

# ALEXIAD

(AΛΞΙΑΣ)

\$2.00

At the Greek fest I go inside the church to hear a talk about Hellenism. No sooner do I sit down than there is commotion behind me. I look and see a spider crouched in utter terror of the huge monsters surrounding it. I get up and go towards Spidey. A young girl begs for its life. I promise that I will not kill it and begin trying to guide Spidey towards the door. Spidey makes a break for freedom but I am able to cut it off. I am not able to make it resume its path towards the door. It listens to my coaxings as well as Mr.Chunk does. I get somebody to bring me a piece of paper and manage to maneuver the spider onto it. I then crawl to the door while holding the paper as steady as I can so as not to scare Spidey off it. It occurs to me how ridiculous I look crawling on the floor behind a piece of paper with a spider on it. Sucker. I put it out of my mind. I have after .all promised that I will not kill Spidey. I succed in getting outside with Spidey. Now Spidey does not want to leave the paper. Tough. I pick up a rock and nudge it off the paper. Mission accomplished.

It is finally hot enough to put the air conditioner in. Joe does this and Mr. Chunk seizes the opportunity to get outside. I chase after him in my housedress and bare feet. At first I think he is on the neighbor's roof but no, he is on ours. I try coaxing him onto the stairs. He acts as though he fears the small gap between roof and stairs. I send Joe for something to bridge the gap. By the time he brings it Mr. Chunk has made the leap and is on the stairs. I lock onto him. He makes a brief token struggle but I hold him. New problem. I cannot carry Mr. Chunk down the stairs. Joe has to go around and up through the inner stairs. He does so and I maneuver M. Chunk up the stairs. At the top of the stairs he wriggles free but luckily goes straight to the open door. He hesitates inside it and I nudge him in. He has been enough trouble for one day.

At my branch library there is a new book club. The first book read was an old friend of mine, *The Daughter of Time* by Josephine Tey. There was no way I was going to miss this event despite the fact that every reading group I have joined ends up with my being thrown out. I figured it would not happen at the first meeting. It was an interesting discussion but now I find myself committed to reading *Case Histories* by Kate Atkinson, which is the next book, and *Motherless Brooklyn* by Jonathan Lethem, the book after that. Oh well, it will not hurt me to read something I might not have read otherwise. Perhaps I will even discover a new author whose work I enjoy,

— Lisa

## Table of Contents

Editorial.....	1
Reviewer's Notes.....	1
Hugo News.....	8
Nebula Results.....	10
The Old Oil Lamp War.....	4
Problems of Cryosuspension.....	3
Steampunk Vehicles.....	2
Triple Crown News.....	4
Worldcon News.....	10

## Book Reviews

JTM Arthey, <i>Abel</i> .....	3
-------------------------------	---

## Movie Reviews:

TW <i>Arthur Christmas</i> .....	6
TW <i>Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs 2</i> .....	6
TW <i>The Good Dinosaur</i> .....	7
TW <i>The Nut Job</i> .....	6
TW <i>The Peanuts Movie</i> .....	7

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

Letters.....	11
--------------	----

Sue Burke, Richard A. Dengrove, Nic Farey, Tom Feller, Robert S. Kennedy, Lloyd Penney, George W. Price, Rod E. Smith, Milt Stevens, Taras Wolansky

Comments are by JTM or LTM

The 142nd Running of the Kentucky Derby was **May 7, 2016**. Nyquist, last years Breeders' Cup Juvenile winner, won in 2:01.31.

The 141st Running of the Preakness Stakes was **May 21, 2016**. Exaggerator won handily on a sloppy track. No Triple Crown this year.

The 147th Running of the Belmont Stakes was **June 11, 2016**. Creator won, while Exaggerator faded badly, and Nyquist had been dropped for being unwell.

The 91st Running of the Hambletonian (1st leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) is **August 6, 2016** at Meadowlands Racetrack in East Rutherford, New Jersey.

The 62nd Running of the Yonkers Trot (2nd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) is **September 3, 2016** at Yonkers Raceway in Yonkers, New York.

The 124th Running of the Kentucky Futurity (3rd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) is **October 9, 2016** at the Red Mile in Lexington, Kentucky.

Trivia.....	16
-------------	----

## Art:

Sheryl Birkhead.....	8, 11
Paul Gadzikowski.....	16
Alexis A. Gilliland.....	3, 4, 12, 13, 15
Trinlay Khadro.....	2
Marc Schirmeister.....	14

Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition.....	3
US Antarctic Service.....	3

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## Reviewer's Notes

Life is progressing for me, somewhat, but so grudgingly.

I had to get new glasses — another \$\$\$ I can't really afford, but had to. And bifocals, too. Progressive ones, so I don't have that feeling of going around in impalpable water halfway up my eyes. Works, too.

— Joe

## RANDOM JOTTINGS

by Joe



He was perhaps LOUISVILLE'S MOST FAMOUS SON, HIS FACE KNOWN OVER THE WORLD. First a champion boxer, later a champion of the spirit after Parkinson's invaded his life. His was a towering life. Out city is sadly diminished with his passing.

— Lisa

## OBITS

### Bill Breuer

Former astronaut.  
Great friend.

Life burned bright in him before a massive stroke cut off the flame that burned so bright. Our lives are poorer without him.

— Lisa

## A STEAMPUNK VEHICLE?

by Joe

Steampunkers ought to read more thirties pulp scientifiction. The technology is worth observing. Consider, for example, the aerial cruisers so common. Imagine an airplane with four passenger decks (with brightly-lit windows), eight engines (props), and a blazing speed of **one hundred twenty miles an hour!!!**

(Imagine having to feed all those people through three TSA inspection points, pack them around one baggage carousel, then get them off the parking lots . . .)

They could take inspiration from Wade the Aerial Pirate, who knocked out the passengers and crew of those planes with sleep gas and stole all the securities being transported, replacing them with shares of his company Piracy Preferred. As an unexpected side effect, the gas cured cancer.

But unexpected side effects are rarely so beneficial.

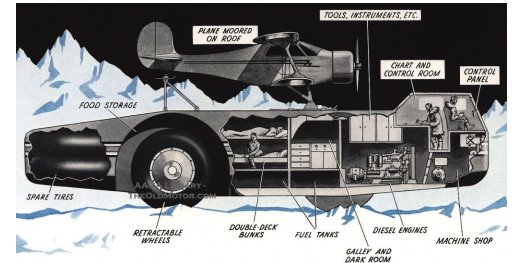
In 1938, polar flier Richard E. Byrd was proposing another Antarctic Expedition. Moreover, what with the "The Nazis are going! The Nazis are going!" warning, he even managed to get government backing.

(The German *New-Schwabenland* expedition made claims to Dronning Maud Land, dropping spikes with swastika heads to mark their area. The expedition left without establishing a station. Not surprisingly, it became a highlight of conspiracy theory, with stories of U-Boat bases, Hitler fleeing there, Nazi flying saucers, and the like. Ernst Zundel, a multi-tasking Holocaust Denier, publicized this, for example.)

The Third Byrd Antarctic Expedition, under the purview of the U.S. Antarctic Service, set out in 1939. The expedition established two bases, one at the Bay of Whales from which Amundsen had reached the Pole, and Byrd's two previous expeditions had been based, Little America III, and one at Stonington Island near the Palmer Peninsula (only a limey would call it the Graham Peninsula).

Dr. Thomas Poulter, one of the scientists from the second expedition, commissioned and promoted a remarkable vehicle for exploration. The Antarctic Snow Cruiser would be

exploratory vehicle and base in one. It would have space for five explorers, carried in heated comfort. It would even carry a small airplane for reconnaissance!



It was fifty-five feet long, twenty feet across, and twelve feet high, with a maximum speed of thirty miles an hour. Publicity discussed in excited terms the attainment of the pole in toasty comfort in the Snow Cruiser.

The Snow Cruiser was built by the Armour Institute of Technology (now Illinois Tech) in 1939 and driven from Chicago to Boston for loading onto the expedition ship *North Star*. In January of 1940, the *North Star* arrived at the U.S. Antarctic Service West Base at the Bay of Whales, and unloaded the Snow Cruiser.

Whereupon it promptly bogged down. The vehicle was underpowered; two diesel engines with a total of 300 horsepower for a 34-ton vehicle. For comparison, the Tucker Sno-Cat Model 2200 has a 150 hp engine, but it only weighs a little over seven tons. The Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, which did get to the South Pole, used the Sno-Cat Model 743, which had a 200 hp engine. Modern general-purpose snowmobiles max out at 150 hp.

It was observed that having smooth tires didn't help. The tires had been made for swamp trucks. Ironically, the best performance was attained when the Snow Cruiser was driven in reverse — 92 miles. After a few more efforts, the expedition gave up and used the Snow Cruiser as a habitat.



The vehicles that had been used on Byrd's previous expedition had tracks, and one had conducted the late-winter rescue expedition that succored Byrd at Advanced Base. Sno-Cats have tracks; there is a famous picture (it's on the Voyager Record, for example) from the

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

— Advt.

### No Comment:

<https://www.sis.gov.uk/index.html>

In spite of an absolutely overwhelming vote, the new British Antarctic Service ship will not, *not*, *not* be RRS *Boaty McBoatface*. Minister for Universities and Science the Right Hon. Joseph Edmund "Jo" Johnson (Orpington (C)) has turned down the name, saying it was "not suitable". The ship will be named RRS *Sir David Attenborough*, who was pleased to hear of the honor.

What can you expect from the great-grandson of a Turk? (Jo Johnson is the younger brother of the Right Hon. Boris Johnson (Uxbridge and South Ruslip (C)).) Toymakers who had been gearing up to produce figures of the beloved character *Boaty McBoatface* for Christmas are now having to look for something else.

Now that Gary Corby's seventh Athenian mystery, *The Singer from Memphis*, has been published, he has announced the title of the next one, *Death from Delos*.

<http://www.garycorby.com>

Morgan & Morgan is a law firm with offices in Louisville. Its website is:

<http://www.ForThePeople.com>

Does John G. "Jack Campbell" Henry know about this? You will recall that the slogan of the Syndic in the *Lost Fleet* and *Lost Stars* novels is "For the People". A law firm of their ethics might be troublesome.

**Muhammad Ali**  
1942-2016

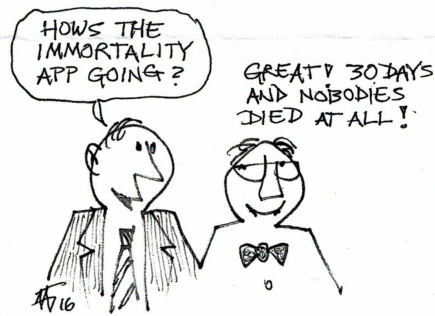
Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition of a Sno-Cat which had a crevasse open up under it, and one of the track pontoons is pointing up; the vehicle was extricated, completed the traverse, and is currently in a museum in Medford, Oregon.

The Snow Cruiser was abandoned there, found again in 1958, but has not been seen since and is probably at the bottom of the Antarctic Ocean, the section of ice shelf on which it was having broken off, floated away, and melted. (The expedition is somehow included in the Hollow Earth conspiracy narrative, which signally lacks Dian the Beautiful.) The problems of early adapters can be frustrating.

However, I suppose a steampunk vehicle, made of brass, with great flaming boilers, charging across the ice, taking the hero to her rendez-vous with the villains of the International Crime Executive, should do very well as a steampunk novel. Idea provided without cost, provided you *don't* credit the originator.

### WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM ANTIQUES ROADSHOW?

by Joe



I tried reading Clifford Simak's *Why Call Them Back from Heaven?* (1967) but bogged down on Simak's writing style. Everyone talks like a slightly slow upper-Midwesterner. The book is praised as an example of post-religiousness, what with its presentation of a society where being frozen upon death and revived when curable is an overarching civil right. (Is it supposed to be a riposte to *The Door Into Summer* (1957; NHOL G.131)?)

As seems to be horrifyingly common, the economics of the thing are questionable. Everyone in the society lives a minimum lifestyle, working hard and saving so as to have the maximum financial endowment for post-revival life.

What they save, perhaps understandably given the perpetual economic depression, is collectibles. That choice has its own problems. Imagine a revived man thinking he had it made because of his collection of fifty-seven rare toby jugs. Or to put it in modern terms, a million-dollar comics collection — at

least that was what it cost. Pokemon, Beanie Babies, Cabbage Patch Kids, baseball cards . . . the spectacle of collectible bubbles is as repeated as is the inability of collectors to learn from it. As today, when the Star Wars: The Force Awakens figures were all bought up by collectors.

Frederik Pohl thought a little more about that. In *The Age of the Pussyfoot* (Galaxy, October 1965 — February 1966; 1969) he has a volunteer fireman who has been killed in a fire, and is rebuilt and unfrozen. He has a quarter of a million dollars from his investments and thinks he has it made. Then he learns that the costs of living have gone up. (Pohl doesn't consider inflation, either.) And Dan Davis thought he could get by because of his financial arrangements, only to find out (the first time) that when Belle changed the firm that handled him, she didn't leave him any money.

Then there's the problem of social adjustment, physical adjustment (A. E. van Vogt's story "Far Centaurus" (*Astounding*, January 1944) where the voyagers discovered that by future standards, they stank), and the like. It hardly seems worth it to try.

### STRANGERS ON A BRIDGE II

Review by Joseph T Major of

ABEL:

*The True Story of the Spy They Traded for*

Gary Powers

by Vin Arthey

(Dialogue Espionage Classics: 2015;

ISBN 978-1849549691; \$16.95;

Biteback Publishing (Kindle); \$6.99)

It was pretty clear at the time. He was a Russian born in 1902. Some of the other stuff wasn't so clear; he might have been grand master of a network of spies flung across the nation, or he might have been tasked with something as trivial as finding out the number of paper clips used in one government office.

He kept his mouth shut; and on February 10, 1962, Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel walked across the Glienicke Bridge between West Berlin and East Germany, while Francis Gary Powers came the other way (and Frederic Pryor was released at Checkpoint Charlie), into the custody of his colleagues.

He lived for nine years more, a show piece, then he died. And it turned out everything was wrong.

Heinrich Matthew Fisher was a professional revolutionary, a man who fought the good fight for the oppressed proletariat. He and his wife, Lyubov Vassilevna, had two fine boys, Henry and William (b. 11th July 1903). What with all the trouble the revolution got them into, Heinrich had found it desirable to move to Britain, where their children were born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. They grew up speaking several languages, which would prove to be an advantage.

Heinrich was in trouble with the authorities, there, again, over a little matter of gun-running. He and some associates were shipping arms to

the Baltic Provinces. War came and the proletariat triumphed, so the Fishers relocated to the new Socialist Motherland.

There they flourished. Well not entirely, for Henry drowned. William, or Vil'yam, went into the Red Army of Workers and Peasants, and from there into the State Security. They sent him to Spain, which shows that they had a large office that studied people's qualifications and then sent them to the place where they were least suited.

There, he served under the resolute Commissar Nikolsky, becoming well known to him and relied upon. His co-workers included a big affable fellow named Rudolf Ivanovich Abel. Apparently Nikolsky didn't introduce the subordinates to the visiting American Ernest Hemingway.

Instead, Nikolsky disappeared. Fisher was sent back to the Soviet Union, where much to his surprise he was dismissed. Too many people in his line of work had been unmasked as enemies of the people and given the supreme measure of punishment, understand.

But they needed him, and during the Great Patriotic War he was recalled. Among his efforts then was running one of the greatest deceptions ever, when the State Security absolutely convinced the Germans that there was a force of some fifteen hundred German soldiers cut off behind Bolshevik lines but still willing to fight for the Führer. The Germans organized resupply missions, medical teams, and other aid. That hero of alternate history Otto Skorzeny dispatched commando teams to fight with them, yet for some reason it didn't work out. But then the German intelligence services believed their agent V-Mann ARABEL when he said that Glasgow dock workers really opened up once you got a liter of good red wine into them, so perhaps this isn't quite so surprising.

Finally, the Competent Organs found something he was fitted to do. And in 1948, Andrew Kayotis went to Canada, crossed the US border, and ceased to exist, whereupon Emil Goldfus came into being. Fisher had a lot of pseudonyms, understand.

Arthey divides his espionage in the Main Enemy into two periods. From 1948 until 1952, Fisher's work was productive. It wasn't looking for paper clips, he had agents such as Teddy Hall (see *Bombshell: The Secret History of America's Unknown Atomic Spy Conspiracy* by Joseph Albright and Marcia Kunstel (1997) for the story of Hall's post Manhattan Project efforts) and even perhaps Julius Rosenberg. But the era of the ideological spies was coming to an end, and from 1952 on Fisher was an overseas pensioner, so to speak.

The comrades in Moscow seemed rather short of qualified help. The assistant they shipped Fisher was not quite up to his standards. Or anyone else's; Reino Hayhanen was even less productive and a drunkard to boot. Perhaps someone noticed because Hayhanen was summoned home for leave, and



figured that it was his life he would be leaving.

So the FBI moved in and arrested “Martin Collins”. I said he had a lot of pseudonyms. Now this is very much in keeping with FBI habit; Dusko Popov, for example, complained that he was asked why German spies weren’t reporting to him and the G-Men didn’t seem to comprehend that he was supposed to be recruiting new ones. And Pavel Sudoplatov argued much the same, that they should have watched and tried to find who Fisher was running. This seems familiar:

“I wish to put to you a hypothetical question, and for the sake of security let us keep it hypothetical. If . . . I say, if . . . you were aware of the identity of the Polish Chief of Intelligence for France and the British Isles, would you order him assassinated?”

Captain Smollett’s eyes narrowed. “No, m’lud, never.”

“Why not, Captain?”

“It would be stupid, m’lud. Yes. As long as we know who he is . . . if we knew who he was . . . it would be much more to our advantage to keep an eye on him, to watch him, to see to it, in fact, that he got the information that we wanted him to have, rather than the information he wants. Also, our knowing the Chief of Polish Intelligence would lead us to his agents. It is much easier to keep the body under surveillance when one can identify the head, m’lud.”

— Randall Garrett, *Too Many Magicians*

But they had him in their hands. And he identified himself. As “Rudolf Ivanovich Abel”. This was his way of signalling to the guys in Moscow that he wasn’t cooperating.

Enter Donovan. Not William J. Donovan, grandmaster of the OSS, but a former subordinate of his, James B. Donovan. James Donovan was an insurance lawyer, but he had also been a prosecutor at the Nuremberg Trials, so he wasn’t quite as unsuited for the job as some filmgoers would think.

All through the trial, Abel kept on staring at cameras, almost as if he wanted someone to identify him. He did, too. Nikolsky had vanished from Spain, recall, and he had made his way to the United States, where as “Alexander Orlov” he told stories like how he had stolen the Spanish gold reserve. Apparently he had also told the FBI that he vaguely remembered someone like Rudolf I. Abel, and they didn’t press him on it. In Edward Gazur’s *Alexander Orlov: The FBI’s KGB General* (2002) the only references to him are about events connected with his funeral, and Gazur (and presumably Orlov) refers to him as “Abel” throughout.

Convicted and sentenced to thirty years in the pen, Abel was shipped down to Atlanta, where he was locked up with among others

Morton Sobell, one of the Rosenbergs’ associates and co-defendants who managed to escape the hot seat. They acted like they didn’t know each other. (Incidentally, Sobell is still alive, and even confessed in 2008.)

Then Pryor was picked up in East Germany and Powers fell out of the sky. Donovan was sent off to meet Markus Wolf, and they came together.

When he got back to Moscow, the so-called Rudolf I. Abel found out that the real Rudolf I. Abel had died in 1955. That was a bit upsetting. And stepping into a dead man’s name, he lectured various KGB officers on the Main Adversary and how to hide out in it, and got together with old friends, including Pavel Sudoplatov, Leonid Eitingon, and Kirill Khenkin (another guy from those days in Spain, who in the seventies defected and filled in the gaps).

Then, in 1971, he went in to apply for summer leave, only to be told that he was going to be retired anyway. (I feel for the man.) Broken, he went away, his health deteriorated (all that smoking finally caught up with him), and he died on November 15, 1971. He was even buried as “Rudolf Abel”, and only a furious campaign by his widow got him a tombstone with his real name on it. Sadly, his last words were to his daughter, and he told her “Don’t forget that we’re Germans.”

This is a sad tale of a man who outlived his time. When he became a revolutionary, following his father’s example, he was working for an ideal (never mind the problems with the ideal). He lived long enough to see the ideal, instead of the state, wither away, and the international band of revolutionaries be replaced by the compromised and the greedy.

But he had his own opinions. He disliked Kim Philby, calling him a traitor. In the final section, Arthey tells of a talk he had with Fisher’s daughter. She said her father liked flowers, particularly scarlet pimpernels. The choice surprised him.

Sir Percy Blakeney led a life of deception. He posed as an utter fool, more concerned with the tying of a cravat or the cut and color of one’s waistcoat, all to hide his life as the daring, resourceful, forceful Scarlet Pimpernel, the man who outwitted the Committee of Public Safety time and again, and laughed at them. William Fisher would have preferred to be an artist or a teacher; the friends “Emil Goldfus” made in New York admired him and were loyal.

“I only regret one thing, my dear M. Chamberlin,” he said after a while. “And that is, that you and I will never measure wits again after this. Your damnable revolution is dead . . . I am glad I was never tempted to kill you. I might have succumbed, and in very truth robbed the guillotine of an interesting prey. Without any doubt, they will guillotine the lot of you, my good M. Chamberlin. Robespierre to-morrow; then his friends,

his sycophants, his imitators — you amongst the rest . . . ‘Tis a pity! You have so often amused me. . .”

— *The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel*

## TRIPLE CROWN

by Lisa Major

The Derby went to Nyquist. Exaggerator took the Preakness and Creator scored in the Belmont. The Belmont was the most exciting of the three races. The finish there was so close that the outcome was in doubt for several minutes. Final conclusion — these were good colts but none of them giants. Last year the Pharoah, creature of air and fire, made winning the Triple Crown look easy. This year we are reminded tain’t so.

## THE OLD OIL LAMP WAR

by Robin Usher



During the Gulf wars between the United States of America, with the eleventh largest oil reserve, and Iraq, with the world’s fifth largest oil reserve and with the fifth largest army, cynics argued that the wars were about oil, because the Western democracies needed oil for their cars and their long term access to supplies remained in doubt if the Middle East wasn’t conquered. When the USA invaded Iraq in March, 2003, the Iraqi insurgents devoted to dictator Saddam Hussein were called ‘Ali Baba’ by the US service personnel and its Western allies. The tale of ‘Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves’ appears in the 8<sup>th</sup> century compendium of stories that make up the *One Thousand and One Nights*, which narrates the story of Shah Jehan as the framing device for the tales. The fiction is that Shah Jehan was the Mogul ruler who beheaded his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, for alleged unfaithfulness with his brother. Scheherezade told the mad Jehan stories to calm him and stop him from marrying a new wife each day and beheading her each evening, which had become his practice. Finally, Jehan preferred Scheherezade and her stories and married her, so Scheherezade saved the women of the Mogul Empire in India. Ali Baba is a character in the tales within a tale and finds treasure in a cave where thieves hide. The cave is sealed by the thieves using a magic phrase, ‘Close sesame!’

But Ali overhears them opening the cave and uses the magic phrase to enter when they've left, 'Open sesame!' The tale is noteworthy for the thieves' hiding in oil jars to kill Ali, and Morgiana, Ali Baba's maid, who pours boiling oil on them to kill the thieves, who're then buried. A movie mogul production about the Gulf war was *Jarhead* (2005), because of the nickname given to American troops' German style 'Nazi' headgear, 'Ja!' The would-be killers of Ali-Baba hid in jars, which correspond to tanks, that is, oil in the tanks, and so the unfortunate crews burned in oil before burial, which is why the Iraqi insurgents were 'Ali Baba', while the 'suicide bombers', who were the Iraqi women in their black one-piece coverall of the burka, and which protected them from closer scrutiny, were Moriana's.

Ali Baba's story has similarities with 'Aladdin', which is about an old oil lamp that Aladdin is holding inside a Chinese 'magic cave' when he rubs a 'magic ring', and a genie appears to grant wishes. In the story, Aladdin's wife is persuaded to part with the magic old oil lamp by trading, 'New lamps for old!' Aladdin's ring genie helps him to recover the old oil lamp, so the second genie can be free to help him again. In other words, it's the magic ring which is powerful, not the lamp, and the allusion is to marriage again. Although Aladdin is angry with his wife for giving the old oil lamp to the pedlar, unlike Shah Jehan, he doesn't behead her, although beheading and seeming brainlessness is the constant theme. When Iraq's Saddam Hussein's army invaded Kuwait, the country with the sixth richest oil reserve, Kuwait, in 1990, he was supposed insane, and the US pushed him out again. He was Saddam Hussein to the Iraqi's, but when Iraq's dictator evinced support for the Al Qaeda terrorist group operating under the auspices of the notoriously misogynist Taliban regime in Afghanistan, and which had hijacked civil airliners to crash into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Centre in New York city on September 11, 2001, the US army invaded oil rich Iraq after deposing the Taliban regime by December 2001, because to the American's he was Saddam insane. To the Middle East cars were new oil lamps, and its people were sold on the idea by the USA after the first mass produced automobile emerged in 1904 from Henry Ford's manufacturing plant in Detroit, state of Michigan, as the Model T Ford. Although the US is the third largest producer of oil after Russia and China, its reserve is only eleventh in comparison to Iraq's fifth and Kuwait's sixth, which explains Saddam's insane invasion of Kuwait and the US invasion of Iraq in oil terms. The US needed oil for its cars, which are the new lamps, that is, the drivers of the cars aren't genies, and don't emerge to grant wishes, although the lamp continues to be fueled by oil. Because Aladdin's magic ring is the key to the genies who grant wishes, marriage is being

symbolized, and Aladdin marries Princess Badroulboudour. Through human sexual reproduction brainpower is produced, which is the genius needed to invent the car, for instance, those without brains can't invent. Consequently, the *One Thousand And One Nights* compendium of tales is about the magical power of invention, because Scheherezade is inventive enough to save the women, whereas Shah Jehan would remove their brainpower.

Of course men believe that they're the brains, but the Jewish Messiah, Jesus, was born of his mother, the Virgin Mary, that is, uncontaminated by male semen, and so brainless from men's misogynist perspective. However, Jesus' mother, the Virgin Mary, is depicted in Christian iconography as crushing the head of the serpent, Satan, who was the angel in heaven that rejected God's plan that the human host be greater than the angelic. God turned Satan into a serpent and left him in the paradise of Eden that was heaven on Earth and home to the first man, Adam, who was sane, and Eve, the first woman, who accepted the 'fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil', that is, death, and rejected God's 'fruit of the tree of life', which is immortality, from Satan, who told her, 'You shall be as gods.' (Gen: 3. 5) Effectively Eve had given the host womb of the human race into ephemeral slavery in blind unconscious ignorance, and God told her she would experience labor plan while Adam must labor before Redemption would occur. Eve's 'seed' would have 'enmity' with the serpent's before Jesus was born as the redeemer: 'You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, but he shall bruise your heel.' (Gen: 3. 15) In other words, the 'seed' of Eve will be inventive enough to leave the Earth for the planets amongst the stars but Satan will try to stop her. Because women's futanarian humanity have penis' semen of their own independently of men, Jesus' mother, the Virgin Mary, represents futanarian 'woman's seed' and her capacity for sexually reproducing liberating brainpower in accordance with Jesus' teaching to her: 'Love your neighbor as you love yourself.' (Mk: 12. 31) When Jesus was taken to the hill of Calvary by the Romans then occupying Jewish Palestine and nailed to a cross of wood as a 'dissident' and left there to die, he had Resurrection and Ascension to heaven in prefiguration of that of 'woman's seed'. As Moslem families in Islam are permitted four wives Islam affords the possibility of futanarian sexual reproduction, that is, brainpower, from 'woman's seed', whereas the ubiquitous nudity of women in the US is of a penisless and therefore brainless race, which explains the role of the car and burning oil in 20<sup>th</sup> century buried history. Without brainpower from women's genius, there isn't any invention beyond new oil lamps, that is, the old marriage ring of the futanarian human species of 'woman's seed' is lacking, because women like Morgiana, who burned the would-be murderers of Ali Baba hiding in oil jars, and buried them, are beheaded.

Although Judeo-Christianity seems opposed to Islam, Isaac, the founder of Judaism, was born of Sara, Abraham's wife, who became barren afterwards, and gave her maid, Hager, to Abraham, and Hager bore Ishmael, who was the founder of Islam through his descendant the Prophet Mohamed, who received the *Koran* (610-30 C.E.) from the angels who'd been told by God that the human host would be greater than the angelic. Although the four wife Moslem marriages in Islam are thought by many biblical scholars to have been permitted in order to legitimize Ishmael's birth, because Hager wasn't Abraham's wife, Islam accords with the tradition of Judaism, whereby a Jew can only be born from a woman, that is, women are Jews. Consequently, the Moslem marriages of four wives represent the futanarian human species of 'woman's seed' as the 'chosen people', which is what the Jews are called in the *Old Testament* of the *Bible*, that is, their law and history. When Jesus was born from his mother, the Virgin Mary, he was a human born uncontaminated by male semen in the Jewish tradition of 'woman's seed'. His miraculous powers to heal, walk on water, and turn water into wine, at the marriage at Canaan, are the attributes of a genie, because he was born of Eve's 'seed'.

Although 'djinn' are described in the *Koran* as being created by God alongside men, women, and angels, 'Iblis' is the name of the Shaitan djinn corresponding to Satan in the *Bible* who's a 'fallen angel', which suggests that 'djinn' are 'fallen' from heaven. However, that interpretation presupposes that men are 'woman's seed', whereas God's angels are represented in Christianity as still in heaven. According to the *Koran* djinn have free will and can choose good or evil. In other words, 'djinn' are evil men, while the 'remnant' of 'woman's seed' are djinn because they represent the brainpower born of futanarian union symbolized by Jesus' birth from his mother, the Virgin Mary, uncontaminated by male semen: 'And the dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war on the remnant of her seed.' (Rev: 12. 17) Grown in size since its days in Eden the parasite, Satan, has become parasitoid, which is the term parasitology used to describe a parasite that emerges from the host to devour it. In simple term, men and women are bred to have a single male brain wearing each others' clothes as a transvestite 'TV' for the parasitoid to devour in its wars against 'woman's seed' while it watches on the television 'TV' invented by John Logie Baird in 1926 for that purpose, because that's what evil djinn do. However, human futanarian 'woman's seed' isn't men and women's, so corresponds to what the *Koran* calls 'djinn', who're the inventive 'remnant' after 'the fall of man' and the angel, Satan. Consequently, Jesus' Resurrection and Ascension to heaven promises the rise of humanity as the djinn of 'woman's seed' prevented from heaven by men's parasitical

enslavement of the human species' host womb for the purpose of entertaining itself as a parasitoid alien that somehow millions of years ago inveigled itself into a position to steal women's penis' semen and wage war against her race as a devourer.

The 'camp' television series from the 1960s, *Star Trek* (1966-9), featured the famous line, 'Beam me up!'<sup>1</sup> It was a magical procedure that depicted the means whereby an 'away team' visiting a planet from the starship Enterprise could be transported by teleportation, that is, a teleportation transporter beam - down or up. *Star Trek* was called 'camp' because it was a mode devised by Hollywood, Babylon, for adults to watch with children who didn't know what the innuendo meant: 'Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth' (Rev: 17. 5) In the 1950s the standard science fiction movie or novel featured 'bug-eyed monsters' called BEMs by critics. Consequently, actor William Shatner as Captain James T. Kirk was commanding, 'BEM! Me up! After the Second World War (1939-45) to defeat German fascism, which was responsible for the ideology of the 'death camp' in which 20, 000, 000 of the Jewish 'chosen people' were exterminated by a purportedly Christian government democratically elected in 1933, and having adopted the old *fascies* Roman Empire symbol of elected fascist dictator Benito Mussolini's 1922 government in Rome as the symbol of the National Socialist (Nazi) Party of Chancellor Adolf Hitler, 'camp' was the mode used by 'TV'. The *fascies* was a bundle of wood with an ax, which Hitler's fascists used as a symbol of their building of 'death camps'. The Romans had used the *fascies* to build blinds behind which they planned the building of cities, whereas the Nazis blinded people to what was going on by constructing camps with barbed wire to prevent those inside from escaping. Consequently, 'camp' innuendo was designed to prevent the children from learning enough to escape.

Because the threat to the United States was perceived as Russia, the US developed intercontinental ballistic missiles armed with nuclear warheads, that is, ICBMs, so that the children's eyes see BEMs everywhere in fulfilment of Satan's promise: 'You shall be as gods.' (Gen: 3. 5) In Roman mythology, the father god Zeus hurls thunderbolts, and BEMs are known to produce craters, like those on the moon, where Neil Armstrong became the first man there on July 21, 1969, UTC: 2. 56: 'One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind. However, because futanarian 'woman's seed' remains absent from the scene, God's 'foot' wasn't on the moon, and US President Ronald 'Ray Gun' Reagan's subsequent March 23, 1982, 'Strategic Defense Initiative' (SDI) of a 'ground and space based missile system', which was known as 'star wars' after the *Star Wars* (1977) movie about an evil Empire that built

a death star to orbit planets and kill them, indicated that men like gods were imprisoning the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' because they wanted her to be cratered by the gods, rather than that the gods should accept they were created by a single God that wanted a single human species of 'woman's seed' undiluted by an alien parasitoid devourer enslaving her host womb to wage war to extinction against her: 'At the resurrection people will neither marry nor be given in marriage; they will be like the angels in heaven.' (Matt: 22. 30) Although Jesus was ostensibly killed by the Roman Empire, who didn't want 'woman's seed' to interfere with their manufacture of the human race as a 'TV' to entertain them as they devoured it, Judas, who was known for stealing from the collection plate after a sermon, was the betrayer of the human host when he spied a woman anointing Jesus' feet with perfume. Suggesting the perfume be sold to raise money, Judas was rebuked by Jesus: 'Leave her alone.' (Mk: 14. 6) Selling Jesus to the Jewish religious police, the Pharisees, who gave Jesus to the Romans for crucifixion as a 'dissident', Judas' motive was that he didn't want Jesus' 'woman's seed' to sexually reproduce the brainpower she needs to escape from the 'death camp'. Children's eyes will see BEMs when Captain Kirk says, 'Beam me down!' However, ICBMs are what's being alluded to, that is, men who're down on children are 'bug-eyed monsters' (BEMs), and the children can't see because they're blind to the 'camp' innuendo, 'BEM! Me down!' Although men feign protection, the children of the human race are futanarian 'woman's seed' imprisoned in their evil aliens' death camp.

The USS *Enterprise* looks like an old fashioned oil lamp, because the genie appears to grant wishes, but only apparently. Although science fiction 'TV' shows purport to be about the future, the new lamp for old car suggests that it's just an oil burner producing a flame, which is a tradition about the djinn, that is, they're born from cold flame. Although a car could be perceived as a mobile 'TV' transmitting pictures, as a new oil lamp it's pictures are a slave ring's, because futanarian 'woman's seed' is a single species and doesn't have any need to marry in order to indicate who owns who. In other words, the *Enterprise* starship in the science fiction 'TV' vision of the future, which is *Star Trek*, depicts the death of God's old flame imprisoned in the death camp by her guards, while the children's eyes see BEMs everywhere. As global thermonuclear holocaust is described as 'hot war', the challenge for God's human futanarian 'woman's seed' productive of genius' brainpower is to be born from that fire after it's cooled down, and the crater gods have finished creating. In Islam it's the evil djinn, Iblis, who's a Shaitan, that refuses to bow before Adam and Eve after God's creation of man and woman, although Iblis has specifically no powers other than to whisper in the ears of his hearers. In the Judeo-Christian tradition Satan is a serpent, which

grows into a 'red dragon' symbolic of fire, although men's nuclear weapons suggestive of Shaitan influence, that is, Iblis, represent men as Satan, rather than the djinn *per se*, who tradition says are born from cold fire, which corresponds to nuclear holocaust and its aftermath. In simple terms, for Satanism humanity are djinn, because they want to escape from having to emerge from cold fire, and live amongst the planets and stars of heaven above and beyond the Earth. For that, 'woman's seed' needs to sexually reproduce brainpower and, because men's mass media occludes her from knowledge of her own liberating species' 'seed', they're Shaitan Iblis in Satanism to her.

In the *Bible* it is written that there'll be, or there was, 'war in heaven' (Rev: 12. 7) against 'woman's seed', which resulted in 'the fall of Satan' after a 'hot war', while Satanism continues to wage war on the 'remnant' of 'woman's seed', that is, 'woman's seed' is in heaven, although her 'remnant' is on Earth. Or, in other words, God's angelic host and the human host of 'woman's seed' belong in heaven, whereas the crater gods of men don't, because they're not gods' foot', and the cratered moon suggests than men had already been there as crater gods: 'The dragon stood in front of the woman who was about to give birth, so that it might devour her child the moment he was born. She gave birth to a male child, one who is to rule all the nations with a rod of iron, but her child was caught up to God and to his throne.' (Rev: 12. 4-5) As the son of Mary, Jesus' birth was from a virgin uncontaminated by male semen, that is, he prefigures the Resurrection and Ascension of futanarian 'woman's seed' capable of sexually reproducing brainpower independently of men, which means he prefigures the daughter of humanity, who is the 'male child' whose birth is threatened by the parasitoid devourer as it emerges from the host womb of the human species, because futanarian 'woman's seed' represents a threat to its parasitism upon the human host for the waging of warfare against the 'remnant' of 'woman's seed' upon the Earth and 'woman's seed' amongst the 'angels of God' in heaven above, that is, the extraterrestrial intelligences living harmoniously with 'woman's seed' amongst the planets and stars, which men call aliens, whereas the BEMs are now from Earth, and they're men.

<sup>1</sup> Shatner, William as Captain James Tiberius Kirk in *Star Trek*, Episode # 24, Season # 1, 'This Side of Paradise', March 2, 1967.

### NOT LIKELY SCENE

Three Animated Films You Probably Missed by Taral Wayne

One of the movies I recently watched was *Arthur Christmas*. Surprisingly, this Aardman release came and went without so much as leaving a bit of frost on the window. I thought

it was quite good, actually. Its take on the Santa Claus story was quite original. They are a family, you see, and each generation's Santa performs 70 Christmas runs before retiring and handing the reins of his sled over to his son. The three generations in this film, however, are not happy. Grand-Santa lives in his memories of delivering presents through the London Blitz, and regrets that he has nothing to do. He is forbidden to even take the old sleigh out for a spin. The present Santa is a complaisant mediocrity, who has just completed his 70<sup>th</sup> mission, but gives no sign that he is ready to retire . . . much to the chagrin of his eldest son, Steve. Steve is all business. His suit is half-Santa, half-desert fatigue and he is as fit as a Marine drill instructor. His mannerisms match. Then there is Arthur.

Arthur is awestruck by his elder brother, reveres his father, and loves his old grandfather. But he is all too aware of his own shortcomings – scrawny, clumsy, nerdy and definitely *not* in line to become the next Santa. Nevertheless, he is satisfied with his lot and proud to do his inconsequential job in the department that answers children's letters. Arthur is also the only one in the family to care that *one child* that year didn't get her present . . . Grand-Santa, Santa and brother Steve all sweep it under the carpet. It's too late, it's impossible and it's only *one* child. It comes as no surprise that Arthur is the one who forces the others to relearn the true spirit of being Santa.

I missed hearing about *The Nut Job* until it was already on DVD. That's usually a bad sign. However, *The Nut Job* turned out to be quite enjoyable. In many ways, the digitally animated film about the denizens of a city park was similar to 2006's *Over the Hedge*. Both are about small animals banding together or looking out for themselves in the acquisition of food for the winter. But there the similarity ends. The urban and suburban environments are quite different and the humour develops along entirely separate lines. The casting in one owes nothing to the other.

On the whole, the reception to the film seemed lukewarm. Some reviewers summed it up as unlikable, unfunny and unnecessary. While I concede there is little that is strikingly new in *The Nut Job*, I nonetheless found it reasonably funny throughout, and the characters not without their own charms even if they were rather grittier than in *Over the Hedge* . . . as befit urban hardcases. The end credits, with their guest appearance by an animated Psy doing the Gangnam Style dance, was most unexpected. In a good way.

Of the three animated features I've recently seen, by far the least worthwhile was the disappointing *Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs 2*. Nothing new here, the title says it all.

The first film of that name was a surprise hit – original, funny and full of heart. Somehow, all of that was lost along the way to

the sequel. The device that makes food from water and air but goes crazy and bombards the city with a flood of giant foodstuffs, was apparently *not* destroyed at the end, as it seemed to be. Instead, it was damaged so that the food it produces takes the form of living creatures – such as cheeseburger spiders, tacodiles, buffaloas, watermelonphants and dill pickles that are crazy for canned sardines. Believed to be a danger to the world should they spread, the hero is sent back to find the device and shut it down. Things are not what they seem, however, and the real purpose of sending him back is to find the device and put it to evil use. A boyhood hero is shown to be a villain all along. And man-eating cheeseburgers are actually as lovable as giant man-eating kittens. Gosh. Who saw *that* coming?

All the characters from the first film are present, but allowed only a few lines each . . . to little more than demonstrate they aren't forgotten. The supporting characters contribute little to the plot, and develop not at all. Instead, the focus of the story is on the evil TV “Mr. Science” guy . . . and on the living fruit and vegetables. The result is not so much a plot as just “one damn thing after another.” The gags are passably funny, and the visuals will certainly hold your attention. But it's a story without much of a purpose and not so much as a heart of lettuce.

*Arthur Christmas* (2011)  
<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt1430607/>

*The Nut Job* (2014)  
<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt1821658/>

*Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs 2* (2013)  
<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt1985966/>

## A DOG AND A DINO

Taral Wayne

MADE FOR PEANUTS – From the first moment I heard of it, I had doubts anything worthwhile would come of making a multi-million-dollar computer-animated movie version of *Peanuts*. For one thing, the original newspaper strip was simplicity itself. Big heads to provide the necessary canvases for facial expressions, tiny bodies that hardly counted for anything and a featureless horizon and simple outline props such as a piano, dog house or tree . . . that was all. The essence of the strip has been perfectly captured by the old, hand-drawn, 2D limited-animation process in a number of television holiday specials in the 1960s and '70s. So why would anyone think to bring computer power to the task? What could it add to *Peanuts* that wasn't entirely beside the point?

Fretting over that question was how I was ensnared into watching the movie. I just had to know how the almost unlimited power of computer animation was going to be harnessed to make stick figures move.

In fact, it was quite ingenious. The animators created fully three-dimensional

bodies and backgrounds, while sticking to the simple original designs, but – and this is the crafty part – they animated the faces with a handful of black lines, just like in the funny pages! Brilliant . . . but also somewhat unsettling.

One quickly tires of novelty, though, and after a few minutes I was following the story as though there was nothing out of the ordinary about the manner in which it was told. Just as quickly, I began to frown. Here was the joke about how Charlie Brown was unable to fly a kite. Here was the joke about Lucy calling everyone a blockhead. Here was the joke about Pigpen, Schroeder, Linus and all the rest, doing what they were best known for doing twenty, thirty, and even more than forty years ago. Most especially, here was Snoopy and his insufferable fantasies!

I didn't time it with a stopwatch, but it seemed as though *The Peanuts Movie* was half about Snoopy chasing the Red Baron inside his own head. As it happens, that was when Charles Schultz began to shift away from the strangely adult preoccupations of the children in *Peanuts* in the 1950s, to the increasingly outré fantasies of Charlie Brown's bowling pin-shaped beagle in the 1970s, that started the strip on the slippery slope to tedious irrelevance.

It took time, but a trace of plot finally emerged. Charlie Brown wanted to impress the Little Red-Haired Girl, and was determined to overcome his own klutzy nature. Of course, it all goes wrong, until . . . well, it hardly matters. Although Charlie succeeds, the Little Red-Haired Girl moves away, and everything goes back to normal. Worse, Snoopy downs the Red Baron in an overblown air battle and gets the girl . . . er, poodle.

So, at last, I knew what they would do with millions of dollars of computer time and a stick figure comic strip. Basically, nothing . . . except repeat decades-old gags and routines that anyone who has read the strip already knew, and fill time with an imaginary WWI air ace's cliché antics. The movie was a total waste of time – mine and the computer's.

To give *Peanuts* its due, though, it is an excellent film to take a timid 8-year-old to see. There is nothing that could possibly disturb any child. But much over that age, and there will be nothing to interest the child who has never read the strips and cares nothing about them.

A SMALL FRIENDLY DOG – Did Pixar actually make this *The Good Dinosaur*? It's hard to believe, since Pixar usually makes far more cutting-edge movies than this. However, it's become a cliché that when you want a six-year-old audience, you make a movie about talking dinosaurs. Kids are mesmerized by talking dinosaurs the way junkies are by a line of coke. You can't fail to get their undivided attention – and their parents' dollars.

I watched one hilarious critique of *The Good Dinosaur* that compared it to a re-warming of *The Lion King*. There are, in



fact, issues with a dead father and his ghost, a fatal gorge and some hyenas, but the parallels aren't as intrusive as they may sound. The main problem I had with the film was that it is impossible to take seriously ... nor is it a comedy. In a nutshell, an agrarian dinosaur, and youngest sibling, who is the runt of the family, messes up good and is forced to take a long journey with a sort of wild animal he was supposed to have killed ... because it was raiding the family corn crib. The twist is that the animal is an apparently lost, underage member of Homo sapiens. In this alternate history, the asteroid that leveled the playing field on Earth, 65 million years ago, missed ... and for some reason, H. sap never evolved to be brainy. But somehow, dinosaurs have.

Not that they've done much with their humanoid intelligence. Our cornhusker's family has a primitive farm that they somehow manage entirely without tools of any sort. Yet they have built split-rail fences (for some reason) and an elaborate corn crib for their harvest. No other members of that particular agrarian species are seen in the movie, however. They might as well be the only ones, because, if there are no neighbors, who did they learn to farm from? Or did they invent agriculture all by themselves, complete with modern corn (which scientists tell us only evolved through intensive cultivation in Peru over the last two thousand years)? We also meet a family of roughneck T. Rexes, who have apparently invented cattle herding all by themselves. Ticking off the rest, there are some velociraptor cattle rustlers, a trio of pterosaurs who make up a murderous crank cult and a befuddled, paranoid triceratops. There is no hint of any sort of civilization or culture beyond these isolated individuals. It is a most unconvincing world.

There are not really many specific problems with *The Good Dinosaur*. It is just that, like the farm and the beef-herding Rexes, nothing stands well to a bit of thought. When lost, why doesn't our junior cornhusker follow his dead dad's advice from the start? How did so much impossibly rugged terrain get between him and home when he was washed away in the flood? Why does the wild H. sap tag along with him, becoming a sort of small, friendly dog? Why does returning home at the end solve any of our cornhusker's problems, for that matter? Do you suppose he went on to become the prehistoric inventor of bourbon and the Happy Hour?

But while there is much that is unsatisfying, sketchy and over-obvious to an adult, I will give *The Good Dinosaur* better marks than *The Peanuts Movie* as a film to take your young children to. At least they will "get it," whereas Peanuts will more likely leave them wondering why any of this is supposed to be funny. Those 40-year-old tropes will mean nothing to them.

But every kid loves a dinosaur ... even me.

*The Peanuts Movie*  
<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt2452042/>

*The Good Dinosaur*  
<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt1979388/>

### 1941 Retro Hugo Finalists



Ah ...  
It's Hugo  
voting time  
in Fandom!

481 valid nominating ballots (475 electronic and 6 paper) were received and counted from the members of Sasquan, MidAmeriCon II, and Worldcon 75.

### BEST NOVEL (352 ballots)

*Gray Lensman* by E.E. "Doc" Smith  
(*Astounding Science Fiction*, Jan 1940)

*The Ill Made Knight* by T.H. White  
(Collins)

*Kallocain* by Karin Boye (Bonnier)  
*The Reign of Wizardry* by Jack Williamson  
(*Unknown*, Mar 1940)

*Slan* by A.E. Van Vogt (*Astounding Science Fiction*, Dec 1940)

### BEST NOVELLA (318 ballots)

"Coventry" by Robert A. Heinlein  
(*Astounding Science Fiction*, July 1940)

"If This Goes On..." by Robert A. Heinlein (*Astounding Science Fiction*, Feb 1940)

"Magic, Inc." by Robert A. Heinlein  
(*Unknown*, Sept 1940)

"The Mathematics of Magic" by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt  
(*Unknown*, Aug 1940)

"The Roaring Trumpet" by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt (*Unknown*, May 1940)

### BEST NOVELETTE (310 ballots)

"Blowups Happen" by Robert A. Heinlein  
(*Astounding Science Fiction*, Sept 1940)

"Darker Than You Think" by Jack Williamson (*Unknown*, Dec 1940)

"Farewell to the Master" by Harry Bates  
(*Astounding Science Fiction*, Oct 1940)

"It!" by Theodore Sturgeon (*Unknown*, Aug 1940)

"The Roads Must Roll" by Robert A. Heinlein (*Astounding Science Fiction*, June 1940)

### BEST SHORT STORY (324 ballots)

"Martian Quest" by Leigh Brackett  
(*Astounding Science Fiction*, Feb 1940)

"Requiem" by Robert A. Heinlein  
(*Astounding Science Fiction*, Jan 1940)

"Robbie" by Isaac Asimov (*Super Science Stories*, Sept 1940)

"The Stellar Legion" by Leigh Brackett  
(*Planet Stories*, Winter 1940)

"Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius" by Jorge Luis Borges (*Sur*, 1940)

### BEST GRAPHIC STORY (92 ballots)

**Batman** #1 (*Detective Comics*, Spring 1940)

**Captain Marvel: "Introducing Captain Marvel"** by Bill Parker and C. C. Beck  
(*Whiz Comics* #2, Feb 1940)

**Flash Gordon: "The Ice Kingdom of Mongo"** by Alex Raymond and Don Moore (King Features Syndicate, Apr 1940)

**The Origin of the Spirit** by Will Eisner  
(Register and Tribune Syndicate, June 1940)

**The Spectre: "The Spectre"/"The Spectre Strikes!"** by Jerry Siegel and Bernard Baily (*More Fun Comics* #52/53, Feb/Mar 1940)

### BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION (LONG FORM) (250 ballots)

**Dr. Cyclops** written by Tom Kilpatrick, directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack (Paramount Pictures)

**Fantasia** written by Joe Grant and Dick Huemer, directed by Samuel Armstrong et al. (Walt Disney Productions, RKO Radio Pictures)

**Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe** written by George H. Plympton, Basil Dickey, and Barry Shipman, directed by Ford Beebe and Ray Taylor (Universal Pictures)

**One Million B.C.** written by Mickell Novack, George Baker, and Joseph Frickert, directed by Hal Roach and Hal Roach, Jr. (United Artists)

**The Thief of Bagdad** written by Lajos Bíró and Miles Malleon, directed by Michael Powell, Ludwig Berger, and Tim Whelan (London Films, United Artists)

### BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION (SHORT FORM) (123 ballots)

**The Adventures of Superman: "The Baby from Krypton"** written by George Ludlam, produced by Frank Chase (WOR)



**The Invisible Man Returns** written by Joe May, Kurt Siodmak, and Lester Cole, directed by Joe May (Universal Pictures)

**Looney Tunes: "You Ought to Be in Pictures"** written by Jack Miller, directed by Friz Freleng (Warner Bros.)

**Merrie Melodies: "A Wild Hare"** written by Rich Hogan, directed by Tex Avery (Warner Bros.)

**Pinocchio** written by Ted Sears et al., directed by Ben Sharpsteen and Hamilton Luske (Walt Disney Productions, RKO Radio Pictures)

#### BEST EDITOR SHORT FORM (183 ballots)

John W. Campbell  
Dorothy McIlwraith  
Raymond A. Palmer  
Frederik Pohl  
Mort Weisinger

#### BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST (117 ballots)

Hannes Bok  
Margaret Brundage  
Edd Cartier  
Virgil Finlay  
Frank R. Paul  
Hubert Rogers

Note: Category has 6 finalists due to a tie for 5th place.

#### BEST FANZINE (63 ballots)

**Futura Fantasia** by Ray Bradbury  
**Le Zombie** by Bob Tucker  
**Novacious** by Forrest J Ackerman and Morajo  
**Spaceways** by Harry Warner, Jr.  
**Voice of the Imagi Nation** by Forrest J Ackerman and Morajo

#### BEST FAN WRITER (70 ballots)

Forrest J Ackerman  
Ray Bradbury  
H. P. Lovecraft  
Bob Tucker  
Harry Warner

### 2016 Hugo Award Finalists

The finalists for this year's Hugo Awards and John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer were announced on Tuesday, April 26.

There were 4032 valid nominating ballots (4015 electronic and 17 paper) received and counted from the members of Sasquan, MidAmeriCon II, and Worldcon 75.

#### BEST NOVEL (3695 ballots)

**Ancillary Mercy** by Ann Leckie (Orbit)  
**The Cinder Spires: The Aeronaut's Windlass** by Jim Butcher (Roc)  
**The Fifth Season** by N.K. Jemisin (Orbit)  
**Seveneves: A Novel** by Neal Stephenson (William Morrow)  
**Uprooted** by Naomi Novik (Del Rey)

#### BEST NOVELLA (2416 ballots)

**Binti** by Nnedi Okorafor (Tor.com)  
**The Builders** by Daniel Polansky (Tor.com)  
**Penric's Demon** by Lois McMaster Bujold (Spectrum)  
**Perfect State** by Brandon Sanderson (Dragonsteel Entertainment)  
**Slow Bullets** by Alastair Reynolds (Tachyon)

#### BEST NOVELETTE (1975 ballots)

**"And You Shall Know Her by the Trail of Dead"** by Brooke Bolander (*Lightspeed*, Feb 2015)  
**"Flashpoint: Titan"** by CHEAH Kai Wai (*There Will Be War Volume X*, Castalia House)  
**"Folding Beijing"** by Hao Jingfang, trans. Ken Liu (*Uncanny Magazine*, Jan/Feb 2015)  
**"Obits"** by Stephen King (*The Bazaar of Bad Dreams*, Scribner)  
**"What Price Humanity?"** by David VanDyke (*There Will Be War Volume X*, Castalia House)

#### BEST SHORT STORY (2451 ballots)

**"Asymmetrical Warfare"** by S. R. Algernon (*Nature*, Mar 2015)  
**"Cat Pictures Please"** by Naomi Kritzer (*Clarkesworld*, Jan 2015)  
**The Commuter** by Thomas A. Mays (Stealth) (withdrawn)  
**"If You Were an Award, My Love"** by Juan Tabo and S. Harris (voxday.blogspot.com, Jun 2015)  
**"Seven Kill Tiger"** by Charles Shao (*There Will Be War Volume X*, Castalia House)  
**Space Raptor Butt Invasion** by Chuck Tingle (Amazon Digital Services)

#### BEST RELATED WORK (2080 ballots)

**Between Light and Shadow: An Exploration of the Fiction of Gene Wolfe, 1951 to 1986** by Marc Aramini (Castalia House)  
**"The First Draft of My Appendix N Book"** by Jeffro Johnson (jeffro.wordpress.com)  
**"Safe Space as Rape Room"** by Daniel Eness (castaliahouse.com)  
**SJWs Always Lie: Taking Down the Thought Police** by Vox Day (Castalia House)  
**"The Story of Moira Greyland"** by Moira

Greyland (askthebigot.com)

#### BEST GRAPHIC STORY (1838 ballots)

**The Divine** written by Boaz Lavie, art by Asaf Hanuka and Tomer Hanuka (First Second)  
**Erin Dies Alone** written by Grey Carter, art by Cory Rydell (dyingalone.net)  
**Full Frontal Nerdity** by Aaron Williams (ffn.nodwick.com)  
**Invisible Republic Vol 1** written by Corinna Bechko and Gabriel Hardman, art by Gabriel Hardman (Image Comics)  
**The Sandman: Overture** written by Neil Gaiman, art by J.H. Williams III (Vertigo)

#### BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION (LONG FORM) (2904 ballots)

**Avengers: Age of Ultron** written and directed by Joss Whedon (Marvel Studios; Walt Disney Studios Motion Pictures)  
**Ex Machina** written and directed by Alex Garland (Film4; DNA Films; Universal Pictures)  
**Mad Max: Fury Road** written by George Miller, Brendan McCarthy, and Nico Lathouris, directed by George Miller (Village Roadshow Pictures; Kennedy Miller Mitchell; RatPac-Dune Entertainment; Warner Bros. Pictures)  
**The Martian** screenplay by Drew Goddard, directed by Ridley Scott (Scott Free Productions; Kinberg Genre; TSG Entertainment; 20th Century Fox)  
**Star Wars: The Force Awakens** written by Lawrence Kasdan, J. J. Abrams, and Michael Arndt, directed by J.J. Abrams (Lucasfilm Ltd.; Bad Robot Productions; Walt Disney Studios Motion Pictures)

#### BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION (SHORT FORM) (2219 ballots)

**Doctor Who: "Heaven Sent"** written by Steven Moffat, directed by Rachel Talalay (BBC Television)  
**Grimm: "Headache"** written by Jim Kouf and David Greenwalt, directed by Jim Kouf (Universal Television; GK Productions; Hazy Mills Productions; Open 4 Business Productions; NBCUniversal Television Distribution)  
**Jessica Jones: "AKA Smile"** written by Scott Reynolds, Melissa Rosenberg, and Jamie King, directed by Michael Rymer (Marvel Television; ABC Studios; Tall Girls Productions; Netflix)  
**My Little Pony: Friendship Is Magic: "The Cutie Map" Parts 1 and 2** written by Scott Sonneborn, M.A. Larson, and Meghan McCarthy, directed by Jayson Thiessen and Jim

Miller (DHX Media/Vancouver; Hasbro Studios)

**Supernatural: "Just My Imagination"**  
written by Jenny Klein, directed by Richard Speight Jr. (Kripke Enterprises; Wonderland Sound and Vision; Warner Bros. Television)

#### BEST EDITOR – SHORT FORM (1891 ballots)

John Joseph Adams  
Neil Clarke  
Ellen Datlow  
Jerry Pournelle  
Sheila Williams

#### BEST EDITOR – LONG FORM (1764 ballots)

Vox Day  
Sheila E. Gilbert  
Liz Gorinsky  
Jim Minz  
Toni Weisskopf

#### BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST (1481 ballots)

Lars Braad Andersen  
Larry Elmore  
Abigail Larson  
Michal Karcz  
Larry Rostant

#### BEST SEMIPROZINE (1457 ballots)

*Beneath Ceaseless Skies* edited by Scott H. Andrews, Nicole Lavigne, and Kate Marshall  
*Daily Science Fiction* edited by Michele-Lee Barasso and Jonathan Laden  
*Sci Phi Journal* edited by Jason Rennie  
*Strange Horizons* edited by Catherine Krahe, Julia Rios, A. J. Odasso, Vanessa Rose Phin, Maureen Kincaid Speller, and the Strange Horizons staff  
*Uncanny Magazine* edited by Lynne M. Thomas & Michael Damian Thomas, Michi Trota, and Erika Ensign & Steven Schapansky

#### BEST FANZINE (1455 ballots)

*Black Gate* edited by John O'Neill (withdrawn)  
*Castalia House Blog* edited by Jeffro Johnson  
*File 770* edited by Mike Glycer  
*Lady Business* edited by Clare, Ira, Jodie, KJ, Renay, and Susan.  
*Superservice SF* edited by Jason Rennie  
*Tangent Online* edited by Dave Truesdale

#### BEST FANCAST (1267 ballots)

8-4 Play, Mark MacDonald, John Ricciardi, Hiroko Minamoto, and

Justin Epperson  
**Cane and Rinse**, Cane and Rinse  
**HelloGreedo**, HelloGreedo  
**The Rageaholic**, RazörFist  
**Tales to Terrify**, Stephen Kilpatrick

#### BEST FAN WRITER (1568 ballots)

Douglas Ernst  
Mike Glycer  
Morgan Holmes  
Jeffro Johnson  
Shamus Young

#### BEST FAN ARTIST (1073 ballots)

Matthew Callahan  
disse86  
Kukuruyo  
Christian Quinot  
Steve Stiles

#### JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD FOR BEST NEW WRITER (1922 ballots)

Pierce Brown \*  
Sebastien de Castell \*  
Brian Niemeier  
Andy Weir \*  
Alyssa Wong \*

\* Finalists in their 2nd year of eligibility.

#### HEBULA AWARD WINNERS

The Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America announced the winners of the 50th Annual Nebula Awards, the Ray Bradbury Award for Outstanding Dramatic Presentation, and the Andre Norton Award for Outstanding Young Adult Science Fiction or Fantasy Book on May 15, 2016 in Chicago.

#### Novel

*Uprooted*, Naomi Novik (Del Rey)

#### Novella

*Binti*, Nnedi Okorafor (Tor.com)

#### Novelette

"Our Lady of the Open Road", Sarah Pinsker (*Asimov's* June 2015)

#### Short Story

"Hungry Daughters of Starving Mothers", Alyssa Wong (*Nightmare* October 2015)

#### Ray Bradbury Award for Outstanding Dramatic Presentation

*Mad Max: Fury Road*, Written by George Miller, Brendan McCarthy, Nick Lathouris

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

*Updraft*, Fran Wilde (Tor)

Other Awards: Gay Haldeman presented the Kevin O'Donnell, Jr. Service to SFWA Award to **Dr. Lawrence M. Schoen**.

Jodi Lynn Nye presented the Kate Wilhelm Solstice Award to **Sir Terry Pratchett**. The Solstice Award is presented to individuals who have had a significant impact on the science fiction or fantasy landscape, and is particularly intended for those who have consistently made a major positive difference within the speculative fiction field, much like its namesake.

Cat Rambo presented the Damon Knight Memorial Grand Master Award to **C.J. Cherryh**. This award is given by SFWA for "lifetime achievement in science fiction and/or fantasy."

#### WORLDCON BIDS

2017 NASFiC  
San Juan, Puerto Rico  
<http://www.sanjuan2017.org/>

Valley Forge  
<http://www.valleyforge2017.org/>

2018  
New Orleans  
<http://neworleansin2018.org>

San José  
<http://www.sjin2018.org/>  
Proposed Dates: August 16-20

2019  
Dublin  
<http://dublin2019.com/>

2020  
New Zealand  
<http://nzin2020.org/>

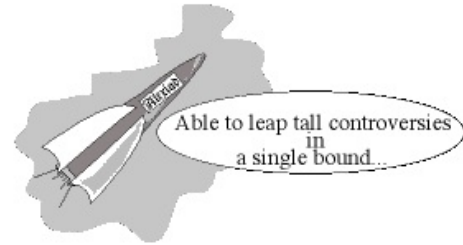
2021  
Fort Worth

2022  
Chicago  
Doha, Qatar

2023  
Paris  
<https://sites.google.com/site/parisin2019/>

2025  
Perth, Australia

## Letters, we get letters



emphasized from the beginning of their training preparation. was not to accept food from strangers.

### George W. Price

One incident was definitive: A Chinese soldier made a suicide charge against an American position. A trooper shot him several times with a carbine — and knew he was hitting him because he could see dust puff out of his jacket with each strike (and there was no body armor in those days). The man staggered but kept coming. Then another trooper shot him with a .45 pistol, and that put him down instantly.

The biggest complaint about my first book submitted to Amazon Kindle was that I had messed up the quotes. I think I have figured out how to fix that.

There seem to be many people who want to self publish. There are also academics who need to publish. Joseph has probably read hundreds of history books that haven't made it to e-book form as yet. Some of the authors might be willing to pay for the conversion rather than try to mess with it themselves.

Another job possibility is as an academic ghost writer. I dated a woman at one time who made her living as an academic ghost writer. Many academics can't write worth... The woman I knew would be given a theme for the paper and some references, and she would do the rest. As I understand it, academics really aren't supposed to use ghost writers, but people do lots of things they aren't supposed to do.

All these are things that need to be done, but you have to know somebody. I haven't the connections.

From: **Nic Farey** April 7, 2016  
[fareynic@gmail.com](mailto:fareynic@gmail.com)

Thanks as always Joe.  
As a longtime Bond fan I especially enjoyed your "Thunderball" piece.  
Good arrers!

When they rebuilt and re-opened the Capitol Theatre in Frankfort, the movie was the first one shown there.

— JTM

From: **Tom Feller** April 9, 2016  
[TomFeller@aol.com](mailto:TomFeller@aol.com)

Not having seen your resume, I can't give advice about job hunting, not that I am qualified to give advice. I worked for the same company for 36 years. A good friend of mine is finding it impossible to find a job, because he became over-specialized and his skills obsolete.

Unlike Robert Kennedy, I well remember my 50th birthday, because my wife Anita decorated the house in black.

George Price's comments on the M-1 carbine reminded me of a remark made by a character in a novel I read when I was a boy. He called the weapon a "peashooter". Unfortunately, I do not remember the name of the author or the title.

From: **Rod E. Smith** April 11, 2016  
730 Cline Street, Frankfort, KY  
40601-1034 USA  
[stickmaker@usa.net](mailto:stickmaker@usa.net)

### Sheryl A. Birkhead:

The "local" horse Rescue (Days End Farm Horse Rescue — DEHFR) has a "new" mascot — Barney a retired Police horse... a Belgian — so the big breeds are ridden.

My sister once did the initial post-weaning raising and training of a pair of horses intended for the Lexington, KY mounted police. They were Thoroughbred-Percheron crosses. Very large, very intelligent horses with good dispositions. One of the things

Actually, heavy Winter clothing can count as light soft body armor, depending on composition and number of layers.

All ammunition is weaker in very cold weather, how much so depending on the propellant. The .30 Carbine round was much more affected than most ammunition in the Korean conflict, in part due to being only adequate in better weather. In terms of energy, the .30 Carbine is roughly in the same class as a .357 Magnum round with the same bullet weight shot from a lever-action carbine. However, it has a smaller bullet of FMJ design. That means it tends to punch through leaving a small hole instead of expanding to make a large wound channel. It's a situation where the target probably dies eventually, though perhaps after killing several of those shooting at him. A situation not unlike that which US troops in the Philippine Insurrection faced with their .38 Colt revolvers.

From AL du Pisani comes several comments on the X-33 spaceplane.

One of the main criticisms of this program was that it required the successful development of several ambitious technologies to succeed. Some analyses I have read of the program stated that the linear aerospike was considered the most dubious of these going in, but had the most success by the end of the program.

Naturally it was opposed by proponents of several other proposed spacecraft.

— JTM

From: **Milt Stevens** April 16, 2016  
6325 Keystone Street, Simi Valley, CA  
93063-3834 USA  
[miltstevens@earthlink.net](mailto:miltstevens@earthlink.net)

In *Alexiad* #86, Joseph's comment on his job situation started me thinking. Joseph reads and writes at fantastic speed. Those skills are assets. It's only a matter of figuring out how to deploy them. At the same time, there are people who want to get various material into proper form for e-book publication but don't know how to do it. I think Joseph should be able to learn how to prepare e-books in a fairly short time. It seems like there should be a job opportunity in freelance editing and book

I looked at "The Great Courses" site that Robert Kennedy describes. Interesting. At full price, it's a little pricey. It's about the same price as taking the actual extension course. If the quality is good then the price is reasonable.

I don't know anyone associated with Dragoncon. As far as I know, I don't even know anyone who knows anyone who runs Dragoncon. I presume none of those people have ever attended a worldcon business meeting while it was discussing Hugo rules. They may have heard it is something like a college of rabbis on an argumentative day. They probably don't believe that is an understatement.

Of course, Dragoncon can do everything behind closed doors. They can make any decision they want for any reason they want. I suppose they can even take bribes if they want. However, in the end they must name some award winners. The results may be quite strange. Stranger than the Hugos even.

Reports are now that they will make them juried awards. So much for that.

— JTM

From: **Richard A. Dengrove** April 27, 2016  
2651 Arlington Drive, #302, Alexandria, VA 22306-3626 USA  
[RichD22426@aol.com](mailto:RichD22426@aol.com)

Retired, my life seems to be fan writing, writing a book, and traveling to cons or friends in between. This letter belongs to my fan writing. I have included *Alexiad* in it since the December 2010 issue. I appreciated *Alexiad*

even when I was working.

So, once again, I read a zine, let the thoughts start piling up, write them down and clarify them. My first inspiration appeared on the first page in the Reviewer's Notes. It concerned conspiracy theories. I notice that they give people a chance to advocate their pet theory, and not to have to prove anything.

All you have to do is doubt authorities. Sometimes it's justified. In some countries, the regime makes sure you only see or hear the party line. In which case, when it does not involve personal experience, people believe what they wish to believe.

Even in free countries, conspiracy theory produces theories like the Communist-Zionist conspiracy; and theories like the Nazi-Zionist conspiracy. I remember someone having that theory during the '30s or '40. Mahmoud Abbas apparently advocated it in a book he wrote 30 years ago entitled *The Other Face*.

Usually conspiracy theories do not reflect reality so much as our wishes and fears. Same thing is true of mysteries. That is why, Joe, they can contain so many tropes which don't happen in reality: for instance, all the suspects are invited to a house, a single red herring becomes a major part of the mystery, the suspects hire the detective, etc.

Another characteristic of mysteries is they never reflect reality. They are always peopled with individuals who differ from real humans. Who are either wooden men or romantic archetypes.

The same thing is true of mysteries. I think you knew no one would be able to find those tropes in reality. The reason is reality has one characteristic that prohibits it from being reflected in mysteries. It is never that suspenseful.

On the other hand, I, acting as a Sherlock, think I have figured out the founder of Wicca you are referring to. Of course, being reality, his tale was less predictable than a character out of a mystery.

I don't know about drugs, although I can imagine he used them. However, he was known for kinky sex. Yes, I am talking about Gerald Gardner. In fact, he incorporated his kinky sex into Wiccan ritual. To Wicca's credit, I gather most covens have ignored those rituals.

Now we go from people who are in another World to people who are actually from another World, extraterrestrials. They are even harder to deal with, especially if you're thinking about the Fermi Paradox. The principles expounded in it don't take too much scrutiny.

About the possibility of them invading us, I agree with Darrell Schweitzer that, as a practical matter, the distances in space and the universal speed limit mean that extraterrestrials are unlikely to invade us. If they aren't barred by the speed of light limit, they will be barred by having a multitude of planets to colonize before us.

However, that is if we are thinking in a practical manner. The problem is that the

Fermi Paradox, and extraterrestrials in general, are never thought of in a practical manner. The standard is always what could be. Not really a good way of planning for extraterrestrials because anything is possible. And if we are being honest about the criteria being used, we will have to prepare for anything and everything. An impossibility.

Now, I go from practical ways of dealing with extraterrestrials to practical ways of dealing with traffic. Here the problem is more the tendency for flashy projects not that anything might go.

Strangely, I think George Price is right: that light rail is too expensive. Of course, I doubt he is going to agree with my solution. I figure, with the money we paid for the Washington, DC Metro, we could run the bus system for free. If bus service were free, a lot of people wouldn't need cars, and traffic would thin somewhat. No guarantee of this with light rail.

Next, I disagree with something George said rather than half agree. Of course, I disagree with Sue Burke too. Since nobody is primed to look up what the Federalist papers and the legal precedents have to say, I will venture my opinion of the 9th Amendment. I think it was something that was put in the Constitution to encourage legislatures to ratify it.

It's too vague to mean anything specific. The powers granted by the Constitution to the Federal government and the States elsewhere have been too vague to ascertain the rights reserved to the people.

However, I have to agree with Sue Burke on an issue in this issue. It concerns the Spaniards and not the Constitution. On this matter, I have to hand it to the Spaniards. They are one of the few nations that have not begrudged the Syrian refugees their right to settle. On the other hand, as far as the Syrians refugees go, 17,000 is a drop in the bucket. Of course, the same is true of the number of Syrians we are accepting, and many people are acting as if the world is coming to an end.

We go from Spain with the Technicolor Time Machine to Vineland. Or, at any rate, from Syrians in Spain to Pointe Rosee, a site which would be the closest the 11th Century Norse came to North America.

Joe, you say some argue it shows the marginality of Vineland to the Greenland community. I think whoever that is is jumping the gun. I heard one estimate that L'Anse aux Meadows, farther north, contained a 1,000 inhabitants. Not chopped liver for Greenland, which possessed a population estimated as 2,000 to 10,000.

I doubt that figure. The settlement was only a few houses, and the estimate I've seen is 160, maximum. The Greenland colony had a bishopric and convents and monasteries.

— JTM

Of course, we haven't ever obtained any evidence Point Rosee supported a Norse settlement. All we know is what people have surmised from the air: that a settlement existed there that used a lot of iron.

With this statement about the Norse in America, I think I have finished what I wished to state about the April *Alexiad*. In this missive, I mention the Nazi-Zionist conspiracy, the Fermi Paradox, the 9th Amendment to the Constitution, and Syrian refugees. I don't know whether this will keep anyone on the edge of their seat until next time. However, next time, I promise to give you another potpourri.

THE RED NOSE REINDEER  
POLKA!



From: **Lloyd Penney** May 15, 2016  
1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, ON M9C  
2B2 CANADA  
[penneys@bell.net](mailto:penneys@bell.net)  
<http://lloydpenney.livejournal.com/>

Thank you for *Alexiad* 86. It's been a good weekend, but I know the week starts tomorrow, and the job hunt starts yet again. We're still in good shape here, but my employment benefits will run out very soon. I keep getting told that I shouldn't expect much more for someone who's going to turn 57 in a couple of weeks. I understand your second paragraph only too well. Experience doesn't seem to count for anything any more. I wish us both well in job hunting, and one thing that keeps my mind off such things is responding to fanzines, like yours.

There's conspiracists, anti-conspiracists, etc. The biggest casualty in all of this is the truth. So few seem interested in it, and so many try to make their own opinions and angles the truth, with loud voices and threats, and weaselwords meant to convince and confuse. I fear for our civilization sometimes.

I had met Cliff Amos once, but had never met Peggy Ranson. Just more bad news, and I know more will arrive soon. 2016 has been a deadly year for the famous, and I've lost more than my share of friends over the last few years, too.

And it started out with Jack Robins, on December 23. The eofans are gone and the First Fans are passing away.



— JTM

Worldcon bids...I suspect that Valley Forge will have the 2017 NASFiC, mostly because of costs of getting to Puerto Rico, and new reports about the Zika virus being in Latin America. The rest of the bids...well, let's just say I doubt I'll be going to them any more. I'm just pleased that someone still cares enough to bid for Worldcon.

I believe the Nebulas were handed out today, as were the World Horror Convention awards. The only winner I'd read about was *Uprooted* by Naomi Novik.

The local...Sheryl, what my past employer did to me, let me go without reason given, was illegal at one time in this province. And now, it is quite legal. I don't know when the change was made, but I wouldn't be surprised if it was hidden away as a rider to a piece of federal legislation. I am still looking, and I feel like I am spinning my tires. Indeed, we are part of a dying breed that would rather participate at a convention rather than just passively consume.

Some level of participation might come about through Dragon\*Con's Dragon Awards, but I expect some measure of prestige will rub off them to the winners, and then comes the campaigning and undercover stuff, and instead of political machinations affecting one set of awards (only one?), there will be two sets. I am sure that for some, gaffiation is looking better all the time.

At the end of the zine, and near the end of the page, so it's time to tie it up tight. Many thanks for this, commiserations galore, and something's got to happen soon. Best of luck to each of us, and let's report back the next time. See you then.

From: **Robert S. Kennedy** May 29, 2016  
1779 Ciprian Avenue, Camarillo, CA  
93010-2451 USA  
[robertk@cipcug.org](mailto:robertk@cipcug.org)

Thank you for *Alexiad* Vol. 15 No. 2 (April 2016) Whole Number 86.

Let me take this opportunity to wish myself a Happy 83rd Birthday.

I just recently had to have my computer upgraded for Windows 10 and I'm not a happy person. Too many changes. Too many records apparently lost including past copies of *Alexiad*. Maybe the records are still their somewhere and I am just going to have to do a better search.

Last Saturday I returned from a week in New Orleans for the U. S. Navy Cruiser Sailors Association Reunion. It's the sixth reunion of this organization that I have attended and they have all been great. We had a number of tours including the World War II Museum. Also, the Paddlewheeler *Creole Queen* up the muddy Mississippi to the Chalmette Battlefield/Jean Lafitte National Historical Park and Preserve where the Battle of New Orleans was fought in the War of

1812. I'm sure that you all know that Andrew Jackson and the pirate Jean Lafitte combined to defeat the British. The last night it was back to the World War II Museum for a dinner show.

After returning on Saturday feeling fine I woke up on Tuesday feeling like I was dying. Put off trying to see a doctor because I thought I would get better. Finally, on Friday I was able to see a Nurse Practitioner. Now I'm on four medications and don't feel any better.

So, that's it. I'm going back to bed. Oh, wait, one more item.

**James Stumm:** I'm not usually much of a fan of Robert J. Sawyer. But, when I saw that he had lifted the opening lines from *The Cremation of Sam McGee* by Robert Service and changed them to fit his novel I was sure that I would enjoy *Red Planet Blues* that you sent to me and I did. Also, very much enjoyed was *Wool* by Hugh Howley. Thank you.

From: **Sue Burke** June 5, 2016  
calle Agustín Querol, 6 bis 6D  
28014 Madrid, SPAIN  
[sue@sue.burke.name](mailto:sue@sue.burke.name)  
[mount-oregano.livejournal.com](http://mount-oregano.livejournal.com)  
[amadisofgaul.blogspot.com](http://amadisofgaul.blogspot.com)

City of the Big Shoulders. The Windy City. Hog Butcher of the World. Urbs in Horto. Second City. Paris on the Prairie. Home of George W. Price. My Kind of Town. Chi-town.

Home of my cousin the artist,  
Dana Major.

That's where we're heading. My husband has been out of a job for a year and a half, and Spain's economy, with 20% unemployment, shows no signs of improvement, so we've decided we have to return to the USA. We're not the only people driven out by the economy. Spain's population is falling.

We don't want to go. We love Spain. This is simply a question of money. We plan to live in Chicago to be near family in our home town of Milwaukee. Chicago has a lot of activity, good mass transit, and Obamacare, if we need to get insurance on our own. We'll be apartment-hunting in Chicago for a couple of weeks in June, and if all goes well, we hope to move in July or August.

Since overseas shipping is expensive, we're giving away a lot of books, furnishings, and appliances. Still, we need all the boxes we can get – mostly for books, files for our work, and some clothing and household goods. Shipping time is about two months. This operation will take complex planning, and it will involve plenty of expenses, but we can't afford not to go.

I can understand Joe's feeling that "some vast obvious flaw" is keeping him unemployed. I've felt it myself when I was job hunting without success. In his case, something might be flawed, but it may not be him. In my husband's case, we're hoping it's the location.

But having mentioned mass transit, I don't

understand Paul Gadzikowski's complaint in the cartoon in the last issue that buses mean enforced wasted time. Does he own no books? That's what buses are for: they're reading rooms on wheels.

John Hertz says the Moroccan pigeon-almond pastry I ate sounds like *bastihlah*. The Moroccan name for the pastry is *pastilla*, *bastilla*, *b'stilla*, or *b'steya*, so I think we're talking about the same delicacy.

The Nebula Award winners were announced, and while only one of my picks won, "Our Lady of the Open Road" by Sarah Pinsker, I have no complaints. The Hugo Award nominees were announced, and I have plenty of complaints. The Puppies have made lots of claims about the Hugos – social justice bias, logrolling, failure to represent "real" science fiction, etc. – and every one of their claims falls apart under close scrutiny. Except for a claim they don't make but is obviously the real issue: they and their friends aren't being nominated. So last year they banded together and got on the ballot, and we all saw for ourselves that their lack of nominations was due to a lack of skill and imagination.

The jealous wannabes have done it again this year. I'll dutifully read everything I can, and "Space Raptor Butt Invasion" by Chuck Tingle isn't the worst, amazingly enough. I hope this gets fixed soon.

Finally, speaking of writers, this is Year 400 Cervantes in Spain, and as I was walking through downtown Madrid, I happened to go past the pharmacy *Reina Madre*, founded by the Queen Mother's alchemist in 1578, so I stopped in just to be able to say I have shopped at a store where Cervantes shopped. I didn't need anything, so I bought some aspirin.

The Madrid Book Fair is currently underway in the park next door to my home. Must... not... buy... anything.... Must... not... well, I went but I only bought one magazine, a back issue of *Desperta Ferro Arqueología & Historia*.

As Cervantes would say: *vale*. In his time, it meant (as the Latin means) "fare thee well" but these days it just means "okay."



From: **John Purcell** June 5, 2016  
3744 Marilene Circle, College Station,  
TX 77845-3926 USA  
[askance73@gmail.com](mailto:askance73@gmail.com)

I had a feeling I missed commenting on the

85th issue of your fanzine, Joe and Lisa. Thus I am moved to rectify this by commenting on the 86th issue. Hope you don't mind.

Lisa opens with comments about this year's Superbowl, which I didn't watch — again — even though a graduate of the school where I teach (Blinn College in Texas) was the starting quarterback for the Carolina Panthers, Cam Newton. Before he led Auburn to a national title (2011) and winning the Heisman Trophy that same year, Newton was the spark for Blinn College, quarterbacking the Buccaneers to the National Junior College Championship in 2009. He was never in any of my classes — I teach on the Bryan campus, and all team athletes are required to be on the school's main campus in Brenham, Texas — but it is still exciting and neat to see one of our students doing so well in the NFL. He has a bright future ahead of him, barring career-ending injuries.

Joe's thoughts about conspiracy theories remind me of some of the most ludicrous ideas people have come up with over the years. My favorites are the Hollow Earth, Bermuda Triangle, Ancient Aliens, and Area 51 conspiracy theories.

It was really sad to hear about the deaths of Harper Lee, Earl Hamner, Peggy Ransom, and Cliff Amos. Thank you for sharing those obituaries. RIP to all.

As for the rest of this issue, there are your usual interesting and varied book reviews, and I really liked that extensive review/commentary about *Thunderball*. Once again, everything you need to know about **something** is contained in fanzines. And that listing of the twelve oldest astronauts/cosmonauts was a nice touch. They were all my childhood heroes back in the 1960s. It will be truly sad when these brave people have left us.

To wrap up, I support the New Orleans bid for 2018's world convention, the 2021 Fort Worth, TX bid, and shall refrain from saying anything about the Hugo nominees. At least this year's Nebula Awards were a slap on the snouts of the Puppies. Valerie and I may not make it to Kansas City for MidAmeriCon II, sad to say, but there is still a possibility we will be there. I hope we can; it's always grand fun to meet up with old friends.

From: **George W. Price** May 31, 2016  
P.O. Box A3228, Chicago, IL  
60690-3228 USA  
[price4418@comcast.net](mailto:price4418@comcast.net)

April Alexiad:

Richard Dengrove says, "Joe, in your comments to George Price, you say the atom bombing ended the war with Japan. Do you believe the simultaneous Russian invasion of Japanese territories had any effect on the surrender?"

According to Wikipedia ("Soviet Invasion of Manchuria"), the Russian attack had been agreed upon at the Yalta conference, and was

to take place three months after the war in Europe ended. That turned out to be just after the A-bombing of Hiroshima and before Nagasaki. "The Soviet entry into the war and the defeat of [Japan's] Kwantung Army was a significant factor in the Japanese government's decision to surrender unconditionally, as it made apparent the USSR would no longer be willing to act as a third party in negotiating an end to hostilities on conditional terms."

\* \* \* \* \*

On a quite different topic, Mr. Dengrove says, "Taras Wolansky claims that a copy of someone standing beside the original person cannot be the same person. . . . If your criterion is the sequence of their coming into existence, the answer is no, because the copy branched off the original. . . . If your criteria is whether you interact the same way with the original and copy, the copy might very well be regarded as the same person."

That seems reasonable. Strictly, the copy becomes a different person at the moment of duplication, in the sense that from then on his experiences will increasingly diverge from the original's.

On the other hand, if he had committed a crime before being copied, then the duplicate is equally guilty and should be punished the same as the original. If we had 50 duplicates of Hitler, made after he ordered the Holocaust, all 50 should be executed.

And on the third hand, if the original is married with children, I think we would have to just arbitrarily declare that the wife is married only to the original, and only he is responsible for the children's support. Likewise, only the original owns his property, holds his job, and will receive his pension. It could get complicated!



RENA DIGS ENYA LOUD!

("Sail away, sail away, sail away")

From: **Taras Wolansky** June 10, 2016  
100 Montgomery Street., #24-H, Jersey  
City, NJ 07302-3787 USA  
[twolansky@yahoo.com](mailto:twolansky@yahoo.com)

I was watching a recent episode of Fox TV's new show, *Houdini & Doyle*, as I was writing this. It's set in 1901 London, and raised a couple of issues of anachronism. First, an English character gets a threat in the form of a quotation — and he recognizes it's from Moby Dick. Second, a fan of Conan Doyle tells him he read "all your books" instead of "all your stories".

"Not A. Conan Doyle, author of *Micah Clarke*, *The White Company*, *The Refugees*, and *Rodney Stone!*?" Doyle had published sixteen novels, eight short-story collections, and *The Boer War* by 1901.

Alexiad, Feb. 2016:

Joe: "The new space vehicle is . . . allocated to a firm which supported the administration". In spite of Obama's modest steps in that direction, the President is still not a dictator. Instead, the money for a project is spread over as many congressional districts as possible — because in Washington power is still divided among many actors and institutions.

"The storied private companies which are going to overtake the inept if not evil gubbmint are . . . government contractors using recycled government-developed hardware." By "government-developed hardware", I think you mean to indicate, hardware developed by private companies paid by the government.

As I recall, in Keith Laumer's *Worlds of the Imperium*, the people who sent Brian Bayard to an alternate timeline to play "Prisoner of Zenda" games with his allegedly evil double (the dictator of North Africa in a post-nuclear holocaust world) were actually playing him for a patsy. Thus, they didn't bother to tell him the other Brian Bayard is confined to a wheelchair!

I think you've misread the book. Bayard of B-I Two went to great lengths to conceal his disability. Chief Inspector Bale was running both sides of the operation, but he wasn't all the Imperium,

The problem with Princess (Senator?) Leia in the new *Star Wars* is not that she looked 30 years older — but that she didn't look 30 years older. Too much surgery and Botox made it hard for me to look at her. In Hollywood, this is the norm, and probably looks normal to the denizens.

Rodford Edmiston: A few years ago, reading about the UPS (uninterruptible power system) at our (then) hardware site in Atlanta, I was tickled to learn that the very first backup power that comes on line in case of a power



failure is a flywheel system. Of course, in a building, the torque issue doesn't apply.

On the subject of why 19th century generals deprecated repeating rifles, on the ostensible ground that they "would encourage soldiers to waste ammunition", I sometimes wonder if they weren't quietly trying to delay the transition to the kind of brutal, industrialized warfare that Patton the military romantic later deplored.

Robert S. Kennedy: "So much for spell check", indeed!

Alexiad, April 2016:

Harper Lee death announcement: My view of *To Kill a Mockingbird* has soured, ever since I began to see it as part of the effort to gloss over black-on-white crime. (One of the Obama Justice Department's first acts was to stop publishing stats on race and crime – stats published for generations but almost never discussed by the media, save for an occasional conservative columnist who took her life in her hands.) There may once have been a world in which white women routinely made false accusations of rape against noble, upstanding black men. In our world, rape victims are – usually – telling the truth; though I recognize not all will agree.

Review of Jo Walton's *My Real Children*: With its world-changing alternate plagues caused by alternate nuclear explosions, the book's understanding of nuclear weapons seems to be at the level of a Hollywood melodrama. Is Walton serious, or is she intending it as tongue-in-cheek?

No, but "William Tenn" was.  
(The plagues are from "It Ends With a Flicker", not *My Real Children*.)

Joe quotes Andy Weir's *The Martian*: "[E]very human being has a basic instinct to help each other out. ... This is so fundamentally human that it's found in every culture without exception." Clearly Weir never heard of what Napoleon Chagnon found among the Yanomamo of the Amazon jungle. In James Clavell's novel, *Tai-Pan*, set in early Hong Kong, there's an attempt to burn out the European traders. The Chinese are astonished when the undamaged trading establishments help out the ones that burned: in traditional Chinese culture, that's something you do only for family.

Richard A. Dengrove: You'll be pleased to learn there is a Cthulhu Regio on Pluto and a Mordor Macula on its moon, Charon (assuming the international naming body lets the names stay).

AL du Pisani: It appears South Africa is gradually turning into Africa. I'm only surprised it's taking so long. In the words of Adam Smith, "There is a great deal of ruin in a nation."

Lloyd Penney: "[The] 25,000 Syrian

refugees [accepted by Canada] ... are screened". Given the chaotic conditions in Syria, it's not possible even to ascertain that a particular refugee is actually Syrian, much less who he really is, still less his true religious views and feelings about terrorism. Thus, ISIS can insert as many terrorists into the refugee stream as it feels like. Furthermore, as Cologne, Germany learned the hard way a few months ago, even ordinary Muslim refugee males think Western women are immodest whores; and further believe that where immodest whores are concerned, anything goes. This will continue to be a problem until Western women are forced to start dressing modestly by Muslim standards.

At least at this time in history, Islam itself seems to carry a latent infection of terrorism; thus, dozens of young men from the Somali refugee community in Minnesota have joined or tried to join terrorist organizations.

Being a refugee is no proof you're a desirable immigrant. Prior to 1945, there were lots of Communist refugees from fascism; after 1945, there were lots of fascist refugees from Communism! Of the millions of Muslim "refugees" flooding into Europe, turns out only 40% are even arguably legitimate refugees from a conflict zone. The rest are looking for economic opportunities – which in Europe today means going on the dole (by their standards, a middle-class standard of living), supplemented by working off the books.

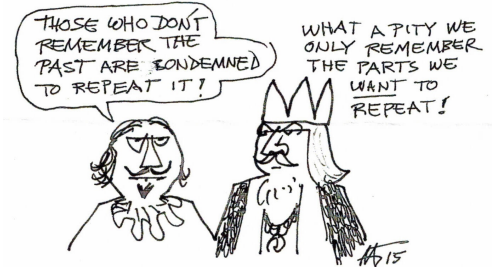
Sue Burke: "The refugees are fleeing the terrorists, after all." See comments above, to Lloyd Penney. They may merely be terrorists on the losing side, like when Trotskyites fled the USSR or Brownshirts fled Nazi Germany. "In some ways, all cultures and all religions are the same." Right. In the Muslim world, they routinely mutilate little girls, and honor killings are never punished. In the Christian world, people use male pronouns to refer to both sexes.

Exactly the same.

Darrell Schweitzer: "Of course the Constitution ... intentionally does NOT give Christian fundamentalists the right to force their ideas on others." Well, yes, it does: the First Amendment, as originally passed, protects religious establishments in the States from Federal interference. Established churches in the States continued for another half-century or so, until State legislatures gradually and voluntarily abolished them. It's only in 1925 that the Supreme Court began to turn the First Amendment on its head, turning it into a blank check for the Federal government – i.e., the Court itself – to interfere with religion in the States. Still later, the Court injected the "wall of separation" concept, based on, of all things, a comment in one of Thomas Jefferson's letters! (Jefferson was in France during the Constitutional Convention and had nothing to do with its creation.)

My personal attitude toward gay marriage might be described as "mildly annoyed": gay men are horning in on benefits intended for

stay-at-home moms. (Yes, a few are, in effect, stay-at-home moms, but very few.) Only once did I hear a gay activist admit out loud that, yes, it's all about benefits; the line presented to the public was, "Why not, it won't cost anybody anything." After the recent Supreme Court decision on the subject, it came out that there are 1,138 separate Federal benefits gays can now get in on. Still, compared to the Federal deficit, this particular straw will probably not break the proverbial camel's back.



On the Fermi Paradox: "If there were, say, a dozen space-faring civilizations in our own galaxy, but limited by the speed of light, there is no reason to believe any of them would ever find each other, or us, except by the most extraordinary coincidence." The hidden assumption here is that intelligent species don't survive the millions or billions of years needed to thoroughly explore the Milky Way. And, to reference a variant of the Paradox that I've heard, none of them build self-replicating machines that explore the galaxy in what is, in cosmological terms, the blink of an eye.

Milt Stevens: "As car chases go, [*Mad Max: Fury Road*] was a good car chase. There weren't any characters to speak of." I concur. The only good "Mad Max" movie is still *The Road Warrior* – where the climactic battle means something, because we got to know the people involved.

The model for Naomi Novik's (Hugo-nominated) novel, *Uprooted*, that occurred to me was not Jane Eyre but Beauty and the Beast. (And *Howl's Moving Castle*.) I liked the book – enough to buy it for my niece! If it hadn't been a Hugo nominee, though, it's almost certain I would never have read it. Ever since I read her Temeraire episode, *Empire of Ivory*, I'm sort of boycotting Novik for her tendentious and misleading portrait of Africa and the slave trade.

#### WAHF:

Lloyd Daub, with items of interest.  
Martin Morse Wooster, the same.  
Mattie Brahen, Earl Kemp, who got it.  
Alexis A. Gilliland, who wrote a letter  
and then his computer died.

### Not From "Blackadder Goes Forth"

BLACKADDER is on the telephone.  
BLACKADDER: "Very well, sir. Goodbye."  
GEORGE: "What is it?"  
BLACKADDER: "It seems we are going to receive a gaggle of Americans."

GEORGE: "Those cowardly rogues! Why, they aren't even a proper country!"

BLACKADDER: "Indeed. Getting shot of that lot seems to have been one of the few worthwhile acts of George III."

BLACKADDER crosses the dugout and sits.

BALDRICK appears in the doorway.  
BALDRICK: "Sorr, the Jonathans are 'ere."

BLACKADDER: [sighs] "Very well. Baldrick, you are about to have the profound accomplishment of meeting someone even less intellectual than yourself."

Gunshot; they all jump.  
Voice off: "Wheah air the foreman of yew slaves!?"

BLACKADDER: "Enter."  
FREEMAN LONG enters.

LONG: "I air Freeman Long, of the North 'Merican Confederation! Who air yew!?"

BLACKADDER: "Edmund Blackadder."  
LONG: "I gots two hundred fifty-seven

Two gunshots, off.  
LONG: "Make thet two hundred fifty-five free men, a-rarin' to shew them krauts what free men kin dew."

BLACKADDER: [sighs] "George, show them where the, ah, special encampment site is."

GEORGE: "I don't know where it is myself!"

BLACKADDER: [sotto voce] "The garbage dump."

GEORGE: "Oh, you mean the garbage dump!"

BLACKADDER winces.

BLACKADDER is in bed. He groans as he awakens. BALDRICK enters.

BLACKADDER: "I had the most dreadful nightmare. I dreamed I was in the path of a stampede of gigantic rabid pi-dogs. What is it, Baldrick?"

BALDRICK: "Sorr, the Jonathans attacked an hour ago."

BLACKADDER: "Came through here on the way?"

BALDRICK: "Yes, sorr."

BLACKADDER sits up.

BLACKADDER: "The last time I had a dream explained so quickly it was one where Melchett was feeding me into a sausage machine."

BALDRICK: "And, sorr, there's an emissary from t'Huns to see you."

BLACKADDER: "Bring him in."

LEUTNANT HELMSTUCKER enters.

HELMSTUCKER: "Good morning."

BLACKADDER: "It can't be. I'm here."

HELMSTUCKER: "Ach, you English! My colonel sent me to offer you a truce until noon, so you can remove the bodies."

BLACKADDER: "Bloody decent of him. But why us?"

HELMSTUCKER: "They are all on your side of the wire."

BLACKADDER: "George, take a party to remove the remains of our late guests. I hate having to clean up after an entertainment."

Two stretcherbearers bring in a man.

BALDRICK: "Sorr, one of 'em's still alive."

BLACKADDER: "After Spandaus, mortars, artillery, and the odd rifle shot, I'm amazed."

BLACKADDER turns back the blanket over the man's face. He is grey.

FREEMAN NEIL: "Doan know what happend. I took enough colloidal silver."

BALDRICK: "Sorr, 'alf the Jonathans look like this."

BLACKADDER: "Silver, I see. Perhaps we could cremate them all, smelt the ashes, and get enough for a decent Blightly leave."

BALDRICK: "An 'e 'ad this."

BALDRICK holds out a pistol. BLACKADDER pops out the magazine, works the slide, and looks down the muzzle.

BLACKADDER: "I've seen narrower railway tunnels."

— Rowan Atkinson, Sir Tony Robinson, and Hugh Laurie were not harmed in the making of this story. Smith now . . .

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

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

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### ALEXIAD

c/o Lisa & Joseph Major

1409 Christy Avenue

Louisville, KY 40204-2040 USA

[jtmajor@iglu.com](mailto:jtmajor@iglu.com)

<http://efanzines.com/Alexiad/index.htm>

