

# PROSPECTUS 23

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PROSPECTUS is the newsletter of the Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University. Edited by Eli Cohen. For information about the Society or any of its activities, contact:

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(Please note the new address)

**IMPORTANT:** There will be no FSFSCU meeting on May 27th. In fact, there will be no FSFSCU meetings until September. It's called summer vacation, gang, and it has come upon us at last. My exams are finally over; I can now look forward to a blissful summer of job hunting and studying for my Ph.D. qualifying exam (in the fall).

Through various underhanded and nefarious methods, I have obtained an apartment a half-block from Columbia. The address is given above. I will be moving into it the first week of June, with four avocados, a small kitten, and the FSFSCU library. Visitors are welcome. Visitors with a talent for conjuring up furniture are especially welcome.

Speaking of which: Anyone who wants to keep in touch, receive any club publications, be notified of the fall revival, etc., please send me your summer address.

The library will be available for people who want to borrow books; just get in touch with me. There will eventually be a phone -- I suggest you try information after the middle of June to get the number. Oh -- anyone who has borrowed books and not returned them is requested to do so.

DISCLAVE will be held in Washington, D.C. this weekend, May 28-30, at the Shoreham Hotel, Connecticut Ave. at Calvert St., N.W. (202-234-0700). Sponsored by the Washington Science Fiction Society, the convention will feature Terry Carr as Guest of Honor. There will be parties Friday and Saturday night with free beer, movies, panels, the Ron Ellik Memorial Poker Game, an SCA Exhibition Bout ("The Society for Creative Anachronism can't believe the Maryland Medieval Merecenary Militia uses real swords. The Maryland Medieval Merecenary Militia can't believe that the Society for Creative Anachronism pounds each other with such big clubs. They will show each other how it's done."), and other madness. Come and enjoy.

Correction from last issue: For information about the Society for Creative Anachronism, contact Elliot Shorter, Box 309, Jerome Ave. Station, Bronx, N.Y.

I would like to thank Madelaine Simonson and Helen Bellows for assistance in getting PROSPECTUS run off. And I would especially like to thank Nancy Lambert, our indefatigable Acting Seneschal, for typing most of these thirteen past issues.

Nominations are now open for the offices of Grand Marshal, Petit Marshal, and Acting Seneschal for the academic year 1971-1972. I'm sure somebody out there wants to run a science fiction club ... Please?

"The vast majority of activities which take upon themselves the name 'revolution' are not revolution at all; they're just foreplay."

----- Furthest, Suzette Haden Elgin



And now, what you've all been waiting patiently for:

## THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

Perhaps it is because the planet Wallaby circles a double star; or possibly because Wallaby itself is half of a double planet, its uninhabited companion being called "X" (or "Cross"); or it could be just because Wallaby was settled largely by former bookmakers driven out of business when Terra legalized off-track betting; but the end result is that all Wallabians are masters of the ancient art of the double-cross. It was here that Grayson Greensward, woefully unaware of this circumstance, was very nearly beaten at his own game.

The Five Radical Extreme Efforts Coalition (F.R.E.E.C.), a faction opposed to the central planetary government, had a remarkably high annoyance value to the populace at large, partially because most of the members were believed to be addicted to the klortha drug, which gave them hallucinations, corrupted their morals, and was non-taxable. Klortha could not be suppressed, since it was easily manufactured by dipping a common variety of plum into a boiling vat of avocado juice. In addition to the indiscriminant use of klortha, this group was known for its slovenly dress and manners and its lack of proper respect for law and order; consequently there was considerable pressure on the Establishment to liquidate the group. This they proceeded to do, in typical Wallaby manner: the key members of F.R.E.E.C. were arrested under trumped-up charges, held without bail, and denied the assistance of any lawyer who might be familiar with the local legal system. In desperation, the remaining members readied a large ~~box~~ retainer, and called in Grayson Greensward.

Greensward began by studying the simpler cases. In the first, a young man named Abe Hopemann had been under observation by Treasury Department agents, who testified that they had watched through his kitchen window as he prepared breakfast. He had taken an egg, grasped one end of it in each hand, rapped the middle against the table, and then twisted it apart. When he repeated this process with a second egg, the agents rushed in and arrested Hopemann on charges of egg-torsion.

Grayson blinked. No, he thought, it couldn't be. He reached for the second file. Ruben Jer, under surveillance by Internal Revenue Service men, worked in a printing company. On such-and-such a date, the shop's nail press (a printing machine which used the heads of small nails to transfer ink to the rollers) had broken down and was being disassembled for repairs. The tiny nails were scattered all over the floor, so that Jer, wearing thin-soled shoes that day, had to step carefully to avoid the sharp points. He was consequently arrested for inking-tacks evasion.

Now Grayson began to smell a rather large and exceedingly odorous rat. Apprehensively he turned to the third and most important case. This was the party chairman, Rob Walruss, who was charged with two separate crimes.

Walruss, it seemed, was a surveyor by trade. On the day of his arrest, he had (according to the reports of the secret police) driven to the Traveler's Rest Tavern on Highway 61, brought his vehicle to a screeching halt, met the owner of the place, and been shown around the building. The reports noted that this was a clear-cut case of



braking and inn-touring.

Immediately afterward, the surveyor set up his transit outside and looked through it at the building, which, according to the owner, was being surveyed prior to the planting of wheat and rye on its roof. For this, Walruss was charged with inn-sighting to rye it.

The situation looked bleak. It grew even bleaker as Grayson learned that all the laws were voice-recorded instead of written down, so that these ambiguous interpretations were perfectly valid--a circumstance the founding fathers had undoubtedly foreseen.

His mind raced. Ego won by a length, followed by Id and Superego, and the combination paid \$45.16. Then he started thinking. It was obvious that the Wallabians had the drop on him; there was little hope for normal procedures. Under the heading of abnormal procedures, he quickly eliminated: (1) bribery of the entire government; (2) assassination of the entire government; (3) hypnotism of the entire government; (4) seduction of the entire government; and (5) diverting Wallaby out of its orbit and into the sun. The only alternative left was Divine Intervention.

Hastening to the nearest sacred shrine, Grayson fell convincingly to his knees and began to pray with all his might. At the end of an hour, he had nothing to show for his efforts except an expired parking meter. But then an ethereal voice sounded in the remote distance, saying, "Your call has been completed now. Thank you for waiting." This was replaced by a deeper, more ominous voice which said only, "Sorry, Greensward, you're on your own this time." There was a sound vaguely reminiscent of coins dropping into a box somewhere.

Disheartened, he trudged to the courtroom the next day for the trial. How could he possibly save his clients from such an obviously rigged setup? He wished he were far away from this planet; in fact, he never wanted to see the place again. Suddenly, inspiration hit him. It occurred to him that there was one defense, a perfect defense, one that every country on every planet recognized. Even though it meant banishment for his clients, he knew it was the only thing he could do. He snickered in anticipation.

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On board a ship that was rapidly receding from Wallaby, Grayson was explaining his brilliant defense to Hopemann, Jer, and Walruss.

"So, playing on the government's beliefs, I reminded them of your klortha addiction, and I also told them about the commune that you all live in together. Using their own voice recorded laws, I convinced them that you were not liable to prosecution."

"Yeah," said Abe. "So we're no longer citizens, and they kick us off the planet."

"Better than being executed," said Ruben. "But Grays, baby, why weren't we liable to prosecution?"

"Oh, that. I just took the court to the place where you lived and pleaded your defense on the grounds of dipped-plum addict community."

--- Yarik P. Thrip  
(with thanks to David Emerson)