.

(Dr. Jerri Nielsen was rescued from the Amundsen-Scott Base at the South Pole in 1999 with she had breast cancer, by an aerial evacuation. In 1961, Dr. Leonard Rogozov, doctor at the Soviet Novolazarevskaya Station, had to perform an appendectomy on himself. He lived and received the Order of the Red Banner of Labor.)

YOU'RE SO VAIN

by Joe

There will be an annular eclipse on **October 14, 2023**, visible in Oregon, California, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, New Mexico (including Roswell), and Texas. It will then pass over Yucatan in Mexico, Belize, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, and Brazil. The longest period of annularity will be 5 minutes 17 seconds at 11° N 83° 6' W off the coast of Panama. The eclipse is part of Saros 134, which began June 22, 1248 and will end August 6, 2510.

2024 will have two solar eclipses. The first will be a total eclipse on **April 24, 2024**, beginning in the south Pacific Ocean and passing through Sinaloa, Durango, Coahuila, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland before ending off the coast of Norway. The longest period of totality will be 4 minutes 28 seconds at Nazas, Durango. The eclipse is part of Saros 139, which began May 17, 1501 and will end July 3, 2763.

The second solar eclipse will be an annular eclipse on **October 2, 2024** beginning in the South Pacific and passing over Easter Island (Rapa Nui; Isla de Pascua) and Aysan, Chile and Santa Cruz Province, Argentina. The longest period of annularity will be seven minutes 45 seconds, at 22 degrees South 114 degrees 30 minutes West. The eclipse is part of Saros 144, which began April 11, 1736 and will end May 5, 2980.

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

Other useful eclipse websites:

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

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

REVOLUTIONARY PROTECTOR

Commentary by Joseph T Major on
JÓYLEG (1962)

by Ward Moore and Avram Davidson

A book is so often of its time. The second part of *A Case of Conscience* (1958), for all that there is space flight and contact with non-humans, is a setting all too reminiscent of the 1950's, as if Fonzie and the bunch could listen to Egtverchi's radio show ("If we Lithians had a god, my talent would be on loan from it.") at Arnold's.

The political satire of *Joyleg* is as dated. Two Tennessee Representatives notice that a veteran from there is getting an \$11 pension. They want to investigate.

It turns out that Joyleg the veteran is a Revolutionary War veteran. His long life is due

to bathing in moonshine. (It makes him sterile; he's a Pak protector!)

Due to an inadequacy in drawing Tennessee county lines, the town where Joyleg lives is not in any of them. On this basis, he declares himself a citizen of the State of Franklin — and then produces a land grant signed by Governor John Sevier granting him a land grant that happens to include all of Oak Ridge.

To further this, he states that he is a heir of John Paul Jones, who left him a land grant from Tsarina Catherine, which happens to include the principal Soviet nuclear weapons development and construction city.

Joyleg gives the two grants to the United Nations and world peace follows.

Now . . . It seems absurd that the Soviet Union would have accepted the legitimacy of a Tsarist land grant. But not to worry. Tennessee had so many overlapping land grants to Revolutionary veterans that the status seems to be more that those who actually went there have the best claim.

Like so many antiwar statements, this fizzles out when inspected. And the humor is dated.

TAJEMNICZY HENRYK

Review by Joseph T Major of
HURRY UP LIVING
(2023; Sea Lion Press (Kindle); \$9.99)
by Nicholas Vic Dupont

Dabrowski: We had been under some rather intense bombardment when one of the blockhouses was hit, the major ran towards them to lend a hand when a large caliber shell hit him. There was nothing left of him. I immediately assumed command of the Polish troops. I went to the British command post and found Colonel Westall and put my troops under his command.

Westall: I was saddened to hear about Major Sucharski's death, as he was a good soldier. . .

— *The American World War: The Coming Storm* by Mike Hall

The Major Sucharski of this book has a rather different fate, though he would probably find Colonel Westall's Royal Marine battalion useful in the defense of Westerplatte. But this Sucharski has his own mysteries.

The book begins with a man waking up in a train compartment. Through references, now and later, we learn that he speaks several languages, is French, and seems to know some military history. But when he looks in the mirror the face is unfamiliar, and when he looks in his pockets he discovers that he is Major Henryk Sucharski. (There is no Al Calaviccini to guide him through the world.)

He knows the name. This was the man who defended the Wojskowa Składnica Tranzytowa, the Polish Military Transit Depot,

a Polish military enclave in the Free City of Danzig, on the Westerplatte peninsula. And he held out for six days, only to die in 1946 of injuries sustained in captivity. This man who has taken on Sucharski's body is determined to make a better showing.

Once in command, he makes preparations. He knows what is coming, and reaches out; buying stamps and reselling them to get bribe money, finding whatever extra weapons he can get, and preparing to augment the garrison of Westerplatte.

The Germans attack on schedule. And Sucharski fights back. The most startling act is to sink the Linienschiff *Schleswig-Holstein* with a carefully timed shot to the bridge, followed by setting off the magazines.

Sucharski continues to fight in Westerplatte, then is evacuated to the Polish fortress of Hel. He bleeds the Germans there and is taken to Britain, then France, where *Pulkownik* (Colonel) Sucharski, after receiving honors for his valor and leadership, finds himself organizing and leading a brigade of the Polish Army in Exile.

Fighting follows in Norway, then in France. Throughout Dupont displays a masterful if perhaps overdone depiction of the trials and horrors of battle.

Sucharski begins to change under the strain. He becomes more determined, more isolated, more withdrawn. He manages to plant some hints with British and French authorities, which do not make things go well for the *Kriegsmarine*, which is almost completely destroyed in the Norwegian campaign, and balked at the seizure of the French fleet, which mostly goes to Britain. (Admiral Darlan was so peeved at what the government did to him.)

At the same time, he has opened up communications with the Soviet government. This can be hazardous. Even here, there is a plan.

But Sucharski gets a confidante, someone to whom he can reveal things. Not his wife, whom he managed to persuade to flee Poland when the balloon went up. But his second-in-command, Franciszek Dąbrowski (mentioned above). Sucharski is coming apart; Dąbrowski helps him hold together.

The portrayal of Sucharski's mental burden and strain raises this work completely out of the Marty Stu level, and shows a troubled and burdened man trying to hold together under internal and external stresses and issues. Polish politics are extreme and harsh, even in exile.

For those who want to find a new "Mysterious Martinus", this is the place to go. And more of Sucharski when this is **to be continued**. (There is the beginning of a continuation on alternatetheory.com)

COSMIC VIKING

Review by Joseph T Major of
THE SYSTEM STATES REBELLION
(2016; Dietmar Wehr (Kindle); \$6.99)

by Dietmar Arthur Wehr

In H. Beam Piper's *TerroHuman Future History*, the System States Rebellion is one of the great forces of change in human society. It creates the background for *The Cosmic Computer* (1963) and for *Space Viking* (1963). Piper fan Wehr decided to tell the story of the rebellion.

He describes the strains in the government of the Terran Federation that led to the rebellion. His descriptions of space combat are vivid. He introduces many characters, with their own personalities and motives, and tells of how many of them died in the war. And some of the events are surprising.

In the end the ten thousand die hard boldly go off to colonize new worlds. Behind them, they leave a Federation that is tottering under the strain of fighting a serious war.

(However, he has one striking omission; Foxx Travis, the protagonist of "Oomphel In the Sky" (*Analog*, November 1960) and a significant character in *The Cosmic Computer*, where it is said he was the victor over the System States, is never mentioned. Oops.)

UNDER PRESSURE

Review by Joseph T Major of
IMPLACABLE (The Lost Fleet: Outlands Book 3)

(2023; Ace; ISBN 978-0593199022; \$19.79;
2023; Ace (Kindle); \$14.99)
by "Jack Campbell" [John Henry]

At one point in the story Geary threatens to resign. This shows his willpower and feelings of duty towards the Alliance, because most people in his situation would have resigned a long time ago.

Dead heroes don't embarrass the authorities. It looks like Admiral Geary is being prepared for that status, for all that he had been one before he was found. He has been sent out to resolve relations with the Dancers, unriddle the Enigmas, and then he gets hit by First Contact with yet another race. [He has MCPO Fatso Gioninni to help him but really needs Edward Nygma.]

As if this weren't enough, yet another Alliance Fleet turns up. Not to help him, it looks like, more to start a war.

The burdens of command are a massive load. Faced with all these pressures, Geary strives to rise to the occasion . . . but he is being made to live up to his legend, which he of all people knows is not the real John Geary.

Amid all these difficulties, the prospects of a massive inter-species war with a crumbling human alliance are unpromising. We will see if Admiral Geary can pull it off again when this is . . . **to be continued**.

NO JUST NO

Review by Joseph T Major of
DARK LORD OF THE FARMSTEAD
A High Fantasy Slice-of-Life LitRPG
(2023; ISBN 979-88539990999; \$14.99;

2023;(Kindle); \$4.99)
by John Broadway

Gray Stillwater found himself Quantum Leaped into a fantasy world. Specifically, the Evil Overlord of the world. This is not to his liking.

He escapes, and by good luck runs into an elfmaid, Narya Summerdew. She seems accepting of his story about how he got all those dark marks on his face, and travels with him. They find a little half-elven girl named Meeko. She is a sweet little girl with pointed teeth, which is disconcerting.

They manage to reach a unplundered and thriving village. The locals are helpful and Gray and Narya start farming.

Broadway seems to be aware that a world with nothing but dungeons full of horrific creatures, wizard's lairs, and grim castles won't work. But . . .

It's a LitRPG book, Literary Role Playing Game. So Gray keeps on receiving notices on quests to fulfill and actions to perform. If there were a power surge at the server . . .

It's an amusing and well-based book, a fantasy romantic comedy. The RPG element, though, ruins the flow of events.

The Joy of High Tech

by Rodford Edmiston



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

Please note that while I am an engineer (BSCE) and do my research, I am not a professional in this field. Do not take anything here as gospel; check the facts I give. If you find a mistake, please let me know about it.

Early Airliners

According to some sources the first passenger airline flights began in 1914. (Johnny Carson would probably joke that the last piece of luggage was just delivered.) Of course, people had been paying to travel by air for several years by this point, but those were usually chartered trips. These were proper airline flights, and involved scheduled journeys between Tampa and St. Petersburg, Florida. If so, then what airlines — and airliners — might

have become with that start was terminated by World War One.

Though this column will focus on the history of air travel in the United States, a similar sequence of events occurred in many other nations.

At first only the very wealthy could afford airline flights, and those planes were very crude. The first scheduled passenger flights were simply a way for airmail carriers to earn extra money. Mail was often carried in small (for airliners) planes, usually with only one engine. The first scheduled passenger flights were made in modified aircraft which normally only carried mail and crew, and that crew might consist only of a pilot. These flights were very short on amenities, but they showed enough promise that both aircraft manufacturers and the companies flying the planes they made saw a strong future in carrying people. Unfortunately, the War diverted their efforts.

The period immediately following WWI saw an expansion of civilian flight, including passenger hauling. However, the main use for scheduled flights was still airmail. Many of the planes used for carrying mail were converted WWI fighter aircraft, with little room for passengers. Some of the planes used for the purpose could only carry two people besides the crew! Many of the first actual passenger planes were likewise converted WWI bombers. Though they carried far more people than the converted fighters, they still flew low and slow, and were full of noise and vibration. Recognizing this, and catering to those wealthy enough to buy a ticket, the passengers were otherwise coddled. Stewards (much like those on passenger ships or even the early passenger airships) were men trained to cater to the needs of the customers. The passengers were fêted with fine drink and food. This did not make up for the discomfort of those early trips, but the quantity and quality of alcohol given to passengers probably made the travel by air tolerable.

Even with the abundance of military surplus aircraft there were a few for-purpose planes designed and built, such as the Junkers F.13. Other designs were modified from bomber plans, newly built to carry people and mail instead of bombs. None of these early passenger carriers were major commercial successes, though some of these models sold in the hundreds of units. As noted, part of the reason sales of new aircraft were so low was the number of military surplus planes available. More significant was that designers were still learning what an airliner needed to be. Though they did have some ideas.

Airliner movies were already being shown in the mid-Twenties. (The original version of *The Lost World* was among the first inflight movies.) These were silent films, of course, so the ambient noise of the early airliners didn't interfere with showing them. Though since these were unpressurized aircraft flying at low altitudes, sometimes turbulence did. Since

even these aircraft flew higher than any ground-based antenna reached, they also had good radio reception. Listening to distant — and even not-so-distant — radio broadcasts was therefore popular on early flights.

According to some sources, the number of airline passengers grew from 6,000 to 450,000 from 1930 to 1934. So there was definitely a growing market. Something many businesses — both flight organizers and plane builders — decided to cash in on.

The earliest actual, purpose-built airliners had little more in the way of amenities than their predecessors. The planes usually had single engines, the pilots sat in open cockpits (often on top of the plane, above the passengers and cargo; sometimes behind all that, still on top of the fuselage, near the tail) the passenger seats were woven wicker, the cabins were unpressurized, etc. (As an aside, people — usually men — learned the hard way that fountain pens would leak when the ambient pressure dropped, helping with the adoption of the ball-point pen.) Some planes did have a few of the features that we would consider a mark of the modern airliner. For example, the Ford Trimotor — which first flew in 1926 — had the pilot and copilot in the enclosed nose of the same cabin the eight passengers and cargo were carried in. However, as the Twenties came to an end many passenger planes were still open-cockpit, single-engine designs.

Many aircraft instruments of this period were mounted directly on the engines, with very little information on display in the cockpit. To check RPM, temperature, oil pressure, etc. someone — usually the pilot — had to actually look at an indicator on the engine. Which might be unreadable due to vibration or dirt. Even if the engine instruments could be read, at night or in bad weather the pilot might not be able to see them. Adding more engines to planes only made this problem worse. Now the pilot had to crane his head around to see what was going on with each engine.

There were a lot of obvious changes to be made (though getting some pilots in out of the weather was very difficult; they thought this gave them a better idea of what was happening with the plane). There was also a lot of technical experimentation. This last involved both the satisfaction of the passengers, and finding solutions to real or perceived problems. Some of these problems were unique to carrying passengers, but some were common to all planes of the era. As an example, stewards became stewardesses, with many of the new, female attendants being registered nurses. The first stewardess was hired in 1930. However, airlines and airliners still had a long way to go before they could satisfy customers. Despite having a lock on fast, long-distance travel.

The automobile was still in its infancy during the first two decades of the 20th Century, and was mostly used for short trips due to a lack of good roads outside the cities. Bicycles (velocipedes) were actually more popular than automobiles for trips through the country in the

late Nineteenth and early Twentieth Centuries. (There was an entire market — consisting of such things as purpose-named Velo-Dog set of models — for firearms intended to defend the cyclist against canines.) Neither method of road travel was a direct competitor to air travel as it began to develop.

However, when it came to long range trips there was a lot of competition for the early airlines from the railroads. If someone was not in a hurry, rail was the way to travel. Yes, trains took longer than planes, but they were cheaper, more comfortable and as long as the passenger could afford the dining car they had very good food. (Actually of better quality and wider selection than what is typical for First Class airline passengers today.) Trains also had proper bathrooms, though you would have to share those with the more affordable tickets. You also got to see the country, at least during the day. The train was the way to travel!

The Ford Trimotor was a transport, rather than an actual airliner, though it was intended from the beginning to carry people. The same could be said of most of the early planes which carried passengers. In many of the early airline aircraft, paying passengers actually had to step over or duck under (or both) wing spars, which ran through the cabin. Monoplanes at least cut the likelihood of having to do that in half.

The first real (to our sensibilities) purpose-built airliner was the Boeing 247, which was introduced in 1933. This was a twin-engined, low-wing monoplane with a fully cantilevered wing; though the wing spar still went through the cabin and had to be climbed over. The pilot and copilot were stationed in the enclosed nose, and the aircraft had an autopilot. It strongly resembled today's airliners in general form and function. It even had the engine instruments on the main control panel!

The 247 pioneered many technologies — some still in use today, such as static electricity draining wires — and was much faster than planes like the Ford or Junkers Trimotors. (Early aerodynamicists thought that aligning the corrugations with the airstream would mean adding little extra drag while providing much improved strength. They were wrong about the drag. This led to the realization that wetted area was important to aircraft streamlining.)

The Boeing 247 had all-metal construction, mostly retractable landing gear (as with the later DC-2 and DC-3 the wheels retracted partly into the engine nacelles, but still protruded into the airstream) and air-cooled, supercharged engines. It even had excellent cabin heating and cooling. One concern of the evaluation pilots for United Airlines was that the original, 14 passenger version of the plane was too heavy for most airports. It was therefore downsized, and as a result only carried 10 passengers, plus crew. Another concern was that the supercharged engines suffered from detonation (i.e. knock) with the low-octane gasolines commonly available at the time. In spite of these and other concerns, the 247 was

so advanced it set the standard for passenger aircraft of the Thirties. Though it did not sell well. It was one of the first airliners to have stewardesses. The D version even had flight-adjustable propellor pitch and deicing for the wings! However, only 75 were built. The Douglas DC-2 (1934) carried 14 passengers and the DC-3 (which entered service in 1935) up to 32. The Lockheed Model 10 Electra (entering service in 1934, it was one of the first aircraft with which the legendary Clarence "Kelly" Johnson was involved) carried the same number of passengers as the 247 but faster and more economically.

Though the DC-2 and DC-3 did introduce some technical advancements, their real strengths were in making the best use of existing technology. They were rugged, carried a lot of passengers and cargo (comparatively) had good range and were flexible in their applications. The DC-3 is so sturdy, in fact, that a study in the Fifties (made at the realization that the production line was long shut down but the plane was still important to both civilian and military service) determined that as long as proper maintenance procedures were followed and the planes flown normally, the airframe had no fatigue life limit. This news prompted a poem, later put to music, the refrain of which was "The Gooney Bird is immortal!" Then there were the numbers produced...

Over 600 civilian DC-3 aircraft were built in the US alone. However, this number was dwarfed by the US military production — most of it during WWII — which topped ten thousand planes. There were also several thousand — military and civilian — built under license by other nations. Small wonder that there are so many DC-3s are still flying today. Of course, there is far more involved in the longevity of this aircraft than sheer numbers. As mentioned above the planes are both rugged and flexible. There have been many variations, such as the Spooky gunships, but even the base configuration is very useful. More than one aviation authority has stated that the only replacement for a DC-3 is another DC-3. As radial engines and parts for those become scarcer, many of these still-sound aircraft are converted to turboprop engines. A practice which goes back to the Fifties.

Aiding in the development of commercial passenger planes in the early Thirties were the bonuses paid to airlines by the US federal government for aircraft safety capabilities. That is, the airlines got federal money if they could fly at night or had multiple engines, two-way radios, and other equipment which improved their speed and safety.

Through the Thirties planes became larger, with longer ranges and the capacity to carry more passengers, with added flight crew devoted to their comfort. Much of this occurred *after* the federal government cut back on its subsidies; the airlines had learned both what the passengers wanted, and that profits

lay in the economies of scale. That meant carrying more passengers per trip. The early airlines and airplane manufacturers had to become more efficient to survive the economic hard times of the early and middle Thirties. Among other tactics, the manufacturers improved the technology of the aircraft. There was also the matter of competition between aircraft manufacturers, which drove airplane producers to increase size and performance. All these factors combined to make the aircraft of the time — whether passenger, cargo or a combination — larger, safer and faster than their predecessors. In fact, there was a span of years where several airliners were faster than any military plane.

Not only did passenger air travel become transcontinental, but transoceanic. This was the age of the Clippers, which were as much boat as plane. The reasons were many, including the lack of airports in much of the world. Flying boats could land wherever there was enough water. Even today, many bush planes have floats instead of wheels. Unfortunately, the era of the flying boat was brief, cut short in large part by World War Two. After the Second World War, the combination of more efficient piston engines (such as the impressive and mechanically complex turbocompound) and more airports kept them from making a comeback. Then came the jets, with a type of engine which was not suitable for low-altitudes or flying boat use.

Flying efficiently means flying high. Unfortunately, most people can't tolerate altitudes much above 10,000 feet. Flying higher than that means people either need to breathe supplemental oxygen or be provided with pressurization. Supplemental O₂ isn't really practical for passengers in an airliner, and is actually useless above a certain altitude. The first pressurized commercial airliner was the Boeing 307 Stratoliner. (Note that similar nicknames were used several times for different planes.) This aircraft had four piston engines, with large, three-bladed props. It could cruise at 25,000 feet, which Boeing bragged was "above the weather." It still only carried 33 passengers.

People are sometimes surprised to learn that propellor aircraft can be quite good at sustained high-altitude flight. Unfortunately, this regime means using large-diameter propellers turning rather lazily, and flying very slowly in craft using large wings. The B-36 was designed to bomb Germany from the Eastern seaboard of North America. To get the range for that use it was designed to fly at very high altitude, using six piston engines and pusher propellers. (Jet engines were added later to help shorten takeoff runs and to increase speed over the target. They were not used in cruise.) The reconnaissance version — the RB-36 — could travel over the Soviet Union with impunity, due to how high it flew. To reach the same altitude the early Russian jets had to do a zoom climb, going ballistic with no ability to maneuver at such high altitude. The RB-36 pilots would simply change course slightly and watch the interceptors go harmlessly by at a distance.

However, passengers don't take airplanes to fly slowly. (Which is likely the main reason airships haven't had much recent success despite repeated attempts at revivals.) To get both speed and efficiency — by flying high — meant that airliners switched to jet engines for propulsion. Despite a steep learning curve (large, rectangular windows in pressurized cabins focused stresses at the corners, leading to rapid metal fatigue) soon nearly all airliners were pressurized.

There are still a few piston-and-prop aircraft operating. Usually in situations for which jet engines are not well suited. It is said that when the last Airbus 380 is flown to the boneyard, there will be a DC-3 there to bring the crew back.

HUGO AWARDS FINALISTS

Courtesy of *Locus*

Best Novel

Legends & Lattes, Travis Baldree (Cryptid; Tor)

Nettle & Bone, T. Kingfisher (Tor; Titan UK)

The Spare Man, Mary Robinette Kowal (Tor)

The Daughter of Doctor Moreau, Silvia Moreno-Garcia (Del Rey; Jo Fletcher)

Nona the Ninth, Tamsyn Muir (Tordotcom)

The Kaiju Preservation Society, John Scalzi (Tor; Tor UK)

Best Novella

A Mirror Mended, Alix E. Harrow (Tordotcom)

What Moves the Dead, T. Kingfisher (Nightfire; Titan UK)

Where the Drowned Girls Go, Seanan McGuire (Tordotcom)

Even Though I Knew the End, C.L. Polk (Tordotcom)

Ogres, Adrian Tchaikovsky (Solaris)

Into the Riverlands, Nghi Vo (Tordotcom)

Best Novelette

"If You Find Yourself Speaking to God, Address God with the Informal You", John Chu (*Uncanny* 7-8/22)

"Murder By Pixel: Crime and Responsibility in the Digital Darkness", S.L. Huang (*Clarkesworld* 12/22)

"A Dream of Electric Mothers", Wole Talabi (*Africa Risen*)

"The Difference Between Love and Time", Catherynne M. Valente (*Someone in Time*)

"We Built This City", Marie Vibbert (*Clarkesworld* 6/22)

"The Space-Time Painter", Hai Ya (Galaxy's Edge 4/22)

Best Short Story

“**The White Cliff**”, Lu Ban (*Science Fiction World* 5/22)
 “**On the Razor’s Edge**”, Jiang Bo (*Science Fiction World* 1/22)
 “**Rabbit Test**”, Samantha Mills (*Uncanny* 11-12/22)
 “**Resurrection**”, Ren Qing (*Future Fiction/Science Fiction World* 12/22)
 “**Zhurong on Mars**”, Regina Kanyu Wang (*Frontiers* 9/22)
 “**D.I.Y.**”, John Wiswell (*Tor.com* 8/24/22)

Best Series

Rivers of London Series, Ben Aaronovitch (DAW; Gollancz)
The Founders Trilogy, Robert Jackson Bennett (Del Rey; Jo Fletcher)
October Daye, Seanan McGuire (DAW)
The Locked Tomb Series, Tamsyn Muir (Tordotcom)
The Scholomance Series, Naomi Novik (Del Rey US; Del Rey UK)
Children of Time Series, Adrian Tchaikovsky (Tor UK; Orbit US)

Best Graphic Story or Comic

Cyberpunk 2077: Big City Dreams
DUNE: The Official Movie Graphic Novel
Monstress, Volume 7: Devourer
Once & Future, Volume 4: Monarchies in the UK
Saga, Volume 10
Supergirl: Woman of Tomorrow

Best Related Work

Blood, Sweat & Chrome: The Wild and True Story of Mad Max: Fury Road, Kyle Buchanan (William Morrow)
Chinese Science Fiction: An Oral History, Volume 1, Yang Feng (Chengdu Times Press)
 “**The Ghost of Workshops Past**”, S.L. Huang (*Tor.com* 8/17/22)
Buffalito World Outreach Project, Lawrence M. Schoen (Paper Golem)
Still Just a Geek: An Annotated Memoir, Wil Wheaton (William Morrow)
Terry Pratchett: A Life With Footnotes, Rob Wilkins (Doubleday)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form

Avatar: The Way of Water
Black Panther: Wakanda Forever
Everything Everywhere All at Once
Nope
Severance, Season One
Turning Red

Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form

Andor: “One Way Out”

Andor: “Rix Road”
The Expanse: “Babylon’s Ashes”
For All Mankind: “Stranger in a Strange Land”
She-Hulk: Attorney at Law: “Whose Show is This?”
Stranger Things: “Chapter Four: Dear Billy”

Best Editor, Short Form

Scott H. Andrews
 Neil Clarke
 Oghenechovwe Donald Ekpeki
 Sheree Renée Thomas
 Xu Wang
 Feng Yang

Best Editor, Long Form

Ruoxi Chen
 Lindsey Hall
 Lee Harris
 Sarah Peed
 Huan Yan
 Haijun Yao

Best Professional Artist

Sija Hong
 Kuri Huang
 Paul Lewin
 Alyssa Winans
 Jian Zhang
 Enzhe Zhao

Best Semiprozine

Escape Pod
FIYAH
khōrēō
PodCastle
Strange Horizons
Uncanny

Best Fanzine

Chinese Academic SF Express
Galactic Journey
Journey Planet
Nerds of a Feather
Unofficial Hugo Book Club Blog
Zero Gravity Newspaper

Best Fancast

Coode Street Podcast
 Hugo, Girl!
 Hugos There
 Kalanadi
 Octothorpe
 Worldbuilding for Masochists

Best Fan Writer

Chris M. Barkley
 Bitter Karella
 Arthur Liu

RiverFlow
 Jason Sanford
 Orjan Westin

Best Fan Artist

Iain J. Clark
 Richard Man
 Laya Rose
 Alison Scott
 España Sheriff
 Orion Smith

Lodestar Award for Best Young Adult Book [Not a Hugo Award]

Dreams Bigger Than Heartbreak, Charlie Jane Anders (Tor Teen; Titan UK)
Bloodmarked, Tracy Deonn (McElderry)
In the Serpent’s Wake, Rachel Hartman (Random House)
Akata Woman, Nnedi Okorafor (Viking)
The Golden Enclaves, Naomi Novik (Del Rey US; Del Rey UK)
Osmo Unknown and the Eightpenny Woods, Catherynne M. Valente (McElderry)

Astounding Award for Best New Writer [Not a Hugo Award]

Travis Baldree
 Naseem Jamnia
 Isabel J. Kim*
 Maijia Liu
 Everina Maxwell*
 Weimu Xin*

DRAGON AWARDS NOMINEES

Courtesy of File770.org

1. Best Science Fiction Novel

Eversion by Alastair Reynolds
The Spare Man by Mary Robinette Kowal
Children of Memory by Adrian Tchaikovsky
Translation State by Ann Leckie
Neom by Lavie Tidhar
The Daughter of Doctor Moreau by Silvia Moreno-Garcia
The Icarus Plot by Timothy Zahn

2. Best Fantasy Novel (Including Paranormal)

Witch King by Martha Wells
Tower of Silence by Larry Correia
Babel by R. F. Kuang
Tress of the Emerald Sea by Brandon Sanderson
Into the Vortex by Charles E. Gannon
The Atlas Paradox by Olivie Blake

3. Best Young Adult / Middle Grade Novel

The Golden Enclaves by Naomi Novik
The Scratch Daughters by H. A. Clarke

Rust in the Root by Justina Ireland
Academy Arcanist by Shami Stovall
Foul Lady Fortune by Chloe Gong
Bloodmarked by Tracy Deonn

4. Best Alternate History Novel

Lost In Time by A.G. Riddle
Hidden Voices by Dan Willis
Halcyon by Elliot Ackerman
The Mother by B.L. Blanchard
The Revolutionary War by Christopher G. Nuttall

5. Best Horror Novel

The Devil Takes You Home by Gabino Iglesias
Reluctant Immortals by Gwendolyn Kiste
A House With Good Bones by T. Kingfisher
No Gods For Drowning by Hailey Piper
The Pallbearers Club by Paul Tremblay
The Only One Left by Riley Sager

6. Best Illustrative Cover

Ashes of Man by Kieran Yanner
River of Ashes by Sam Shearon
But Not Broken by Cedar Sanderson
Titan Mage: Apocalypse by Jackson Tjota
Tower of Silence by Kurt Miller
 Wraithbound by Jeff Brown

7. Best Comic Book or Graphic Novel

Dune: House Harkonnen by Brian Herbert, Kevin J Anderson, Michael Shelfer
Kaya by Wes Craig
Dawn of DC: Green Arrow by Joshua Williamson, Sean Izaakse
Wolverine by Benjamin Percy, Juan Jose Ryp
X-Men by Gerry Duggan, Joshua Cassara
Night Fever by Ed Brubaker, Sean Phillips, Jacob Phillips

8. Best Science Fiction or Fantasy TV Series, TV or Internet

Andor, Disney+
The Last of Us, HBO
The Sandman, Netflix
Strange New Worlds, Paramount+
The Mandalorian, Disney+
Picard, Paramount+
House of the Dragon, HBO

9. Best Science Fiction or Fantasy Movie

Avatar: The Way of Water by James Cameron
Dungeons & Dragons: Honor Among Thieves by Jonathan Goldstein, John Francis Daley
Everything Everywhere All at Once by Daniel Kwan, Daniel Scheinert
Guardians of the Galaxy 3 by James

Gunn
Puss in Boots: The Last Wish by Joel Crawford
Spider-Man: Across the Spider-Verse by Joaquim Dos Santos, Kemp Powers, Justin K. Thompson

10. Best Digital Game

Diablo IV, Blizzard Entertainment
Hogwarts Legacy, Avalanche Software
Star Wars Jedi: Survivor, Respawn Entertainment
The Legend of Zelda: Tears of the Kingdom, Nintendo EPD
Overwatch 2, Blizzard Entertainment
Call of Duty: Modern Warfare II, Infinity Ward

11. Best Tabletop Game

Frosthaven, Cephalofair Games
Earth, Inside Up Games
Magic the Gathering: The Lord of the Rings: Tales of Middle-earth, Wizards of the Coast
Dorf fromantik – The Boardgame, Pegasus Spiele
Turing Machine, Scorpion Masque
Alien Role-playing Game: Heart of Darkness, Free League

SIDELINE AWARD NOMINEES

Courtesy of File 770.org

SHORT FORM

Wole Talabi, “*Dreams of Electric Mothers*,” *Africa Risen: A New Era of Speculative Fiction*, edited by Sheree Renée Thomas, Oghenechovwe Donald Ekpeki, and Zelda Knight, Tor.com, November 2022
 Paul Levinson, “*It’s Real Life*,” Connected Editions, January 2022
 Michael Cassutt, “*Kingsbury 1944*,” *Analog*, September-October 2022
 Eric Choi, “*A Sky and a Heaven*,” *Other Covenants: Alternate Histories of the Jewish People*, edited by Andrea D. Lobel and Mark Shainblum, Ben Yehuda Press, December 2022
 Gillian Polack, “*Why the Bridgemasters of York Don’t Pay Taxes*,” *Other Covenants: Alternate Histories of the Jewish People*, edited by Andrea D. Lobel and Mark Shainblum, Ben Yehuda Press, December 2022

LONG FORM

J.O. Morgan, *Appliance*, Jonathan Cape, May 2022
 R.F. Kuang, *Babel: Or the Necessity of Violence: An Arcane History of the Oxford Translators’ Revolution*, Harper Voyager, August 2022
 Josh Weiss, *Beat the Devils*, Grand Central Publishing, March 2022

Kung Li Sun, *Begin the World Over*, AK Press, August 2022
 B.L. Blanchard, *The Peacekeeper*, 47North, May 2022
 Harry Turtledove, *Three Miles Down*, Tor Books, August 2022

WORLD CON BIDS

2025
 Seattle
 Worldcon Seattle 2025
 August 13-17, 2025
<https://www.seattlein2025.org/>

2026
 Los Angeles

Cairo, Egypt
 PharaohCon
 September 1-5, 2026

2027
 Tel Aviv
 August 2027

2028
 Brisbane, Australia
 Mid-August 2028
<https://australia2025.com/>

Kampala, Uganda
 Kamcon: The 86th World Science Fiction Convention
 August 23-27, 2028
<https://kamcon.org/>

2029
 Dublin
<http://dublin2029.ie>

2031
 Texas
<https://alamo-sf.org/>

WORLD CON

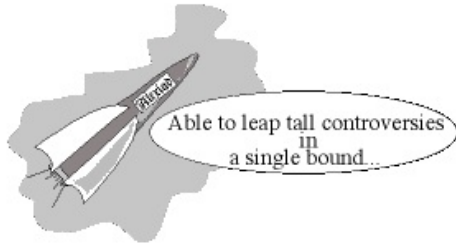
2023
 Chengdu
 Year of the Water Rabbit
 October 18-22, 2023
 “6th International SF Convention”
<http://en.chengduworldcon.com/>

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

NASFiC

2024
 Buffalo, NY
 July 18-21, 2024
<https://buffalonasfic2024.org/>

Letters, we get letters



From: **Darrell Schweitzer** March 2, 2023
darrells@comcast.net

I certainly don't intend to set myself up as any authority on the various gender-related matters under discussion, since I have no personal experience or professional expertise, but there are times when I wonder if some of your correspondents are living in the same universe as the rest of us. I can only point out to George Price that in our timeline there was a celebrity trans person named Christine Jorgenson who was even the subject of a film, *The Christine Jorgenson Story* (1970), and who underwent gender-reassignment surgery in 1952, which was seventy-one years ago. When I was in high school in the late 1960s, we knew about this and there were jokes about "Swedish convertibles," because apparently this surgery was first available in Sweden (even before 1952), though I see from the Wikipedia write-up Jorgenson got treatment in Denmark. She went on to become a major spokesperson for trans people, and died of cancer in 1989 at the age of 62.

So it was not really all that remarkable that about 1973 I was corresponding with "Fred" (not the real name) and one day got a letter signed "Alice" (not real name). When I naively asked, "Who is this? Your sister?" the reply was, "Oh, didn't I tell you?" Whereupon Alice did indeed tell me, at some length, exactly what was going on. There was surgery. Of course as we know, the technology for doing so was at least twenty years old by then, probably older.

More than that I am not going to say, to protect this person's privacy, since these are indeed very intimate and personal matters which are none of my business, or yours, or the government's. No, I am not going to ask the "four elderly" trans women I happen to know how they would have felt if gender-reassignment surgery had been available to them forty or fifty years ago, because it was. I cannot ask all four of them, because one has since died of what might have been Alzheimer's (something involving dementia), but before that had been a loving and caring relationship with another trans woman, and I can only ask you, who are we to tell these people how to live their lives?

In any case, one does not ask such intimate

questions. To do so is incredibly offensive. In my limited experience, gay people will frequently talk openly about who they are, but trans people often do not. Don't pry. I did overhear one say that she regarded the day of her surgery as her birthday, because that was when she became who she really is. This wasn't someone I actually knew. I wouldn't have argued the point.

There is also the matter of basic courtesy. If you deliberately address a trans woman as a man, and say "Sir" or "buster" or whatever, you are being intentionally insulting, and you know you are. You might as well just punch them in the face. This is not civilized behavior. Of course it is true that this person may have a chromosomal configuration which does not match their perceived gender, but unless you are a psychiatrist or physician specializing in such matters, I do not see how you can have an informed opinion.

As for bathrooms, this is a phony issue used by Republicans (or to be precise, Fascists) to sow fear, since such movements thrive on fear and need a dreadful "other" to terrify the rubes. (If someone is in an adjoining stall doing the same thing you are doing, why should you care how their personal plumbing is arranged? There are cultures where they don't have gender-specific bathrooms at all.) Are trans people the new Jews to contemporary Nazis? Maybe so. I think there are people on the far Right who want to kill them off, and go back to an imaginary time in which there were no such people. (A radical pseudo-Christian preacher recently made the news by calling for all homosexuals to be put to death. I doubt he feels any more kindly toward trans people.)

It is true that such cases of transsexualism used to be very rare. Now they are common. That is become it has become possible to talk about such things. Are some people rushing into something they may later regret? That is possible. But it is not for anyone but those involved to say.

Like the women in prison who are getting raped by fellow inmates who identify as women.

The only time I object to "gender neutral" pronouns is when they interfere with sense. If you say "They will arrive tomorrow" and you are referring to one person who prefers the pronoun "they," this only makes sense if both the speaker and the hearer know this. You cannot say this to a stranger. That's why "they" as a singular nominative is not going to catch on in the common speech. I read in a novel recently something like this: "The boatman floated by. They propelled the boat with a pole." I had to stop and figure that one out. Since "boatman" is clearly male (not "boat person") I was left wondering who and how many were on that boat.

Richard Dengrove is a little confused about the Latin Empire of Constantinople. Maybe the doge of Venice had conquest in mind from the start, but it seems that things were a bit more

chaotic than that. Soldiers for the Fourth Crusade, mostly Frenchmen, showed up in Venice. They did not have enough money to pay for transport to the Holy Land. Having a large, hungry army sitting on your doorstep is a danger for anyone, so the Venetians came up with a clever plan. If the crusaders would take for Venice the port city of Zara (on the eastern side of the Adriatic), the Venetians would forget about the boat bill. So they did. The crusaders wintered at Zara. Meanwhile Byzantium was in the hands of perhaps the most incompetent of all the emperors to reign over the "Romans," from Augustus all the way to Constantine XI, one Alexius III Angelus. Alexius III had deposed and blinded his brother, Isaac II, some years before and proven himself an even worse ruler than Isaac, who had some battlefield successes, but whose government was hopelessly corrupt. Alexius III had no battlefield successes (or military talent) and was even more corrupt. While the blinded Isaac II languished in captivity, his son, Alexius IV, got away and made his way to Zara. Being young, inexperienced, and desperate, he made all sorts of impossible promises to the crusaders. He would finance their crusade. He would supply 20,000 warriors to help them, if only they would march on Constantinople and reinstall Isaac II and himself. So they did. Isaac was mad or senile by this point. Alexius IV could only make more impossible promises. Everybody ran out of patience. The crusaders did a bit of looting. The Byzantines overthrew and killed both Isaac II and Alexius IV. Now a certain Alexius V seized power and tried to save the state. The crusaders made a direct assault on the city. Alexius V tried to lead the defense, with superior forces, but the Byzantines by this point were demoralized, confused, and probably not very good soldiers, and they ran away. Then the serious looting happened. Fires broke out. Much of the city was destroyed. Somewhere in the course of all this the doge of Venice, who was about 80 years old and who had been blinded by the Byzantines some years before, took advantage of the situation and a Venetian puppet was installed as Latin Emperor. (He lasted about a year, and was soon captured and possibly gorily done in by the Bulgarians.) The Venetians grabbed all the trade routes. Meanwhile Alexius III Angelus tried to rally support, failed, and ultimately was captured fighting for the Turks.

Did the Fourth Crusaders have any intention of leaving Isaac I and Alexius IV on the throne? If they'd remained useful puppets, probably yes. But that was not to be, and the city was so rich that they just couldn't resist looting it. It may have been one of the sleaziest things the West has ever done, but it was one of the greatest commercial coups of all time.

And that's why they call complicated politics full of intrigue "Byzantine".

George Price asks how a 1920s reader (or a

Victorian one) would react to a story from 2023 that described our sexual customs. Chances are they wouldn't get the chance, because such descriptions would have been deemed pornographic and banned. Likewise, it is almost a requirement from some publishers nowadays that some of the characters in a science-fiction novel be gay, lesbian, or whatever, and this would have been banned from the mails as recently as the 1960s. Many details of daily life in 2023 could not even be addressed a couple generations ago. This does indeed make a lot of science fiction date badly. I can point out a very witty story by Richard Demming (which most of us read in that 2 volume set *A Treasury of Great Science Fiction* ed. Groff Conklin, which used to be a Book Club premium) called "The Shape of Things That Came." A science fiction writer from about 1900 travels into the future, to 1950, then returns to his own time to describe the wonders he has seen. But his editor rejects the result, not because the marvels described are not marvelous, but because he refuses to believe that anyone would ever take them for granted.

By way of leaks from another timeline, the Edgar Allan Poe skit at the end must be one of them, because in Poe's day (died 1849) Japan had no empire or fleet, but was isolated and ruled by a shogun. Admiral Perry hadn't gotten there yet. Would the government have ever hired Poe as a code-breaker? I doubt it. Too erratic. And possibly not half as clever as he wanted people to think he was.

I wanted to describe how he would look at it. Yardley wasn't quite as good as he thought he was, either. See David Kahn's *The Reader of Gentleman's Mail*.

— JTM

From: **Lloyd Penney** July 6, 2023
1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, ON
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<http://lloydpenney.livejournal.com/>

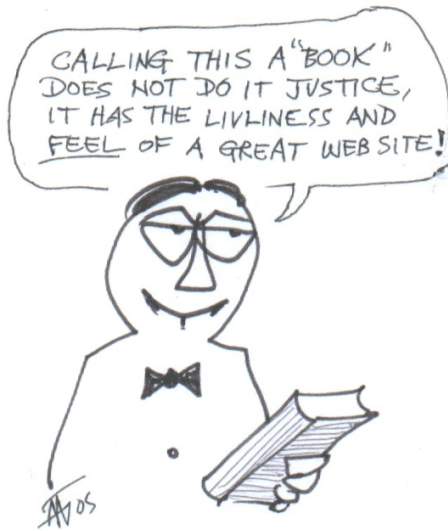
I apologize for letting things go, there has not been much time to get done the things I want to do, and we have lots of heat here, an AC unit that doesn't work, and workmen tearing down our balcony right by our apartment windows. Not the best time for us. So right now, here are some comments on issues 128 and 129 of *Alexiad*.

128... When it comes to tech, we try to be as informed and frugal as possible, for we know we could spend thousands of dollars we don't have on the latest laptops, tablets, phones and such. We're making do with what we have. Also, skeptics are always good to keep our feet on the ground if something earth-shattering is announced, but like so many interests, it's become politicized, and spoils it for many.

No fanzine programming at DragonCon? No surprise from me. I have never been to

DragonCon, but I gather it has become as much a pop culture event like San Diego Comic Con, and probably wouldn't know of any subject of a fanzinish style. The last time I did anything fanzinish at a convention, no one knew what I was talking about, and I was asked if I really knew what the panel topic was about. After that, I was ignored.

PARADIGM
SHIFT!



I've heard that this year's DCC was affected by the loss of publicizers of new releases.

My loc... We successfully managed the Vendors' Hall for this year's Anime North, and I know Yvonne has had enough. Doing this for two years was not how she envisioned her retirement. Someone has expressed some interest, but has gone quiet right now. We hope he will show a little commitment.

I have seen the Hugo nominees from Chengdu, plus mistakes made... I see who is helping the Chinese to make this a success, and I am heartened by this, but still...

From Rich Dengrove... I think those who own *Amazing Stories*, or who have more to do with it than I, would like to see a paper issue, plus .pdfs and Kindle editions, and any other way to get it to the public. Paper magazines may be a dying breed, but I still see many magazines in variety stores and some big box book stores. I can only imagine the screaming if we didn't produce a paper version of the magazine's next full issue.

129... I have had a couple of opportunities to see the house in which I grew up in, 271 John

Street in the city of Orillia, north of Toronto. There's been a few changes, succeeding owners have torn down the garage, I can see the window of my old bedroom, but I have had to just accept that it is merely a house, and one I shall never be in again.

I heard a little of Marty Cantor passing, but here is more of a full report. I remember Marty a cordial host at the LASFS club house when we visited many years ago, but he also declared he'd never send me any LASFS publications because I would write a letter of comment, and after sending it out, put it on my LiveJournal page (Yes, LiveJournal) which I use as a archive page. (I still do this. As soon as I complete this loc and send it to you, I will archive it on my LiveJournal page. Marty was the only person who had ever objected to this.)

And I hate to hear of long-time friends passing on, be they mine or someone else's, so my condolences on the passing of Grant McCormick.

As you say, the world should be eligible to get the Worldcon, but WSFS has rules attached, and some may not think those rules they have agreed to will necessarily apply to them. Worldcon is out of my reach, and so is the Winnipeg NASFiC, but next year is the Buffalo NASFiC, plus the World Fantasy Convention in nearby Niagara Falls, NY. We are aiming for those two conventions, and will try our best to do some promotion for *Amazing Stories*.

Niagara Falls . . . Niagara Falls!
Slowly I turned, step by step, inch
by inch . . . er, I hope you get publicity
for the magazine and have a
good time.

— JTM

I think I am done for the time being, and I can say that I am caught up, at least with *Alexiad*. Thank you for this issues, and I am back to more locs and more stories to edit tomorrow.

From: **George Price** July 7, 2023
4418 N. Monitor Avenue, Chicago, IL
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price4418@comcast.net

June *Alexiad* (#129)

Lisa's "Triple Crown 2023" mentions that Henderson, Kentucky, is her home town. As I recall, Henderson was adjacent to Camp Breckinridge, where I took my Army basic training with the 101st Airborne Division. (Despite the name, it was ordinary infantry training. We had a saying, "They can't make a paratrooper out of me — they don't have a plane big enough to hold all the men it would take to shove me out!")

I was drafted and sent there during the Korean War. The 101st was later reactivated as a line outfit, and in 1957 helped integrate that high school in Little Rock.

I paid no attention to Henderson at the time. When I went on pass it was to Evansville,

Indiana.

I remember one incident in Evansville that is amusing in retrospect. I went to a movie, and asked for a balcony ticket, because that was much cheaper. The box office lady looked at me strangely and asked if I really wanted the balcony. I assured her that I did, she sold me the ticket, and I enjoyed the show. It wasn't until years later that I realized that it must have been a Jim Crow theater, and she was puzzled that I would sit with the colored patrons. In the dark theater I never even noticed who was sitting near me. That was in December 1951 — the Army had racially integrated only recently, and quite successfully.

I also encountered an Army rule that was a paradigm of bureaucratic idiocy. Back then there were two kinds of basic training cycles. One took sixteen weeks, and prepared a man to go directly into the infantry battle line. The other was only eight weeks, and was for those who would then go on to another eight weeks of specialty training, such as Armor or Artillery.

I had just graduated with a B.S. in chemistry, and the Army had recently instituted a program to send draftees with technical degrees to research posts to make the best use of their skills. Very sensible. I was told that after basic training I would go directly to Chemical Corps research headquarters as a technician. Obviously, then, I should take the eight weeks of general infantry training that everybody got, and then go to my post, right? No way. Since I was not going to one of the specialty eight-week training courses, the only alternative the rules allowed was to take the full sixteen weeks of infantry training, and that's what I got.

Now, I have never regretted that extra training. It was really good for me — gave me physical confidence and showed me what I could do if I had to. But it wasted eight weeks of Army time and resources because the rules hadn't been revised to allow for the new program putting college-trained men in technical posts. And it wasn't just me — about half the men in my training company were technical graduates who really should have been in the eight-week cycle.

There's the right way, the wrong way, and the Army way.

* * * * *

Richard Dengrove says that “About Heinelein, no doubt about it that *Sixth Column* represents prejudice but from another time when it was considered OK.”

Sixth Column is certainly about race, but I have never seen it as racist. The “Pan-Asian Empire” was culturally antagonistic, but Pan-Asians were not shown as racially inferior. In fact, they defeated the U.S. with superior technology. The story is about how a secret remnant of the U.S. military came up with an even more superior technology.

A secondary character is Frank Mitsui, a

Japanese-American who fights for America and dies heroically. One white leader goes insane and holds the others at bay with a weapon set to “kill whites” (and only whites). Mitsui attacks the madman, who hastily switches the weapon to “kill Asians” — and that lets the other whites swarm him. But Frank Mitsui is already dead. That certainly is about race, but definitely does not involve racism or prejudice.

I did not read the story until about 1948, when I bought back issues of *Astounding*, including the 1941 issues with *Sixth Column*. That was after the war, when the evacuation of Japanese-Americans from the West Coast was recognized as shameful, and the stellar performance of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team was well-known — and I am sure I would have noticed any anti-Oriental racism or prejudice. I saw none.

Have you read the original draft, Campbell's “All”?

—JTM

* * * * *

Mr. Dengrove noted that one of Mussolini's sons made a movie “set in Ancient Roman times [and] neglected to take wristwatches away from the actors.”

When I was in high school, students put on a Christmastime play about the Crucifixion. After it was over, I went to the guy playing a Roman centurion and advised him that for the scheduled second performance he should take off his watch. He did. I don't know if anyone else had noticed, but I had heard no titters during the play.

* * * * *

On a more serious subject, Lisa's note in Mr. Dengrove's letter says, “I have never understood why FDR gets blamed for getting us into war with the Nazis. Hitler's treaty with Japan did not obligate him to war if Japan was the aggressor. It was Hitler, not FDR, who declared war.”

Roosevelt's alleged responsibility was a burning controversy in the late Forties, after the war, and I read a lot about it then. The question was, were Roosevelt's provocations of Japan, such as trade embargos, ultimately intended to get us into the war in Europe -- “the back door into war”? I think they were.

I don't recall anybody asking, what if Hitler hadn't taken the bait and gone to war in support of Japan. And are we really, really sure that the Berlin/Tokyo agreements offered any such loophole? If so, nobody took it seriously enough to think it would have deterred FDR from provoking Japan. He would have taken the chance.

The big question was whether Roosevelt was morally justified in using such backhanded tactics to get into war with Germany. In any case, I think we can agree that the Nazis had to be taken down.

* * * * *

Lisa's note in the Dengrove letter also mentions “the smartest Fascist dictator, Francisco Franco of Spain.” She says his intelligence is proved by “the fact that he was the only Fascist leader who died of old age and in his bed.”

GOD AND I PLOTTED
OUR FOREIGN POLICY,
BUT IF GOD HAD TOLD
ME WHAT HE HAD IN
MIND FOR THE COUNTRY,
I WOULD HAVE DONE SOME-
THING ELSE!



That may have been because he was not really a fascist. He was much more an old-fashioned Hispanic “caudillo,” a strongman who ruled without being an ideologue. The “fascist” label was hung on him by the left -- especially the Communists who hijacked the Loyalist cause in the Spanish Civil War. The real fascists, as exemplified by Mussolini, were nationalistic socialists. Franco stayed away from all that.

* * * * *

Shouldn't the byline on “The American Black Chamber” really be “not by Edgar Allan Poe”?

Also, that “dreary and desolate year of 19” might better be “18” because it mentions a “telegraphic clerk,” implying a less modern time.

From: **Garth Spencer** July 14, 2023
garth.van.spencer@gmail.com

Condolences on the passing of Grant McCormick. He sounds like a very good example, and one of the people we can least afford to lose.

Lisa's leading comments were poignant; the house where I grew up is also to be sold, if an in-family dispute over proceeds can be

settled. I have also found myself migrating from print books to e-books, although I may be further along – mostly I rely on a balky tablet to read my collection of e-books.

I am also concerned about not leaving a mess of paperbacks and fanzines and inconsequential memorabilia for someone to clear up. A will is in progress. One snag in completing it, beyond the tedium of listing all my worldly goods, is that my awareness of current fanzine repositories is quite out of date. Fortunately Randy Reichardt (now gafiated) has kindly given me some leads, but I still have to follow them up.



THIN N' THICC JM2

Joe's remarks on the Worldcon – in this year, and in future years – provoked some thoughts. I find it remarkable that he reports a Tel Aviv bid encountered "anti-semitism among the woke," but then there seem to be competing definitions of 'woke' and I don't know who is using which. (I don't get out much.) I don't find it remarkable that someone proposed the Worldcon be held at the national con of the country of the winning Worldcon bid, and the U.S. hold an American National Convention; being a Canadian myself, that makes every kind of sense to me.

Maybe Joe should expand on his "buy my books" ad by listing some of the titles? I have taken the plunge and produced some chapbooks of my own extended articles, under the imprint Stop Press, partly to add saleable items to the CUFF fundraising effort, and have listed them with the CUFF fanzine catalog.

I have put in a link to my Amazon author page.

Re your loccol comment to me: No, I haven't read *The Codebreakers* yet. I wanted to find a book called *Glyphbreaker*; I recall it was about a man who deciphered Mayan script, and subsequently tackled Linear B and the Phaistos Disk.

But Michael Ventris had deciphered Linear B in the fifties.
—JTM

Also in the loccol, Joe answered the question whether there a publisher which may produce fanhistories and fanthologies. Thank you! There is a Canadian fanhistory volume I am working on, but I hope it doesn't have to be a Stop Press project. Not sure I have the means.

Thanks to George W. Price, for responding about the somewhat dated interpersonal behaviour of people in classic science fiction, set somewhere in the future. He's quite right, it seems to be a necessity of making a story saleable (and palatable) to readers in a given decade. And to answer his question, I don't yet know of any alternative. Except to leave unspoken great big hunks of the background of a future, or alternative society.

Thanks also to Taras Wolansky, for responding to my remarks on H. Beam Piper. Yes, I was aware of the female archaeologist in his story "Omnilingual," and all the characters with remarkably mixed names in his future history.

I guess these features just didn't stick out like a sore thumb, to my eyes, the way they must have done to his readers. But then, I live in Vancouver – a pretty ethnically mixed city – and I have an ethnically mixed name myself. "Garth" is Old Norse by way of Scots, and "Spencer" is so English, it is originally French.

From: **Richard Dengrove** July 21, 2023
richd22426@aol.com

I have found I have to cut down on my verbiage. Otherwise, I won't be able to write letters of comment to everyone I want to. This maybe a sad thing for some of you or it may be an occasion for celebration.

Lisa. However bad you are at not throwing things out, I'm worse. Even many items I know I should throw away immediately, I can't.

Reviewers Notes. The Chinese World con. It looks like the government has ordered that others than the con's original backers to profit from it. The Chengdu worldcon is to be put on at another time and another place, and other people will take a prominent place in it. That way profits will come to the chosen few. I don't think that changed the Hugos, though.

Try Your Luck with Professor Challenger. Everyone admits that there was a lot wrong with Deconstruction. I suspect that's what comes of being more radical than thou. Which, I suspect, was the basic idea behind it.

Triple Crown 2023. I too hope they find out why horses are dying at Belmont.

LETTERS WE GET LETTERS. Dale Speirs. Google claims that the temperature has only only changed 2.5 degrees, or something like that, in the last 170 years. And mostly in the 21st Century.

I remember the era when post apocalyptic tales were popular. We were going to die or live horribly after atomic war. Fortunately, statesmen don't threaten atomic war much anymore and science fiction has gone elsewhere.

The Kremlin's Nuclear Sword (2014) by Steven J. Zaloga indicates how most of the atomic doom tales were impossible.

—JTM

Darrell Schweitzer. I have read where people advocate sex change at a drop of the hat. I guess it can make people look like the opposite sex, but I hear there can be big problems with it. Anyway, for now.

I am not certain climate change isn't going to happen slowly enough that people won't even notice.

Nic Farey. People don't want to believe in science. Science is boring for them. They want to practice what seems to come 'naturally' to them. Hence, crazy psychological sects.

Joe's comments on my letter. If *Animal Farm* was published on August 17, 1945, it was after World War II. Orwell could say what he wanted to about Russia.

According to Google, the revenue of the Chinese Science fiction industry is \$12 billion. That of the US science fiction industry t is \$590.3 million. They got us.

George W. Price. I always call the Civil War the War of Southern Rebellion and Northern Aggression. ...Not really.

About trans, I haven't said anything to the trans. I normally believe such people are beyond help.

Writing about the future. As you say, science fiction cannot tell us about the real future. It has to cater to people of whatever era he or she is writing for. A very good point. In fact, some futures are exaggerated aspects of whatever the present is. In our era, often exaggerations of robots and climate change.

Taras Wolansky. I just read one article in "The Weekend." It was putting together editorial comments on China policy. Since they were doing that, it's no wonder it gave contradictory opinions. Also, it makes me wonder whether they were doing the same thing when you read it?

About Trans. It seems to be the fashion right now for men to want to be women and women men. It's overdoing equality of sexes. When men succeed, it's what comes naturally to them. When women succeed, it's what comes naturally to them. The same thing with being happy.

Thanks for complimenting me on my evidence against the destructive powers of CO2. In fact, overall CO2 was good for the dinosaurs.

Al du Pisani. I wouldn't have too much confidence in Elon Musk. He seems to be making a mess of his rocket system, his electric cars, and Twitter. Luck went to his head.

About the Covid epidemic. It did a number on me too. I seem to have lost nearly all of my nearby friends. And I haven't figured how to start over.

John F. Hertz. What do we need with energy weapons when we have the new guns? It's true that people run out of bullets with guns. However, some rifles have almost an endless supply. For instance, I remember hearing the Assault Rifle 13 has 65 rounds. You can kill a lot of people with that.

GRANT'S LAST DAYS. We're all going to die. However, we are still sad when people die. Particularly, someone we liked. There are two people in particular who have died that I'm still sad about. One, Ned Brooks, I expected to live longer than me but fate intervened.

From: **John Hertz** July 27, 2023
236 S. Coronado Street, No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057 USA

In *Alexiad* 129 (vol. 22 no 3) Joe says "It seems wrong for Worldcon not to be a *Worldcon*." The one-panel newspaper comic "There Oughta Be a Law" (H. Shortan and A. Fagaly, 1944-1985) had a forty-year run. Alexander Woollcott, who knew Felix Frankfurter well enough to begin a letter "My dear Watson" and sign it "Binkie", and whose January 1940 lecture at the University of Kansas, in a blizzard, sold out — the hall held four thousand — said "I'm tired of hearing it said that democracy doesn't work. Of course it doesn't work. We are supposed to work it." No one, thanks be to Roscoe, assigns Worldcons. To get them around the world people have to bid for them.

Woollcott was "The Town Crier", host of a popular CBS radio show, the leading voice of the Algonquin Round Table, a founder of the Baker Street Irregulars, and other such media matters. Such as, for example, reviewing a Broadway performance titled "I'll Say She Is!" and striking up a friendship with one of the performers, who rewarded him by doing a hat switch with interesting effects.

There's also acting knowledgeably. At Discon III, after Chengdu beat Winnipeg for 2023, I found some Chengdu representatives and quoted Confucius, "When you know something, to know that you know it; when you do not know something, to know that you do not know it: that is knowledge." (*Analects*, 2:17). They seemed to recognize it, even in English. I discussed its application, too. The concom engaged Yalow, McCarty, Eastlake,

Shepherd, Szczesuil.

Going back to Woollcott, there's also acting. Looking over the voting for 2023 I figured 4,908 people could have voted for Winnipeg but didn't. The 2023 Westercon, scheduled for July, had to be canceled in May because not enough people had come forward to help or even to get Attending Memberships.

The transition from participant to consumer. They want to see things but don't want to do the effort to do them. Does this mean that commercial cons are going to be all that is left?

—JTM



In science fiction I've been discussing what I've called the Larry Niven Anchor Rule. Niven says, if everything is strange, what is the reader to do? You have to put in *some* things the reader can relate to. My corollary is that these are just will look "dated" later. Cigarettes. Colloquialisms. Slide rules. It wouldn't matter so much if we weren't so stuck in the feeble-minded "SF predicts the future". Thank Roscoe, some of us aren't.

From: **Taras Wolansky** August 3, 2023
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Thanks for the June *Alexiad*.

Obits: We move forward and our friends fall away, one by one. Grant, Marty, R.I.P.

Lisa: I sympathize with your book problem. A lot of mine went to storage when I gave up my New Jersey apartment, more than five years ago. And they're still in storage.

Why FDR gets blamed: he violated the Neutrality Acts by, among other things, secretly ordering the US Navy to try to run down German submarines.

Joe: "The Fellowship of the King"? I would have thought there is a lot of LOTR fanfic. How is this different? Or is it different?

This is professionally published. Polychron is suing Amazon and the Tolkien estate, and he is being sued for copyright infringement.

And what is "All the Young Dudes", and how is it "replacing Rowling's works as canon"?

This is a fanfic on AO3 about Harry Potter's parents. It presumably adheres to tranny standards.

Darrell Schweitzer: Sorry, the impact of Critical Race Theory on school kids is very real. You've been deceived.

I may have first run into it in an issue of the well-known, liberal magazine, *The Atlantic*. A well-known progressive journalist, George Packer, was writing about the problems of being a progressive parent. On the one hand, as a progressive you want to send your kids to public school. On the other hand, as a parent, you want to do the best for your kids.

Ultimately, he split the difference: some of his kids went to public schools, others didn't, depending upon their specific needs. But, along the way, he describes an incident when his daughter, then seven years old, came home from a "progressive" public school, looking sad. He asked her what was the matter. She answered: she wished she wasn't white.

Now, dwell upon the obscenity of an elementary school teacher labeling little kids by race and teaching them racial guilt. Of course, when they're caught pulling this sort of trick they're going to lie about it.

School exercises in which white kids are taught that they are villains, and non-white kids are taught that they are victims, are now a routine occurrence. But of course the radical teachers and their media allies will pull the wool over your eyes if they can.

Today, parents are not so much worried about their children being "turned gay", as about their gay kids being told they're not gay, but in the "wrong body", and we can fix that, snip, snip. And, in spite of a media that tries to pretend they don't exist, troubled young women who were railroaded into transitioning are now suing their doctors: "I needed therapy; you gave me surgery!"

Especially when they are transitioned at age 3. There was a Youtube video where they were describing this.

Dale Speirs: I take it, your "When Words Collide" (in Calgary?) has nothing to do with the online festival of the same name, a week later.

I guess we old folks have heard too many predictions of doom, over the years, to put too much weight on what is just the latest narrative. We've also learned that some people really like predictions of doomsday, and ferociously resent anyone who pops their balloon.

In June of 2018 Greta Thunberg said there were five years left until ecological catastrophe. So we're all dead.

—JTM

From: **Frank Bynum** August 19, 2023
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NOTHING AS RELAXING AS "MR. TAMBOURINE MAN" PLAYED ON A TENOR SOUBAPHONE...

Thank you for reminders of those fond times in which we visited together, in the fosfa f&sf discussion group community. For me, these began some time during 1975, while as a student at University of Louisville engineering school, followed an event notice to Fosfa weekly meetings, Free University, allowing community organizations to meet on campus, despite having no formal academia connection to the university otherwise. Circumstances permitted me to commute from Dayton Ohio to Louisville, and elsewhere for related events, inducing a number of conventions per year, through Sept. 2001. (Then my situation changed. Schedule time, discretionary funds levels, did not permit that to continue.)

Spread my best wishes and regards to the community there in Louisville.

We'd like to hear from you

more often.

—JTM

WAHF:
Lloyd G. Daub, with various items of interest.
Tom Feller, with thanks.
Mike Glycer.

THOSE WHO GO AWAY

by Joe

Rudolph Castown? Nobody remembers him.
—Damon Knight, *The Futurians*

According to Fancyclopedia, Rudolph Castown was membership director of the Futurians. His association with the club seems to have been brief. He did not go to or try to go to the NyCon.

I checked Findagrave.com to look for him. He died February 11, 1984 and was buried in Calverton National Cemetery on Long Island. (He was a veteran.) If Knight had known he had still been alive he might have interviewed him. If he had any further connection with fandom it was not noticed or recorded.

The late Rodney Leighton used to say that people were DAFIA, Drifting Away From It All. They were not specifically leaving fandom, but gradually lost interest in it.

How many people have defiated? Found other interests, or gone to other endeavors? It still goes on; one member of the Andy Hooper circle was, when I last checked up on him, posting composite pictures of building cranes.

I am reminded of one of the side-effects of Bill Fesselmeyer's "How the GRINCH Stole Worldcon" (1975). A back-and-forth develops between fandom and a particular media fandom ("Lost in Space" fans), they having control of alternating worldcons. Then, an unincorporated media worldcon publishes a libelous comment about the other sequence. The media fandom disintegrates, the media producer, which had bought a membership, pays a large settlement, and the Worldcon becomes a secret invitation-only convention.

The story is told by a member of a subsequent fandom that sprang up, with conventions and the like, in the wake of the closing-in of the original fandom. Would that happen now? Or would the new "fandom" be a collection of all the other media properties, with no concern or connection to its ancestry?

The story goes around and comes back to the Futurians:

Hokku in Farewell:

This ash, this burned match.
Queen of spades left with tight frown.
Be happy for us.
We do not come again.
We do not come. Ever again.

— Cyril Kornbluth

JAPAN, INC.

In the seventies, everyone who thought about it knew that Japan, Inc. was going to dominate the corporate world. There were all those stories in *ANALOG*. The Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry would smoothly and efficiently direct resources to the great companies, which would produce abundance for export, dominating world trade.

New workers, having fulfilled the exacting standards of Japanese higher education, would be hired for life. When an employee found himself no longer useful to the corporation, he would honorably end his life.

All the companies in the U.S. would be bought by Japanese companies, and they would instill the values of Japanese management that had made Japan, Inc. predominant:

- 5:25 AM Arrive at company offices, sing the company song
- 5:30 AM Begin half-hour of Tai Chi exercises
- 6:00 AM Go in to work
- 1:00 PM Meal: one piece of fish and a ball of rice
- 9:00 PM Office lights go out automatically
- 9:01 PM Everyone turns lights back on
- 10:30 PM Boss leaves
- 10:35 PM Everyone leaves
- 10:45 PM Everyone gets together at pachinko parlor
- 1:00 AM Pachinko parlor closes
- 1:15 AM Go to tube motel, go to sleep
- 5:25 AM Arrive at company offices, sing the company song . . .

But now Japan, Inc. is on the decline. The standard Japanese youth is a *hikikomori*. He lives in a room in his parents' home, watching animé nonstop.

The Japan, Inc. boom was predicated on ever rising real estate prices. This bubble burst, and the millionaires who had bought large estates in California had to sell out.

So much for Michael Crichton's *Rising Sun* (1992), and Tom Clancy's *Debt of Honor* (1994) the modern follow-ups to Homer Lea's *The Valor of Ignorance* (1909).

HURRY UP DREAMING

Feric looked at the weak and unsavory Wolack masses holding the peninsula. Then his vision focused on the Dominator controlling them. He looked human, thin, broad-shouldered, and with a keen gaze. Feric could feel the creature's Dominator power striving to take down the Helder troop facing them.

They were pure humans, all over six feet in height, with keen bright blue eyes and pure flaxen hair. They bestrode motorcycles, running the engines to prepare themselves for battle.

Feric gave the command. As one, the men of the SS troop locked their submachine guns over the handlebars and placed their truncheons within reach.

Feric drew the Steel Commander. With its mighty power, he indicated the Wolacks. "Hail Victory! Hail Heldon! Hail the Swastika! FORWARD!!!"

"**HAIL JAGGAR!!! HAIL JAGGAR!!!**
HAIL JAGGAR!!!" the troop cried. The motorcycle engines roared. The troop fired their submachine guns. A torrent of fire and lead flew towards the Wolacks as the troop rode down towards their lines, a mighty wave of pure humanity, their High Commander at its head, advancing on the Wolacks and the foul Dominator who controlled them.

Feric focused on the Dominator. Once he smashed the foul being's head with the Steel Commander, the remainder of the Wolacks would disintegrate into a mass of broken mutants, fouling themselves, mindlessly attacking each other. He raised the Great Truncheon of Held and prepared to smite, the thought of the foul beast's brains fountaining out of its sundered head lending his arm a special power.

The fighting around Westerplatte had been bad for the Germans. To lose a battleship, for all that she was an elderly predrednaught, was a serious blow. Their infantry had fallen back, but there was a report of a new unit in the front line, so I went to see.

I looked over the Germans preparing to advance. The first sign had been the growling of motorcycle engines. When they became visible in the dawn light I looked at them with my binoculars.

They were in black leather — special SS dress uniform? With swastika-flag capes, no less. If it hadn't been who they were, it would have been a comical sight. Sergeant Kowalski said, "Major Sucharski, sir, they've been revving those engines since midnight. The lieutenant had us stand to for an hour, then when it seemed they were waiting he posted watches and let the rest of us sleep."

That was when things started happening. The Germans formed up into a line and began firing with submachine guns placed on the handlebars of their motorcycles. They rode towards our lines. The man in the front was waving a club and shouting.

The men had gone to ground when the shooting began. The motorcyclists were massed and if one were shot he would entangle the one next to him in a crash. I was watching the assault with a horrid attraction.

The commander was riding straight for me! I prepared to shoot him and the men next to me did that for me. He fell over, losing that huge club.

The few motorcyclists who reached our lines were bayoneted. They fought fiercely but a club against a bayoneted rifle is not much of an advantage.

"We can't use those submachine guns," Kuba told me. I was back in the bunker composing the report.

"They are some odd caliber; 9.2 centimeters. There wasn't enough ammunition left to use the weapons."

"The injured casualties attempted to attack the men come to give them aid. One of the orderlies had his kneecaps broken."

"The men were all muscular, and all over 1.8 meters high. Their only weapons beside the guns were those clubs."

"The motorcycles might have been effective, but they were riding too close together."

I said, "I saw. One man would hit a motorcyclist and he would carom into the men next to him. It was like an automobile crash in a traffic jam."

"We brought the commander's weapon here. It was very strange."

I went into the next room to see it. It was in the shape of a human forearm. The fist at the end had a swastika ring on the middle finger. Kuba said, "It took four men to lift it. You said he was waving it over his head?"

"Like a stick," I said. There seemed to be something evil about this club.

Tonight's message from Westerplatte would include a description of a special SS bodyguard unit being annihilated.

— Not by Norman Spinrad or Nicholas Dupont

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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.

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