

# PROSPECTUS 22

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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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BOSKONE 8 took place March 12-14. For obscure reasons, my cousin decided to get married on March 13th. It was an interesting wedding, but I know all of you out there are panting for a con report, so I persuaded Gary Tesser to write a

## Boskone 8 Report

It all started when Jon Singer said the Star Trek blooper film would be shown at Boskone. Mike ("the Mouth") Honig, a Star Trek FANATIC, immediately resolved to be at the convention. Trouble: Mike's car, the only sponge in the world made chiefly of metal and glass, would drink so much gasoline that lots of passengers were needed to split the cost. So far there was Mike and me. We called Eli, who had mentioned that he would serve as an informant on center for rides, but there were no riders. This was Monday, and the con was on Friday.

Then Tuesday I got a phone call from a charming-sounding femme-fan, Nancy Orton, who had heard from Eli that we had a ride, and was looking for one. Wednesday I found out that Ira Donewitz (previously distinguished for his abortive attempt to strangle David Emerson, for making bad puns), a Larry Niven fan, had agreed to go since Niven was to be at Boskone. And Mike got his friend Marc to go. And then I received another call, from Jeff Soyer (hereinafter referred to as New Jersey), asking for a lift! Now Mike's small car couldn't fit 6 without interfering with the driver, so we could fit either New Jersey or Nancy, but not both. The problem was that I was supposed to have called Nancy at noon Wednesday, to arrange where to meet Friday, but I got tied up with a class and couldn't call then. I had been calling continually since, but couldn't contact her, so we didn't know if Nancy could even meet us, and therefore didn't know what to tell New Jersey.

Mike and I continued to call Nancy until we left Canarsie for FSPSCU Thursday night. We got to the Postcrypt at about 10:30, and proceeded to try calling Nancy, or at least New Jersey, from there. Since the Crypt phone has a look on the dial, one calls by jiggling the receiver latch (e.g. "835 ..." is eight jiggles, pause, three jiggles, pause, five jiggles, pause, ...). We tried Nancy 3 or 4 times (47 jiggles each) -- nothing, of course -- then New Jersey a few times (63 jiggles each). (We later found out it was impossible to dial long distance numbers on that phone.) When our arms gave out, we went to the Law Building to seek a pay phone, or kidnap a telegraph operator.

We crossed the Amsterdam Ave. bridge, entered the building, descended the escalator, and found the pay telephones after the



minotaur chased us in the right direction. I lost a dime, got one back, and finally found a phone that worked. Before calling New Jersey, I decided on a whim to try Nancy once more (purely as a matter of form). GAAK!! Nancy was home!! We agreed on time and place and then informed Jeff Soyer that we couldn't take him.

I think we caught up with FSFSCU at the Crypt; or perhaps it was at Baskin-Robbins. At any rate, due to the big activities of the next day, I resolved that we should leave FSFSCU early.

When I arrived home, I had to tiptoe so that the family, eating breakfast, would not know. They think Fandom is just a Goddamn hobby.

The Trip. It started when we left Brooklyn College (since that's when we marked the odometer mileage). Who can forget the trip?

The exit from the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, where the lane-demarcating stripes lead you into the picturesque Long Island Sound? -- the pile-up we passed, after nearly joining? -- Mike and I trying to whistle, at various times, "Scheherazade," "Goldfinger," the movie "Dracula" theme, "Light My Fire," Beethoven's 9th (1st and 4th movements), in melody and first harmony, with Ira heckling "Clementine? ....

Nancy wanted to detour to Providence, Rhode Island. Mike, who for some reason insists on being the only driver of his car, croggled at the extra distance. So, when we stopped for spark plugs a few hours after we left, Nancy telephoned ahead for a friend to meet her at Hartford, through which we'd be passing. We arranged that after staying Friday night with a friend in Providence, Nancy would go to Boskone Saturday, while the rest of us went on tonight. We'd meet by the registration desk at 9 P.M. Saturday.

Quite a while out of Hartford, on the last leg of the journey, the car gave out. Gaak! Mike gave me a flashlight, and I went 100' down the road to warn off other cars. Shivering (it was about 20°F.), I looked back. Ira was strolling down towards me, and Mike & Marc were playing poker under the car's hood. Then a car pulled off near us; a few seconds later, Mike & Marc left with it.

A while later, as I was hoping Mike would remember to telephone ahead to Boskone asking them to hold the Star Trek bloopers and anything else interesting until we arrived, Mike and Marc returned, laden with oil for the engine and blessing youthful GI's from Cleveland.

It turned out we were 15 miles from the con site. After 250 miles with no trouble. Egad.

We went back & forth a few times through Andover, the town in which the con was held, without finding the motel. Mike pulled into a gas station; I hopped out to ask directions. The attendant pointed to a 30'x40' sign, about 40 feet away, a sign which No One in his right mind could have missed, which read, "Sheraton Rolling Green Motor Inn." The sign pointed to a sprawling, 1-story establishment impossible to miss.

But we didn't FEEL that tired!

So we sheepishly rode in. I assumed we would all crash with someone else, as I'd done at Philcon, but I went through the motions of asking the registration clerk what the room prices were. Ira and I then walked down the hall to wait for Mike & Marc (they were coming in separately on the chance we would be crashing each other), so we could consult.

Ira and I waited a few minutes, and then Marc came in. Now, realize, I'd expected room costs on the basis of my crashing exper-



ience at Philcon, around \$16 for the 4 of us for both nights.

Marc approached us, and murmured in a low and seductive tone, "Mike got us a double for both nights."

If I were a cat, I'd have had 8 lives left. As loudly as one can scream while whispering softly, I went, "What??!"

"Yeah. Fifty-four dollars."

7 lives left.

Mike strolled in. We got into an argument, with me maintaining that we should not have agreed to the room until other possibilities had been eliminated --

"IN ADVANCE???" I was croggled. He'd payed in advance!! -- and the other 3 holding to, generally, various points among the following: that what's done is done; well, it is a nice room; we'll be spending a lot of money anyway, so the extra expense'd not even show; we'd not likely be able to get a room to crash, and would be stuck in the car; if I didn't shut up, I'd get bashed ....

We went to the poolside movies, and lo, our wrath was cooled, for the film was "The Love Goddesses," and the heat of our wrath did move to other parts of our bodies; and we were calmed. And then we did retire, and it was 2 to a bed; and it was a novel experience, for Ira did toss like unto a fish. And verily, in the morning, he had the same complaint against me; and I did not voice mine, so humbled was I.

We awoke circa ten, and went to eat & register for the con. We spent much time strolling around, looking for "the action," as callow Ira called it. There was an interesting round-table discussion with Larry Niven which Ira, Marc and I attended, Mike bowing out since he'd never read any Niven. Marc hadn't either, and, bemused by the arcane discussion, got up and walked out in the middle of the talk. This would not have been so conspicuous were he not sitting next to Mr. Niven.

We were sitting around at about 3 P.M., bored, cranky, and hungry. The convention was trying a radical experiment in programming, in that the emphasis wasn't on centrally located speeches and panels, but on small discussion groups held in guest rooms, and we weren't getting into any of these. The con motel's food we found insufficient and too expensive, so we resolved to go elsewhere, i.e. to the supermarket, where we consumed vast quantities of cold cuts.

Thus satisfied, we agreed we probably would have been able to get more involved in the convention earlier, and forgave NESFA. We were much disappointed that the plan for "Video Feed I," a "closed circuit channel on hotel television for SF-related material," fizzled, but quickly jumped into other activities. We went to a room talk on comics, which I managed to keep Mike from heading into Star Trek. We left that, however, for Star Trek, which was being shown on a single TV in the Room by the Pool; it would have been better had the system Video Feed worked, and we had been able to see it in Color and in our own room, but the removal of the commercials was still enjoyment enough to make up for the discomfort. Then to the registration desk -- since we'd neglected to specify, one of us to the hotel registration & one to the convention desk -- to meet Nancy, who didn't show. We've not seen her since.

From there we strolled to the main viewing hall, where they showed "The Twenty-Seventh Day," a fine film but for the Joe McCarthy ending, and "Alice in Wonderland," which, Mike and I were startled to



find, has an awful lot of obscene, shocking (you expect decency, cleanliness from every kid's friend Walt Disney, for G-d's sake!), subtle sexual allusions in it. For this we regretfully gave up Star Trek's "Journey to Babel" on the TV.

By this time, circa 12:30, we were so tired that we went to the front of the movie room to pull 3 chairs each together and sprawl out; thus we watched FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. I found it so much better on big-screen, in color, than when I saw it -- twice -- at home, on b&w TV, that for the first 15 minutes I didn't even recognize it.

From there (Whew!) we scurried into the Room by the Pool for THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, uncut version!! When that was concluded, Mike gave up, leaving Ira, Marc and me to watch a tape of Isaac Asimov on the Dick Cavett show, recorded a few weeks before. Then we re-assembled in our room; and since Mike & Marc's seduction of the hotel maids collapsed when the charming girls didn't show, we went to sleep, after saying good-night to Selina & Karen, 2 NESFA members we'd chatted with somewhat during the convention.

Sunday was a letdown. Despairing of the hotel food, we went without, agreeing to stop at a roadside place; checking the bulletin board, we saw no discussion groups of interest; we looked half-heartedly for Nancy, with the usual no luck, and tried to get another passenger, with whom to split the cost, but were disappointed there also. Mike and Marc carried the bags out the front, while Ira & I sneaked out the back.

En route a few minutes, we realized we'd forgotten to say good-bye to Selina & Karen; but, feeling apathetic and depressed, we did not go back.

The trip home was marked by little of distinction. We got a great whistling duet on the 7-minute version of "Light My Fire," and a fair-to-promising (there's always the long trip to DisClave) start on "Coldfinger." At about 2, we stopped at a Howard Johnson's, after going through the almost unbelievable experience of having the restaurant in sight and being unable to get to it -- a Howard Johnson's, mind you! A place that's usually hard to avoid! --because of a confusion in the roads. We finally had to stop in a service station to get directions to the Howard Johnson's!!! Egad.

And so it ended. Ira was driven to his door first, then I (after a brief fight to circumvent the "D" train), and The Driver and his Sancho home to Canarsie. Since he'd had a full tank when we started, Mike filled it, then calculated the costs: gasoline, oil, and the increase in price of the spark plugs over city prices.

Monday we met to send a postcard to Selina and Karen, giving belated goodbyes and hoping to seethem at Lunacon, and a postcard to Nancy, saying hello.

--- Gary C. Tesser

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#### THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

It was a misty day on the Fodderland Bogs when Grayson visited his old friend Angus McDermis. After the traditional McDermis greeting which consisted of a hearty belch and a bear hug during which the two riffled through each others pockets, Angus invited Greensward to his castle for ale.



"Grayson, I've got trouble," admitted Angus. "Trouble only you can solve. It's the honor guard."

"Fine men, every one of them," explained Angus as he led Greensward to the courtyard where 8 and 20 mounted players waited. "The baron will be making his yearly visit tomorrow. I've no complaint that he freeleads for a week, but his insistence on being greeted with the honor guard ... Something has happened. They're no good anymore," mourned Angus, signalling them to begin.

The tightly regimented group, playing highland fifes, older and more honorable than bagpipes, drilled with magnificent precision. But at each turn, some members of the group issued what seemed to be loud farts. While Angus didn't mind and even liked it a bit, he had his doubts about the baron.

"To think of the preparation," cried Angus. "Uniforms of silk, the finest mounts, gold embroidered reins. Why, I've even added 8 new players --"

"Aha!" exclaimed Greensward, pushing Angus aside and plowing into the group. He maneuvered two horsemen aside and asked them to turn in unison. One horseman's rein whipped into the other's instrument. Greensward carefully removed the instrument and with the rein still in it, blew. Out of it issued a most unmusical fart. "Too many players," he murmured knowingly.

"You see, dear Angus, when the men are that close together, into each fife some rein must fall."

--- Yarik P. Thrip

(with thanks to Jeff Kleinbard)

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The Society for Creative Anachronism (part I)  
by Fred Phillips

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The Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc., a California-based, non-profit medieval research corporation, was founded about four years ago by a small group of renegade science fiction fans, principally Don Studebaker, Diana Paxton, and the distinguished SF writer, Marion Zimmer Bradley Breen. About two years later, Marion and her family moved to Staten Island, New York, and collected a small but specialized handful of personnel which were drawn largely from the ranks of New York Fandom. They established the Eastern Kingdom of the S.C.A. -- at first a "constitutional" monarchy, because its King had the same vote as the members of its central governing board, the "Aulic Council." In February, 1970, when the Guildmaster of Armourers, Barry Greene (known in the Society as Sir Rakkurai of Kamakura) was appointed by the Berkeley Board of Directors as Seneschal (a sort of Prime Minister) the Aulic Council was phased out and a "Privy Council" began.

Sir Rakkurai had sojourned in the lands of our Western brethren, the Berkeley Kingdom, known as "The Kingdom of the Mists". There he had witnessed the rank-and-file members of Westernesse actually trusting their Kings and their Great Officers of State. He was privileged to be invited to learn how their "Curia Regis" operated, by means of consensus, the final decisions always resting with the monarch. So impressed was he that after he returned home to the East, he began a gradual process of structural and functional evolution, trying by degrees to shape the nature of the Eastern Kingdom to as close a resemblance as possible to



that of Mistland, since he was confident that if their systems could be made to work as they have, so could those of the Eastern Kingdom.

The definition of the powers and duties of the Earl Marshal was altered to conform to that of Berkeley's Earl Marshal, a man strictly of military affairs, concerned with the training of stalwart members of the Society who wished to acquire proficiency in the use of knightly weapons. At the Snug Harbor Tournament III of the 1970 Season, we were astonished and gratified to witness a turnout of over forty fighters, eight of whom, being Society members who had previously fought three engagements in the Lists of Honour at previous Tournaments, were contending for the Eastern Laurel Crown. By this time, the Lord Lefteneant, Le Comte Vardak d'Iloi (Mike McQuown), a formidable man-of-arms and a lordly gentleman, had been "bumped" to Earl Marshal, reckoned by not a few as roughly equivalent to third or fourth top officer in the Kingdom. Some of the difficulties he encountered in beginning the realization of the Seneschal's dream of a medieval military academy (which was to include weapon-and-shield training, wrestling, quarterstaff, hand-to-hand combat, ladies' fencing, and archery) were an Anachronist's delight.

For instance, since Mike is a dapper Shakespearean actor, he had learned stage fencing in the course of a distinguished career, and graciously allowed himself to be prevailed upon by some of our younger members to coach them in the elements of rapier-and-dagger fencing. Alas, the Damozel Danielle de Gian, a ravishing brunette beauty, and this writer, during the last training class, were found to be left-handed, and the poor Earl Marshal, still bravely serving His Exalted Highness Akbar ibn Murad al-ben Muhammad Shah by the proficient execution of his duties as a fencing-master, stood and wretchedly tried to reverse his own right-handed stances in order to demonstrate for us the proper positions for guard and defense. Perseverance on our parts, we were assured, would eventually make of us opponents worthy of testing the great Lord Lefteneant's steel, in demonstration bouts only, of course. (I intend to climb a tree if he challenges me, and find out what happened later. I am a man of honour, but there is a limit!)

Most people, both Fannish and mundane, who hear about the Society -- especially the men -- want to know if there is any "duelling." The popular conceptualization of duelling seems to be the swashbuckling figure of Errol Flynn flicking the steel tongue of his rapier at Basil Rathbone, or Stewart Granger striking sparks from James Mason's sabre. Alas, the process of learning fencing and swordplay is not so glamorous by half; it requires long hours of patient exercises and a lot of sweat, especially since New York's climate permits us only part of the Spring, the Summer, and the early Fall to do anything out of doors, whilst Berkeleyites can with impunity go outside in January stripped to the waist, with their plastic swords and ear protectors, and flail away to their heart's desire.

(to be continued)

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Reminder: LUNACON is April 16-18, at the Hotel Commodore, Park Avenue at 42nd Street. John W. Campbell is the Guest of Honor, and Isaac Asimov will be Toastmaster at the banquet.