

PROSPECTUS 12

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PROSPECTUS is the irregularly published newsletter of the Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University. Edited by Eli Cohen. For information about the Society and its activities, contact:

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This will be the last issue of PROSPECTUS (a chorus of wails and heart-rending sobs goes up) this academic year (even louder wails, as the chorus realizes PROSPECTUS will continue next year). Before I get to the interesting things (e.g. a convention report on DISCLAVE), there are a few business details that should be taken care of. If you paid your dues, but haven't gotten your copy of AKOS 3, I will try to get it to you. I fell guilty about not having kept to the AKOS publishing schedule, so to assuage my conscience I'm willing to send AKOS 4 to all dues paying members who give me their summer addresses. #4 should be out sometime this summer.

We never did have a final business meeting, so let me briefly sum up the state of FSFSCU: As of May 22, 1970, we have 34 dues-paying members and \$33.33 in the treasury. The library is in rather chaotic condition, but I would estimate it has somewhere in the neighborhood of 150 books and magazines, plus 30 or 40 fanzines. By September there should be a book list available. I hope all of you will join the club next year -- if you don't see meeting notices, you can always get in touch with me at the above address.

It is well known that a positron (or any anti-particle) can be considered an electron (or the corresponding particle) travelling backwards in time. In fact, all the electrons and positrons in the universe can be considered the same electron zig-zagging back and forth in time. In view of this, Genesis might be revised to start:

"In the beginning God created an electron. And God sat back and laughed ..."

DISCLAVE was held in Washington, D.C. May 15-17. We arrived at about 5 P.M. on the 15th, almost time for supper. After various procrastinations, we organized 2 carloads of famished fans into an impromptu Chinese restaurant search committee, led by the redoubtable Jon Singer. We walked for block after block, past dark, deserted stores, looking for a semi-mythical Mandarin restaurant on "G" and 13th St. -- or was it 14th? Finally, two friendly policemen directed us to a mediocre Cantonese restaurant at G and 14th. Walking back after dinner (it wasn't bad; merely not worth the walk) we spotted the Peking -- on 13th near G -- obviously the place we had been searching for. You could tell it was going to be one of those weekends.

Friday night I spent talking to various people, listening to folk songs (Chuck Rein sang an absolutely beautiful version of "The Green Hills of Earth"), and learning to play Swahili -- a fascinating strategy game that involves sacrificing your pieces to a volcano in the middle of the board. At a ridiculously late hour I fell asleep in Mark Owings' room.

This brings us to Saturday. I didn't see much of the program, but Murray Leinster told anecdotes, and Ted White told non-fiction horror stories about

the precarious condition of the science fiction magazines. With supper time approaching, Jon Singer, Maggie Flinn, and I joined Elliot Shorter and Sandy Parker in an expedition to -- you guessed it -- the semi-mythical Mandarin restaurant we had missed the night before. The five of us piled into Elliot's semi-mythical station wagon and embarked for the restaurant. As a favor to the girls, who had never seen Washington before, Elliot took us on a quickie tour, pointing out various Greeky looking buildings (Maggie's terminology) and taking us past the White House. We finally arrived at the Peking restaurant, and it was exquisite. Among other things, we tried bung-bung chicken (shredded chicken in hot pepper sauce and peanut butter), which was ... interesting. (Old Chinese curse: May you live in interesting times.) Actually, it wasn't bad, except it had too much ginger for my taste. Back at the hotel, I immediately returned to Swahili and filk songs, though I vaguely remember something about a birthday party at 3 A.M. given by some Pittsburgh fans, for Mike O'Brien.

Sunday we watched 2001: A Space Opera. HAL 9000 had the best lines in the parody, including some from Richard III -- his ambition was to become King of England ("We said his program needs debugging!"). At the end, HAL's apotheosis is accompanied by, of course, a chorus of "HALlelujah."

"Sure I believe in the domino theory -- first we invade Vietnam, then Cambodia, and the next thing you know, it's Thailand and Laos and the Phillippines ..."

THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

It was in 2045 that Dr. Nikola Arnoldi, a good friend of Grayson Greensward, unveiled to him the doctor's latest invention: a ramshackle apparatus that converted glyceryl esters of certain acids into clear gelatin, by a process secret but probably unpatentable (and certainly unpalatable). The process and device were quite cheap, so a commercial model of the machine leased for \$1/month.

Grayson Greensward remarked that the device was useful and practical, but should only be operated at low speeds. "But why?" exclaimed Arnoldi.

"Why," replied Greensward, "Everyone knows of the problems at high speed with the low-rent fats-jelly contraption."

--Y.P.T. (With thanks to Mark Owings)

And so we finally come to the end. I think FSFSCU has proved itself to be a viable organization, with tremendous potential for expansion of its activities. I hope to see you all in the fall. In the meantime, have a good summer, and I wish you all, and the whole world,

PEACE