

PROSPECTUS 24

4/27/71

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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I started giving Hugo nominees last time. Here is the complete list:

NOVEL

RINGWORLD -- Larry Niven
STAR LIGHT -- Hal Clement
TAU ZERO -- Poul Anderson
TOWER OF GLASS -- Robert Silverberg
YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN -- Wilson Tucker

NOVELLA

"Beastchild" -- Dean Koontz (Venture, August 1970)
"Ill Met in Lankhmar" -- Fritz Leiber (F&SF, April 1970)
"The Region Between" -- Harlan Ellison (Galaxy, March 1970)
"The Thing in the Stone" -- Clifford D. Simak (If, March 1970)
"The World Outside" -- Robert Silverberg (Galaxy, October 1970)

SHORT STORY

"Brillo" -- Ben Bova & Harlan Ellison (Analog, August 1970)
"Continued on Next Rock" -- R.A. Lafferty (ORBIT 7)
"In the Queue" -- Keith Laumer (ORBIT 7)
"Jean Dupres" -- Gordon R. Dickson (NOVA 1)
"Slow Sculpture" -- Theodore Sturgeon (Galaxy, February 1970)

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

"Blows Against the Empire" (Jefferson Starship)
"Collosus: The Forbin Project"
"Don't Crush that Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers" (Firesign Theatre)
"Hauser's Memory"
"No Blade of Grass"

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Leo and Diane Dillon
Kelly Freas
Jack Gaughan
Eddie Jones
Jeff Jones

FANZINE

Energumen (Mike Glicksohn)
Locus (Charlie & Dena Brown)
Outworlds (Bill Bowers)
SF Review (Dick Geis)
Speculation (Pete Weston)

PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE

AMAZING
ANALOG
FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION
GALAXY
VISION OF TOMORROW

FAN WRITER

Ferry Carr
Tom Digby
Liz Fishman
Dick Geis
Ted Pauls

FAN ARTIST

Alicia Austin
Steve Fabian
Mike Gilbert
Tim Kirk
Bill Rotsler

(Source: LOCUS, available from Charlie & Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY 10457 for 12/\$3.00.)

If you want to vote for the Hugo winners (not to mention attend the Worldcon), you must join NOREASCON, the 29th World Science Fiction Convention. Attending membership is \$6; supporting membership, which

entitles you to vote and receive progress reports, is \$4. NOREASCON will be held Sept. 3-6 (Labor Day weekend) at the Hotel Sheraton Boston, Prudential Center, Boston, Mass. 02199. The deadline for Hugo ballots is July 15. Guest of Honor will be Clifford D. Simak, Toastmaster at the Hugo Awards Banquet will be Robert Silverberg, and the Hugo presentations will be made by Isaac Asimov. Send your money to NOREASCON, Box 547, Cambridge, MA 02139. (Make checks payable to NOREASCON.)

THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

(Continued from last issue. Synopsis: There is a valley in South America where the natives believe that the only thing protecting them from excess rain is a gold ring; they are persuaded to sell the ring for a sack of money laboriously dragged up the mountain, and it begins to rain. Chico is telling Greensward the story. As you will recall, part 1 ended "It's raining, it's pouring. The hauled money's no ring.")

"...And you see, Senor Greensward," Chico continued, "since the valley has mountains all around, there is no place for the water to get out. If the rain does not soon stop, the valley will become a lake, and there will be no more avocados. Will you help us, please, Senor?"

Grayson, whose desire for avocados bordered on the obscene, set out at once for South America, leaving the shaken Chico behind. Finding his way to the hidden valley was no problem, for it was clearly marked by the high concentration of storm clouds directly over it, while the rest of the sky remained clear; but upon arrival, he realized that he should have brought Chico along to interpret, for the natives spoke no language Grayson knew. Fortunately, there was a Buddhist monastery in the surrounding mountains, and one of the monks, who had been trying to convert the natives to Buddhism, knew enough of the language to act as interpreter. He also filled Grayson in on the situation, past and present, in the valley.

It was the monk's theory that, rather than a rain god, it was the combined psychic force of the valley-dwellers' belief that had kept the rain away for so long; that same force caused it to rain when the ring was removed, in accordance with the legends in which the natives believed. If they could be made to believe in some other god and/or legend, perhaps the rain would stop.

Grayson thought this a good idea, and told the Brahmin that the monastery would get the credit if the plan worked. "That would be most helpful to our missionary efforts," the monk replied. "At present they will not believe in, say, the concept of karma, for more than one day after we preach to them. If we stop the rain, surely they will believe us for at least two days before going back to their religion."

"But what can we get them to believe in?"

"Perhaps I can be of help here, too, Sahib Greensward. In the province of Goa, India, there is a tribe which chooses some ordinary object, usually the halter of a sacred cow, to be their god. They also make this halter-god their king, and it officially rules over them. The valley people here might be amenable to such a belief."

Grayson wasted no time in spreading this offbeat creed to the populace. Relying on his superior rhetoric, and a few exotic chemicals sneaked into the drinking water, he soon had the natives con-

vinced. All that now remained was to find a suitable donkey-harness and crown it king. The monks were excitedly anticipating their coming rise in status.

The coronation was held as quickly as possible. As Grayson placed a crown on the simple piece of leather, the downpour immediately decreased to a light drizzle and the flood waters receded noticeably. The people were cheering as he finished the ceremony, saying "Rein, reign Goa way!"

And the Buddhist cried, "Karma gains another day!"

---- Yarik P. Thrip

(with thanks to David Emerson)

The Society for Creative Anachronism (part 2)
by Fred Phillips

In the Anachronists, the proper maintenance of an outright Kingdom requires the steady application of the talents of a veritable plethora of highly-specialized personnel at several levels: book-binders, stonecutters, tanners, metalsmiths, armourers, artists, heralds and their pursuivants, fencing-masters, master bowmen, cooks, and scullions. There is no shame in being a scullion. I am Frederic the Silent, the First Right Honourable Baron of Feolildwyn, Grand Commander of the Order of Mt. Caradhras, and I may accurately be defined as a "scullion". In the early stages of the life of any unit of the Society, there is no shame, indeed, there is great honour attached to menial tasks being performed by even the Greater Officers of State, whom we designate "Gentry." In medieval England, the highest nobles of the realm used to very nearly fight for the privilege of performing the most menial tasks for the monarch, since they were so often well-paid for the services; therefore there is ample precedent for anyone in the Society for Creative Anachronism, up to and including the Kings, doing some of their own toting and fetching, although it is usually considered improper to allow a monarch to fetch and carry for himself. When King Cariadoc of the Middle Kingdom (Chicago) paid us the honour of a visit at Snug Harbour IV, I was graciously permitted the privilege of bearing His Majesty's great sword, a large, real, old two-hander, and it was perfectly proper for me to do so. I even "squired" His Majesty into his armour when he took the field in two-hander (wooden) against our own formidable Sir Rakkurai, who fought Kendo-style as against European. These bouts were over very quickly, since both combatants have no way of guarding against blows except by parrying with their swords (it is a truism that efficient shield work will prolong a bout). Sir Rakkurai claims that the Kendo-man has a slight edge over the zweihander-fighter, since the training concentrates on delivering quick blows to the head, and in the system of Anachronist combat, a sharp blow to the helm is considered the "deathblow," after which the victim must fall to the ground. Often he will be carried off the field by a squad of Equerries or bachelors under the supervision of His Excellency the Lord Chamberlain (who is in turn under the jurisdiction, during combat, of the Master of the Lists of Honour, the Earl Marshal), the arbiter and director of ceremonial procedures, both indoor and outdoor -- a post which is not an enviable one, especially if you have ever tried to get a bunch of SF fans dressed as medieval figures to listen to you on a hot, muggy day. Deux lo vult -- we hope!

For those of you who may wonder, "What are Equerries," the word is simply an archaic way of defining a servant. In the Eastern Kingdom about two years ago, when the Equerries' Guild was first formed, we decided to have a "Hospitality Committee" to cook and serve food and drink to our guests at events. The members assembled were at odds what to call this Guild, and since it was rather demeaning to name it "Scullions' Guild" or "Servants' Guild," I remembered an applicable synonym, "Equerries," which was supported by John Boardman. He is a man of considerable erudition in matters medieval, who has made our activities unbelievably realistic with his "forsooth-speaking" language, stylized after the late Elizabethan style, but frequently using earlier archaisms and very colorful phraseology from which a great deal may be learned in how to comport oneself according to expectation in the more experienced areas of the Society. John has already earned the John W. Campbell, Jr. Award for "consistent contributions of realism to activities staged by the Eastern Kingdom of the S.C.A."

What you have in the Anachronists is a group of 20-th century Americans who have been asked to help reinforce the values of a) a monarchy, and b) a quasi-military caste system or "aristocracy." To learn to submit to what this reinforcement requires in the name of personality-adjustment can be an awkward matter from a psychological point of view, since the more one creates a subcultural environment, the more one is apt to become emotionally estranged from the social environment from which one ultimately derived. To this extent, since SF fandom is also "subcultural" in character, one may claim with at least some justification that the two milieus, SF fandom and Anachronism, share a significant degree of ontological kinship. In fact, there are those who will continue to stress that Anachronism is but an aspect of Fandom, while others maintain that when Anachronism has lasted successfully for twenty or thirty years and has become something other than merely a late 1960's fad, it will then qualify as a sub-culture in its own right.

The Tolkien explosion helped to set the pace for the rise of the Anachronists. Mao said that the temperature of the water must be sufficient for the fish to be able to live in it, and what the great fantasy boom of the mid-sixties did was to reinforce an appreciation of things medieval among SF and fantasy fans, which made it a relatively simple step from the Hyborian Legion to the Eastern Kingdom. Even in what we like to call the "mundane world," there were checkbooks with the little coats-of-arms on them, picture after picture like Camelot, The War Lord, Ghengis Khan, and the flood of Italian spear-and-sandal spectacles. Even the U.S. Government established an Office of Heraldry about two years ago: our venerable Vice-President, Spiro Agnew, having legally been entitled to claim the coat of arms of the Governorship of Maryland, now enjoys a "field azure with four horse's heads argent, couped" upon it.

For further information about the Society, contact the Seneschal,

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Merry Walpurgesnacht to you all!
