

# ALEXIAD

(ΑΛΞΙΑΣ)

\$2.00

I have been scanning the newspaper ads about pets. I don't know why I do this, because it makes me mad and sick at heart to see all the products of animal mills being offered there. Animals as good or better get put down at shelters every day. I especially hate seeing Dobermans or Siamese being offered. The thought of animals like Digger, C'Mell and Slim being kept in little wire cages really gets to me. But then I suppose every animal lover has favorites among the breeds. Kitten and puppy season is approaching. At the flea market today there was a dealer selling puppies.

One morning out walking I froze at a familiar sound overhead. It was the first flight of geese passing overhead. My heart leaped for I knew their honking meant spring was coming, as it had for untold numbers of years.

— Lisa

## Table of Contents

Editorial.....	1
Reviewer's Notes.....	1

Examining Sturgeon.....	3
Horse News.....	10
The Joy of High Tech.....	12
Nebula Award Nominations.....	14
Veterans News.....	13

## Book Reviews

JTM Anderson, <i>Destroyermen: Rising Tides</i> .....	6
AAG Brown, <i>How I Killed Pluto and Why It Had It Coming</i> .....	11
JTM Corby, <i>The Pericles Commission</i> .....	9
CC Hamilton, <i>Bullet</i> .....	11
CC Hamilton, <i>Flirt</i> .....	11
JTM Hobson, <i>The Native Star</i> .....	6
JTM Hornblum, <i>The Invisible Harry Gold</i> .....	8
CC Hunter, <i>Skinwalker</i> .....	11
JTM Kowal, <i>Shades of Milk and Honey</i> .....	6
GCM Kratman, <i>The Amazon Legion</i> .....	10
LTM Lavene/Lavene, <i>Touch of Gold</i> .....	10
JTM McDevitt, <i>Echo</i> .....	5
JTM Raeside, <i>Return to Antarctica</i> .....	7
CC Vaughn, <i>Kitty Goes to War</i> .....	11
JTM Waller, <i>Wild Bill Donovan</i> .....	9
JTM Westerfeld, <i>Leviathan</i> .....	7

## Candy Bar Reviews

JP Three Musketeers Truffle Crisp.....	13
--	----

## Con Reports

J/LM ConCave 32.....	13
----------------------	----

Fanzines Received.....	15
------------------------	----

Random Jottings.....	2
----------------------	---

Letters.....	16
--------------	----

Dainis Bisienieks, Sue Burke, Richard A. Dengrove, Brad W. Foster, Steve George, Alexis A. Gilliland, John Hertz, Robert S. Kennedy, Timothy Lane, Rodney Leighton, Eric Mayer, Lloyd Penney, AL du Pisani, George W. Price, Darrell Schweitzer, Joy V. Smith, Rod E. Smith, Milt Stevens, R-Lauraine Tutihasi, Henry L. Welch, Taras Wolansky, Martin Morse Wooster

Comments are by JTM, LTM, or Grant.

Trivia.....	29
-------------	----

## Art:

Sheryl Birkhead.....	10, 16, 17, 22, 29
Brad W. Foster.....	11
Paul Gazdikowski.....	30
Alexis A. Gilliland.....	3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11, 12, 15, 19, 23, 26, 27, 29
Trinlay Khadro.....	2
Marc Schirmeister.....	24, 27

Yuri's Night is **April 12, 2011** (the Semi-Centennial!)

**ConGlomeration** will be **April 22-24, 2011** (That's right, Pascha/Easter weekend) at the Crowne Plaza Hotel [the former Executive Inn West, site of many RiverCons] on 850 Phillips Lane, Louisville.

<http://www.conglomeration.info>

The 137th Running of the Kentucky Derby is **May 7, 2011**.

The 136th Running of the Preakness Stakes is **May 21, 2011**.

The 142nd Running of the Belmont Stakes is **June 11, 2011**.

The Sherlock Holmes/Arthur Conan Doyle Symposium will be **May 13-15, 2011** in Dayton, Ohio. The theme is "**Holmes: Then, Now, & Forever**" and as the Thirtieth Anniversary Symposium it will be very special. Membership is \$50 if posted before April 15, \$55 if posted before May 6, and \$60 after that. Send to:

**Cathy Gill**  
**4661 Hamilton Avenue**  
**Cincinnati, OH 45223-1502 USA**  
**[chirpsworth@fuse.net](mailto:chirpsworth@fuse.net)**

The **World Party** is at 9:00 p.m. local time on **June 21, 2011**.

Printed on April 7, 2011

Deadline is **June 11, 2011**

## Reviewer's Notes

There was a quite amused discourse on the James Randi Educational Foundation forum about an author who didn't like a negative review of her book. Thanks to the forthcomingness of Amazon.com, it was possible to get a perspective on it.

The resources of the internet and modern print-on-demand methods mean that anything can get published. Without editing. Someone should have told the author that titling her work *The Greek Seaman* would produce some risqué responses. The work lives up to its promise, for what that's worth, with bad grammar, inept style, and other errors that could have been caught. Even the wildly positive reviews were somewhat, er double-entendre.

The barriers to publication have been lowered. On the other hand, the barriers to publication have been lowered; a work that "doesn't fit" can now get out, but that doesn't mean it's a suppressed masterpiece.

All the same, the posters at the JREF forum have their own problem. A Google search will discover, for example, that most psychics can easily find that, should they ever take the Randi Challenge, that even if they succeed they will not be paid, the JREF citing some minor provision of the agreement. And yet, the JREF contemptuously dismisses such complaints, because they know they're honest.

— Joe

## RANDOM JOTTINGS

by Joe



Two of the four Borders bookstores in Louisville will be among those closed in the ongoing Chapter XI bankruptcy reorganization. The two that are still open are the old Hawley-Cooke outlets. For a while they had considered closing the store on Bardstown Road, but apparently the landlord renegotiated the lease.

Also closing is the Borders in Evansville, Indiana, but the ones in Clarksville, Tennessee and Nashville will remain open. Since the ongoing Chapter XI bankruptcy of Joseph-Beth Booksellers included closing the Davis-Kidd Bookstore in Nashville, at least this leaves us someplace to go while we're down there. Evansville still has Barnes & Noble, too.

While we were shopping at the downtown Borders going-out-of-business sale, I saw in the DVD rack *He-Man and the Masters of the Universe*. It takes a superhero to clean out Wall Street corruption. I'm still waiting for *She-Ra and Gordon Gekko*...

When I was younger, *Cracked* was the poor relative of *Mad Magazine*. Now, *Mad* is in the doldrums and *Cracked.com* has some of the wickedest commentary out there. Such as "Five Hollywood Secrets That Explain Why So Many Movies Suck". One of them being that movies are now conceived by producers and writers are only brought in to make it work.

Which explains the item in the *LA Times* about two hot new Hollywood projects, buried in a piece on the problems the Oscar nominees had getting to the screen. One film will be based on Stretch Armstrong, and one based on Magic 8-Ball. Which proves that *Idiocracy* is a documentary about the film business. Keep an eye out for the live-action *Rocket Robin Hood*, coming to a cineplex near you.

George R. R. Martin has announced that he finally has a publication date for the next *Song of Ice and Fire* book, *A Dance With Dragons*, which is now scheduled for **July 12, 2011**.

Subject to change without prior notice.

Martin Morse Wooster informed me that Ulysses S Grant had died. That is, **Ulysses S Grant V**, great-grandson of the general and President, born on September 21, 1920, a veteran of WWII and Korea, died on March 2, 2011. He is survived by his widow, two sons, a daughter, 11 grandchildren (including Ulysses

S Grant VI) and 20 great-grandchildren.

Meanwhile, as far as I know, Robert E. Lee V still hasn't got married.

Historical fact: H. G. Wells was cremated and his ashes scattered at sea off the Isle of Wight by his sons Geoffrey Wells and Anthony West.

Question: Is the English Channel turbulent, boiling even?

Observation: Seen at Borders: *The War of the Worlds Plus Blood, Guts, and Zombies* by H. G. Wells and Eric Brown (Gallery, \$15.00).

**Family Ties Department:** Everyone take a look at Stupid for Movies, where my cousin Wade Major fearlessly tackles films live every Thursday evening:

<http://www.stupidformovies.digitalinnovationscreative.com/>

Try this new page on Wikipedia, or perhaps I should say Vicipedia Encyclopædia:

[http://la.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pagina\\_prima](http://la.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pagina_prima)

Simon Winchester has a new book out on a vast geographical topic: *Atlantic: Great Sea Battles, Heroic Discoveries, Titanic Storms, and a Vast Ocean of a Million Stories* (Harper; 2010; ISBN 978-0-06-170258-7; \$27.99). It takes the piled-on approach of *A Crack in the World*, where various anecdotes, collections of trivia, and tidbits of knowledge were gathered under a loose ambit. On top of that, he organizes his trivia under the schema of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man".

An amusing read, admittedly with small errors, and hardly an authoritative or definitive work. It'll kill a few hours, or get someone interested in reading for more depth.

## OBITS

We note the death of **Mike Glicksohn**, the CanFan on **March 18, 2011**. Mike was the hero of fanzine fandom, the patron of cons, the image of Canada. He was the name everyone knew when I began to know fanzine fandom, back in the seventies, and was the image of Canada when he died. He may have been the lynchpin.

We note the death of **Diana Wynne Jones** on **March 26, 2011**. While her fiction, such as the Chrestomanci novels, was enough to make her name, her glory was *The Tough Guide to Fantasyland*, the **Unimpeachable Guide**<sup>OMT</sup> to the ways of writing Extruded Fantasy Product.

## MONARCHIST NEWS

That fun-loving **Prince Harry of Wales** has sponsored and accompanied the Walking With the Wounded trek to the North Pole, going the first few days with the four injured vets.

## BULLY

Commentary by Joseph T Major

By now you've certainly seen it: the

schoolkids in Australia, the tough little one punching the big fat one in the face a couple of times, then after his victim fends off a couple more blows, the little kid begins dancing around in his boxing stance, the big kid grabs him, picks him up, and throws him to the ground.

The big kid was suspended from school, of course. Perhaps the administration was thinking of Larry Niven's "Cloak of Anarchy" (*Analog*, March 1972), where as you recall, the copseyes zapped both or all people involved in a fight, thus saving themselves the problem of trying to establish who was the first to fight.

Psychological counsellors have developed elaborate procedures of responsive strategies for bullied children to follow, going from one phase to the next and resolving the bullying without violence. The operational experience that they never work, that the bully (or bullies; a lot of them run in packs) is (are) not attuned to the fine shadings of the procedure, while the victim has so many other considerations in mind that to evaluating the situation in such detail requires more time and effort than are available, is written off. The program was developed after a long in-depth analysis and developmental procedure, attuned to the nuances of the childhood experience, so it is valid.

These were the same people who quite willingly believed that Herman Kahn was a house name, a group pseudonym, because no one could write *On Thermonuclear War* (1960) without evincing a dire horror. Kahn had described a responsive strategy with its forty-four rungs of escalation in such a crisis, ratcheting up destruction as the crisis level increased. (I recall, many years ago, reading a story based on this, probably from Michael Moorcock's *New Worlds*, which begins with one boy being shot with a catapult [Yank "slingshot"] by the neighbor's lad and ending up with the householders demolishing their own houses for bombardment material.)

It wasn't quite global thermonuclear war, but the bombing strategy applied against North Vietnam during the Vietnam War had this same concept of measured levels of response, which was intended to convey to Ho and Vo (Vo Nguyen Giap) precisely-delineated signals indicating the American attitude towards North Vietnamese activity. This cunning plan was perhaps just a little too subtle for them, and for everyone else not in the planning department.

We can see the fight because yet another kid recorded it on his cell phone. That seems to be quite the popular thing to do. Some allegedly older people have themselves recorded ordering drinks from a drive-through, then throwing them back into the store with the cry "Fire in the hole!" Others take part in a ritual known as "Happy Slapping", where a mob assaults at random some unfortunate victim, then the video is posted for the delectation of the generality. Just imagine what Alex from *A Clockwork Orange* could have done with this! "George held up the mobile to like record it all as the rest of us began to tolchock the old veck..."

Technology has advanced as morality has ebbed.

## FOREVER YOUNG

Commentary by Joseph T Major on  
**CASE AND THE DREAMER**  
*and Other Stories*  
 by Theodore Sturgeon (1974)



*Forever Young* (1992) is the story of Captain Daniel McCormick (Mel Gibson) of the United States Army Air Corps. In 1939, his girlfriend is hit by a truck and goes into a coma. Depressed, he persuades a friend doing medical research to put him into what they probably would have called then “suspended animation” until his girlfriend awakens.

That’s one way to miss a troop movement, I guess. Fifty-three years later, he is awakened, and has to readjust to the changed world. I suspect they underdid the nature of his adjustment; the captain came from a milieu where saying “The Jews are responsible for all the wars in the world” is a perfectly reasonable statement, for example. Not to mention smoking unfiltered cigarettes.

Theodore Sturgeon suffered a number of literary jostlings in his life. His birthname was Edward Hamilton Waldo, but at age eleven he was adopted by his stepfather William Dicky Sturgeon and they changed his name. Due to his using his birthname as a pseudonym a couple of times, the Library of Congress decided that his *real* name was Edward Hamilton Waldo and “Theodore Sturgeon” was a pseudonym, making his books harder to find in the library. And the character of Kilgore Trout is taken in name from Sturgeon, but not in literary output or apparently personality.

For example, one can’t imagine Kilgore Trout taking the brave and individualistic position of attacking McCarthyism in stories like “Mr. Costello, Hero” (*Galaxy*, December 1953). After all everyone else he knew did.

Later on, Sturgeon developed a particular sentiment. This collection, which came out in 1974, contains three stories that reflect it in various ways.

### “Case and the Dreamer” (*Galaxy*, January 1972)

There’s a good bit of extrapolation and speculation in the background of this story. In some regards, that’s a positive sign; Sturgeon is taking all this for granted in the story. Many writers would have made the whole thing be about the wonder of the background. He is writing the commonplace story of the era in

which it is set, a story in which the characters don’t stand around gape-jawed at the Wonders of Science and Technology (cf. “Masters of the Metropolis” by Randall Garrett and Lin Carter (*F&SF*, April 1957)), but set about using the ordinary things of their lives.

Which in this case is a interstellar survey ship. The vessel is automated — a good thing, as it has outlived all its crew. The ship is several thousand light-years from its origin, from Earth, yet it is in contact with Earth in real-time, if not simultaneous time. Again, this is part of the background, not the focus of the story.

Which itself begins when the ship finds a predecessor, so to speak; a lifecraft of a lifecraft, a pod about the size of one human being, used for surviving a smaller craft which has broken down. In this case it contains one human, Case.

Who’s dead. Yet, somehow, he can be revived (talk about background advances!) and is revived. To shout out his last memory, crying “Jan!” before being restrained and sedated.

The control of the ship can and does manifest itself in a generally humanoid form, a blue man, presumably on the grounds that it is easier to interact with something human. When Case wakes up again, he gets told the whys and wherefores of the ship. Some of the things it can do bother him, like being able to read his mind. Privacy matters, understand.

Though presumably the ship knows why and wherefore, he proceeds to talk it out, telling the story of how he ended up in a life pod floating in interstellar space.

He had been on an earlier version of this ship, which sustained some unexplained catastrophe in transit. Not enough of a catastrophe to cause the ship to vaporize between one microsecond and the next, which one would think would normally be the case, but enough of a breakdown to make evacuation mandatory. He got to one of the ship’s auxiliary vessels, which when it got free had him and the other survivor.

“Jan” was an enlisted technician on the ship, Case being an officer. And Jan was a woman.

They very strangely soon encountered a planetoid — dwarf planet, we’d say these days — between the stars, yet one that had light, heat, liquid water, and indeed a habitable surface. In fact, the similarities to Earth increased as they approached.

However, the complicated systems of the auxiliary craft they were on and the extensive and varied training they had had seemed not to include safe landings. The ship landed hard, too damaged to fly again.

The next few days they spent discovering that the things in the natural world could be actually eaten. (For some reason this makes me think of the passage in Yevgeny Zamyatin’s *Mb* [We] (1924) where D-503 indulges in an “As you know, B-06, we here in the One State no longer consume nourishment in the form indulged in by our pre-modern ancestors . . .” moment.) From there, the scene where Jan informs Case that that solitary stimulation for relief he’s indulging in (manual, since the

appropriate device is no longer available) need not be solitary, since female personnel have such need for relief as well is one of those that at first glance is comical.

But then, their garden (Old Iranian: *pairidaeza*, if that gives you any help in applying a word derived from it) begins to show signs of strain. The climate changes abruptly, from the moderation it’s heretofore exhibited, to wild swings of heat and cold. (Must be anthropogenic planetoidal warming, or climate change caused by their exhaling CO<sub>2</sub> into the planetoidal environment.) Inexplicable stench make their appearance.

The ship curiously begins to deform, and sink into the ground. Their properties, such as remain to them, inexplicably vanish.

Finally, Case and Jan arrive at the conclusion that there may not be something entirely right about the place. Which means they have to depart.

Somehow, amid the devastation and disappearances, two of the ship’s emergency escape pods have survived. Case and Jan set them up to launch. Things get worse, and they launch.

Or his does. Hence, his maddened cry of “Jan!” when his revival was complete.

The ship does have other facilities. After calculating the course his pod took and the probable motion of the planetoid, Case and the ship return to the place. Strangely enough, the pod which didn’t launch is there — and Jan’s body is revivable. However, Case does have an encounter with a local, which he brushes off, a strange being that in some ways resembles a clown.

In the process of loading Jan’s life pod the ship acquires an extra ornamentation. Thus, as the ship begins its continuing mission, to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, to boldly go where — well, to explore, its crew (for now) awakens, goes out and about, and finds, much to his dismay, the part of the ship that communicated with him playing chess with the local. And the ship explains bashfully, “I love him.” [At least it’s not “I wuv him.”]

The whole sordid story comes out. The creature created the planetoid for the sole purpose of getting Jan to love him. The entire affair with the various tricks was a scheme to get Case to bug off and leave him to seduce her. But it didn’t work, she wouldn’t have him.

Fortunately, the creature has found someone more powerful to love. The ship. And so, the two couples set off to discover the universe . . .

For a person engaged in exploration, Case seems remarkably dull-witted. To take one point: he is described as wearing almost nothing. Presumably Jan is similarly (un)clad. Yet he doesn’t have any sexual attraction to her until she says, “Oh, I feel that way too.”? Were there drugs in the rations?

Somewhat more broadly, it seems to have taken them a while to realize that this planetoid’s appearance (in several meanings) was just a little too pat. Going back to our STAR TREK™ parallel, this seems to be the sort of

situation in which Kirk outwits the representative of the super-race. (Anyone ever notice that in the Trek universe there seem to be a very large number of races and entities more powerful than even the Terrans, Vulcans, **tlhIngan**, Romulans, Ferengi, Borg, &c.? My brother once wondered why those guys didn't all get together and slap the kiddies down.) But Case doesn't even try to wonder, apparently. I suppose they were relieved to find any place where they could live at all.

And the clown creature of the planetoid comes across as rather creepy, if not outright manipulative. He put out all that effort of climate change and such to run Case off so Jan would love him, and why did he go to such lengths when he would only have to appear as a majestic impressive love object, as he does to Case in the final scene, to win her heart, or interest anyhow. Given also that the status of "he" is only a convenience, the clown creature could also appear as a "she" to Case, solving that problem. But for all that, he might well resemble a joker. Or The Joker, who did manage to attract his therapist Dr. Harleen Quinzel, for all that he was a mass-murdering psychopath, if one with a twisted sense of humor. Would even he find the clown-creature's antics funny?



### **"If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?"** (*Dangerous Visions*, 1967)

There seems to have been some poor planning on the part of the Terrestrial authorities in response to Sol's going nova. Even though they had advance warning and evacuated the planet in time to save everyone who wanted to live, they still forgot to keep an off-site backup of their data.

Which is where our protagonist Charli Bux comes in. He is making a presentation to the organization that is striving to rebuild the database of planets and information regarding them that was vaporized when Sol went nova. In his line of work, doing financial analyses for a bank, he notices some anomalous statistics regarding price and quality of certain goods. Tracing their sources back, he finds that the place where they're coming from couldn't possibly have such materials.

At which point he decides to investigate. Someone doesn't want him to investigate, he keeps on running into all sorts of unexplained and unusual obstacles. This only manages to spur his interest.

The source is the planet Lethe, the most wretched hive of scum and villainy known,

where you can find any outré sexual act, sometimes even for a price, though the only example we see is a coprophilic fetish. (Mike Resnick's *Walpurgis III* (1982) presented that sort of society of perversion a little more strikingly.) While watching the coprophile prepare her fetish item, Charli almost gets caught in a brawl over "the one verbal bullet which will and must start a fight". From what happens later, what the word is can be guessed. (One suspects that Charli Bux would have been somewhat nonplussed by the Richard Pryor routines where he uses that "one verbal bullet" as a synonym for "person".)

He is saved by Obi-Wan . . . er, by Vorhiddin, a trader. A very odd one, as he is overpaying for some purchases. Since this is the whole point of his investigation, Charli goes off with Vorhiddin to his spaceship, where they take off to go to the planet Vexvelt.

Vorhiddin has a young woman named Tamba with him, whose duties include what you think they will include. Tamba is quite attractive, but then for a man of a certain age Vorhiddin is both handsome and well-preserved. And when they get there, Charli observes that everyone on Vexvelt is good-looking, healthy, and vigorous.

Charli Bux begins an economic study of the planet's resources. Vexvelt not only has beautiful people, it has a beautiful climate, incredible natural resources, hard working labor, and some of the cleanest prostitutes . . . er, never mind. Vorhiddin takes Charli on the standard tour of the good place that has been the norm ever since Raphael Hythodlaeus ("dispenser of nonsense") got shown around the wonders of Amaurot ("unknown place"), yes in Utopia. (It could be worse; it could be handled like Icaria with lots of *italics*, CAPITALS, and exclamation points!!!!) And Tamba's sister Tyng becomes Charli's research assistant and lover, the One Just For Him.

Then in the middle of an economic survey, Charli takes a break only to find Vorhiddin engaged and Tyng occupied, so to speak. A short while later, his business done, Vorhiddin gets up, goes out, and finds Charli staring into nothing. When Charli realizes he isn't alone, he proceeds to throw up on Vorhiddin, followed by beating him up.

It seems that the way these Beautiful People were brought about was by breeding. Often including father-daughter inbreeding, Tamba and Tyng being Vorhiddin's daughters for example. Vorhiddin casually explains that this is the best way to reinforce positive genetic traits, animal breeders do it all the time.

Once Vorhiddin washes up and gets his bruises taken care of, Charli apologizes and offers to go explain the situation to the chief archivist of the galactic data center. Then he can try to understand why they blacklisted Vexvelt.

He does. (The bulk of the story is Charli telling some of his experiences to the archivist.) The man gets all tense and says that they banned Vexvelt because decent people won't put up with incest, even though on Vexvelt it has expunged cancer from their systems. Saddened, Charli leaves (they let him leave?), joins

Vorhiddin and his two daughters/partners, and they all go back to Vexvelt.

In the Afterword, Sturgeon explains that he was taking a more extreme view to force his readers to examine their real motivations. His real topic was how we manufacture falsehoods and treat them as if they were real. As with an example in the real world, pornography. You see, people want to ban it because it sexually stimulates children. And all normal children, you see, really aren't hurt by being sexually stimulated.

The initial concept has a few problems. For example, in spite of Vorhiddin's confident assertion, animal breeders just about never breed sires to their daughters. It is likely to reinforce bad traits. (And if you want to talk about reinforcing bad traits, there was the grotesque variation of cloning used in F. M. Busby's *Rissa Kerguelen* (1976, 1977) where conjoined ova produced a new daughter, with the result that the fifth generation was a barely-walking collection of almost-lethal recessives.)

Beyond that, there is the social dynamic. In the real world, father-daughter incest is a power relationship, breeding one's own harem as it were. The parent-child relationship has considerations that work against an equal partnership being practicable; never mind that in real life the relationship tends to slide from epebeophilia (or whatever the equivalent with women would be) down to pedophilia. Humbert Humbert was sick, and at the beginning of her eponymous book (1955, 1958) it's acknowledged that Lolita is dead; and it's worse when the old man and the girl are related.

Which leads us to the real-world testing of the second thesis, which got started a year later, in 1968. David Brandt Berg, who began with the Christian and Missionary Alliance and then went off on his own was a somewhat unusual Christian leader. I mean, he reinstituted sacred prostitution, in a form. ("Hey, big boy, would you like to have a good time and find Jesus?")

One of the products of this practice was a boy who was known as "Davidito" and who eventually came to be known by the name of Ricky Rodriguez. His mother, Karen Zerby, is the current leader of Berg's organization, which is now known as The Family International, but was then best known as the Children of God.

The CoG distributed picture books showing how Davidito was being raised. Apparently, like most children in the CoG, he was treated on the basis that children aren't really hurt by being sexually stimulated.

In spite of the prospect of a bright future in the war against Satan, for some reason Davidito, or Ricky, didn't feel particularly attached to the organization. He dropped out of the group in 2001, and four years later killed one of the women who had tended to him (in that sense), apparently hoping but unable to get his mother as well. He then committed suicide. Most of the younger generation from the CoG were not quite that bad, but the majority of them apparently are disturbed and do feel betrayed.

In this case, then, Sturgeon might well be the one who is manufacturing falsehoods and treating them as real. This might be marked as an irony, as with More describing Utopia with terms and names that make it out to be spurious; but not everyone argues that More was not serious, and Sturgeon doesn't seem to have been that subtle either.

Bunging into people's eyes (so to speak) the idea that we create falsehoods and act if they are true, using as proof the idea that the badness of incest or of child-adult sexual contact is a falsehood, fails when it turns out that there is a good bit of real evidence that they are bad. And too, what about those who argue against pornography because it degrades the participants? Worrying about children isn't the only argument.

Sturgeon is making a real point, with a poor argument. Which makes his effort in vain.



### “When You Care, When You Love”

(*Fantasy and Science Fiction*, September 1962)

Choriocarcinoma is a malignant, trophoblastic, and aggressive cancer, says Wikipedia. When it occurs in men, it most commonly does so in the testicles. Which suggests an easy, but in some ways humiliating, treatment. Allowing it to metastasize severely reduces the probabilities of survival. And back in the forties, back when Daniel McCormick was flying around, they didn't even have the chemotherapy that dealt with this cancer.

This begins with a young couple, and with the husband falling out of bed in severe pain. As you might have guessed, he has metastatic choriocarcinoma. The wife, however, has her own resources.

Back four generations ago, a captain involved in the “triangle trade” [which means he was delivering slaves to the West Indies] made his pile and got into other business. While pondering his fate, he decided that the Decalogue needed an amendment. Which he proceeded to do, adding, “or permit it to be done” to each of the Commandments.

Thus, to keep from permitting people to envy his goods, he would live as covertly as possible. This philosophy and lifestyle was passed on to his descendants. Or, by 1940, descendant; the family has declined to one young woman who has a large, walled estate in New England, for all that she grew up in various small towns living in working-class homes under a variety of pseudonyms.

A boy from the adjoining town breaks into the estate. They meet cute, fall in love, and eventually marry. All looks well, until he falls out of bed one morning in agonizing pain.

His wife decides on a radical program. She will have the choriocarcinoma trophoblasts grown to birth. They are in effect clones of her love. This requires spending money in the Mad Scientist Method; huge sums thrown at every possible advantage. (For an explanation of this procedure, see “The Mad Scientist’s Primer” by Tom Rainbow (*Isaac Asimov’s Science Fiction Magazine*, October 1985), the last of his hilarious science essays, all of which really ought to be reprinted.)

The result is straight out of *Brave New World*, raising the embryos in artificial environments. (They couldn’t get surrogate motherhood to work, it seems.) But then, our rich young soon-to-be widow realizes, they won’t be *him*. Therefore, she assigns a team of researchers to him with the sole purpose of getting him to recount his entire life. The surviving child will then have a life-script, unknown to him. She had her father’s employees watching over her without directly interacting with her, so that’s not unfamiliar.

But by the time he’s of that age she’ll be an older woman. “Ewww, you old bag, you’re over forty.” (They hadn’t developed the philosophy of cougars, MILFs and other such attractive advantages of age.) Therefore, more mad spending to develop . . . suspended animation. Which, once the surviving fetus is born, she proceeds to enter. Here’s looking at you, kid, in twenty years, forever young.

In short, we have a science fiction problem story, using developments in science to solve the problem. *Tom Swift and His Trophoblast Incubator*, albeit with some complications and considerations that the merry mercenaries of the Stratemeyer Syndicate writing team and editorial office probably wouldn’t quite feel were suitable for their audience, he said censoriously.

There is a somewhat less malicious version of the story you’re thinking of. It’s *Joshua Son of None* (1973) by Nancy Freedman. Dr. Thor Bittenbaum (a Jew named *Thor!*? Oy gevalt) is working in Parkland Hospital in Dallas on that dire day in 1963. He sneaks out a sample of the President’s tissue, and proceeds to embark on a daring experiment. Recreating as closely as he can the President’s life, he tries to bring up a successor, if not a recreation. He gets surrogate motherhood to work, finds an affluent couple willing to adopt, and matters go on from there. Some others don’t like young Joshua Francis Kellogg (now that’s adhering to a life-script) and another cycle begins.

As for the story you were thinking of, Mengele too stuck to a life-script in bringing up *The Boys from Brazil* (1976), which did end up drawing attention when he had to have the Adolf-clones’ fathers die at the equivalent time. Did the real ex-Dr. Mengele ever read the book, or see the movie (1978)?

Ira Levin was more realistic about the possibilities of recreating, as he had Mengele

creating a large number of clones. (Nightmarish prospect; a number of Hitler-clones risen to power in their several nations each deciding that There Can Only Be One! And each able to say, “*Mein Wörter werden von KERNWAFFEN unterstützt!*” [“My words are backed by NUCLEAR WEAPONS!”], too.) Even so, there are historical factors beyond the ability of the life-scripters to recreate. Dr. Bittenbaum was at some effort and trouble to give Joshua Francis Kellogg a life as like the President’s as possible, but even so there were differences, not to mention that Joshua had once looked at his upper face, above the braces, and figured he was just a product of the original’s sexual excursions. They had to do something to make the resemblance not so obvious.

In the last section, the text hints that the real clone may be reading this story, noting that he has indeed been influenced. And what if the clone decides that he resents being created and bred up to be a rich old bag’s boy-toy? (Even though she is “Forever Young”.) I had always wondered why Ariella II of *Cyteen* (1988) didn’t think, “I have inherited this woman’s enemies but not her friends and am being used. I’ll take the money and run.” The man who eventually became Lord Mark Vorkosigan did resent being created and used, albeit there were other considerations, such as having to be intentionally crippled in order to be the plausible duplicate of his clone-brother, which led the *Brothers In Arms* (1989) to join forces in the end.

There is something sinister, if not outright creepy, about this set-up. Perhaps Miss Wyke should have taken her great-grandfather’s advice: “Thou shalt have no other gods before Me, nor permit others to have gods before Me.” Or goddesses, remaking life out of a dying man.

### KING OF THE CONFESSORS

Review by Joseph T Major of

**ECHO**

by Jack McDevitt

(Ace; 2010;

ISBN 978-0441019453; \$24.95)

“An Alex Benedict Novel”

**Nebula Award Nominee**

Thomas Hoving’s *King of the Confessors* (1981, 2001) describes the outré world of antiquities dealing. The book tells the story of how Ante Topić Mimara, a dealer with a reputation for various unseemly activities and a stock of similar nature, came to Hoving with a genuine and exotic relic, a walrus ivory crucifix from the twelfth century. The story of how the Cloister Cross was made and its intent is itself a fascinating matter.

Alex Benedict ought to have gone to the databanks and tried to research the life of Mimara; such a background would have saved him considerable stress in this effort. He still would have had the same problems, but he would have known what to expect.

And it all begins when in the course of his Antiques Roadshow career he is presented with a picture of a tombstone. The stone has an inscription in an unknown script. So he buys it

from the owner, hoping to track the provenance — except when he comes to pick it up, it's gone. In the subsequent investigation everyone lies, plays games, tergiversates, and otherwise casts smokescreens around Alex and his assistant, the narrator, Chase.

In spite of everything they manage to track the provenance of the object. Its first known owner was an explorer who evidently broke his heart and wasted his career trying to find other intelligent beings in the universe, there being no sign of any ever thus far. (There is one other presumably sapient race, but for some reason their discovery seems to have satisfied the Search for Intelligent Life in the Universe.)

Everyone seems to object to the exploration, and there doesn't seem to be any obvious reason why. Alex and Chase continue nonetheless, which leads them towards a most puzzling solution . . .

It's interesting that the solution was not entirely a solution. And it's a point in McDevitt's favor that it is not the Evil Gubbmint which is blocking the investigation; rather it turns out to be the result of a tour captain showing off and not wanting to let the word get out.

It did seem remarkably convenient that everyone they needed to talk to was nearby, so to speak. You'd expect that someone would have gone off to a star system several thousand light-years off or the like.

McDevitt has presented an ordinary story of a future world. This was what we were looking for all those years. Right, John?



## JONATHAN STRANGE & ZOMBIES

Review by Joseph T Major of  
**SHADES OF MILK AND HONEY**  
by Mary Robinette Kowal  
(Tor; 2010;  
ISBN 978-0-7653-2556-3; \$24.99)  
**Nebula Award Nominee**

Somehow it strikes me that fantasy is in a lot of trouble when the two biggest-selling kinds of fantasy books are contemporary urban fantasies with vampires being hunted by women in tight leather, and old classics with fantastic beings shoehorned into them. (Just as SF has been taken over by stories of women in corsets and goggles building brass zeppelins.) If the *LotR* copyright had been broken, I just bet we would by now be being treated to *Eowyn the Vampire Slayer* and *The Lord of the Rings With Zombies*.

Kowal has at least written a Regency Romance with real Regency-era women, not

displaced contemporary women. Any young woman with a respectable competence is in need of a husband.

Jane Ellsworth's respectable competence is at the manipulation of glamor. Being able to change the appearances of things is a normal thing in this society — what is seen, that is, not what they actually look like.

But plain Jane (one is tempted to say, of course) feels herself to be less than her more naturally beautiful sister Melody. Their father wishes to see them properly settled, and so of course they are introduced to the eligible young men of the region, under perfectly proper and modest circumstances, of course.

There turn out to be strains, curious relationships, desperate deceptions, and striking conclusions as the course of true love, glamor, Society, and effort is pursued. And in the end, Jane gets an opportunity to realize her potential.

I've discussed previously **Jonathan Strange & Mr Norrell Syndrome**, where in spite of some huge change in the nature of the world everything else is the same. One can add to this **Girl Genius Syndrome**, where a character is so radically not of her background. Both of these are easy to write. Trying to write a society so much like real Regency society, yet with a real difference, is a harder task, one that Kowal has honestly set herself to.

Glamor is of the society here, yet it does not have the potential to make the society implausible. This is another hazard the avoidance of is worthy of notice.

And the story comes to a conclusion. In this sequel-mad world, that's unexpected and refreshing.

## THE WILD WILD WEST

Review by Joseph T Major of  
**THE NATIVE STAR**  
by N. K. Hobson  
(Spectra; 2010;  
ISBN 978-0-553-59265-8; \$7.99)  
**Nebula Award Nominee**

Somewhere along the line, the writers for *The Wild Wild West* contrived an explanation for why Dr. Miguelito Loveless was so far ahead of the rest of the world in scientific matters. It seemed that he could communicate with other worlds through these paintings he had, and so obtain these striking technological advantages. You'd think that with such an edge he would have given up crime, gone into legitimate business, which then often wasn't that much different, made an appropriate fortune, and *bought* the vast land claim he was apparently legal heir to.

Emily Edwards, the heroine of our present work, doesn't like corsets the one time she tries one on, doesn't own a pair of goggles, and never does anything with brass. Thus disqualifying her from the Steampunk Standards.

Rather, she starts out using a love potion on the studly but sensitive woodcutter in town, hoping to find a man who will provide a family income for her and her poor old Pap, the former town spellweaver. Her income looks likely to

drop off, once the mass-produced magic charms and such start coming in on the new railroad they're a-buildin'. She's the local spell-maker, has been since Pap went blind.

But she has to confront the local mineworkers, zombies which have had their controller go askew. The mysterious Dreadnought Stanton, a far too civilized Easterner of great magical power, lends a hand Which Emily needs, because she now has a magical stone embedded in her hand.

This tosses her into a conflict of magical politics that requires a journey across the continent, encountering evil blood sorcerers who work for the government (of course), penny dreadful fans who insist on retelling the plot of every one they've read even though it's *exactly the same* as every other one, magical devices that fly, filthy second-class cars on transcontinental trains, charms that enable a bodiless wizard to possess the body of the wearer, and the other usual hazards of the Old West. Moreover, Dreadnought doesn't find much to like about Emily's powers, since she made up a love charm that was too powerful, and worse yet, ended up using it on a guy who was already in love with her. But then he should talk, his own power is slowly but surely killing him.

More and more powerful groups seem to burgeon out of the woodwork as Emily and Dreadnought travel east to Philadelphia and New York, until they confront the secret of Emily's birth, the nature of the stone in Emily's hand (which is gradually absorbing all the magic around and when it goes off will convert her into a hideous monster), and many other magical affairs not heretofore revealed.

And, for all that Hobson realizes and depicts her background well enough, she seems not to have considered the consequences of the change or the powers brought out thereby. This is the Gilded Age US with Magic. Lots and lots of Magic.

At least Emily passed over the studly but sensitive woodcutter, albeit the change seems only to be from Romance Love Object to Romance Wuv Target.

## WALKER NEEDS WOMEN

Review by Joseph T Major of  
**DESTROYERMEN: RISING TIDES**  
by Taylor Anderson  
(RoC; 2011;  
ISBN 978-0-451-46338-83 \$25.95)  
Sequel to **Destroyermen: Into the Storm**  
(2008; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 7 #5)  
**Destroyermen: Crusade**  
(2008; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 7 #6)  
**Destroyermen: Maelstrom**  
(2008; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 8 #2) and  
**Destroyermen: Distant Thunders**  
(2010; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 9 #3)

Is Matt Reddy getting into imperial overstretch? While the *Walker* sails into the rising sun to deal with the problem of the Son of John Company, other characters conquer Rangoon, refloat the stranded submarine S-19,

recover the freighterload of P-40s, survive after blowing up the kidnappers' ship . . . There's a problem with having too many plot lines, the writer can't develop them in any detail and the reader could be losing interest, if not the thread of the story.

The other world is almost too complex. The human society previously hinted at (the presence of records from the East India Company and the knowledge of Latin) turns out to be complicated, devious, and dark. The fate of the transportee women's female descendants, for example. There were no Abolitionists going out to India, and the nth-generation transportees are still in servitude. Of course, the men of the *Walker* haven't had any female company in a while (*human* female anyway, there was the one guy who "married" a local), the nurses being Off Limits, and if Fatso were on TDY from Dan Gallery's works, he might join in the fun.

The Company Islands bear a certain resemblance to Hawai'i; not exactly, the new Scapa Flow (would they *really* have chosen to commemorate that doleful dour Scots hold? I'd be thinking "New Portsmouth" or something of the sort) is in the local equivalent of Maui, while Oahu is singularly lacking in any harbor, pearled or not. (Presumably the Paratime Police would classify this as a very extreme Fifth Level time-line, where the attempt by the Martians to colonize the third planet didn't even get off the Doorshan ground.)

Meanwhile, having escaped the clutches of the Company's master of buggery on the high seas, Sandra Tucker and the Princess Rebecca McDonald find themselves and their escorts forced to fight animals even nastier than the Grik, if not so intelligent. One wonders how humanity even managed to establish itself in such a hostile environment after the passage through the East Indies Triangle.

The conflicts become more pointed and more disparate, as Reddy and his destroyermen, not to mention the 'Cats, face the resolution of an imperial crisis and a personal one. For all that the book does seem to start with too many plot lines, the focus does shift to the principal ones and they in turn do work to conclusions, leaving energy and resources to face the big ones that are still coming.

Which do seem to be having their own twists. There are hints that the relationship with the Grik needn't be quite as it is, but making that so will take a lot of effort when this saga is . . . **To Be Continued**

### AMELIA, YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART

Review by Joseph T Major of  
**LEVIATHAN**

by Scott Westerfeld

(Simon Pulse; 2009, 2010;

ISBN 978-1-4169-7174-0 \$9.99)

. . . Alek listened intently to the tutor. "One of the early clankers was built by the English natural philosopher Thomas Hobbes, author of the book of government titled *Leviathan*. He made his clanker in the shape of a tiger, and

set it to deliver philosophical statements. He named it in honor of the Swiss theologian John Calvin . . ."

— Not from *Leviathan*

Two relevant points: 1) Jewish legend describes three great beasts — Leviathan, the sea creature, Behemoth, the land creature, and Ziz, the flying creature; 2) The Erzherzog Franz Ferdinand von Österreich-Este and the Herzogin Sophie von Hohenberg had three children — Sophie (1901-1990), Maximilian (1902-1962), and Ernst (1904-1954) [Westerfeld mentions this in the afterword].

The world that Deryn Sharp lives in is an exciting and strange one. Ever since Darwin discovered how to modify the very fundamental nature of animals to create new and useful beings, the world has become an exciting and vibrant place. Deryn longs to join the Air Service, and as the story begins, is passing the entrance exams. Which apparently don't include much of a physical exam — Deryn is a girl, trying to break a new glass ceiling by pretending to be a boy.

The world that Alek lives in is an exciting and strange one. For the past few years, new and exotic mechanical contrivances have eased the lives and bettered the conditions of the world. Alek lives in a remote place, being educated and trained for the future. He is shamefully indulged, being given training in the handling of the great clankers that transport men (and weapons) across the land easily. But when his parents are killed — Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and his morganatic wife, Sophie Chotek, Duchess of Hohenberg — Alek is abruptly thrust into the heart of the conflict.

Alek might be packed off to his great-uncle's ally, to a town near Munich called Dachau (say). But he flees to Switzerland, learning as he does that powerful groups within the Empire and within Germany wish to take him prisoner, if not make him a corpse. For the Archduke had once visited Rome, very secretly, where the Pope granted him and Sophie a dispensation, making their marriage equal, and Alek the Archduke Alexander, heir to the Dual Monarchy. [Boy, ain't this gonna make Dr. Otto von Habsburg upset.]

With the war breaking out, the *Leviathan* is sent on a special mission to take a boffin, escorting several special eggs, to Konstantinye. Whoever thought the Turks would pay any attention whatsoever to a woman would need to get a reality check. No, I don't think the Caliph would care who her grandfather was.

The *Leviathan* is badly wounded in a shoot-out and goes to ground high in the Swiss Alps. Not too far, by some Burroughsian coincidence, from the chalet where Alek and his trusted retainers have managed to find refuge.

After they encounter each other, trying to keep from fighting in front of the opposition, not to mention fighting the extremes of climate, they can actually cooperate. Which is somewhat called for when the German clankers blithely ignore Swiss neutrality. It's like a scene from *Franzchen Reade der Junger und*

*Sein AT-AT Dampfspaziergänger*.

In the face of AT-AT Dampfspaziergänger, er armed clankers, Alek and his servants, Deryn and the rest of the crew work together to repair, refurbish, and feed the *Leviathan*, and in a drastic lift-off with touches of *The Mysterious Island*, they take off for Constantinople where more will be revealed when this is . . . **To Be Continued**.

The second book, *Behemoth* (2010) is out already, and the third will be titled *Goliath*. Not Ziz? Maybe the great bird should have a better p.r. agent hired.

### COUSIN SILAS

Review by Joseph T Major of

**RETURN TO ANTARCTICA:**

*The Amazing Adventure of Sir Charles Wright on Robert Scott's Journey to the South Pole*

by Adrian Raeside

(Wiley; 2009;

ISBN 978-0470153802; \$29.95)

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

One of the greatest successes is Wright. He is very thorough and absolutely ready for anything. Like Bowers he has taken to sledging like a duck to water, and although he hasn't had such severe testing, I believe he would stand it pretty nearly as well. Nothing ever seems to worry him, and I can't imagine he ever complained of anything in his life.

— Robert F. Scott

Sir Charles Seymour "Silas" Wright, KCB, OBE, MC is not one of the better-known members of the *Discovery* expedition. Your loss. He got the nickname due to the observation by Birdie Bowers (and if you'd ever seen a picture of Henry Robertson Bowers, you'd agree that *he* had a perfect nickname) that "Silas" was a typical Yankee name. In spite of the displacement, the name stuck. (I really don't think Bowers had heard of him, but Silas Wright, Jr. was governor of New York and Senator from there in the 1830s and 1840s.)

Adrian Raeside, Silas's grandson (personal interest, see) not only had granddad's papers, he went there and did that. The book is enlightened by Raeside's personal observations made on his trip to Ross Island in 2008.

In fact, Raeside is also the great-nephew of two of the scientists of the expedition, Thomas Griffith Taylor and Sir Raymond Priestley. (Taylor and Wright married Priestley's sisters.) One wonders if he will be on the Scott Centennial Expedition; he certainly has the ancestral qualifications.

Raeside provides the reader with all sorts of explanations, from short biographies of the various expedition members to witty comments like:

**Annex** (adj.) To massacre the local inhabitants, cart away all their stuff and shoot anything that might look good mounted on the wall.

— *Return to Antarctica*, Page 4

He even gives the name of the expedition's cat [Page 64].

Silas was studying radiation at the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge (you see, they do something besides espionage there) and when his money ran short (he'd already had a less than rewarding prospecting trip into Northern Ontario) he listened to a fellow student and colonial (from Australia) Thomas Griffith Taylor (you remember, they married sisters) and applied for a post at on the British Antarctic Expedition. Perseverance got him the position.

One point Raeside mentions is the need to raise money. Silas had to hit up his alma mater the University of Toronto for cash, for example. And the expedition did product endorsements (see Page 45).

Silas noticed the strains. Scott was obsessed with beating Shackleton's record, he was at odds with Trygve Gran, the ski expert (one of the surprising things noted in this book was that in the subsequent Gran was convicted of collaboration and nearly executed), and then this other Norwegian fellow came in.

Silas also took part in some of the other explorations of the expedition, including the Western Party which explored Wilkes Land. And the trip to the south which found the bodies.

There are too few of Raeside's own drawings and cartoons in the book. To compensate, there are a number of pictures, including the before and after of *The Worst Journey In the World* [Page 175 and 178], which show what Antarctica can do to someone without killing him. And the picture of C. S. Wright, Captain, Royal Corps of Signals, which with his glasses and amiable look makes him look like he was trying out for a role in *Dad's Army*. Rather than emulate Captain Mainwaring in that war, however, Silas joined the Royal Naval Scientific Service, where he worked on degaussing and the Mulberry artificial harbors, and ended up becoming a Knight Companion of the Bath (Civil).

Raeside's own investigation was a little more commonplace, but he did have a link. (Silas had gone back twice, in the sixties.)

In the penultimate chapter, "Polar Redux" [Pages 282-289] Raeside discusses what Scott did wrong and why. It's not a pretty picture. As granddad put it, "It was a pity Scott was in the Antarctic before. He learned all the wrong things." [quoted Page 282]

*Return to Antarctica* is an interesting, illuminating, and informative book on the polar thing and one of its junior, though hardly minor, participants, which will stir interest and provoke discussion. I still wish it had more of Raeside's cartoons.

### SECRET AGENT, MAN

Review by Joseph T Major of  
**THE INVISIBLE HARRY GOLD:  
The Man Who Gave the Soviets the Atom Bomb**

by Allen M. Hornblum  
(Yale University Press; 2010;

ISBN 978-0-300-15676-8; \$32.50)  
<http://yalebooks.com>

There's a man who leads a life of danger.

To everyone he meets he stays a stranger.

With every move he makes, another chance he takes.

Odds are he won't live to see tomorrow.

Secret agent man

Secret agent man

They've given you a number

And taken away your name.

Patrick McGoohan might have been somewhat startled to learn that one of his fans had some expertise in the secret agent field, though he had lived a far more drab life than John Drake did [Page 341]. And he even had been given a number: 19312-NE.



Harry Gold was a hard man to place in the spy category. For example, take Stanislav Levchenko's categories of spies, the MICE standard. It wasn't Money; Gold not only refused to take any money (or even a Bokhara rug) from his Soviet directors, he borrowed from everyone he could to finance his courier missions. It wasn't Ideology: he disliked the American Communists he met. It wasn't Compromise; he lived such a drab and unexciting life that any State Security swallows set to seduce him would give up in frustration. It wasn't Ego: he was one of the most self-effacing men on the planet.

And yet this man was one of the principal actors in the penetration of ENORMOZ, the Manhattan Engineering District. He was the man who carried the data from David Greenglass and from Klaus Fuchs to give to the Soviet authorities. No one seems to have seriously tried to find out what led him to do what he did, although previous writers led him on and then imposed their own thesis.

The Gold family came out of Ukraine. Samson Golodnitsky was a follower of Tolstoy, his wife the former Celia Ominsky had been educated in Paris. Their first son, Heinrich, was born in Bern, Switzerland, on December 12, 1910.

When the Golodnitskys decided to head for the goldenh medina, an immigration official at Ellis Island saved writers a bit of effort by suggesting they abridge the name, and so

Samson, Celia, and Heinrich Golodnitsky became Sam, Celia, and Harry Gold.

Harry grew up to be a clever, talented, helpful, and self-effacing person. For example, when his English class was given a take-home test on *The Scottish Play*, Gold was asked by the teacher to help grade the tests. Other students begged him to get them to pass, and he spent the entire grading period answering questions for and even simulating the handwriting of **twenty-five** students. [Page 18] He wanted to be helpful.

As he matured, his awareness of the world around him led to the decision of his life. For such a nebbish Gold did have passion; he thoroughly despised Fascism. In a curious paradox, while he admired the Soviet Union for its apparent massive development, he looked down on the American Communists he met.

Soviet ones were a different matter. He wanted to be helpful.

Gold had an unexceptional life otherwise. If he could have been said to have had a life at all, given that he constantly worked overtime at his regular job, and so applied himself that in spite of an erratic and scanty education he became not only a competent but an exceptional research chemist. He wanted to be helpful.

The other life had its ways. Including a fatally compromising incident where he went out to New Mexico, bought a city map so he could find out where to meet his contact, and then, as with everything else in his life, kept it.

In the greater world, the veil of secrecy had begun to unravel. The VENONA decryptations had indicated an agent code-named GOOSE. The defection of Igor Gouzenko had pointed fingers at various people, as had that of Elizabeth Bentley. And then there was the little matter of Klaus Fuchs . . .

Perhaps Gold was tired of it all. When the FBI came, he cooperated. He wanted to be helpful. He cooperated very thoroughly. Which got him tied up with one other case, that other agent for which he'd been a courier.

That he had once handled a document sent by David Greenglass to Julius Rosenberg blackened his reputation in some people's eyes. The Rosenbergs were innocent; therefore, Gold had to be a liar. This was where the Schneirs, the authors of *Invitation to an Inquest* came in. Gold and his lawyers willingly cooperated with them. He wanted to be helpful. The portrayal of Gold in their book is of a fantast, liar, and snitch.

Which reputation, strangely enough, Gold did not have in prison. His workaholic and helpful traits served him very well there, making him admired by his fellow inmates. He would work extra long hours in the prison infirmary, volunteer for medical research programs at the risk of his own health (this was where Hornblum came in; one of his previous books, *Aces of Skin* (1999), is about that), and otherwise efface himself. He wanted to be helpful. Which was why the cons cheered when he finally got parole. It seemed hard to believe that he even had the time to watch television, but for some reason he could, and one of his favorite shows was *Secret Agent*.

As with his job; he got work quite easily once out of the big house, and again that willingness to work, be helpful to the other employees, and be self-effacing made him a valued employee. He put the weight back on. His codename of GOOSE came from his waddling walk, understand.

In 1972 it finally caught up with him; he had an operation for an aortic valve replacement and died during surgery. His family effaced the news and it took a while to get out.

Hornblum doesn't try to impose a conclusion on Gold's life. The facts don't so much speak for themselves as they go against any previous conclusion. Here we have a self-effacing, insignificant man without any outside life or apparently internal depths. When he wanted to help the Soviet Union, he did so thoroughly, efficiently, and undemandingly. When he wanted to help the United States, he did so thoroughly, efficiently, and undemandingly. He wanted to be helpful.

When compared to other spies, Gold comes across as frighteningly ordinary. Klaus Fuchs adopted a moral multiple-personality persona to live, dividing his scientific life and his spy life into different personalities. Other spies demonstrated other differences; Donald Maclean's drunken self-betrayal, Teddy Hall's moral righteousness, John Walker's coarse greed. But Harry Gold was the guy living down the street who never does anything or bothers everyone.

The closest comparison, and even in that there is a difference of personality that is so extreme it makes the comparison hard, is with a spy boss, Reinhard Heydrich. For all of Heydrich's skills, there did not seem to be any internal life to the man; to lift a line from Gertrude Stein, there was no there there. And so with Harry Gold. For all his positive and desirable traits, he lacked a moral compass; he was a follower who could be led anywhere. There was no there there.

... Harry awoke, dazed. He had gone to his room, was packing to leave, and then he passed out. Still somewhat bemused, he went to the window, lifted the blind and ... he wasn't in Philly any longer. Stunned, he turned and ran out the door, shouting to nowhere, "Where am I!?"

The Voice came from nowhere and everywhere. It replied, "In the Village."

"What do you want!?"

"We want information."

"Whose side are you on!?"

"That would be telling. We want information . . . information . . . information."

"I'll tell you! Everything! What do you want? Who are you!?"

"The new Number 2."

"Who is Number 1!?"

"You are Number 19312-NE."

Harry stopped, crushed by the realization that he was a prisoner. Ahead, he saw the sea boil, and then a great white balloon burst from it and

began rolling towards him . . .

— Not by Paddy Fitz

### THE FIGHTING 69TH

Review by Joseph T Major of

**WILD BILL DONOVAN:**

*The Spymaster Who Created the OSS and Modern American Espionage*

by Douglas Waller

(Free Press; 2011;

ISBN 978-1-4165-6744-8; \$30.00)

In 1917, Woodrow Wilson established a think tank called "The Inquiry". Its purpose was to determine the nature of the forthcoming peace and how best to shape it to the benefit of all the peoples of the world. Its ambit was grandiose, its efforts mixed (as David Fromkin notes in *A Peace to End All Peace* (1989), the section studying the Middle East was run by a student of the Crusades and he was more connected to the area than any of his subordinates), and its results not quite up to the expectations.

While the long-hairs of the Ivy League were planning how to remake the world, New York lawyer and National Guard officer William Joseph Donovan was doing something about it in the trenches of the Western Front. In the next war, he would join the fighting spirit of The Fighting 69th to the intellectuality of The Inquiry to produce that quintessentially American intelligence service, the Office of Strategic Services.

And when it was dissolved, there came a flood of memoirs from its former members, all recounting in glowing terms of how this unique band of intellectuals and men (and even women) of action had set out to remake the world. It was a thrilling *Frank Reade, Tom Swift, Dave Scott, Nancy Drew, and the Hardy Boys* adventure that was for real.

The question naturally arises of how real this was. Waller, strangely, argues that much of it was indeed true.

He does not sanctify his topic; Donovan virtually abandoned his wife and had affairs all over. The OSS was a crazy patchwork of people, uncoordinated, disorganized, agents with loads of dollars and no sense going about setting the world ablaze. For example, the OSS operations in the Balkans were totally nullified by clever Nazi counterintelligence.

At home, he had problems. Particularly in dealing with his mortal enemy, not Walther Schellenberg of the SD or his "good friend" "Colonel Aleksander P. Ossipov" of the NKVD (Waller is the first writer on the OSS I've ever seen who admits that "A. P. Ossipov" was the Soviet spymaster Gaik Oviakman), but the daring crimebuster J. Edgar Hoover, who seemed to regard Donovan as next on the list after John Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, Bonnie & Clyde, and that bunch. Some of the things Hoover said about Donovan may even have been justified, but primarily in the tradecraft department.

As usual, it was another case of Franklin Roosevelt setting up competing organizations and letting them squabble with each other.

There was also FDR's personal spy outfit headed by Vincent Astor, the Army Intelligence department (G-2) commanded by General George V. Strong, and other groups.

Donovan had a heart-stoppingly unwise habit of trying to see the front line. If you thought his landing on the Normandy beaches right after the invasion was unwise, you haven't read of how he got flown into an OSS base behind the Japanese lines in the CBI theater. Had he been lucky he would have been killed in the crash.

Then, he having assumed FDR would have lived forever, he and his outfit were at sixes and sevens when reality bit back. Not to mention that all the sins came back to bite them.

In the period after the war, Donovan's career was a sad remnant of past glories. He served as ambassador to Thailand, after trying to get back in charge of the CIA. His health was failing, and eventually Donovan had to be hospitalized. To indicate how warm-hearted and generous Hoover was, after Donovan's death, the FBI leaked a memo claiming that Donovan had died from the effects of syphilis.

For some reason Donovan had a way of attracting hagiographers; people who followed the ways of the Inquiry and the OSS and the CIA, imaging themselves an elite cadre with the will and the brilliance to remake the world, admiring their Chief. Waller does not seem to find any of their memoirs to be less than credible. He does hint at other affairs, such as a throwaway line about James J. Angleton finding some walk-in spies less than plausible.

The OSS struggled with the efforts of having to build its organization while striving to perform its duties. The organization collected brilliant people and gave them free reign, which produced spectacular failures and spectacular successes. Donovan might well have done better had he been from a career in insurance, where half the effort is wasted, but which half can never be known, and being without it is a prescription for catastrophe, even though being with it is a burden and waste.

**Β.Κ.Α.Α.**

(Boulē kai Demos Athinōn)

Review by Joseph T Major of

**THE PERICLES COMMISSION**

by Gary Corby

(St. Martin's Press; 2010;

ISBN 978-0-312-59902-7; \$24.95)

<http://blog.GaryCorby.com>

"Ave, Metellus! Why so glum?"

"I've just learned I have Greek ancestry. Descended from Nikolaos son of Sophroniskos. Laugh at me as you will, noble Gordianus."

"But that means you're related to Sokrates! Won't Caesar be pleased to hear that?"

"Since it was Xena who told me . . ."

— Not by Lindsey Davis or John Maddox Roberts

Nicolaos, of the deme Alopecce, son of

Sophoniscus the sculptor [Corby uses the Latin spellings, as you probably guessed when you saw this wasn't titled *The Perikles Commission*] has his new job fall at his feet one fine day in the bustling streets of Athinai, where justice between man and man has just become the way the polis is ruled.

While most ancient mysteries have been Roman (cf. Decius Caecilius Metellus, Gordianus the Finder, Marcus Didius Falco, et cetera), with a few other eras covered, classical Greece has been an undiscovered country. Until now. Nicolaos has had drop at his feet the shocking political assassination of the polis, the murder of Ephialtes, the man who had just brought the rule of the demos into being.

And, he having been Ioannes-on-the-spot, as it were, the man who will sustain the democracy, Pericles son of Xanthippos (Perikles son of Xanthippos) asks him to find out. Which leads Nicolaos into many interesting places, including the condemned cell — and not as an advocate, either. On the other hand, there is Diotima, priestess of Artemis, daughter of the dead man (It's probably a modernism to have such a forward woman in the plot — but they did exist!), and her mother, the hetaira Euterpe.

The case has crime scene investigations, particularly when the bodies start piling up. Forensic profiling isn't up for grabs yet.

As the investigation continues, the nature of the crime spreads. Some of the acquaintances of Caecilius Metellus and of Gordianus might have a field day, for Nicolaos takes second oar to the riots that spread through Athens. And then, in a final dramatic scene, Nicolaos confronts the murderer and . . .

Corby tells a lively story with interesting characters. And he gets his setting down right. Now that's worthwhile. Moreover, there's still more to come. XAIPE! (Rejoice!)

### TOUCH OF GOLD

by Joyce and Jim Lavene

Berkley 2011

Review by Lisa Major

So far this is the best book bought at Concave. It is not science fiction but a psychic mystery. It begins with the mystery of Theodosia Burr Alston's fate and a local historian in the town of Duck who runs Duck's museum. It expands from there through the museum's destruction in an explosion into a soap opera involving the complicated pasts of Duck's residents. Duck's mayor doubles as psychic detective injured in the museum explosion. She was already psychic but the explosion expands her abilities. . . I don't pretend to have much knowledge of psychic mysteries. I'm not that much of a mystery fan, to be honest. But I found this a fun read. Will it be staying? Probably not. It was the kind of thing to be read and enjoyed once.

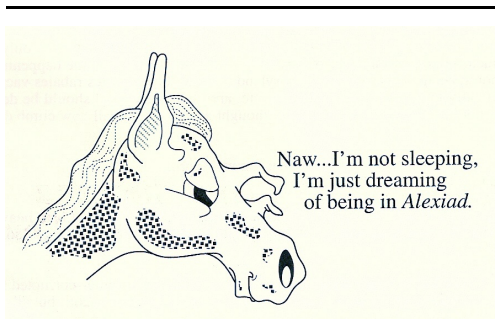
### CH. GYPSY SUPREME

1987-2010

by Lisa Major

On our last trip to the Horse Park I failed to see Gypsy in any of the stalls at the Hall of Champions.

When I asked I was told he had died in December. He had fought laminitis for several years but finally an X ray had shown there was nothing more to be done and the decision was made to euthanize him. In his show career he won the World Championship five times. In retirement he delighted visitors to the Horse Park, Joe and me among them.



Naw...I'm not sleeping.  
I'm just dreaming  
of being in Alexiad.

### DERBY NOTES

by Lisa

To Honor and Serve finished third in the Florida Derby. If he does not go in the Derby that means I'll be left with Stay Thirsty as my current Derby horse. I want one of Bernardini's get to win the Derby badly. Joe was impressed by Florida Derby winner Dialed In's race record and pedigree. If none of Bernardini's get makes it to the Derby I might just go with him. He's a grandson of A.P. Indy, Bernardini's sire.

### OF FOUND THINGS

by Lisa

We went to Henderson for Dad's birthday. While there Joe and I visited with my sister while she set out some trees. I had been admiring the wild violets I saw in other places and some of those happened to be where she was putting the trees. I rescued them and now they sit in Dad's backyard. Tomorrow we will put them in the car. Perhaps they will like it in my small yard. Perhaps they will hate it enough to curl up and die. If they live I have saved their little lives. If they die, nothing happens that would not have happened whatever I did.

Also on this visit the river had just been in flood. Debris was strewn all along the riverbank. I went beachcombing along the stretch of land where I knew I was allowed to be. I chanced to look down and see a piece of driftwood shaped almost exactly like a Klingon Bird of Prey. I salvaged it from the flotsam it lay among. I think it will make a very interesting conversation piece at Conglomeration.

### SHINY, AND TASTES GREAT, TOO

*The Amazon Legion*, by Tom Kratman (Book Four of *Carrera's Revenge*)

Baen Books; ISBN: 978-1-4391-3426-9;

April, 2011; HC; \$24.00

Review by Grant C. McCormick

Back in the day, there was a fake advertisement for a product ("Shimmer") that was both a floor wax and a dessert topping. My memory was telling me that it was done by *Monty Python*. My memory was wrong, as I discovered when I researched: It was done by the first-season *Saturday Night Live* crew (episode five, with Dan Ackroyd as the husband, Gilda Radner as the wife, and Chevy Chase as the announcer).

My confabulated memory is understandable — first season *SNL*, after all: we're talking January of 1976, back when Gerald Ford was President, *Saturday Night Live* was funny, and the Panama Canal Zone still belonged to the U.S.

Tom Kratman was in his late teens then, and was already serving in the U.S. Army when that episode aired. He likely never saw the original over-the-air broadcast.<sup>1</sup>

His science fiction series that I call *Carrera's Revenge*, that starts with *A Desert Called Peace* and that has as its latest installment *The Amazon Legion* (with *Carnifex* and *The Lotus Eaters* in-between) reminds me of that spoof. The series is a roman à clef of the post 9/11 world of Islamic terrorism (with a bit of a roman à thèse on the best way to respond to this threat thrown in as well). **But wait!** It's also a science fiction series set half a millennium from now, on an alien world on the far side of a rift in space. The mapping of the geography, history, cultures, and people of Terra Nova of the mid-twenty-sixth-century A.D. with that of our Earth in the early twenty-first-century A.D. is so one-to-one and onto<sup>2</sup> as to strain my disbelief. Had these been written as a series of novels dramatizing an intelligent response to the threat of contemporary religious terrorism (à la the general fashion, if not the exact theme of, say, John Ringo's *Kildar* series), I think that the series would have been stronger overall. Something that is both a floor wax and a dessert topping is usually neither the **best** floor wax nor the **best** dessert topping.

That being said, I like the series greatly, and I particularly like *The Amazon Legion*. Set in the time leading up to and into the war between the native Panamanian forces (the Legion, under the overall command of the expatriate American Patrick Carrera) and the European Union forces occupying the Panama Canal Zone, it follows the development, training, and early actions of a group of female Panamanian<sup>3</sup> soldiers. It's a very good "becoming an adult" story that reminds me of nothing so much as Robert A. Heinlein's 1959 Hugo-winning novel, *Starship Troopers*. It has the same "taking a civilian with an underdeveloped sense of duty and responsibility, and making them into a soldier and a citizen" feel as the Heinlein novel. It has the main protagonist, Maria Fuentes, go through a similar military training course at various training camps in Panama, paralleling the life and career of Juan (Johnny) Rico, the hero of *Starship Troopers*. Like him, she was

disowned by her family (albeit for different reasons), has a similar varied series of experiences and events during training, faces death under circumstances both similar and different to Johnny, and faces life in the military as something as a loner trying to fit in. *The Amazon Legion* does not go nearly as far in Maria's career as *Starship Troopers* does in Johnny's, so we do not know if we will see further parallels, but I am eager to find out.

Not so ironically, in both *A Desert Called Peace* and *Carnifex* a book is mentioned, the author's name lost (only his initials, RAH, being known), which Carrera had translated into Spanish for his adopted Balboan nationals, *Tropas del Espacio*. His translation was considered so-so.

And in spite of being about a legion of female soldiers, *The Amazon Legion* is more about how females can effectively be used in a modern military force, without destroying the discipline and utility of the rest. Anyone who is expecting Political Correctness or unrealistic fantasies does not know Tom Kratman.

- <sup>1</sup> I have no doubt that he has seen it since, if he has wanted to.
- <sup>2</sup> Sue me — I was a Math major at University.
- <sup>3</sup> Mostly Panamanian. There are some from other Latin-American countries.

SO GOD CREATED THE WORLD  
IN 4004 BC. WHY DID HE PUT  
IN EVIDENCE THAT IT WAS  
4.3 BILLION YEARS OLD?



## HOW I KILLED PLUTO AND WHY IT HAD IT COMING

by Mike Brown

(Spiegel & Grau; 2010;

ISBN 978-0-385-53109-2; \$25.00)

Review by Alexis A. Gilliland

Considering that this is a book about astronomy by an astronomer (Mike Brown is the Richard and Barbara Rosenberg Professor of Planetary Astronomy at Cal Tech) one is surprised that it is also a page-turner. He sets the stage and begins in 1992, when, in the middle of his graduate studies at Berkeley he learns about the discovery of the first Kuiper belt object one day before it became frontpage news in the New York Times.

By 1999, after some 500 Kuiper belt objects had been discovered, he makes a bet that a new planet will be discovered within five years. And then, as an untenured professor, he then segues to his decision to look for new planets in the solar system, using the underutilized (and

therefore available) 48-inch Schmidt telescope, and how he and his grad student (he gives full credit to his grad students) write the software that digitally enables the blink comparison of huge photographic plates so that they are able to survey 15 percent of the sky in real time.

In the middle of toiling through the 8,732 blink comparisons the computer generated for him, he meets Diane Binney. The fact that he didn't find what he was looking for is less important than the fact that Diane agrees to become his wife. Subsequently we learn about how the Schmidt camera went digital, and how the exclusion of 10 percent of the field eliminated 99.2 percent of the errors.

Almost inadvertently one learns a lot about astronomy, the instruments it uses, and its internal politics, together with his private life, including the birth of his daughter, Lilah. Who eventually has a bit part in the debate on whether Pluto is a planet. When Mike Brown was asked, he would pass the question on to his daughter, who would say: "No, no, no, no, no." and later, "So what is Pluto, Lilah?" when her reply would be: "He's not a real dog, he's a dwarf dog." We also learn about the official renaming of Xena and its moon Gabrielle to Eris, goddess of discord, and her daughter Dysnomia — whose connection with Lawless is purely coincidental.

Woven through the text is a meticulously detailed controversy, which is summed up thus: "Three years after the Spanish astronomers did or did not fraudulently steal our discovery, we were officially vindicated by the IAU, which accepted our name, signaling that we appropriately deserved the credit. Sort of. On the IAU's list next to the newly added name Haumea, in the space reserved for the name of the discoverers, is a big blank spot. Haumea, unique among all the objects in the outer solar system, has no discoverer. It simply exists. Oddly, though, for an object that no one discovered, it does have a *place* of discovery listed. While the name of the object is Hawaiian, based on a proposal by astronomers from California, Haumea was officially discovered at a small telescope in Spain. By nobody." *HIKPaWIHIC* is highly recommended.

## SHORT REVIEWS

by Carol Clarke



## FLIRT

by Laurell K. Hamilton

(Berkley; 2010; \$23.95)

"Anita Blake, Vampire Hunter, Book 18"

In this one, Anita gets into trouble over the men she loves and ends up being kidnapped with her men at stake. She has to think fast and outsmart her captors. In this book, Hamilton gets away from the sex that runs rampant in her other Anita Blake books and gets down to an awesome story of one woman outsmarting the bad guys. But faithful readers of her series will still find enough sex scenes to keep them happy.

## BULLET

by Laurell K. Hamilton

(Berkley; 2010; \$26.95)

"Anita Blake, Vampire Hunter"

The latest Anita Blake book starts at a dance recital; from there, it's lots of action and lots of sex but Anita has a good handle on both of those. It's an exciting book and for Anita Blake lovers it just keeps coming and coming. You have to love Anita to hang in there for 18 books, all of which you need to read in order. *Guilty Pleasures*, her first book, rocked the world and came up with the term "Preternatural". If you want to read Anita Blake start with *Guilty Pleasures* and read each one because they just keep getting better. If you don't care for a lot of sex in your books skip these. Anita is one hardcore necromancer slash vampire executioner who has a lot of men in her life. From John Claude the vampire master of the city, to Richard the Ulfric of the local werewolf pack, to Micah the head wereleopard, to Nathaniel, a by day stripper, by night wereleopard; and those are just the main men in her life. While *Bullet* revolves around her men, there is a killer to find and execute and a story of supernatural events. Personally I love Anita Blake.

## SKINWALKER

by Faith Hunter

(ROC; 2009; \$7.99)

"Jane Yellowrock, Book I"

The first of the Jane Yellowrock books about a skinwalker whose night job is hunting rogue vampires in the city of New Orleans. The book keeps you on your feet and guessing who the Rogue is. It also goes into much detail about Skinwalker mythology and Cherokee culture. Her second book, *Blood Cross* (ROC; 2010; \$7.99), starts where *Skinwalker* left off and is just as good.

## KITTY GOES TO WAR

by Carrie Vaughn

(Tor; 2010; \$7.99)

"Kitty Norville, Book 8"

Kitty is an out werewolf who runs a syndicated radio show, *The Midnight Hour*. She is also married to another werewolf and runs her local Pack. In this novel she is hit with military werewolves on a rampage, loose in her territory. Plus a weather wizard making hell for

Denver. It's an action-packed story with lots of werewolf customs. If you want to read Carrie Vaughn, start with *Kitty and the Midnight Hour* (2005; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 8 #3). It rocks from the first book until her latest one, *Kitty Goes to War*.

## THE JOY OF HIGH TECH

by Rodford Edmiston

AND BESIDES BEING A WAFFLE IRON, IT IS ALSO A CLOCK RADIO, A CELL PHONE AND... IN CASE OF EMERGENCY... A DEFIBRILLATOR!



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

### Cooking

There are situations where the difference between a hot meal and a cold one is literally life and death. A hot meal can stave off hypothermia, and bringing food to boiling can prevent disease. I used to do a lot of camping and hiking, and have vague ambitions of returning to those pursuits. Because of that, and because I like having alternate sources for important resources, over the past year I have been doing a lot of research into methods of heating food and drinks when away from utilities... or when utilities fail.

This was brought home to me, personally, during a recent five hour blackout which hit my county and two adjacent.

My neighborhood has long had problems with the electrical supply. Things are much better now, since the utility company came through and upgraded much of the equipment a couple of years ago. However, we still have brief blackouts — usually only a few minutes — a couple of times a year, and occasional longer outages.

Because of this many people around here were well equipped with candles and kerosene heaters during the big blackout. However, I had candles, a pair of kerosene mantle lamps, a natural gas mantle lamp rated for indoor use in the basement, a Kerosun kerosene heater (which doubles as a stove), and a neat little folding camp stove. When the power came back my upstairs temperature was still quite comfortable, having dropped only a few degrees in five hours on a very cold night.

Better, as the evening wore on and the power remained off, I was able to make a large mug of steaming hot tea, using that camp stove on my kitchen range.

It's a neat little folding backpack stove, made by Sterno. It's steel, so it's heavier than

many folding stoves, but it is sturdy, folds almost flat, and can be used with a wide variety of fuels. Using Sterno cans — there are some specifically intended for cooking, with a higher output than the tray warmers — it would take quite a while to boil enough water for a bowl of soup or a mug of tea. However, the can holder in the bottom will also hold many other types of fuel containers. Better yet, there's a guy who sells these on eBay for a low price which includes a couple of the Sterno camping fuel cans.

That cold, dark night (the skies were so clear I almost got out my telescope, thanks to the nearly complete absence of light pollution) I didn't use the Sterno cans. Instead, I used the fuel can for a very clever little camp stove made for the Swiss Army. It burns hotter, for longer, with a cleaner flame, than any other canned heat I've tried. It has a screw-top lid, and when you first open it there's a thick aluminum seal you need to cut out. After use, simply put the cover back on. It comes with a steel sheet metal pot support which stores around the bottom of the stove, and which in use fits in the groove around the inside of the can's lip. It's quite secure, very light and compact, and it produces a lot of heat at a high rate from its gel fuel.

Why didn't I just use that little stove, instead of the the Sterno folding stove? Two reasons. First, the Sterno stove is much sturdier and more stable. Second, the folding stove holds the pot or pan much further above the flames, which allows more complete combustion. This reduces carbon monoxide production, and also fumes from unburned fuel. (Though the odor from the Swiss stuff is pretty mild, that doesn't hold true for all canned fuels.) Speaking of odor, that was one reason I didn't heat the water for my tea on the Kerosun stove, with another being because it was too large to go easily on my kitchen range, and I didn't feel like squatting over it on the basement floor.

A number of surplus and camping stores carry those little Swiss Army stoves, and prices vary widely. I am lucky, in that the cheapest place I've found is Centerfire Systems in Versailles, Kentucky, not far from where I live. They have a four-pack for USD 10, plus S&H if you don't live close enough to fetch it yourself. If interested, look in catalogs, stores and online for the M71 stove, which comes plastic wrapped with fuel canister, spring steel stove and a book of matches. The only caveat I know of is that if the thick gel fuel has bubbles those will pop from the heat. The fuel is so thick I've never seen it spatter when this happens, but it might.

Speaking of fuel, alcohol — either denatured or gelled — is very popular for hiking and camping stoves. The gelled alcohol I've seen is military surplus or a direct copy, in little olive-drab packets with instructions on one side and pithy bits of advice regarding military life and operations on the other. The gel is so thick it takes a bit of effort to squeeze out, but it also stays where you put it, even when burning. You can use it in any stove designed for fuel tabs.

There are two types of fuel tabs I am familiar with, both developed for military use but today having civilian versions. One of these

is the US military's trioxane. The other is the Esbit fuel tab. These — as well as the gel — burn vigorously, quickly bringing — as an example — a canteen cup of water to a boil. They have little odor, leave little ash, and the alcohol gel has a nearly invisible flame.

Other common fuels are Coleman/white gas (naphtha) and kerosene (by kerosene I am including a wide range of fuels, such as diesel, lamp oil and heater fuel). Gasoline is rarely used, even though unleaded is no more dangerous than naphtha.

Kerosene, gasoline and naphtha have a bit higher energy density per unit mass and volume than the alcohols, but the difference is small. Surprisingly, the solid fuels have less energy than even alcohol per gram, though more per milliliter. Paraffin, beeswax and mixes are about the same as the more potent liquid fuels per gram, and more compact, but don't really burn vigorously enough for cooking.

There are many camping stoves out there, of a wide variety of designs and using a number of different fuels. There are even flameless heaters, which depend on adding water to make them rust very, very fast. I live alone, so a small, single-burner stove is enough for emergencies. If you have a large family you may need something like a Coleman two-burner pressure fed stove using naphtha (white gas).

Gas canister stoves use low-density fuels such as butane and propane, or a mix. They produce a very intense heat, though, and therefore cook faster, and are often lighter than pressurized liquid fuel stoves. They — like the pressure stoves — are also adjustable, making cooking easier and more flexible. Many canister stoves are specifically rated for use inside tents. (Keep in mind that the carbon monoxide ratings for camping stoves are for very enclosed spaces, such as tents. Whether a particular stove would be safe in a home is uncertain. Just remember that CO is lighter than air.)

The Zip Stove has the disadvantage that it uses batteries, to drive a forced air fan, but a major advantage in that it uses available materials, such as twigs and pine needles, for fuel. While wood has too low an energy density to be worth carrying with you, dry wood is readily available most places people hike and camp, and you could easily stockpile some at your home. The forced draft of the Zip Stove makes fires easy to start and hotter burning, speeding cooking. Once it gets going good, it will even burn damp materials.

There is a compromise between adequate ventilation and keeping wind from blowing the heat away. Some stoves handle this better than others. Another reason I like the Sterno folding stove is that it includes a front flap which can be used to adjust the airflow. Normally it would be fully closed to direct the convective flow of air upwards and help reflect heat, but if things are cooking a bit to fast you can open this to adjust the heat. Note that this is not a very large adjustment without a some wind.

In the very small category there are things such as the Vargo Outdoors Triad titanium stove, which only burns alcohol, and the Triad xe, which burns alcohol or fuel tabs or gel. Both

are available for under thirty USD. They are about the size and shape of a can of shoe polish, and very, very light. Unfold the three legs and the identical (except for being on the top instead of the bottom) pot holders, add fuel and cook. Note that while the stoves are very small and extremely light, you still need to carry the fuel for them.

I have one of the multi-fuel units, and it's very interesting. There's a center puck — normally held in the tray by the folded pot holder stems — which is used with alcohol. For solid fuel tabs or gel alcohol, simply remove the puck, add the fuel, light and cook. Using alcohol requires a bit more work. You twist the puck apart, producing a small pan and a vented cover. Fill the pan with alcohol, put the cover back on, put the puck in the tray, pour a little alcohol onto the puck to prime it and light. If you've done it right, by the time the outside alcohol has burned away the inside alcohol is hot enough to produce vapor. This streams out through the holes in the cover, creating blue flames similar to those of a gas range.

Some folks actually make their own stoves similar to the Triad from aluminum pop or beer cans. I'm not that eager to save a few dollars in exchange for aluminum cuts. (Ow . . .)

The folding WetFire stove is even smaller. It comes in steel and titanium versions, with the latter being the lighter (and more expensive). It has three flanges riveted to the bottom of a small tray. The tray is just slightly bigger than a fuel tab. The flanges unfold, pivoting around the central rivet, to form both a base and a stand for a pot.

Several armies have military canteen cup stoves. These serve as both stove and cooking stand, take fuel tabs or gel, and when not in use fit around the base of the issue canteen cup, which in turn fits around the bottom of the canteen. There are both military surplus and civilian versions available. The limitation of these is that they are generally shaped to securely fit the canteen cup and nothing else.

A more common military-originated stove is the Esbit. There are many versions besides the original, with different mixes of good and bad points. For example, Coghlan's makes a version which isn't quite as sturdy as the Esbit, but comes with more fuel. The Esbit was originally a WWII German Army stove, and is still in use by several militaries. Again there are both military surplus and civilian models. When folded closed it will store enough fuel tabs to heat over half a liter of water, depending on starting temperature. Somewhat larger than a deck of cards closed, it unfolds to hold the burner pan off the ground and support a pot or pan high enough for generally good combustion with fuel tabs or gel. There are even disposable Esbit stoves, which come flat in a package with some fuel tabs. Just fold it into shape, add tabs and light.

Coghlan's makes a folding stove which seems to be popular. It is cheaper than the Sterno folding stove, but is heavier, doesn't block the wind as well and is shorter, allowing less distance between flame source and flame target. It also comes painted, which baffles me.

The Sterno stove has black steel rods for support and shiny textured steel sheets for the windscreen/heat reflector. When you first use one of the Coghlan's stoves you smell the burned paint. Substantial use is required before enough of this burns off that you don't get the odor. The Sterno is scent-free.

I have barely scratched the surface with this column. There's a huge variety of portable stoves out there, of many different brands, for any sort of cooking. Whether for hiking, cooking at a campground or preparing meals during an emergency; for yourself, your immediate family or your entire block; whether fancy or simple; there's something for everyone. Tailgate parties bring entire kitchens, including portable barbecue rigs. There are even portable electric stoves and ovens, if you have a generator or are at a campground with utilities. Prices range from literally USD 2.50 to hundreds of dollars. Everyone should have at least something for emergencies. As noted here, this doesn't have to be expensive or difficult.

### THREE MUSKETEERS TRUFFLE CRISP

Candy Bar Review by John Purcell

Last week my wife came home from shopping — at Wal-Mart, yes, I need to admit this — and after putting away all of the goodies she needed (laundry detergent, fabric softener, etc.), Valerie announced, "I have something to share with you." When I turned and looked, she was holding up a 3 Musketeers Truffle Crisp bar. My immediate reaction was an understandable, "Ooohh!"

Truth be told, there are two bars in the package. The best way to describe them is that each one is like a Twix bar wrapped in very yummy chocolate. The packaging states, "Whipped-up chocolate truffle on a crisp layer enrobed in real milk chocolate." Well, okay, it's real American-made milk chocolate, but it's smoother and creamier than one will find in most American-made candy bars, so this is definitely a step up. As for the chocolate truffle, there is a hint of mint (to use a popular marketing phrase) that gives the candy bar a rich flavoring. Needless to say, I liked the half I ate.

This is a nice taste treat, well worth the purchase price. And the best part is that the package contains a mere 170 calories; therefore, if you're on a diet and have a craving for a candy bar that won't cause too much damage, the 3 Musketeers Truffle Crisp is a good one to grab.

### And as year follows year, More old men disappear, Someday no one will march there at all.

Report by Joseph T Major

We regret to report the death of the last doughboy **Frank Woodruff Buckles**, the last American veteran of World War I, on **February 27, 2011**, at home in Charles Town, West Virginia.

Born **February 1, 1901** in Bethany, Missouri, Buckles enlisted on August 14, 1917, and served in an ambulance unit during the war, returning to civilian life afterwards. (For *Titanic* fans, Buckles was shipped to Europe on *RMS Carpathia*, and afterwards worked for the White Star Line.) In 1942, he was interned in the Philippines by the Japanese invaders.

In his final years he was honored as one of the last veterans, since 2008 the final veteran. As happened when Albert Woolson, last veteran of the Union Army, died in 1956, we have lived long enough to see a link with our history broken.

After a controversy, Buckles was buried in Arlington National Cemetery, not too far from the burial site of his Commander, General of the Armies John J. Pershing.

Thanks to **Evelyn Leeper, Guy H. Lillian III, Robert Kennedy, John Purcell, and Martin Morse Wooster** for remembering.

Remaining are:

#### Australia

Claude Stanley Choules (110) Royal Navy

#### Poland

Józef Kowalski\* (110) 22 Pułk Ułanów

#### United Kingdom

Florence Beatrice Patterson Green (110),  
Women's Royal Air Force

\* "WWI-era" veteran, enlisted between the Armistice and the Treaty of Versailles

National totals: U.K. 2, Poland 1 WWI-era. 1+1 men, 1 woman.

We went just over an entire year without one single World War I veteran dying, from Jack Babcock (July 13, 1900 — February 18, 2010) until February 27 of this year. Now, here in the US, no one will march there at all.

This coming week marks 66 years since my father's ship was sunk by kamikazes. Last week I was able to trace a survivor of the *Colhoun*, the first ship to come to *Bush's* aid. A reporter had written an article about him for a local paper and I was able to contact her. She generously passed word on to Mr. G and got his consent to my calling him. For once I was able to get over my shyness long enough to punch in his number. He proved to be quite willing to talk to me. His mind wandered a bit with recent events but his memory of the events of April 6, 1945 was crystal clear just as Dad's is. It was the same events I had grown up listening to but from a different perspective.

— Lisa

### DIURNAL AND NOCTURNAL

Trip Report by Joseph and Lisa Major on  
ConCave XXXII  
February 25-27, 2011

#### Friday, February 25, 2011

Things had become a little dislocated when Grant remembered that he had Hardware SIG on Saturday. So it was just the two of us.

I'd done laundry the night before and otherwise prepared. But before we could go I

had to set out the recyclables and take out the trash bags of used kitty litter. Then I loaded up the car, and we were off on a cloudy day.

In some ways, I find cloudy days to be the best for long-distance driving; they're usually not infernally hot and I don't have to wear sunglasses. There is always the prospect of rain, which is not so pleasant (i.e., the time back in 2003 when we went driving down I-65 in the middle of a blinding rainstorm **at night**; we were hoping that there wasn't someone with tail-lights out in between us and that dim red blur that announced the next guy up ahead).

Breakfast at Shoney's in Elizabethtown, and after gassing up and a stop at the bank there (people deplore bank expansion but it makes getting money in other places a bit more convenient) we pressed on. There didn't seem to be quite so many SUV's roaring down the road well over the speed limit as there had been last year and perhaps the gas price was not unconnected with this.

Thus we got to Bowling Green safely, where we saw my cousin Virginia and her husband Bernard again. Their daughter has graduated from college and is now working at the nearest available job in her specialty — Washington state! Their son is living with them while working — at least he's working. And they have a beautiful white and pink long-hair cat.

Then it was off to the con to register in both room and con. I knew where the place was now. And I knew to ask for a quiet room, even if we did end up on the third floor.

Sad to say, apparently **Pat & Roger Sims** couldn't make it. We saw **B. J. Willinger** there while waiting to get down to the dealer's room. I had the Nebula nominees list and wanted to get them. (Larry Smith didn't have *Who Fears Death* and I already had, and had given up on, *The Hundred Thousand Kingdoms* and wasn't impressed by the Female Person from Colorado's *Blackout/All Clear*.) **Tom & Anita Feller** had arrived and we caught up on various bits of news from Nashville. Davis-Kidd Bookstore has already closed. **Mike & Susan Baugh** were present, Mike doing backcrubs and Sue lazing in the joys of retirement.

We had dinner with my niece, Sarah, who had various bits of news about her engagement, son, and life in general. The book on dinosaurs we had thought might be too adult for her son she said he would love. The pictures, anyway. In a couple of years he can go to Dinosaur World, north along I-65.

The only party was Xerps, with the usual combination of darkness, booze, and loud music. We gave it a pass.

And so to bed.

Miles driven: 126.1

## Saturday, February 26, 2011

Up to enjoy the free breakfast and sit by the pool. There was a bit of age differential. Nighttime had been dominated by youthful types with piercings, tattoos, wild hairstyles, and so on. In the harsh sunlight, the elders, with gray hair (if any), canes, wheelchairs, and other signs of decline, occupied the chairs. There was

an endless game of SMOFdom at one of the tables by the pool, usually presided over by con Guests of Honor Steve & Sue Francis.

Sue Young came in, looking somewhat more cheerful than she had the last time we'd seen her, and we sincerely hope she keeps on getting out now.

About the time Bob Embler began his lunch for OutdoorCon, **Tim Lane & Elizabeth Garrett** showed up. (The choice between free lunch and the GoH speech at the restaurant downtown wasn't hard to make.) We'd hoped to get her set up with an email account, and after some effort (we had to go back to our room to be able to see the computer screen, and there the hotel wi-fi was fluky) I managed to do so. I also managed to show Tim how to plug in a USB floppy disk drive, a USB thumb drive, and a USB portable disk drive, all of which we had given him along with the computer, and use them appropriately. He was a little startled when I started playing *Sink the Bismarck!* off of my portable drive.

We settled up at Larry Smith's and Elizabeth gave me a check for their share of the books. We went looking for the Fellers for dinner, but they were unavailable, so we went over to the Denny's and had dinner with Tim and Elizabeth before they had to leave. The art auction was over soon and we went to check out the parties. The ConGlomeration party was about empty, but we did come early. Biohazard was the same darkness, booze, and loud music, so we stepped in and left.

And so to bed.

## Sunday, February 27, 2011

Sunday morning at a con always has a sadness about it, or so I feel. There is yet a little more to do, but the good times are coming to an end. So it was that people sat around the pool and listened to the rain, thinking of the pleasure that was and the drudgery that was to come. Unfortunately, Anita Feller had been ill last night, as well.

We managed to get hold of a cart, cleaned out our room, said our farewells, checked out, and were off. We went by way of Tompkinsville to see my cousin Jean, who you will recall owns the farm in Christian County where her great-great-grandfather, my great-great-great-grandfather, is buried. It had been a while since we had seen her — she had injured herself a couple of times during that period, though I hope the two circumstances weren't related — and we caught up.

It was getting dark, so we drove off. Fortunately the rain had stopped, though there was drizzling again for the last of the way. Stopped off in Cave City and had dinner, then got home, which was a bit unnerving since Grant's car was still there and we had fears of him lying in bed, sick, dead perhaps even. He had signed up to take the day off when he thought he would be going, and didn't bother cancelling the vacation.

Unloaded the car, put the dirty clothes in the washer, and unwound. A quite nice little con, and if only Grant could get over his other responsibilities. He could have helped with the

training — Jean thinks she might do more.

Lisa had picked up a couple of Trek books from back when they had a little more freedom to write. One was John M. Ford's classic *How Much for Just the Planet?* (1987). I later took a look at the end and realized a problem; someone is looking at a **VCR tape**.

And so to bed.

It was great getting to see old friends and talk with them. Larry Smith was there and we bought our usual stack from him. I bought some Star Trek books from another dealer, among them a copy of Carolyn Clowes's *Pandora Principle* which I gave her when we returned to Louisville.

— Lisa

Miles driven: 191.4

Total mileage: 317.5

Gas bought: \$48.33

Time out: 8:16 A.M.

Time back: 8:17 P.M.

## NEBULA AWARD NOMINATIONS

### Short Story

"Arvies", Adam-Troy Castro (*Lightspeed Magazine* 8/10)

"How Interesting: A Tiny Man", Harlan Ellison® (*Realms of Fantasy* 2/10)

"Ponies", Kij Johnson (Tor.com 1/17/10)

"I'm Alive, I Love You, I'll See You in Reno", Vylar Kaftan (*Lightspeed Magazine* 6/10)

"The Green Book", Amal El-Mohtar (*Apex Magazine* 11/1/10)

"Ghosts of New York", Jennifer Pelland (*Dark Faith*)

"Conditional Love", Felicity Shoulders (*Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* 1/10)

### Novellette

"Map of Seventeen", Christopher Barzak (*The Beastly Bride*)

"The Jaguar House, in Shadow", Alette de Bodard (*Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* 7/10)

"The Fortuitous Meeting of Gerard van Oost and Oludara", Christopher Kastensmidt (*Realms of Fantasy* 4/10)

"Plus or Minus", James Patrick Kelly (*Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* 12/10)

"Pishaach", Shweta Narayan (*The Beastly Bride*)

"That Leviathan, Whom Thou Hast Made", Eric James Stone (*Analog Science Fiction and Fact* 9/10)

"Stone Wall Truth", Caroline M. Yoachim (*Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* 2/10)

### Novella

*The Alchemist*, Paolo Bacigalupi (Audible; Subterranean)

"Iron Shoes", J. Kathleen Cheney (*Alembical* 2)

*The Lifecycle of Software Objects*, Ted Chiang (*Subterranean*)  
 "The Sultan of the Clouds", Geoffrey A. Landis (*Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* 9/10)  
 "Ghosts Doing the Orange Dance", Paul Park (*The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* 1-2/10)  
 "The Lady Who Plucked Red Flowers beneath the Queen's Window", Rachel Swirsky (*Subterranean Magazine* Summer '10)

**Novel**

*The Native Star*, M.K. Hobson (Spectra)  
*The Hundred Thousand Kingdoms*, N.K. Jemisin (Orbit UK; Orbit US)  
*Shades of Milk and Honey*, Mary Robinette Kowal (Tor)  
*Echo*, Jack McDevitt (Ace)  
*Who Fears Death*, Nnedi Okorafor (DAW)  
*Blackout/All Clear*, Connie Willis (Spectra)

**The Ray Bradbury Award for Outstanding Dramatic Presentation**

*Despicable Me*, Pierre Coffin & Chris Renaud (directors), Ken Daurio & Cinco Paul (screenplay), Sergio Pablos (story) (Illumination Entertainment)  
*Doctor Who*: "Vincent and the Doctor", Richard Curtis (writer), Jonny Campbell (director)  
*How to Train Your Dragon*, Dean DeBlois & Chris Sanders (directors), William Davies, Dean DeBlois, & Chris Sanders (screenplay) (DreamWorks Animation)  
*Inception*, Christopher Nolan (director), Christopher Nolan (screenplay) (Warner)  
*Scott Pilgrim vs. the World*, Edgar Wright (director), Michael Bacall & Edgar Wright (screenplay) (Universal)  
*Toy Story 3*, Lee Unkrich (director), Michael Arndt (screenplay), John Lasseter, Andrew Stanton, & Lee Unkrich (story) (Pixar/Disney)

**Andre Norton Award for Young Adult Science Fiction and Fantasy**

*Ship Breaker*, Paolo Bacigalupi (Little, Brown)  
*White Cat*, Holly Black (McElderry)  
*Mockingjay*, Suzanne Collins (Scholastic Press; Scholastic UK)  
*Hereville: How Mirka Got Her Sword*, Barry Deutsch (Amulet)  
*The Boy from Ilysies*, Pearl North (Tor Teen)  
*I Shall Wear Midnight*, Terry Pratchett (Gollancz; Harper)  
*A Conspiracy of Kings*, Megan Whalen Turner (Greenwillow)  
*Behemoth*, Scott Westerfeld (Simon Pulse; Simon & Schuster UK)

[j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)  
<http://www.efanzines.com>

*Banana Wings* #45 February 2011  
 Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey, CD0 7ES, UK  
[fishlifter@googlemail.com](mailto:fishlifter@googlemail.com)

*Beyond Bree* February 2011, March 2011  
 Nancy Martsch, Post Office Box 55372, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413-5372 USA  
[beyondbree@yahoo.com](mailto:beyondbree@yahoo.com)  
<http://www.cep.unt.edu/bree.html>  
 Not available for The Usual; \$15/year, \$20 foreign, \$10/year electronic.

\*brg\* #67, #68  
 Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard Street, Greensborough VIC 3088 AUSTRALIA  
[gando@pacific.net.au](mailto:gando@pacific.net.au)

*Challenger* #33 Summer 2011  
 Guy H. Lillian III, Post Office Box 163, Benton, LA 71006-0163 USA  
[GHLIII@yahoo.com](mailto:GHLIII@yahoo.com)  
<http://www.challzine.net>

*Debris* #10  
 Joel Zakem

*The Drink Tank* #272, #274, #275, #276  
 Christopher J. Garcia  
[garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:garcia@computerhistory.org)  
<http://www.efanzines.com>

*Fadeaway* #20 December 2010-January 2011, #21 January-February 2011  
 Robert Jennings, 29 Whiting Road, Oxford, MA 01540-2035 USA  
[fabficbks@aol.com](mailto:fabficbks@aol.com)

*Fish Out of Water* #417, #418, #419, #420, #421, #422  
 Marty Helgesen, 11 Lawrence Avenue, Malverne, New York 11565-1406 USA

*Fortnightly Fix* #18, #19, #20, #21  
 Steve Green  
[stevegreen@livejournal.com](mailto:stevegreen@livejournal.com)  
<http://www.efanzines.com>

*The Knarley Knews* #138 March 2011  
 Henry & Letha Welch, 15290 Upper Ellen Road, Los Gatos, CA 95033-7814 USA  
[knarley@welchcastle.com](mailto:knarley@welchcastle.com)  
<http://tkk.welchcastle.com/>

*MT Void* V. 29 #32 February 4, 2011 —  
 Mark and Evelyn Leeper, 80 Lakeridge Drive, Matawan, NJ 07747-3839 USA  
[eleeper@optonline.net](mailto:eleeper@optonline.net)  
[mleeper@optonline.net](mailto:mleeper@optonline.net)  
<http://leepers.us/mtvoid>

*My Back Pages* #4  
 Rich Lynch, P.O. Box 3120, Gaithersburg, Maryland 20885-3120 USA  
[rw\\_lynch@yahoo.com](mailto:rw_lynch@yahoo.com)  
<http://www.efanzines.com>

*Opuntia* #70.1E March 2011  
 Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2E7 CANADA

*Southern Fandom Confederation Update* V. 1 #18  
 Warren Buff, 22144 B Ravenglass Place, Raleigh, NC 27612-2936 USA  
[warrenmbuff@gmail.com](mailto:warrenmbuff@gmail.com)  
<http://www.efanzines.com>

*The Reluctant Famulus* #80  
 Thomas D. Sadler, 305 Gill Branch Road, Owenton, KY 40359-8611 USA  
[tomfamulus@hughes.net](mailto:tomfamulus@hughes.net)

*Vanamonde* #863-867  
 John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado Street, No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057-1456 USA

*Visions of Paradise* #161, #162, #163, #164  
 Robert Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023 USA  
[bsabella@optonline.net](mailto:bsabella@optonline.net)  
<http://www.efanzines.com>



We are pleased to announce that **Joy V. Smith** took second place in the Predators & Editors Readers Poll for her article on the *Man-Kzin Wars* series.

More on Chris Barkley's proposal nextish, we hope. That's the sort of controversy we want, hint, hint.

**FANZINES**

*Askance* #22  
 John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845-3926 USA