

PROMETHEUS

2007 Prometheus Award Finalists Announced

The Libertarian Futurist Society will present its Prometheus Awards ceremony in August at the World Science Fiction Convention, which will be held in Yokohama, Japan from August 30th to September 3rd, 2007. We are happy to announce the finalists for the Best Novel award and the Hall of Fame award for Best Classic Fiction.

The finalists in the Best Novel category of this year's Prometheus Award for the best pro-freedom novel of 2006:

Empire, by Orson Scott Card (Tor Books)
The Ghost Brigades, by John Scalzi (Tor Books)
Glasshouse, Charles Stross (Penguin Group)
Rainbows End, by Vernor Vinge (Tor Books)
Harbingers, by F. Paul Wilson (Forge)

The finalists for the Prometheus Hall of Fame award for Best Classic Fiction:

A Clockwork Orange, novel by Anthony Burgess
 "As Easy as ABC," short story by Rudyard Kipling
It Can't Happen Here, novel by Sinclair Lewis
Animal Farm, novel by George Orwell
 The Lord of the Rings, novels by J.R.R. Tolkien
 "True Names," novella by Vernor Vinge

Ten novels published in 2006 were nominated for this year's Best Novel category. The other nominees were **Harald**, by David D. Friedman (Baen Books); **Variable Star**, by Robert Heinlein and Spider Robinson (Tor Books); **Engaging the Enemy**, by Elizabeth Moon (Ballantine Books/Del Rey); **The Clan Corporate**, by Charles Stross (Tor Books); and **Red Lightning**, by John Varley (Ace Books).

Of the many works nominated for the Hall of Fame award, ten were selected as early semifinalists, ranging from novels and short stories to a music album. The other semifinalists were **Courtship Rite**, a 1982 novel by Donald Kingsbury; **Ensign Flandry, Volume 1: The Saga of Dominic Flandry, Agent of Imperial Terra**, a 1966 novel by Poul Anderson; **That Hideous Strength**,

a 1946 novel by C.S. Lewis; and **2112**, a 1976 music album/set of songs, by Rush.

Both awards honor outstanding science fiction/fantasy that explores the possibilities of a free future, champions human rights (including personal and economic liberty), dramatizes the perennial conflict between individuals and coercive governments, or critiques the tragic consequences of abuse of power—especially by the state.

The Prometheus Award, sponsored by the Libertarian Futurist Society (LFS), was established in 1979, making it one of the most enduring awards after the Nebula and Hugo awards, and one of the oldest fan-based awards currently in sf. Presented annually since 1982 at the World Science Fiction Convention, the Prometheus Awards include a gold coin and plaque for the winners.

For more information, contact LFS Board President Chris Hibbert (hibbert@mydruthers.com); Best Novel awards coordinator Michael Grossberg (mikegrossb@aol.com) or Worldcon awards ceremony coordinator Fred Moulton (programming@lfs.org).

For a full list of past Prometheus Award winners in three categories, visit www.lfs.org.

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THE LIBERTARIAN FUTURIST SOCIETY

The newsletter of the
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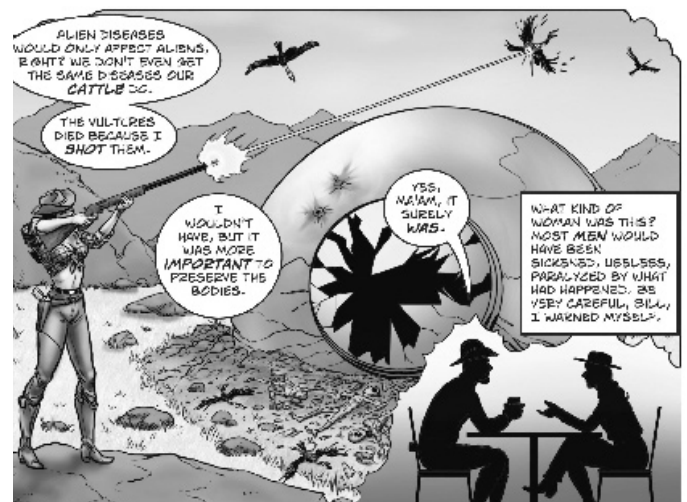
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Roswell, Texas online: one year later

On May 1, 2006, Big Head Press began an online venture. They started serializing an original novel concept by L. Neil Smith and Rex May. First conceived as a novel idea over a decade ago (and still seeking a publisher in that format), Smith and artist Scott Bieser transmogrified the alternative history extravaganza that is **Roswell, Texas** as a graphic novel (to use a term from another graphic pioneer). Bieser and Smith last collaborated on turning **The Probability Broach** into a graphic novel.

The old cliché that it has to be seen in order to be believed definitely applies to this novel. As we learn in the opening pages, after Santa Ana is shot at the Alamo, history takes a vastly different turn. A hundred plus years later, something has happened in Roswell, TX. The President of Texas, Charles Lindberg, Jr., sends Wild Bill Bear to investigate with three Texas Rangers. The United States, California, France, and Mexico also send agents, including pink-wearing Nazis, Madame



Curie, and a host of other characters. The Pope is involved, an internal spy group in Texas keeps tabs on most of the players, and the mystery deepens when Bill Bear encounters the rancher in Roswell where events took place, a drop-dead gorgeous brunette from Tennessee, called Bettie.

One year into the project at <<http://www.bigheadpress.com/roswell>>, I have spent virtually every Friday reading the latest panels, and gone back through the entire work at least twice. Historical characters blend seamlessly with fictional ones, and this has to be one of the funniest, most enjoyable alternative histories I have ever read.

—Anders Monsen

BOOK REVIEWS

The Book of Merlyn

By T. H. White

Reviewed by Anders Monsen

Almost all the tales of Arthur trace their literary ancestry to Malory's version, yet no modern versions can overlook T. H. White's **The Once and Future King**. Disney's animated version borrowed from the first volume, **The Sword in the Stone**, while the 1981 movie, **Excalibur**, took elements of the entire story. Originally begun as separate volumes written immediately before and during WWII, four of these books were collected in 1958. The fifth volume, **The Book of Merlyn**, did not appear in print until almost 20 years later.

The Book of Merlyn opens on the eve of the final battle between an aged and spent Arthur against the imposing forces of his son, Mordred. Everything that Arthur created and attained lies in ruins: his wife is gone, the round table scattered, and his kingdom torn apart. Old age bears down on him, clouding his mind and judgment; he now merely sits and awaits his fate, when in walks his old friend and mentor, the wizard Merlyn. As he did so many years ago, when everyone called him Wart unaware that one day he would be king, Merlyn assumes the role of tutor. Together they leave the war encampment and enter a cave, or badger's sett, where a conclave of talking animals are gathered to discuss Arthur's options, and the nature of man and war.

The difficulty with this novel is that while it consists of both narrative passages and philosophical debates, these stutter and stumble. When the latter dominates the book it slows the flow to a turgid crawl, despite the very admirable ideas expressed, especially by Merlyn, who seems to act as the voice of T.H. White.

In contrast to the more popular collectivist thoughts of White's day, Merlyn states: "The destiny of man is an individualistic destiny." Merlyn later adds, "I am an anarchist, like any other sensible person," and that "all forms of collectivism are mistaken, according to the human skull." As Merlyn caustically remarks:

Nobody can be saved from anything, unless they save themselves. It is hopeless doing things for people—it is often very dangerous to do things at all—and the only thing worth doing for the race is to increase its stock of ideas. Then, if you make available a larger stock, people are at liberty to help themselves from out of it. By this process the means of improvement is offered, to be accepted or rejected freely, and there is a faint hope of progress in the course of the millennia. Such is the business of the philosopher, to open new ideas. It is not his business to impose them on people.

The novel shines in the few moments of narrative, such as the two stories of Arthur amid the animals, and the final wrapup of the lives of Arthur and those who one time were his closest friends. To push forward their points more forcefully, Merlyn and the conclave of animals magically send Arthur to live among two species, the ants and the geese. These are meant to contrast strongly with mankind, and also with each other. The first group he encounters is the ants, a highly collectivistic society with an almost inbred sense of totali-

tarianism and fear of individuality. "Everything not forbidden is compulsory by new order," states the signs above tunnel entrances. Asking questions is a sign of insanity, resulting in death. Arthur finds himself strongly opposed to this society, as would virtually any human. Still, White draws the ants in such a negative light to make them almost caricatures, and the impact is somewhat lessened.

At the other end of the social spectrum we find the geese, which live in a highly individualist society with private property, heroic songs, and an almost Epicurean sense of life. Arthur finds himself drawn to this utopia, and even falls in love with a buxom goose, but finds that fate has other things in store for him. Despite the allure of the anarchistic geese society, Arthur's sojourn there is brief, and inevitably he must return to his own world and time to face his own fate.

As a novel, given the fact that novels can cover politics as well as science amid the fiction, **The Book of Merlyn** suffers in the face of novels with greater emotional impact, say George Orwell's **1984** and **Animal Farm**. Had Ayn Rand's **Atlas Shrugged** expanded Galt's speech to half the novel's length that novel would have become unreadable, and probably failed to reach the impact that readers walk away with at present. White's novel unfortunately ends up being top-heavy with debates that slow the narrative and detract from the story, and ultimately, this makes it nearly unreadable as a novel, though it's a brilliant document of radical ideas, and stands in stark contrast to the collectivism of the 1930s and 1940s.

Six Moon Dance

By Sheri S. Tepper

Eos, 1999

Reviewed by Chris Hibbert

Sherry Tepper's **Six Moon Dance** is an intriguing fantasy. It starts out seeming to be an investigation of a society with unusual sex roles (half the female babies on Newholme die as infants, so women have unusual power. Men are seen as the weaker sex, and male concubines are common; Mouche, the viewpoint character, will train to be one). The story slowly morphs into a deeper exploration of the interaction between a bizarre quasi-human society, and two interesting alien organisms, mediated by the Great Questioner, a cyborg with her own problems. Each has been changed by their interactions with the others.

Humans have only inhabited this world for a few hundred years. The first settlers didn't notice the native life (they were hiding until they figured out the settlers' intentions), which put them in a bind because the Council of Worlds enforces its version of the Prime Directive harshly. The native life has some rather fantastic powers: budding off individuals who can live a separate life for a while and then reabsorb, returning their memories to the collective.

The story arises because the Questioner (the investigator and enforcer of the Prime Directive) schedules a visit at the same time as Newholme's periodic geologic upheavals start again in earnest. The natives have dealt with the problem in the past (it's partly of organic origin and intricately related to both the themes of multi-species intertwining and strange sex roles) but need more help from the humans this time around, since their presence has disrupted their normal approaches. But if the local humans are to escape punish-

—Continued on page 4

—*Six Moon Dance* review, continued from page 3

ment, the Questioner mustn't notice the shenanigans.

Of course, the Questioner has her own resources, and her job is to be suspicious, so everything unravels.

This is more than the story of an investigation. Tepper describes events and people very poetically. Here are a few excerpts to give a taste:

Questioner has drafted two young dancers to help her with the investigation on Newholme, and as they were still struggling to find their identities, her intervention has interrupted their progress. Gandro Bao has trained as a Kabuki dancer, which has given him some sex-role confusion (excuse his broken English, please.) The other dancer, Ellin Voy has identity issues since she found out she is a clone raised to be a dancer just like her mother and her many sisters.

"So, I am being confused, and some days I am looking at face in mirror and thinking, who is this? Is this male or female? Is this real person or only actor? ... So when I am twelve, ... and deciding I am whoever I am wanting to be! Who I am choosing to be!"

"But that's just it! I can't choose who to be! I never had a choice!"

"You cannot choose to be horse, or fish, or tree, no. But it is like this. You are like small seed, and this ship is like big wind, and it is blowing seed from small plant far, far away where is no other such plant. And plant is not saying, 'Oh, oh. I cannot be oak tree, I cannot be bamboo, I cannot be cactus, I have no choice.' Plant is not so silly as that. Plant is putting down roots of own self and growing! And while it is growing, when things are difficult, it changes a little bit, so when it is grown, it is not exactly like the plant it was coming from. It adapts."

Near the end of the book, Mouche is consoling the Questioner:

"[T]he true story of any living thing has pain in it, and life has to be that way. Curiosity is a good goad, but pain is a better one. It is pain that moves us, that makes us learn how to cure, how to mend, how to improve, how to re-create. Inside all of us, even the happiest are memories of pain... Each of us cries that we are lost. We ask the darkened room, who are we? And we demand easy answers: I am my father's son. My mother's daughter. A child of this family, or that."

"That's the nature of mankind," she agreed.

"True, but Corojum had an answer that is equally true, and I like his better! We are made of the stuff of stars, given our lives by a living world, given our selves by time. We are brother to the trees and sister to the sun. We are of such glorious stuff we need not carry pain around like a label. Our duty, as living things, to be sure that pain is not our whole story, for we can choose to be otherwise. As Ellin says, we can choose to dance.

The part about being driven by pain doesn't resonate with me, but I liked the way the story illuminated the exhortation to choose.

Variable Star

By Robert A. Heinlein and Spider Robinson

Tor, 2006

Reviewed by Rick Triplett

For those of you who may not know this yet, the Robert A. Heinlein estate discovered extensive notes on a novel that the master never got around to finishing, and in 2004 it selected Spider Robinson to complete this novel. Even if you have not read Robinson's fiction, you have probably known him through his 1980 homage "Rah, Rah, R. A. H!" (Go to www.HeinleinSociety.org, click on "Robert Heinlein," then look down the list of articles).

I did not discover Heinlein until the early sixties, and it almost ruined my college career. For several weeks, I read Heinlein and occasionally slept—and that was about it; reacting like this is not uncommon among his fans. So it was with much trepidation that I began reading a novel that could have been written quite badly.

But it was well-written! For one thing, Robinson is an accomplished author; his many books and awards testify to his ability to tell an enjoyable story. More importantly, he imitates a great deal of Heinlein's style—not perfectly of course, but within just a few pages of **Variable Star** I was transported to those days almost a half century ago when I was young, fascinated, and inspired by a fiction unlike any I had previously experienced. I decided that no matter how the book turned out, it was worth it to experience once again the delight of a story in the Heinlein tradition, one with picturesque people, exciting ideas, adventures of broad scope, and heroic individualism—a cherished experience that had come sadly to an end with Heinlein's death in 1988.

Variable Star tells the story of Joel Johnston, a bright young man who could have been a physicist or mathematician, but prefers to play and compose jazz for the saxophone. As in many of Heinlein's books, this young man becomes embroiled in a succession of gripping challenges, learns painfully from experience, encounters some very singular women, faces awful decisions, works hard for what he loves, and ends up in an unpredictable plot twist that stretches the reader's imagination. Robinson was not commissioned to imitate Heinlein, and he would be the first to deny any such hubris; but readers will expect it anyway. Fortunately we are not disappointed.

That said, I do have a minor quibble. The middle third of the book seemed a little slow to me. It was interesting, but not exciting. It isn't unusual for a Heinlein story to feature a youth who learns from experience and matures throughout the story, but I suspect Heinlein himself would have tossed in a little more action to keep interest stirred up. On the other hand, the ending of the book, with surprise plot turns, big themes, rapid development, and heroic, quick thinking is pure Heinlein and does indeed grow out of and contrast nicely with the middle part of the story.

So, is the book libertarian? One could ask this of any of Heinlein's books. He is never explicitly libertarian (well, I'd have to back down a little over **The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress**), but he *always* portrays a passion for the values that, I think, are an essential foundation for libertarian life—values that drive one to love and to pursue liberty. **Variable Star**—like the core of Heinlein—honors individualism, sexual equality, open-mindedness, personal responsibility, optimism, imagination, rationality, courage, independent thinking, love of

—Continued next page

Moving?

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—*Variable Star* review, continued from previous page

truth, a can-do attitude, anti-authoritarianism, and contempt for government excess. A reader may assent to libertarian principles after reading a dry essay; but by the end of **Variable Star**, one longs achingly for the joys and the promises of a life in freedom

Red Lightning

By John Varley

Ace Books, 2006

Reviewed by William H. Stoddard

Red Lightning is John Varley's sequel to **Red Thunder**, and like it—like many of Varley's recent books, actually—it's clearly inspired by one of Robert Heinlein's novels. For **Red Thunder**, the launch point was **Rocket Ship Galileo**. For **Red Lightning**, it's **Red Planet**, a substantially better book, with less of the traditional "boys' book" formula and more sureness of literary method. It seems to have inspired Varley to a richer story as well. Other Heinleinian stimuli can be made out for some of the story elements, from **Podkayne of Mars** for the opening Mars-Earth voyage to **The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress** for the Martian independence movement. In fact, Varley hasn't just retold, or even deconstructed, any one Heinlein story: He's blended themes and events from several with new topics of his own.

Basically, **Red Lightning** falls into two plot arcs. In the first, the protagonist—son of the protagonist of **Red Thunder**—travels to Earth with his family after a major, and unforeseen, natural disaster. In the second, back on Mars, he becomes involved in the resistance to Earth's attempt to seize power. This seems like a foredoomed effort, given the relative population sizes and economic strength of the two planets. But Varley has some surprises for the reader. The central protagonists from **Red Thunder** are back in this book, in significant roles, though not central to it.

In some ways, that's a relatively weak element of this book. Its central technology, like that of **Red Thunder**, is magic, plain and simple. That's a big difference from Heinlein, who made his technology as realistic as possible. But it's not as critically a weak element as it was in **Red Thunder**. The real story here is the contrast of cultures: The decadent culture of Earth, ridden with bureaucracy, and the independent-spirited frontier culture of Mars. This element of the novel is purely Heinleinian in spirit, without being a slavish imitation of any specific cultures from Heinlein's fiction.

There are some interesting minor speculative proposals for political systems; it would be curious to see how an open source constitution might work. But that's not what makes this book interesting for libertarians. It's more the combined presentation of two classic libertarian themes, the founding of a free society on the frontier and the critical portrayal of an overregimented Earth. And, to counterbalance that, it's the story of the protagonist's grandmother, still living on Earth, coping with an unprecedented natural disaster with the spirit of the Martian frontier. Finally, it's the portrayal of personal ties of love and mutual trust as the real glue that holds a free society together. These are the best elements in this book, and make it worth reading.

Starship: Pirate

By Mike Resnick

Prometheus Books/Pyr, 2006

Reviewed by Anders Monsen

Mike Resnick's **Starship: Pirate** is the sequel to **Starship: Mutiny**, and the second novel in a projected five-novel series. In effect this is the saga of heroic space leader Wilson Cole. The books fit firmly in sf's adventure corner. Although cover blurbs mention this as a work of space opera, I believe it is far more accurate to call this a "horse opera." Ostensibly set 3000 years in the future, it might as well have been lifted from a Hollywood mixed-use backlot. At the forefront stands the Western scene. Throw in swashbuckling pirates for plot and color, a couple of crime bosses with peculiar manners and hobbies, an evil sharklike villain, and a pirate queen from a Conan set; set the switch to "blend" and you have Resnick's latest novel.

Not that I didn't *enjoy* the book, but with three more like this in the works, and the very titles indicating the plot direction, it seems confusing at times to keep track of any purpose or direction. Rather, it is more a case of sitting back in the seat and letting events take you where they may, and try to enjoy the ride.

After gung-ho Commander Wilson Cole was imprisoned in the first novel by his own fleet, the crew of his spaceship, the **Theodore Roosevelt**, breaks him of jail. The entire ship then flees into a life of piracy; what other choice do they have? Still, as Cole stresses, they are pirates with a sense of ethics. Instead of preying on innocents, they will prey on other pirates, and thus have a cleaner conscience. Even such moral decisions carry a heavy price. After many adventures and a few mishaps, the book concludes with the crew of the **Teddy R** once again contemplating remaining pirates or embarking upon another mass career change.

As an action novel, **Starship: Pirate** moves quickly. Still, many of the characters come across as annoying, or at worst flat and stereotypical. Wilson Cole is the series' undisputed leader, the decider, if you will. Yet, despite being an annoying know-it-all, his crew follows and rarely questions his leadership. The cross-ship banter does seem unsettling at times, and the lack of major social or technological change over 3000 years of human history seems implausible for a science fiction novel in the current state of the genre. Libertarians can appreciate the reasons Cole gives for their choice of "victims," as in the Lockean sense any existing pirate by virtue of their actions now is fair game. I find that I do look forward to the next installment of the series, although I am not yet convinced it justifies hardcover prices.

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, \$20. Strauss, 10 Hill #22-LP, Newark NJ 07102.

An action film with ideas: *V for Vendetta*

By Fred Curtis Moulton

Some movies fade on repeated viewings while others maintain their brilliance. *V for Vendetta* is a stellar example of the latter. I saw it first on a theater screen and then several more times on DVD. I viewed it again as I was beginning this review. The movie *V for Vendetta* is simply brilliant.

The movie is based on the graphic novel by David Lloyd and Alan Moore written in the 1980s. The Wachowski Brothers did a preliminary script in the mid 1990s and then revised the script again. Although based on the graphic novel I'm here evaluating the movie on its own terms and not in comparison to the graphic novel. When I saw the movie during the original release I was making part of my evaluation based on a comparison between the movie and the graphic novel. The more I have considered the issue, I have come to the conclusion that the graphic novel and the movie should each be reviewed and rated as individual works.

One might view *V for Vendetta* as an idea film with action or as an action film with ideas. For me—and I suspect most LFS members—it is an idea film with action. The action generally works to carry the various story arcs of the film rather than be gratuitous or overbearing. The violence and gore show that brutality of a totalitarian and repressive regime but they are also in the background reminding us that resistance and revolution almost always have a price. The common remark “One man’s terrorist is another man’s freedom fighter” is used in the movie to remind us of some difficult questions.

In the film the character V says “Behind this mask is more than flesh; behind this mask is an idea.” So what are the ideas of the movie and which of them might be of interest to us?

First, is the oppressive nature of a bullying totalitarian government, oppressive not only at the individual level with curfews and censorship, but also at the group level. As the loathsome Lewis Prothero says in his TV broadcast; “Immigrants. Muslims. Homosexuals. Terrorists. Disease ridden degenerates. They had to go! Strength Through Unity. Unity Through Faith.” The bigotry and intolerance are corrupting and corrosive and one more component of the intimidation and lust for power of the regime.

Second, is the idea of personal growth and integrity. This theme is seen in the story of Evey Hammond. A young woman who has reason to dislike the government but is not a revolutionary, Evey works for the TV network at a low level job just trying to get along. Beginning with her encounter with the Fingermen when breaking curfew that results in her meeting V to her revolutionary act at the end of the movie we see Evey go through tremendous emotional and physical distress and arrive as a changed person. Placing Evey in the story in this manner allows ideas to be expressed and examined without slowing down the pace of the movie.

Third, this movie offers a ray of hope, that eventually people will begin to see through the propaganda and fear tactics. There is one short scene in the first third of the movie in which a young girl is watching a TV news broadcast and seeing it as false says,

“Bollocks,” and turns away from the TV. This is one of the early signs that there is the possibility of a better future. At the conclusion, Evey answers the detective Mr. Finch when asked what V was correct about, “That this country needs more than a building right now. It needs hope.”

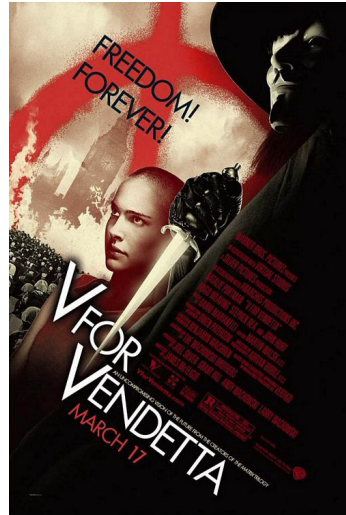
The fourth idea is the strong undercurrent of revenge. A person grievously harmed may seek to extract revenge on those who harmed him in the course of developing a biological weapon. Releasing this biological weapon harmed countless others, all towards obtaining political power and wealth by means of lies and cruelty. Is revenge then justifiable? Is it not imperative?

It is not a subtle movie. The imagery is strong and in your face. It tells a dynamic and gripping story and leaves the viewer with questions, such as when is the right time for revolution? There are hints at answers but the movie is not overly preachy in trying to be prescriptive.

There are some choice moments of satire of authority. Much of the political references are very overt; such as censorship of certain music, banning of possession of certain books such as the Quran. The collusion of the major religious institutions and the role of news manipulation

and the use of demagogic media figures are well illustrated in the movie. As Evey says about a TV news announcer “She blinks a lot when she does a story that she knows is false.”

The movie is so full of anti-authoritarian messages that it is hard to see them all in only a single viewing. Any movie about fear and the use of fear to control a populous and the resulting tyranny would be of interest to libertarians. One as well made and timely as *V for Vendetta* with such a fine script, great acting and focused directing deserves our attention.



Chuck Hammill, RIP

Brad Linaweaver and J. Kent Hastings regret to inform the readers of *Prometheus* that long time libertarian activist Chuck Hammill died in December of 2006. As close friends of Chuck, Brad and Kent are writing a tribute to him for a future issue of *Prometheus*.

Chuck's contributions to the movement were significant. As a MENSA member and Discordian he was constantly finding clever ways to fight Our Enemy, The State. He appears as himself in Chapter 11 of Linaweaver and Hastings' *Anarquia*. Chuck delivered a speech at the Future of Freedom conference in November, 1987 that later became the famous essay "From Crossbows To Cryptography: Thwarting The State With Technology." He had an outrageous sense of humor and a genuine concern for liberty. He is sorely missed.

Space is a Harsher Mistress

Gradisil

By Adam Roberts

Pyr, 2007

Reviewed by Anders Monsen

In his latest novel, **Gradisil**, Robert Adams has created a modern libertarian sf epic. Taking his title from a young character's mangling of Yggdrasil, the mythic Norse tree of knowledge, the basic premise merges an unusual method of leaving Earth's gravity with a generational story and the birth of a new nation. Instead of using the much derided rocketry employed by NASA, which brings only a handful of individuals into space each year, Roberts' private space farers launch a new space age via slightly modified aircraft. By adapting these planes to take advantage of Earth's magnetosphere, which extends up and outward like the branches of a great tree (hence the Yggdrasil metaphor), moderately wealthy private individuals begin to colonize what they call the uplands. A government agent later comments, "No proper government could run a space programme or patch-up-and-mend... the way you uplanders have been colonising the area. No, for us it's got to be design-from-scratch, great gleaming spacebirds." Indeed, the opening act of this novel reads much like Victor Koman's paean to private space travel, **Kings of the High Frontier**, enthusiastically describing the ascent into space by these new pioneers and their creation of mini-space stations.

Gradisil is a generational novel spanning nearly a century in scope, focusing on the Gyeroffy family. Beginning with a young Klara helping her father set up a house in the uplands and extending to Klara's daughter, Gradisil (aka Gradi), and rounded out by her two sons, this is a vastly ambitious book. Yet it is also highly personalized, with each of the three parts told from the perspective of different characters, taking on their perspectives and motives. Tragedy strikes quickly for Klara, whose father is murdered in space by one of his clients. Klara seeks both revenge and return to the uplands, yet questions whether either goal really is satisfactory. Still, she embodies a spirit of freedom that is extended by her daughter. Klara during a stint as uplander ambassador to the European Union (EU) explains, "The more I think about it, the less I think that colonization of new lands should be in the province of governments at all... that's just oppression. People should do it themselves."

Gradi fights for freedom, open space for all, "provided only that they build their own homes and arrange their own transport." In this utopia there are no taxes, and every uplander is willing to defend their own freedom and their neighbors' freedom. She proclaims in one her many meetings where she tries to radicalize the disparate uplanders, "I am interested in freedom. Freedom! Svoboda! Liberté! Eleutheria!" Gradi is singularly minded, a passionate long-term planner, who according to her husband even foresees her own death as critical in the birth of an independent "Liberty" in space. (Gradi at one point calls the governments of the uplands a Liberty, amending her original label of an anarchy, which she states is the "ideological principle of no government.") The middle part of the novel's narrative, which is told by Gradi's much abused and betrayed husband is far more focused than the first part detailed by Klara. Whereas the first section often delved into quotidian and boring details, the actual battle for the uplands fought by Gradi is a tour de force of planning and action.

At the outset of his narrative, Gradi's husband talks of his planned act of betrayal to her fiercest enemies, the United States government. Perhaps he wrote his story as a justification for his actions, a way to expiate his sins. He cannot foresee, however, the consequences of his actions will bleed over into the lives of his sons, who feel compelled to act out an *Oresteia* type revenge against their father.

By Gradi's lifetime, in the mid to late 21st century, the population of the uplands has grown to the point where the two dominant government entities, the EU and US (where are Islamic nations and China/India in this future?) Both want a piece of the action. The US government eventually sees the need to police the uplanders, who of course will be taxed to pay for the military occupation, or "defense" as one military official euphemistically states. When they inevitably refuse this police force, war is the inevitable outcome, a war that will either mean the death of free space, or a liberated and viably independent upland community. These two governments fight both each other and the uplanders in a very expensive quest for control over essentially the money of the billionaires in space. Gradi, and many of her associates, seek freedom.

Along the way we encounter the crazed and bureaucratic thinking that is part of all governments. The EU government designs its planes with side docking tunnels, whereas the uplander homes were created with nose hatches in mind. This, the government tells Klara, is a design flaw on the part of the uplanders, who had been up there decades before the EU thought about any presence in space.

In her new role as ambassador for the EU government in space, Klara meets resistance from the uplanders, many of whom used to be close friends. One resident who used to welcome her now refuses even to meet, saying "I've learned to become more and more suspicious of governments the longer I have lived up here." In the vastness of space, it can often be hard to track down people living in small floating boxes, and exact coordinates are required to find people. So, invitation is virtually required, although at one point when the Americans seek to take over the uplands, they methodically try to plot the location of as many inhabitants as possible.

Virtually every sf novel with some trace of libertarian theme has been compared to Robert A. Heinlein's classic novel, **The Moon is a Harsh Mistress**. Roberts' **Gradisil** is no exception. The locale may be different, but the theme similar. Heinlein derived the template for his novel from the American Revolution, whereby a government followed a period of salutary neglect with quickly imposed laws to re-establish control. These laws were perceived as onerous by the inhabitants, who rebelled and defeated their former masters. Roberts' novel deviates somewhat from this template, as the inhabitants of the uplands—essentially private space stations in low earth orbit—ascended into free space, and later suffered under the governments who tried to conquer that space.

If Adam Roberts is not a well-known name in sf here in America, this novel should by all rights render that issue moot. I have read few novels as challenging, literate, and invigorating as this one. **Gradisil** is like the water of life, and anyone captivated by the desire to get into space, or convinced that individual liberty goes hand in hand with our future, should find visionary solace in this excellent book. Roberts is certainly a gifted writer, comfortable with language and style, and the pull of the story itself is nearly irresistible. The British invasion continues apace with writers who discuss libertarian themed ideas with challenging questions and compelling story-telling abilities.

Command Decision

By Elizabeth Moon

Del Rey, 2007

Reviewed by William H. Stoddard

This novel continues Elizabeth Moon's current series, *Vatta's War*. In reviewing the first volume, I pointed out that one of its major themes was the tension between military and mercantile ethical values, referring to the discussion of these two viewpoints in Jane Jacobs' **Systems of Survival**, which argues that applying ethical principles from one domain to activities in the other is destructive. **Command Decision** reads all the more as if Moon had studied Jacobs' ideas: one of its major themes is the increasing sorting out of the two sets of concerns, and the attainment of the proper relationship between them.

On one side of the duality, we see Kylara Vatta, now in command of a small privateer force, moving toward an exclusively military style of organization and discipline. On the other, we see her potential love interest, Rafe Dunbarger, becoming involved with the management of his father's corporation, ISC, which holds a monopoly on instantaneous communications, and discovering that its problems range from internal corruption to cumulative neglect of its own military fleet. Moon ingeniously focuses the attention of Dunbarger, Vatta, and Vatta's cousin and aunt on the same space battle, as the large pirate fleet who have disrupted much of galactic civilization try to take advantage of the organizational troubles of their foes.

Possibly the strongest theme of this novel is the legitimacy of using force to defend oneself or others. Dunbarger confronts a key incident from his earlier life involving that issue, and both Dunbarger and Vatta have to use force to protect the people around them. This in itself makes the story one that libertarians will approve of. Moon also explores several interesting issues relating to property rights. ISC discovers that people in various remote solar systems, including Vatta's home system of Slotter Key, desperate for communication, are taking it on themselves to restart ISC's installations, and has to decide whether to accept this or pursue the traditional policy of punishing it harshly. They also receive inquiries from Kylara's cousin Stella, who wants to patent a new technology of miniaturized instantaneous communicators, small enough to carry on a starship, and is carefully first making sure that she is not violating ISC's intellectual property rights by doing so. Finally, in an ugly incident, Kylara attempts to resupply her fleet at a remote space installation, only to discover that they have taken to cheating their customers, justifying their actions by crude racist and socialist arguments.

Vatta's War is fun to read as a straight action/adventure series, with engaging characters. But it also has intellectual substance: a continuing concern with legal and ethical issues and with effective organization. Moon has clearly thought about her story and her setting, and she invites her readers to do the same. If you are looking for a series in the Heinleinian spirit, one that both entertains you and asks interesting questions, take a look at these novels.

Empire

By Orson Scott Card

Tor, 2006

Reviewed by Rick Triplett

Once in a while, I come across a book that is not explicitly libertarian yet opens its readers' minds to a wider appreciation of liberty and of the obstacles to its maintenance. **Empire** is such a book.

The concept of an empire, as in "Roman Empire" or "British Empire," is of a state grown so centralized and so strong that it cannot be defeated. The double tragedy of such states is that their citizens suffer, first under the tyranny of the empire and later as it crumbles under its own weight. The lesson from this history is that citizens must question and usually resist every transfer of power from the individual to the state—with fiery passion. Fanning the flames of this fire is one of the goals of the Libertarian Futurist Society, and Orson Scott Card's newest tale, brought to us by TOR Books, helps us do so.

The setting of Card's story is the United States, just a few years into the future. After some high-level assassinations, there are rumors of a coup, and a right-wing general all but confirms the rumors. Our protagonist, Major Reuben Malich, is a career soldier, a hero by any standard, and a patriot in the best sense of the term. He is soon deep into the investigation into what is going on and in particular whether a takeover of the American government is looming.

A second character is introduced early, a man who will figure with increasing prominence in the unfolding drama of America's brewing storm. This man is Averell Torrent, a "liberal" (with exact meaning left deliberately unclear) who taunts Malich in a university classroom:

"Oh, Soldier Boy, you poor lad," said Torrent. "The American idea was thrown out with Social Security. We nailed the coffin shut with group rights. We don't want individual liberty because we don't want individual responsibility. We want somebody else to take care of us. If we had a dictator who did a better job of it than our present system, then as long as he pretended to respect Congress, we'd lick his hands like dogs."

Though Malich endures such taunts with mostly silent resentment, his initial view that Torrent is just another leftist professor grows cloudier. The reader, who is discovering that Malich is not a conventional rightist, is also beginning to realize that Torrent is not a conventional leftist. As the novel progresses, it becomes unclear whether the assault on the government is from the right or from the left. Both views are made plausible. Lines are blurred. In the end, it is far from clear that the danger is over.

Card is a fine storyteller; if you have enjoyed his earlier books, you will certainly enjoy this one. There are many and varied conflicts, exciting scenes, publicity machinations, quite intelligent dialogs, and enough drama to keep any reader happy. But there is more: this book is astonishingly free of partisanship. The conventional political spectrum is fleshed out in all its vainglory. The dangers—yes, even the risk of civil war—inherent in partisan power struggles are drawn plainly. In his Afterword Card writes:

... And because today we have discarded the free marketplace of ideas and have polarized ourselves into two equally

**Prometheus Awards voting
deadline: July 4, 2007**

—Continued next page

—*Empire* review, continued from previous page

insane ideologies, so that each side can, with perfect accuracy, brand the other side as madmen, we are ripe for that next step, to take preventive action to keep the other side from seizing power and oppressing our side.

Card is attempting to create a cautionary tale about the path of bickering intolerance down which American politics has plunged. A libertarian might say, “This is only a start”; but it is a well-done and necessary start.

I don’t require that the books I like preach to the libertarian choir. All I want them to do is to get people to actively think about important issues. *Empire* makes sure they do.

Glasshouse

By Charles Stross

Ace, 2006

Reviewed by Chris Hibbert

Charles Stross’s *Glasshouse* takes place in an advanced post-nanotech world where the primary means for long distance travel is cellular deconstruction, data transmission, and reconstruction. In addition to that, you can edit your body and mind before reconstruction, allowing you to modify your basic body type or gender, remove signs of aging, or edit your memories. Unfortunately, this also means that anyone who controls the gates can control what comes out the other end.

Robin, our protagonist, is one of several people going through rehab—apparently their most recent life left them with some mental trauma, and the editing at their last reconstruction wasn’t as complete as it should have been, so they are getting used to their newest selves and learning to integrate into mainstream society. Since someone seems to be trying to kill Robin (who has strong self-preservation

skills and instincts, but doesn’t remember why), the choice to accept an invitation into an anonymity-enforcing experiment in recovering information about a lost historical period makes sense. The historical period is ancient earth; really a Hollywood-based view of 1950s-1990s America, but with many details elided, and the entire period mixed together in one giant mish-mash of the experimenters’ guesses about why the stereotyped sex roles could co-exist with various anachronistic technologies and mores.

“In order to study the emergent properties of the society” the experimenters are constructing, the subjects are constantly monitored and rewarded with points for remaining in character, and lose points (both individually and for their cliques) for arbitrary behaviors the experimenters want to discourage. Some of the participants quickly adopt the point system as their primary driver of value, while Robin and a few others find unseen ways to fight back. Eventually, Robin discovers a cell of others who want to stop the experiment and/or escape.

The story is well-told and interesting, with both action scenes and psychological studies of the characters. The conflict is engaging, and the elaboration of the background (I haven’t given it all away here) is rolled out in a plausible sequence. The exploration of how modern society will look to far-future societies is entirely plausible, with or without intentional culling of the historical records. Stross’s characters have a believably accepting attitude to gender- and bodyplan-switching, and their reactions to an attempt to impose a cartoon interpretation of 1950s gender roles is convincing.

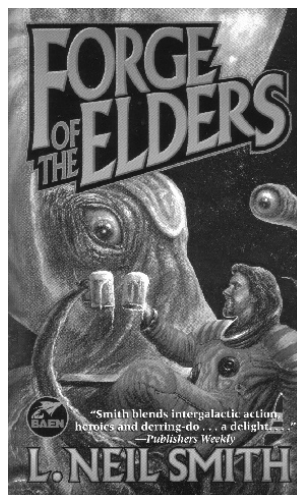
There aren’t any obvious governments, but several factions are struggling to become the de facto monopolists on political control and the use of force, either locally or throughout the connected polities. The idea that societies that can communicate as easily as they do throughout the Invisible Republic might still maintain distinctly different political systems is interesting. The implication that it might be stable as long as no one manages to subvert the gates that enable cheap commerce is intriguing.

L. Neil Smith’s short story offer to buyers of Prometheus Award-winning *Forge of the Elders*

In a March 16 post at L. Neil Smith at Random <<http://www.bigheadpress.com/lnailsmith/>>, Smith wrote that he recently discovered that his 2001 Prometheus Award-winning novel, *Forge of the Elders* (Baen Books, 2000), was still technically in print, with approximately 1500 copies somewhere in Baen’s warehouse. As an incentive to readers willing to help clear out that inventory Smith wrote:

The day Baen informs me that the last copy of Forge of the Elders has been sold (provided that it’s sometime in the next six months), I will publish, online and free for the downloading, a short story based on the novel. Forge of the Elders is basically a detective story—three of them, actually—featuring a human named Eichra Oren, his sidekick, a sapient dog named Oasam, and their employer, a Volkswagen-sized nautiloid entity named Mr. Thoggosh. I’ve always wanted to explore their world more (we get just a glimpse of it in the novel) and write The Casebook of Eichra Oren.

Smith added that if Baen Books decides to reprint the novel, he will write another story, and keep writing stories in this



universe with every new printing. Long-time readers of Smith’s books may be familiar with the long publishing history of *The Forge of the Elders*, which originally appeared in two parts by Warner Books in 1990 (*Contact and Commune* and *Converse and Conflict*). A decade later Baen published the uncut novel; the third part, *Concert and Cosmos*, had been cancelled by the original publisher. *Forge of the Elders* won the Free-Market.net’s May, 2000 “Freedom Book of the Month” award, the “Freedom Book of the Year” award for 2000, and the 2001 Prometheus Award.

To purchase *Forge of the Elders*, the best option probably is through online stores, such as Amazon.com or Barnes & Noble, or directly from the publisher’s own web store: <<http://www.baen.com/chapters/W200001/0671578596.htm>> or at <http://www.baen.com/author_catalog.asp?author=lnsmith>. Here you also can read several sample chapters online.

Illuminated manuscripts

The Legacy of Robert Anton Wilson

By Jesse Walker

The novelist, satirist, journalist, and philosopher Robert Anton Wilson passed away on January 11, just a week shy of his 75th birthday. When he was alive he sometimes complained—or maybe it was a boast—that his books were never reviewed in *The New York Times*. The paper of record did pay its respects when he died, though, with a brief piece about his life and work. It wasn't entirely accurate, but the author of **Illuminatus!** would have enjoyed that. When a rumor of his death spread on the Net in the early '90s, complete with a fake *Los Angeles Times* obituary that got several details of his life wrong, Wilson wrote that he “admired the artistic verisimilitude of the Gremlin who forged that obit... Little touches of incompetence and ignorance like that helped create the impression of a real, honest-to-Jesus *LA Times* article.”

Given his enormous influence on pop culture, from *Lost* to *Laura Croft*, you might have expected Wilson's death to get more attention in the mainstream press. But while there were a few more notices in the newspapers—a detailed story in the *London Telegraph*, a short UPI dispatch that was basically cribbed from the *Times*—none I've seen has suggested that his work had an impact beyond the fans of the fringe, and only John Clute's account in *The Independent* displayed any appreciation of Wilson's oeuvre. Instead, the best tributes to the writer have appeared in the medium that most resembled the beautiful cacophony of his books: the Internet. On LiveJournals, email lists, and blog comment threads, Wilson received the praise he was due.

He was honored on the bigger sites, too. At *The Huffington Post* Paul Krassner, who started publishing Wilson's articles in *The Realist* back in 1959, quoted one of my favorite things that Wilson wrote in the last year of his life: a haiku sent to his email list a day after he announced what looked like his pending death.

Well what do you know?
Another day has passed
And I'm still not not.

There were respectful memorials in places you'd expect, such as *boINGboING* and *10 Zen Monkeys*, and in places you wouldn't expect, such as *Wonkette*. Even the conservative forum Free Republic got in on the act, with a thread that included the remarkable statement, “The modern right was greatly influenced by Wilson.” While you're digesting that, I'll note that elsewhere on the same site another reader greeted the news with the phrase “one less leftist nut.”

Wilson did occasionally claim to belong to the left or the right, usually when he was especially exasperated with the authoritarians on the other side of the spectrum. More often, and more accurately, he insisted his politics were “non-Euclidean.” His core fan base isn't easy to categorize either: It includes hackers, futurists, science-fiction enthusiasts, Joyceans, Poundians, Fortean, Discordians, anarchists, libertarians, anarcho-libertarians, devotees of psychedelic drugs, mystics who sound like scientists, scientists who sound like mystics, people who believe in vast secret conspiracies, people who don't believe in vast secret conspiracies but have a sense of humor about

them, people who aren't sure whether they believe in vast secret conspiracies, humanist psychologists, pookaphiles, and people who weren't any of the above until they randomly happened on one of his books like a glass of tomato juice spiked with some unpredictable psychedelic compound.

In *Cosmic Trigger 2*, Wilson wrote about meeting a musician in Berlin who had fled from East Germany. “In Leipzig, where he grew up,” Wilson wrote, “there was a ‘public’ library that was not open to the public. (Isn't that a marvelous Marxist oxymoron?) In this library were books which the Communist leaders did not want anybody to read but which, evidently, they didn't want to burn.” The young dissident explained to Wilson that he had found a way to sneak into the library and surreptitiously borrow books; he then

returned them, to avoid arousing suspicion, after reading their Heretical Ideas. When he made his escape to the West, he brought only one of those forbidden books with him.

He put it on the table. It was **Illuminatus**. “Would you please autograph it?” he asked.

A lesser writer would have stopped the story there, but Wilson went on to add an even odder detail. When he opened the book he was confronted with the words RAJNEESH INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY. “How the hell,” he wrote, “did the book get from either India or Oregon to the hands of a Communist official in East Germany, who decided to preserve it in a sealed library?”

You can invent your own account of why the Bhagwan would possess a sprawling sci-fi parody of conspiracy theories, and of how it would get from his hands to a verboten bookshelf in Leninist Leipzig before finding its way back to its source. Like most of the mysteries in Wilson's work, the answers you propose, no matter how plausible, will all sound a little ridiculous—and a little awe-inspiring, too. Awe and absurdity all wrapped up together: that was Wilson's engaging, infectious vision of the universe.

Jesse Walker is the Managing Editor at Reason Magazine. This tribute originally appeared online at reason.com. It is reprinted with the author's permission, and with the permission of Reason's online syndicator, Featurewell.

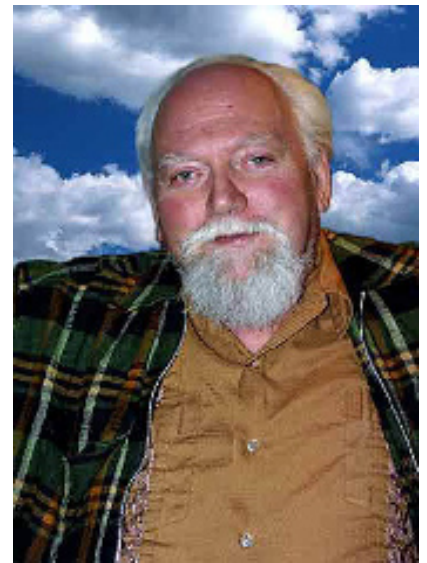


Photo © Robert Altman

Clark Ashton Smith—Individualist?

By Anders Monsen

Clark Ashton Smith (1891-1961) is lately enjoying a resurging interest in his works. From his early days as a young poet through his transformation into one of the major writers of weird fantasy in the early 20th century, and later as painter and sculptor, Smith resided mainly in near-isolation in Auburn, California. For most of his life he struggled financially. He sold most of his stories to *Weird Tales*, plus some sf to Hugo Gernsback's magazines, and through a fierce following of loyal fans found publication of most of his tales and poems in book form through Arkham House, a small press focusing on horror and the weird. A vast fan-site resides on the web at <<http://www.eldritchdark.com/>>; his fantasy works are being collected in a five-volume set by Night Shade Books; his poetry soon will be available from Hippocampus Press, who issued his juvenalia and letters to George Sterling. A few years ago Arkham House published his **Selected Letters**, a collection of nearly 50 decades of correspondence with such people as H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, George Sterling, and others.

Already in 1925, Smith wished for a "happier and freer planet," and that "neither the ethics nor the aesthetics of the ant-hill have any attraction for me." Smith's acquaintance Robert Barlow tried to convert him to socialism. In a letter in 1934 he responded to Barlow's socialist vision of the dictatorship of the proletariat leading to ultimate freedom: "I simply can't see the collectivistic idea as anything but a new and particularly odious form of tyranny. If you put everything—property, resources, etc., in the hands of the State, you give the state omnipotent power over the lives and liberties of individuals—and that power will be exercised." Smith also wrote in 1937 to August Derleth, "I fail to see any particular point of desirability in a dictatorship of the proletariat, and can't stomach the Soviet materialism, anti-religious bigotry, censorship, regimentation, etc."

—*Others review, continued from page 12*

could be set anywhere on the planet with a minimum of cost: a general store, some butter and warm bread, and a gun. The acting and premise does the rest. "Lippidleggin'" seems the most relaxed tale of the three, and it's overt cheekiness is a delight to watch.

Along with each of the three movies, all remastered for this disc, the DVD includes bonus scenes, director's commentary, and other goodies, all for around \$14. Only a handful of Wilson's stories have made the transition to film, including **The Keep**, **Midnight Mass**, "Pelts," and "Menage a Trois," with options in effect for several other works. Those productions may have higher production values and greater visibility. Wilson granted right to the film makers for the three tales on this DVD movie essentially for free, as ways for the directors to create calling cards for future movie deals. Converted to film, Wilson's stories gain new dimensions through the talents of these young directors. Fans of Wilson will certainly enjoy these stories, but any fan of the cinematic process also will gain insight into the fact that talent and drive—and great stories—go far beyond big pockets in creating cinematic art. <<http://www.customflix.com/215789>>.

Smith opposed Bolshevism and linked communism with the insect world. He aligned himself with the rebellious spirit of an artist, and while having no religious beliefs himself, criticized the Russian communist government's oppression of religion. He told Barlow that "[a]ny system of government that can't stand honest criticism and opposition is strictly n[o] g[ood] in my opinion. To hell with it. You may argue that censorship and the other rigors are only temporary, and necessary for the establishment of the new regime; but I'm damned if I can subscribe to any regime that would find them necessary."

While these comments cannot necessarily label Smith a libertarian, he does stand in stark opposition to the prevalent opinion at the time among artists and intelligentsia, who swarmed enthusiastically towards collectivism. Smith left politics out of his tales, but his words mark him as unique in his time as an artist and a thinker.

Reference: *Selected Letters of Clark Ashton Smith*, Edited by David E. Schultz and Scott Connors, Arkham House, 2003

POST-NATIONALISM: George W. Bush As President of the World

Do you have friends who still support the Bush wars? This book is the antidote to war propaganda! Subscribers to *Prometheus* may want to get autographed copies of this limited edition broadside that has been read by such luminaries as libertarian Republican Presidential candidate Ron Paul, conservative godfather William F. Buckley, Jr. and legendary Ray Bradbury. Published before the November elections of 2006, Linaweaver argued that both pro-war libertarians and conservatives had been bamboozled by a neo-con conspiracy.

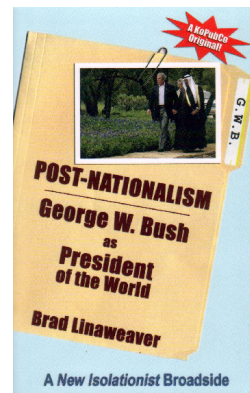
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Three tales of terror

Others

The Tales of F. Paul Wilson

Reviewed by Anders Monsen

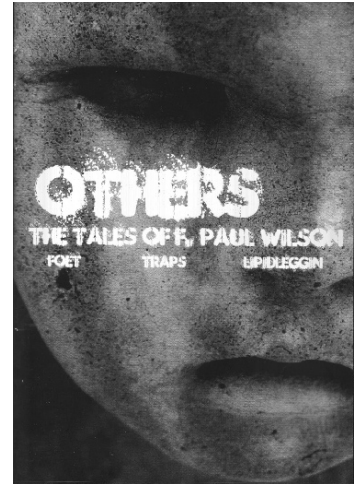
Three young film makers bring their talents together on *Others: The Tales of F. Paul Wilson*. Adapting three very different short stories from Wilson, they turn these into brief, well-executed visions of horror and suspense. Two of the stories, “Traps” and “Lippidleggin” were collected in Wilson’s book, *Soft and Others*, and may be the most familiar to his readers. The third, “Foet,” is both the ickiest and more obscure of the group, dealing with an unorthodox use of fetal remains.

Marc Buhmann’s “Traps” weighs in at 18 minutes, the longest entry. The original work is a short, traditional “behind-the-wall” horror tale. Buhmann retains all the elements of the source in a convincing escalation of fear and trepidation of a protagonist who thinks he is dealing with something as simple as rats in the attic. The director, who recently completed a full-length zombie film, *Dead in the Water*, incorporates an original backstory with a strange pair of neighbors. This stretches out the story, but seems a little distracting from the original focus of the story. Still, the climactic scene is handled with terrific intensity. There’s a minimum of gore, but Buhmann shows true craft in pacing and editing.

For many years I had pronounced the name of the second tale as “Foe-ette.” The second adaptation, directed by Ian Fischer as a student film at the NYU Film School, corrects the pronunciation

to “Feet.” The story deals with a woman who believes that the right fashion will make her successful and recapture her lost youth. A strong pro-lifer, she tests her personal views when she is captivated by special purses made from fetal skin. The acting and cinematography seems at times exaggerated and deliberately campy. This effect renders the protagonist’s basic premise absurd, but obsession makes many normal people victims of strange acts. Alert viewers may spot a brief cameo by Wilson himself at a restaurant, midway through the 12-minute run of the movie.

The third and final tale clocks in at a mere nine minutes, yet emerged as my sentimental favorite of the three. Set in a future where such harmful foods as butter pose health hazards and are outlawed, this is a classic libertarian tale with a neat twist. British director David Moore flips the setting, placing the story in the UK. Sadly, both America and the UK are heading in the same direction these days, and neither one is likely to play sanctuary for the other when all is said and done. The props for the story are simple, and



—Continued on page 11



The Newsletter of the Libertarian Futurist Society
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