

PROSPECTUS

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Dec. 12, 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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You will notice various strange and arcane symbols next to your name this issue. (Pause, while everybody searches madly for their names) The explanation, the key to this esoteric mystery is as follows:

\$ = dues-paying member,
assured of getting all future issues of PROSPECTUS (poor people)

✓ = you have contributed,
helped out in some way, or otherwise ingratiated yourself with the editor; you are temporarily safe (?), but may soon find yourself with:

X = you are in grave danger(?)
of not receiving more PROSPECTUSES (PROSPECTI?)

This last group, should they wish to change their status and win the coveted ✓, or the even more highly coveted \$, may pay their dues (only \$1.00, entitling you to all of the fantastic privileges of membership), or contribute material, or pay their dues, or become active in club activities, or pay their dues ...

And then there was the witch who was so mad at the photographer she turned all his prints into frogs ...
(thanks to Tom Digby)

Contrary to certain ill-informed rumors that have been floating around, AKOS has not gone to that Great Wastepaper Basket in the Sky; it has merely suffered a few temporary setbacks, temporary technical difficulties, as it were, which have caused unforeseen and unavoidable delays. The November issue will be out Real Soon Now -- honest! We even have most of the contents written. Well, some of the contents written. But we're fast writers, so there's no problem. Why, filling up pages is easy, if you really try. It's even possible to do a whole issue of PROSPECTUS, Feghoots and all, at one Thursday meeting. In fact, a true fan would have no trouble writing all the way to the bottom of a page even if he had hardly anything to say and it was 3:30 in the morning and he had miscalculated the lengths of various items and had a huge space to fill because if necessary he could always explain everything to the readership which is composed of understanding people who will accept anything if you have the gall to

CALENDAR

Dec. 16: FSFSCU meeting, 5:00 P.M.
716 Hamilton

Dec. 19: FISTFA meeting, 8P.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. 27: Tolkien Society of America meeting
Co-sponsored by FSFSCU
2 P.M.
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.

THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

Grayson Greensward's nephew Thudden Blunder was well known in many parallel universes for his spectacular adventures, usually involving the rescuing of well developed maidens from evil sorcerers, hungry dragons, and overprotective fathers.

It was the year of the unicorn on Metaxes when a bright comet upset the astrological predictions so badly that the Metagans were threatened with the total destruction of their universe in a rain of gigantic goat-headed rats.

The wizard Glag read in certain obscure celestial signs that the comet could be swallowed up and destroyed by the sacrifice of a two-headed calf, using a magic sword stored in an abandoned castle on the southern continent.

Thudden, Glag, and Glag's pulchritudinous daughter Yema braved many great dangers on their way to the castle, particularly a cross-eyed sea monster which seemed very hungry for some two-headed calf.

They arrived at the castle only minutes before the critical heavenly conjunction, and found to their dismay that the armory walls were hung with hundreds of dreadful-looking swords, each different.

"Father," said Yema, nibbling Thudden's ear, "Which one is the magic sword?"

"I know not, daughter, my magic fails me."

Thudden, always a man of action, seized one of the swords from the wall and slew the calf. The comet winked out.

"We're saved!" exclaimed Yema.

Later, over a dinner of calf and onions, Thudden explained how he had made his decision. "The black sword was the only one that could possibly be the eldritch cleaver!"

Yarick P. Thrip (with thanks to Tom Bulmer)

And then there's Ma and Pa werewolf, trying to decide who's turn it is to change the baby ...

(Tom Digby again)

You will note (see Calendar) that there is a Tolkien Society meeting on the Columbia campus Dec. 27th. It will be an all day affair, with an afternoon program (2-5:30) on fantasy in general, and an evening program (7:30- about 10:30) specifically on Tolkien. Or at least that's the way things are planned.

The major business of the last FSFSCU meeting was the appointment of (this title is just an approximation, since I'm doing it from memory) a Special Select Committee for the Purpose of Considering and Investigating the Potential Effects and Possible Ramifications of an Affiliation with the Student Governing Board of Earl Hall. The Committee, consisting of myself and Bob Martin, have looked into this (spending a grueling five minutes touring Earl Hall), and have decided to recommend that we join. We are currently contemplating filling out the membership application, and I therefore offer FREE a year's subscription to PROSPECTUS to the person submitting the best essay on the topic:

"To what extent are the purposes and activities of our organization spiritual, philanthropic, or religious?"

There is no word limit, and any relation to reality may be purely coincidental if the contestant so chooses. Judging, as usual, will be by a majority vote of the editorial staff of this magazine. Mail now; avoid the Christmas rush.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish everybody a very happy holiday, and a wonderful year; unfortunately, I'm running out of space, so I won't.