

PROSPECTUS 3

Nov. 20, 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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The creed of the True Faith of the
Sacred Green Cat:

1) The Lord Mota resides on
Mars in the body of the Sacred Green
Cat.

2) If you'll believe that, you'll
believe anything.

PHILCON had its interesting
moments, not the least of which
was the trial of Fred Lerner, the
Lord Mota's corporeal manifestation
and the representation of His infinite
wisdom (and former Grand Marshal
of FSFSCU) on the charges of "heresy,
high treason, low treason, middle
treason, and being a naughty little
boy;" specifically, for desertation

from the New Jersey Imperialist Army for the Liberation of Staten Island.
The Persecuting Attorney, His Utter Disgrace Tom Bulmer (Tom, as a Discardinal
in the True Church, is entitled to the preceding appellation) won a unanimous
verdict of guilty from the jury. "The question," as presiding judge John
Boardman so aptly summed it up, "is not whether the defendant is guilty or
innocent, but whether he is of more use to us guilty or innocent." The
traditional sentence of "death by inebriation" was pronounced, and the
defendant, obviously shaken, almost dropped his drink. The poor man was
so overcome with emotion that he could barely stand, or even speak coherently
(to say nothing of cogently), and was last seen reeling and staggering forward
in the vague direction of the bar, in an obvious attempt to restore his low
spirits.

Janet Megson, ace interviewer, AKOS co-editor, and recipient of the
Accident Prone of the Month award was recording the entire trial for posterity
when the tape broke. (Yes, Janet, I know it wasn't your fault. Just tell
me how a cassette tape gets tangled up.) There wasn't too much on the tape
-- just interviews with Isaac Asimov and Robert Silverberg, Isaac Asimov
singing dirty songs, and Isaac Asimov & Anne McCaffrey singing dirty duets.
Fortunately, the tape should be salvageable. I'd hate to lose the touching
interview Janet had with Asimov. I'm reliably informed that he held her interest
throughout.

CALENDAR

Nov. 25th: FSFSCU meeting, 5:00 P.M.
716 Hamilton

Dec. 5th: FISTFA meeting, 8 P.M.
Meets every other Friday
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

Dec. 27th: Tolkien Society of America meeting
Co-sponsored by FSFSCU
501 Schermerhorn

FSFSCU has informal meetings every Thursday
in the Postcrypt (basement of St. Paul's
Chapel), after 8:30 P.M. Come and rap,
trade puns, and freak out the guard when
we move to Furnald at midnight.

In any case, at the FSFSCU meeting next Tuesday (see calendar) we'll try to give some idea of what happened at the con.

As the Cosa Nostra member testified, "We were just doing Our Thing."

I still need contributions for PROSPECTUS. I'm looking for short things (longer items can go into AKOS, so there's no excuse for not trying), like 1-2 paragraph book reviews, poems, limericks (that is, one line jokes for interlineations), limericks, interesting bits of trivia (e.g. The term "Welshmen" comes from the first Teutonic invaders of England, who called the natives *welisce men* -- literally, "foreigners."), and feghoots ... No, Jon, not another one? No. NO! Get away ... no... Help! ARRRGH ...

GRAYSON GREENSWARD

The thriving colony on Wolff suddenly and inexplicably found itself saddled with a sore problem: one of the indigenous species assumed almost human form at odd intervals, and wandered through city streets in the middle of the night looking for bars. Once inside, they began trying to cuddle with the real humans. This, as you can well imagine, was very bad for business. (Not a few people swore off alcohol forever.) After a few months the owners of bars took to closing at the first appearance of anything that looked the least bit strange. Unfortunately, far from solving the problem, this only drove it onto the streets, making it a far worse nuisance. Tourism plummeted as soon as reports drifted back to the home planets of the tourists.

Finally, in desperation, the governing council of merchants, sugarcane plantation owners, and grape growers decided to call in Grayson Greensward.

Our friendly interstellar hero arrived, made a few discreet inquiries (mostly in bars) and after a few days recommended that the planet's three natural satellites be sent off into free orbits around the sun. The governing council regarded this proposal in very wary fashion, but finally decided they had nothing to lose.

Lo and behold, the problem disappeared! Fairly glassy-eyed, they searched the local saloons for Greensward, and even more glassy-eyed, found him three days later:

"How didja know what to do?" "Hm? Oh, that. Well, anyone the slightest bit acquainted with Thaumaturgy could have told you that the poor brutes were all afflicted with like-anthropy!"

--Yarick P. Thrip (with thanks? to Jon Singer)

Barbarella's star Jane Fonda reached the heights of fem-inanity.

I said last time that I was pruning the mailing list. If there is no check mark next to your name, you are in trouble, and the next issue of PR may be your last. It basically means that I don't know who you are and you have not paid your dues.

Ted White, editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, has agreed to speak to us sometime in the near future, so WATCH THIS SPACE for FSFSCU meeting notices.

*A teetot'ling fan from Ceylon
Was sure to attend ev'ry con
His tastes were quite current
They proved no deterrent:
He always wound up turning on.*