

ALEXIAD

(ΑΛΞΙΑΣ)

\$2.00

The shootings at the Batman premiere and the Sikh temple have been on my mind a great deal. Ever since the deaths of Sean and Kevin, any such news comes as a punch into my stomach. I suppose it is inevitable. You cannot have something like that happen in your family without being marked. Every time I hear of one I find myself reliving the moments I learned of their deaths. I have heard much discussion of whether or not the children should have been at the theater. This is not relevant. Neither parents nor children deserved to be slaughtered in cold blood. Nor do I think anyone could say such a thing who had ever come home to hear that one of their relatives had died in such a horrible way.

— Lisa

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The 58th Running of the Yonkers Trot (1st leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) was **July 7, 2012** at Yonkers Raceway in Yonkers, New York. Archangel won handily, after the favorite Googoo Gaagaa broke stride twice and came in last.

The 87th Running of the Hambletonian (2nd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) was **August 4, 2012** at Meadowlands Racetrack in East Rutherford, New Jersey. Market Share won (while Archangel came in fourth)

The 120th Running of the Kentucky Futurity (3rd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) is **October 7, 2012** at the Red Mile in Lexington, Kentucky.

Printed on August 15, 2012 (Dormition of the Theotokos)
Deadline is **October 1, 2012**

Reviewer's Notes

Garth Spencer described once, in all too lurid detail, the story of a would-be concomm which in the face of a vast self-imposed task steadfastly shut their ears to all outside commentary, advice, and indeed input. They wanted to learn by making their own mistakes, and proceeded to have a very thorough learning experience, which at least taught them not to do it again.

This was but one committee in one place. What will happen when it happens in a bigger place? Cons began as a way for people to actually see those strange beings who heretofore had only existed as typed words on mimeo or ditto or hecto (and no, this is not the place or time to get into the question of "Leeds or Philadelphia?"). Then they grew, and now there is the dispiriting factor of "Friends of Bill W" as a WorldCon program event. Among so many others.

A WorldCon so big may fail spectacularly. When I joked about thinly-disguised versions of Disney and CreationCon bidding to take over running the WorldCon, with a one-time absolute media hero wanting to create a WSFS, Inc. with himself as CEO, I was (I hope) joking, just as the Alternate WorldCons story about a Russian company taking control, or the MidAmeriCon Program Book story where the Trufans beat out the (very thinly disguised) Trekkies for control of WorldCon, only to make it private, were jokes. But a WorldCon that implodes even worse than NoLaCon II could mean the end. Hugos given out in a mid-sized program room alternating between San Diego and Atlanta...

I am falling back more on family. Families. But even there, the burden is spreading. Lisa's family reunion had half again the number of people this year that it had last year. But it's having to move up, because now school is beginning August 1. That's right, August. Small wonder Lisa's sister is so glad to have retired. School could be pretty unpleasant for me but at least I had a real summer.

The pressures of the world are slowly depriving us of our small pleasures. Everything is getting in the way of everything else.

And, this morning, the news came that Harry Harrison had died. For all that he became an embarrassment (four words: *Stars and Stripes* series) in his elder years, he was the last of the Campbellians. Brian Aldiss, as I recall, described him as *Analog's* Stilicho, the barbarian who was the last defender of Rome.

Nextish will be bigger, I hope, with some stuff that fell by the wayside included. Everyone's also having less time for writing.

— Joe

RANDOM JOTTINGS

by Joe



Mike Resnick has announced the next “Weird West” novel, sequel to *The Buntline Special* (2010; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 10 #1) and *The Doctor and the Kid* (2011; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 11 #2). It is:

The Doctor and the Rough Rider

Bully! We all knew you had it in you, Bwana. Due out in December from Pyr.

[THUMP] [THUMP] [THUMP]
[THUMP] [DOOR OPENS]

“They’ve got a woman up there! It’s Liu Yang!”

“We know. Siddown!”

On **June 16, 2012** the Shenzhou-9 spacecraft was launched with a crew of three taikonauts, including Major Liu Yang of the Peoples’ Liberation Army. The crew commander, Jing Haipeng [Ching Hai-p’eng], was the first taikonaut to fly in space more than once. The launch was on the forty-ninth anniversary of the space mission of Valentina Vladimirovna Tereshkova, the first woman in space. The spacecraft docked with the Tiangong-1 space station, then returned to Earth on **June 29**.

In the name of Olympian Zeus, the winner of the triple race is Elena, daughter of Kristophoros, of the polis of Richmond.

After a review of the 1973 Preakness Stakes, the Maryland Racing Commission revised the time for Secretariat’s winning run to 1 minute 53 seconds, thus giving him the record time for all three races of the Triple Crown. His owner Helen “Penny” Chenery, daughter of famous lawyer Christopher Chenery, was pleased.

Robert Zubrin’s latest book is not about Mars. *Merchants of Despair: Radical Environmentalists, Criminal Pseudo-Scientists, and the Fatal Cult of Antihumanism* (2012; New Atlantis Books; ISBN 978-1-59403-476-3; \$25.95) is about Earth, and what people are doing to it under the justification of science. Or Science. A very heated book, with some data that gets glossed over. Zubrin makes ties between the modern Green movement and Nazi irrationalism.

I’ve been to Kelly, it’s on US-41 between Hopkinsville to Madisonville. Joe Nickell of the University of Kentucky was there once as well, and in *Tracking the Man-Beasts: Sasquatch, Vampires, Zombies, and More* (2011; Prometheus Books; ISBN 978-1-61614-415-9) discusses the Little Men of Kelly and other humanoid beings, all the way up to Bigfoot/Sasquatch/the Abominable Snowman and finds them wanting. Just as his discussion of vampires will not please all the girls who hope that Edward Cullen will wuv them.

Sally Kristen Ride

May 26, 1951 — July 23, 2012

b’ain chzun iphro om

“When there is no vision, the people perish.”

MONARCHIST NEWS

Upon the death of the former Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia **Nayef bin ‘Abd al-Aziz al-Sa’ud** on June 16, 2012, the Allegiance Council of Saudi Arabia chose as his successor his full brother **Salman bin ‘Abd al-Aziz al-Sa’ud**.

After the death of the founder of the kingdom, **‘Abd al-Aziz bin ‘Abd al-Rahman bin Feisal Ibn Sa’ud** in 1953, all the kings and crown princes have been his sons. The youngest of these is **Prince Muqrin bin ‘Abd al-Aziz al-Sa’ud**, born in 1945.

We regret to report the death of **Mike Hastings** in Jerilderie, New South Wales, Australia, on **June 30, 2012**. The Right Honourable Michael Edward Abney-Hastings, Earl of Loudon, was Yorkist claimant to the English throne through his descent from **Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury**. Hastings was a republican and did not use the title or advance the claim.

The title and claim have been inherited by his son, **the Right Honourable Simon Michael Abney-Hastings, Earl of Loudon** of Wangaratta, Victoria, Australia. (Thanks to Martin Morse Wooster and Steve Silver for noticing this.)

We regret to report the death of **Maria Emanuel. Margrave of Meissen**, head of the Royal House of Saxony and claimant to the Saxon throne, on **July 23, 2012**. Born January 31, 1926 to Friedrich Christian, Margrave of Meissen, and Princess Elizabeth Helene of Thurn und Taxis, the Prince became claimant upon the death of his father in 1968. He had been sentenced to death in Nazi Germany in 1944, and had fled to Switzerland to escape the Soviet armies.

His heir is his nephew **Prince Alexander of Saxe-Gessaphe**, son of Princess Anna of Saxony and Robert Afif of Lebanon, a scion of a princely Lebanese family. The other male heirs of the Albertine line have consented. (The other Saxon line, the Ernestine line, includes the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Kent, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and a number of other princely lines.)

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

Report by Joseph T Major

Remaining is:

Poland: Józef Kowalski* (112) 22 Pulk
Ułanów (“WWI-era” veteran)

God, do you have a moment
For a little gray kitten
And her momma cat?

C’Mell came and looked into the litter box.
It came with her kitten.
Maybe the kitten was hiding there.
She hid a lot.

Tom asked me, “You like cats, don’t you?”
His little girl had a kitten.
She loved it, it loved her.
But she was allergic.
It was us or the shelter.

His wife came at lunch.
She had a special litter box
And a shoebox, with holes in it.
There was a little gray paw
Sticking out of one, waving frantically.

She was a kitten.
C’Mell played mother to her.

Then Delenn grew big.
All paws and tail, and a little body.
She was shy. She hid a lot.

So things went on for years.
Then she got thin. And thinner.
Finally, we took her to the vet.

C’Mell came and looked into the litter box.
I said, “She’s not there.
Your kitten’s not there.”

She’s buried out in the yard
With the rest of them.

Goodbye, Delenn.

1998 — July 23, 2012

It is odd how reduced our household feels with the loss of one shy little cat.

She came to us in a shoebox; she left wrapped in a blanket the vet provided fifteen years later. In January we will get the license papers for her and will return them with the notice that we no longer own this cat. Some staffer will enter the information and make the necessary changes in our records. I wonder if the staffer will pause in her memory. Probably not. To said staffer it will probably only be a routine part of the job. Only C’Mell and Gemellus will make the December or January trip to the vet for their annual vaccinations. The busy clinic staff is not likely to remember Delenn either. But we will.

— Lisa

IMPERIUM

Review by Joseph T Major of
THE LONG EARTH

by Terry Pratchett and Stephen Baxter
(Del Rey; 2011:

ISBN 978-0345524508; \$16.00;
Random House Digital (Kindle); \$11.99)

There were times when Brion Bayard figured he should retire. His first few years in Imperial Intelligence had been tumultuous, but matters had settled down. Then, things like this came along.

"This was found on one of the more distant uninhabited Lines?"

It had been, and there was sufficient associated evidence that it was not a fluke or a hoax, but evidence that a human being had somehow traveled to a far-distant Line without using an Imperial Maxoni-Cocini Drive shuttle.

It was a British .303 round, apparently from his own home time-line, BI-2. Engraved on the bullet, in a shaky, semi-literate hand, was a name. "It's the one with your name on it that'll get you," he said, to no one in particular, and this man's name had been

S BALDRICK

— Not by Keith Laumer

The problem is that the traveler can transport anything except iron. Which makes building a little hard. And jumping leaves one slightly nauseous. All which directs such efforts away from government towards individual enterprise.

Somehow, all the alternate-earths settled are done so by Californians; communal types living simple lives in harmony with nature. The principal plot involved a young man traveling through the earths in a dirigible with a very powerful AI as pilot and companion. (The problems of structural stress in dirigibles are as usual ignored.)

He finds a young woman who doesn't need a potato, returns to the main time-line, and averts a bombing plot aimed at nuking Madison, Wisconsin. In other words, somebody finally figured out some of the other implications.

The story sort of times out. If there were more, it could be interesting. Baxter has gone for telling of the commonplace way of life following from such a change instead of the slam-bang, all-the-timelines-are-doomed plots that, unfortunately, Laumer slid into. It's different, and more reasonable. But in its own way it doesn't live up to the promise of the concept.

THE HAPPY RETURN

Review by Joseph T Major of

DESTROYERMAN: IRON GRAY SEA
by Taylor Anderson

(RoC; 2012:

ISBN 978-0-451-46454-5; \$25.95;
Random House Digital (Kindle); \$11.99)
A "Destroyermen" Book

"... Tonight on *Unsolved Mysteries*, we present a feature on Dr. Ivan T. Sanderson's 'Vile Vortices'. During the Second World War, a number of ships and aircraft inexplicably disappeared in the Indonesian Triangle ..."

At least and at last, Matt Reddy and Sandra Tucker got married. Now that they had found that there were other human women on this time-line, the captain could engage in matrimony without guilt. Well, at least in considering engaging in matrimony, what happens afterward is another matter.

On the other hand, it was somewhat disappointing to learn that the cousin who fell through the Indonesian Triangle turned out to have been from Matt's own timeline. It would have been so interesting to find them realizing that they weren't quite from the same world.

Some of the characters are dying in battle. The hostilities are wearing everyone down. Anderson does have technological change come slowly; there aren't any technological advances of post-1942 in this world, what is happening is that the destroyermen are bringing their allies up closer to their level.

In other news, there are more peripheral conflicts, but this volume is one of building strength and preparing for future confrontations, with the prospect of a significant war when this sea saga is . . . **To Be Continued**

THE LOST YEARS

Review by Joseph T Major of

THE IMPEACHMENT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

by Stephen L. Carter
(Knopf; 2012;

ISBN 978-0307272638; \$26.95
Random House Digital (Kindle); \$13.99)

In 1951, Knopf published Oscar Lewis's *The Lost Years: A Biographical Fantasy*. This was a story about a retired midwestern gentleman who stood up for a little secesh lass after the end of the great war, bringing a California community to reconciliation. In a quaintly evasive fashion, the injured lawyer who was the principal actor of the story was always referred to by the narrator as "The Shogun".

Sir J. C. Squires's pathbreaking work of 1930, *If It Had Happened Otherwise* had already had a take on the fate of "The Shogun" had his assailant's firearm been less potent, and Milton Waldman's somewhat less optimistic story "If Booth Had Missed Lincoln" described the rancorous politics that could have ensued had that President had to deal with the more Radical members of his own party. Waldman's story is in the form of a negative review of a pro-Lincoln biography.

Such a work might appear in this timeline. It might even have been written by the principal character in the work, Abigail Canner, a law clerk on Lincoln's defense team.

Booth's plot has misfired, so to speak, like his weapon. However, his accomplices have been far more effective than they were in our timeline; Secretary of State Seward is maimed and housebound, while Vice-President Johnson was killed.

In the ensuing two years, Lincoln has struggled to bring about his reconciliation, hampered by the intractability of certain factions in the former Confederacy and other factions within his own ranks. Yet the latter have a contradiction; they want the Confederacy to suffer and the former slaves to be exalted, but don't want to employ the resources to do it.

The story stays away directly from Lincoln, who mainly appears as only the folksy storytelling Old Abe of legend. Indeed, it focuses on Abigail Canner, one of the clerks on his legal defense staff, who has some problems in working out her legal apprenticeship. Yes, a woman would be looked down on. But (as they would have said then) a *negro* woman!?

(Carter is to be commended for his sticking to contemporary language. I shudder at the thought of an edition of *Huckleberry Finn* where Huck flees down the river on a raft with "African-American Jim". You know, Herblock did a cartoon showing that sort of absurdity.)

While the impeachment trial grinds on, with various legal surprises from the era before there was discovery in trials, Abigail and her associates have to work out other problems. The tumult and turmoil of Washington society, for example. Or, more sinisterly, exploring a mysterious and veiled conspiracy, one not unwilling to use murder to forward its goals. As when, for example, Congressman James G.



After reading this Grant said that he thought it was mostly Baxter, with only a very little Pratchett. Thinking about it, I can see his point.

The initial setting has a British soldier being carried away from the trenches of the Great War to an Earthlike planet. Fortunately for the semi-sapient indigenes, he is smarter than Baldrick (though almost everyone in the world is), and they pick up the songs he sings.

Then, we flash forward to the not-to-distant future, where a mysterious inventor describes a timeline travelling-mechanism that is built around a potato. People start building them, and wonder of wonders, they work, taking people to Earthlike planets, undespoiled, uninhabited. (Except, for a very few, by some semi-sapient beasts.)

Blaine is found dead outside a notorious Washington brothel, the corpse of a woman from such an establishment by his side.

The Case against Lincoln continues on its course in the Senate, as the various factions put forward their versions of the President's unfair actions, and the division in the country widens. The army likes Father Abraham, you see. They might march into Washington City, sword in hand, and run those maniacs to the Tarpeian Rock — excuse me, I was channeling Caesar from "How Titus Pullo Brought Down the Republic". The crisis will come when the prosecution's chief witness, and the President's loyalist supporter, Secretary of War Edwin Stanton testifies . . .

Carter is to be commended for having a crowded cast list, so to speak. The political field of the era was indeed diverse, and there would be a multitude of opinions and pressures, not all coordinated, not all helpful to either side. Too many novels, much less alternate histories, ignore that such diverse perspectives, goals, and aims would exist, and that the people involved would have many commitments.

Having the principal focus of the narrative be on a person of little importance, and even perhaps a contemporary type being forced, as it were, on the situation, might be considered trivialization. There is Machiavelli's point:

Nè voglio sia riputata presunzione, se uno uomo di basso ed infimo stato ardisce discorrere e regolare i governi de' Principi; perchè così come coloro che disegnano i paesi, si pongono bassi nel piano a considerare la natura de' monti e de' luoghi alti, e per considerare quella de' bassi si pongono alti sopra i monti; similmente, a cognoscer bene la natura de' popoli bisogna esser Principe, ed a cognoscer bene quella de' Principi conviene essere popolare.

[Nor do I hold with those who regard it as a presumption if a man of low and humble condition dare to discuss and settle the concerns of princes; because, just as those who draw landscapes place themselves below in the plain to contemplate the nature of the mountains and of lofty places, and in order to contemplate the plains place themselves upon high mountains, even so to understand the nature of the people it needs to be a prince, and to understand that of princes it needs to be of the people.]

The progression of the plot could perhaps have used some revision. For example, there is something made of a (fictional) Union general from the west who succeeded Grant after Vicksburg, with some ambitions, yet he fades away rather indecisively. Just as the secret code that is supposedly crucial to uncovering the plot is miraculously deciphered and leads nowhere. And the climax . . .

Review by Joseph T Major of
ALGER HISS:

Why He Chose Treason
by Christina Shelton

(Threshold (Simon & Schuster); 2012;
ISBN 978-1-4516-5542-1; \$26.00;
Simon & Schuster Digital Sales (Kindle);
\$12.99)

The origins of the House Committee on Un-American Activities (often referred to as the "House Un-American Activities Committee" or "HUAC", particularly by those who thought that its activities were indeed "un-American") were curiously blighted. It originated in the Special Committee on Un-American Activities, frequently called after its chairman and vice-chairman the "McCormack-Dickstein Committee". This committee was primarily known for its focus on the Ku Klux Klan, and on other such reactionary groups.

Congressman Dickstein (D-NY) was particularly notorious for his ways of manipulating the press, presenting sensational revelations on dubious evidence to believing audiences. (Later on, a Senator from Wisconsin would adopt these tactics, which had somehow become evil in the interim.) The most notorious example of this was the "Business Plot" when Major-General (ret.) Smedley D. Butler, U.S.M.C. one of the few double recipients of the Medal of Honor, presented a grandiose story of his being chosen to be the leader of a coup against President Roosevelt.

Why army officers would follow a Marine, or why a plot of businessmen who didn't even get along with each other would chose a leader who was known for anti-business statements, should have made the unlikelihood of the alleged plot all too obvious. And when one of the alleged "Business Plotters" was Hugh Johnson of the National Recovery Association, the New Dealer most hated by business leaders . . . nevertheless, the Business Plot is a revered pillar of New Deal History.

As is the later attempt to discredit the New Deal by showing one of its builders to have been a foreign agent.

Unlike G. Edward White, author of *Alger Hiss's Looking-Glass Wars: The Covert Life of a Soviet Spy* (2004; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 3 #2), Shelton actually met Hiss. While her description is very much in parallel with White's, her concentration in this work is on the political aspects, instead of White's focus on the personal life of the topic.

Shelton brings in by way of contrast the "Cambridge Five", showing the parallels, the betrayal of the educated elite. Unlike White, she fails to mention the most damning evidence, extracted from FBI wiretap logs; Hiss and Donald Maclean were in close contact during Hiss's last few months in government. (See Verne W. Newton's *The Cambridge Spies: The Philby Conspirators in Washington* (Maclean, Burgess, & Philby) (1991), Pages 130-143 for this shocking revelation.)

Another useful chapter lists the number of people who accused Hiss of espionage. It wasn't just Chambers, who indeed came very

late to the game, as it were. (Again, she does not mention Maclean, who seems to have spent the entire period from Hiss's conviction to his own defection describing himself to all and sundry as the "English Hiss", usually during one of his states of drunken self-pity.)

But in the end, Shelton shows more how than why. Hiss did not openly avow adherence to the actions of the Soviet state; indeed, on some matters he opposed it, such as his demurral from the Soviet proposal for multiple seats in the United Nations General Assembly. Yet, there is more evidence that he continued to covertly serve their cause even after that.

This indicates that he was a significant actor in the affairs of both sides. Was that enough recompense for his betrayal of his native land? We know that he did it, we know how he did it, but the why is another matter altogether.

Shelton cites Louis Budenz, who had defected from the Party in 1945, after having been editor of the *Daily Worker* from 1940, on then relationship between Communists and telling the truth:

. . . The Communist is not a pathological liar, he wrote. The Communist will lie and spread falsehoods and "on the witness stand, he will resort to perjury, if necessary, to protect the interests of the Party. But this is done under Party orders and for Party purposes, and is regarded as a cardinal feature of Communist morality."

— Pages 217-218

Which explains what a friend of a friend said:

The Cambridge spies, incidentally, were obsessed with the Hiss case. A fascinated Burgess saw it "as a battle of good and evil in which all good was on the side of Hiss and all evil on the side of Chambers." This might seem merely the standard left-wing line — until he added (it was the *echt* Burgess touch) that even in his goodness Hiss was probably guilty. Sublimely, superbly guilty — since only a communist would achieve the seamless perfection of duplicity which the life of Alger Hiss must be if Chambers was right.

— Stephen Koch, *Double Lives*, Page 173

FILBOID STUDGE

Review by Joseph T Major of

AGENT GARBO:

The Brilliant, Eccentric Secret Agent Who Tricked Hitler and Saved D-Day

by Stephen Talpy

(Houghton Mifflin Harcourt; 2012;

ISBN 978-0-547-61481-6; \$28.00;

Houghton Mifflin Harcourt (Kindle); \$9.24)

In the same way, whenever a massacre of Armenians is reported from Asia Minor, every one assumes that it has been carried out "under orders" from somewhere or another; no one seems to

think that there are people who might like to kill their neighbours now and then.

— “Filboid Studge: The Story of a Mouse That Helped” by “Saki” [H. H. Munro]

Unless your name is Juan Pujol Garcia, in which case you have seen people killing their neighbors now and then. The supporting cast in this story is almost as interesting as the lead player, and broadly varied, too.

OSS scientist and memorialist Stanley P. Lovell's *Of Spies and Strategems* (1963) describes how the British took over the German spy network in the United Kingdom, with their foremost agent having invented a vast spy ring of nonexistent people. Half the story he tells can now be pinned on the dubious double-dealing Welsh Nationalist Arthur Owens (Agent SNOW). Yet the other half has its own attribution.

The wizard of Black Propaganda, Sefton Delmer (author of *Black Boomerang* (1962; discussed in *Alexiad* V. 7 #2)), wrote *The Counterfeit Spy* (1976), the story of a Spaniard named Jorge Antonio and codenamed CATO, who came to Britain after serving on both sides during the Spanish Civil War and becoming an anti-Nazi. With the aid of the Security Service (MI-5), he fabricated a spy ring that deceived the disunited and demoralized German intelligence services.

Leonard Mosley uncovered the scandal in his *The Druid: The Nazi Spy Who Double-Crossed the Double-Cross System* (1981) where in among the story of how The Druid had managed to outwit the Security Service, he mentioned the work and torture of Luis Calvo, double agent GARBO.

Delmer had died in 1979 but Mosley may have been surprised when Rupert Allason emerged from the wilds of Venezuela in 1984 with a mousy little man named Juan Pujol Garcia, who met with several very elderly retired Security Service officers in a London Club. They all looked at him in amazement and said, “GARBO!? I heard you died!”

Yet, even when Juan Pujol had been honored and lionized in Britain and France, and written his memoirs with Allason's aid (*Operation GARBO* (1986)) there were still things to be uncovered and issues to be reconciled. Like his two families, in Spain and in Venezuela.

This story of a mouse that helped began in Catalonia, where a most pious lady had her second son by a man she was not yet married to. Juan Pujol, senior, was by contrast both cosmopolitan and wealthy, and perhaps he was a little put out with his namesake son, who never quite seemed to succeed in anything he did. For example, just like a more sinister fellow from Bavaria, he failed at being a chicken farmer.

Juan was conscripted, and obtained an officer's rank. Then the Great War Against Fascism, or La Cruzada, or whatever, broke out. The antics of the anarchists in Barcelona would tend to indicate that they would find getting the funding and effort necessary to build an

intercontinental ballistic missile slightly beyond them, what with their disorganized devastation of any sign of oppression. Not surprisingly, Juan Pujol hid out from *Ocupar Barcelona*.

Indeed, he finally took the most desperate method of hiding out from the anarchists and joined the army, intending to desert to the other side at the first opportunity. Oddly enough, he found himself in the International Brigades, by now somewhat short of foreign fighters for freedom. He managed to cross the lines.

When that war wound down, Pujol made his way to Lisbon. He'd got married along the way, but still found himself somewhat at loose ends.

Then he found a sucker. But first off, he had to learn something about Britain, which is hard enough for a writer from Colorado to do, let alone a Catalan in Portugal who doesn't even speak English. Nevertheless, the Germans were so desperate for sources in Britain and so ill-informed that they took on this Herr Pujol.

He had tried desperately to get on with the British. No one in Madrid (he had the sense to apply at someplace other than where he lived, so they couldn't check up easily) apparently had heard of this raffish fellow from Ragusa who was working the Huns for them, or his like, and Pujol was turned down. Finally, someone in Britain noticed this man in Portugal who was too shockingly close to the truth. Meanwhile, Pujol was getting so desperate that he asked the Americans to step in, and instead of turning him over to the OSS, the US naval attache in Madrid sent him to the British. Exfiltrating the Pujol family took some trouble.



Then he began working with the Security Service. Here Pujol became a star. He created not only a personality for himself, but for all his many subordinates. Each one had a particular field of knowledge and a distinct personality. He also learned something about British currency, so he wouldn't say there were a hundred pennies in a pound, for example.

This is where the artful Ragusan, Dušan M. Popov, comes in. Pujol reported to the same German case officer as he did, Johann Jebsen. Who was an anti-Nazi. Indeed, when Jebsen took the last step and offered to defect, the Double-Cross Committee became concerned — and when he was arrested, they became frightened that their grand deception would be betrayed. The heroism and devotion of Jebsen

has been sadly ignored; he kept the secret, even though it would have spared his life.

By now the story of how Pujol was lead actor in Operation FORTITUDE, the deception plan to cover the Normandy Invasion, is almost too well known to need mention. The British didn't need to dispatch him to Calais with General Patton's First US Army Group war diary; indeed, his messages were relayed to the High Command of the Wehrmacht with the best of endorsements. Above and beyond even that, Agent ARABEL (his German code-name) was awarded the Iron Cross, Second Class, for his efforts. It went so well with his M.B.E.

Talty cites a certain disdain among the Germans for espionage matters and spies in particular, who were condemned as being unworthy. He quotes Hitler himself as ordering Abwehr commander Wilhelm Canaris to not use good Aryans as spies, but only Jews and such. Interesting how that worked out. The vast body of literature on the German spy networks in Britain (from the First World War period) and the U.S. (from the Second World War era) now seems to have been less than well founded.

Then the war came to an end. Some people were looking forward and considered shopping him to the Soviets, but the Secret Intelligence Service's Spanish desk officer did not like the idea. Since this gent was Harold Adrian Russell “Kim” Philby, it may be assumed that this was not out of any concern that GARBO would have been less than ideal in that task.

Others took an interest. J. Edgar Hoover, for example, who wanted to meet this ace agent who got himself a number of subordinates. (If Dusko Popov knew about this, his response hasn't been revealed.)

It was time to disappear. Then too his marriage was breaking up. There had been the one time when his wife had threatened to go back to Spain, and the Security Service had to arrange a faked arrest. Thus, the story was planted that Juan Pujol Garcia had gone to Angola and died of malaria in 1949.

Juan Pujol Garcia went to Venezuela, got various jobs, none of which really worked out, remarried and had three children, and lived in some safety until 1984, when Rupert Simon William Allason, who bore a suspicious resemblance to the journalist Nigel West, tracked him down.

For four years, until his death in 1988, the Mouse That Helped received the acclaim of the men whose lives he had helped, the veterans of the Normandy Beachhead who had not faced more German defenders because they were in Picardy, waiting for the First US Army Group to make its landing there. Their most reliable source had assured them that such was the case. He wept because he had not saved more lives.

THE SECOND STAIN
Review by Joseph T Major of

DECEPTION:
The Untold Story of East-West Espionage Today

by Edward Lucas
(Walker Publishing Company; 2012;
ISBN 978-0-8027-1137-1; \$26.00;

Amazon Digital Services (Kindle); \$9.99)

"Yes," said he, "there is no better way of approaching it. The situation is desperate, but not hopeless. Even now, if we could be sure which of them has taken it, it is just possible that it has not yet passed out of his hands. After all, it is a question of money with these fellows, and I have the British treasury behind me. If it's on the market I'll buy it — if it means another penny on the income-tax. It is conceivable that the fellow might hold it back to see what bids come from this side before he tries his luck on the other. There are only those three capable of playing so bold a game — there are Oberstein, La Rothiere, and Eduardo Lucas. I will see each of them."

I glanced at my morning paper.

"Is that Eduardo Lucas of Godolphin Street?"

"Yes."

"You will not see him."

"Why not?"

"He was murdered in his house last night."

— "The Adventure of the Second Stain"

The theories of Anatoliy Mikhailovich Golitsyn, CBE, Major of State Security (ret.) are still popular among certain elements of the espionage community. One of them in particular was his claim that an inner circle within the KGB was working covertly to ensure world domination.

One needn't buy all of Golitsyn's theories (in which such people as Andrei Dmitriyevich Sakharov, Václav Havel, and Svetlana Iosifovna Stalina/Alliluevya Morozova Zhdanova Peters were all agents of the Inner KGB) to wonder if there is something to this. One has but to look at the provenance and curriculum vitae of Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin, Honored Chekist and President and Prime Minister of Russia.

But is Putin an Andropov in better health, or merely a Slavic Porfirio Díaz?

Edward Lucas is an editor of *The Economist* who has covered the Eastern Bloc for twenty-six years. This work describes the post-Soviet era, the machinations of Russian (not Soviet) intelligence in its operations against the West.

Their principal goal is no longer ideological conquest, or even technical enquiry. Rather, their aim is influence.

Lucas winds up several threads, as it were. For example, one of the issues he discusses is the matter of Soviet long-term deep-penetration illegals, those neighbors of yours who were actually foreigners, Rusky spies. And what were they doing?

Well, not much of anything. In fact, a number of them seem to have simply assimilated, dropped out of the spy business and gone about living normal American lives. (Maybe that was why after the Soviet conquest in Cyril Kornbluth's *Not This August* (1955, 1981) all the deep-penetration illegals were

given the supreme measure of punishment; not because they might not get rid of covert and revolutionary habits, but because they had been contaminated by long-term exposure to capitalist ways.) One suspects that if William Fisher had had a better associate, he would have remained Emil Goldfus, a hanger-on in the bohemian culture of New York, for quite a while, and never had to say he was "Rudolf Ivanovich Abel".

Others had their own ways. For example, there is a long discussion of Anna Chapman, one of those who got caught and sent home. Where she became a media star. It's better than sitting around and groaning about the good old days with Eitingon, Sudoplatov, and the guys, the way Fisher did once he was exchanged.

As well, Lucas gives some background, including the dubious penetration of revolutionary Bolshevik Russia by people like Sir Paul Dukes and the less successful efforts in the Baltics after WWII. While Kim Philby did his part in frustrating this effort, from Lucas's description it was doomed anyhow. The State Security could run in its own controlled pseudo-resistants as it pleased. There was too much of the SOE spirit in the British, who nevertheless seemed to have learned. Unlike their American colleagues.

Which brings Lucas back to the present day, discussing the intimate interrelationship between the SIS and the Teabemet, the Estonian intelligence service. It was a mutually productive relationship.

Russia is still domineering over the former Union Republics of the Soviet Union. Not only were there objections to the matter in Estonia, but the Russian relationship with Sakartvelo (Georgia) has been even stormier than you think.

The Russian leaders are not Communists, not in the "Red Ruskies Want to Conquer the World" mode. They have many habits of the Communists, like the nomenklaturists of the old system they desire the material goods of the West. The system is no longer totalitarian, but it is authoritarian and self-protecting. Perhaps Putin is setting up a Russian Porfiriato.

Incidentally, one of the endorsements of this book is "Take his warnings seriously," by no less than Václav Havel. You were saying, Anatoliy Mikhailovich?

POURQUOI-PAS?

Review by Joseph T Major of

THE STORIED ICE:

Exploration, Discovery, and Adventure in Antarctica's Peninsula Region

by Joan N. Boothe

(Regent Press; 2011:

ISBN 978-1-58790-224-6; \$34.95;

Amazon Digital Services (Kindle);

ISBN 978-1-58790-181-2; \$14.95)

It does not inspire confidence in the author when she cites Gavin Menzies, author of the less-than-highly regarded nautical history *1421: The Year China Discovered America* (2003) as a source at all, much less as proof that the expedition of Cheng Ho [Zeng He] discovered

the Antarctic Peninsula.

It would be a pity, though, to skip it for that reason, because Boothe has recounted the story of the most accessible part of the southern continent, and the many varied people who have made incursions into its waters. Some of them are quite surprising, and have had influences far beyond the immediate.

For example, when James Weddell sailed south, in 1823, he reached 74° S. in an ice-free sea., and reported no ice as far south as he could see. In *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket* (1837), the *Jane Guy* passes through the pack at 74 degrees and heads further south into open water. The position for the island of Tsalal is given as 83° 20' S, 43° 5' W, which is in the Filchner Ice Shelf. But Poe was also citing Symmes's polar theory, and I don't think Pym ever got to Pellucidar. (So much for meeting Jason Gridley.)

The "accessability" of the area has led to claims and counterclaims. A disproportionate number of the Antarctic research stations are on the Peninsula, mostly Argentinian (six permanent, seven seasonal) and Chilean (four stations) establishments meant more to establish those countries' claims to the area.

The history includes the first overwintering, of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition, which marked a significant event in the career of Roald Amundsen. Boothe mentions also how the expedition's physician saved the lives and sanity of many of the men, but skims over his subsequent career. (This is Frederick A. Cook.)

After the rescue of the *Endurance* crew, the peninsula continued to be the focus of exploration, including the last of the private expeditions and the first of the government ones. Indeed, since Ronne's first expedition used the U.S. Antarctic Service base built by Byrd's expedition, they were connected. (It might have been interesting to cross-reference Ronne's scornful comment about Jennie Darlington needing a co-writer for her book with L. Sprague de Camp's description of how he allowed his name to be taken off the book he wrote with Ronne.)

Oh, "So-What?" ["Pourquoi-Pas?"]? That was the name of the ship from the French Antarctic expedition commanded by Jean-Baptiste Charcot. The *Pourquoi-Pas?* sank off Iceland in 1936, with Charcot going down with her. The sole survivor saw him releasing a caged pet bird just before the ship sank.

HIGH ANXIETY

A Report on

Grant C. McCormick's Health Problems by his landlord Joseph T Major

Grant did indeed go back to work in the last week of June. And promptly had an incident arguing that in spite of having a licence endorsed to drive, except on interstates, he really should not. So we began to take him to the TARC headquarters to get tickets for the TARC3 Handicapped Bus Service, a pass for same, and a drivers license endorsed as above.

Strangely enough, the DMV service was crowded but competent. I know this is hard to

believe. With so many weekend errands, not to mention a new work schedule, Grant has been having Saturday morning breakfast with us.

Other complications have arisen, though. It turns out he has some retinal capillary growth, and so he has been having laser beams shot into his left eye. The tractors, pressors, beams, rods, cones, stilettos, icepicks, corkscrews, knives, forks, and spoons of energy will come later.

And other doctor's visits have revealed a contradiction. In spite of continued treatment with Coumadin (i.e., warfarin, i.e. rat poison), his blood clotting factor is still too *high*. You try and figure this out.

But Grant has gone back to work, which should help with both his self-image and the finances of all and sundry.

(Meanwhile, I had another attack of the intestinal cramps like I had had after Sarah's wedding, but it went away when I had to bury Delenn. I don't recommend that as a form of treatment.)

HORSE NEWS

by Lisa



I'll Have Another is going to Japan. No more chances of his fans here getting to see him unless he doesn't work out in Japan. His owner has said there is a buyback clause in the sell contract which hopefully will save the 2012 Derby winner from Ferdinand's fate. As with Sunday Silence more than twenty years ago U.S. breeders showed little interest. The Japanese breeders stepped into the breach. Will it be that they will strike gold again or will I'll Have Another fail them? Nobody will know until his first foals race.

Silverberg's *Conquerors from the Darkness* arrived today. I have a paperback copy but it is somewhere in the stacks. I am hoping to get it autographed at Chicon. Also going with me will be *Diamond Star* by Catherine Asaro, *Men against Time*, also by Silverberg. I am waiting for a copy of *The Last Hawk* by Asaro. I'm sure

my first copy will turn up as soon as it arrives. *Conquerors from the Darkness* is nearly forty years old. Silverberg may well refuse to sign something so old. But again, he may not. If he does I still have a hardback copy of one of my favorite books.

— Lisa

FANZINES

Beyond Bree July 2012

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

Broken Toys #4, #5

Taral Wayne

The Drink Tank #319, #320, #321

Christopher J. Garcia
garcia@computerhistory.org
<http://www.efanzines.com>

Fadeaway #30

Robert Jennings, 29 Whiting Road, Oxford,
MA 01540-2035 USA
fabfcbks@aol.com

Fish Out of Water #488, #489, #490, #491, #492, #493, #494, #495

Marty Helgesen, 11 Lawrence Avenue,
Malverne, New York 11565-1406 USA

MT Void V.30 #51 June 15, 2012 — V. 31 #4 July 27, 2012

Mark and Evelyn Leeper, 80 Lakeridge
Drive, Matawan, NJ 07747-3839 USA
eleeeper@optonline.net
mleeeper@optonline.net
<http://leepers.us/mtvoid>

Nice Distinctions #23

Arthur D. Hlavaty & Co., 206 Valentine
Street, Yonkers, NY 10704-1814 USA
hlataty@panix.com
<http://www.efanzines.com>

Opuntia #252 Late July 2012

Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta
T2P 2E7 CANADA

The Reluctant Famulus #88

Thomas D. Sadler, 305 Gill Branch Road,
Owenton, KY 40359- USA
tomfamulus@hughes.net
<http://www.efanzines.com>

Steam Engine Time #13

and final.

WORLDCON BIDS

2014

London
<http://www.londonin2014.org/>

NASFiC:

Phoenix

<http://www.leprecon.org/phoenixin2014/>

2015

Spokane

<http://spokanein2015.org/>

Proposed Dates: August 19-23.

Orlando

<http://orlandoin2015.org/>

Proposed Dates: September 3-7.

2016

Kansas City

<http://kansascityin2016.org/>

Proposed Dates: August 18-22.

Mariehamn, Finland

<http://mariehamnin2016.org/>

2017

Japan

<http://nippon2017.org/>

New York

2018

New Orleans

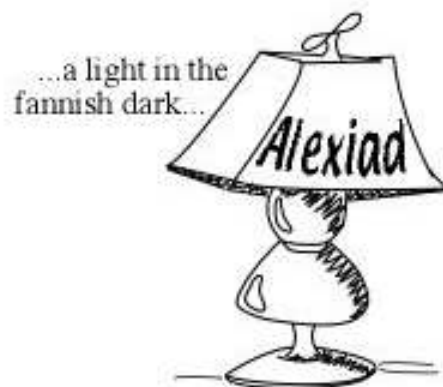
<http://neworleansin2018.org>

2019

2020

New Zealand

<http://nzin2020.org/>

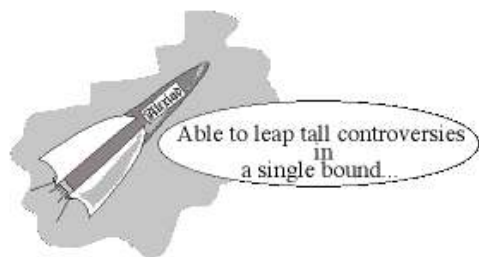


STAMPS

Kaor. On **August 17, 2012**, the U.S.P.S. will release the latest of its commemorative stamps in Tarzana, California, featuring Edgar Rice Burroughs. The stamps will be "Forever" stamps, selling for 45¢ each and good for first-class postage indefinitely.

KREEGAH!
We still live!

Letters, we get letters



From: **Christopher J. Garcia** June 15, 2012
chris@computerhistory.org
Best Dramatic Presentation — Short
Form Hugo Nominee
Best Fanzine Hugo Nominee
Best Fan Writer Hugo Nominee

Just wanted to say I'm enjoying *Alexiad* quite a bit on my new machine! I was very saddened to think about the scratch of I'll Have Another, a horse that won me 58 bucks on the Kentucky, another 20, which I guess means I broke even on that because I made the Triple Crown bet after the Derby.

Still, I was hopeful. Only two horses in my lifetime have managed the Triple Crown, which makes me sad.

We were sorry to see the scratch too. Save some Hugos for the rest of us.

— JTM

From: **Milt Stevens** June 19, 2012
 6325 Keystone Street, Simi Valley, CA
 93063-3834 USA
miltstevens@earthlink.net

In *Alexiad* V11 #3, I was surprised that Joseph had just realized fandom was incoherent. Of course, fandom is incoherent. Various interest groups can be thought of as circles and the circles don't overlap entirely. In recent months, I think I was the only person to attend both Corflu and Baycon, although they are two cons within a couple of hundred miles of each other. At Loscon in November, I probably will be the only FAPA member in attendance. Such things happen to me all the time.

I know Joseph was using the word "incoherent" to mean lacking in sense. I doubt the proposition that fandom is particularly less sensible than most other organizations. We would have to compare ourselves to some other organizations to make a determination. I think we are more sensible than the US Congress or the United Nations. It's a little scary to consider we are probably more sensible than the people who are in charge of the world.

From Nycon I, we progress to the death of Ray Bradbury, who attended Nycon I. Since Bradbury was a local lad, there was much comment on his death at LASFS. In 1940 the

club raised the dues from ten cents to fifteen cents. Ray Bradbury was the only member to complain he couldn't afford the increase. He really took the whole starving artist thing more seriously than most.

Ray Bradbury published a fanzine titled *Futura Fantastica*. Years ago, I heard of some copies selling for \$5000 each. Bruce Pelz didn't have any copies of the zine. I imagine Forry Ackerman must have had copies. Bradbury would buy up copies of his zine just to destroy them. He almost singlehandedly eliminated fiction from fanzines. "If you can't sell it, we don't want to read it" became the general rule for fanzines.

Bradbury killed a lot of trees for his art. When he finally had it made he reputedly burned 27 million words of his unsold fiction. My hands ache when I think about typing 27 million words on a manual typewriter.

From: **Evelyn Leeper** June 25, 2012
eleeper@optonline.net

You ask, "Now that it is possible to produce hundred-page zines without having to pay both legs, an arm, and a child to be named later for postage, how come no one (except Nalini Hayes) is doing so?"

Once again, I must point to the MT VOID as an outlier in all this. No, we don't produce hundred-page issues, but we produce an issue of six to twelve pages *every week*. So if we just decided to produce this on a quarterly basis, each quarterly zine would be about a hundred pages.

(As it is, the two hard-copy recipients get their MT VOIDS every six weeks, meaning they get the equivalent of a fifty-page issue in six chapters.)

From: **Bill Patterson** June 25, 2012

Alexiad XI:3 (6/12)

I got a big laugh right on the first page — "Fandom is *now* incoherent" !! *now* mind you!! Fandom has not had the slightest degree of coherence to it any time in my fannish lifetime (which started in 1969).

I was using "coherence" to mean "everybody was connected somehow".

I do a lot of head-shaking these days over the Zombie craze. I don't get it. Oh, I know it's the logical follow-on for the vampire craze, which was itself a logical follow-on for the angel craze fifteen years ago. But why zombies?

I can somewhat comprehend the vampire craze; if you followed the development from, say, early Anne Rice or Chelsea Quinn Yarbro to *True Blood* in even just a casual way, it's pretty clear that a component of the modern vampire tradition builds on the association with morbid sexual psychology. I saw an episode of *True Blood* last week while waiting for the premiere of *Newsroom*, and it stuck me how far it has gone to straightforward softcore porn with an overlay of bondage and S&M — a

development (for some values of "develop") of the place occupied twenty years ago by The Playboy Channel. There is something of the aspect of a fetish to it, though — if a sexual practice is not *your own* fetish, it's not hot — it's not even sex, it's just doing awkward and pointless things until they get around to the sex part — "cold pancakes" as a friend said. (It occurs to me there's some of that also in the evolution sci-fi was going through at the same time, toward pornography of violence — what Clarke called "technoporn.")

So I can understand the vampire craze in the same way I understood the appeal of Jon Bon Jovi to teenaged girls: it was a safe and sanitized bad boy image — and the Twilight books and movies fit very neatly into that.

Like with *Fifty Shades of Gray* — which began as a Twilight fanfic. It's still got the *Histoire d'O* stuff in it, but it's *safe*. There'd be no Ann Rule book about Edward er Christian having killed Bella er Ana in a BDSM torture chamber.

But zombies are harder to follow using that analysis. You have to add in things like the increasing crudeness and dumbing-down of mass culture (I blame Emeril Lagasse) as American society dies and rots before the zombie craze becomes understandable at all: dead and rotting and hungry for brains, indeed!

I have finally reached the stage of these biography edits where I have just *got* to get a break from it now and then. After 12 years I think I'm entitled.

Since I realized I hadn't seen a major film release in more than a year, I decided to start taking in some of the summer sci-fi, starting with *John Carter of Mars*. Taylor Kitsch worked perfectly well on Mars; but he was really jarring in Victorian drag. And he seems like a completely different person in the trailers for the upcoming *Savages*, and not one I have any particular interest in seeing. Then *Battleship* (Taylor Kitsch in another pulp role. Is it me or is he suddenly everywhere??), *Men in Black III* (very good — in some ways the best of the series, and I will be very upset if Josh Brolin does not get an Oscar nomination for this one), *The Avengers* (the best thing in the movie comes at the very end, after the interminable credits, and is a scene with no dialogue at all), winding up with *Prometheus*.

Prometheus bothered me (not for the performances — all the technical aspects were praiseworthy, except that I'm now officially really tired of the phony 3-D effects that don't really look 3-D at all, but instead look more like the live-action equivalent of that animation technique where they paint different layers on glass sheets and slide the sheets back and forth).

(And parenthetically — Zombies are in and audiences wear 3-D glasses, and WWII vintage battleships winning against an alien invasion . . . it's 1959 all over again!)

I thought the appearance of the aliens, neatly working around the set-up in *Alien*, was a very good touch. I kept having the nagging feeling

that I had seen that noble, shapely visage before — in some 19th century woodcut or steel engraving of the Prometheus story. Kudos for the performances of both Fassbinder and Guy Pearce in several pounds of aging makeup.

The obvious set-up for a sequel — the Girl with the Abortion-scar Tattoo, apparently — has caught a lot of comment, but that didn't bother me so much as the fact that it didn't match up all that well to the story it is supposedly a prequel to — poor story organization and continuity. Why, for example, bother to infect the paleontologist? It's hard to rationalize the android's thought processes — not his motivations, which are clear enough, but how he reached the conclusion that this was the way to go about his orders. The wild improbabilities of such athletic exertions just minutes after performing an abdominal operation on oneself dumped me out of suspension of belief — and then there were the other irritating, cinematic clichés (I mean, ok you've got one limb of this horse-shoe-shaped space ship falling, so the villain gets crushed and the hero gets saved by merest accident — and was screen time really so tight that you couldn't show Theron getting out of the pod she ejected in? I mean, she just shows up after having ejected from the vessel. And wasn't that alien pilot discovered in his acceleration (or whatever) couch back in the 80s? How did he get from the research vessel back to the crashed alien ship?

And, finally, how probable does it really strike you that if the corporation loses its founder and its principal heir in one incident that there would not have been something more than the warning beacon *Nostramo* found?

There is just no reason to spend that much money on a film and then not bother to get the story right. It makes no sense at all.

You should go to the movies with Mike Resnick. Bwana, we've found someone else who notes the illogic.

A misc note. I was doing some biography revisions (second pass edit is nearly done for volume 2) last week and ran across an essay written by Gary Westfahl in 2005 in the Locus Online site, "Surprising Sci-Fi Soul Brothers: Robert A. Heinlein and Philip K. Dick." Now, there is something to his thesis that they were very in many ways similar kinds of writers in the way they approach their materials and their processes — but this is not a very surprising, and most of the assertions Westfahl makes about Heinlein are garbage.

Understand, I respect Westfahl and lose hardly any opportunity to promote his critical writing; he often has a fresh perspective on things, and even if you don't agree, he often sets profitable trains of thoughts in motion. But it cannot be gainsaid that there is a strong contrarian streak in his makeup, and I got a giggle out of his taking on the entire academic community in *Science Fiction Studies* some years (decades) back. But it seems to me this particular essay falls into "was this really worth

doing?" for the reason that it serves the contrarianism more than the facts.

Heinlein was not, for example, "horrified by the counterculture and everything is represented," and there is not a particle of factual evidence to suggest this might be true; nor did he "harden into a bitter reactionary." You didn't need the statements actually published in the Virginia Edition letters to know that, either.

I do think as he got older, his own contrarian desire to step on as many toes and gore as many sacred cows as possible got stronger and more forward, so that an idea people found horrifying in the 1950's and early 1960's, exchanging flogging for imprisonment, is of the same order as the notion Westfahl is horrified by here, President Patton's notion (In *To Sail Beyond the Sunset*) that drug dealers should be shot on sight. Moreover there is a confused muddle in Westfahl's statements of the counterculture and the drug culture aspect of the counterculture. The counterculture did contain the drug culture, but not the other way around, and Heinlein's position was that they (and Aldous Huxley for that matter) made too much of the possible salutary effects. Forty years later, I am still inclined to agree — much too hopeful much was made of it. But in any case, it's not something he grew into with age and disillusionment. That's an artifact of interpretation.

It would be more to the point to acknowledge that maybe the yawning depths of the chasm that separated Heinlein and Dick were not much real as they were material for a good story — the product of not very careful or thoughtful observation in the first place, followed by a romantic reworking of historical fact.

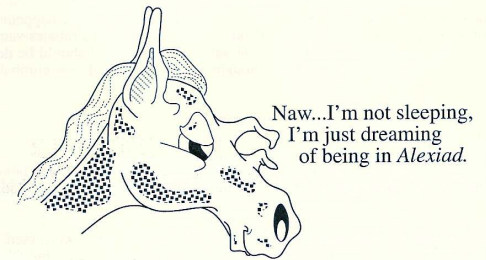
And similarly Westfahl makes overmuch of a gross generalization that Heinlein was "adventurous" in the sense that he "was willing" to sit down to write without plan. The amount of planning and execution that is manifest in the structure of his stories — though sometimes critics don't notice it, and often even the critics who really ought to know better seem completely unable to see literary structure of any kind — suggests that the planlessness idea needs more work. Yeah, Dan Simmons is the Bad Example of overplanning — but it's as much a matter of planning the bad as of bad planning per se. There is a yawning chasm rather than a continuum between Simms and Heinlein —

— and while I'm at it, I have to wonder at some of Westfahl's literary judgments here. Why, for example is *Tunnel in the Sky* a "spectacular disaster"? And how on earth can one reasonably conclude that Dan Simmons is a better writer in *any* dimension than either Dick or Heinlein? He may be more methodical (which is all that Westfahl really claims for him), but I don't see that makes him ipso facto better. If you want to take what is my idea of a writer whose investment in lapidary detail makes him iconic for this kind of approach, take Kim Stanley Robinson instead (or Pynchon, if your tastes run more in that direction).

Shaking of head. I've been doing that a lot lately.

Don't worry, Volume 2 will be up against Chicks Dig Chainmail: A Celebration of Preppie Warrior Princesses by the Women Who Love Them. As for Westfahl, I read the essay and it reminded me of the "Note on the Author" in *Memoirs of a Mangy Lover* (1963), which discusses the similarities of two great figures of the twentieth century, Lawrence of Arabia and Groucho Marx, and saying "I predict that someday these two will meet, perhaps on some other planet, perhaps on some mountain top, perhaps riding a monsoon on high over the skies of the Indian Ocean."

— JTM



From: **Sheryl L. Birkhead** June 24, 2012
22509 Jonnie Court, Gaithersburg, MD
20882-3422 USA

I went to see if furosemide is acceptable for racehorses in New York State-surprise! North America is the only place in the world where it is legal to use it on race day! Turns out, until about June 13, 2012 — all the US allowed its use on raceday. On May 10th New York started research but it appears they have decided not to change things. On June 13, 2012 Kentucky horse racing regulators approved the ban on race-day use. I bring this up because I was uncertain if all the states had the same rules — apparently they *did* — but not now. I had wondered if NY was different and since the effects of that nose strip were (after scientific studies) equivalent to the use of furosemide in equine exercise induced pulmonary hemorrhage. Since that strip is not a drug (but it is as helpful in preventing the bleeding as the diuretic) I was not sure if it made any difference. I thought that if NY would not allow the strip maybe the scratch was for that. But, my research seems to show there is no furosemide ban. I listened to what the track veterinarian had to say—said there was slight heat and slight swelling on his left front ankle and that Ultrasound showed some of the tendon fibers were frayed/broken — so . . . I applaud that difficult decision. Yeah, a dream slipped past, but the colt lives on.

Let me see — if I have it right, *DSC* was a

week or so ago and *MidWestcon* is going on as I type this — ah yes, the season is in full swing! Ah well, in many aspects I feel fandom has been incoherent for a loong time!

Hmm, seeing the elemental (so to speak) name changes reminds me of how fondly I recall *my* Periodic Table — been quite a few changes. Maybe at some time I will look into the unique features of each element — but not today!

That should qualify you for translating the language of the dead Martians ("Omnilingual" by H. Beam Piper).

As do we all say — RIP Mr Bradbury—and thank you.

It sounds as if *Grant* is making good progress. Ghreat news. Out of curiosity—the *TARC3* pass— I've seen services similar to that around here, but have no idea- if they are government run/subsidized or some other option. Is the service totally paid for, partly, or does the pass merely mean he is approved to access it?

The latter, though it is subsidized --- Each leg of a trip takes a \$3 ticket or fee. A typical to-and-from-work day, no doctor's visit, is two tickets.

---Grant

Nice list of zines and thanks for running the current Worldcon bid roster for those of us who tend not to be in the know.

Congrats to *Rich Dengrove* on his release from servitude-enjoy your retirement!

Stu Shiffman had a fall and stroke — as of the last update I have, things are going slowly (he is still intubated), but changes (of the negative kind) seem to have stopped for now — at least that is what I am reading between the lines.

Jim Stumm— I am not certain I agree with your assessment of the medical insurance issue. My premiums went up so high that I had to raise my deductible to \$5000 to cover the premium — meaning that I never used any benefits but was always broke paying the "total" cost and never getting to my deductible. As an analogy — my cat *Kamere* has his own insurance that pays 90% of the bills *per diagnosis* after I pay for the exam at which the diagnosis is made, with a \$200 deductible. It does not cover any routine care — such as vaccinations or routine dental care (but does cover dental/oral pathology). Please take note of a few things — unlimited annual cap, unlimited lifetime cap — the 90% refers to *per diagnosis*, not *per year* (he has now seen a cardiologist — next visit to be in 18 months — at that point they will pay 90% since I have paid the \$200 deductible for this *diagnosis*). Here is the attraction — his premium is \$227 month—and that is do-able. There is no premium increase as he ages, only if there is an across the board increase due to broad veterinary cost increases. Okay — my

insurance was \$5000 deductible — per year (and there was a separate deductible for lab work and a \$10,000 deductible for hospitalization. All this meant that if I could pay the premium, I could not afford to actually use it — the house would have to be sold to come up with those whopping deductible amounts — so much for insurance being in place to cover the BIG bills. Until the health insurance changes that just went into effect — they did not cover **any** preventive care. I found, by accident, that I could directly order and pay for bloodwork online — have the exact same lab do the exact same tests and pay 1/3 of what I was paying with insurance—so much for insurance or my ever getting close to the deductible. Okay — premium was \$523 (me only)/month. I believe there was a cap of a million or so over lifetime.

I am going to try something since I *think* I just found a way to get a reasonable formatting change done — so I am going to stop here and make the bottom two trials into an electronic format and see what happens (if anything)-either way you'll have this copy . . .



From: **Alexis A. Gilliland** June 25, 2012
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Thank you for *Alexiad* #11.3 a nice, cool fanzine arriving on the first 100 degree day of summer. Ray Bradbury's death is noted with regret, and while there is no shortage of talented authors telling interesting stories, none of them enlivened the days of my youth as Bradbury did. To some extent the young read to get vicarious experiences that will inform their responses to the society into which they are preparing to venture. Eventually, those responses are informed by experience as well, and new reading is done mainly for entertainment. Or, the young reader morphs into an old fossil — something I have seen in myself. At this point most of my favorite authors, the ones I sought out for autographs at cons rather than the canonical great, are dead. And speaking of dead authors, I recently started to reread Theodore Sturgeon's "If All Men Were Brothers Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?" Sigh. The aversion to incest evolved in man and other animals for good reason, it is not an arbitrary decree imposed by fatheaded bigots on their gullible constituents. Sturgeon wrote beautiful

prose, but the thrust of his story . . . well, the reason I didn't throw the book across the room was because it was *Dangerous Visions*. So I carefully put my copy of DV back on the shelf instead.

You do remember the analysis I did of that and two other similar stories of his in *Alexiad* V. 10 #2 WN 056.

Worldcons used to be fun, but they were always expensive and strenuous. These days I have no business to conduct with editors, no reasonable expectation of getting on the program, and leave most of the parties on the table. Even in the SFWA suite I don't know most of the younger authors, and so am unmotivated to attend a four or five day event. Alas that I have become an old fan and tired. However, the Worldcon is also showing a bit of age in that it is focused on literary science fiction, a focus which has insensibly drifted towards elitism. We note that conventions like Comic-Con in San Diego and Dragoncon in Atlanta are much larger because they appeal to the mass rather than the elite, and this year Dragoncon which is maybe ten times the larger, will be going head to head with Chicon 7, both of them held August 30-September 3. It will be interesting to see which pros choose to go where. I remember a time when no con would compete with the Worldcon lest the glory of science fiction be thus impaired. As Bob Dylan sang, the times they are a-changing.

Joe Major's discussion of "A Viking Shall We Go" reminds me that no system of government has really solved the problem of succession. The general rule is that those who game the system are more likely to succeed than those inclined to act for the good of the nation the system was created to rule. Democracy elects its share of idiots, true, but monarchies have different problems, as exemplified by Henry VII. More recently, Saudi Arabian King Abdullah is 89 and in failing health, his half-brother and heir, Prince Sultan died last October at age 87, and on June 16th Prince Sultan's replacement, the reactionary Prince Nayef, interior minister for 37 years, also died, making way for Prince Salman, another half brother who is a mere stripling in his seventies. The problem is that while the number of Saudi princes is too great to command the undivided loyalty of a rich and powerful nation, there exists no formal mechanism to sort out which one of them ought to rule.

There is an assembly of Saudi princes that meets to decide on an heir. In a side note, Prince Salman's son Fuad was working on financing David Irving when he died (the prince, not Irving).

Taras Wolansky thinks that we will be able to replace all those billions of tons of fossil fuels we burn annually by the time our fossil fuel reserves have become insufficient to meet our needs. I hope he is right.

He also believes global warming to be a hoax not unlike the population scare of forty years ago. Well, the Population Bomb is so far unexploded, but at 7 billion today rising to a projected 9 billion by 2050, I wouldn't call it a hoax, exactly, either. Despite the revelations of Climategate, which Taras cites as persuasive, climatologists remain steadfast in their scientific conclusions, as the National Research Council recently issued a report estimating that sea levels in California will be six inches higher in 2030 and three feet higher in 2100. Maybe the sky isn't falling, but the sea level is rising, a more leisurely process that amounts to the same thing.

Taras also offers several urls which one assumes support his position. In the interests of seeing the other side of the debate, I had googled "global warming hoax," and "global warming deniers" and browsed through them. The quality of the arguments against global warming seemed less persuasive than the rebuttals, and indeed, some of those arguments were anti-scientific. For example, in his book, "The Greatest Hoax," Sen. James Inhofe R-OK) says God controls the climate, not humans, the Heartland Institute posted billboards saying The Unabomber and Charles Manson believe in global warming and the Wall Street Journal printed a denial article by 16 non-climatologist scientists.

What else? The transit of Venus across the face of the sun was obscured by clouds here in Arlington, but we caught it on TV.

From: **Lloyd Penney** June 29, 2012
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Thank you for *Alexiad* WN 63 . . . always something interesting to read and think about, just what the general populace really needs. But, they won't get it, and don't get it, and we will keep this little treasure to ourselves and our painfully dwindling numbers. I think many of us are starting to think that fandom (especially our corner of it) is going away, and being replaced with a generic bunch of people who are passive consumers of what passes for sci-fi entertainment on TV and in the theatres. I will miss us when we're gone. If all Worldcon indicia is being sought after by either DragonCon or the SDCC, I am not surprised. I have wondered how long Worldcon could go on.

I only heard a rumor. You will recall that many Fans were less than pleased by Dragon*Con NASFiC in 1995. What we have is a paradigm shift from participants to consumers; to people who can't comprehend the idea of not paying \$20 from the dealers for the picture of and \$20 more for the autograph from the Seventh Guest of Honor, who played Nonspeaking Klingon Role # 4.

— JTM

It would be nice if ebooks were actually copyedited or proofread . . . I doubt any of them are. The head office for the Kobo e-readers is here in Toronto, and I am trying to get on with them, but no luck. Perhaps one day, if there are enough requests or complaints.

I honestly believe that London in 2014 will be our last big convention, if we are able to get there at all. It's always cash problems, so we probably will have to reduce our travel and general expectations in order to keep going where we are. However, I am always interested in Worldcon bids, and the upcoming Montréal bid has yet to be firm about its year, if I recall.

The local . . . Rich Dengrove should know that while I have read some steampunk fiction, I haven't read much. I have yet to read anything by Gail Carriger, but I am reading some Stephen Hunt, and am finding it extremely dense writing, with lots of parallels to British Empire times, and some real satire of those times, too. For me at this time, being a costumer at Worldcons in the 80s, the steampunk dress has been of particular interest. And just for the record, I have no interest whatsoever in zombies or sparkly vampires. Far too many people actually believe that zombies exist . . . sigh . . . I sincerely hope, Rich, that the next generations have plenty of imagination. Having them show some of it now would give me a little more optimism.

R-Laurraine Tutihasi's loc . . . sorry, Laurraine, I had six weeks of work at an advertising agency, but it was money that shortened this assignment. The search goes ever onwards.

I wish I had more for you with this loc, but today is the Friday before the Canada Day long weekend, and we are off on a small road trip on Saturday morning. Many thanks for this issue, and see you with the next one.

From: **Rod E. Smith** July 3, 2012
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I sighed as I read the brief reviews of ConCave and ConGlomeration. I missed every convention I normally attend in the first half of the year. This was due to two illnesses on my part, an illness on my Mother's part and several unusual events, most of them health related. This actually continued through late June, when I went to Wyoming for my oldest niece's wedding. I have plane and hotel reservations for WorldCon and currently things appear favorable for my attendance. (Touch wood.)

I thought for a while I had sold a fantasy novel. Another author who submitted to the same publisher told me they had finished with their rejections for the first quarter and were moving on to contacting the authors they wanted to buy from. She wound up with a three book deal. I wound up with nothing. When I e-mailed to ask the status of my submission, they replied they had no record of it. I swear I got an e-mail confirmation . . .

Anyway, that's why my fannish writing was essentially nonexistent for a couple of months. I was reviewing the submitted ms. in expectation of purchase, and also working on the two sequels. Then I was a bit depressed, and then I was getting ready for the trip to Wyoming.

You wrote "And that's why we have antibiotic-resistant bacteria. I can think of less painful ways to disprove creationism; it seems a most unintelligent design." Hey, it works pretty well for the bacteria. ;-)



From: **Joy V. Smith** July 9, 2012
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I enjoy live con panels. Videoconferenced joint panels (the idea) doesn't sound like much fun. You certainly can't meet and talk to all the panelists afterwards. And I hadn't heard that there had been cremains on the SpaceX launch. Thanks for the news updates. And for the Sidewise Award nominees.

Lots of intriguing book and comic reviews. I'd like to see *DC Showcase: Catwoman*; and *The Fat Years* (Chinese SF) sounds interesting. I enjoyed your con report, visit to the planetarium, and your niece's wedding. Sounds like a very good trip. And thank you for sharing the Nebula Award winners, fanzines and the worldcon bids lists.

Lots of more info in the LOCs. Thanks for the update on the Antarctic stations. And thanks to Sue Burke for her news update on Spain because we don't get that much info here. Congratulations, Sue, on your 20th anniversary, and I hope you enjoy your visit back to the States. Thank you, Taras Wolansky, for your historical note re: Jane Austen's novels. I never thought about the background of the military characters! And I enjoyed In Hollywood, Joe. Scary though.

I left out the CGI explosions, the tight and revealing costumes for Arwen Warrior Princess and her dumb sidekick, and the big premiere show at ComicCon.

— JTM

From: **Richard A. Dengrove** July 11, 2012
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Another *Alexiad*. One where you mourn the death of Ray Bradbury, and Lisa begins it with a lament that her domicile squeezes in too many books.

Then, Joe, in your review of *Beyond The Frontier Invincible*, you talk about the contents of some of those books. How authors obtain their ideas. Sometimes from the real world, sometimes from other authors and sometimes from the media. Plot, character and theme are rife for borrowing and mixing.

However, I find I can't do any of that unless the spirit moves me. In fact, the vital spark of a story must appear before I can do any borrowing and mixing at all. In short, while there is nothing new under the Sun, ironically, I have to make it mine.

In addition, a writer has to be careful about borrowings, even borrowing ideas. They may yet be damaged goods. For instance, the old saw about the Japanese and Nazis winning World War II. I take it you agree with me here: your attitude toward many such alternate histories resembles your attitude toward Timothy Ross' *Lucky Strike Green*. As you point out, for the Japanese and Nazis to win, they would have needed different armies, or different allies to win.

Historically, however, neither the Japanese or Nazis left themselves much room for maneuver. The Nazis were so rigid that they didn't even do the obvious, de-collectivize Russian agriculture. Thus, they forfeited the support of the Russian peasants. While borrowing may be a problem, birds of a feather aren't. After Lisa's short article about the *Triple Crown*, I would like to tell her my wife Heidi is a horse fan too. I hope I haven't told her this too often. Heidi watches all the races and has strong opinions about the winner. She is such a fan, in fact, she once worked in Monmouth Park.

If Lisa and Heidi may be exactly birds of a feather, I'm not certain Neanderthals weren't more birds of a feather than we give them credit for. Alexis Gilliland, in his review of Wilson's *The Social Conquest of Earth*, claims that the Neanderthals were killed off by the coming of the Cro-Magnons.

I have a different theory. I believe the Neanderthals were less fecund than the Cro-Magnon. When the two intermarried, the Neanderthal genes were swamped by them. That is why they ceased to exist separately, and that is why we share 1-5% of their genes.

So you think it was more like Auel's *The Clan of the Cave Bear* than Piper's "Genesis".

Of course, some species are weaker and some stronger. Joe comments to me about the Wandering Jew fighting zombies who wish to sell us subprime mortgages. And, yes, I am sure zombies are formidable when they sell subprime mortgages. They always say it is either that or "Brains!!"

Neither stronger nor weaker, but more nostalgic, Lloyd Penney favors Steam Punk. He praises it for getting us back into costuming. One place where it produced striking costumes

was at DeepSouthCon 49, held in Texas. There, while Steam Punk has normally been associated with Victorian London, a number of fans donned Wild West costumes to celebrate Steam Punk.

Steam Punk has made up an alternate Victorian era, and Jim Stumm believes that Obamacare has made up health needs. Why, he asks, do we need for it to provide birth control free. The justification has been that birth control is an investment well-spent because it prevents more expensive ills.

One thing that has definitely been made up is daring do attributed to women, like Katniss in *Hunger Games* and Scully in *X-Files*. I am sure you and Taras Wolansky are correct that the media does it to keep up its pseudo-Feminist creds. On the other hand, other movie action these days is impossible, whether by man, woman or penguin. At any rate, in every movie I've seen. While the feats of a Katniss or Scully are absurd, we aren't talking about replacing Feminist cant with raw realism.

Thus ends this LOC, which seems to be devoted to image, illusion and feelings. Even when we think the subject, like Sergeant Joe Friday, only concerns the facts, at bottom, those facts evaporate leaving only our feelings. This is true of alternate World War II's, Obamacare and female daring do. It's a typical switcheroo in our age, which pretends we only abide by the facts.



From: **Martin Morse Wooster** July 11, 2012
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Many thanks for *Alexiad*. I don't know if I'll Have Another's injury was faked, but I did read an article in the *Washington Post* that noted that New York state outlawed horses using Breathe Right nasal strips which are legal in other states, including Maryland and Kentucky. So that might be one reason why I'll Have Another didn't make it to the Belmont.

Milt Stevens talks about why the Titanic disaster was the subject of so many movies. (Remember *The Onion*?, headline: *World's Largest Metaphor Sinks*!) I think one reason is that the disaster happened in real time: the ship sank in about the time it takes to film a movie. But there's also a large, colorful cast, and yes, you can talk about the snooty rich people and the struggling poor people in the same movie. I note that Lord Julian Fellowes's take on the

Titanic in his recent miniseries was to pad the film with backstories about why the poor people on the ship were so admirable and the rich people so beastly. I thought Fellowes's "Titanic" a really pale copy of "Downton Abbey."

Eric Mayer brings up dental horrors. I do remember mechanical drills and have a very clear memory of a lot of dental work I did when I was 14, with belt-driven drills whirring at a speed that was, in hindsight, very slow. But I did grow up in an area with fluoridated water and yes, that water did — and does — a great deal of good. I'm thankful for many things in my life and one of them is that I have had relatively few dental problems.

Joe Major worries about fandom's incoherence. I don't know that fandom is any less coherent now than it was in, say, 1980. There have always been about 300 fanzine fans, although the people who have been fanzine fans have changed over the years. And I don't know what I have in common with people who go to Worldcon to filk, show off costumes, or rejoice that *Chicks Dig Doctor Who* won a Hugo. But I don't think I would have much in common with fans that think DragonCon more exciting than a Worldcon. I'm glad Worldcons are still around and I still have a good time going to them.

Since Dainis Bieseniks mentions Michael Dirda, can I recommend Dirda's *On Conan Doyle*? This is a short old-fashioned appreciation of Doyle's work. You learn a little about Doyle fandom, a little about how Dirda started reading Doyle as a teenager, and a lot about all sorts of Doyle books, including not only the Challenger and Holmes books, but the Brigadier Gerard stories and Doyle's five mainstream novels. This Edgar-winning book is a lot of fun and showcases Dirda's fine, insightful writing.

Maybe at next year's SH/ACD Symposium. They cover other Doyle works and Doyle's own life, you know.

—JTM

From: **John Purcell** July 14, 2012
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Here we go again, Joe and Lisa: another issue, another loc. Nothing wrong with that, when you get down to it.

First off, the death of Ray Bradbury was not only a blow to our genre, but to literature in general. Bradbury was one of the few sf writers who appealed to the mass market not because he could explain scientific concepts clearly, but he put real people in situations that everyone could identify with, albeit on other planets or in other times. A true literary genius who will be missed. Thankfully we will always have his work to read.

It really was heart-wrenching to hear the morning before the Belmont was to be run that I'll Have Another was scratched due to a leg injury. Now reports are coming out that the

horse had a history of ailments and had been under "prescribed care" for quite a while. All conjecture and rumor at present, for sure, but as further examination continues, more information will hopefully clear up this mess. Stay tuned, horse fans.

Like Lisa, I enjoy acquiring inexpensive books for my Nook; most come from Project Gutenberg, but I do peruse other websites that have free and very low priced books. It is definitely a pleasant past-time.

So now that flerovium and livermorium have been formally identified and approved, can upsydadium and unobtanium be far behind?

I'm waiting for kryptonite. Or would that be a mineral?

Lessee here . . . flipping through the reviews for any interesting titles to discuss . . . nope. Nothing I've read here. Lots of books that do sound good for future reading, but that's about it. Shortly before your next issue goes to press the latest *Askance* will be posted, and some issues will hopefully be mailed out. Your fanzine listing is always good for potential addresses, and I thank you for that.

Richard Dengrove mentions in his loc that my wife was dressed in Steampunk attire, which is not entirely accurate. She was wearing a Victorian era styled dress, complete with bustles, lace and frills while demurely carrying a parasol over one shoulder. Valerie has a picture of herself with Fencon VIII/DeepSouthCon 49 Guest of Honor Gail Carriger on her Facebook page, which I used in the December 2011 issue of *Askance*. Richard is definitely correct in that I was not in Steampunk garb, but that is changing. Even as I type this loc, Val is working on Steampunk costumes for an upcoming Steam Powered Giraffe concert in September the weekend before Fencon IX, which has C.J. Cherryh as Author Guest of Honor. It sounds like we'll be putting some miles on the car in a couple months, doesn't it? It all should be grand fun.

Joe, I have to agree with your comment to me that Chris Garcia's meltdown video is this year's Not-Dr. Who nominee in the Short Form Dramatic Presentation category, and also your "NOT Zombies" and "NOT Chicks Dig" nominees. Sad development, but this is still more evidence at the non-relevancy of the Hugo Awards. Oh, well. I still believe that no-one person should have more than one nomination per category, be it professional or fan. This might be a good proposition to put forth at a WSFS business meeting at a Worldcon. Maybe what I will do, since Valerie and I are planning on being at LoneStarCon 3 next year, I might draw up a proposal regarding this restriction concept and get some feedback from others. It's a good thought, I believe, that is worth pursuing.

Other than that, while there are many wonderful letters and reviews — as your zine always contains — throughout these pages, I think I shall stop here. Many thanks again for sending the zine, and I look forward to the 70th issue sometime in August.

And I'm looking forward to Askance 27. (There was a bit of a stir when some people feared John was folding his zine and slipping away into the great dark night of gafia.)

— JTM



From: **Robert S. Kennedy** July 19, 2012
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Thank you for Vol. 11, No. 3.

I was in the Camarillo Library and checked the Science Fiction New Book shelf. There was *HEX* by Allen Steele (2011), a new story in the *Coyote Universe*. Another enjoyable read except for the fact that he uses incorrect radio terminology that I have indicated previously drives me up the wall. That's "over and out" which are mutually exclusive terms. "Over" means that it is the other person's turn to talk. "Out" is the same as saying Goodbye, hang up. When I read "over and out" my reading comes to an immediate halt until I can calm down and continue.

A few days after writing the above I was reading the latest Charles Stross Laundry Novel, *The Apocalypse Codex* (2012) when it happened again. "Over and Out" appeared on page 120. I stopped reading for awhile, then went back.

Then the next week on the regular new books shelf was *1636: The Kremlin Games* by Eric Flint, Gorg Huff & Paula Goodlett (2012). It was a most enjoyable read and I hope they carry the story further because I really want to know what happens to the people.

Awhile back I got the urge to see *Logan's Run* (1976). Unable to find a rental it was purchased from the SFBC. If one wishes to be picky there are a lot of holes in it. But, I enjoyed it again and the ending was just as good as remembered. According to an interview with William F. Nolan in the June 2012 *LOCUS*, Nolan was not happy with the 1976 movie. He says that: "Warner Brothers is remaking it, and they tell me they're going back to the novel as

the source. We shall see. I'll believe it when it happens." (page 68).

I remember the interview in Geis's Science Fiction Review where he first said that. We went to see the movie with B. J. Willinger. Grant in particular was not impressed.

Then I made the mistake of purchasing *The Cold Equations* DVD (2010) also from the SFBC. What a disappointment! They really butchered the story almost beyond recognition. I am trying to decide whether to destroy the DVD or donate it to The Friends of the Library to sell and make a few dollars. If the latter it would mean that the person who buys it and is not familiar with the actual story would not get the real story. I'll have to think about it. If anyone reading this would like to have the DVD let me know and I will be happy to send it to them.

I have now seen *The Amazing Spider-Man* and *Snow White and the Huntsman* and recommend them both highly. On my scale of 1-5 I gave them both a 5. At *Snow White and the Huntsman* there were 13 or 14 other people in the movie theater. They were all mothers with their children. The movie is not, I repeat not, a children's movie and very definitely not a Disney.

Alexis A. Gilliland: The Camarillo Library has a copy of *The Social Conquest of Earth* by Edward O. Wilson (2012) and I'm going to check it out as the result of your fine review. As to the existence of Neanderthal DNA in us Homo Sapiens, I discussed that very subject with Bennett Greenspan (the head of Family Tree DNA) at the Southern California Genealogical Society Jamboree in June. He said (if I remember correctly) that Neanderthal DNA in Homo Sapiens is something like 2-3 percent. I said that it is obvious that Neanderthals and Homo sapiens had sex and produced children. He responded that yes, they did not produce any mules. He also said that this occurred mainly in Europe. That in Asia there is an indication of another mixture with Homo Sapiens that is not Neanderthal. This is a very interesting subject, needs much more research, and I hope that more gets published on it.

Joe: Thanks for the update on Grant McCormick. I truly hope that he is much improved.

John Purcell: You do not think that Chris Garcia's acceptance speech should have been allowed in the Best Dramatic Presentation (Short Form) because it is not a work of fiction. The Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society Section 3.3.8 reads: "Any television program or other production, with a complete running time of 90 minutes or less, in any medium of dramatized science fiction, fantasy or related subjects that has been publicly presented for the first time in its present dramatic form during the previous calendar year." The words "other production" and "related subjects" would appear to apply and I

do not see anything here that it has to be fiction. It seems to me that Chris fits the rule.

Have I mentioned this previously? I now have a new computer (and monitor) with Windows 7 and Word 2010. They are both driving me crazy. In transferring data, programs, and records from the old system some were lost. Bad, but not quite a catastrophe. I also have a new all-in-one printer that is so much an improvement over the old one (1999) that I am very pleased. The whole thing was put together by a local computer shop in Ventura and cost me almost one quarter of my first set-up by Gateway in 1999.

Moore's Law triumphs; twenty years ago I wanted to get a laptop but they cost around \$2k. Now I can get one far more powerful for about one fourth of that.

— JTM

From: **Jim Stumm** July 16, 2012
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Richard A. Dengrove, DIGITAL MEDIA: It's easy enough to transfer records from one computer to another. But it's harder, and more expensive, to transfer an entire large library, like the Library of Congress. With ever-changing digital media, they'll have to do that every few decades, essentially cloning an entire new library. That may be quite expensive, and if the money is not available, it won't be done.

HOUSING: In other recessions and depressions long ago, mortgages were not sold, much less split up into tranches. The bank that issued a mortgage held onto it until it was paid off. The borrower who took out that mortgage had a continuing relationship with that one bank. In the 1930s, my grandmother made mortgage payments every week in person, at the S and L around the corner that held her mortgage. So that made renegotiation easier if it became necessary. The monetization of mortgages in recent decades seems to have caused a lot of trouble.

Re "businesses keep to their enlightened self interest:" I wouldn't hold that to be true, but rather, as long as there is plenty of competition, businesses that don't keep to their enlightened self interest will eventually be punished by the market. Their competitors will grab their customers, and the unenlightened business will be driven into bankruptcy. So in the long run, it will not be a factor in the market. This doesn't work as well as it should if government keeps interfering, favoring some businesses and hobbling others, so that there is less competition than there would be in a less regulated market.

MADISON: Could you provide a reference for Madison saying that Supreme Court justices could make new interpretations of the Constitution? That doesn't sound like Madison at all. In the Federalist Papers, it was Hamilton, not Madison, who discussed the judiciary in #78 to #83. The issue that was debated at that time was whether Justices could declare a law

unconstitutional. Reason.com quotes Madison saying that he envisioned the judicial branch as "an impenetrable bulwark against every assumption of power in the legislative or executive." Justices making new interpretations that give the Government new powers is a more modern idea that probably doesn't predate the New Deal. Before FDR the Supreme Court was seen mainly as an obstacle to progressive Utopian schemes, not a body that could be relied upon for new interpretations.

Bill Patterson, GOLD STANDARD: US dollars could be made freely convertible into gold by setting a fixed price somewhere near the current market price of gold, say \$1600/ounce. Gold coins could be minted in one oz, half oz, and one fourth oz denominations. One fourth oz is about the smallest feasible size, about the size of a nickel. This coin would exchange for a set price of \$400 in paper dollars. A gold coin standard would allow anyone to exchange paper dollars for gold coins, or gold coins for paper dollars, at any time in any bank, at the set price in units of \$400. The difficulty lies in getting politicians to adopt such a system, or having adopted it, to stay on it, and prevent them from raising the price of gold at the first sign of a run on gold due to over-issue (inflation) of the paper currency. In the old days, the gold standard had the support of tradition. But even that didn't prevent abandonment of the gold standard in the end. A newly adopted gold standard would not have the support of tradition so it could be more easily abandoned, unless it is adopted in the wake of a financial catastrophe that is widely blamed on politicians. But the truth is the Constitution does not give the Federal Government the power to issue any paper money, not even backed by gold. They could mint gold coins, and banks could issue paper money exchangeable for the Government's gold coins. The relevant clause is Article I, Section 8 where it says: "The Congress shall have the power to...coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin..." But no where is the Federal Government given the power to "emit bills of credit," which was the phrase used at the time to mean issue paper money. And by the 10th Amendment, if the Federal Government is not explicitly given a power, then it is forbidden to exercise it. States are forbidden to emit bills of credit in Article I Section 10.

JTM: When I said WE maintain 43 science stations in Antarctica, by WE I meant humanity, not USA. Likewise for the WE who should put a science station on the Moon. I try never to refer to the US Government as WE, as in "we invaded Iraq." What some politicians in DC may do has nothing to do with me. That is always what THEY did. I take no responsibility for the actions of other people over whom I have no control.

Many years ago I saw a British TV program, probably on PBS, about an international science station on the Moon. The head of the station was Russian. The head of security was British. I forget what the Americans were in charge of, but they were somewhat loose cannons, as Americans are usually depicted on British TV.

It only ran 6 or 8 episodes. Maybe that's all we saw in USA, but most likely that was all that were made. Good show. I don't recall the name of it. It emphasized the dangers of the Moon, how every least mistake would likely be fatal. I think that's probably correct, unlike the more benign view of the Moon I often see in Heinlein stories. But that's no reason not to go. Once explorers were called iron men in wooden ships, Today's explorers, due to over-coddling by nanny bureaucrats, are treated like men of tissue paper.

Have you read Nicholas Johnson's Big Dead Place (2005; reviewed in Alexiad V. 4 #4)?

— JTM



From: **Rodney Leighton** July 5, 2012
11 Branch Road, R. R. #3,
Tatmagouche, Nova Scotia B0K 1V0
CANADA

Thanks for Alexiad which appeared today; read everything I wanted to fairly quickly.

I noted that you have a different address for Guy Lillian than the one Henry listed in TKK //whatever it was, I believe the issue that has no number in your listings. Long since gone of course. I believe I sent you something about my first letter to him being returned by the post office; woman at the local post office wondered if the address was spaced out too much so I retyped it and mailed it off again. Hasn't come back yet.

Quarters are long since passe. Even dollars; I just learned it has been 25 years since Canada printed paper dollar bills.

Reading that bit you printed and your comments I soon started pondering: I have here a magazine offer. Came with a sample copy. For 10 bucks, well, \$11.50 counting the tax, they will allegedly send me 10 issues of the magazine; supposedly all sorts of extra issues and also, with payment, a bonus of a wristwatch described as "this season's must-have wrist watch". Well, this is one of the magazines from the Rogers empire and the demands for more money to renew the sub will start coming before any issues of the magazine and all the special issues will only come if I do renew at the much higher rate. I'm wondering what kind of a watch it is?

So, I started wondering if I took that \$10 and

sent it to Graeme Cameron. Rogers provided a postage paid envelope so if I sent Graeme a \$10 bill, it's close to the same money. What would I get? Given that 3 or 4 months ago he stated that he was planning on sending me some of his fanzines but was hesitating due to my "reluctance to respond to what he gets", maybe a lot. Of course, if I tell him that I have an objective for *THE LIFE OF RODNEY Year 64* to eliminate all Iocs...and besides, if I pay for a couple or three copies of some of his recent fanzines...

An intriguing, at least to me, possibility to compare things. Strictly consumer. That's pretty much me. And then I discovered what I had not noticed before: you only gave an email address. Shit. So much for that idea.

Of course, I could go to the bank and buy a US \$10 and send it to John Purcell which seems like the only way I will ever get to read his fanzine. But... ah, I am having some troubles at work, looks like one job is about over; got to call the old boss and listen to him bitch.

Oh yeah ...Lyn McConchie tells me she wrote one of her novels, 88,000 words, in 20 days.

From: **R-Laurraine Tutihasi** July 24, 2012
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The Fat Years, reviewed by Taral Wayne, sounds interesting and gets added to my list of books I hope to read.

Your report on Mike Weasner watching the eclipse says "New Mexico". We're in Arizona.

If I didn't create lists of things to do, nothing would ever get done.

I believe Facebook posts last forever, but one must page down. I think I may have missed some posts from about a week ago when we stayed in a motel without wi-fi, but I managed to stay current with it during most of our two-week Westercon trip.

A very happy, though belated, happy anniversary to Sue Burke.

While I don't usually fall behind with Facebook, I don't see every post made by all my friends.

From: **Dainis Bisenieks** July 24, 2012
921 S. St. Bernard Street, Philadelphia,
PA 19143-3310 USA

I had not noticed the "bit about taxation in the Lensmen universe; I am somehow unable, these days, to read a Doc Smith book straight through. Even so: they are guarding the entire Solar System! Think of the industrial plant, of worker recruitment and training, of tooling up, not to mention mining and refilling. Are we to believe that this is kept within the bounds of normal defense expenditure? And only the end result is presented; all the rest is relegated to mere implication! (It all appears highly technocratic.) This is mind-boggling. By contrast, I do not find the "Culture" novels of Iain M. Banks mind-boggling at all. Everything

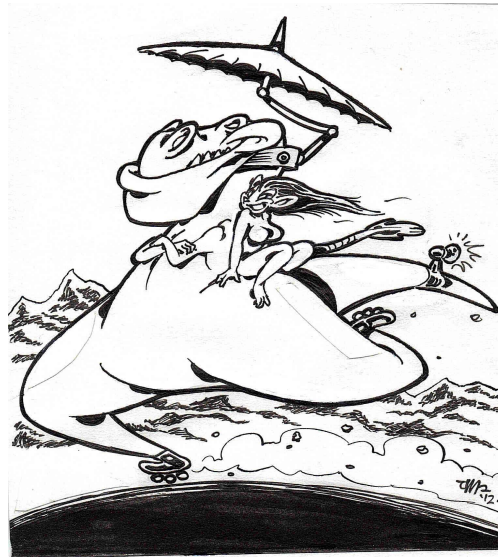
there is presented with an air of sweet reason . . .

That's the *Procurator* of Judea, and we know which one. Anatole France's story is one of those pesky things of which the title alone telegraphs the ending, and what reason then to read the stuff in between? As editor, I would have rejected it.

I like books to be both accurate and precise, even where the matter is trivial or the error too obvious to deceive. In Marjorie Nicolson's *Science and Imagination*, I read of eclipses of the moon and sun on Sept. 27 and Oct. 2, 1605 respectively; one of the dates is obviously off by ten days, and we are not told whether that's Julian or Gregorian. It is implied that both were visible (allowing for clear skies) from England, but I don't want to take that on faith. Enlighten me, please.

The solar eclipse of October 12, 1605 (n.s.) [2 October 1605 (o.s.)] was the thirteenth eclipse of Saros 137, which began on May 25, 1389 and will end on June 28, 2633. (The next eclipse in this saros will be June 21, 2020 and will be annular.) The maximum totality was 2 minutes 43 seconds. The eclipse track began on Baffin Island, passed through Greenland, France, Sardinia, Sicily, and the Ottoman Empire before ending in Persia. It was, therefore, only partial in England.

The lunar eclipse of September 27, 1605 (n.s.) [17 September 1605 (o.s.)] was a partial eclipse, in Saros 106.



In *Hydrogen* by John S. Rigden (Harvard U.P., 2002) is a terrible boo-boo, where on p. 219 "the expanding universe cooled through the 1,000 degrees from 10^{10} K to 10^9 K" That's from ten billion to one billion degrees — an error of

seven orders of magnitude.

I just got (for a song) *SF Hall of Fame Two B*, where I see that some wiseacre has turned (in the recent Tor reissue) "The Specter General" into "The Spectre General", somewhat spoiling the visual likeness to "Inspector General". Betcha the same was done in any printing the story might have had in the U.K., where also the Lensman and the Mouser turn grey. The Brits also spell "Ann Arbour" and "Pearl Harbour", disregarding what they see in atlases; they have given a silent terminal L to Lyon and Marseille for centuries. Most traditional spellings of the names of foreign cities and provinces don't bother me in the slightest: we know, in most cases, that the natives spell and say them differently.

I have started reading *Songs of the Dying Earth* a recent (cheap) find, still hoping to find a sprightly style in one or two of the stories. Several so far, naming no names, have "been downright wooden . . . or lightning-bugs. In my slushpile-reading days, I read bad and mediocre fiction with determination and purpose. But what is reading for pleasure without pleasure?"

My son and his girl friend are now in Oakland, her home town, where he has actually found work of a very 21st century character, as an Information Technology Support Specialist. I have been, bit by bit, cleaning his room, where industrial-strength dust kitties lurk under the bed. It will remain essentially what it's been, a museum of his childhood, though we have agreed on one or two things that need not be preserved. In the house as a whole, I will in time tidy away a lot of things, mostly his, which occupy their places for no better reason than having been put down there by somebody. There should emerge some bare tables which can then receive fresh clutter.

A back yard planting of cucumbers yields now and then a surplus, giving the best reason I have for saying more than hello to neighbors.

The Xenophobe's® Guide to the Swedes has just come into my possession, revealed to be one of a series of some twenty. The peoples so treated range in population from the Chinese down to the Estonians, Icelanders, and Welsh. I was highly diverted by the present book; I am sure there is truth among the jokes. I can entirely believe what is said about Sweden's "highly recycled" toilet paper; from my travels elsewhere I have brought home some of the more extreme specimens. I would love to read more in the series, but I don't like to waste my money.

Recent events in the U.S. for a few days crowded out all reporting from Syria, where numerous men with automatic weapons and impunity kill the armed and the unarmed alike. As I remarked in a letter to a friend in Jerusalem, who could believe that Israel is their worst enemy?

Since its mere existence is a conceptual if not mortal insult to Islam, almost everyone in Syria does.

— JTM

From: **George W. Price** July 30, 2012
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June Alexiad:

Richard Dengrove says that “an engineer friend convinced me that the Strategic Defense Initiative was unworkable for the foreseeable future. There is no way to control its blast.” Control its blast? Now what does that mean? Will Mr. Dengrove enlighten me?

After Reagan proposed the SDI back in the 1980s, I amused myself writing letters to the editor knocking down ridiculous arguments offered against it. For example, that if a missile is destroyed by the SDI, radioactives from the shattered warhead will poison the atmosphere. (As if that could possibly be as bad as letting it explode on target.) Or that the system couldn’t be perfect, and if even one atomic missile in a hundred got through, it would be catastrophic. (If we can’t save everybody, then we shouldn’t try to save anybody.)

Brainless arguments like those were easy to attack. Strangely, I hardly ever saw anyone give real engineering reasons why the SDI couldn’t work. The closest I recall was that it would take impractically huge computer capacity to control the system. Ten million lines of programming! Somehow that no longer seems so impractical.

The discussion in Commentary hinged on highly-advanced alterations to missiles — rotating, reflectorized coatings, multiple decoys — all of which the Farewell documents showed required technological development the Soviet Strategic Rocket Forces could not get at home.

Gradually I realized that nearly all the opposition to the SDI was not for fear that it would not work, but for fear that it really would work. The real objection was that if we could reliably stop Soviet missiles, we might pursue a belligerent strategy of actively “rolling back” communism. And that would mean World War III and the end of civilization, or at least the imposition of an imperialistic “Pax Americana.”

Nor is that fear entirely unjustified. Imagine a full SDI system, with orbiting stations stuffed with countermissiles or mounting laser guns, or both, with ample observation satellites and perhaps even manned control satellites. What strategy would be appropriate?

This turns upon the need to determine if a rocket launch is hostile. Is it aimed at us or an ally? Or can we safely ignore it?

The best time to destroy an ICBM is right after launch, when the booster rocket flare is easily detectable. But an ICBM takes off straight up, and only gradually tilts over into its final trajectory. Until then, we don’t know where it is headed. If we wait until its course is established and we know it is aimed at us, we’ve already missed the best chance to knock

it down.

Therefore the strategy must be that we can’t just defend ourselves and ignore missiles attacking other nations — we must fire upon everything as soon as it is launched unless we have been notified in advance. If the launch is peaceful, such as to put up a communications satellite, then we fire only if it deviates significantly from the planned course. Call it Space Traffic Control with teeth.

But no one launches anything without first getting our permission. And there’s your Pax Americana.

While Reagan never went into this kind of detail, I believe he did suggest that our control system might include Soviet observers, so they would know we weren’t attacking them.

* * * * *

Mr. Dengrove disputes my statement that we don’t recycle spent nuclear fuel rods, saying that “while there is no overall program of sending them to breeder reactors as in France, individual plants reprocess the rods and use them.” I’ll take his word for that, but it must be on a fairly small scale. Otherwise, why all the concern about used rods piling up in storage pools at each plant and needing to be stashed away in caverns for the next zillion years? To be sure, our failure to reprocess on a large scale is due to the opposition of the same people who oppose storing it away — they are against any use of nuclear power at all, and will fight anything that makes it more practical.

* * * * *

Mr. Dengrove also tackles my proposal to discourage inflation by putting the government on the gold standard, supplemented by allowing banks and other institutions to issue private money not sanctioned by government. He notes that “inflation of private currency was not unheard of during the 19th Century. Which is why the government took it over.”

Yes, many of the less scrupulous banks did indeed inflate; that is, they issued more notes than could be backed by their deposits and other assets, creating money out of nothing. But the process was self-limiting, because as soon as the public realized what they were up to, their notes would be traded only at a discount, or even outright refused. Unlike government money, such private notes were not legal tender — you couldn’t be forced to accept them.

Let’s remind ourselves of what a “legal tender” note is. That doesn’t just mean that it is legal for use as money. It means that when it is offered (“tendered”) to you in payment of a debt, you absolutely must accept it. You can’t demand gold or silver or somebody else’s more trustworthy note. If you refuse “legal tender” notes, then the debt is extinguished and the debtor no longer owes you anything.

That’s why each Federal Reserve bill has on its face “This note is legal tender for all debts public and private.” You have to accept it, you can’t hold out for gold or silver, and so the buggers can inflate to their heart’s content and

you have to swallow it. A cynic might suspect that this is why the government took over the issuance of paper money.

Lastly, Mr. Dengrove says that my position on private money “is all part and parcel of George’s belief that everyone, at least business, keeps to their enlightened self-interest; and has some inkling of the past and future.” He disagrees. Well, so do I. Far from thinking that businesses always act rationally, I know well that they don’t. And this is one of the best reasons to have a free-market system that is only lightly regulated.

When businessmen screw up, as many inevitably do, their businesses go bust and the resources they control flow to others who presumably behaved somewhat more rationally. And the government should not try to save them from going bust. That only prolongs the agony and prevents weeding out the incompetent.

Worse, when some popular delusion grips most businessmen, we cannot depend on government regulators to buck the madness and jerk them back from their folly. It is far more likely that the delusion will grip the regulators too, and they will strive to enforce the madness on everybody. So it is better that the regulators lack that power. Government regulation should generally be limited to suppressing fraud and violence, and not to second-guessing business decisions — “picking winners and losers.” That is better left to the market, messy though the process may be.

* * * * *

Bill Patterson doubts that we could return to a gold standard, because “the amount of gold that is above ground right now is not really adequate to support an economy as ‘hot’ as the one we’ve got now”; he suggests ways to make it more practical, such as “raising the fractional reserve rate.”

Well, there isn’t any set value of gold that we have to preserve. Instead, we could just restrict the national government to producing gold coins (and paper certificates redeemable in gold), and let the market decide just how much those will be worth in terms of whatever private paper money is in circulation. One troy ounce of gold now buys about 1500 paper dollars; maybe in a full gold-standard economy, it would be ten or even a hundred times that. I grant that the changeover would be hairy, but it should be worth the trouble if we can finally get a stable currency.

* * * * *

Jim Stumm and Taras Wolansky both advise me that biofuels do not add to net carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, because what they release when burned is only what they took up while growing. Yes, I overlooked that. Biofuels are a form of solar energy, like wind turbines. And they are one hundred percent renewable.

The biggest rap against biofuels is that growing them takes up so much land that might better be used otherwise, such as for raising

food. However, there's a simple way to tell when biofuels are viable: when they can be grown and used without any government subsidies. So far, only a few specialized uses meet that test. (The same applies to wind power.)

I saw a posting on the virtues of wind power, showing a wind turbine turning untrammelled, along with other power sources burning or blowing up. A very brief search uncovered pictures of wind turbines spectacularly destructing.

— JTM

Taras Wolansky, responding to my suggestion that the ObamaCare regulation on contraceptives aims to force the Catholic Church "to swallow its principles and knuckle under to Progressive policy", says that "this may be where gay marriage is heading" and that "religious organizations that refuse to countenance it will be penalized" more and more severely.

Yes indeed. Long-time readers of *FOSFAX* may recall that I had several letters suggesting that the ultimate aim of the push for same-sex marriage is not just to get the various legal and tax benefits. Rather, it is to use the power of the state to force straight society to acknowledge that homosexuality is normal rather than (as I believe) a gross developmental defect. I have seen no reason to change my mind.

From: **Sue Burke** July 31, 2012
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Spain's banks were rescued in early July – intervened, really. The difference is 1. the funds came with a long list of changes that banks and other financial institutions have to do, essentially redesigning the system and transferring authority to the European Commission. And 2. the Memorandum of Understanding for the intervention includes a long list of fiscal changes which will plunge Spain into years, perhaps a decade, of recession. For example, the value added tax has been raised to 21%, among other tax increases. Wages have been cut for public employees – everyone from the paper-pushers to teachers, soldiers, police officers, and firefighters – on top of previous reductions that add up to a total loss of pay of about 30%. In Madrid alone, one thousand university professors will be fired. Unemployment payments will be cut (remember, unemployment is 24.7%) as well as aid to chronically ill people, and many fees will be increased.

The immediate reaction: no one liked it, most of all the market. Interest rates for Spanish bonds reached record highs, and the stock market fell so fast that short-selling had to be

temporarily banned. Meanwhile, hundreds of thousands of people protested in 80 cities.

In Germany, these cuts are supported on the grounds that Spain "sinned" fiscally to create the debt, so it must be punished. Not true: up until the real estate crash that revealed shoddy banking practices and structural weaknesses in the eurozone, Spain's budget ran a surplus; the crisis is financial, not fiscal. Germany is sure it earned its financial success, but it did not: it benefitted from structural problems inherent in the Eurozone's faulty design. Even if fiscal sins were committed, fire fighters didn't cause the budget deficit, so they're being punished unjustly, and their salaries were low to begin with.

Some German economists support deliberately creating a depression in Spain (and Portugal, Italy, Ireland, and Greece) because inflation there caused by the structure of the eurozone has put these countries' economies out of line with northern ones, so only a prolonged recession can ratchet them back into place. (Allowing a little inflation in the Eurozone as a whole would work just as well without unemployment.) And, in case the banks default on their rescue, Spain's government must pay back the loans, so it must cut its spending to have the cash to do so; but without economic growth, the government won't have the cash. It is unable to reach its targets for reducing the deficit this year. So Merkel has called for more "austerity," and even the International Monetary Fund has just said that will only deepen the recession.

Spain's workers, most tragically the 20-somethings who already suffer a 52% unemployment rate, will lose a decade of their working lives. They will never recover from that. Even now, kids don't move out of their parents' homes until they're 29 years old on average. They can't create families. They can't have decent careers. "They can **** themselves," is what one member of Congress, the rich daughter of a corrupt political family, shouted during the presentation of these cutbacks: the conservative Popular Party supports these "adjustments" because now they can destroy the social safety net that they've always despised. Each cut was met with applause from the PP as it was announced in Congress.

Finally, on July 26, Mario Draghi, president of the European Central Bank, said: "Within our mandate, the ECB is ready to do whatever it takes to preserve the euro. And believe me, it will be enough." Immediately interest rates fell and stock markets rebounded, showing that were the power lay to fix the economy.

Since the ECB might finally help, will Spain request a full or partial rescue of its overall economy? And if so, will Germany permit the ECB to do what it takes to preserve Spain? It has many tools: creating inflation, buying primary or secondary market bonds, lower the official interest rate, and extending lines of credit, as well as direct governmental intervention. We don't know, but we do know that a new rescue will only buy time, not solve underlying problems, and it will come with a

new Memorandum of Understanding requiring more suicidal cutbacks.

More cheerfully, I have cast my Hugo votes. I didn't get to read all the novels, but I dutifully read all the shorter works of fiction, since Chicon was so kind as to give me electronic copies. Here are my votes and pitiless evaluations:

For Best Novella:

1. "The Man Who Ended History: A Documentary," Ken Liu: does what SF should do.
2. "The Man Who Bridged the Mist," Kij Johnson: true emotional depth.
3. "The Ice Owl," Carolyn Ives Gilman: good but with standard-issue evil religionists.
4. "Kiss Me Twice," Mary Robinette Kowal: cute but lightweight.
5. "Countdown," Mira Grant Orbit: clumsy prose.
6. "Silently and Very Fast," Catherynne M. Valente: repeatedly and very slow.

For Best Novelette:

1. "What We Found," Geoff Ryman: touching, and science with consequences.
2. "Fields of Gold," Rachel Swirsky: odd and personal.
3. "Ray of Light," Brad R. Torgersen: good but not outstanding.
4. "The Copenhagen Interpretation," Paul Cornell: clever but cliché.
5. "Six Months, Three Days," Charlie Jane Anders: inconsequential.

For Best Short Story:

1. "Movement," Nancy Fulda: pure poetry.
2. "The Paper Menagerie," Ken Liu: limited magic, no societal effect.
3. "The Cartographer Wasps and the Anarchist Bees," E. Lily Yu: a bit shallow.
4. "Shadow War of the Night Dragons: Book One: The Dead City: Prologue," John Scalzi: genuinely funny but not of Hugo stature.
5. "The Homecoming," Mike Resnick: nattering stereotypes.

If you're at Chicon, feel free to tell me why I'm wrong. If our fearless editors can organize a dinner, I hope to be there.

My friend Suzanne Blom, whom I mentioned in the last letter, has died of cancer, but she left surrounded by friends. She loved the Miles Vorkosigan saga, so they got Lois McMaster Bujold to send an electronic copy of the next book in the series, due out in fall, and they read it aloud to her during her final days

WAHF:

Lloyd Daub, with various items of interest.

Pat McCray, with thanks.

Lacy Thomas, with thanks.

FROM THE NOTES OF JAMES OLIVER RIGNEY, JR. (decd.)

[As with many writers, the author of the long-running fantasy series had prepared the ending of his vast saga. We now present it for your reading delectation in the hope that it will save you the cost and effort of obtaining the huge number of remaining volumes as the chosen successor wraps up the long tangled skein of plot and character that has gone to make up this series. This climax alone should make up an entire 800+ page volume of this series.]

... Rand al-Thor looked out over the great hall. They were all there, to hear what he had to say to them, the

[Insert list of groups from previous books from the website]

He gathered his spirits to address them. It had been a long and arduous journey from his small village in the wilds to here, and the many events that had formed his spirit and body, tempered his powers, and made him what he was now still burned in his memory. When he had

[Insert plot summary of previous books from the website]

Now, he stood before them all, summoned hence by him for him to issue the statement that would set the fate of the world for ages to come. He raised a hand and all fell silent. Every eye was fixed on him, every throat was ready to cry out assent to his plan.

Rand gathered his thoughts and steeled himself to make the statement, the deciding moment in the long struggle that had brought them one and all to this place, the defining statement that would summarize their long and arduous journey and set their course for the future. He took a deep breath, cleared his throat, and concentrated his will. He spoke:

"I can't solve your problems. You'll have to do it for yourselves."

A wave of shock ran through the hall and

[Insert list of characters and distinctive actions of each from the website]

while Rand turned on his heel and left.

THE END OF THE WHEEL OF TIME

Co-Editors: Lisa & Joseph Major
Co-Publishers: Joseph & Lisa Major
Writers, Staff: Major, Joseph, Major, Lisa, & McCormick, Grant
Tech Staff: Grant C. McCormick

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

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

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INDIANA JONES AND THE MAGNETIC ANOMALY

by Paul Gadzikowski

