

# PROSPECTUS 21

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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: Eli Cohen, 408 McBain, 562 W. 113th St., New York, N.Y. 10025  
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## In Memoriam: Richard Serrano

Richard Anthony Serrano died at 3:30 a.m., Friday, March 5, 1971. He died of a massive cerebral hemorrhage. Rich had been driving with friends Wednesday evening when he suddenly collapsed at the wheel. He was rushed to St. Luke's Hospital and admitted upon the results of tests taken then. Half an hour later he went into a coma from which he never recovered. Rick had been active in the City College Science Fiction Society, was an active convention goer on the East coast, was becoming active in the NJSF's Writers Bureau, and had started a fledgling writers' group here in New York. He had aspirations of becoming a professional science-fiction writer. As for his profession as lawyer, besides his work for Legal Aid he was making a name for himself as a fan lawyer. He was legal advisor to Locus, retained by the Science Fiction Research Association, was chief legal advisor (Lord Advocate) of the East Kingdom of the Society for Creative Anachronism, and all around legal aid to all those who needed help.

Whether discussing military tactics, playing guitar, demonstrating forms of mayhem to defenseless girls (he held a black belt in one of the lethal oriental sports), describing techniques of shooting (he was a gun freak also), discussing aspects of man's inhumanity to man and what could be done about it ("Bill," he said to his friend as they sat there at the hospital waiting for the test results, "if they keep me here overnight make sure Joanie gets my briefcase to Pat (a Legal Aid lawyer friend) and he takes it to the office tomorrow. There are twenty-two cases in it for trial tomorrow, and they must be taken care of."/), or just rapping violently off at the mouth with me, to the horror of our respective wife and girlfriend, wherever Rick was, was a bright spot of life.

He had just moved to a larger apartment, and was overjoyed because now he had room for fans to drop over and stay awhile. ("The folding bed would go here, and the --" "What do you mean, here, klutz? It obviously would go better in that corner!" "You hairy overgrown boob, what do you know about..." Two grown men involved in a shouting match. Two friends.) He was friend, rival, enemy, teammate, confidant, sparring partner, FRIEND. To all of us. He leaves a mother, Naida; a sister, Rosemary; a wife, Joan Ruth; and a vast empty space in all our hearts. He was twenty-nine. DAMMIT

(Elliot Kay Shorter, Friday, March 5, 1971)

(A slightly different form of this appeared in Locus #76, available from Charlie & Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY 10457.)