

PROSPECTUS

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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 newsletter will be the first contact with FSFSCU for many of you. Hopefully, if you stick around, the bad taste in your mouth will go away, your nose will unwrinkle, and you'll find something in the Society that gives you a good impression.

I suppose a general description of the club's activities would be in order at this point. Aside from excreting an issue of PROSPECTUS every now and then, FSFSCU (that's Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University, if you haven't caught on yet. Don't try to pronounce it. It causes total strangers to look at you and say "Gesundheit.") publishes a very classy magazine called AKOS. AKOS #4 should be along any week now, but previous issues are available in the club library. The library, as long as the subject has come up, is open to all dues-paying members. A list of its contents is available upon request; it contains over 100 SF books, about 40 or 50 magazines, and 100-odd fanzines.

Digression for those who don't know what a fanzine is: There is in existence a curious subculture called science fiction fandom. It consists of strange people who read SF and/or fantasy, get together for conventions, and publish a torrent of amateur magazines. These magazines (of which AKOS is an example) are called "fanzines," from "fan magazine," to distinguish them from the professional magazines (or "prozines"). The wide selection in our library gives, I think, a good introduction to the fannish subculture.

I will attempt, in PROSPECTUS, to keep club members informed of science fiction meetings and conventions; last year we organized a few convoys to get groups of us to some of the cons.

The major activity of FSFSCU, however, is the weekly meeting held every Thursday night in the Postcrypt (basement of St. Paul's Chapel) from 8:30 P.M. until it ends (our record, I believe, is 5 A.M.). The meetings are informal get-togethers, where we sit around talking about whatever we feel like — occasionally even about science fiction!

So: For those with literary and/or artistic abilities, we have PROSPECTUS and AKOS, both crying out for articles, artwork, book reviews, fiction, poetry, and bad puns. For those who just want to socialize, we have the Postcrypt meetings. There is a third possibility, if I can find people willing to do the organizing: We

can have structured, formal meetings with programs, e.g. guest speakers (last year we had Ted White, editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC), movies, or discussion panels. Don't hesitate to send in your suggestions. If any of you are feeling ambitious, we also need masses of ~~stake~~ people for coolie labor like typing, collating, slip-sheeting, and putting up notices.

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A miss is as good as a mile.

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THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

The planet Fubar had been settled centuries before by two mutually antagonistic groups. One group, a neo-Arabian theocracy headed by a Priest-King, had control of the larger of the planet's two continents and thereby most of the resources. Their antagonists had been waging annoying, but largely unsuccessful guerilla warfare against them for many years. Recently, the guerillas had begun to stage raids on the Royal Harem of Priestesses, and the Priest-King was becoming exceedingly vexed. In desperation, he called on Grayson Greensward, ace troubleshooter of the spaceways, for help.

Greensward arrived, listened to the problem, and after a thorough investigation of the harem suggested a trap. The priestesses would be secretly replaced by a squad of highly trained soldiers, and carefully placed shaped charges would insure enough fire power to blow up the entire raiding party. His Sacred Majesty agreed to the plan, and the armaments were readied. But just as the girls were leaving to hide, some idiot pushed the wrong button, and the whole harem blew up.

Greensward stared at the bloody carnage, threw up his hands in disgust, and said "There goes the holy she-bank."

—Varik P. Thrip (with thanks to Jon Singer)

Club dues, by the way, are \$1.00 per academic year. For this miserable pittance, which barely covers the cost of two avocados, members are entitled to borrow from the club library, receive PROSPECTUS, and as an extra bonus, get all issues of AKOS published during the academic year. Hurry, hurry, hurry. Be the first one on your block to join FSFSCU.

As a special incentive: The first ten people to join the club, and only the first ten, will have their names written on slips of paper and placed in identical, unmarked envelopes. These envelopes will be put on a sheet of heat resistant aluminum foil and placed in a cardboard box. The box will be brought to the tenth floor of Furnal, and thrown out.

Is it that obvious that it's 3 o'clock in the morning?

THIS IS THE END OF THE ISSUE. STOP. PUT DOWN YOUR PENCIL.

DO NOT PROCEED TO THE NEXT PAGE.