

# PROMETHEUS

## Inspiration for Poul Anderson's "No Truce with Kings"

Karen Anderson on Poul Anderson's Hall of Fame Award

I wish to thank the members of the Libertarian Future Society for honoring Poul's work yet again. He particularly valued these awards; the three plaques for stories, and that for the Lifetime Achievement Award, were displayed above the desk where he worked.

I made several false starts on this acceptance, but finally concluded it would be best just to tell you a little about the man who wrote it—where he lived, what he'd done lately, what he did on his vacations.

Poul was a fan before he was a pro, and we met at the 1952 Worldcon. He'd been born in Pennsylvania, spent his boyhood in Texas, and after periods in Denmark and outside Washington DC, finished his education in Minnesota. I was from Kentucky originally and in my turn also living outside D.C. When we decided to marry, we chose the San Francisco area for our home.

At first we lived in Berkeley, in the flatland west of the University of California campus, not far from the trolley line that crossed the Bay. The house we rented had a granny unit—bed-sitting room with a cook stove—at the back, that I fixed up and listed with the university student rental list. What traveling we did was either to conventions—which is, after all, one place a science-fiction writer does business—or camping out. Thus we got to know much of California—especially the Sierras, the wine country, the seashore and of course San Francisco.

We knew the Gold Rush country, Angel's Camp of Jumping Frog fame, Placerville that was also known as Hangtown and immortalized in an oyster omelet, and the rugged mountainsides of the Mother Lode. We'd driven the two-lane highway across the Donner Pass, seen the lake where in 1846 starving emigrants were trapped by winter, and knew what work went into laying steel across even those comparatively low mountains—the railway that Leland Stanford had driven to meet another from the East, and joined the two with a golden spike in 1869. We'd seen Weaverville, home to the joss house where Stanford's Chinese laborers settled and worshipped.

We'd been to Echo Summit, at the south end of Lake Tahoe—the route of the first highway across America, completed in 1913. With our daughter Astrid, we'd rolled out our sleeping bags on the California side of the lake and had frolicked in the Truckee River that pours down on the Nevada side and

loses itself in a desert sink. We knew the farmland and pastures of the Central Valley, watered in those days only by the San Joaquin river that meets the Sacramento in the great inland delta, and the cave-riddled Pinnacles under Fremont Peak in the center of the state.

We'd seen missions, presidios, and barracks from San Diego de Alcalá up the Camino Real by San Juan Bautista and San Francisco de Asís, to San Francisco Solano in Sonoma, north of the Bay; and further north on the coast we'd visited the Russian fort with its Orthodox church; Spain and Russia both wanted San Francisco Bay, even before the gold was found in 1849. We knew that when labor had fled to the gold camps, San Franciscans had sent their laundry to Hawaii—then an independent kingdom, but once its monarchy lost power, set on its way to becoming the fiftieth state.

We took visitors on day trips to the wine country of Sonoma and Napa counties; this was where the grapes grew that went into the cheap jug wine that was a staple of ours. We took them on the Forty-Nine-Mile Scenic Drive through San Francisco—the route that goes through Chinatown where

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The newsletter of the Libertarian Futurist Society

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## Editorial: Whither *Prometheus* II?

The editorial in the previous issue generated some comments (see page 11). Many more comments came in response to Phillip Salin's review essay on Nevil Shute. Like many of the people who wrote me about Salin's essay, I have long known of Shute, though in my case that knowledge was limited to the novel and movie *A Town Like Alice*. After reading the piece, I went through our bookshelves and discovered almost ten Shute books that we had accumulated over the years. Over the next few months I read several of these books, with many more still on the nightstand that I intend to read. Shute's style lacks some of the key elements that I tend to prefer in a writer, and most of his stuff isn't SF or fantasy, and instead falls into what I consider "literature of a bygone age," one represented by pre-WWII British life (or at least the kind of fictionalized, romantic view of England between the wars, and shortly thereafter). Salin's essay, and the response it generated, is the sort of stuff I'd love to see more of in *Prometheus*.

In this issue we have a gem—Karen Anderson's long reminiscence of her husband Poul Anderson, in her acceptance letter for his Hall of Fame Award for the short story, "No Truce with Kings." As a long-time fan of Anderson's fiction and also fascinated by backstories around how writers conceive of their ideas and imagined worlds, this window into the world of Poul Anderson represents a remarkable opportunity. Few people outside the readership of this newsletter will experience this opportunity, unless Karen Anderson has written something similar elsewhere. The issue immediately following Worldcon remains my favorite issue for this reason—writers, editors, and those closest to the works of fiction that win the Prometheus Award say and write fascinating and illuminating statements about fiction and the art of writing. Statements that are found nowhere else, and so give us unique insights into the works we love, and the writers that we admire and enjoy reading.

Fred Moulton also gives us his regular and always entertaining insight in events at the science fiction Worldcon—this time from down under. We have a review of the first volume of the very important new biography of Robert A. Heinlein. This book opens up whole new perspectives on what many might call the father of libertarian sf. I met James P. Hogan many years ago and interviewed him for *Prometheus*. Now I have the sad task of writing an obituary. I enjoyed many of Hogan's novels and short stories.

Regarding the other issue that generated comments—my editorial in the last issue about the fate of the print edition of *Prometheus*. Undeniably the future points toward the web. Questions now revolve around timing and format. What makes the best sense in order to produce a quality newsletter and create value for those members and subscribers who currently finance the newsletter? Already someone has sensed a market opportunity and created an online libertarian review site, a sign that the print newsletter is a dying breed. Without long-time contributors such as Bill Stoddard, Fred Moulton, and others, this newsletter would not exist. I invite you, gentle reader, to join *Prometheus* as a contributor.

— Anders Monsen

## A Mighty Fortress

By David Weber

Tor, 2010

*Reviewed by William H. Stoddard*

The fourth volume in David Weber's Safehold series continues the three main themes of the previous novels: the conflict between faith that goes against reason and faith in harmony with reason; the historic role of the Anglosphere in nurturing freedom; and the tactics, technology, and logistics of naval warfare. The center of the conflict, the island nation of Charis, an analog of England on a planet several light years distant that shelters the last remnants of humanity, has undergone a religious schism with the dominant Church of God Awaiting, comparable to England's break with Catholicism under Henry VIII, but for nobler motives. Now it's embroiled in a struggle for survival and freedom, in the course of which it has variously allied with and conquered other island nations: Emerald, an analog of Ireland, Chisholm, an analog of France, and Corisande, possibly an analog of the United States. One of the Corisandian agitators against Charisan rule is a silversmith named Paitryk Hainree, one of Weber's less subtle allusions to real earth history...and arguably a dubious analogy, in that it puts Safehold's rebel against "England" on the side of submission to religious absolutism.

Even so, the narrative in this volume shows greater intensity than in previous volumes. The sea battles, in particular, are exciting and suspenseful, partly because Weber makes a point of showing them through the eyes of captains on both sides of each battle, and of giving both sets of captains virtues worthy of respect. In some measure, the Safehold books read like a panegyric to the British navy—and reflecting this, the naval warfare more nearly resembles that of the sixteenth century than that of the Tudor monarchy. But even though the other side is technologically outclassed at sea, Weber gives it its own assets: clever and determined captains and admirals, and a vast pool of wealth to support it, drained from the Church's subjects through taxes and tithes.

*A Mighty Fortress* further develops the theme of the Church as a totalitarian organization, one willing not merely to crush dissenters but to torture and murder their families as well. But, like revolutionary France, it has the strength of being willing to tax and conscript the people it rules. On the other hand, the policies of its own fanatics are starting to drive away the loyalty of even some of its bishops. Even one member of the Group of Four has begun to maneuver toward more restrained policies, pointing toward the possibility of a reform or a further schism.

The title is obviously a reference to the famous hymn. But in the context of Safehold, it has other meanings. First, it refers to the traditional Charisian saying that the island is fortified with wooden walls—the hulls of its fleet. Second, it refers to the will of its people to fight and resist. And third, as King Cayleb's mentor Merlin Athrawes tells him, it refers to the sense of duty of Charis's people to defend each other, their faith, and their freedom.

In *A Mighty Fortress*, Weber has given us a new installment of a well-told adventure story, and one focused on the defense of values that libertarians care about: technological progress and individual freedom of choice.

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## The Trade of Queens

By Charles Stross

Tor, 2010

*Reviewed by William H. Stoddard*

With this novel, Stross concludes his Family Trade series. The fifth volume ended with a double cliffhanger: the heroine's potential love interest, DEA agent Mike Fleming, was the target of a bomb planted in his car, and a faction with the Clan set off atomic bombs in Washington, D.C., in retaliation against actions of the American government. This novel shows the aftermath of the two events.

Stross has blogged about this project's difficulties: It was originally meant to be a series of fewer and slightly longer novels; when publishing economics made the length prohibitive, splitting them up forced him to make space for necessary recapitulation by expanding each of the pieces. The plot momentum, especially in the third volume, sometimes suffered as a result: sections that were perfectly readable as part of a larger book became a bit of a slog when presented as freestanding books, with a lot of grimness and not much excitement. Reading the series as a whole puts them into better perspective.

The first two volumes were largely reviewed as fantasy, and apparently were deliberately marketed as fantasy, partly for contractual reasons. But in fact, Stross was writing hard science fiction...the science in question being development economics and historical sociology. The interworld travel is not really what the story is about: it's a vehicle for a story about economics, as H. G. Wells's original time machine was a vehicle for a story about human evolutionary adaptation to industrial conditions. But even so, in the later volumes, Stross approaches interworld travel in a very hard sf manner, too. Not only is it genetically linked (the basis for the peculiar breeding rules of the Clan), but the genes are coding not for magic or even for "psionics" but for the ability to make use of a physical phenomenon. And as E. E. Smith told us, what science can create (or analyze), science can duplicate. That sets up the conclusion of this novel...which might have been called "The Empire Strikes Back" if that title weren't already taken.

I've been saying "conclude" in this review. That word choice is deliberate. Lately many novels, especially long novels, have ended with rather rushed final chapters, which give the impression that the author has suddenly grasped that the story is too long and tied everything off in a quick epilogue. Stross doesn't fall into that trap. But I can't really feel that the story has ended, either. It's not just that there's room for a sequel, though there clearly is; it's that he's left his fictional world in

—Continued on page 4

—*The Trade of Queens* review, continued from page 3

ruins, to the point where I can't really feel that the fate of his characters has been emotionally resolved. Unless, of course, his point is exactly that his smart, fiercely independent heroine and her Clan were headed for a train wreck from the beginning. *The Trade of Queens* was one of the most impressive train wrecks I've seen in fiction, and if you're looking for a truly appalling display of the might and wrath of the greatest imperial power in human history, this is your book. But it ends with only the faintest hints of hope. I can't help wishing to see another series that gives them room to grow a bit.

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## Up Jim River

By Michael Flynn

Tor, 2010

Reviewed by William H. Stoddard

*Up Jim River* is a sequel to Flynn's *The January Dancer*, a 2009 Prometheus Award nominee, with a third volume clearly in the works. Flynn moves the characters of *The January Dancer*'s framing narrative to center stage, sending them on a quest of their own through the civilizations of his future spiral arm. As in the first volume, we see a complex mixture of elements from Earth's many cultures. One of Flynn's favored ways of conveying this is through language; most of the characters speak forms of English most of the time, but often with skewed grammar, distinctive accents, a vocabulary partly borrowed from other languages and partly made up of mispronounced and misspelled English words ("v'gedda-boddi" as a response to being thanked), and occasional literal translations from non-English languages, as when a character addresses another in the classical Greek style as "O best one." In the process he sets his readers a series of puzzles, of which I've figured out some...I was happy to have it confirmed that the world of Dao Chetty was originally "Tau Ceti," and I can see that Murkanglis is "American English"...but others still leave me perplexed. Readers who like linguistic play, as I do, will find this fascinating.

Many of the world do have a clear cultural source on Earth: Thistlewaite is modeled on Imperial China; Nuxrjes'r has reminiscences of Hinduism. Boldly Go is an amazonian feminist separatist world. Others, such as Harpaloon, are more complex mixtures. Perhaps the most complex mixture is the "Terrans," refugees from a subjugated Earth dreaming of going home someday, like other diaspora peoples. In the spiral arm, Terrans are a classic middleman minority, leading a marginalized existence that gives them freedom sometimes denied to more respectable people.

Freedom is a scarce commodity in this interstellar future. On the first page of the story, Flynn quotes the ancient Greek saying that "the strong take what they can and the weak suffer what they must," and his future is one where this is grimly true. One of his two central characters, "the scarred man," is a victim of manipulation by Those of Name, the merciless rulers of Dao Chetty, for example...Flynn gives the impression of an entire world governed by mafiosi. There is nothing

in this setting like a meaningful hope of freedom, or even a protest against repressive societies. Nor is the primary theme related to the dangerous allure of power, as was the case for *The January Dancer*. So I can't nominate this sequel for the Prometheus Award.

Despite this, I found it worth reading. The setting is a delight for anyone who takes pleasure in human cultural diversity. And the characterization is richer than in the first volume; I grew particularly fond of Teodorq Nagarajan, a man from a barbaric culture setting out to imitate the example of Heracles...and proves his own worth in the end. This is Flynn in a Poul Anderson mood: In love with heroic sagas and with the interstellar future as a space for the cultural diversity that Earth is now losing.

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## Darkship Thieves

By Sarah Hoyt

Baen Books, 2010

Reviewed by Anders Monsen

Sarah Hoyt is a prolific novel and short story writer in several genres, including fantasy, historical fiction, romance, and science fiction. She dedicated her novel, *Darkship Thieves*, to Robert A. Heinlein; there are echoes of some of his earlier novels in her book. Her female protagonist fiercely independent, verging on self-centered and certainly prone to rash behavior.

Athena Sinistra, daughter and heir to one of earth's ruling council, reluctantly accompanies her father into space on a routine tour. While docked at a station near a field of energy producing powertrees, she wakes to find the ship hijacked and in mortal danger. Through luck and pluck she escapes into the powertree field, and there finds refuge among a ship illegally harvesting the energy. The pilot of this ship, Christopher "Kit" Klaavil, belongs to an outlaw society descended from earth's former rulers, genetically engineered humans modified for super-intelligence, strength, and speed, but unable to breed. These biohumans, or Mules as they also were called, were overthrown centuries before. The remaining few fled into space to hide and exist on the verges, stealing power from the powertrees. When Athena steps aboard Kit's darkship, she sets in motion a series of events that hauls earth's past out of the darkness, and onto a collision course with an even darker present.

The descendents of the Mules bioengineer their children, growing them in vats with various capabilities. They view themselves as Engineered Life Forms. Kit is such a being, suited to working in dark space. The rest of the inhabitants of Eden, the home of the descendents who fled earth, fear Athena and her links to earth. Hoyt's portrayal of the society of Eden is almost a straight-forward libertarian utopia. No government is in charge, yet the rules are focused and sometimes complex, and Athena's hot-headed responses end her, more often than not, in trouble. Her return to earth is inevitable, and here supplies new twists to the history of the Mules, and Kit and Athena's identity. Hoyt's novel is rife with ideas and non-stop action, and while it falters slightly on the irritating protagonist, this was an enjoyable sf novel, with a rare glimpse into a Galt's Gultch society that works.

**Robert A. Heinlein: In Dialog with His Century, Volume 1—Learning Curve, 1907-1948**

By William H. Patterson; Tor, 2010

*Reviewed by William H. Stoddard*

This first volume of Patterson's biography covers the life of Robert Heinlein up through his marriage to Virginia Gerstenfeld. This was in fact almost exactly in the middle of his life; but Patterson may also be taking it as the single greatest event in his life. Certainly Heinlein's own statements about Virginia supported such a view. In his own comments, and the comments of writers he befriended, Virginia bestrides his personal universe like a colossus. Patterson shows their early encounters, under the stress of World War II and of his failing marriage to his previous wife, Leslyn; but much of this book is taken up with Leslyn, to whom he was married while he wrote the stories that first made him American science fiction's central figure. And before both, it shows his first passionate relationship, with the United States Navy, which remained one of the great loves of his life even after tuberculosis ended his career as a naval officer.

Heinlein's childhood and adolescence get only three brief chapters. We learn that he was exceptionally bright and an omnivorous reader. As a middle child in a large family, he was forced into early independence by parents who had little time to spare for him; the family's chronic financial strain couldn't have helped. He held a long series of jobs during his boyhood, while also carrying a heavy course load in high school. His admission to Annapolis came about through a sustained campaign; when he wrote to Senator Reed, requesting an appointment, fifty other candidates each submitted one letter of recommendation, but Heinlein sent in fifty!

Through all this, he was something of an outsider, not only because of social position, or because of his unusual intelligence, but because of a streak of mysticism: he had past-life experiences until puberty, and also the intermittent sense that if he could only fully wake up, he would experience the other people around him as aspects of himself. These experiences showed up later in his fiction: In "They," in "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag," in "All You Zombies," and in *Stranger in a Strange Land*, among other works.

Institutional Christianity, on the other hand, seems always to have felt alien to him. He wasn't given to outward unconventionality, and was always willing to fit in with other people's observances, but he never took them as more than social ritual. Whatever belief he had in Christian doctrine ended when, as a boy, he read Darwin, especially *The Descent of Man*. Some of H. G. Wells's Darwin-inspired science fiction also played a part.

Wells was also, as is well known, a Fabian socialist with visions of the rational reconstruction of society. We now remember Heinlein as a key figure in science fiction's other great tradition, one that envisions outer space as an analog of the American frontier, and like it, a haven for individual liberty. But this found its fullest expression in the "juveniles" he wrote for Scribner's, mostly after the period this book covers. Patterson shows that earlier in his life, Heinlein had visions more like Wells's, of a scientifically planned society, to be seen for example in *Beyond This Horizon* and in the earlier novel, never published in his lifetime (and for good reason!), *For Us*,

*the Living*. Among other things, Heinlein was influenced by C. H. Douglas's Social Credit movement, one of the unorthodox economic proposals cited with some favor in Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*. Douglas, like Keynes, thought that by carefully calculated issue of fiat money, the government could prevent boom and bust cycles and maintain steady prosperity indefinitely. One of the secondary characters in *Beyond This Horizon*, Monroe-Alpha Clifford, has precisely that job, and explains to the hero that if the great "accumulators" that keep track of all economic activity stopped working, the world would return to boom and bust cycles.

Jeff Rigggenbach has suggested that Heinlein in fact had no strong political convictions, but simply took on the beliefs of whichever woman he was married to at the time: socialism with Leslyn, conservatism or libertarianism with Virginia. But Patterson makes it clear that this is an oversimplification. On one hand, Heinlein was already calling himself a socialist, privately, years before he met Leslyn and went to work for Upton Sinclair's political campaign, and he was also influenced by progressives such as John Dewey. But on the other, his tradition of socialism was a distinctly American one. He was never a Marxist, he rejected class struggle as an idea, and he was bitterly hostile to communism long before he met Virginia. And in addition, even as a socialist, he never was in favor of the omnipotent state. In his short story "The Roads Must Roll," for example, he portrays the villain of the story both as an adherent of a radical movement akin to Technocracy (but with the serial numbers rubbed off) and as a bitter little second-rater more skilled at manipulation than at doing any useful work. In a comment on Technocracy, quoted by Patterson, he said that "I am inclined to believe that in due time American versions of Hitler and Mussolini would maneuver their way to the driver's seat, and that we would have a hell of a time getting them out... In our present set-up no matter how bad an administration is, we get a chance every couple of years or so to 'turn the rascals out.'" This is a school of "socialism" that, for all its flaws and naïveté, is much more congenial to libertarians than the command economies Mises and Hayek criticized. And above all, Heinlein said that he would put the Bill of Rights ahead of any economic policy whatsoever. In all this, his earlier views clearly hold the seeds of the political ideas of the second half of his life. On the other hand, Patterson has done a service by showing us where he started out and how his views evolved.

This biography will be of interest to any fan of Heinlein, including most members of the LFS. The sheer level of factual detail gives us a far more comprehensive portrait of the man behind the books than we have ever had before. At the same time, Patterson does an excellent job of focusing on the *interesting* facts about Heinlein's life. In particular, we see a man who faced a long series of difficulties and hardships, and found ways to transcend them. Readers of his books learned from them to admire the self-reliant human being, but now Patterson shows us that Robert Heinlein himself had the self-reliance that he praised.

# Kollin brothers' Prometheus Award acceptance speech

Disclaimer: the opinions expressed in this acceptance speech are not necessarily those of the reader. Due to an unfortunate photograph, I have—quote, volunteered, end quote—to deliver this...uh...thing.

Let's start off by saying that since we're not even here to deliver this speech we can make it as long as we want. Bwahahahahaha! On the other hand there's really nothing forcing you to listen so we'll just have to keep it short.

When we started our writing career we never dreamt of winning the Prometheus Award (then again we didn't know what the Prometheus Award was). In fact the only thing we did dream about was making enough money to buy a shiny sports car and more hair. And then when we did think about awards, we inevitably thought about the ones we assumed we'd need...in order to buy the shiny car...and more hair.

But here's the thing:

Of all the awards in Science Fiction we thought we'd need, The Prometheus Award, above all others, became the one we truly wanted.

Here's why:

- First, the honkin' gold coin is frakkin' awesome.
- Second, liberty must be championed and valued – of the myriad awards out there, only the Prometheus recognizes this essential fact.
- Third, the authors we respect the most have all won it.
- And finally, the honkin' gold coin is frakkin' awesome.

Which brings us to the novel itself. *The Unincorporated Man* attempts to deal with a fundamental issue: What price freedom? We often liken the loss of liberty to the secret of boiling a frog. You don't just drop him into the boiling water—he'll jump right out. Instead, what you do is put him in cold water and slowly raise the flame. By the time he realizes he's in trouble it's pretty much game over. So, too, the society we envisioned in our novel and perhaps even our own.

We love the fact that some people really...really hate this book. We'd rather the message be hated than ignored; rather the arguments be debated than dismissed. But as much as we enjoy the rage of flammers, we're certainly not immune to the siren song of praise. So thank you, Prometheus committee—for finding our first novel worthy of your recognition.

We'd also like to thank our fellow nominees, Orson Scott Card, Cory Doctorow, Harry Turtledove and of course, Harry Turtledove—all of whose works have inspired us over the years.

We can no longer thank in person but would like to acknowledge in spirit our mom, who so would've loved this. We'd also like to thank our dad, who supports almost none of our ideals but somehow finds a way to support all of our endeavors.



Eytan (left) and Dani (right) Kollin

(And yes, Patrick, you'd better say the next part out loud or we release the picture.) We wub you daddy waddy.

We'd like everyone to know that the day David Hartwell called Dani to tell him that he and Eytan had just scored a three-book deal, Dani still had to walk the dog...that his kids promised to walk, do the laundry, and break up a booger fight. So thank you Eliana, Yoni and Gavi for continuing to keep

your dad reasonably humble and more important—keep him guessing.

We'd also like to stop talking so that Dani can thank his wife.

Deborah—thank you for your patience and support over the many years it took get this book done. Dealing with one Kollin brother should've been enough – having to deal with two, well there ought to be an award.

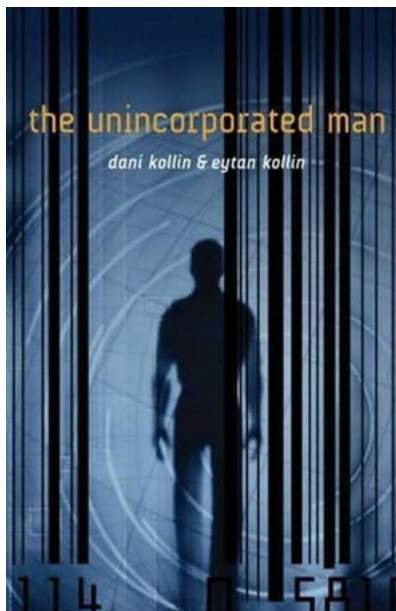
Next we'd like to thank our patron, Tom Doherty, our editor David Hartwell and everyone else at Tor whose hard work on our behalf has made this moment possible.

And oh yeah – Patrick Nielson Hayden for being such a good sport and reading our acceptance speech...and for being an all around amazing human being—the sum perfection of humanity. Why they don't pay him tons more money, double his expense account and triple his vacation

time is beyond us (no, I'm not just making this up...it's what's written here—PATRICK, POINT AT PAPER—...no, really...it is).

PATRICK, WALK OFF STAGE NOW SO PEOPLE KNOW THE SPEECH IS OVER.

AND DON'T FORGET THE GOLD.



# AussieCon 4 —Worldcon 2010 Convention Report

By Fred Curtis Moulton

Aussiecon 4, the 68th World Science Fiction Convention, was held September 2nd - 6th, 2010 in Melbourne, Australia. Melbourne is a wonderful city for a Worldcon with good facilities and fine people. The local tram system had a stop in front of the Convention Center. The part of the Convention Center area used by the Con was set back from the street however most people handled the walk well. On the opposite side of the street from the convention center was a casino and shopping mall with a food court featuring some very tasty food. While I did not see many Worldcon members heading for the casino; the food court received a lot of con business. Behind the convention center was the connecting Hilton hotel with another mall next to it. The hotel for the hospitality events (aka room parties) was the Crowne Plaza across the river from the convention center. The hospitality events wound up being held in various function space locations in the hotel rather than in rooms; I have heard various stories about the background on this but nothing definitive. Since this was a much smaller than usual Worldcon, the number of events and attendees was small enough that it all more or less worked.

Other hotels were in the downtown part of Melbourne within either easy walking distance or a quick tram ride. Purchasing the one week tram pass worked for those who had hotels outside walking distance. The trams ran relatively frequently and generally on time. Melbourne has a wide variety of restaurants and cafes reflecting the many different immigrant groups which have come to Melbourne. You can have an inexpensive and tasty lamb kabob for a quick lunch one day and then the next evening visit a very nice Italian restaurant and have pasta with pumpkin sauce. The Immigration Museum in Melbourne has some great exhibits on the waves of immigration from all over the world. Melbourne also has some fine taverns and several members of the con had a pub crawl on Wednesday prior to the beginning of the con. I had a wonderful time on the pub crawl; just the way to get ready for starting the con the next day.

For a variety of factors, this Worldcon was lower in attendance than typical. Part of the lower attendance was the distance from North America and Europe, which means travel is both longer and more expensive. Plus, the economic situation did not help. The on-site attendance was over 2000 which is in the same range as many regional cons in the USA. The lower attendance was reflected in a smaller than normal Art Show, though it still had some fine works. The dealers' room had an assortment of publishers, book dealers as well as clothing and costume tables. It was not uncommon to hear fans expressing concern about having room to fit items into their luggage or triggering extra fees by going over airline weight limits. The Masquerade was also had fewer entrants than is typical for a Worldcon.

The area for fan tables and Site Selection voting was spacious with a few tables where fans could sit and chat with

friends, new and old. Also, in that area was a stand selling snacks, coffee, tea and other beverages, which was useful since there were no water fountains in the facility. I was told the lack of water fountains was by design, to generate revenue for the convention center from sales of bottled water

and sodas. It was annoying, and many fans tried to use their own water bottles in order to reduce waste. But other than the water fountain issue and some signage issues the convention center was a fine facility. In particular, auditorium space for large functions such as Opening Ceremonies and Hugo Awards ceremonies was excellent with good visibility and comfortable seating.

Most conventions have a glitch or two and Aussiecon 4 was not immune. However, the glitches I saw were not major and the con was generally well run. The most common complaint that I heard was people having a problem reading some of the name badges. The background art work and the location of the printing on the badge did not always work well. In particular, I heard that some of the people helping with Site Selection had difficulty reading membership numbers on badges; checking membership numbers is a key part for the Site Selection voting process. Badge designers need to be sure that what is produced is easily readable after being printed and viewed from a distance with tired eyes in less than perfect lighting. If future cons do that, I suspect that everyone will be happier. Another bright spot of the con was the newsletter *The Echidna*. You can get a taste of the con by reading the online copies, which are available at <<http://www.aussiecon4.org.au/index.php?page=97>> in PDF format. Another taste of the con is available at <<http://www.conreporter.com/>> where video of part of the con is available.

The Libertarian Futurist Society Prometheus Awards ceremony was held Friday afternoon. Steve Gaalema did a fine job of reading the acceptance remarks that Karen Anderson had composed for presentation for the Hall of Fame award for "No Truce with Kings," by Poul Anderson. The remarks gave interesting background of the writing of "No Truce With Kings," and copies of the cover art referenced in the remarks were passed around the audience during the reading.



—Continued on page 9

—*Anderson Hall of Fame, continued from page 1*

policemen ignore strings of firecrackers at the New Year celebrations; on to Lillie Coit's tower on Telegraph Hill, to the Italian fishermen's wharfside restaurants and the restored merchant square-rigger *Balclutha*, whose last work had been on the Alaska run; passes a meadow in Golden Gate Park where bison graze, runs beside the Pacific Ocean at the beach where Amundsen's wooden ship was preserved after completing the North-west Passage across the Arctic in 1909; and reaches its highest point at a double-humped hilltop with a panorama of city and peninsula, bay and ocean, Berkeley and Oakland to the east.

Today's Japan Trade Center was as yet in the future; but I could buy Japanese specialties, including picture-books for Astrid, at the Tokyo Fish Market in Berkeley. And our first tenant in the granny unit was a Japanese judo expert, who later introduced us to the officers of the merchant ship he'd come over on.

In 1960, we were prosperous enough to move across the hills to Orinda, with a mortgage to pay off instead of rent that was partly offset by that granny unit. (Our last tenants had been Terry and Miriam Carr.) But we kept the same thrift-store furniture, supplemented by cheap patio chairs and straw mats. And we still vacationed with sleeping bags and air mattresses.

Poul's first sale had been to John Campbell, and as he continued writing, he overflowed the s-f and fantasy market and moved into adventure and mystery magazines, and also into both paperback and hardcover originals. He'd been Guest of Honor at the 1959 Worldcon and won his first Hugo in 1961. Not only was he successful, he was reliable: in fifteen years as a professional, he'd never missed a deadline. So, when editors from Avram Davidson at the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* to Cele Goldsmith at *Amazing* and *Fantastic* had a batch of cover flats to distribute, a set would come to Poul.

I should take a moment to explain about cover flats. In those days, some of the pulp magazines would buy unsolicited artwork from their regular cover artists, and then have black-and-white prints made that they sent to their regular writers. It was then the writer's job to account for it: he might make it the basis of the story, bring it in as a brief scene, or even make it a piece of artwork noticed by a character. I remember seeing various covers as flats from editors, including the one

that Jack Vance took for "Sail 25." One that I tried to write a story from (and could still) ended up being used by Ann McCaffrey. After all, her description results in a totally different impression.

You see, even if there was something extremely specific—like a spacecraft attached to an enormous sail with the number "25" on it—the writer could create almost any kind of story he wanted. In fact, just trying to make some kind of sense out of the picture often generated ideas that the writer would never otherwise have had. The concept arising from the scene could be warned against or exulted over; the events could end in success or failure; the manner could be matter-of-fact or lyrical.

And so the specific inspiration for what became "No Truce with Kings"—besides the basic one of needing to put food on the table—was a cover flat from Avram.

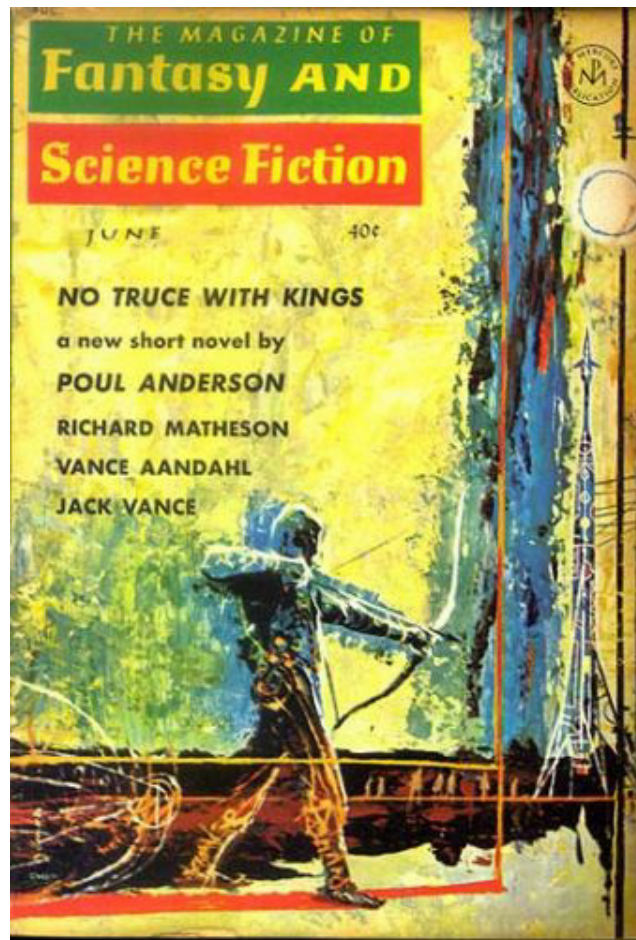
This one was a rather impressionistic piece by Ed Emshwiller. It showed a baggy-trousered figure in the foreground aiming a bow at a skeletal-looking object like a tall skinny rocketship, with what might be small human figures near its foot, and a taller shapelessness beside it – or is that an enormous shadow behind it, and a lesser shadow behind the archer? The whole thing was grayscale – no hint what the colors might be. And Avram was editing the magazine from a small town in Mexico! Scarcely possible to pick up the phone and ask him. Very well, color wouldn't be important in that scene. Which is not to say the story would be colorless.

So what else went into it, besides that vague picture of an archer and (maybe) a starship?

I don't remember exactly when the writing was done; but since the story was published in the June 1963

issue, it must have been some time in 1962.

Poul was in his mid-thirties and Astrid was eight years old. The world we lived in, nearly fifty years ago, was very different from today's. Eisenhower's presidency had been followed by Kennedy's; on the other side of the Iron Curtain, Khrushchev's de-Stalinization program put him at odds with Mao Zedong; in Britain, there were such Prime Ministers as Harold Macmillan and Harold Wilson, while Winston Churchill was living in retirement. Iran was ruled by the Shah, Nasser was running the United Arab Republic and Ben-Gurion was prime minister of Israel; the upheavals in Africa following the departures of colonial powers had brought UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld to the formerly Belgian Congo, where his



—*Continued next page*

—*Anderson Hall of Fame, continued from previous page*

plane had crashed under circumstances mysterious even today. His successor was U Thant, of what was still called Burma. Kennedy had declared for the moon, but nuclear war was a present danger.

In California, Edmund G. “Pat” Brown Sr. was governor: he is commemorated in the name of the canal diverting fresh water past the brackish inland delta above the Bay, irrigating the west side of the San Joaquin Valley down to western Los Angeles County. (His son Edmund G. Jr.—“Jerry”—has been governor, run for President and failed but then became mayor of Oakland, and now would like to be governor again. Some things don’t seem to change.)

And so Poul sat down to his typewriter. What might he do with an archer and a rocket ship? He’d done *The High Crusade* a couple of years before—the one about an alien ship conquered by medieval Englishmen—so it would need to be entirely different. Why not put it in the future instead of the past; and instead of basically imaginary landscapes (whether English or extraterrestrial), set it in ones he’d walked over? He knew what a defensible barrier the mountains make—the eastern boundary of California, though drawn with a ruler, is a simplification of a rainfall divide. He knew how much easier water communication is than land, without steam or other power, and how easy it is to sail between Hawaii and the mainland, and north to Alaska, with nineteenth-century technology.

He also knew that a rule of laws rather than men is hard to maintain. With his Scandinavian heritage, and with the advantage of learning Danish along with English from both American-born father and Danish-born mother, he was well versed in both English (which is American) history, and also

in that of Scandinavia—which saw its own quarrels between barons and king; and the history of Iceland—the anarchic republic which broke down once local chieftains began to wage war on each other, and gained peace at the price of being ruled by Norway.

So let’s say there was a nuclear war, centuries ago, that has left no scars (Telegraph Hill in San Francisco has a tower, if not the same one as today; street names like Alemany and Portola survive, though not the railroad through the Donner Pass; instead, one follows a southern route, but no further than Hangtown) and has not only drastically reduced the population but also destroyed or made unusable highways, power plants, refineries, factories, and canneries—though not the records that tell how to make them.

Simply, civilization is getting a fresh start on a nineteenth-century-level Western seaboard. Will it be Manifest Destiny replayed from west to east? But let’s try out some other ideas about ways to organize a polity. Maybe smaller units and a kind of feudalism will work better than an endless federal union.

That takes care of the archer; now for the rocket ship. Those ET’s who came in it—suppose they came not to conquer but to help? And have some notion of psychohistory? Here’s a reversal of Asimov’s Seldon Plan and of centralized social planning generally: particularly, a rejection of the attitude that the individual human being can’t be treated as an adult. “You knew what was right for us,” Colonel Mackenzie says to the wise and helpful interstellar social worker. “We weren’t entitled to any say in the matter.” But he refuses to be treated like a child. An adult is entitled to make his own mistakes.

Besides the Kipling quotation that is the story’s title, he might have used a favorite line from a 1939 poem of Robinson Jeffers to sum up Colonel Mackenzie’s attitude to those do-gooders: “Long live freedom, and damn the ideologies!”

—*AussieCon 4 report continued from page 7*

Dani Kollin and Eytan Kollin, authors of the Prometheus Best Novel winner, *The Unincorporated Man*, sent their remarks to be read since they were not able to attend. Patrick Nielsen Hayden a senior editor at Tor Books was present to accept the awards plaques for the Kollin brothers and did a really great presentation of their remarks.

Overall I had a wonderful time in Melbourne. I heard a lot of positive comments about the con and Melbourne. Virtually everyone I spoke with had a wonderful time and enjoyed meeting friends old and new from around the world. And although attendance was not large, Aussiecon 4 did attract enough attendees from the USA to be noticed. The day before the start of the con I just finished a midmorning snack of toast and espresso when a member of the wait staff asked if she could clear my plate. When I answered, she asked if I was from the USA, I replied in affirmative and she asked why so many people from USA were suddenly arriving in Melbourne. So I explained about Worldcon being in Melbourne.

And closer to my home in 2011, the Worldcon will be in Reno, Nevada [*Renovation, from August 17–21, editor*], and based on what I have seen thus far will be great.

## Prometheus Submission Guidelines

Without content no publication can survive. In order to continue publishing future issues, *Prometheus* seeks reviews, interview, essays, articles, and columns of interest to libertarian science fiction fans. Any individual may submit material — membership in the LFS is not required.

As the newsletter of the Libertarian Futurist Society, *Prometheus* focuses on Prometheus Award-nominated works, but also publishes reviews and articles beyond the Prometheus Award candidates.

Letter of comment also are welcome, whether about the reviews, or any questions about LFS, the nominating and voting process. In this digital age the printed press continues to matter, but we need your help to sustain this newsletter.

Contact the editor for more details via email at: [editor@lfs.org](mailto:editor@lfs.org)

# RIP, James P. Hogan, 27 June 1941 — 12 July 2010

James Patrick Hogan, science fiction writer and Prometheus Award winner, died unexpectedly in his home in Ireland on July 12th 2010, at the age of 69. Cause of death remains unknown, or at least unreleased. Hogan was scheduled as a guest at several science fiction conventions this year, including Armadillocon in Austin, Texas in August 2010. I met Hogan for the first time at Armadillocon back in the mid-1990s. He was gracious and friendly, and at dinner nearby with other fans and writers (including Gregory Benford, if I remember correctly), Hogan counted our party and was sorely tempted to give the name “Christ” to the waitress, so they would announce, “Christ, party of thirteen” when the table was ready.

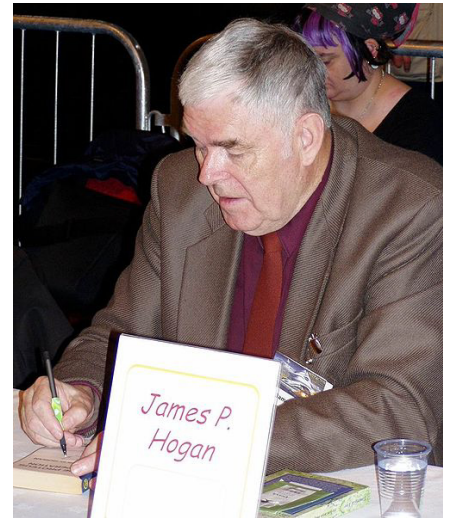
Hogan also signed my stack of books, including the paperbacks I had bought some years earlier when first discovering his work as a writer, stating that anyone who paid money for his books deserved the few seconds of the time it took him to write his name inside the cover. I remember buying his first novel, *Inherit the Stars*, back in 1986 solely from the cover image, and then *Code of the Lifemaker* shortly thereafter. I sought out and read most of his earlier books based on these two works, and picked up pretty much everything published later, save for the last five or so books he published. I interviewed him for an issue of *Prometheus*, and saw him again at other sf conventions, though I never knew him as well as I knew his books, especially those paperbacks from his early career.

James Hogan had a long and storied writing career in science fiction. He won the Prometheus Award twice, first for *Voyage from Yesteryear* in 1983 and then in 1993 for *The Multiplex Man*. Both books featured “Prometheus Award winner” on subsequent editions. Eleven of his novels were nominated for the Prometheus Award. He also won the Seiun Award, presented by Japanese fans as part of the regular WorldCon ceremony. With around 29 novels, three short story collections, and two non-fiction books, Hogan strove for a hard science type of science fiction. This lent a level of plausibility to even those ideas that seemed far fetched, such as Earth’s moon having served as another planet’s satellite before being hurtled inward as part of a cataclysmic event. His Giants trilogy formed the core of his early fiction, starting with *Inherit the Stars*. *The Gentle Giants of Ganymede* followed a few years later, and then the third book, *Giant’s Star*. In between this series Hogan wrote several other books, including *The Two Faces of Tomorrow*, and the libertarian themed *Voyage from Yesteryear*.

Ten years after *Giant’s Star*, Hogan picked up the same series with *Entoverse* in 1991. He would add a fifth book in 2005, *Mission to Minerva*. He also wrote near future thrillers, such as *Endgame Enigma* and *The Mirror Maze*. *The Code of the Lifemaker*, a wonderful tale about robots creating their own civilization, experiencing the equivalent of the middle ages, renaissance, and enlightenment in a relatively short time, then meeting humanity, is a book I’ve read several times. A sequel, *The Immortality Option*, appeared in 1995, more than a dozen years after the first book. In the late 1990s and throughout the 2000s Hogan published several space travel novels, most of them standalone, but also a pair in a new series—*Cradle of Saturn* and *The Anguished Dawn*.

Short stories and non-fiction essays appeared in three collections spread out over 17 years, from *Minds, Machines, and Evolution* in 1988 to *Rockets, Redheads & Revolutions* in 1999, and finally *Catastrophes, Chaos, and Convolutions*. In his non-fiction work Hogan often took controversial positions, or attacked what he saw as sacred ideas based on faulty science and logic. Hewing to the theory that science and logic must shine its light on every theory without flinching, some of Hogan’s later positions and views appear uncomfortable. Although Hogan tackled AIDS/HIV research, Immanuel Velikovsky’s catastrophism, Darwin’s theory of evolution, ozone depletion, and other “sacred cows,” his defense of certain Holocaust deniers was an uncomfortable discovery on my part. While his two non-fiction books dealt primarily with science and artificial intelligence, going on the offensive against popular ideas whose truths are taken as undeniable, it seemed to go against the grain to defend a pair of controversial thinkers as more rigorous and convincing than scores of first-hand accounts, decades of historians and vast volumes of archival material.

Hogan’s own philosophy, as stated in a *Prometheus* interview, and later in an interview from *Tangent*, was one of civility and “do[ing] the right thing.” In *Voyage from Yesteryear* and some short stories (ie. “The Colonizing of Tharle” in the libertarian anthology *Visions of Liberty*), Hogan took a path very similar to Eric Frank’s Russell’s story, “And Then There Were None.” Given an opportunity to choose between freedom and obeying irrational and coercive orders, humans will tend to choose the former. Hogan, one hopes, will be remembered for his emphasis on science in SF, and liberty as a crucial part of any society, and the future of mankind.



## Classifieds

**The (Libertarian) Connection**, open-forum since 1968. Subscribers may insert four pages/issue free, unedited. **Factsheet Five** said, “Lively interchange of point, counterpoint and comments”. Eight/year, \$10. Strauss, 10 Hill #22-LP, Newark NJ 07102.

— Anders Monsen

# LETTERS

Congrats, as always, on another fine issue of *Prometheus*! I especially liked the the article on Nevil Shute, which was a surprise and a delight. Like most people, I knew him only through *On the Beach*, which I had read in high school back in the late 1950's.

On the first day of Senior English, our teacher asked each person in turn what they had read in the way of literature. When she got to me, I said, "*On the Beach* by Nevil Shute and 23 volumes of Tom Swift Junior." The class grew quiet as she stared silently at me, finally uttering, "Well, I didn't know you were illiterate." A few brave souls squelched snickers, and even I grinned sheepishly. I never got a chance to explain to her that mild dyslexia had slowed my reading rate, making reading a chore; I was already in middle school when I discovered scifi, which finally hooked me on reading.

Anyway, your discovery of this 20+ year old piece is a boon. I am trying to select books for my British Lit students to read, books which will at least indirectly paint an attractive picture of liberty and individualism. So far, *1984* and *Night Watch* are the only ones I've put on my list (any ideas you have will be appreciated). Thanks to you I learn that Shute had many other works and that they have a sense of life akin to objectivism. I'm going to read a few and see if they will be suitable for my list!

Rick Triplett

P.S. — I much appreciated your review of *Escape From Terra*. Among other things, your observation that "some of the pages almost pack too much," hit home. *Roswell, Texas* suffered a similar burden. Apparently controlling narrative flow must be handled differently in novels vs. graphic novels.

I must say, it was a jolt of alarm to me, to get my first issue of this newsletter, and see an editorial wondering whether or not to discontinue it. I was (and am) looking forward to Libertarian science fiction to read, and hope that my adventure with your fine newsletter does not end before it begins. But if what you need is submissions, I can gladly supply them. The only problem, I fear, is that I don't think I am paid enough money to qualify as a contributor. But if needs must, that can be remedied!

On another note, I had discovered *Escape from Terra* independently a few months ago, and while it's libertarian flair did appeal to me, it seems to be spread so thin that I cannot keep grasp of it. More of an anthology than a cohesive storyline. But I would not dissuade others from reading it; after all, we need all the help we can get.

Jay McIntyre

I am reading the Phil Salin article on Nevil Shute. I worked with Phil on the AMEX project years ago.

And I am a huge Nevil Shute fan. I have read nearly all his novels and some many times.

Have you seen the Australian miniseries *A Town Like Alice*? It is great, but still not on DVD for some reason.

I vote for *Prometheus* being online. If you produce a pdf file, you can still offer to mail a print version, and in color, for some amount.

I prepared this page when a new edition of Shute paperbacks came out:

<http://www.economicthinking.org/books/Shute.html>

They went out of print quickly and some of the copies I have are listed on Amazon for high prices.

Now new editions are coming out and they look nice.

Greg Rehmke

One of my all-time favorite print magazines was *Omni*.

When they ceased publication and went to a strictly online existence I never saw or read it again.

I am confident there is not enough money in the world to compensate you for the time you spend putting *Prometheus* together. But I can tell you this. Before I got to your editorial, I read every word of Phillip Salin's "Novelist of achievement." It was absolutely terrific. I would never have known of Nevil Shute had it not been for your publishing his essay.

I, for one, can guarantee that I would never have spent the time reading said essay off some website. Moreover, my wife, who is a professor of English, latched onto the essay right away and took it into her night class and read pieces from it. I photocopied it for my son, who is a Captain in the US Air Force and will be fascinated to read of Mr. Shute's brilliant career as an engineer. My daughter who is an accomplished screenplay writer wants to read some of Shute's work as well.

Steven Burgauer

Thanks for this latest issue. The lead article is a fascinating piece. I only knew of Shute from *On the Beach*, which I have not read. But the catalog of his other works is very impressive. The familiarity with the material of Mr. Salin is even more impressive. As I read this, I realize that I was rather honored to have a few of my pieces see printed in *Prometheus*. I thank you for including me.

Jerry Jewett

## Moving?

Please send any changes in your mailing address to:

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# LFS announces 2011 Hall of Fame Award Finalists

The Libertarian Futurist Society has selected five finalists for the 2011 Hall of Fame Award from 21 nominated narrative and dramatic works. In chronological order, the finalists are:

- “The Machine Stops,” by E. M. Forster (1909), is a short story portraying the breakdown of a dystopian future society whose inhabitants are dependent on a technology they can no longer control or understand. Forster described the story as a reaction against H. G. Wells’s visions of the future.

- “As Easy as A.B.C.,” by Rudyard Kipling (1912), is a short story exploring the political implications of worldwide freedom of movement, unusual for its time in its bitter condemnation of racial hatred.

- *Animal Farm*, by George Orwell (1945), a short novel, retells the story of the Russian Revolution in the literary form of beast fable, reflecting the post-World War II disillusionment of many communists.

- “‘Repent, Harlequin!’ Said the Ticktockman,” by Harlan Ellison (1965), is a short story about an absurdist rebellion against a future society of enforced conformity. Ellison’s structural and stylistic experiments made him a key figure in the New Wave of 1960s science fiction.

- *Falling Free*, by Lois McMaster Bujold (1988), is a hard

science fiction novel about genetically engineered “quaddies” seeking freedom from their corporate creators and owners. Bujold’s engineer hero embodies not only technological competence but professional and ethical dedication to truth and integrity.

The winner will be chosen by a vote of the LFS’s membership. The award will be presented at Renovation (Worldcon 69) in Reno, Nevada, to be held August 17-21, 2011.

First awarded in 1983 to Robert Heinlein’s *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress* and Ayn Rand’s *Atlas Shrugged*, the Hall of Fame Award honors classic works of science fiction and fantasy that celebrate freedom or warn against abuses of power. Since 2000, eligible works have included not only novels, but also short stories, films, television series or episodes, graphic novels, musical works, and other narrative and dramatic forms. Last year’s award went to Poul Anderson’s short story “No Truce with Kings” (1963).

LFS Vice President William H. Stoddard chaired the Hall of Fame screening committee. All members of the Libertarian Futurist Society are eligible to serve on it, to nominate classic works for its consideration, and to participate in the final vote.



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The Newsletter of the Libertarian Futurist Society  
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