

ALEXIAD

(ΑΛΞΙΑΣ)

\$2.00

St. Matthews Branch library has little mammal pets. I believe they are gerbils but cannot swear to it. At my branch we have roly-polies, the little critters who roll into little shelled balls if threatened. When I was a child it was fun to pick them up, watch them curl up tight and hold them on the hand until they uncurled. I was surprised to learn they were not insects but wood lice. They eat wood pulp and we feed them shreds of scrap paper. They require moistness and must be misted regularly with water that has been sitting overnight to get chlorine out of it. These are our second batch of roly-polies. The first dried out when Librarian K and I, their caretakers, were both absent from the library. I still feel a little bad about that.

— Lisa

Table of Contents

Editorial.....	1
Reviewer's Notes.....	1
An Arachnid Encounter.....	6
Awards.....	10
Byzantine Notes.....	7
<i>The Child Buyer</i>	2
Eclipse News.....	5
Horse News.....	6
The Joy of High Tech.....	6
Reading Report.....	6
Renaissance Poetry.....	8
Worldcons.....	10

Book Reviews

JTM Benford, <i>The Berlin Project</i>	3
JTM Conroy/Dunn, <i>The Day After Gettysburg</i>	3
JTM Newton, <i>MacArthur's Luck</i>	5
JTM O'Rourke, <i>How the Hell Did This Happen?</i>	5
JTM Taylor, <i>Roman Empire at War</i>	5
SK Tucker, <i>The Lion in the Living Room</i>	8

Con Reports

SB WisCon 41.....	9
-------------------	---

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

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

Sue Burke, Cathy Garrott, Tom Feller, Bruce Gillespie, Alexis A. Gilliland, Dave Haren, John G. Hemry, John Hertz, Robert S. Kennedy, Timothy Lane, Grant C. McCormick, Patrick McCray, Lloyd Penney, AL du Pisani, George W. Price, John Purcell, Joy V. Smith, Rod E. Smith, Milt Stevens

Comments are by JTM or LTM

Trivia.....	18
-------------	----

Art:

Sheryl Birkhead.....	10, 11, 17
Paul Gadzikowski.....	18
Alexis A. Gilliland.....	3, 5, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15
Trinlay Khadro.....	2

Marc Schirmeister.....	6, 13
Darrell Schweitzer.....	7

Royal Air Force Heraldry.....	4
-------------------------------	---

The 143rd Running of the Kentucky Derby was **May 6, 2017**. Always Dreaming won in some truly spectacular slop.

The 142nd Running of the Preakness Stakes was **May 20, 2017**. After a duel for the first part of the race Always Dreaming dropped back but Cloud Computing came up and won, over Classic Empire.

The 149th Running of the Belmont Stakes was **June 10, 2017**. Tapwrit won in a dash past Irish Warcry, who had led for most of the race. Neither Always Dreaming nor Cloud Computing ran, and Classic Empire was out with a hoof injury.

The 92nd Running of the Hambletonian (1st leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) is **August 5, 2017** at Meadowlands Racetrack in East Rutherford, New Jersey.

The 63rd Running of the Yonkers Trot (2nd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) is **September 2, 2017** at Yonkers Raceway in Yonkers, New York.

The 125th Running of the Kentucky Futurity (3rd leg of the Trotting Triple Crown) is **October 8, 2017** at the Red Mile in Lexington, Kentucky.

Printed on June 27, 2017
Deadline is **August 1, 2017**

Reviewer's Notes

I'm getting out of step with science fiction. There isn't anything new I want to read any more. None of it is to my tastes.

Tastes change. I think another issue is the shift in editing. Editors used to be from the field. Now, a publisher isn't an organization founded and run by someone from the field, but a subsidiary of a big business run by a corporate official, who hires people with proper credentials. So we get what we are getting now.

There are publishing houses that are run by people from the field, but they are small, and their tastes often very individual. It's like the problem with odd stories in magazines; a magazine that ran one different story could appeal to the readership with other more regular ones. But now the thrust is to make sure, to look out for the next Stephen King or J. K. Rowling and ruthlessly discard anyone who doesn't live up to the promise. Faced with stories I can predict from looking at the covers, it's very disenchanting.

Lisa continues to urge me onward. I now am walking about one and two-fifths miles. This is on days when it doesn't rain. I have lost twenty pounds, though I need to lose more.

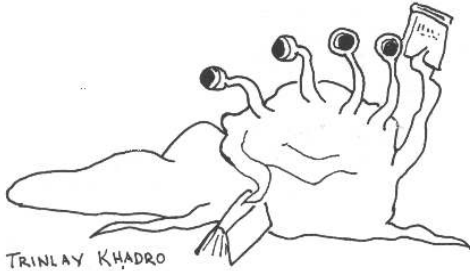
My joints are still stiff, as I noticed when trying to change a fuse in the car. The fuse box is tucked up under the dashboard and requires some effort to get to. Then I had to haul myself upright.

With one thing and another we can now travel. We went to Lexington in April and again in May, for example. The Man o' War exhibit was nice, and I would like to point out that the visitor can cap it off by seeing his grave.

— Joe

RANDOM JOTTINGS

by Joe



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

— Advt.

William Peter Grasso's latest work, *Fortress Falling* (2017; Amazon Digital Services; \$2.99) is the second volume in the story of the two Moon brothers, one a bomber pilot, the other a tanker. The Third Army has to take Fort Driant, defending a crucial route between Germany and France. (Not "Fort Danrit"?). The fort is very strongly made, and Patton wants to have the useless Brits drop some of their Tallboy bombs on it. But they only bomb by night, so that's out.

Which would have surprised the chaps in 617 Squadron and 9 Squadron, who on the 12th November of 1944 staged a daylight raid on the *Tirpitz*, Operation CATECHISM. They could get fighter cover, too, which would get rid of other problems.

Last May, the Canadian icebreaker CGS *Amundsen* could not achieve a mission to investigate ice conditions in Hudson's Bay. The ice off Newfoundland was too thick.

"Help me, Opie-Ron Kenobi, you're my only hope." After the abrupt resignation of the directors of the forthcoming Star Wars Han Solo prequel movie, a new hope has arrived. Actor and director **Ron Howard** will now helm the flick. If only his dad had taken Ben to the old fishing hole . . .

OBITS

CanFandom's curmudgeon, one of the last faneds of the North, has died. **Rodney Leighton**, pro wrestling fan, fannish commentator, and general example, died on **June 18, 2017**.

For memories and condolences, there is: <http://www.furlongjones.ca/obituaries/117193>

MONARCHIST NEWS

J. K. Rowling, OBE and **Sir Paul McCartney, MBE** are among the new Companions of Honour. They join with **Stephen Hawking, Sir Ian McKellen, Dame Judi Dench, Dame Vera Lynn** (yes, she's still alive), and Sir John Ball, K.G. (also known as "**Sir John Major**", not a relative), previously awarded. The Order of the Companions of Honour was instituted by King George V in June 1917 as an award for major contributions to the arts, science, medicine, or government lasting over a long period of time. Previous recipients included Winston Churchill, John Buchan, Nancy Astor (this one was a relative), Leo Amery, Vita Sackville-West, Somerset Maugham, Friedrich von Hayek, Sir Peter Scott, and Sir Alec Guinness (Obi-Wan Kenobi, C.H.!).

Also in the Birthday Honours, Olivia de Havilland was made a Dame Commander of the British Empire. Keith Palmer, the police officer killed in the March attack at the Palace of Westminster, was awarded the George Medal for his bravery and self-sacrifice.

WHAT IS THE MATRIX?
Commentary by Joseph T Major on
THE CHILD BUYER (1960)
by John Hersey

Writers get tired of old ruts, and to show how superior they are to their readers, write books where evil wins. For example, Sol Stein of Stein and Day wrote *The Magician* (1971), about the power of bullying. A young high school student, having an interest in conjuring, is attacked by his school's bully, who beats him up and destroys his equipment. The bully controls the school, unimpeded by a passive and cowardly school administration. When the bully goes to trial, he has a clever lawyer who is a defender of the oppressed and paints the crime as a cruel example of authority trying to destroy a young man's life over smashing a mere magic set. Alex the Droog of *A Clockwork Orange* (1962) might have wished for such a barrister. The bully is acquitted, attacks his victim again, but the victim fights back. The bully is hit, falls, strikes his head on a curb, and is killed. The book ends with the implication that the victim is going to stand trial for murder.

John Hersey was known for *Hiroshima* (1946), an impressive description of the horrors of the atomic bombing. He set forth in moving, painful, and explicit detail the destruction of the city and the suffering of the inhabitants. This work, the first detailed description of the results of the bombing, became famous.

In 1960, his novel *The Child Buyer* came out. *The Child Buyer* is regarded as an analysis of the inability of school systems to deal with gifted children. The book was considered speculative, and features in the discussions held at ChiCon III, as recounted in the *Proceedings* (1963, 2012). Hersey's means of highlighting this problem is somewhat out of the ordinary.

In an anonymous state, on a torpidly hot week, a bored subcommittee of the state Senate

holds an inquiry into a case of child buying. The issue covered is the purchase of a boy named Barry Rudd by a representative of a large American company called United Lymphomiloid, or U. Lymph. for short.

Wissey Jones the purchase agent is a cynical slick man who proudly describes his methodology. For example, he presented his purchase arrangement to the parents as being a matter of "valuable goods and services", as if they had won in a game show. Slowly, carefully, proudly even, he describes how he bought off everyone who stood between his acquisition and his purchase.

The other people involved get to say their say. The school administration doesn't quite know what to do with Barry, so they seem pleased enough that he'll be taken off their hands. No one else seems to be particularly obstructionistic, not even the local lout who has appointed himself the weirdo's protector. His parents show a level of concern and family life that makes Homer and Marge Simpson look like Kip Russell's parents by comparison.

The senators listen in bored indifference. One in particular shows himself really attentive, when he complains that of course a bird isn't an animal.

Finally, Wissey unburdens himself of what all they are going to do. The children are brought to the company's facilities, where they are brainwashed, stripped of all their memories. Then they are filled with data. Finally, they have their optic and auditory nerves severed, so as not to bring in any unwanted inputs. And then?

"Something about space." He doesn't really seem to be concerned with what his products are for. It must be above his pay scale.

Finally, the one teacher who tried to protect the boy gets to testify. She gushes about how, somehow, he'll overcome the conditioning. She was bought off with a diploma-mill doctorate — presumably it would check off a box on her curriculum vitae.

Then, Barry himself testifies, ending with a moving line about his memories being somewhere out there, like birds flying away into the sky.

What is the real-life problem with this?

18 U.S. Code § 1584 — Sale into involuntary servitude

(a) Whoever knowingly and willfully holds to involuntary servitude or sells into any condition of involuntary servitude, any other person for any term, or brings within the United States any person so held, shall be fined under this title or imprisoned not more than 20 years, or both. If death results from the violation of this section, or if the violation includes kidnapping or an attempt to kidnap, aggravated

sexual abuse or the attempt to commit aggravated sexual abuse, or an attempt to kill, the defendant shall be fined under this title or imprisoned for any term of years or life, or both.

- (b) Whoever obstructs, attempts to obstruct, or in any way interferes with or prevents the enforcement of this section, shall be subject to the penalties described in subsection (a).

18 U.S. Code § 1590 — Trafficking with respect to peonage, slavery, involuntary servitude, or forced labor

- (a) Whoever knowingly recruits, harbors, transports, provides, or obtains by any means, any person for labor or services in violation of this chapter shall be fined under this title or imprisoned not more than 20 years, or both. If death results from the violation of this section, or if the violation includes kidnapping or an attempt to kidnap, aggravated sexual abuse, or the attempt to commit aggravated sexual abuse, or an attempt to kill, the defendant shall be fined under this title or imprisoned for any term of years or life, or both.
- (b) Whoever obstructs, attempts to obstruct, or in any way interferes with or prevents the enforcement of this section, shall be subject to the penalties under subsection (a).

That is, everyone involved in this is committing a **federal crime**. Anyone involved could at any time bring the story to an end by calling the FBI. And saying, "This is an important project," would provoke the Director into saying, "Who does this man think he is, giving me orders?" whereupon swarms of Special Agents in cheap black suits and whiter-than-white shirts would descend upon U. Lymph. carrying cartons of handcuffs.

However, the story is not "serious", it does not describe a set of events that could occur, that could follow from the basic assumptions. It is a fable, a tragic story of how schools are neglecting gifted students and how they might as well be sold to be made into computing machines.

This is a real problem and all the proposed solutions seem out of reach. Homeschooling? It might work for some but for the Rudds it is utterly absurd. Enrichment classes? Special schools? Both of these founder on other considerations. It is easier to get help for a child who is incontinent, lashes out randomly, screams nonstop, and needs two full-time attendants (they call it "mainstreaming") than

it is to get help for a bright child. Indeed, one runs into people who so expand the definition of "bright" as to make it meaningless.

The Wachowskis' original script for *The Matrix* (1999) had the machines making all humanity processing units in a gigantic computer. This concept was beyond the comprehension of Hollywood minds, and thus the other, lame, explanation came to be. At least it made sense.

They might as well have sold Barry to be plugged in as a unit of a multiprocessor trying to find out the question of life, the universe, and everything. (Hint: base 13)

For a story about child buying and "We can all be bought", a better choice is Norman Spinrad's *Bug Jack Barron* (1969). He doesn't have the bad guys win, either, though the good guys don't do so well.

Hersey never turned his talent to alternate history. He never described the ghastly bloody horrors of Operation OLYMPIC, the invasion of Japan; the agonizing death by starvation of the Japanese people under the Allied blockade; or the ugly conduct of the militarists left in power after a surrender on their terms. That Buck Rogers stuff was too silly for him.

THE ANV STRIKES BACK

Review by Joseph T Major of
THE DAY AFTER GETTYSBURG
by Robert Conroy and J. R. Dunn
(2017; Baen Books; ISBN 978-1481482516;
\$25.00; Baen (Kindle); \$9.99)

Sometimes you just can't get rid of unwelcome guests. In this final book by the dater of alternate history, finished by another (consider *First Cycle* (1982) left unfinished by H. Beam Piper and completed by Michael Kurland), this problem arises for a somewhat larger than usual number of guests.

Lee has been soundly defeated at the little town of Gettysburg. But, instead of withdrawing to Virginia, he falls back to the Shenandoah Valley and proceeds to raid Pennsylvania. The Army of the Potomac needs to rebuild but it should still be able to give the rebels what-for. Yet Meade sits and waits.

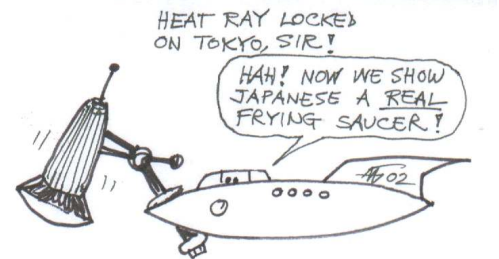
As side-story, we see the lives and actions of a number of minor peripheral people. This can be criticized as irrelevant; but it could be pointed out that even lesser people are influenced by a change of destinies. And some of the events are not for the squeamish; Dunn is a bit cold-blooded about pointing out the incidence of rape. There is a unit of partisan rangers come up from Tennessee which seems particularly disorderly.

The President has lost patience with the commander of his main army, again. There is someone out there who has a somewhat better track record at victory, who is summoned and sets about providing the desired result . . . and, in the end, a very surprising guest at the next Inauguration.

GOTT SEI DANK FÜR DIE

ATOMBOMBE Review by Joseph T Major of **THE BERLIN PROJECT**

by Gregory Benford
(2017; Saga Press; ISBN 978-1481487641;
\$26.99; Simon and Schuster Digital Sales
(Kindle); \$7.99)



The original target for the employment of the atom bomb was Nazi Germany. However, the research and development were more complex than had been initially envisioned (to get an idea of what that was like read "Two Dooms" by Cyril M. Kornbluth (*Venture Science Fiction*, July 1958)), and the bomb was not ready until after Germany had surrendered.

Various works have turned this about, so to speak, having a Nazi *atombombe* be used against London (*Wenn das der Führer wüßte* [*Twilight Men*] by Otto Basil (1966)) or even New York and Washington (*Amerika* by Paul Lally (2015)). And indeed, this was a serious concern among the scientists developing the weapon.

They were unaware of the Nazi-style chaos among the developers of such matters, where a number of organizations bickered for resources, and none had the material advantages the Manhattan Engineering District possessed. Indeed, one of the leading government agencies in the field was the German post office. Imagine:

You have a message from the Reichspost:

Our Words Are Backed by
NUCLEAR WEAPONS!

We request an increase in first-class rates of one pfennig for the first thirty grams and one pfennig for each increment of sixty grams.

For obvious reasons, young chemist Karl Cohen would not be hired to work for the Reichspost. What he does do is to get involved with some of the names in the exciting new field of nuclear research.

Indeed, the first part of the book seems not so much a story as a Who's Who, as Cohen meets everyone from Einstein on down. And they all have one concern.

Things go faster, and Cohen is in on a new idea. You understand, the big problem is dividing the two principal isotopes of uranium;

U-238 has a different fissioning profile from U-235, and you really need the latter. They are of course chemically identical — but there is that little difference of mass. Cohen helps create a workable centrifuge, to separate out the desired isotope. This gets him noticed.

But workable and working are two different categories. This is where connections come in. The researchers find a rabbi who can find investors. (The rabbi is named Elon Kornbluth. This can be distracting. Could we say they were not on the “Cosmic Charge Account” (*F&SF*, January 1956)?)

When the Japanese attack Pearl Harbor, and Hitler extends his sympathy, citing his disgust at how he has been endlessly provoked and his patience is now at an end, the project kicks into high gear. Cohen goes to the hills of Eastern Tennessee, meeting Leslie Groves and being introduced to the wonders of moonshine. (Not, however, meeting Joyleg rushing down from the hills, waving his land grant from Governor John “Nolichucky Jack” Sevier of Franklin (see *Joyleg: A Folly* (1962) by Ward Moore and Avram Davidson) and demanding they depart from his property forthwith, by cracky!)

The development continues at a breakneck pace. This section of the book is very heavy on engineering, and it might as well be an excerpt from Hildegard Hernandez’s *Dire Dawn* (cf. *Uller Uprising* (1952) by H. Beam Piper) without the sex and spying.

Oh, and there is a problem with *Astounding*. It seems that a certain Werner von Braun is getting it, care of the German Embassy in Stockholm. He just might have noticed “Solution Unsatisfactory” (NHOL G.026; May 1941) or “Deadline” (March 1944). The security seems to be jumpy, reacting even to articles in *Time* about the lack of investigation of atomic matters.

The clock is ticking down to the last minute. Their target for tonight is Berlin, with Ground Zero being the Reichstag (as if Marinus van der Lubbe wasn’t enough). A logistical problem arises; there aren’t any B-29’s available (they had a problem with engine fires), the American plane that can drop the device. The device in question being the “Little Boy” uranium bomb. However, as it happens, the British have Lancasters which can deliver, the bomb being about the size and shape of their Tallboy high-explosive bomb. But the Americans demand that their Colonel Paul Tibbets fly the bomb carrying plane.

Cohen finds himself drafted into being on the observation plane. It will be a night raid, and a total effort. The mission goes in on the night of June 5, 1944, the originally scheduled time of the landing in Normandy, and Berlin gets the Instant Urban Renewal treatment.

Morning brings a speech from Hitler, announcing that while several of his Comrades of the Struggle have fallen, Providence has spared him the effects of this criminal weapon, and urging the German

people to resist with redoubled might. Oops.

As the beachhead expands and the bomb planners try to produce enough U-235 for a second bomb, a further problem ensues. The Germans are flying planes over the beachhead, dusting the roads with uranium dust. Double oops.

Enter Moe Berg, lawyer, catcher for the White Sox, Senators, and Red Sox, OSS agent. However did Harry Turtledove not think of this? Berg is going to go into Switzerland, to attend a scientific conference where Werner Heisenberg is, with a license to kill. Cohen gets drafted as his scientific cover.

They make their way up the Rhone in the baggage train of the 6th Army Group until they can get into Switzerland. At the conference, Heisenberg turns out to have nothing relevant to say, until he gives them a set of geographic coordinates. Unusually enough, they are in degrees and decimals, instead of degrees, minutes, and seconds. Oh well. (At least it’ll be intentional, unlike the *Mother’s Milk* in Robert Conroy’s *Himmeler’s War* (2011; reviewed in *Alexiad* V. 10 #6).)

On the way out they get intercepted by German intelligence. Er, that’s the Abwehr, Admiral Canaris himself, who unburdens himself of his last attempt to get in touch with the allies, Venlo notwithstanding.

Safe and sound, Berg and Cohen get back to Allied lines, the B-29’s are now ready, and a certain lack of communication in British Intelligence becomes obvious. Shortly thereafter there is regime change in Germany, and the new government comes to an accord with the Western Allies.

Not that this ends the war, for the Japanese hold out. Cohen’s brother-in-law has joined the navy and he was on USS *St. Lo* (CVE-63). Oh dear.

Finally, after Japan has suffered as Germany did, and surrendered, and Germany set up a democratic government, Cohen has an encounter some years later with the leaders of the provisional government. He realizes that things could have been worse.

Benford has delved into a hazardous field. Some still speak of rats leaving a sinking ship; but those who had come from an era where there still were morals, and knew their Leader had betrayed them, were still enmeshed in his toils. Now, in Edward Royland’s words, they had something they could surrender to. And something that could break the chain of an oath by breaking its evil Other.

WARNING

HISTORY GEEK SECTION

The Stratemeyer Syndicate had its own generic Charles Lindbergh, the “Ted Scott Flying Stories”. While the books came out

under their house name “Franklin W. Dixon” (more commonly associated with their “Hardy Boys” series) the lead writer was John W. Duffield, who was a student of aviation technology and used it to advantage in the stories. In Volume Eleven of the series, Ted Scott was *Lost At the South Pole* (1930). Duffield knew his planes, but was rather general and vague about Antarctica, far more so than, for example, H. P. Lovecraft (“At the Mountains of Madness”, *Astounding* February-April 1936). It would have made quite a difference if Ted Scott had flown from, say, Dronning Maud Land instead of the Ross Ice Shelf, for example.

John Masters observed that it was possible to do too much research for a book, and to want to put every little bit of the research into the book. Yet there are some things that only add a line or two, and yet far enhance the vision of the story.

For example, it is mentioned here that the first atom bomb drop has to be from a British Lancaster bomber, since the B-29 is not yet ready for service. And they can do it, since as said it is the size and shape of a Tallboy bomb. Yet the dropping unit is generic, when with a little effort it could be learned that there was indeed one Royal Air Force unit that had been dropping Barnes Wallis’s Tallboy bombs for about a year:



Who you gonna call? DAM BUSTERS!!! And they *can* hit a two-meter exhaust port. See Henry v. Keiper’s “The Dam Busters a la Star Wars”:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_NMfBKrdErY

One might further add that the flight engineer (there was no co-pilot position in a Lancaster) for Colonel Paul Tibbets, USAAF, could be Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, RAF who in our time-line was an observer of the Bockscar flight, and at the time was commander of 617 Squadron. Just a name, but one that adds depth.

However . . . the point is made that Göring, Himmler, and Goebbels were all killed in the bombing of Berlin. Goebbels was *Gauleiter* of Berlin, so that seems possible. Göring would probably be at Karinhall, his estate in Brandenburg, but might be at the *Luftministerium* in Berlin. Himmler might be anywhere; at the Berghof with the Führer, at Wewelsburg renewing his sprits with True Aryan Mysticism (or sacrificing that interfering Ami Henry Jones, Jr. to Odin), or wherever.

With Himmler and Göring gone, there would be no reason for Graf Stauffenberg to not leave his briefcase under the table at the July 11 briefing . . . end of story.

Obviously the USAAF and RAF didn't consult with the SOE, which was at the time planning Operation FOXLEY, and had figured out that Hitler was at the Berghof, not in Berlin. See the BBC production *Killing Hitler* (2003; reviewed in *Alexiad V. 8* #3) for the ins and outs of this.

There was a typo. Kim Philby worked for MI-6, the Secret Intelligence Service, not MI-5, the Security Service.

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

This is not a joke.

THE RETURN OF THE BIG GUY

Review by Joseph T Major of

MACARTHUR'S LUCK

by Steven H. Newton

"The Fortunes of War #1"

(2017; Pronoun (Kindle); \$0.99)

Sometimes you just can't get rid of unwelcome guests. In this case it happens to be Franklin D. Roosevelt's first Army Chief of Staff, who is recalled (and not happily, either) when George C. Marshall dies of a heart attack on his morning horse ride on January 22, 1945. A new Army Chief of Staff is a necessity. The next most senior officer is Douglas MacArthur, at the time staging yet another scene of his return to the Philippines. Much heartburn ensues.

However, most of the story is about "little people". We see Americans making surprise conjunctions under pressure, Russians dealing with the never-ending strains from both ahead and behind them, and Germans caught in the final desperate defense of their country. And, in an unusual side-line, a good bit on the development of television.

The naval side isn't ignored either, with

some surprising new duties for a couple of officers with whom the reader should be very familiar in other contexts. One seems to have dodged a myobacterial misfortune, another has been given a more substantial assignment.

And other things, as when Captain Ronald Reagan, star of *Casablanca*, visits a concentration camp. In other words, Newton's point of departure is before what seems to be the main one.

And yet, for all the attitudes held towards MacArthur, he seems to be far less so than he would be thought — barring his need to step in at a dramatic climax. On the other hand, he seems to have an unusual protégé, not of our timeline, who is remarkably skilled.

There are some grating errors. Alan F. Brooke was not ennobled until well after the Yalta Conference. The 1.1-inch anti-aircraft gun was unreliable and becoming obsolete and had been taken off most front-line ships by 1944. At least it's not as bad as William Yenne's *A Damned Fine War* (2004; reviewed in *Alexiad V. 3* #5) which had troops with M-14 rifles, the USS *Montana* fighting in the Pacific, and the Soviet Union firing A-10 ballistic missiles at America.

However, due to various hints dropped in the text, not to mention the announcement that this is Volume One of the series, and looking at the truculent attitude of the Soviet Union in the book, it seems obvious that there will be more fighting to come when this is . . . **To Be Continued.**

AGRIPPA TO BELISARIUS

Review by Joseph T Major of

ROMAN EMPIRE AT WAR:

A Compendium of Roman Battles from 31

B.C. to A.D. 565

by Donathan Taylor

(2016; Pen and Sword;

ISBN 978-1473869080; \$24.43;

Amazon Digital Services; \$1.23)

It begins with Antonius, Lucius Vorenus, and a few rags of survivors laboriously rowing away from the slaughter, and ends with that hero of alternate history Belisarius making a deal with Mysterious Martinus Paduei — well, not quite, but now you know the period. Iunio is somewhere in between, and so is General Maximus, both of them.

Dr. Taylor has compiled a brief but thorough listings of the battles of the Empire, giving short descriptions and naming original sources so that the reader can investigate more.

Beyond that, he describes (again in a concise fashion) the arms and armament of the Roman soldier, from the legionary all the way to the cataphract, so a writer will know how the well-dressed soldier of the era he is writing of should be outfitted.

There is a growing market for Roman military fiction, thanks to the availability of electronic publication. (Maybe John Maddox Roberts could bring out the third book in the *Hannibal's Children* series this way.) Writers

working in that field should have this book, or even spring for its counterpart, *Roman Republic at War: A Compendium of Roman Battles from 502 to 31 BC* (2017; \$26.89; Kindle \$23.97), or its thrilling sequel, *The Byzantine Art of War* by Michael J. Decker (2013; Westholme Publishing; \$22.50; Amazon Digital Services; \$10.99).

A LONE REPTILE TRIES TO EXPLAIN THE ELECTION

Review by Joseph T Major of

HOW THE HELL DID THIS HAPPEN?

The Election of 2016

by P. J. O'Rourke

(2017; Atlantic Monthly Press;

ISBN 978-0-8021-2619-1; \$25.00;

Amazon Digital Services; \$9.00)



Spoiler warning: He can't either.

This collection of P. J. O'Rourke columns on the recent series of unfortunate events leaves no one standing, including the Republican Party Reptile himself. He deconstructs all the candidates, including the ultimate losers, er winners, with equal verve and vigor.

He discusses the problems of modern campaigning, or how those most fit to serve are the least able to gain office. I daren't quote any of his incisive comments, lest I end up simply entering the entire text of the book, which will *not do*.

If you want to understand how we got into this mess, here's a good starting point.

YOU'RE SO VAIN

by Joe

The next solar eclipse will be a total eclipse on **August 21, 2017**, visible along a track that runs through Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. The maximum totality will be two minutes forty seconds and will be visible from Hopkinsville, Kentucky. The eclipse is part of Saros 145, which began January 4, 1649 and will end April 17, 3009. The previous eclipse in this saros was on August 11, 1999; the next will be September 2, 2035.

The lunar shadow will first touch the Earth's surface in the Pacific Ocean, at 15:46 Greenwich time. The first place on land where

it can be seen is at Lincoln City, Oregon, at 9:04 a.m. PDT. The last place where the eclipse can be seen will be Charleston, South Carolina, at 2:46 p.m. EDT. The eclipse path will then pass into the Atlantic, and the lunar shadow will cease contact with the Earth's surface at 21:14 Greenwich time.

Maximum totality will be at Hopkinsville, at 1:20 CDT, with first contact at 11:56. The totality will be 2 minutes 40 seconds. The last eclipse there was an annular eclipse on October 19, 1865 with a duration of 5 minutes 44 seconds, part of Saros 141, which began on May 19, 1613 and will end on June 13, 2857. The last total eclipse there was on July 29, 1478, with a duration of 2 minutes 17 seconds, part of Saros 127, which began on October 10, 991 and will end on March 21, 2452.

Hopkinsville is getting ready for this. Every hotel room in the city was booked up a year ago. There are special meetings to discuss activities. Little Green Men Day is adding a fourth day to their celebration for the attendees to see the eclipse. The newspaper, the *Kentucky New Era*, is offering a countdown.

("Little Green Men Day"? On the night of August 21, 1955, some of the residents of Kelly, Kentucky, a small town north of Hopkinsville on US-41, heard a noise outside their house. They saw, they said, unearthly creatures in metal suits. Which they promptly managed to prove shot-proof by dint of shooting at them with shotguns. The aliens, feeling unwelcome, departed, and the locals high-tailed it to Hopkinsville and recounted their story. [In 2006 spoilsport Joe Nickell of Lexington and CSI reviewed the events, with the assistance of my relative William T. Turner among other locals, and concluded they had been shooting at owls and hitting a metal-walled building.]

For those who want a special eclipse thrill, and don't mind waiting around, an area centered on Makanda Township, near Carbondale, Illinois, will experience not only this eclipse but the eclipse of April 8, 2024 (part of Saros 139, which began May 17, 1501 and will end July 3, 2763).

There will be **three** solar eclipses in 2018. The first will be **February 15**, a partial eclipse visible over most of Antarctica, and in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay, and the Falkland Islands. The greatest extent will be at 71° S. 0° 36' E, in Dronning Maud Land. The eclipse is part of Saros 150, which began August 24, 1729 and will end September 29, 2991.

The next eclipse will be **July 13**, a partial eclipse visible on the coast of Wilkes Land in Antarctica, in the Australian states of South Australia, Victoria, and Tasmania, and the Southland Region of New Zealand. The greatest extent will be at 67° 51' S, 127° 24' E in Wilkes Land. The eclipse is part of Saros 117, which began June 24, 792 and will end August 3, 2054.

Finally, there will be an eclipse on **August**

11, a partial eclipse visible in Newfoundland, Greenland, and Siberia. The greatest extent will be at 70° 24' N, 174° 30' E, off the coast of Russia near Wrangel Island. The eclipse is part of Saros 155, which began June 17, 1928 and will end July 24, 3190.

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

Other useful eclipse websites:
<http://www.hermit.org/Eclipse>

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

Eclipse 2017:
<http://www.eclipse2017.org/>

Hopkinsville Eclipse Day:
<http://www.eclipseville.com/>

Kelly, Kentucky (home of Little Green Men Day):
<http://www.kellyky.com/>

AN ENCOUNTER by Lisa

One Saturday at Heitzman's I felt little movements on my jeans and looked down to see if the little critter deserved the death penalty. Its bright yellow color told me this was no crawly I had ever seen before and saved its little life. I looked closer and saw this odd-colored critter had eight legs. I found an ad and coaxed the little hitchhiker onto it then took it over to a nearby telephone pole. Later at the library Librarian K heard my description and pulled up pictures of a spider very like the hitchhiker. It was a crab spider and not as unusual as I had thought.

READING REPORT by Lisa Major

May was science and science fiction month at the library. Easy enough for me to do the display, I thought and thought too soon. Most of the great older books I was not able to get for the display. I was able to get some but not nearly as many as I would have liked. I was able to get Louis L'Amour's *Haunted Mesa*, marketed as a western but really scientific fantasy based on Native American mythology. I also broke with tradition and put out a young teen book titled *The Sterkarm Handshake* by Susan Price, in which time travelers study Scottish border lords. The time traveler leader thinks the primitives can do nothing against superior technology. I also put out Allen Steele's *Arkwright*, which is a fun read with a lot of fannish history. I was also able to honor Yuri Gagarin by putting out a book about him.

Alas, now that month is over it is now time for summer reading. This is a real stretch for me. I don't do much light reading except on the Kindles. This theme will require me to venture into unfamiliar territory. I did like the first book

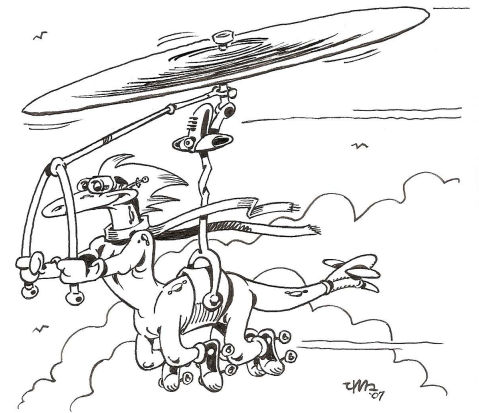
I read, Robin Gunn's *Gardenias for Breakfast*, a poignant, sweet story about reconciliation and relationships between generations. I was not able to get many of my old favorites by Victoria Holt, Philippa Carr, Phyllis Whitney and Mary Stewart, though I did succeed in getting Stewart's *Touch Not the Cat and Airs Above the Ground*. I was able to get *Summer of the Danes* by Ellius Peters for the mystery display.

HORSES by Lisa

This year's Triple Crown was one of the most uneventful I can recall. Only one horse, Looking At Lee, made it through all Three races. I hoped he would win the Belmont since he deserved something for being the only horse who had slogged through all three but no such luck.

I remember once watching a serious Christian documentary and laughing at a scene where a Roman officer confronted Christ. That laughter got me some very strange looks but I just could not take seriously a Roman officer mounted on an American Quarter Horse. An Arabian, yes. The drinkers of the wind were around in those days. Quarter Horses, however, are products of the American frontier and an English thoroughbred named Janus.

THE JOY OF HIGH TECH by Rodford Edmiston



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

Getting Better All the Time

How long has it been since you had to replace a light switch? Buy a new stove or refrigerator due to significant failure? Had a blowout? Had your power or water off for more than a few minutes? Had a computer hard drive fail? Had your car simply not start?

Technological things in our modern society are pretty reliable, and getting moreso. The technology behind most items in wide use is pretty mature. Sure, there are still failures. Compared to even a couple of decades ago, though, we're far better off.

Take light switches. Anyone who has manually touched wires together to make a circuit knows that with any significant voltage or amperage you get burns on the wires at the contact points. So how do you design a light switch to handle hundreds of thousands of such makings and breakings of contact in its lifespan?

The stereotypical knife switch worked well enough for a factory or laboratory in the early days. The way the blades slide into the spring-loaded slots tends to wipe away any damage. (Though they are prone to arcing when opened if used for higher voltages.) However, for a home or office these simply have too much exposed metal carrying current.

Multiple different switch designs were tried in the early years of electrical utilities. For a long time all electrical switching in the home or office was done at the individual device; wall switches were seen as wasteful, since you had to run more wiring to the wall switch. Also, this followed the pattern of the gas light or heat fixture. Unless you had one of the rare remote ignition systems, you had to turn the gas on at the fixture and light it immediately. So, there were individual appliance switches. These were mostly of the turnkey type, which is still seen in the rotary knob on many floor and desk lamps. They also used the same basic concept of a spring-loaded switch making and breaking the contact very quickly. The convenience of having a switch on the wall turn on one or more lights or other appliances eventually overcame these inclinations.

The shape and function of wall switches went through the rotary, turn key design, then the push-button style before the familiar toggle switch became almost universal. (There was also a round switch similar to the rotary, except you pulled or pushed on the knob instead of turning it.) However, other designs remain available. The pull-chain switch is still used in many applications, especially for ceiling-mounted light fixtures in unfinished rooms. You can buy modern versions of the push-button switches. Rocker switches of various types are also popular, and in some parts of the world are considered much more modern than toggle switches. The mechanical operation of typical rocker switches is different from that of typical toggle switches, but the basic idea is still to make and break contact as quickly as possible.

Beyond the style, however — and frequently driving it — is the requirement for safe and reliable operation. To minimize the effects of making and breaking the contact, electrical switches had to operate quickly, to minimize arcing. This led to the development

of several methods of “snap action” or “quick break” switches. The first such switch was patented in 1884, and the basic principles involved are still found in every household or business mechanical light switch today. The toggle switch application of this principle came along in 1917 but needed time to become dominant. However, changes in method of operation in recent decades has been slow, simply because the quick-break, spring loaded switch works so well and flipping a toggle works so well with it. Turning power on and off is today a mature technology. Even the rotary dimmer knob has been around for over four decades.

A more thorough description of what an electrical switch goes through will help emphasize just how difficult its job is. When turned on — that is, the circuit is closed — the contacts in a switch effectively go from infinite resistance to zero resistance (actually, very low resistance). Meanwhile, heating goes from zero through a sharp peak then back down to a low level. If the heating is too extreme, the contacts can be damaged or even welded together. So, the more quickly the process of making contact and going from zero to full load occurs the better. Corrosion makes the process even more difficult, since it increases resistivity and the time required to physically make full contact. Contacts are therefore made from or plated with a conductor which does not corrode easily.

The reverse of this process happens when a circuit is opened, except that the potential arcing interval is increased. (The situation is even worse when you take inductance into effect, but let's consider that outside the scope of this article. Did I just hear a collective sigh of relief? It's not that complicated. Just think of inductance as the inertia of an electrical current.)

Internal improvements for switches continue. Early on — and still today for some part — porcelain was used for insulation. One of the first significant uses of polymers in consumer products was Bakelite for an electrical insulator. Better alloys and methods of construction further improve the durability of the contacts and the reliability and lifespan of the switch. Springs retain their spring and polymers remain structurally sound for longer.

Mercury switches were popular for several years before the Seventies. Again, they were designed to make and break contact quickly. However, because of their method of operation they were silent, as opposed to the snap of the mechanical quick-break switches. These are no longer made, but millions remain in use. They eventually wear out, but if the capsule containing the mercury remains intact they aren't dangerous. However, they should be disposed of as you would any device containing mercury.

Modern, electronically operated switches have no moving parts. There is no making or breaking of physical contacts. They are as silent as mercury switches and faster than the quick-break style.

Still, the old-fashioned, mechanical method of closing connections works so well it will probably be with us for many further decades. Even much heavy-duty electrical switching uses muscles or air pressure for making or breaking connections as quickly as possible. Just watch out for the impedance backlash.

This material is Copyright 2017 Rodford E. Smith. Anyone wishing to reprint it may contact the author for permission at stickmaker@usa.net

DIALOGUE CONCERNING FAST FOOD



Brian Kunde:

Theology in fast food! Because, as every good medieval Greek knows, theology must be mirrored in every least aspect of creation! Which leads to that great imponderable . . . why don't we have three eyes? (Because Trinity!)

Darrell Schweitzer:

I am sure we could start an interesting heresy on the subject of the Three Eyes.

Pick one:

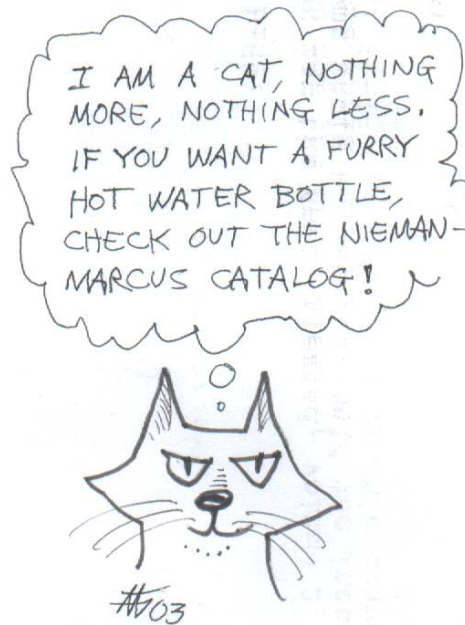
- 1) The Trinity is reflected in all things, but we only have two eyes because, as sinners, we are incomplete and thus not in the image of God, who has three eyes. As a corollary of this, it follows that Adam and Eve had three eyes before the Fall and two afterwards.
- 2) The Third Eye is an inner eye which only views spiritual things, not the material world. Only the greatest saints can direct their inner eye outward, at which point they appear to have a third eye in the middle of

their forehead. (But is this third eye physically there or only an apparition? There are serious divisions of opinion on this point.)

- 3) Jesus had three eyes, but only two were visible, because he had assumed the outward form of a man.
- 4) Being both God and man equally, He had three eyes and two eyes at the same time. This is a Mystery.
- 5) The Apostles had the ability to see the Lord's third eye. Judas, when he became a traitor, no longer could. Thus he knew he was damned and hanged himself in despair.
- 6) The third eye of mankind, lacking a physical form and location, cannot be poked by any of the standard Stoooge eyepokes, either orthodox or heretical. This is our source of strength and hope of salvation.
- 7) Three-fingered eyepokes are right out, and obviously the work of Satan himself.
- 8) God, who is not created and thus does not have to follow the rules of creation, can have as many eyes as he wants. This fact is reflected in all three persons of the Trinity, which of course means you have a Thousand Eyed Christ and a Thousand Eyed Holy Spirit. The sect of the Thousand Eyed Christ is almost certainly heretical, and the Thousand Eyed Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, could surely never get off the ground. As St. Euthanasius of Alexandria is reported to have remarked, "You've got to be kidding."

see in dogs does not mean that we haven't had a huge impact on the domestic cat.

The why of domestication is always interesting, simply because we have to make so many guesses to fill in the blanks? Maybe the cat was the most successful at competing for human leftovers and that is why the cat became domesticated and the badger didn't. I like the idea of the cat spreading their population alongside the Vikings. That makes sense and accounts for the relatively rapid spread.



The cat rescue people really are as splintered as they appear in the book. But that is true for any of the various rescue types. They are all very passionate about what they do and they all feel that their chosen way is the best way. The cat overpopulation issue is huge. The sad fact is that even in areas where almost 100% of adoptable dogs go to new homes, cats can still have a 75% euthanasia rate. Even here in the Boise area, with a very successful regional humane society, most of the cats/kittens that come in are euthanized due to lack of space. Kitten season is a nightmare, with literally hundreds of kittens coming in every week. The community can absorb only so many of them before it reaches saturation. I can't even imagine what the statistics are for areas where cats breed year round. Feral cat colonies operate much like a pride of lions. At least, that has been my experience with them. You can trap, neuter, return all you want, but there will always be intact animals entering that colony at a high enough rate to continue to increase the numbers. I don't agree with her that this is because the neutered animals are now more easy going, making it more likely that kittens will survive to adulthood. I think it is simply a numbers game.

Cats are way too disposable at this point. Easy to come by free kittens and easy to discard. Those discarded cats are rarely neutered and they often make their way into feral colonies. There are many people who feed these colonies, so the food is easy to come by and ends up being a beacon for abandoned/strayed cats.

Anyway! It was an interesting book. I liked how she talked about the way we acquire cats. It really is often a case of the cat deciding to just show up. Kind of like our Lucy, who showed up late last fall at school and ended up coming home with us. It was almost as if she decided that someone in the building was going to adopt her and so she hung out until someone gave her some attention. Done deal.

Several days later I asked Sheilah for her permission to include this additional comment.

— RSK

It is funny that you should mention the book! I was thinking about it today, and wondering if the author was correct in her opinion that perhaps the cat is not the successful hunter it is portrayed as.

I have spent a great deal of my life in barns and most of them had barn cats whose only job was to keep the rodent population in check. Rodents are hard on horse feed and leather goods, so killing them off is a good thing (but poisons are not an option when you are keeping other living things in the same area). Often these barn cats liked to leave out their kills. It was almost like they were submitting a time card. Mice. Moles. Snakes. Rats. Whatever. Most of these cats seemed to kill nightly. Multiple times in a night. Every night.

Can we really base our impression of their hunting skills on the overall rodent numbers? Maybe rodents are such prolific breeders because they needed a method of combating predatory skill? It is an evolutionary reaction to predatory skill on the part of the cat?

Niccolo Machiavelli Meets
Cesare Borgia for the First Time
(Urbino, 1502)

Like a worshipper before his god —
Like Moses before the burning bush —
The perfect moment.
Of course it was masterfully staged,
the embassy received at midnight
in a darkened room, a single candle
behind the Prince's head, so that
he could regard his guests while still concealed
in shadow,
his costume entirely black, but for the one
bright medallion
of St. Michael that the French king had given
him.
Polite banter gave way to barely veiled threat,
that if the Florentines did not accede to his
wishes
within four days, he would "act within his own

THE LION IN THE LIVING ROOM:
How House Cats Tamed Us and
Took Over the World
by Abigail Tucker (2016)
Commentary by Sheilah Kennedy

Sheilah is my niece. I suggested the book to her and asked her to furnish comments. Subsequently I asked for her permission to include her comments in my next ALEXIAD submission.

Robert S. Kennedy

I finished it! I am not sure I totally agree with her thoughts on domestication, specifically how it happened. And I think she missed the boat on how much human involvement has changed the cat. Her assertion was that if you compared dogs to cats, the changes humans have visited upon the cat is unnoticeable. Humans have changed the cat through selective breeding for centuries. Look at the Persian cat. That face is a purposefully bred trait. Look at the Siamese. The body shape (elongated) and color forms are also purposefully bred traits. The list goes on and on. We have hairless cats and cats with super curly coats. Just because we don't have the incredible size variations in cats that we

interests.”

The bishop might have trembled, but for his soon to be more famous secretary, there was only admiration and awe, beyond all considerations of morality. Here sat the greatest practitioner and the profoundest student of raw power, face to face. Of course the moment passed, but while it lasted — perfection!

— Darrell Schweitzer

Wiscon 41

May 26-29 in Madison, Wisconsin
Concourse Hotel
Reported by Sue Burke

Friday, May 26 Chicago to Madison

The last time I attended a Wiscon was 2008, then 2003, and before that, the 1990s. It was the first sf convention I ever attended, and it has remained one of my favorites for its ambitious programming and friendly atmosphere.

My husband and I left Chicago on Friday morning and, after a three-hour trip with moderate construction and traffic, we arrived a little after noon, checked in, and registered.

Friday afternoon’s programming included The Gathering: a ballroom filled with welcoming activities such as lock-picking lessons, a chance to test various gadgets, a nail polish swap, hair braiding, and a clothing swap. I brought two dresses for the clothing swap and took a blouse and a little black dress – and I began to say hello to old friends and meet new ones. I tested out a Kindle Voyage at the gadgets table since I’m thinking of upgrading, spun a Fidget Spinner and was unimpressed, and then left for a panel on “What Makes a Fun Story.”

Dinner was a kielbasa at a bar on State Street with my husband. In the dealer’s room, I bought a used book, *The World of Null-A* by A.E. Van Vogt, and my husband was disappointed to see no tee-shirts for sale. A tour of the art show was delightful, and later in the weekend I returned for a small purchase. The opening ceremony largely dealt with logistics, announcements, and the crowning of The Tiptree Award winner, Anna-Marie McLemore. Among other honors, she received a gold and pearl tiara to wear during the weekend.

After that, the evening was largely beer, parties, more old and new friends – and I met and got all fan girl over Naomi Kritzer, author of “Cat Pictures, Please,” which won the 2016 Short Story Hugo. I loved that story. Now she knows I did.

Saturday, May 27 Concourse Hotel

Saturday was more friends and panels. I

also wore a diadem I’d picked up the night before at the Carl Brandon Society Party. Tiaras were fashionable that weekend.

“The Future of Genetic Engineering” explained why we can’t get scorpion tails. (Damn!) I went to another panel on “Direct Payment and the Creator,” but it seemed to be going to focus on how unfairly money is distributed, which I already knew, so I went to “Stay in Your Lane.” It was billed as a discussion of power, privilege and oppression, but it really dealt more with people arguing on the internet, and despite a brief attempt to consider when listening might be more worthwhile than making noise, some panelists seemed to present themselves as awfully noisy.

I had lunch at the Tiptree Award bake sale (rhubarb is a vegetable, so a rhubarb bar counts as a salad, right?) and chatted with a librarian and a friend from my church in Chicago. The afternoon included my participation in the Broad Universe Rapid Fire Reading. I read an essay about how Miguel de Cervantes remained poor despite writing one of the world’s most famous books. (He made about \$3,700 in current value from *Don Quixote*.) I attended some other panels, had dinner at a Chinese restaurant with friends, enjoyed the always-funny Tiptree Auction, and then it was party time.

At the bar, I discovered a Madison beer, Fantasy Factory, an IPA whose label features a fire-breathing unicorn being ridden by a ninja cat with a ray gun, all this against a background of a rainbow and a castle. It seemed perfect for a con. At the Haiku Earring Party, dozens of us wannabe poets were able to select earrings in exchange for writing a haiku. I chose a pair of lovely blue and black bead earrings and was assigned the title “the lotus after midnight.” After a little pondering, I wrote: *black sky and bright stars / white flowers floating in a pond / these sleeping colors*. Not my best work, but I tried.



Sunday, May 28 Concourse Hotel

More panels. The funniest one of my weekend was “How Lazy Writing Recreates Oppression”: for example, in J. K. Rowling’s “History of Magic in North America,” she seemed unaware that Native Americans have

many tribes and nations, all with very different beliefs and customs. (In my experience, Europeans in general don’t know this.) Other examples showed even more lamentably how a lack of research led to unfortunate and easily ridiculed consequences.

Next was “Speculative Fiction in Translation” featuring Rachel S. Cordasco, Arrate Hidalgo, and me. We three had known each other for some time by internet, and I’d gotten to meet Arrate, who’s from Spain, in Chicago during the week before the convention, but this was the first chance we three had to meet in person. The audience seemed fascinated when Arrate and I talked about sticky details of translating, such as how to deal with puns, and they were delighted by the M&Ms and books that we gave away.

In the evening, right before the Guest of Honor speeches, we lined up (hundreds of us!) for the Dessert Salon. Each of us could take two desserts and enter the main ballroom. I got an excellent piece of Key Lime Pie and a slab of decadently dense chocolate espresso mousse. I also made new friends at the dining table.

Kelly Sue DeConnick, guest of honor and comic author, gave a speech touching on what had been suppressed in comics for many years. Amal El-Mohtar spoke about her sources of inspiration, including the children’s television show *Steven Universe*. The Tiptree Award winner, Anna-Marie McLemore, said she had been afraid to publish the winning novel, *When the Moon Was Ours*, a magical realism transgender romance. (It did well and received other awards.)

Then I went to a panel on “Science Fiction and the Role of Violence” where panel members expressed concerns about the sad fate of bystanders of superhero-supervillain battles. The rest of the night was parties, and at one we debated which member of the Three Stooges most closely resembled each president, and what narwhal tusks are for (sensing the water).

Monday, May 29 Madison to Chicago

On Monday, we checked out, attended a panel of “Canon vs. Fandom,” then went to The SignOut, where authors sign works for fans. I found Naomi Kritzer there. In my morning email, I’d learned that she’d been nominated for an Ignotus Award for Translated Short Story, Spain’s equivalent to a Hugo, for “Fotos de gatitos, por favor” (Cat Pictures, Please). I belong to the organization that presents the award, so I could tell her all about it.

The ride back to Chicago took less than three hours, and we encountered surprisingly light traffic. In addition to the Van Vogt book, I brought back two anthologies plucked from freebie tables: *After The Apocalypse* by Maureen F. McHugh and *The Arbitrary Placement of Walls* by Martha Soukup. I also bought issue 31 of *Tales of the Unanticipated*,

an anthology published by SF Minnesota.
Next year's Wiscon's guests of honor will be Saladin Ahmed and Tananarive Due.

WORLDCONS

2017
Worldcon 75
Helsinki, Finland
<http://www.worldcon.fi/>
August 9-13, 2017

They have a "First Worldcon" membership and I thought, "Isn't that nice, free memberships for Mel Korshak and Bob Madle." Then I found out it was for people for whom it was their first worldcon.

2017 NASFiC
NorthAmeriCon '17
San Juan, Puerto Rico
<http://www.northamericon17.com/>
July 6-9, 2017

Check their Twitter feed:
@sanjuan2017

2018
Worldcon 76
San José, California
<http://worldcon76.org/>
August 16-20, 2018

DYING IS EASY,
COMEDY IS HARD!

AND WHEN I SAID:
"BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS,"
THERE WAS THIS MAD
DASH FOR THE EXITS!



WORLDCON BIDS

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

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

Boston 2020 Christmas Worldcon

2021
Dallas/Fort Worth
<http://fencon.org/texasf/>

Washington, D.C.

2022
Chicago
Doha, Qatar

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

New Orleans

2024
District of Columbia
<http://dcin2024.org/>

United Kingdom
<http://www.ukin2024.org/>

2025
Pacific Northwest
Perth, Australia

NEBULA AWARD WINNERS

The Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America announced the winners of the 51st Annual Nebula Awards, the Ray Bradbury Award for Outstanding Dramatic Presentation, the Andre Norton Award for Outstanding Young Adult Science Fiction or Fantasy Book, the Damon Knight Grand Master Award, the Solstice Award, and the Kevin O'Donnell Jr. Award for Service to SFWA on May 20, 2017 in Pittsburgh.

Novel

All the Birds in the Sky, Charlie Jane Anders (Tor; Titan)

Novella

Every Heart a Doorway, Seanan McGuire (Tor.com Publishing)

Novelette

"The Long Fall Up", William Ledbetter (F&SF)

Short Story

"Seasons of Glass and Iron", Amal

El-Mohtar (*The Starlit Wood*)

Bradbury

Arrival, Directed by Denis Villeneuve,
Screenplay by Eric Heisserer, 21 Laps
Entertainment/FilmNation
Entertainment /Lava Bear
Films/Xenolinguistics

Norton

Arabella of Mars, David D. Levine (Tor)

Damon Knight Grand Master Award

Jane Yolen

Solstice Award

Peggy Rae Sapienza
Toni Weisskopf

Kevin O'Donnell Jr. Service to SFWA Award

Jim Fiscus

SIDELINE AWARD FINALISTS

Short Form

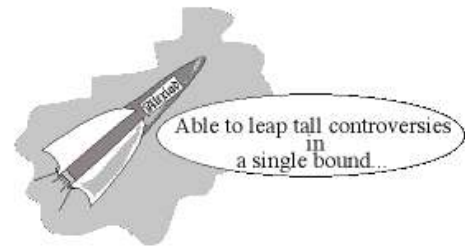
Anna Belgrave, "*The Danish Crutch*,"
1066 Turned Upside Down, Amazon
Daniel Benson, "*Treasure Fleet*," *Tales from Alternate Earths*, Inkling Press
Brent A. Harris & Ricardo Victoria, "*Twilight of the Meozoic Moon*,"
Tales from Alternate Earths, Inkling Press
G. K. Holloway, "*The Battle of London Bridge*," *1066 Turned Upside Down*, Amazon
Adam Rovner, "*What If the Jewish State Had Been Established in East Africa*," *What Ifs of Jewish History*
Bruce Sterling, *Pirate Utopia*, Tachyon Press

Long Form

Richard Beard, *Acts of the Assassins*,
Harvill Secker (a.k.a. *The Apostle Killer*, Melville House)
Ben Winters, *Underground Airlines*, Mulholland
Nick Wood, *Azarian Bridges*, NewCon Press

At least they're not Sealion books.



 Letters, we get letters


the superior to several of the nominees, and the equal of several of the others. But what do I know? If I'm wrong about when it could've been nominated, please correct me.

The books aren't much better.

— JTM

From: **Bruce Gillespie** May 1, 2017
gandc001@bigpond.com

Thanks, as always. A reminder to change my email address in your files to gandc001@bigpond.com — there is a threat that my old addresses will be switched off by Telstra during May.

frightened by human habits obviously enjoyed a lot. Otherwise the race would have dried up and blown away from lack of children.

John Norman was a pretty good author who seriously needed an editor to carve out the rants he kept inserting into his tales. It may have increased the word count but it became stale after the third time he embarked on a diatribe about increasing a woman's muscle tone, looks, and personality by beating the crap out of them. As I recall John Wayne Bobbit had a similar theory but someone disabused him of the notion.

Actually they had to be whipped while dancing naked in chains, in order to come to a realization of their real submissive nature.

From: **Cathy Garrett** April 30, 2017
cathy@shinsei.org

CONGRATULATIONS to Lisa on the weight loss & improvement of things so far as diabetes is related. I've done the same because of "pre-diabetes" warning from my dr. 4 years ago. He & the hospital dietitian recommended that I lose weight a little at a time, not all at once, and include exercise with it. (They could both tell that I had been doing NO exercise for a long time.)

I've lost 55 pounds and am in far better health than I was in 4 years ago. Praise the Lord! I've come down from a size 20 to a size 12 in most clothes, (size 10 in others), mostly depending on what maker the clothing is made by (USA or JAPAN).

Jack & I celebrate our 48th anniversary this month :-). <3 Thanking God for the friends & family members who have become a part of our lives all these years.

Thanking Him for Y'ALL also!

Note for the reader: Jack is Elizabeth Garrett's brother. He is a missionary in Japan. (We have a lot of connections there, a great-grandson of my notorious relative married a Japanese woman and took her last name, and he runs a computer game company.) Cathy, we hope you and Jack do not find our various odd interests to be inexplicable.

— JTM

From: **Patrick McCray** May 1, 2017
Patrick_McCray@webbschool.org

First of all, congratulations to Lisa on her weight loss. It requires a tremendous amount of discipline, and I sincerely admire what she has accomplished. I hope it adds many years of love and laughter to both of you.

I'm astounded at the Hugo award nominees for best dramatic presentation. It's not that they are aesthetically bankrupt, but they are aesthetically bankrupt.

As far as I know, *Channel Zero: Candle Cove* fit into the qualifying time period and is

Thank you very much for *Alexiad* #92. I'm still reading, but a note: In your review of Doug Molitor's time travel novels, you reference a book dealing with multiple time travel organizations, each cleaning up after the previous ones. The book is *Dinosaur Beach*, by Keith Laumer, originally published by Daw, but currently available from Baen Books as part of a Laumer compilation, *Odyssey*, for \$4 in most eBook formats (7 formats on the site, but they are DRM free, so the book can be converted to the rest).

I thought it was by Laumer, but couldn't remember the title. Laumer did some very good stuff before the stroke.

— JTM

From: **Dave Haren** May 2, 2017
tyrbolo@comcast.net

George Phillis keeps sending me ezines most of which are worth reading.

I never was a member of organized fandom and only went to two cons locally. I had been reading SF for many years but was limited to what was on the magazine rack at the drugstore. Whether zine fandom is the core of SF seems highly debateable but the aging and dwindling away is not. Taral Wayne has been hammered badly by one of those age related medical problems. Dropping him a note of encouragement won't hurt him or the sender.

That was indeed the fabled Garcia of zine fandom holding forth on some odd comp gear on your very own TV. It was a pleasant surprise to see him there hopefully he didn't use up all of his fame at once.

Anything reported as gospel by Hubbard's crowd should be assumed to be a load of horseapples until verified from multiple sources of known repute.

Offutt did some pretty good work in the *Spaceways* series but it wasn't that highly charged as erotica. It struck me more as formulaic with two targets. One to get the pay, two to cater to the audience who are not

The Forbin Project inspired some real world imitators or at least they swiped the names. A dual city interlinked traffic signal systems got the nicknames Colossus and Guardian. Whether the inertia, me firstisms, and hubris of humans killed the effort was up for debate. People like their commute to be painless but engineering types would rather be noticed so they can whine for more money from the tax bite.

I have to credit ERB for ruining my love life, once I had been convinced that anything more than a chaste kiss was a 'fate worse than death inflicted by dastardly villains on pristine maidens who would rather die'. That tended to make sure the overload of guilt denied boy and girl of any chance of reality intruding into their interactions. Thus his take on communism was probably just as silly. It was fashionable and made good grist for the mill of the same folk who believed Ivy Lee and the Creel commission. The worst danger of propaganda is once the cynical have peddled it long enough people begin to believe it and then to act on that false belief system.

I was kinda bemused to see that Arabs and Turks have mutated into caucasians via the forces that realized an outnumbered group wasn't going to increase much unless they enrolled groups who their parents despised as swarthy and shiftless furriners. The current rage of castigating the folk of the past for their nonPC opinions while being completely clueless about their societies past opinions makes the whole thing seem ridiculous in the long view. Authors of pulp fiction used to sprinkle their works with swarthy dacoits and treacherous inscrutable orientals at random just to keep the readers interested.

Time travel stories are fun but few have achieved the level of Heinlein's "By His Bootstraps" which made a nice film under another name. Hollywood cheats themselves out of the money with title changes. I would have paid the money to see *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* but had no clue as to why I should waste money on a movie called *Bladerunner*. They did the same thing when filming Moorcock's *Final Programme*. I was 30 minutes into watching it when I realized what it

was. The double feature was of *A Boy and His Dog*. Making my wife watch it twice was a mistake though, she wasn't happy about it.

Blade Runner is the title of an Alan Nourse book. Ridley Scott liked the title but not the book (or the script by William Burroughs (!)) and bought just the title.

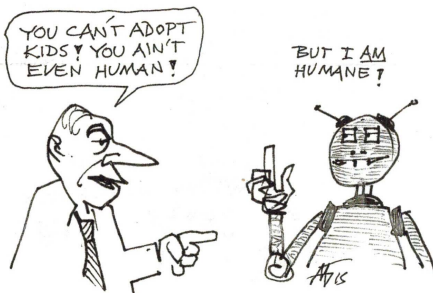
If I ever see a zine without a Lloyd Penney LOC I will consider it a sign of the apocalypse being nigh.

I have a couple of theories about Socrates and Plato. The idea that Alcibiades could be corrupted by anyone is ridiculous. It probably took 16 strong men to get the Hemlock down Socrates due to his lack of cooperation and Plato was called in to spin the tale of the event to cover it up.

Reading Plato's and Xenophon's descriptions of Sokrates is . . . interesting. They don't seem to have liked each other, either.

— JTM

Blame this on George.



From: **Joy V. Smith** May 3, 2017
8925 Selph Road, Lakeland, FL
33810-0341 USA
Pagadan@aol.com

Thanks. And thank you for your reviews and the awards listings. Thanks to Sue Burke for her reviews of the nominees. That is a lot of reading! I enjoyed seeing what's out there. (I haven't read any of them.) I liked your con report too. I may not make it to Oasis this year because it'll be almost impossible to fit it in with a number of other things happening... We're in our new house and have been busy with projects and contractors and more upcoming. Plus other contributing factors.

I enjoyed the LOCs too. Re: the Star Wars movies; I didn't even see the Jar Jar one. (The reviews made me wary.) Thanks for the funny Robot Chicken quote:

I like Robot Chicken's "The Emperor's Phone Call", where he says

about the Death Star, "That thing wasn't even fully paid off yet! Do you have . . . do you have any idea what this is going to do to my credit!?"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3F1d3QWsyk0>

There's always "Palpatine's Trip", which shows what happened when he visited the second Death Star. If you ever want to see how the Emperor would look in gear from the Death Star II Gift Shop . . .

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LWlrbtLIQZ8>

— JTM

From: **John G. Hemry**

May 8, 2017

Thank you for another issue of *Alexiad*.

I have previously encountered ads for Morgan & Morgan ("For the people") in central Florida. I have no idea whether they share anything in common with the Morgan and the Syndicate Worlds of my books, but I hope never to have to find out.

In a positive note in today's world, in March I attended MidSouthCon in Memphis and found it to be a growing, strong convention. Attendees included many young children, teens, and families. Maybe the con is doing well because it is well-run, or maybe also because it shows a real interest in everything that fans and artists are into. (The con had five guests of honor (for writing, gaming, comics, editing, and science) and treated all equally.)

Also on a positive note (at least as far as I'm concerned) the *Lost Fleet* comics will finally begin coming out on June 7th from Titan with "Corsair." Writing them has been different from other creative work. I think of it as "freeze frame" story telling in which moments have to be chosen to both portray events and create the illusion of continuous action. With five issues per series, about twenty pages per issue, and maybe a paragraph worth of total dialogue on a typical page, it also requires a breakneck pace. Different as well is seeing an artist bringing things to visual life, since the average writer only gets to see that (hopefully) on the cover. (For that matter, it's odd to have five variant covers for the first issue.) I've done my best to retain the hard SF quality (no miniskirts on the women crew members) but inevitably *Some Compromises Had To Be Made*. We shall see how it is received.

My own *Vanguard* comes out in May 16th, as does Alan Smale's alternate history *Eagle and Empire*. Also finally being released in the US on May 16th is the anime movie *Girls und Panzer der Film*, a follow-up to the very successful *Girls und Panzer* anime series. In typical anime fashion, the series takes place in a world much like our own, except that tanks are a girl thing (along with calligraphy, flower

arranging, etc.) and girls schools compete by fielding teams of WW II vintage tanks using live ammunition. It works, I think, for two reasons. The first is that the Japanese do not settle for generic "tanks," instead meticulously modeling every aspect of real tanks starting with appearance and including characteristics of armor, main gun, speed, how each model is driven, and even the views through the different gun sights. All of that matters in the outcomes of engagements. The second is that like almost all anime the story focus is on relationships between characters. In this case, that means watching them form tank crews, train, learn to work as a team with other tanks and so on. In short, it's like a real military, which is all about team work, rather than the typical fictional (and sometimes non-fictional) tale in which The Single Hero Who Is A Lone Wolf And Doesn't Play By The Rules is the sole architect of victory. It is also very likely the only anime to reference the movie *Kelly's Heroes* more than once.

The *Single Hero Who Is A Lone Wolf And Doesn't Play By The Rules* focuses the viewer's interest and the author finds it easier to write about one person than a team. Thus ignoring George Patton's dictum: "An army is a team. It lives, eats, sleeps, and fights as a team. This individual hero stuff is bullshit." The movie made some elisions in order to keep a PG rating.

Having viewed just about every *Ghost in the Shell* episode and movie, I found the new live action to be fine and (in my opinion) in keeping with the spirit of the anime. The Japanese who created *Ghost in the Shell* also liked it and approved of the casting of Scarlett Johansen, and Japanese audiences reportedly liked the live action movie. In the West, on the other hand, the movie has been met with accusations of "white washing" and lack of respect for the source material. It has felt to me as if the Japanese view the whole *Ghost in the Shell* concept in terms of its universality and the questions raised by humans versus new technology, whereas the West has viewed *Ghost in the Shell* as a specifically Japanese cultural artifact dealing with specifically Japanese perceptions and viewpoints.

For those who haven't seen it, Haffner Press will be bringing out a Leigh Brackett Centennial tribute volume (ISBN-13 978-1893887-84-8). All hail the Queen of Space Opera.

And under her command the Empire Strikes Back.

— JTM

From: **Lloyd Penney** May 9, 2017
1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, ON M9C
2B2 CANADA
penneys@bell.net

<http://lloydpenney.livejournal.com/>

Thank you for *Alexiad*, whole number 92. We had our big annual convention here, Ad Astra, and we had ourselves a very good time, as did everyone else there, fans and pros alike. There must be comments I can get ready for other topics, let's see how I do.

I haven't lost nearly as much weight as you have, but with a low-carb diet, I have lost just over 20 pounds, and I have been able to keep it off. 2018 sees Corflu return to Toronto . . . as of right now, registration is C\$100. I am undecided as to whether I would want to go to a Corflu in my home town, and the price is quite steep with my level of income.

That's a shame about the club in Nashville. 45 years is a long time for any club, and many clubs are just hanging on. Even up here, I remember Khen Moore well, what a character.

Blowing up the Death Star, and then rebuilding it . . . I remember an article that attempted to figure out how much a second Death Star would cost, and the figure was in the quintillions of US dollars. Yup, there goes the credit limit . . .

Space accountant Sal Xergman had some helpful comments: "I think we can write off that Death Star as a business loss." ["Brewster Rockit Space Guy!" April 15, 2016]

— JTM

My loc . . . I am telemarketing in the evenings (yuck), doing some registration work for a company that supplies us to trade shows and conferences, and the odd bit of voicework . . . well, I think I might have enough to pay for my share of the bills. Time will tell. Our annual big litcon here, Ad Astra, was just last weekend, and we had a great time. In spite of the good reviews, some say they can see the end of it coming. I can see where they may be right, but I sure hope they are wrong. No result on that interview, by the way.

I have to start thinking about going downtown for the telemarketing job, so time to wind up and e-mail. Thanks for this issue, and better luck for both of us over the next month.

From: **Timothy Lane** May 10, 2017
timothylane51@gmail.com

One thing I wonder regarding *French Betrayal*: Why would the British declare war on Hitler if France didn't? It seems rather unlikely to me. It is amusing that someone would refer to the 37mm "door-nocker" as a high-penetration weapon. Well, I think it was better than the Italian 47mm (which had a very short barrel).

It's better than the French
 «Fetchez la vache.»

The various awards listings were interesting. I haven't read any of the entries, and until one gets to the Hugos, I haven't even heard of the writers involved. Evidently old age has really disconnected me with the field.

The field has moved away from my likes and interests. Story, ideas, that sort of thing.

— JTM

Rod Smith's discussion of *Colossus: The Forbin Project* was also quite interesting. Like him, I'm familiar with both versions. I like the book better than he does, and in fact have almost all of Jones's work (except for the extremely depressing *Implosion*). But I'll agree that the movie was generally better. I will note one scene in which the book is better, though: In the book, Colossus (due to quiet improvements in testing) knows from the beginning that they're deactivating the nuclear missiles, but can't act until they change one that happens to be targeted by a Soviet missile. In the movie, he somehow sets off the warhead despite its being deactivated.

Kimmel and Short erred in their responses to the war warning, but neither ignored it. For that matter, the Japanese did make a submarine attack on Pearl Harbor, so Kimmel wasn't completely wrong. My own view is that FDR knew Japan was about to attack, but wasn't certain they would attack the US — and in any case never anticipated an attack on Pearl Harbor. The Philippines were a much likelier target, and also Guam and Wake — and all were attacked and (eventually) taken.

Hitler very easily could have refrained from declaring war on the US. He had chosen to ignore the provocations in the northern Atlantic (which did more harm to the US than to Germany anyway) even though the Navy wanted him to declare war. Hermann Goering, at Nuremberg, asked the psychologist G. M. Gilbert why the Americans declared war on Germany. He didn't want to accept that Hitler was stupid enough to do the job for them.



From: **Alexis A. Gilliland** May 5, 2017
 4030 8th Street South, Arlington, VA

22204-1552 USA

Thank you for *Alexiad* 16.2 which arrived in today's mail. Lee and I went to what is probably the last Lunacon, and Ravencon, where she ran two wine & cheese tastings and put on a scavenger hunt. I did a lot of driving and slept badly. Lee is in the hospital but should be out tomorrow, he said hopefully. April was a *bad* month, and I should have responded to *Alexiad* 16.1, but didn't. Sorry.

If April were a bad month, you had a good reason not to bother with trivia.

— JTM

Good to see Lisa becoming a weight loss role model.

From: **Tom Feller** May 12, 2017
TomFeller@aol.com

Thanks for e-mailing the zine.

Like you, Anita and I knew Andy Offutt from his convention appearances. Since Andy attended all but one of the old Kubla-Khans and Anita attended all of them, she knew him even better than me. We have not read his son's book, preferring our memories to his.

If the weather cooperates, we should be able to see the August eclipse from our own back yard.

Hopkinsville has the best length of totality, and Little Green Men Day to boot. I am seeing estimates of as many as a hundred thousand spectators; three times the population of the city. I've already ordered our eclipse goggles.

— JTM

From: **Milt Stevens** May 12, 2017
 6325 Keystone Street, Simi Valley, CA
 93063-3834 USA
miltstevens@earthlink.net

In *Alexiad* #92, Joseph wonders what ever happened to Spike. As it happens, I was talking to her at the recent Corflu, and she is doing the program for the next World Fantasy Convention. I've done a fair number of convention programs in the past, so we talked about doing programs. World Fantasy Convention only has two tracks of program which makes it much simpler than many cons these days. Of course, they have the usual constraints that other con programs have. Don't have one participant at two places at once. Don't schedule participants before they have arrived or after they have left. Ideally, try to avoid having a participant on two programs in a row. Don't overwork your participants. Avoid bloodshed unless it makes a really good panel.

Thanks for the update. People's

focuses change over time.

Some cons also want gender balance on panels. That can lead the programming staff to imbalance and overindulgence. That's if you consider only two genders. If you were really dedicated, you would consider male, female, male previously female, female previously male, apparent male, apparent female. And non of the above. Faced with a challenge like this, the programming staff would probably jump off the roof of the hotel.

That's only the beginning of the gender list.

— JTM

Joseph also laments the future of fanzine fandom. While I can't speak for everyone, I feel there are enough fanzines to occupy my spare time. I may not feel like doing a hundred page genzine every two weeks, but I do letterhack to a fair number of publications. Now that I think about it, I never did feel like doing a hundred page genzine even when I was much younger and more vitamin packed.

As has been said, size isn't everything. It's what you do with what you've got. The last Corflu had an attendance of somewhere between 35 and 40. The low attendance was partially due to the bad exchange rate caused by Brexit and partially by the fear that President Trump might eat something other than billy goats. I enjoyed myself, and it seemed like most everybody else did also. I've been at conventions of over a thousand people where I was entirely bored. The question becomes what are you really looking for in a con?

From: **John Purcell** May 17, 2017
3744 Marielene Circle, College
Station, TX 77845 USA
askance73@gmail.com

Time to break out the calculator app on the iPhone. Lessee, here... $(15 \times 6) + 2 = X$. Ah! 92 issues now. That's not too many.

I have been sorrowfully remiss in writing to you in the past few months, as witnessed by no letter of comment in this 92nd issue, and there are a handful of comment hooks that leaped out and grabbed my lapels, which is no mean feat considering I'm wearing a t-shirt right now. The good news is this will definitely beat the June 10th deadline.

This coming Saturday, May 20th, we will find out if Always Dreaming will win the second leg of Horse Racing's Triple Crown by taking the Preakness. Watching these races is one of my guilty pleasures because Valerie and I do enjoy riding horses, but not at breakneck speeds. For example, watching the Kentucky Derby I did a quick mental calculation of how fast Always Dreaming was going: the horse covered the 1.25 mile track in 2:03.59, which I estimated at 35 mph, and in actually worked out to 36.76 mph when I used

the calculator app on my cellphone. Handy feature, that. At any rate, Always Dreaming is a beautiful horse — heck, they all are — and is currently the favorite heading in this coming Saturday's Preakness.

Alas, no such luck. Bwana opined that it was a mediocre crop of horses this year.

Talking horses — not Mr. Ed — made me backtrack to Lisa's comments about Man o'War's foaling 100 years ago on March 29th. I never knew that. Indeed, all knowledge is contained in fanzines.

It is sad to note the end of the Middle Tennessee Science Fiction Society. When you stop and think about it, a 45 year run is pretty darned good for any club in any genre to enjoy. That mention of Khen Moore made me a little wistful, too. *Sigh* Time passes, but still we remember. This naturally leads into your brief Conglomeration report, for which I thank you. Sounds like you and Lisa had a good time meeting friends, which is a major reason to go to cons in the first place.

I saw this morning on a File 770 rss feed that another fan artist nominee was disqualified from the Hugo Awards shortlist in that category: Mansik Yang, a Korean artist, was removed and Elizabeth Leggett was added to the shortlist. Yang was another of the Sad Puppies slate, and chances are she had no idea what this is all about anyway due to language problems. Who knows? I'm just glad Steve Stiles is on the ballot again.

I am beginning to think that Beale is not in it to get passed-over works nominated, but to wreck the process. The last time this happened, it involved nominating *Battlefield Earth*.

— JTM

I think this will do it for today. Many thanks for the fanzine, Joe and Lisa, and I hope to see you folks at some point in the near future. Take care of yourselves.

From: **Rod E. Smith** May 22, 2017
730 Cline Street, Frankfort, KY 40601-
1034 USA
stickmaker@usa.net

On the decline of fandom, LexFA still has a few meetings a year, including a Derby party. We also have a Hallowe'en party and a Christmas party and two or three monthly meetings during a year. I was supposed to host one last Summer — our Annual LexFA Economic Suicide Mission — to downtown Frankfort, but came down sick a few days before. We're scheduled for here again for this year and hopefully I'll be well enough to host. (Some years instead of going downtown we simply stay at my place eating junk food and watching DVDs. Occasionally we drive around

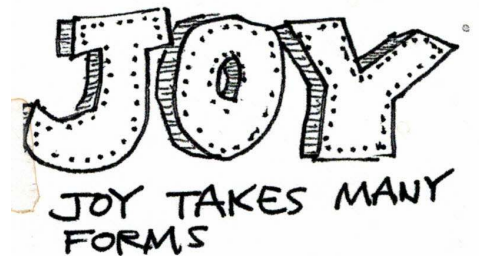
Frankfort while I play tour guide.) The days of regular meetings the second Sunday of every month we didn't have something else planned seem to be over. However, our e-mail list is still going. I have also established a Flickr Group for LexFA photos.

Better hurry up. Reader's Corner, one of our few remaining used bookstores here in Louisville, is going Net only. The people at All Booked Up, the nearest to us, are talking about closing.

In re. the Comments section: I have also heard the recent story that the Great Panjandrum was intended to divert German efforts rather than being a serious project to clear beach obstacles. If so, there was nothing hinting at that in the account from *Secret Weapons of WW2*. Indeed, the persons involved — including Nevil Shute Norway — expended a great deal of effort and expense (and experienced not a little personal risk) in the experiments. There was also an event two or three years ago wherein a replica was successfully launched from a barge on one of the invasion beaches and successfully rolled a substantial distance up the beach. I read an article and watched a video about this, but just now can't recall the details.

George W. Price mentions the old joke about the relationship between humans and housecats. He's close. With a dog you become it's pack leader. With a horse, it's herd leader. With a cat? Let's see . . . You're bigger than them. You pick them up and carry them around. You groom them, you feed them, you discipline them, you clean up their messes.

You're their mother. :-)



He also mentions the attack on Pearl Harbour and the US entry into WWII. I am currently reading the (very large) third volume of the William Manchester biography of Winston Churchill (as completed by Paul Reid). The parts where Churchill is trying to get Roosevelt to bring the US into the war are enlightening. For his part, Roosevelt exaggerated the potential of Germany to bomb the US and reassigned US escorts of convoys to try and provoke the U-Boats. Germany essentially refused to take the bait.

The book is both heavily detailed and very worth the read for anyone interested in an inside look at history. I'm less than a quarter of the

way into the book and Hitler is just beginning to organize for the attack eastward.

I've just read an article about how Manchester is now in disrepute for "stolen valor"; claiming medals he wasn't awarded.

— JTM

From: **Robert S. Kennedy** May 29, 2017
1779 Ciprian Avenue, Camarillo, CA
93010-2451 USA
robertk@cipcug.org

Thank you for *Alexiad* Vol. 16, No. 2 (April 2017), Whole Number 92.

Being that today is Memorial Day; I hope that everyone in the United States celebrated appropriately.

We went out to a couple of the local cemeteries and put flags on the graves of veterans.

Also, this being my birthday let me take the opportunity to wish myself a Happy Birthday.

ARRIVAL was obtained from the library and was a great disappointment. The acting was wooden. Various parts did not make any sense to me. But, maybe that was me. Several times I thought of just turning it off. Nevertheless I kept going hoping it would get better. On my scale of 1-5 after a great deal of thought I gave it a 0. It's been nominated for a Hugo. What did I miss and/or not understand?

The Alexis A. Gilliland art on page 8 caused me to have a great, and much needed, laugh.

THE RED NOSE REINDEER
POLKA!



For the first time in more years than I care to remember I neither nominated nor voted for the HUGOS.

It looks like my falling asleep during *Emerald City* was justified since it has been cancelled. I am somewhat sorry that *Time After Time* involving H. G. Wells and Jack the Ripper has also been cancelled. But, one I worried about has been renewed – *Riverdale*.

Lisa: Your battle against weight, diabetes,

and your walking is impressive. And it's good that you got Joe to do some walking with you. Sadly, going out and walking interferes with my reading. ☺

Joe: I've put *ALL THE WAY WITH JFK* (page 5) on my list of books to purchase.

Timothy Lane: Admiral Kimmel reported his preparation for submarine attack to his superiors and Lt. General Short reported his preparation for sabotage to his superiors. Neither was instructed to do anything else. Also, a code breaking machine involving the Japanese Naval Code was sent to the Philippines and to the British. None was sent to Hawaii. Very important intelligence was withheld from the commanders at Hawaii. But, I'm sure that you already know this. You make mention of "the Lanikai incident". *CRUISE of the LANIKAI* is not only an incredibly outstanding read, it could not be more clear on how FDR worked to have the Japanese attack us. I have both the hard copy (First Edition) *CRUISE of the LANIKAI-Incitements to War* by Kemp Tolley (United States Naval Institute – 1973) and the quality paperback where the title indicates *To Provoke the Pacific War* where Tolley (who captained the LANIKAI as a Lt. in 1941) is identified as a Rear Admiral, USN (Ret.). That copy was published by the Admiral Nimitz Foundation in 1994. The first book was purchased by special order and the second many years later when I was in Fredericksburg, Texas. You may recall that I once wrote a review of the book in your fanzine. The story of how Tolley and his "crew" sailed from the Philippines to Australia after the Japanese attack is an incredible story. I highly recommend the book.

You know, I've mentioned *The Cruise of the Lankai* in a discussion of Pearl Harbor on the International Skeptics board and no one else seemed to consider it worth discussing.

— JTM

Richard A. Dengrove: I can't agree that Larry Montgomery did the right thing when he left out the fact that an ancestor of a person ran a whore house. It's a fact and should be included. If someone may think that they want their ancestry traced and do not want to know something like this then they should not get involved with genealogy and DNA testing.

George W. Price: It is a known fact that FDR worked for and wanted the Japanese to attack the Philippines. My question is why would the Japanese attack the Philippines and leave our Pacific Fleet intact at Pearl Harbor? I don't think that it takes a military mind to ask that question.

John Hertz: Yes, the Classics of S-F book discussion you led at Loscon was good for me.

From: **AL du Pisani** May 30, 2017
945 Grand Prix Street, Weltevredenpark
1709, REPUBLIC OF SOUTH

AFRICA
du.pisani@kilos40.co.za

As you go through life, and live according to the plans you made, the hopes you still have left, and the dreams remaining, sometimes life intervenes, and you need to take care of the here and now. Which is why I had to take the next two weeks off work, and go in for an eye operation. You cannot ignore a detached retina very long, but need to take care of it urgently.

I had a co-worker who had a detached retina. He ended up losing the eye. I hope your result is better than that.

I am tired of the soap opera which is South Africa politics: Mostly just another case of "Who did Bra Jacob shiv now?" and "What have the Gupthas stolen this time?" Unfortunately, you sometimes do not have the ability to keep ignoring despicable humans, like 1 April, when we woke up to the news that President Zuma fired 20 ministers and deputy ministers from his cabinet. Replacing people that may have put the country first with people that will put Jacob first. This included the minister and deputy ministers of Finance, i.e. the people entrusted with making sure that South Africa's finances are not too badly out of shape.

This will affect my lifestyle and cost of living. But to some extent I can weather this, as the ANC in government is not behaving all that much differently than predicted, twenty and thirty and forty years ago. It just took a little bit longer to get there than predicted. But the Guptha brothers coming in to steal everything that they wanted was not predicted.

I sometimes go to a braai where some of the other guests are some old style liberals. And to a large extent they are devastated by the local happenings. To some extent it is because they do not understand how a bunch of dumb Afrikaner Nationalists could have understood the ANC in power so much better than their enlightened clever selves. The bitterness that some of them feel to Nelson Mandela and the ANC in general, but more particularly to their proteges in the ANC, is really something.

I have for about the last year tried to read for an hour before I go to bed. This was partly due to the health benefits of coming to rest reading, each night, but also so that I read again. Because my lifestyle had started to make reading a luxury, which I could only do in bursts over weekends.

I am reading wider than before, and find that I am reading less books pushed out by the major publishing houses. With the exception of Baen books, where I still read about one of their books every now and then.

A couple of years ago I started to watch Japanese Anime. I am fascinated by Japan as a country and culture, and recently I started to read books translated from the Japanese. Mostly light novels, which are aimed at the teenage and

young adult market. One such series is "Mixed bathing in another dimension." A series of novels in which the protagonist, a Japanese student, was called into another dimension to be a hero and fight against evil. And when he received the blessing of a local goddess, it was the unlimited bath: a small pocket dimension, complete with a small Japanese style bathroom. The adventures gets a bit silly, but shows how he is becoming a hero, using this bathroom as his trump card.

Have you tried *Girls und Panzer*?

I have also read another couple of Nathan Lowell novels: They speak to something inside me, and I find them to be quite interesting. Not always plotted out and written as I expected, but still an author I am looking forward to read.

I have given up on Charles Stross. The only books of his I still could read was the Laundry Files. Unfortunately, I read the one with the vampires shortly after reading John Ringo's last Special Circumstance novel, and one of Larry Correia's Monster Hunter books. And I asked myself the question: "Why is Bob Howard doing what he does?", and could not answer myself. Because Stross goes out of his way to show that Bob does not believe in God, nor Country, nor Money. I have no idea what motivates him. Coupled to the silly master plan for survival revealed previously, I cannot suspend my disbelief any more.

It's a terrible thing to have a pile of books by authors you used to like, and to know that for whatever reason, they have irrevocably broken your trust, and you have no intention of reading anything by them ever again.

I hope that you will always find good books to read, the books of gold that talk to you.

For me it was *Shackleton's Valiant Voyage* (1960), a short version of Robert Lansing's *Endurance* (1959). And they left in Lansing's version of what Thoralf Sørle said to the filthy man at his house:

"Who the hell are you?" he said at last.

The man in the center stepped forward.

"My name is Shackleton," he replied in a quiet voice.

Again there was silence. Some said that Sørle turned away and wept.

— JTM

Good luck.

From: **George W. Price** June 4, 2017
4418 N. Monitor Avenue, Chicago, IL
60630-3333 USA

price4418@comcast.net

April *Alexiad*:

In Random Jottings Joe mentions the Louisville personal injury law firm Morgan & Morgan. That name would be highly appropriate for some law firms as an homage to Sir Henry Morgan, the notorious pirate who eventually became governor of Jamaica. (His career apparently inspired Rafael Sabatini's "Captain Blood" stories.) Many lawyers easily qualify as land pirates, and Morgan could well be their patron saint.

The escape from Maracaibo was an early example of British deception tactics.

Further on, in *You're So Vain*, Joe mentions Little Green Men Day in Hopkinstown, celebrating August 21, 1955, when "a group of good old boys provoked Interstellar War I — or, shot at a large owl." I'll give you a true owl story.

Back about 1975 I was coming home late one night. From the elevated-train station I took a shortcut through an alley. Right where the alley went around a blind corner, I was surprised to see a large owl perched on a fencepost. As I approached, it took off and flew up to the roof of an adjacent garage. When I got around the corner I saw that the owl had a string tied to one leg, and at the other end of the string — maybe fifty feet away — was a man. Instead of walking a dog on a leash, this guy was flying an owl. The owl apparently knew how much slack it had and did not fly out to the full length of the string. I did not pass close enough to the fellow to say anything to him, which was probably just as well.

Dale Speirs disputes my description of American states as having "sovereignty." He says, "The Civil War settled the question of sovereignty by force and made it clear that states are not sovereign political entities."

This is true only if you insist that sovereignty cannot be diminished or subdivided, but must be all or nothing. That's not my understanding. The Civil War did indeed settle that states gave up the right to leave the Union at will. They also gave up certain other sovereign rights as specified in the Constitution, such as the right to coin money or wage offensive war. But they retained all those sovereign rights that the Constitution did not specifically forbid.

I roughly define a "sovereign right" as one that the national government cannot override except by constitutional amendment.

For obvious example, when Utah applied for admission to the Union, Congress insisted that the territorial government must first amend

its constitution to forbid polygamy. That's because Congress recognized that since the U.S. Constitution does not mention marriage, then under the Tenth Amendment each state retains the sovereign right to make its own marriage laws.

Had Utah become a state with polygamy still permitted, the "Full Faith and Credit" clause of the U.S. Constitution would have required all the other states to recognize the validity of those polygamous marriages. That would have been intolerable. But Congress could not just admit Utah to the Union and then pass a law forbidding polygamy. That would have violated the state's sovereignty over its marriage laws. Utah itself had to ban polygamy.

Congress could not legally order Utah to amend its constitution — but it could and did pressure the Mormons by withholding statehood until they "voluntarily" made the change themselves. This may strike us now as hairsplitting, but it was a very obvious and important distinction to the statesmen of that time.

The recent Supreme Court decision declaring a right to same-sex marriage would have horrified those statesmen, not just on moral grounds, but because it violates each and every state's sovereign right to establish its own marriage laws.

Richard Dengrove comments on *Alexiad*'s ban on politics. I have noticed that the ban is not absolute. In this April issue I discuss how we got into World War II, which is nothing if not political. On the other hand, several issues ago my screed on transgender bathrooms got cut out. I'm guessing that the ban is aimed primarily at current political controversies, such as the recent presidential campaign and election, and the editor's intent is to avoid hurt feelings and bad blood among the readership. How about it, Joe? Could you give us some guidelines as to what is permitted and what is verboten?

I don't want to see a screeching, angry, bloody argument about current political issues. And it ALWAYS gets that way.

— JTM

It feels odd to comment on my own letter. But I am mildly embarrassed to find that I am guilty of self-plagiarism. A few days ago I was going through an old scrapbook and reread my letter in the June 2006 *Alexiad*. And damned if it doesn't have the same anecdote that I have in this April 2017 issue concerning the young woman who liked the Gor novels about female sexual enslavement. It's not surprising that I had forgotten telling the same story eleven years ago. What is surprising is that the wording came out almost the same, right down to the climactic "No way in hell!" Apparently this is how that

experience is filed in my head.

From: **Sue Burke** June 9, 2017
5620 N. Winthrop Ave., #1R, Chicago,
IL 60660-4422, USA
sue@sue.burke.name
mount-oregano.livejournal.com
amadisofgaul.blogspot.com

In the April issue, Joe laments the loss of fanzines-as-we-know-them. Indeed. I began my career as a print journalist, and newspapers and paper magazines are disappearing, too, for the same reason: the internet. The loss, in my case, was not merely an activity but a livelihood. Sure, there's news on the web, some of it even true and honorable, but getting paid decently for it is another story. So I've had to reinvent myself. Too bad. I loved being a reporter and editor, and I'd go back to it in a heartbeat if I could.

Like Joe, I must exercise daily, in my case because I have osteoarthritis pretty much everywhere and need to preserve freedom of movement in my joints. One odd thing, though: gentle exercise, such as walking, stretching, or lifting itty bitty weights, improves the lubrication within the joints and reduces pain. I'm as lazy as anyone, but pain is a potent motivator. It gets me moving despite the boredom of yet another ten reps.

My long-term project of translating *Amadis of Gaul* is mostly done. As you know, Bob, that's a medieval Spanish novel of chivalry that became Europe's first bestseller and inspired the sword-and-sorcery genre, including a parody a century later: *Don Quixote de la Mancha* by Miguel de Cervantes. Back in January 2009, I began translating *Amadis* a chapter at a time for a blog. Now I'm self-publishing the blog as a book – or rather, as four books, since the original novel comes in four “books.” Watch for them, sooner or later, at Amazon.com.

I got the cover art from Tor for my novel *Semiosis*, which will be released in February. (You can see it on Amazon.com.) I don't get a say in it, but I like it, although it looks more sinister than I expected. I think I'm too fond of the big scary hungry alien to think of it as sinister. I've also just finished the copyedits. I'm impressed by the professionalism and thoroughness of the copyeditor, and dismayed by all the stupid errors that slipped past me in the manuscript. For example, one character is named either “Rosemary” or “Rosemarie,” and I needed to make it consistent.

You could always rename the character “Morey Amsterdam”.

My husband and I went to Wiscon from May 26 to 29 in Madison, Wisconsin, and we had a fine time. A con review should appear elsewhere in this issue. We'll be going to the Chicagoland Relaxacon, also called Picnicon (a descriptive title), on June 11 in a park on the northwest side.

On June 10, we plan to drive up to Milwaukee to take my mother-in-law to see *Wonder Woman*. She's a big fan. I've heard good things about the actress who plays Diana, but I still think Serena Williams would have made an especially believable Wonder Woman.

Textsfromsuperheroes.com has published a number of Wonder Woman's texts in honor of the movie. The one where she says “I believe in Zeus. We last spoke on Tuesday. He owes me ten dollars,” is interesting.

— JTM

Other than that, I've spent my time mostly writing, editing, and translating, all of it a pleasure.

I have to disagree with George W. Price a bit. He says the New York State's attorney general is charging ExxonMobil with fraud for wickedly publishing research in its prospectus that casts doubt on climate change – and the attorney is doing this as a member of the church of progressivism, which must bring inquisition upon all heretics. The public record tells a technically different story.

The attorney general is charging ExxonMobil with lying to its investors. However, the case doesn't charge that Exxon's research as published is “fraud”; instead it charges that Exxon failed to publish all its research as required. Exxon has been researching climate change since the 1970s, and some of that research confirmed the phenomena and identified risks to Exxon's business model. By law, publicly held corporations are required to inform investors and potential investors of all financial risks. That's the fraud: securities fraud, in this case withholding information from investors that could affect the value of its stock.

Meanwhile, 62% of stockholders, including retirement funds and Wall Street investment firms (who are not habitually leftist progressive inquisitors), voted for more disclosure of the effects of climate change on the company at Exxon's annual meeting on May 31. They're concerned about both changes in public policies such as a carbon tax (which Exxon supports, along with the Paris climate accord), and changes in global demand for petroleum products. Exxon says it's too hard to predict the long-term impact. Long-term Wall Street investors disagree, and they own a majority of the company. Capitalism gives them power.

Some days it's hard to find easy villains or heros regardless of whether you're liberal or conservative.

From: **John Hertz** June 3, 2017
236 S. Coronado Street No. 409, Los
Angeles, CA 90057-1456 USA

Always Dreaming won the Kentucky Derby. Jockey John Velazquez and trainer Todd Pletcher did it again. A late friend used to

sneak on stage, suitably dressed, while I was supposed to be in another world, and surreptitiously hand round mint juleps. I miss her.

No such luck in the Preakness, a good start but 14 lengths behind at the end for 8th place; Cloud Computing won, jockey Javier Castellano, trainer Chad Brown.

The first has a fine fannish name, some would add the second. Neither has entered the 149th Belmont (awkward place for a typo, folks), to be held next week, but that's your deadline. You'll tell us. Will Epicharis win the N.Y. Racing Ass'n \$1 million bonus for any Japan-based Belmont winner?

As we found out, no.

Walking is good for you. Good news you're both at it. I must call for will power, as Archie Goodwin said, to walk every day; other things keep sirening me; but when I don't, I feel it. Congratulations to Lisa on putting 40 pounds into Gehenna.

The NASFiC is our continental con, held seldom to date because the Worldcon has so often been in North America. I still don't know if I can get to San Juan this year — next month! — but, whether or not I can help them create it in person, I wish them well. Anyone who preferred having the NASFiC in “the lower forty-eight” could have voted for Valley Forge — who lost 283-182.

Speaking of creation, fanzines continue for anyone who wants to publish them. With cheap photocopying, computer-aided production, cheap postage — first-class U.S. mail at 3/oz in 1957 was equivalent to over \$2.50/oz in money of today — that's easier than ever. Go right ahead. I suppose in another fanzine I'd say “Go left ahead.”

And yet they don't. They used to do blogs but now that is falling away, and all the business of fandom is done on Twitter. NASFiC San Juan only did one Progress Report, but it has a busy Twitter feed (@sanjuan2017).

— JTM

WAHF:

Lloyd Daub, with various items of interest.

Martin Morse Wooster, the same.

Earl Kemp, George Phillis who got it.

Jerry Kaufman, who is sending out a new issue of *Littlebrook*.

Right...
I have absolutely no trouble
eyeballing this!



CITIZEN SELINA

The slight figure with the bag of loot dashed through the open door, looked around, and saw the old man in the bed, his breath wheezing. Then, hearing footsteps in the hallway, she dived under the bed.

The man who had come in stood sentry, as it were, and the intruder settled herself in for a wait. The breathing above her grew more irregular. Then, a low, pained voice broke the silence. "Rosebud."

There was a thump, and she saw a snow globe land on the floor beside the bed. Her hand shot out and grabbed it before it could roll away.

There was a flurry of movement in the room; a pair of white-stockinged legs, a nurse she thought, could be seen. She settled herself in for a wait.

Night had fallen again by the time the body was removed and the room empty, and the girl wriggled out from beneath the bed. She made a run for the toilet, stopping herself in time to keep from falling to the lower level of the bathroom.

That done, she added to her collection from the amazing hodge-podge of valuables in the room, slid out the window, and began climbing down the wall of the mansion. Once she reached the ground, she flipped down her goggles and set out for the wall.

Oops. A shaggy head blocked her. The lion went — *hnga, hnga, hnga*. She took a breath. "Nice kitty," she said.

The lion rolled over. She carefully gave him two belly rubs, no more. He growled again and rolled back to his feet.

"Show me the way outa here," she said, and the great feline led her to the fence. She crawled over it, quickly, and made her way to the road, then into town.

She had had to sleep on top of a building. A pawn shop took some of her loot, for too little, and she bought a bus ticket to Boston. No need to mention that she was going to get off along the way.

The boy got up, sighed, and went into his bathroom to brush his teeth. There was a *whoop!* as the shower curtain was pulled closed. "Hey!" he shouted.

A familiar voice shouted back, "Use another bathroom, you got twenty or thirty of them!"

"Selina - what - are - you - doing - here!"

"Taking a bath."

You can't win with women. The boy went down the hallway to use another bathroom.

She was now wearing a bathrobe, and eating breakfast as if food were going to be banned at noon. "Master Bruce, I have endeavoured to cleanse her clothes, though burning might be a better solution," his patient butler said as he brought some more waffles.

"What do you want to do?" he said.

"Just drop me off near my place."

A slum. Just the sort of place for a stray cat to be gutted and cleaned. But what else could he do?

The slender figure slid out of the back seat of the grand car and dashed into the alley. Behind her, the grave gentleman's gentleman at the wheel watched her go, shook his head in sad resignation, fed gas to the motor, and rolled off.

She dashed through a maze of trash cans, abandoned junk, and old boxes, went up over a building, and down into her lair. Piteous mews greeted her as she slid through the door, bolted it, and set about feeding the small furry beasts.

When the cats had settled down to their meals, she opened her bag and looked at the rest of the loot. That man had gone out and bought anything and everything. They'd hardly miss what she had taken.

She began to sort the items, figuring what to sell and where. This should see her through for a while. After a moment she took the snow globe and shook it. The little flakes swirled. She put it where it would catch some light.

"Rosebud," she said. "Was that his cat?"

— Not by Bob Kane, Orson Welles, or Bruno Heller

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

This is issue **Whole Number Ninety-Three (93)**.

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

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

Material in *Alexiad* is copyright © 2017. All rights reserved. Upon publication, all rights revert to the original contributor, but we reserve the right to use any item more than once, unless otherwise specified by the contributor. All letters sent to *Alexiad* become the property of the publishers. Any material by the editors is available to other fanzines if they provide proper credit and send a copy.

Available for The Usual (letter of comment, trade, contribution). Sample issue available upon request. Back issues \$1; subscription \$10/year. *Alexiad* is also available by email in Adobe Acrobat .pdf format.

ALEXIAD

c/o Lisa & Joseph Major

1409 Christy Avenue

Louisville, KY 40204-2040 USA

jtmajor@iglou.com

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

