

PROSPECTUS 23

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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 Fall semester, 50¢ for the Spring semester). Edited? by Arlene Lo. The Society meets every Thursday at 8:30 at 417 W.118th St., #63, New York, N.Y. 10027. For information about the Society and its activities, contact Eli Cohen at the above address or telephone 666-3345.

PSFSCU officers:

Grand Marshal: Eli Cohen

Petit Marshal: Arlene Lo

Acting Seneschal: Maggie Flinn

"BUSINESS FIRST"

Through wind and snow trudged the s-f fan,
His goal, the Pit so brown,
But all he met when thence he came
Was an angry, fearsome frown.

"What's this?" cried spirit that therein dwells,
"Didst not peruse the news?
Or read you letter with lazy eye
And missed all the clues?"

"For if thou hadst thou wouldst have known
That meetings there would be not
On twenty-third and thirtieth.
Now, what for pains hast thee got?"

"A frozen ear and a frozen toe,
Mayhap a frozen finger.
Away, away, thou hapless fan!
No reason here to linger.

"But when the new year comes at last
Right welcome will ye be
Within these hallowed halls of fandom
Thy fellow fans to see."

And if perchance you think to bring
Refreshments dry and fizzy
(Or as happ'ly two bits each for the same)
'Pon you 't will go quite easy.

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The Most Lo salutes you. Let it be known that due to circumstances beyond our control the new booklist should be ready by February 9, the first day of the spring semester at the Barnyard. I have made note of all the hardcovers, all the single-novel paperbacks from Alban to Zelazny and all the anthologies and miscellany. Only magazines, fanzines and "double" paperbacks remain to be listed and then I can proceed to drive my neighbors batty with typing into the wee hours of the morning.

Fans of "Star Trek" (what's that?) rejoice: a Star Trek convention will be held January 21-23 in New York City at The Statler Hilton (33rd St. & 7th Ave.). Guest speakers will include Dr. Isaac Asimov and Hal Clement. Membership (attending and non-attending) is \$2.50 before Dec. 31, \$3.50 at the door. For more information write STAR TREK CON, P.O. Box 95, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

The Statler Hilton will also be the hotel for LUNACON 1972, which will be held March 31, April 1, 2. The scheduled guest of honor is Theodore Sturgeon. Advance membership (until March 17) is \$3.00; registration after March 17 and at the door will be \$5.00. Make checks payable to LUNACON '72 and mail them to Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225. Further information available from the same.

THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

The only continent on Tazenda VII consisted, during the time of the Galactic Empire, of a kingdom ruled by Homo sapiens, but also inhabited by a race of gnomes, which were humanoid enough to interbreed with men (although such interbreeding was rare, because the gnomes were so ugly by human standards, and perhaps vice versa). In 8648 G.E. a Miss Galaxy Contest was held at Trantor. Tazenda felt certain of winning, for they had chosen an extremely attractive girl to represent them; there was no other girl in the galaxy who could possibly rival her in beauty. Because news was slow in traveling to Tazenda, it wasn't until a week before the contest that they learned the judge of the contest was from a Wolf-Rayet star, and the only thing he appreciated in a girl was a lovely sun-tan. Trantor had known this for a long time, and had set their top biochemists to work perfecting a sun-tan lotion which would produce an absolutely exquisite tan. They had finally come up with a secret formula based on an endocrine extract rich in youth hormone. It was impossible for Tazenda, with its poor facilities, to duplicate this result in only a week, and in desperation they called on Grayson Greensward. When the latter arrived at the Tazenda VII spaceport, he was given a royal welcome, and was greeted personally by the handsome king, the voluptuous queen and the very homely princess. Later he discussed the situation with the Prime Minister.

"I must confess I don't see quite how to solve your problem. I have some vague ideas, but before I do anything I must insist on a written guarantee that I will be free from any legal repercussions that may result from my activities in helping you win the contest."

The prime minister immediately agreed, whereupon Greensward visited an underground bookstore, and purchased a collection of sf stories by a 20th century writer from Earth. He glanced through the table of contents. Then he returned to the prime minister's office, and said that he had solved the problem.

"Why don't you enter the princess?" he suggested.

"The princess!" the prime minister exclaimed. "She is one of the ugliest girls on the planet. In fact," he added in a subdued voice, "no one would dare suggest it in public, but it is generally believed that she is not the king's daughter at all, but that her father is a gnome."

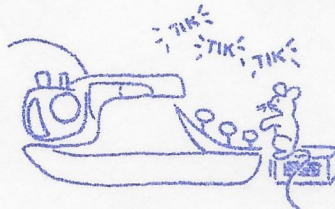
"I know. But if you have her sunbathe for a few hours, she is certain to win the contest, even if she has to compete against Trantor's secret formula."

This suggestion was followed, and sure enough, the princess won. Greensward was gratefully thanked, and he prepared to leave Tazenda. While he was going through customs, his collection of sf stories, which were by Harlan Ellison, was seized by the customs officer, who, being a conscientious officer of the Galactic Empire, arrested him for possession of un-Asimovian literature. Greensward showed him the guarantee given him by the prime minister, but the officer pointed out that this applied only to activities relating to the contest. "What could this book have to do with the contest?" he demanded.

"But that," the great man explained, "is exactly where I got the idea. A half-gnome out-tanned thymus cream."

--Yarik P. Thrip
(with thanks to Michael Gerver)

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