

PROSPECTUS 7

Nov. 3, 1969

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 the officers:

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OK, gang, here we are with the first issue of the new, expanded, mind-croggling PROSPECTUS. This is again being inflicted on everyone foolish enough to have gotten on our mailing list, but I'm going to have to start pruning the list soon. It is entirely possible that future issues will only be sent to dues-paying members, or for a show of interest. What constitutes a show of interest is determined by a majority vote of the editor, but includes things like:

- 1) Paying your dues (only \$1.00)
- 2) Contributing to AKOS or PROSPECTUS
- 3) Showing up at a meeting and bringing yourself forcibly to my attention
- 4) Helping out with some of the menial labor, like putting up notices
- 5) A Special Mystery Option, available to girls only.

With cyclamate gone, we'll have to free Cuba again

The reaction to PR6 was disappointing. Except for a few threatening phone calls from my AKOS co-editor, there's been hardly any response. Perhaps this issue will give you more of an idea of what I'm looking for.

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Once again, Spiro Agnew has put effete in his mouth

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If anybody is interested in going to PHILCON (see Calendar), please let me know. Rides are available.

THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

The Secretary of the League of United Planets appeared on the visiphone as a very harrassed bureaucrat. "But Mr. Greensward," he pleaded, "we need your help." Greensward as usual was eating; in fact, to celebrate Columbus Day and the discovery of the New World, he was sampling every conceivable variety of potato.

"As I understand it," he said between mouthfuls of potatoes *au gratin*, "the planets Dextrose and Glucose both want control of their solar system, and war between them is imminent. The League can't afford to let them fight for reasons concerning trade, tourism, and shall we say ... L.U.P. political alignments?" The Secretary, who had said nothing about the latter, started.

CALENDAR

Nov. 7: FISTFA meeting, 8 P.M.

At the home of Sandy Meschkow
47-28 45th St., Woodside, Queens
(Phone 784-5647)

Take Flushing IRT to Bliss St.-
46th St. station
Everybody welcome

Nov. 11: FSFSCU meeting, 5:00 P.M.
716 Hamilton

Nov. 14-16: PHILCON

SF convention in Philadelphia
Anne Mc Caffrey, Guest of Honor

FSFSCU has informal meetings every Thursday in the Postcrypt (basement of St. Paul's Chapel), after 8:30 P.M. Come and rap. (I hope everybody had fun last Thursday, but really, isn't 2:30 A.M. a bit excessive?)

"Furthermore," Greensward continued, nibbling on candied yams, "the League won't intervene militarily because it believes in peace; and of course all its ships are tied up in the, ah, Rigellian police action." The Secretary twitched again. "OK, I'll see what I can do." As the Secretary began to profusely thank him, Greensward reached for a knish and blanked the screen.

The next day he visited the belligerent planets and conferred with League technicians. In less than a week, they had set up a very powerful transmitter in the system that overrode the native TV signals completely. The League began broadcasting re-runs of a certain old Earth television series. Whatever channel the hapless inhabitants turned to, they were forced to listen to William Shatner mouthing inane dialog and forced to watch Leonard Nimoy remain logically impassive in the face of the most highly illogical plots. It was made known under what conditions the broadcasts would stop.

After two weeks of this barrage, the planets capitulated and signed a mutual nonaggression pact. The Secretary called Greensward to give him the glad tidings, and found him again in the midst of a holiday feast. The epicure merely commented, as he reached for another piece of pumpkin pie, "It was a simple case of Trek or treaty."

We've just discovered the final two sentences that were cut from Lord of the Ring: "Frodo woke up. It had all been a dream."

Book review: MACROSCOPE by Piers Anthony. Avon W166, 1969. 480 pp. \$1.25
Piers Anthony has put his considerable talents to work to try and produce a Space Opera With Significance on the style of Samuel Delany's NOVA, choosing astrology and the life and works of Sidney Lanier as his grammar of symbology as Delany chose the Grail legends and the Tarot. But while Anthony's superscience is believable and even gripping in the way Delany's Illyrion never was (and don't try and tell me you can really dive through a nova!), his characters suffer greatly by comparison. Even if Delany's characters are Tarot cards come to life, I contend you could edit out every reference to the Tarot and still have a good story with lively characters. In the case of MACROSCOPE, edit out Lanier and all the horoscopes and you have almost nothing left at all. Anthony kills off his two best characters in Chapter Two for all practical purposes, and the supergenius Schön just plain talks too much. Buy it for the superscience; you might enjoy punching holes in it. Or buy it for the astrology; you will find a good unbiased primer as to what astrology is and does. But don't buy it if you are looking for another Lorq Von Ray -- or a Blacky DuQuesne, either.

-- Sand Meschkow

((I would also recommend the book to anyone with a weakness for 100 million year histories of the galaxy. And the mystery element, i.e. what'nhell is going on, kept me fascinated all the way through. On the basis of one reading, I would call the book flawed, but definitely above average. And Delany may not be out with another book for a year. -- Eli))

There is a subset of science fiction fans with a prediliction for certain substances of a purportedly intoxicating and/or consciousness expanding nature. The following is a reading list with these members of "head" fandom in mind. Additions to the list are welcomed.

Poul Anderson- THE HIGH CRUSADE
Henry Kuttner- AHEAD OF TIME
Richard Wilson- AND THEN THE TOWN TOOK OFF
Philip K. Dick- MAN IN A HIGH CASTLE
Mark Clifton- EIGHT KEYS TO EDEN