

PROSPECTUS 20

2/24/71

PROSPECTUS is the irregularly published newsletter of the Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University. It is available to dues-paying members of the Society (dues are \$1.00 for the academic year). Edited by Eli Cohen. The Society meets every Thursday at 8:30 in the Postcrypt (basement of St. Paul's Chapel). Except when it meets in my room. For information about the Society and its activities, contact:

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CONVENTIONS: You are hereby reminded that the New England Science Fiction Association will be holding the eighth annual BOSKONE March 12-14 at the Sheraton Rolling Green Motor Inn, Andover, Massachusetts. Larry Niven will be Honored Guest; there will be a contest for the best "illustration" (including written works) based on Niven's "Known Universe" series (e.g. Neutron Star, Ringworld, Shape of Space, etc.). The con committee plans discussion groups, writers' workshops, author conferences (seminar/discussion groups assembled to talk with an SF author about his works), film shows, the convention's own closed-circuit TV station hooked in to the television in each motel room, and even airplane rides by the NESFA Aerospace Cadet Corps.

If anyone is interested, I have reservation cards for the hotel and directions for getting there. Anyone with a car who needs riders to share expenses, please let me know. Registration for the con is \$3.00 in advance, \$4.00 at the door.

Write:

BOSKONE VIII
P.O. Box G
MIT Branch Station
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Should an incompetent secretary be defiled?

Another reminder: LUNACON will be held April 16-18, at the Hotel Commodore, right here in New York City. Membership is \$2.50 in advance, to the New York Science Fiction Society, c/o Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Brooklyn, NY 11225.

I've been told that the list of conventions in PROSPECTUS 19 left out one crucially important event: New Mexican 3 (aka Bubonicon), August 27 & 28, in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Info from Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112. (Does that make up for plagiarizing your lines, Bob?)

Should a convicted prostitute be delayed?

BOOK SALE! There is a trunkload of SF paperbacks, magazines, and hardcovers sitting in my room, and they are all for sale at incredibly low prices. Come look Thursdays after the Crypt, or call and arrange a time.

THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

They have a legend on Sprttg that a true warlock has a skin of gold -- but then they have a good many legends on Sprttg, as the planet is superstitious in the extreme. They also have a good deal of thievery, gambling, drinking, and general assorted loose morals. In fact, the national sport of Sprttg is drunken brawling, which the eight-foot natives with their mainly iron integument find a harmless pastime. And theft is so prevalent that the Sprttgians weld their money to their skin (which bothers their tough hide not at all) rather than trust any banks. It was only natural that when the religions of Earth discovered this depraved populace, they immediately determined to combine forces and establish a mission to raise its moral standards.

To this end, the Judaeo-Christian-Moslem-Confucian-Zen-Motans built a fabulous temple in the Sprttgian capital -- a temple lavishly decorated and capable of seating thousands of the giant natives. Great was their chagrin, therefore, when the attendance averaged in the dozens, and no Sprttgian came more than once. By a fortunate coincidence, however, Grayson Greensward was visiting the galactically famous Sprttgian fleshpots at that very time, and the mission director sought out his advice.

"It's obvious," said Greensward. "How could you expect the Sprttgians to listen to a bunch of puny Earthlings? To them, you appear soft, small, and pitifully weak. Why don't you hire a native?"

The director thought this was a marvelous idea. Through the force of their moral superiority they persuaded a young Sprttgian named Grmngst to join the mission as a cantor -- though cynics might say the stupendous quantity of gold they gave him was more persuasive. They gave him so much, in fact, that when he had finished welding it to himself, he was covered with gold from head to foot.

A massive advertising campaign was undertaken, while the mission's rabbi went half-mad trying to teach Grmngst to intone Hebrew recognizably.

Grmngst made his debut before an auditorium packed with thousands of Sprttgians. While the mission staff congratulated themselves, the gilded cantor began intoning atrociously mangled Hebrew at the congregation. A subtle tension started to build; suddenly, the entire congregation (including Grmngst) vanished with a tremendous clap of thunder.

When the stricken mission director finally located Greensward in a local brothel, Grayson could only say, "Well, that's what you get for using an income-plated chanter."

----- Yarik P. Thrup
(with thanks to Mike Weiss)

Don't miss the next exciting issue of PROSPECTUS; the review section will feature Gory Road by Robert A. Hackwork, and we'll have an in-depth look at the new Baskin-Robbins special in honor of H. P. Lovecraft -- the fabled Necronomi-cone.