

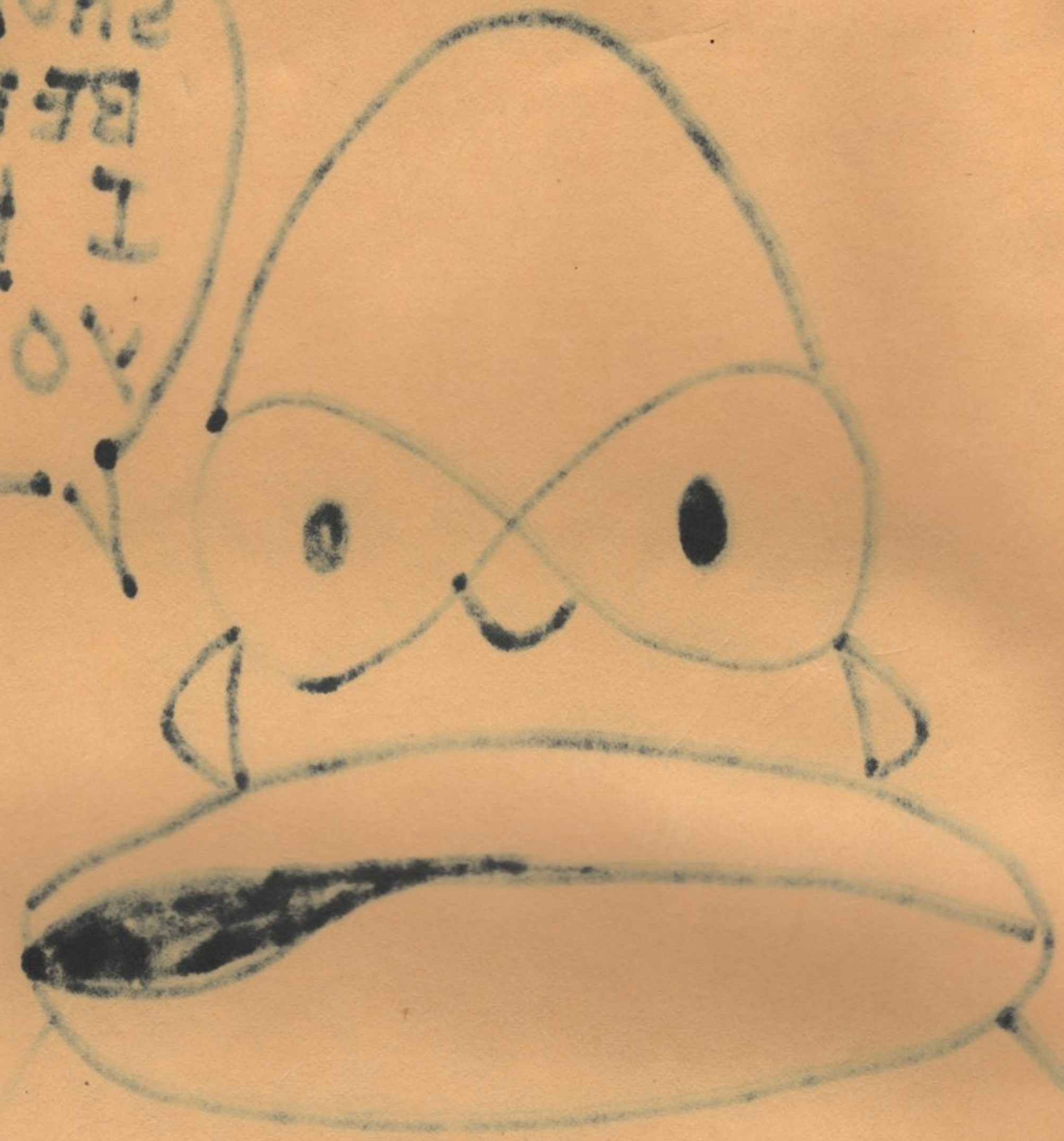
STAR TRAK

I love
the
philosophy

LOG
34

oh yeah?

NO!!!
KILL
BEFORE
CHODDNL



10/10
10/10



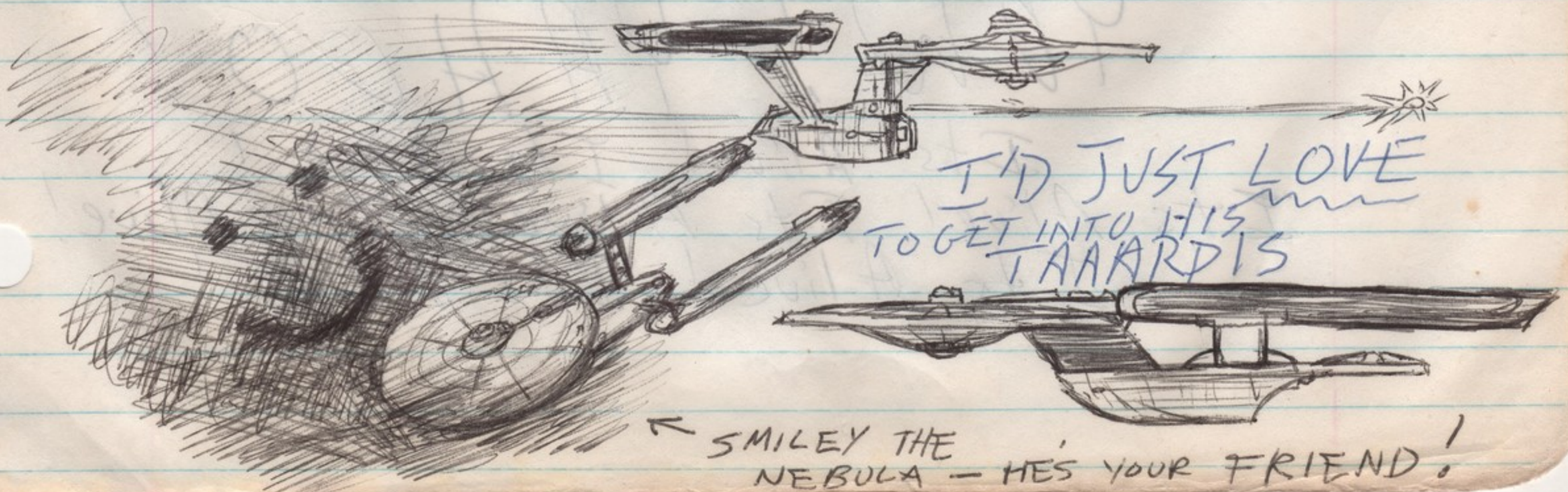
Well here I am again. And so begins another log™ book. I started writing in these books ... let me see now ... TEN books ago. Wow. Time flies doesn't it folks?

I suppose I gotta dedicate it to some one. I'll dedicate it to JAM since he's sitting across from me. But more importantly he's a nice guy.

The logs have been filling up real, REAL fast these days. Log 8 lasted for years. Now were lucky if we don't have to shell out \$3.97 a month.

Well thats about the size of it; thats simply all I gotta say. Except for one thing..... ☺.....

SSSTAAAAA AAAAAA -
AAAAA AAAAAA AAAAAA
AAAAA AAAAAA AAAAAA
AAAAA AAAAAA RRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRR TRRAAAAAA
AAAAA AAKK!!!!!!



11/19/85

All: Well here we are with a

NEW LOG BOOK

STAY TUNED FOR...

LOTS MORE LAUGHS

HA-HA-HA-HA AAAA!

LOTS OF EXCITEMENT!

O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!

LOTS OF YOWLS!

GUFFAW!

two "n"s, please!

To quote Brian McGuinness:

"Allright! Thats cool! We bad!"

THANKS GEORGE!

LOOK OUT! THEY'RE BACK!

CLEAN THIS PLACE

UP! DAMMIT!

Your Pal,

JAM

YOW! YAHOO!

Its Alive! Its Alive!
Its Alive! Its Alive! Its Alive!
Its Alive! Its Alive!

(BY) Stefan

Oh well! Another log, another chicken sacrificed to BROOL.

SIRIUS continues well. Nice book. Wish I read it sooner. Diaowwww.

Gawd, I've got to write. To be specific, I've got to write: A) A major paper for HIS 461.

B) A term paper for RLS 345

C) An 8-page final-essay for RLS 345

D) An 8-page final-essay for Phi 362

E) A term paper for Phi 362

F) Most importantly, a Goddamn BOOK or STORY or something.

[Aside: Jeff has a job,] turning it over to you, JEFF!

10-Q STEFAN

67 → 1. WHO WANTS TO PAY FOR FOOD? THE FORUM IS ONE GIANT MOUTH (or ASSHOLE) depending on what's coming out.

2. See me ABOUT progressing toward moving

When we move it will slowly and inexorably. We're taking our time, letting Admin help us, so the when we finally move to our new location, no one or thing will be able to dislodge us.

THOUGHT FOR ALL

LIFE SUCKS,

AND WHEN SHE'S DONE SHE SPITS IT OUT BACK IN YOUR FACE. SO LIE BACK AND ENJOY IT, YOU KNOW HOW IT WILL END.

JEFF



GENERIC
B.E.M.
GUILD
QUARN.X.GUEN

60RMO

J
NEWLOC
PAY
↓

Yeah really, Change. What a mind-fucking concept. For the better? Perhaps!

G7: Why bother with refreshments when everyone just blows off to Friendly's.

Dan F: Lets get to work on Chnavel.

Rob: How goes? Talk much? Both!

Zem: With Briffits!

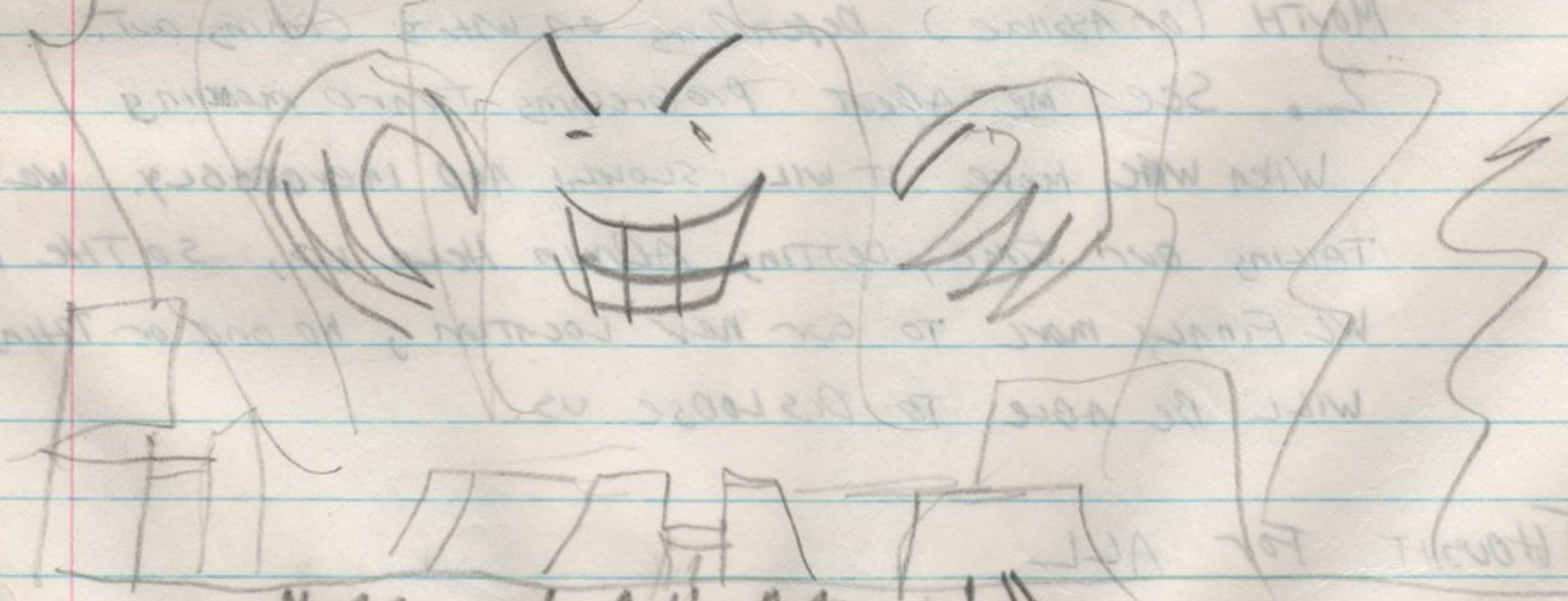
Tamar: Am I having fun yet?

Toast: Be true unbeliever, answer the call.

Coming soon:

The Sage of

MARK TOAST



"Mine! All Mine!"

Worlds will live, worlds will die,

and the F-Men will never

be the same.

Zam...

TOAST-RUNNER

#107

"You're blinded by romance
You're blinded by science
Your condition is critically grave
But don't expect mercy from such an alliance
Suspicion of tradition so new wave" ~ "Shock Treatment" from Shock Treatment

So this is it. We're going to log.

→ ... and some people hide behind a bitchy blonde's sword ...

Now that there are 2 other books going on in the Forum, the logbook growth has slowed to but a trickle. oh, yeah?

So, Gary, you want us to get active. Well, I'm getting active. I'm changing schools and I got a full time job. Everytime someone takes action in the Forum, there is no encouragement. When it's something worthwhile, Tom wants it. All of you should thank Sandy Stern for all of her effort, and Stefan, and all those people who get off of their asses, while we sit here on ours. When Charles and I started the book pockets, we had to beat people over the head to help. We finally gave up in disgust. Thanks to those who were there (much belated)

There is a lot of activity going on in the Forum. Roaches are mating as they always do. Mold and yeast are growing nicely, thank you.

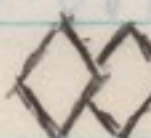
If anyone cares to do something useful around here, feel free. I'm certainly not going to bother anymore.

Morganar: If I don't find you, find me. I'm around here somewhere. We have to go apartment hunting soon!

→ Rob: Since you'll see this. Hi, how's it hanging? la and long MD

Peace

Christie



"They rise to fail"

Breaker 34!?!?!?

11/19/85
8:30 PM
During the
Tuesday Meeting

Jeeeeeesssss! Anudda Fuckin' log!
S.T.I.D! S.T.I.D! S.T.I.D! S.T.I.D! S.T.I.D! S.T.I.D! S.T.I.D!
Cliffardo: Where you!? You didn't call!
All: Write Filksongs!
Jeffy: So what night, eh?
S.T.I.D! S.T.I.D! S.T.I.D! S.T.I.D! S.T.I.D! S.T.I.D!

Lost Johnny
P.S. Joy (or is that Joi?)

S.T.I.D!
Lost Johnny

All -

all the chips have fallen where they
may and my final GPA and class
place for Podiatry School has come in

well it's

46 / 138 and 88.956

God Damn!

So well thots all folks
M.D.

GAR7
11/19/85
8:30 p.m.

→ J.P. - Because, as evidenced by tonight's performance, about 10 out of 30 meeting attendees go to said diners → Hence, munchies would be a grand idea. Also, some folks don't have the money. Some people are too shy to go, not quite the social gadflies we all are. New folks usually don't go!

Oh Red One! Have fun in the new place. True, sporadic outbreaks of activity on an individual basis have occurred. What ~~lacked~~ is lacking is organization, planning and method. Resolve must be constant and strong. We are too easily discouraged when the activity is unsupported + in random directions. Action must be

(1) Planned

(2) Directed toward goals which are (a) attainable

and (b) popular. Obviously my words were directed to those who are not involved in the action.

Some say, "Well, I'm willing, what should I do?" → Time must be allotted, definite meetings planned and carried out. Those who are willing must be informed. And, of course, organization is a must. If I-COM was ~~was~~ worked on like the Forum, we would be a one day convention at the local Mormon temple!

Ralph + others keep things moving + many are willing to be active.

Jeff: Slow and inexorable is what a snail does. We are too guilty of such characteristics at times. (The RHD) can boot us at any moment - remember this!

- Enough Said!
Ciao,
GAR7

HEY! A LOG THAT ISN'T EVEN FALLING APART! WE'LL
FIX THAT!

CHRIS: SAID I WAS GONNA QUIT ON THE CHAIN NOVEL.
WELL, FUCK THAT. I WANNA WRITE. STILL, I CAN'T
GUARANTEE HOW MUCH TIME I CAN DEVOTE TO IT,
BUT I'LL DO MY BEST.

GARY: "PURPOSE"? "ACTIVITY"? NEW WORDS FOR
THE NEW FORUM? I'LL THINK ABOUT IT. MAYBE
I'LL EVEN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. THEN AGAIN,
MAYBE NOT. TIME WILL TELL.

STEFAN: DISCS? MONSTER SQUASH? GAMES AT I-CON?
SPEAK TO ME.

TOAST: RIGHT, LET'S WRITE!

Daniel J. Fitzgerald
... AND NOW FOR A BROAD, GROSS SEX PARODY.

THE NEW DEFENSE NETWORK COMPUTERS HAD GOTTEN OUT
OF CONTROL. THE BIG MEN AT THE D.O.D. HAD MADE A
CATASTROPHIC MISTAKE WHEN THEY TOSSED THE CONTRACT
TO PHALLECTRONICS. NOTHING WORSE THAN A BUNCH OF
SEXUALLY-FRUSTRATED COMPUTER ENGINEERS.

FIRST THE COMPUTER GOT SMART.

THEN IT GOT HORNY...

IT HAD BEEN MANY DECADES SINCE THE WORLD'S
PILE OF THERMONUCLEAR MISSILES LAUNCHED IN
A GLORIOUS TECHNOLOGICAL ORGASM, WITH DEVASTATINGLY
EXPENSIVE SPECIAL EFFECTS, IN DOLBY AND 70 MM.

THE ~~WARRIORS~~ SURVIVORS WERE ROUNDED UP INTO THE
COMPUTER'S BONDAGE CAMPS FOR ORDERLY COFULATION.
HUNTER-FUCKERS ROAMED THE DEVASTATED TERRAIN
IN SEARCH OF THE FEW WHO WERE STILL FREE. THE
END OF THE HUMAN RACE WAS NEAR.

THEN, THERE CAME A MAN WHO REFUSED TO SUBMIT, WHO TAUGHT THE OTHERS TO FIGHT, KICK, WHIP, SLAP, AND GOUGE BACK. HIS NAME WAS JOHN "SALTPETER" CONNOR. UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP, THE COMPUTER NETWORK WAS SHATTERED, AND THOSE WHO WERE LEAST SORE ESCAPED.

UNABLE TO ROOT OUT THE ELUSIVE ESCAPEES, THE COMPUTER BUILT A TIME-MACHINE, ~~AND~~ ~~IT'S~~ ITS PURPOSE WAS TO SEND ^{ANOTHER} A MACHINE BACK IN TIME. A MACHINE WITH THE SOLE INTENT OF FINDING JOHN CONNOR'S MOTHER AND PREVENT HER FROM CONCEIVING HIM. A ~~THING~~ ^{THING} DESIGNED TO BE THE ULTIMATE FUCKING MACHINE!

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
IS
THE

FORNICATOR

CUMMING SOON TO A LOG-BOOK NEAR YOU

-TO BE CONTINUED?-

(Brief note from Goda. You have passed the test. You are now interesting enough to write in the logbook regularly - carry on)

NOTE TO CHRIS: Well if you're so handy around the forum, why don't you get off your high horse + write some book cards?

ALL ELSE: We need book cards written. Also do not use the card catalog for signing out books anymore

Who with bitter hand did ink,
Victimless insult? Phrased to all,
So that these barbed words might sigh,
In flesh, by guilt, made to fall?

Why this cruel vengeful spleen,
Hidden alas by unknown print?
For in cursive hand be seen
The soul's own shape by the shapes in't.

Hidden by clouds shall we find a man,
Or child who from maturity ran?

KET '85

ZEUS: QUIT SCREWING AROUND WITH THESE FORUMITE WOMEN AND COME HOME.
YOU'RE LATE FOR DINNER.

— HERA

20th C
4x20 + 5th yr
(20-9)th mo
20th day
nowhere near
20th hour
— BSA

Kenji - "Unknown"? ~~GLAH!~~ It was late, what do you expect - english?

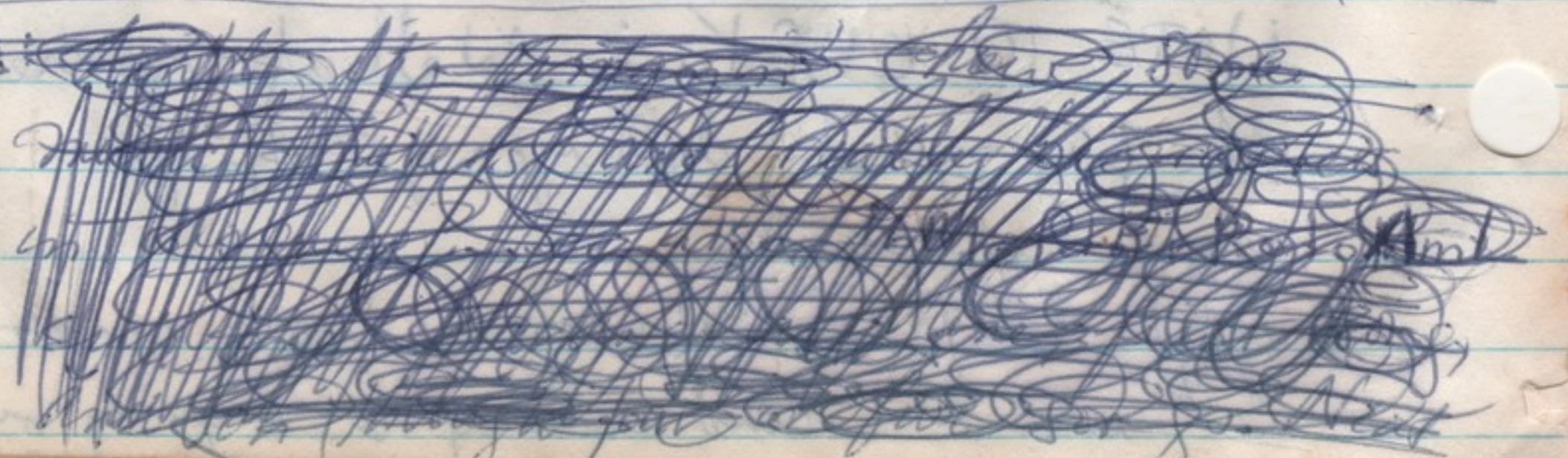
Otherwise, amusement.

Also, must ask you to look over outline
for CHLOB entry & edit/amend/add/etc
on re your characters.

Charles & Morgan - See last above.

Bruce

~~STUPIDITY~~
STUPIDITY
EDITED BY
ORIGINAL
AUTHOR



By) Stefan

Dan F: LOVE your parody.

DISKS: A shipment is on its way. Boxes are \$14.00 [\$2.00 for a single, \$1.75 for two, \$1.50 for 5+]

All → MONSTER SAVASH: My sister lent me some Plastince-clay. There is enough for about 4 monsters. Those interested must donate 50¢ for copies of the ref. card and info sheet and for clay-loss. Who's in?



BOT - SANDY-VICTOR-ANYONE WITH A CAR OR A BICYCLE BUILT FOR SIX!
I have 4 fogsticks now. MULE awaits

J
11/20/85
1:40 PM

Twist me and turn me and show me the elf. I looked in the mirror and saw... A stranger. Who's face is it that I wear? For that matter, who am I?

My name is John Glenn Peterson. My number is 125-54-8285. Those who care call me J.P. or Toast. I have not yet discovered my true-name. My past is dark and disturbed. Leave it be for now.

My future is looking up, if I remain true. My present is defined by what gives me meaning. Friendship. The Forum. Reading. Computers. Dreaming. Writing. In more or less that order.

By this I am known. I have passed the halfway point. By Log 38, this regeneration will have ended, for better or worse.

I am not the same Toast as I was 3 months ago, but I have the same goals. Not a true regeneration, just half of one.

Younger, I look younger, but feel older. My reflection reminds me of the others who were me at one point, so long ago, but grown.

I feel different. Changed.

But I am still not finished.

So far...

TOAST version 1.5

Hi Ho!!

Bitchy Blonde?

Here we are. Here I am. Bitchy Blonde? Chris my boy, I suppose you're speaking from experience. Perhaps she seemed bitchy because your personality was so small by comparison? Wouldn't you say? Hmmm?

- That "Neo3" Guy

(By) Stefan

ENEMA TROOPERS

FROM

GANSCATHIA

Got your attention? Good. Anyone who wants to learn word processing and technical writing should think about taking

EGL 202 Sec. 4 TUE 4:00 - 5:20

It's good.

11/20
J
A
M
I
C
A
T
I
N
E

We're talking quite possibly:

A repeat of weird talking:
Primo Excitement, Horror, and Death!

Right now winds of 115 mph over
the Florida panhandle.

This could be Gloria's Kissing Cousin:

KATE
YA - H A - A - A - A - A - A!

Its moving, moving!

It might be nothing... but
it might just be something (incredible)

Cliff take note!

Cary - You too!

The rest of you for crying out loud

Take note!

T.A.M's you too! Y A H!

We shall see - We SHALL SEE!

#108

Well, well, well...

Tolerant and amused, well Geo3, I'll let you flaunt
your ego. I don't really care. I don't know what you've
been told while beneath the sheets, but remember that
the greatest lies are told in the heat of the moment.

Enough. Believe what you wish to believe. I do not truly
care. My personality is different, rather than small. You
will learn, you will grow up some day.

I refuse to trade insults with someone who has the relative
maturity of a small soap dish.

To the rest of you, I do trust that this will be the end of
this in the logbook.

Peace

Christophe

"They Rise to Fail"

P.S. This is a Van Dyke, not a goatee

Bot, Sandy, MOTOR

90 Quaker path, in back



"What do you mean 'we', white-boy?"

L.R. III

JOHNNY JAMBONE:

HO, HO! ANOTHER HURRICANE
RIGHT NOW WOULD BE JUST WHAT
THE DOCTOR ORDERED. LET'S KEEP
OUR FINGERS CROSSED.

C.

Here - Shit up, bitch!

- Let's not scorn our ex-mates, let's not be so defensive or proud of our present ones.
- Don't use personality to mean sex; keep in mind that soap dishes can be very mature. (Nat'l Lampoon recognized the lack of mental agility of a soap dish, silly)
- Please spell my name correctly. (not Zues)
- Who is this poet that tributes me?
- Is this respect or contempt?
- Don't correct too many spelling errors, guys, only names
- Ianac Zeva

Who do you, may I get your pencil -
do I have your soul? Love I love mine!

Zeus-

If scorn & tribute, then joy to you. How shallow, how callow, devoid of all honor, standing behind a pen name (unknown), waving a banner. If strength you have, why hide? If strength you lack, keep silent. We have no patience w/ the weak.

KET '85

Pristine Peaks of Powd'ry Power
O'er Men of Meager Mettle
Causing Careless Curs to Cower
And for Simple Sluts to Settle.

Hmmm! Aliterative verse. Recalling its ancient popularity (old English poetry), we fondly remark on that profound day when everyone awoke (in England mainly) with the intention to pronounce words differently.

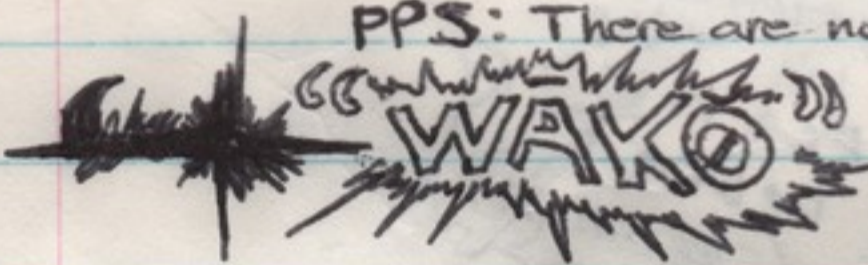
TEE-HEE!

oo Resolved: That, in order to keep with current trends [e.g. the recent shift toward center/conservatism and resurgence of "traditional values and family structure"] we once again enjoy a vowel shift.

KET - Vice President of the Stonehenge Historic Restoration Society (now celebrating our second millennium)

PS: There are those who have made remarks questioning my sanity. To them I say, "P-shaw, I'm as sane as a Kumquat."

PPS: There are no such things as crazes or hysterical or otherwise emotionally (sp.?) Kumquats.



Zeus

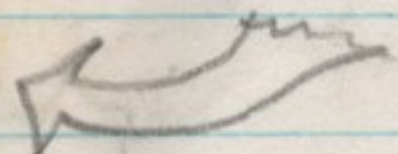
YOU HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED.

(By) Stefan 11/21/85

JEFF

Normally, this space would have been wasted. Instead, we present WOLF PORN.

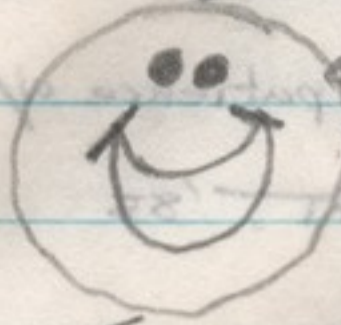
Scratch n' sniff



(It's a highly complex scene-metaphor, highly witty to anything in the canal canal, which includes none of us, so I guess the space is wasted anyway!))

BY Stefan

This page, too, would have been wasted.



SCREW A
HAPPY
FACE

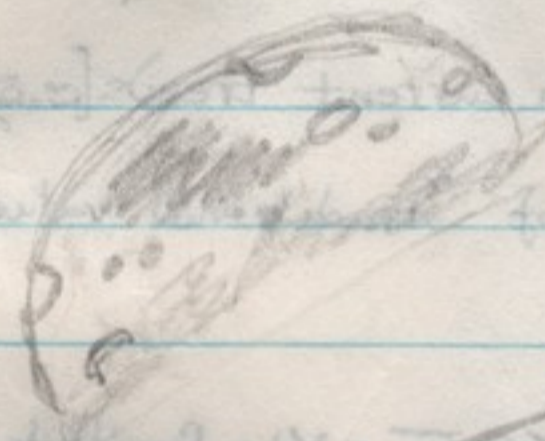
TOAST: I HAVE THE FIRST STARMASTER NEWSLETTER.

KET: "WACKO",

"Dante"

ALL: The creation of the ~~universe~~ ⁸⁰ ~~universe~~ ^{FEDS} was good. S. Hawking was pitiful to watch

AND NOW!! TRAVELOGUE TIME!



PEGKRONIA - Third planet in the Remischiast system, inhabited by a variety of humans and large red-bird species. A large red-bird moon dominates the eastern continent and is the only settlement in the Delta regions.

HEMBOST KEYS.

WILD
CULTS
AND
COMMUNES

The swampy and
unpleasant
land of DIVEE.

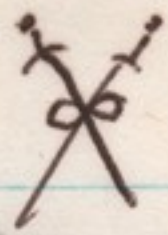
Good
FISHING
here

TRACKLESS
OCEANS.

NORTH
CONTINENT
IS
ICE.

Mindlosp, on the
other hand,
is highly
developed.

Dear Christopher



Trust I loved you I really did, you hurt me very badly I am sorry if I did the same to you I didnt mean to. After you hurt me I ran to Eric and hurt him, please dont make any similar mistakes. Dont rush into anything its all been said before but the rebound hurts both parties the most.

There was a time when I thought I could never love anyone other than Mike Reagan, who is now in the Navy. I used Timmy Adams as Mr. Rebound ~~that~~ broke his heart so I would never love another man again then met you you were a good friend and then a good lover, I did love you I hope you know that, and I also hope you know that I still care and would like you to be my friend. You have tried to turn me into an enemy I assure you the only reason I have acted strangely is because you are not the same person I met on 3/12/85 I loved/liked him alot the person you are now frightens me. We shared alot of love, fear ~~and~~ a great friendship if you choose to destroy that then C'est la vie.

✂

I don't ask you to like George
or ~~accept~~ except him just
be mature even though it hurts.
You once asked me to let
you know when you were being self-
destructive well look at yourself.
If you need a friend I'm
here.

Place Tranquility
Remembers

Ps: Please pay me
back

Ellen

Morgana - you could have said
hi to my mother.

Etillan

He may not be the same but people like him anyway. He
frightens you? Well, the guilty flee where none pursueth.

Charles

QOOC - "I'm ~~coming~~ coming, I'm coming!! No need to
pull!!" Phoenix (said to Lisa).

CLEAN THIS PLACE UP DAMMIT

Why must love and pain be
so intertwined?

Like the heartbreak of psoriasis?

By Geo3

Chris - you're pathetic.

JAM - You bet things are goin' great!

- Bye Now

SANDY - O'M AT DAUR'S
OFFICE

MICK
N

GARY AND NOW TO COMPLETE THIS PAGE OF GREAT ONE LINE (OR SO) ENTRIES!

3:00 PM

- How

AM

LONG

RIGHT

(AND MORE
RHYMING
BITS!)

CAN

THIS

AM

GO

I

ON ?

3:00 PM

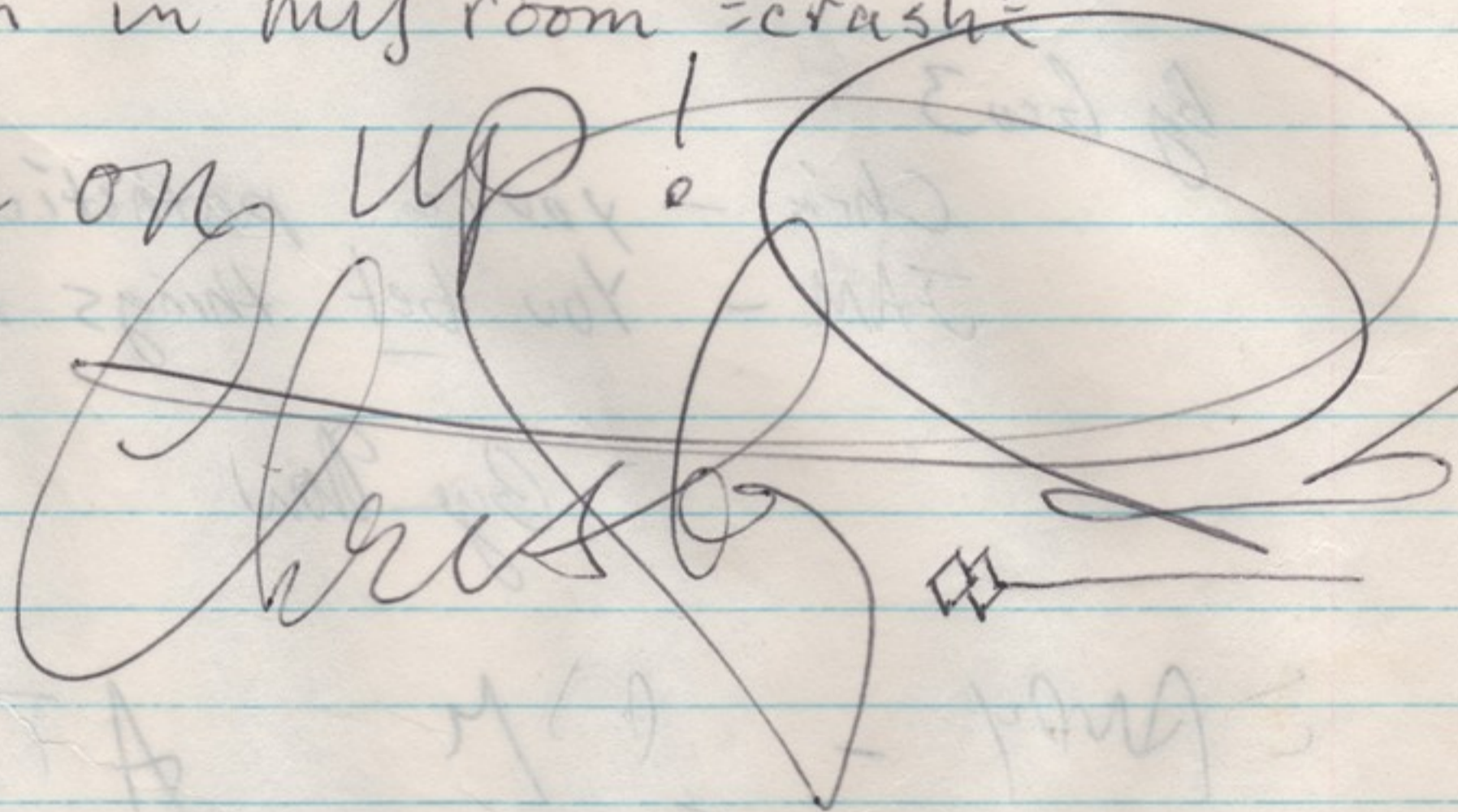
2.

2107 LEAN C
DO BTASQ
UP NOW

Draw!
You bet!

Morgana,

I'm in my room ~~crash~~
Come on UP!



Hi everybody!

Good resolves haven't been kept. I humbly ask your forgiveness and promise to do better. I have always believed that when enough people tell you the same thing, then they stand a good chance of being right. Well, people tell me (politely and with the best intentions) that I've been acting like a jerk. I look and find this to be true. But this is not permanent, I assume. I will do better. I would like to thank you for your continued patience and tell you that it wasn't in vain. I

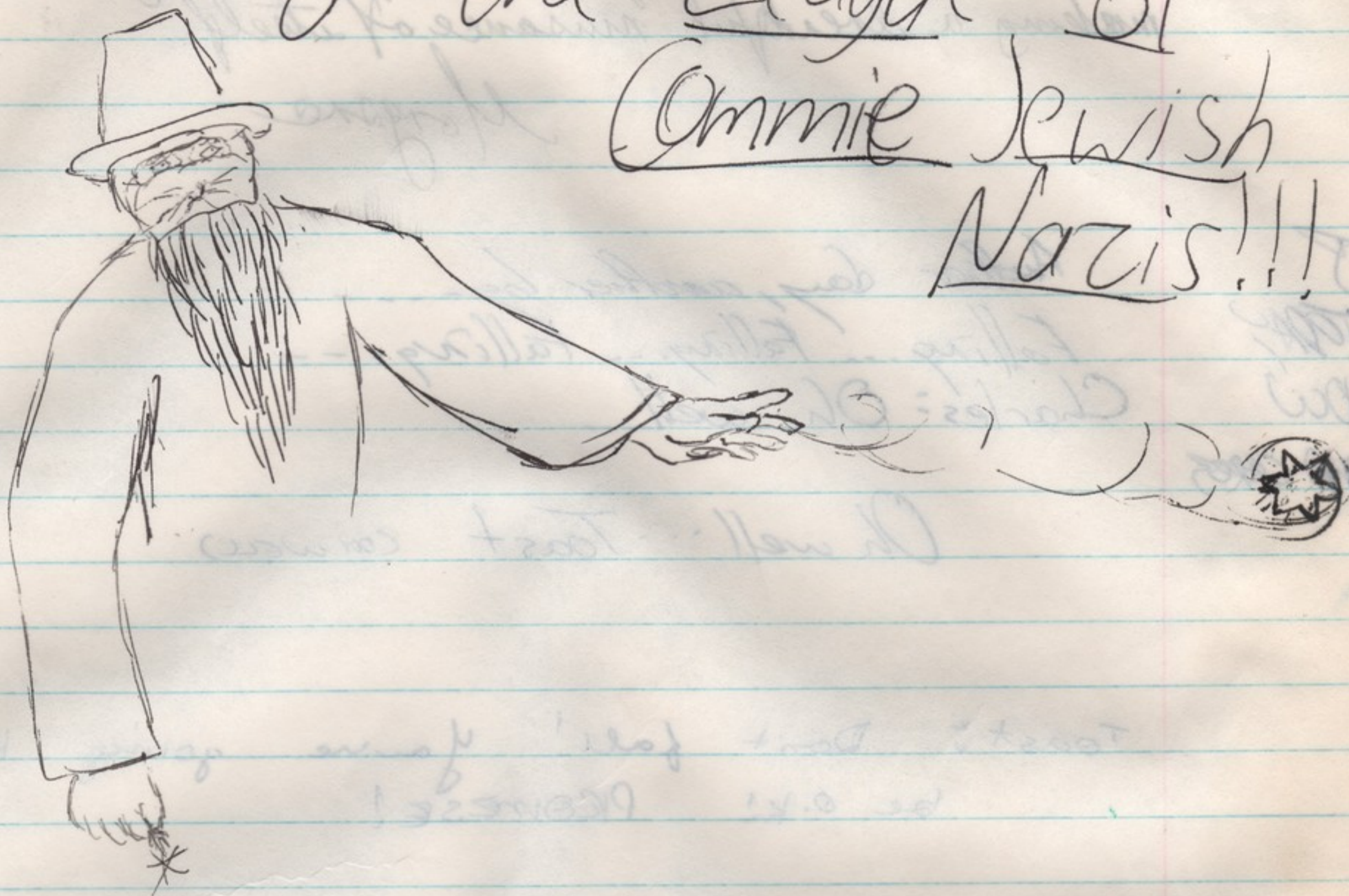
often.

To one who cares: you are right. People in pain lash out at whoever is closest. I think an apology is truly called for at this time, and I am sorry. But more people than you have showed me myself, and I don't like what I see. You have been put through too much. I have been given some suggestions on how to get back in control, and if they work some results should be seen soon. I hope you will tell me that it isn't too late to be friends - but that has to be your decision. I will try and understand whatever you do. I care too - if I ever stop thinking of myself. Be patient if you can; if you can't I understand. See you Dec. 2nd - I hope you see this. Have a good life till then and after.

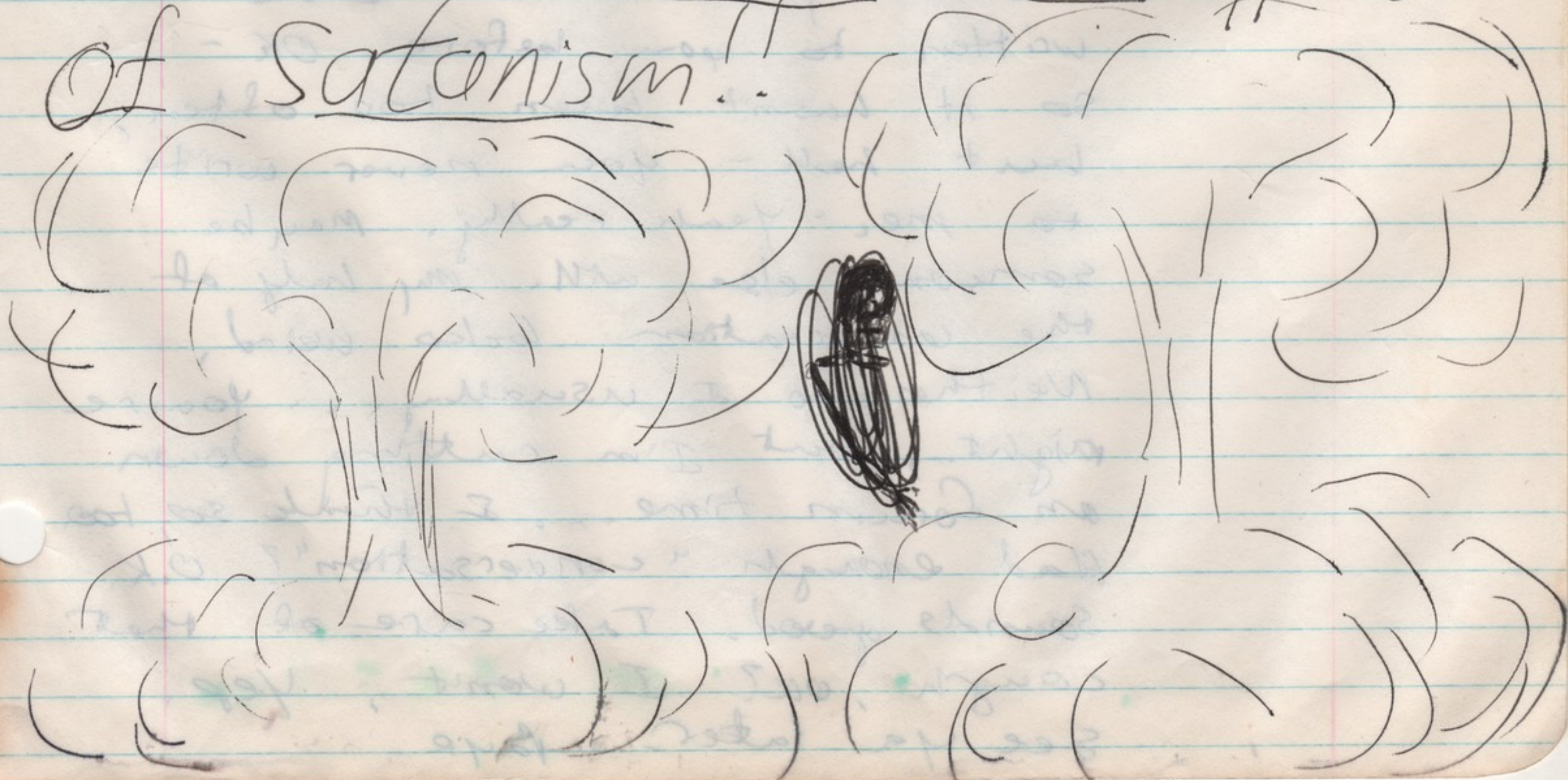
Thank you,
Sandy²

Ten years ago, Earth's greatest superhero was killed by the agents of the Evil Liberal Media, even as he set off ~~was~~ a hydrogen bomb, wiping them out and saving the world. Now a new horrible evil threatens the world. The cry for help goes out. And now, back from the dead, it's...

See him Fight ~~the~~ ^{the} Hasidim Ninjas
of the League of
Commie Jewish
Nazis!!!



See him take on the Society of
Secular Humanists in support
of Satanism!!



11/21

Daryl: Please reclaim your old personality. It's been making a dreadful nuisance of itself.

Morgan

I
TODAY
NOW
WHO CARES

Another day, another log...
Falling... Falling... Falling...
Charles: Oh well...

Oh well... Toast (or well)

Toast: Don't fall! You're going to be o.k! PROMISE!

G - Take care. I care. call me Sun?

Cliff? ?????? inscutable

Charles - Quit yer bitchin' I've written to you before. OK - so it hasn't been too often, but hell - you never write to me. - Yeah really. Maybe someone else will. My half of the conversation looks weird. Neither do I usually. - You're right, but I'm cutting down on forum time. - I think so too. Had enough "conversation"? O.k. Sounds good. Take care of that cough, ok? I won't, yep. See ya later. Bye.

ARKIE - WE'RE LOST!

ADDIE

OH! WHAT A DAY: MY T.A. IS
FUGLY, CHEM IS GREAT, CALC
SUCKS, AND GRACE JONES TAKES
ADVICE FROM 5 year olds! SHIT, WE'RE
ALL LOST.

she is more to be pitied than censured,
she is more to be helped than despised
she is only a lassie who ventured
on life's stormy path, ill advised.

Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter,
Do not laugh at her shame and down fall
For a moment just stop and consider,
That a man was the cause of it all!

- Remember this y'all!
Howard "GOD"
you might know

Oh well - Don't kill time - work it to
death. I must be running apt.

8:57 PM

Tom

7/2

11/21

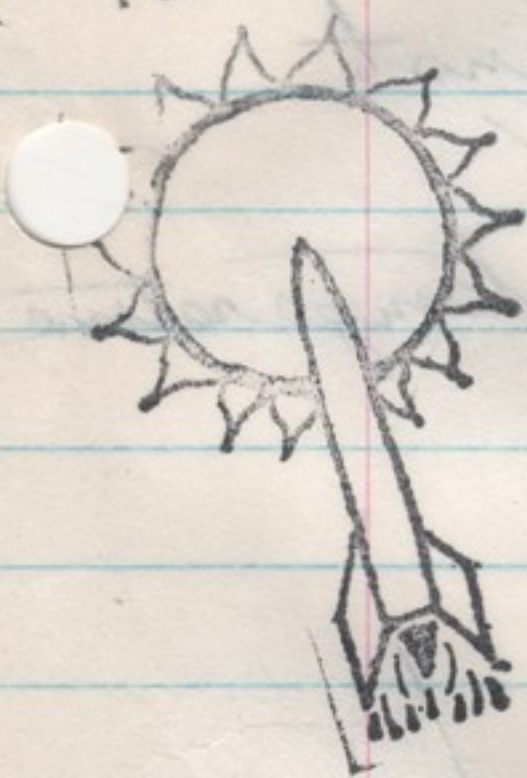
Sandy & Botwin,

8:11 PM

Since The Forum isn't using it's Dec 4
film date, COCA needs the ~~state~~ room
for a sneak preview. You guys need to
sign it over to COCA. See Mike ASAP.

Ralph

SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM



ALL

LISA IS Here

MY LISA NOT KEVIN ZEM PHONE'S STEREOKANE'S LISA
CALL Her (or me) AT 928-3474

JEFF

Zeus: Ha! Ha! You fascinate me!
keep your identity a secret. Beware!
I think this is pretty neat. How
long can he/she continue to remain
unknown? Any bets? It is neat!
Oh, by the way I'm rooting for
ya!

JAM
11 21 85

Adirondack Tamar: Hello, sometimes I'm just
too confusing for my own good!

adiabatic Toast: Its all a matter of temperature
and pressure.

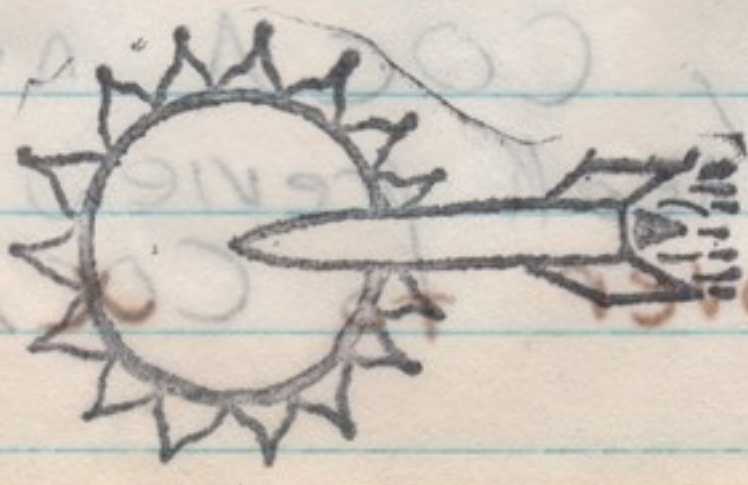
Tha-Tha-Tha-Thats

All Folks!

JAM

P.S.
Ralph keeps hitting me (ouch!)
Help - Urk!

SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM



Ralph



STRANGE ENCOUNTERS:

- Hum...

Interesting thing just occurred ->

GARY
"LOST IN
TIME...
LOST IN
SPACE..."

I met a drunken Irishman in the old Chem bathroom. He demanded to know what the graffiti on the wall meant ("HONKELIPS FATS LIVES"). He couldn't even read it right. He gave a great speech on the "twisted American mind". The whole time he kept picking his nose and wiping big boogers on the wall. He wouldn't even let me go to the bathroom. What a guy!

- Nuff said!

Gary?

Tamar ~ Someone called for an entry? Will a "Hello! How's the sub-etha Avocado" do?
Morozana ~ D's O.P. Reclamation Project? Why trouble yourself? Ambivalence is best met by ambivalence; & change comes only from constructive criticism from a friend. (P.S. loved the entry anyway ^{tee-hee}, but I know you can put a finer edge to your comments. You've got talent, use it, and let other peeps beware.)
Jeff ~ I read the blasted space too! What other clues do you have (experience is a definite clue)? Share the secret. I've been trying to figure Zeus out too & the old logs didn't help. ACK! I hate secrets (unless they're ^{known} ~~known~~ to me, but that doesn't count.)

Jam ~ Your "Z"s about to be exposed meth'ns (meth'ns (by me ()))

All ~ See! I too can write a typical entry. I'm totally sane-like really.

KET '85

"He who communes with Avocado Dip"

PS: I have been duly informed that the typical forum entry must include the following:

"I'm depressed, I'm bored, some girl is a bitch/slut, f---k youz all." Does this have any special religious significance? Frankly, I don't see the point of it. Truth to tell - life's a lot of fun.

KET '85



On Community Spirit, by KET '85
(AN ACT OF WIERDNESS IN ONE FIT)

It was, so the community believed, an act of God. Certainly never before had so violent a wind shaken the leaves of the great vine, nor in any's recollection had the rain struck so hard. The violence of the wind and the pounding of the rain had made them all huddle tightly together, and many who had previously mocked the pastor were given to loud prayers and lengthy confessions which, dutifully, were passed on to the pastor down the line by those who had previously so joyfully spread the selfsame confessor's mockery. The pastor listened to these confessions with complete sincerity (the pastor was noted for his sincerity, though not much else) and his blessings and prayers were dutifully passed back up the line. And so the community huddled and prayed, except for Riccardi.

That Riccardi chose to ignore the rest of the community and keep silent was not unusual. Being of an extremely individual nature, he was often wont to look for the sun in odd places, or perhaps contemplate the dew until late afternoon, when most were busy preparing for vespers. Such blasphemous behavior had not gone unnoticed, and many said he was the devil's own. Kindlier souls were wont to say that he was "just a bit confused", but that didn't stop them from shaking themselves in dismay along with the rest, and, occasionally, offering up frantic prayers on his behalf.

It was, the next morning, apparent to all that God had been aware of the situation. It was equally apparent that their prayers had been useless (some disagreed, resulting in stern admonitions from the pastor, which, the peril now gone, were ignored). Suffice to say that during the night the storm had swept Riccardi away. Never would he grace the tables of the great, meaningless, forgotten, he would not be with his fellows at their moment of glory.

A few years later, having been crushed and aged, the community cheerfully bid the world good-bye. It was noted, though not by the community, that the wine served that year was particularly wholesome and all gave thanks to God. It is doubtful that any knew exactly for what they gave thanks.

A BEFORE STEPHAN

MORNING ENTRY -
why am I up so early?

10:05 am
11/22/85

OHM I GOD! I'VE BEEN CORRUPTED! IT'S GREAT!

LAST NIGHT LOST JOHNNY + I WENT TO CHELSEA'S, A REAL BAR. NORMALLY, I'M A CLUB PERSON - DANCE, etc., or a SLEAZY DIVE - TYPE PERSON, BUT, THROUGH THE MIRACULOUS OF MODERN TECH., I AM NOW ALSO A REAL-BAR PERSON.

IT WAS GREAT! LOTS OF WOOD, GUINNESS' ON TAP, MOOSE HEAD, HEINY, et al., VERY DARK WITH AN ODD ODOR, KINDA MUSTY, (No, it wasn't slime. He showered, (I think)) A LOUD BAR BAND, PIN BALL (as opposed to idiot games - some of those too), AN EXCELLENT DART BOARD. NOW, WHY WAS IT EXCELLENT? BECAUSE IT WAS MY FIRST GAME, AND I DID - REALLY WELL - for a drunk. I MANAGED TO BEAT A MAN WHO STILL REAKED OF FORUM - yes -

THE PHILOSOPHER RING aka Karl was there - THE ONE AND ONLY, FROM LONS BACK IN THE 'TRENS! HE SAID HI TO CLIFF, GARY, STEPHAN, and others, HE LOOKED LIKE A FORUMITE.

I'M NOT SURE IF HE WAS TRIPPING, BUT HE SAID SOME STRANGE SHIT, DANCED, AND PROBABLY PLAYED THE WORST GAME OF DARTS IN HIS LIFE. WE TALKED ABOUT THE FORUM, AND I HEARD A LOT OF OLD STORIES. I THINK HE WAS HAPPY TO PASS ON FORUM LEGENDS TO A NEW-ITE. FORUM-ITES - PAST AND PRESENT, ARE THE BEST, STRANGEST, SICKEST FAMILY I'LL EVER LOVE. TAKE CARE Y'ALL - Ciao Tommy

(By) Stefan

I'm not sure who Karl is. I suppose he was a Waterloo person, otherwise he would never have heard of me.

Ω: My sister sez you can buy the book. She recommends you make sure that it is being used. IF so, buy it immediately and read chaps. 1-7 before next term begins. [P.s. Text is Oh, Pascal!]

OFF to WORK! (I will be thinking in the off moments about a SF chnovel, one that is disciplined and guided.)

Kensji: Incomprehensible.



Snile

Now

What you see is what you get
"Future" means it ain't here yet
And may never come to pass

Mirrors have no memory —

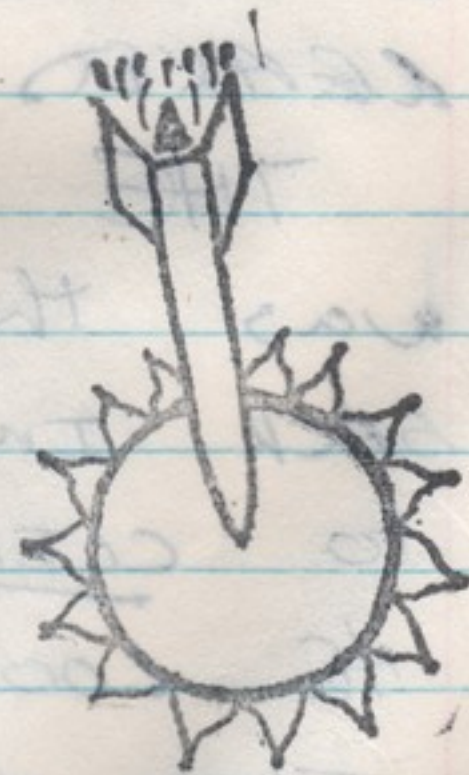
~~They~~ Only show you what they see
(Yesterday means naught to glass)

Gaze into reflected eyes
Are they foolish? Are they wise?

~~Are~~ Or are you afraid to ask?

Live your life out hour by hour

Nothing means so much as now



SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM



CRUSH
A
happy
Face.



11/22
bsa

Enjoy the life you have.

©1985 Bruce S Adelsohn

(Thank you, Chris.
Thank you, Joast.)

Kenji: Why be typical? Depression (like other vices) is no fun unless you've ~~chosen~~ ^{chosen} it for yourself. And while prevarication can be amusement, there is no reason to generate laughs. As you have been demonstrating (by your giggles), amusement is rampant in the Forum.

Jeff: TALK!



Bruce

J

12:14
11/22

Oh well: Oh well.

General notes to particular people.

Charles: Oh well

Chris: Same as it ever was.

Rob: Talkies?

Bruce: You're Welcome.

Tamar: "Make a promise / take a vow

Adjust your feelings / It's easy now

Understand the voice within

And feel the change already beginning"

Lefth: TOG! (HEE HEE HEE)

Toast: Listen, depressoid in the making. Quit hurting yourself. Keep your hopes and dreams to yourself. This is Reality. The place you must always return.

You have a future. It will be different than you imagine, but that isn't really bad. Remember how many years ago you wondered about what you would be like when you were 18 (or older). Look at what you have that you had not: You have the chance of a successful career in a well-paying field. You have the chance to lose more weight, and become almost human looking. You have the chance to make up that lost time and GROW, if you allow yourself to. And most important you have friends that care for you, a lot.

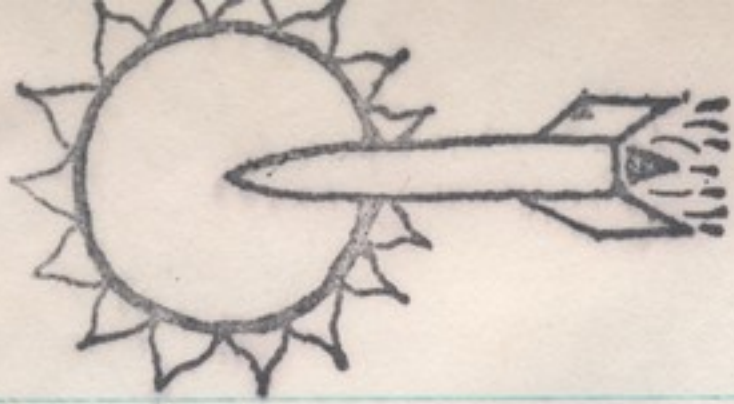
"So what?" you say. "It's not enough!" Patience, my boy. Remember the pledge you took when you became Toast, to improve yourself, so that you could be loved. Keep true. It will happen, but only if you let it. Keep caring, it is essential. Eventually someone will be willing to take the final step. You have made many friends. Keep it up, make more.

Keep your head up. Remember: "Rain doesn't mind the ducks, I care."

ODIN (Better than Zeus!)

ODIN = Thanks, I Feel Much Better

TOAST



brief note: Toast - We all love ya - carry on ☺

Toast: you needn't improve yourself to be loved, keep a stiff upper lip (what ever that means, my mind is waterlogged today) ☺
P.S. Sorry, Odin has recognizable handwriting.

HEY! ANYONE WANT TO GO TO TORONTO FROM WEDNESDAY TO MONDAY? A ROUND-TRIP TICKET IS AVAILABLE FOR \$90.00, NEGOTIABLE. WRITE BACK OR SEE ME FOR DETAILS. SERIOUSLY.

ALL BUSINESS,

Daniel D. Fitzgerald

11/22/85

2:27PM

Howard

Ω

Gary: Good luck on your exam tomorrow.

I'm sure you won't fail unless you want to. By the way, please bring those tapes back next week and have your promo script ready.

JAM anyone who may be interested: Tonight's

Destinies is a full-length interview with John Peel in celebration of Doctor Who's 22nd anniversary.

JAM: The show ended up being 30:14 after all the mistakes were removed. No pertinent interview material was lost, kind of weird how just this week I was saying how the OHM-JAM combination had never been done on Destinies before.

Mike: I need the number of Marvel's offices so I can get their subscription department.

Tamar: I might know, I think I understand. Has to do with

what we were talking about the other day, right?

JAM

11/22/85

3pm

Charles,
Can I get a ride home
for Thanksgiving? I have a
Physic test until 2pm on wed.
If possible leave note in
Flagbook. Thankx,

EPIC



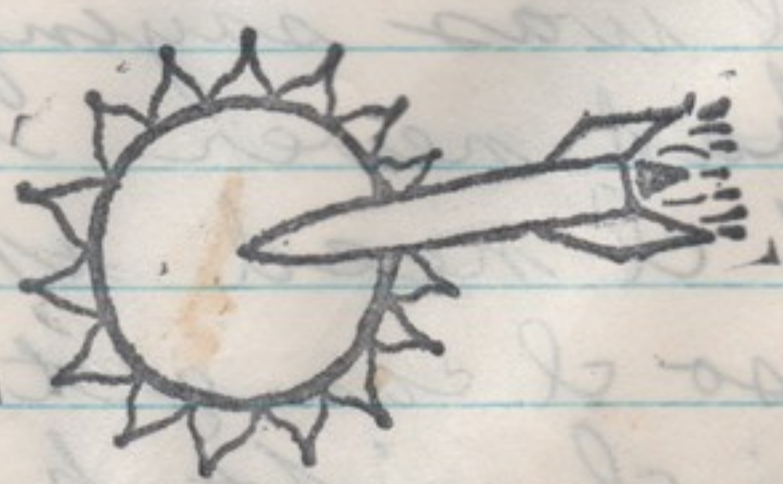
In Greek mythology Zeus frequently
appeared as a golden shower, which
makes sense because he's pissing off
many people. His other incarnations
are as a golden bull. This too
makes lots of sense. In any event
I know who you are. I haven't told
anybody so I can roast you.
So, how do you like your ego basted?

Note of Interest:

JEFF

Lisa Warner ~~attained~~ attained a score of 2,109,390
on a video game.

SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM



FORUM
SCIENCE FICTION

Uruz Strength
Manhood, Womanhood

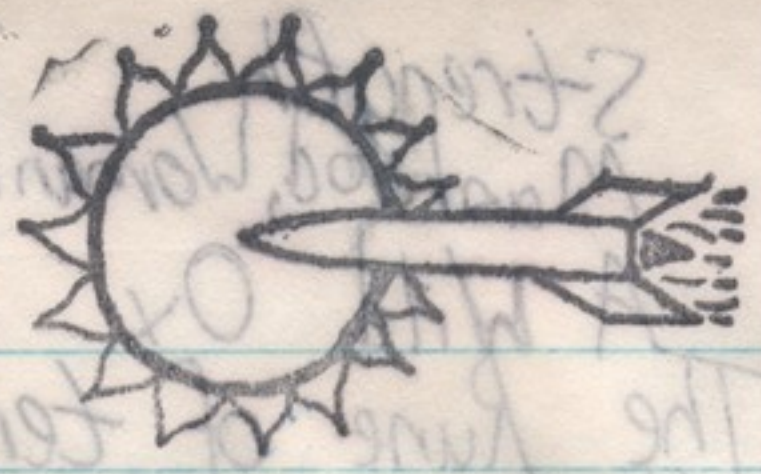
∩ A Wild Ox

The Rune of termination and new beginnings. Drawing it indicates that the life you have been living has outgrown its form, which must die so that life energy can be released in a new birth, a new form. Uruz is a Rune of passage and, as such, part of the Cycle of Self-Transformation.

Positive growth and change, however, may involve passage into darkness as part of the cycle of perpetual renewal. As in Nature, the progression consists of five parts: death, decay, fertilization, gestation, rebirth. Events occurring now may well prompt you to undergo a death within yourself. Since self-change is never coerced — we are always free to resist — remain mindful that the new form, the new life, is always greater than the old.

Prepare, then, for opportunity disguised as loss. It could involve the loss of someone or something to which there is an intense emotional bond, and through which you are living a part of your life, a part that must be retrieved so you can live it out for yourself. Now, in some way, that bond is being severed, a relationship radically changed, a death experienced. Seek among the ashes and discover a new perspective and a new birth.

The original symbol for Uruz was "a wild ox" (the aurochs). When the wild ox was domesticated — a nearly impossible task — it could transport heavy ~~loads~~ loads. Learn to adapt yourself to the demands ~~of~~ of such a creative time. Firm principles attach to this Rune, and at the same time humility is called for, since in order to rule you must learn how to serve. This Rune puts you on notice that your soul and the universe support the new growth.



What is on the next

page and the pages that follow are intended for K.E.T.

However, this is a public forum so all are welcome to read.

All are not to deface or comment upon those pages

themselves. This means no artwork next to the text George!

Furthermore, ~~great~~ constructive criticism is welcomed but

before I will hear "I can do better"

I will expect you to do

so.

Enjoy!
85
Doreta
Healy!

p.s. In case you can't tell, It's Classy Porn.

K.E.T. You requested a seven line **bawdy**
alliterative verse. Here it is plus
a gift of my own choosing. The next
request is mine to make.

Bodice Broken, Bosoms Baring

Swazing Slowly Slightly Spread

Flaunting Freedom, Fearing Fabric

Ripened, Rounded Rosebuds Red.

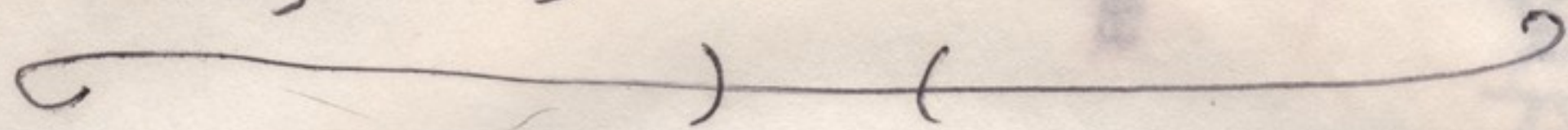
Peaks Proposing Private Pleasures

Buried Behind Brocade Bands

Tempting Treasures, Hidden Hands



Wedding Night at the Duke's Place



Horny Hooters Heaving Heavily
Quivering Quim Queenly Quaking
Lordy Licking Labia Lustily
Shouldered Shins Shuddering Shaking

Fearlessly Flicking Fur-Fledged Flaps
Drilling Deeply Dew Devouring
Moistened Moustache Munching Mashing
Dame Demands Demure Deflow'ring

Hoisting Her Hips Headward High
Lusty Last Licks Linger Long
Preparing Places Private Pure
Demanding Dukie's Demon Dong

Greed'ly Grasping Grecian Greatness
Petting Praising Powerful Prong
She Strongly Swore She Sincerely Saw
Lord's Longsword Looked 'leven Leagues Long

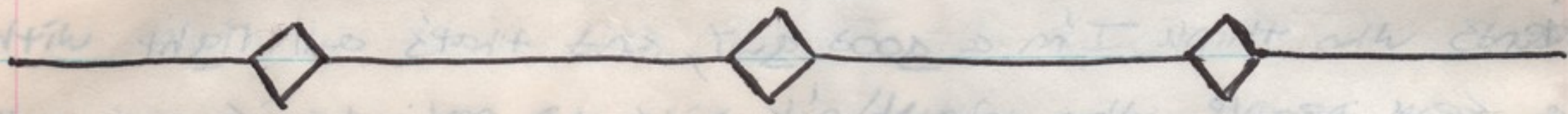
Placing Point 'pon Pouting Perineum
Magic Moment Marriages Must
Consummation Copulation
Time 'twas True The Thane To Thrust

Slashing Sacred Secret Skin
Madam's Maidenhood Mauld
She Stung, She Shrieked, She Screamed, She Sighed
But Baron Boldly Balled

Silky Smooth Slippery Slick
She Screamed, She Shouted, She Shrieked
Sovereign Savagely Stuffed Stiff Stick
Per Prince's Pow'rful Peak

Faces Flushed From Fornicating Furious
Soft Spent Stinger Sweetly Sated
Sir Stretched Sleeping She sat Seeking so
Madam Madly Masturbated

1985



OK. You can comment now,
but remember what I said.

Back up any claims you may make.

This may not be good but it's
better than "The Collected Works of
My Imagination". Have a nice day.

see see

Well done challenge yet + more besides. As the song in Pacific Overtures goes;

YOUR TURN May I fare as well.

KET '85

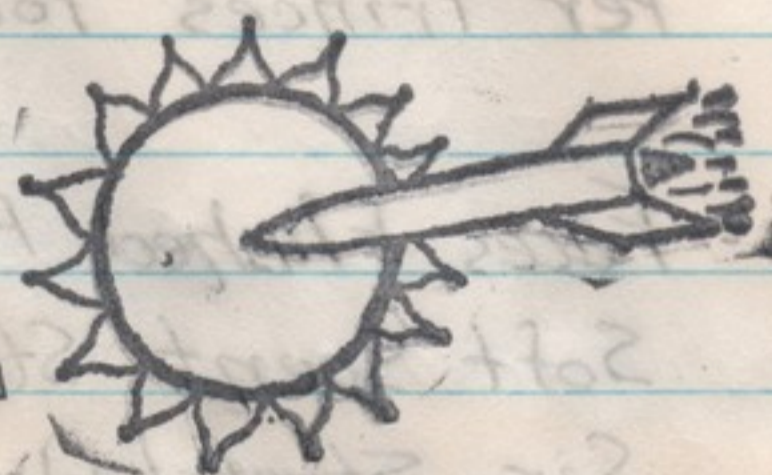
11/22

Eric,

Sorry, I'm not sure when or even if I'm going home. If I do decide to do so, I'll call you. Leave your phone number in logbook.

Charles

SCIENCE FICTION FORUM



①

A DJZ
XD

Entry: November 22ND, Friday

- Prologue -

I've not been known down here for my kindness. I've got a few friends who think I'm a good guy, and that's all right with me. I know a few people who wouldn't piss up my ass if my guts were on fire. I know a few people who would, too. There's a great big America out there, kids, and I've seen a bit of it. There are Forumites all over the place, and ^{that} they don't ^{realize} ~~is~~ ^{there's} all that keeps 'em outta here, I guess.

But then, the forum has changed a little bit since I first came here.



I've not been known down here for my tact. When I write an entry, I usually piss someone off. But you all know that as well as I. A guy from my time (the same year of entry as I) wrote a Put-Darryl-in-His-place-Entry that began with something like: "Ahem... Don't be an asshole". Well, I guess I can't help it at times, and so I nod and shrug to the author of that entry, 'cause I respect him. Because I like him; and because, if asshole I be, then I be an asshole with eyes and a brain, and I see the way he has changed over these four years.

This one is going to take a little journey for you, ~~Amigos~~ Amigos. It's going to say stuff that will cause fire in some and nods and "yeah, that's right" from others.

and a cigarette dangled from his lips. There was a cup of espresso on the table in front of him.

I was buttering my roll, watching him, when I saw him lift a hand in greeting. He took the cigarette out of his mouth, crushed it out in one of the yellow ricard ashtrays and pulled out a chair next to him.

"*Buon giorno,*" he said, and another man threaded his way past the tables, returning the greeting.

The newcomer was the lawyer I'd met, Signore Predelli.

He saw me almost at once, stood up immediately and, murmuring something to the other man, came over to my table.

"*Buon giorno,*" he said cordially. "Oh yes, you are staying at the Contientale which, like my office, is just a step away. I almost always have my second breakfast at this cafe. Well, are you enjoying your stay, signorina?"

I said yes indeed, and then went on to explain that I was moving out of the Contientale.

Chapter Four

I was up early again the next morning, too early for room service, so I dressed, locked my bags and went downstairs to tell the concierge that I was checking out. "Oh, but I am so sorry, signorina," he said. "You're leaving Florence already?"

"No. I've been invited to stay at the Villa Para-

② DJ. Z: That guy who's still too immature to keep from saying, "who farted?"

ONE: Morgana The Bitch

As in mean. As in nasty. As in (maybe I'm not giving you the true attention and chance you deserve, but what I've given you have taken and showed me just what you're about) One of the examples I would use as "human gone bad". Is the Oxford English Dictionary (the twenty six volume ^{one} with a whole volume as index) had the term, bad human in it, the entry would say see Morgana.

Morgana, who don't even get a real name to use down here?

(But personally, I think it's ok to be whoever you want down here; and as the Bard said, "what's in a name?")

Why am I picking on the poor girl? Why do I risk the anger of the Morgana Puppies? What is my reason? Just striking out at someone for sheer pleasure? No, actually, I'm not even getting the thrill I used to from entries in the past. When I picked on that skinny little redheaded guy in the (Dick) Van Dyke, I felt really good because (in my tiny little humble uninformed opinion) I think Chris is a good human -- secretly fucked up, but good.

I get no pleasure from writing this because I think Morgana is not a good human. I think she is a threat.

Here's why:

She's got her "act" figured out. She knows who she is, she knows what she does. She has a thick membrane of insensitivity that may quite well keep her from knowing fuck from love (after all, they're both four letter words and they both feel good -- ^{but} not in the same way). Maybe I'm now the meanest son of a bitch going for saying that -- maybe the person we see in her ice castle body had a horrible first relationship. Y'know, the kind that fucks your mind so bad you harden your heart until it is a heavy lump in your chest.

Is that your problem, Mary? Did you take a ride on the subway of love and find your self cold and alone at two in the morning in some piss-stinking station in Brooklyn?

Or does it come from some Freudian nightmare of a childhood where you got the Big Shippy end of a Bad Stick?

③

Take a look at some of the basket cases down here. One guy has a terrible home life and yet there is more love, more caring in that fellow than you probably ever come near, Mary Jean. You could learn from him...

If you ever, ever in the whole rest of your life think you are capable of learning anything real from anyone. Maybe for a girl like you, moving your hips is the most important thing to know. That's o.k., garbage that floats makes it faster to the sewer of success.

Jesus H. Christ, let me offer some down home support for my case:

Morgana the Cold One who
IS Bad for The People
Who want to learn.

SCIENCE FICTION

This is how mary mary quite contrary teaches her students:

- ① She does not encourage learning
- ② She breaks on people for ignorance (as opposed to stupidity, which in my feeble opinion is o.k., because stupidity is evil to the elite)
- ③ She does not give people a chance--any chance.

I ask people who want specifics to attend a session of this person's art history class. ARH 101 is designed to allow freshmen (as well as anyone else) a chance at appreciating art throughout the ages. It is an enriching course that's meant to give people who don't know about art a chance to learn.

And this person, this Mary, this Morgana—

this cold hearted bitch ~~in~~ in whom a pat of butter would not melt during her most passionate moments;

this anti-human, nasty icecube whose only flower in life is to belittle the people who strive, to win the single blade of

④

grass that peeks through a field of snow;
this (sure I rape the ~~the~~ vocabulary I so treasure?) This
Gunt who has proven to my patient eyes and ears and mind
that she has no reason to exist save to step on the underdog, to
hurt the mediocre - -

And the laugh of it, the kick, the sheer hope that
what ever fate exists has given me: Morgana isn't even smart.
Oh, sure, slightly above average intelligence, but not the right
stuff. She ain't got a point, so she must hurt others; that
is her point. Any one who would write "Be Real" and stamp
"Doozy" on someone's art history test - - anyone who can do that
(which on the surface sounds funny, but if you think of someone
doing that on your test...) is not a good, human valuing person.

And I don't value people who don't value
people.

Morgana - - the appeal:

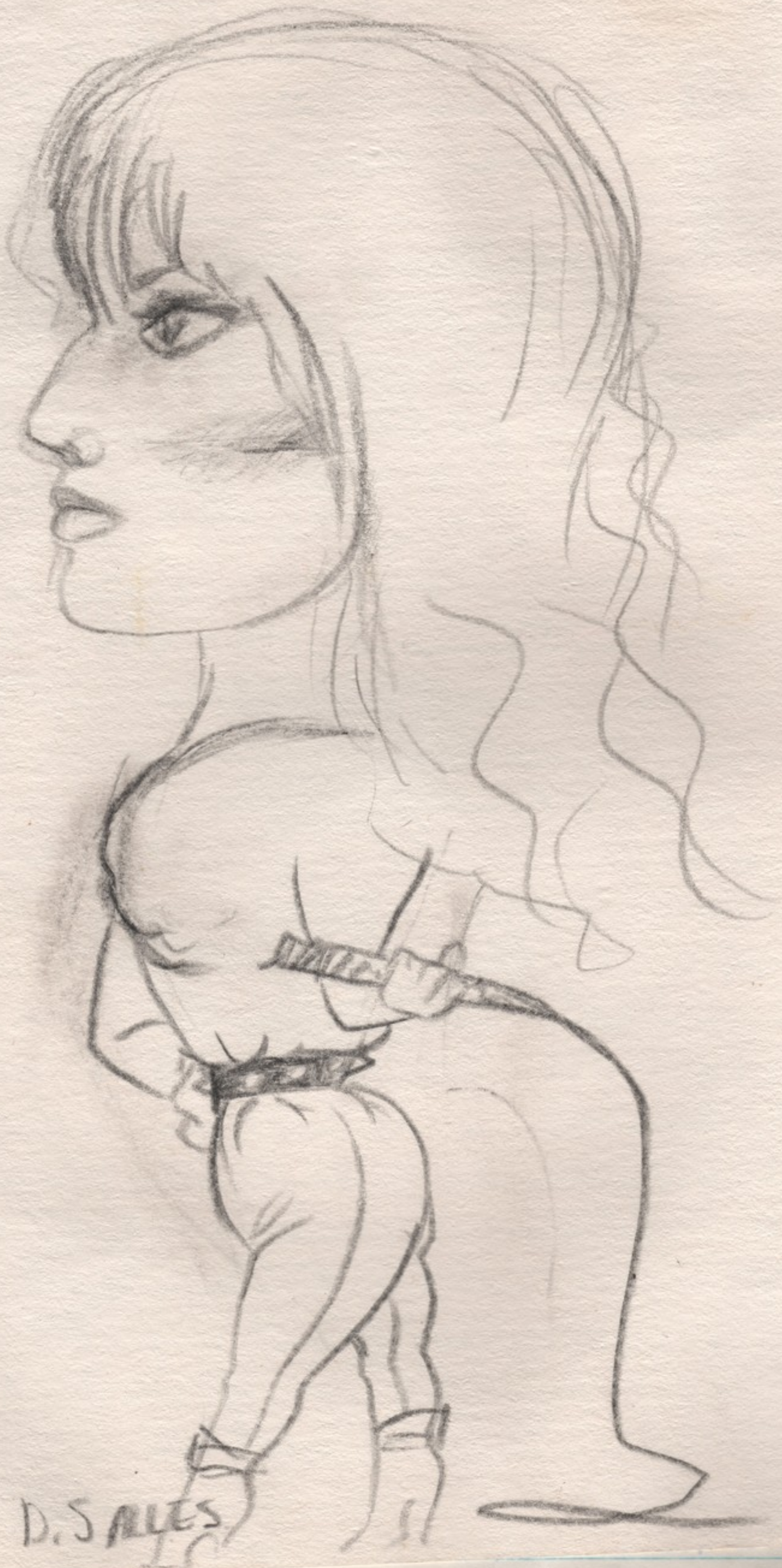
You haven't hurt me; I don't think you could (bro knows,
I am the master of my own pain), and so this entry to you
may very well seem like an unprovoked attack. Well, when I
made my intention to write an entry to you ~~out~~ ^{out} ~~down~~ ^{down}
here, I received an overwhelming, "Yeah, go for it" from
everyone down here.

I don't know you at all. I only know the person you've
allowed us to see down here. She's not nice, Mary. She's not
nice. She's a killer with a mediocre ass and a harsh
bearing. She's brutalism, she's the Bad Thing that should
only appear in fiction. I am sure guys just flip at your
"dark and disinterested appeal", but boy how they hoot when
you're not here.

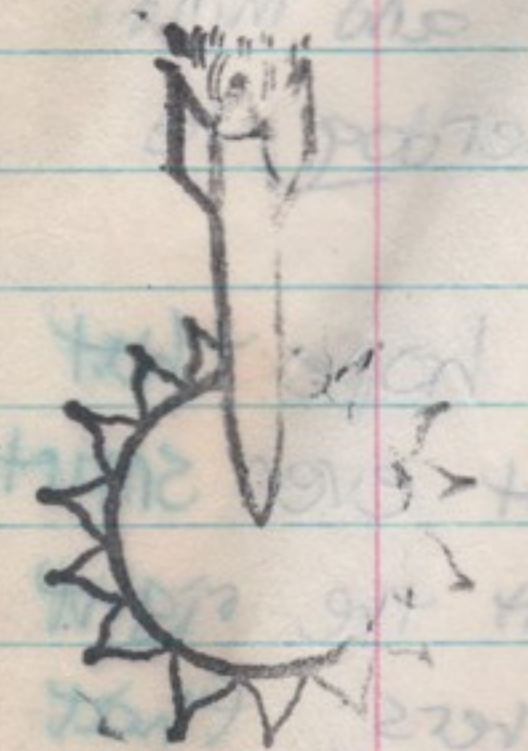
Is there a Mary to your Morgana girl? or
does this river of shit run from bank to bank and to
the deepest bottom?

Smile and say hi more often.

Sincerely,
Deej.



D.S. ALLES



SCIENCE FICTION FORUM

The best part of the book is the
smile and the way it is written



J 11
A 23
M 85
A
N

Daryl: I know. Thanks for the compliments).
 Good ford. I stand here looking at these entries
 and I know what is to come. Pardon me while
 I betton down the hatches and hoist the mizzzen
 mast! I also think I shall practice ducking.
 I had something to say but I think I'll
 wait for the fur and smoke to clear up. It
 strangely enough has to do with learning and
 people, but I don't know how it would be
 (mis) interpreted for better or worse. So stay
 tuned while I take a trip on the...

ORBIT EXPRESS

P. S., Watch out ripples can encompass much.
 Toast: You don't need an Odin to tell you
 what others are more than willing to admit.
 Sigh...

Pa greatwork
 Toasts ditto above

HERE

Space standing empty,
 Wasted waiting,
 Helpless and hopeless,
 Comments craving.

November 22 at almost six p.m.

Hi all you weird people. How are you? I am fine and am well and happy and somewhat thawed out from my wanderings in our great capital district. Wednesday it was 70 and then 38 degrees so I wondered when this planet would decide what season it wanted to be living through. I am here for a week or so and happy about that. Jeff seems to have survived my absence well thanks to certain people.

Lisa I hear you are still alive amazingly enough. Herbalism? What started that? We should sit down and talk while I am here you know.

Kevin, how are you? I have missed your hugs and the rest of you. I also want to talk with you. Let us face it, I want to talk to everybody! Life in Albany is still the same. Each day I go to the insane place and deal with people I do not care about and all that rot. Sometimes I can get away and read, usually hidden in the bathroom or something. I think people there must think I have hemorrhoids or something. There is nothing like the Forum there (by the way all this is for general consumption) and I miss that, too. Tuesdays are my bitch days because I think about everyone at the meeting and going out to dinner after and what am I doing? Sitting home most likely alone.

In Albany snow removal consists of the month of May and I am dreading the first snow fall. You all will probably hear my wails of woe as I try to walk down my steps and instead go sliding away on my ass or some other part of my anatomy.

Zeus, Hera must really be itching her britches because of all the running around you are doing!

Charles, you should quit smoking if you want to live for a while. Yes, I care about that you know. Darryl, why not flush you old self away? That way it would all be gone.

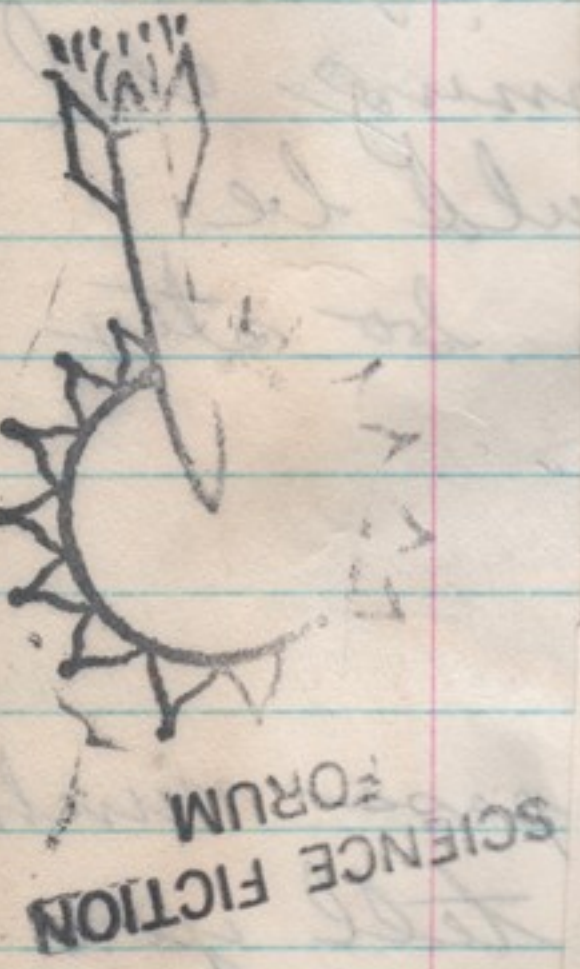
Joy, STID!!!

Others, yes I know I cannot write to everyone. I love you all and cannot wait to see you.

Jamman I am soooooo sorry for fondling you in public. But was it good for you, too?

Well I must go type fun history paper for Lydia.

From Lisa A.K.A. Klisa the Klingon just because STID.



SCIENCE FICTION FORUM

TO: JOY

FROM: S.T.I.D.

STAAR TRACK

STAAARRING

HOTLY HUNTING HIDDEN HYMEN,
KIRK CRAWLED QUICKLY COCKHEAD CLENCHING,
SEEKING SECRET SACRED SNATCHES
WORLDLY WISE WITH WICKED WENCHING.

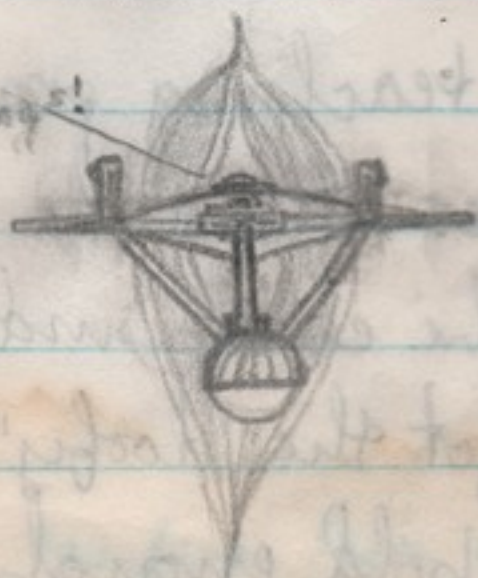
VIRGIN VULCAN VYING VAINLY,
SPOCK SEEKS SWEET-CHEEKED SPACEBOUND SLUTS,
GROPING, GRASPING GRIMEY GONADS,
KNEEDING, NIBBLING NAKED NUTS.

BONES BENT BOLDLY BITING BEAVER,
CHRISTINE CRYING CLENCHING QUIM,
DRIPPING DIGITS DRIVING DEEPLY
INSERTING IDLE INCHES IN.

SCOTTY SQUATTED SCREWING STARSHIPS
POUNING PULSING POWER PRONG,
SYSTEMS SHORTING, SHOCKING SCOTTY,
DOWNING DELVER'S DRILLING DONG.

SULU SUCKING SOVIET STIFFNESS,
CHEKOV CHEWING CHINESE CHEEKS.
HOMOS HOTLY HUMPING ~~HEINY~~ HEINY
PUMPING PROTIEEN PLEASURE PEAKS.


Captain, we've got
strange sensor readings!



11/23
02:29

For all dear Forumites:

After considerable amusement, I still have the same thoughts (dreadfully sorry, Kenji). Darryl just isn't worth my time to write a lengthy reply. Verily, I grew quite bored of his type in high school. Christopher, being the chivalrous cavalier type, does feel inclined to reply. ~~my~~ puppy dog

To you, my charming Aramis, carry on 

109

Well, well, well...

No, Daryl, you've never been known for your kindness. I've read through all of the old logbooks, and have been continually ~~am~~ amused by your wit and charm.

Your writing style seems to have fallen by the wayside, as have your perceptions. Many people have commented on my choice of women (or girls), but in many ways, I believe that I should have the final say on the matter.

Maybe you won't take the word of the severely fucked up red-head in the dicky-van-dyke, but at 2 o'clock in the morning, one does not need to be alone.

Morgana may be a bit overbearing at first, (or maybe you don't like females with self-confident personalities) but there is someone in there. Ask me. I certainly didn't like her when we first met, but I believe in giving any person a chance to be human. (I have certainly given you enough chances.)

Regarding our dear Mr. Toast, who, I am sure, is the person you were referring to, he seems to agree that there is a "Mary" to Morgana.

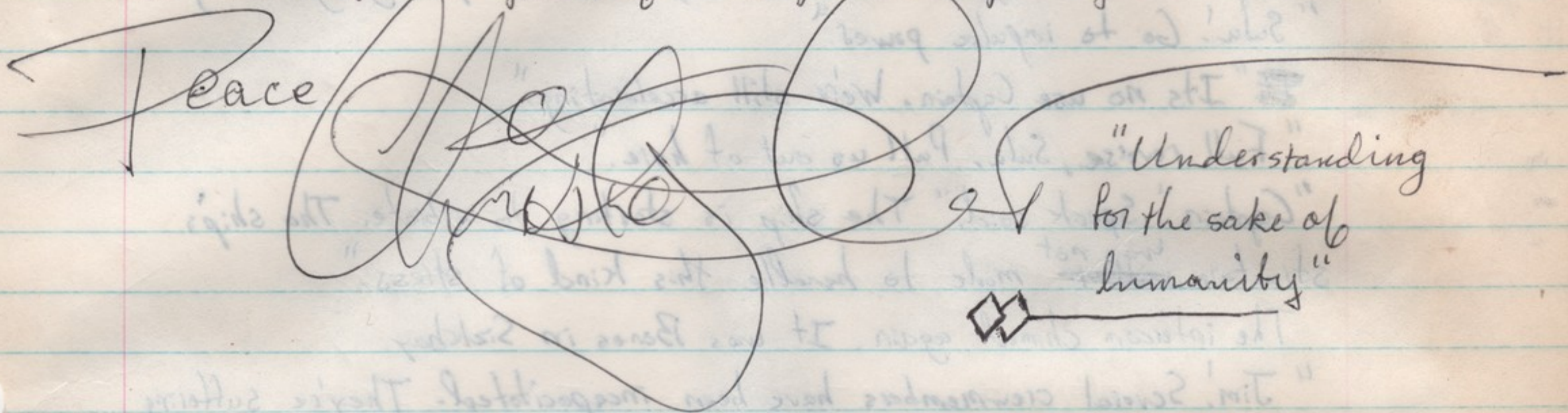
~~Oh~~ About Morgana's teaching practices. I am not qualified to comment, as I have never attended a class. However, I did help correct the midterm for the class, and only those who did not try or even bother to think got the "doofy" stamp. If I had had a few teachers that were bold enough to tell me off like that,

I might be more motivated to attend class.

Butter would not melt, eh? Maybe your charm is not sufficient to bring even mercury up to ~~room temperature~~* the melting point.

No, Morgana did not hurt you, true. Those with no heart can not be hurt, save physically.

Yes, I may look like I am one of Morgana's puppies, but I am also her lover. Do not attempt to analyze that which you cannot see or feel. Look to yourself before you ~~attempt~~ degrade others.



P.S. I happen to like Morgana's ass.

* We the editors [not by legitimate selection or any reasonable qualification, but by virtue of our wild and woolly wickeriness & exceptionally long noses] would like to credit this one decent insult to Rob Dawes and here thank him for adding zest to the above entry.

Star Trak: Episode 1

See prior page for "coming" attractions

In space, no one can here you moan.

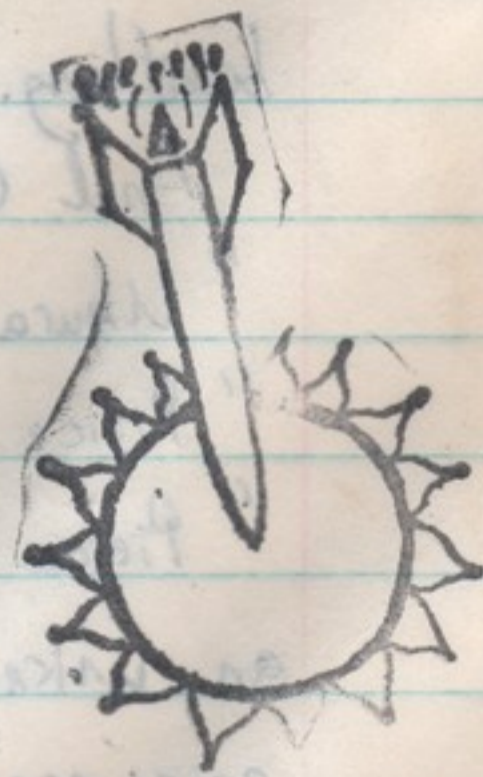
Captain's Log, Stardate 69.322432

"Spock! What has happened?" Kirk cried in dismay.
"I don't know Captain. But just a moment ago I felt a moan as if 400 Vulcan minds cried out in ecstasy."

"Keptin. We've got strange sensor readings ahead." (see illustration)

"Can you get anything more accurate, Chekov?"

"There is a high moisture reading. And its pulsating."



SCIENCE FICTION FORUM

"Spock! Is it a plague?"

"Well Captain, its spreading."

"Sulu" Kirk said, "We've got to explore this further. Increase to Warp 9."

As they got closer the attraction between the Enterprise and the gaping maw, ^{increased and} their speed got faster and faster. As the Enterprise approached Warp 69, Scotty chimed in on the intercom.

"Captain! The engines can't take any more! They're going to explode!"

"Sulu! Go to impulse power."

~~S~~ "Its no use Captain. We're still accelerating."

"Full reverse, Sulu. Pull us out of here."

"Captain" Spock said, "The ship is starting to vibrate. The ship's structure ~~was not~~ ^{was not} made to handle this kind of stress."

The intercom chimed again. It was Bones in Sickbay.

"Jim! Several crewmembers have been incapacitated. They're suffering from something resembling epileptic seizures. They just lie there and moan."

"Handle it as best you can, Bones. Uhura, open hailing frequencies."

"Yes Captain... there is a strange sound on all subspace frequencies."

"Confirmed Captain." Spock said. "Analysis indicates that it is heavy breathing."

And Chekov screamed gratuitously.

"Uhura try to pierce..."

"Pierce what Captain?" Uhura replied surprised

"Pierce subspace interference. Inform Starfleet that we are confronting an unknown phenomena in the star system Labia Major. Chekov stop screaming."

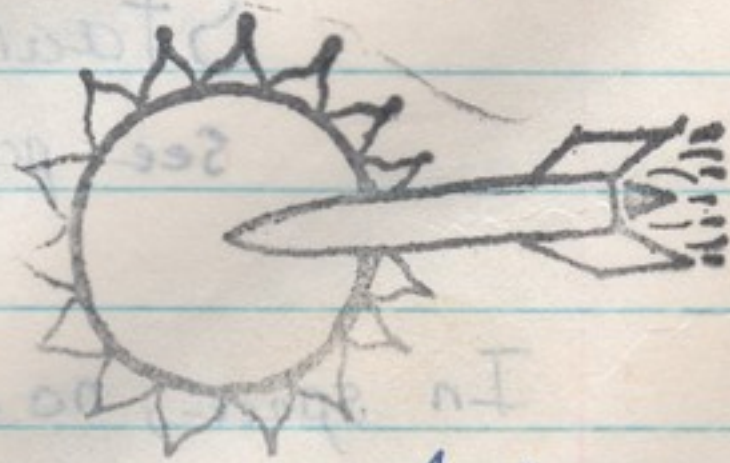
"I can't help it Keptin. I've always been a screamer." But he tried to hold it back and sublimated.

Sulu glared at Chekov "But you never screamed like this before!"

"Jim. McCoy here. Medical has come up with what they think is a cure. An injection of salt peter followed by a cigarette."

"Good work, Bones. Keep it up."

SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM



Spock muttered to himself. "Fascinating. It hasn't been 7 years yet." Eyeing Yeoman Rand as she started to wiggle erotically, Kirk turned to Spock.

"What did you say, Spock?"

"Nothing important Captain. But I would suggest that Doctor McCoy come to the bridge to administer injections." As he also glanced at Yeoman Rand.

McCoy shortly arrived and immediately crossed to Kirk and administered an injection.

"Just me Bones?" Kirk asked as McCoy just stood by his chair looking at the viewscreen. "Why?"

"Do you really have to ask, Jim?" McCoy replied giving Kirk a knowing look.

"Captain, we are starting to penetrate the outer layer. There is a blockage ahead." Spock said looking up from his viewscreen and Yeoman Rand.

"Sulu, divert all power to shields."

The Enterprise penetrated deeper and deeper into the pulsating maw. The ships vibrating increased and finally they reached the blockage and burst through. There was a loud feedback from the communications console.

"What was it, Uhura?"

"The console couldn't handle it Captain. There was a loud scream ranging high into the ultrasonics and then it shorted out."

"Captain! Scott here. Powers down to 30%."

"Do we have enough power for photon torpedoes, Scotty?"

"Barely, Captain. If we do, we may not have enough energy left to withdraw."

"We'll have to chance it. Sulu arm and fire photon torpedoes."

The ship lurched and shuddered as the photon torpedoes were ejected. "Ejaculated" Every one waited for impact. Suddenly there was an incredible moan and the ship started to withdraw under its own power. As they withdrew completely the maw started to leave towards deep space.

"Explanation Spock?"

"None, Captain. But obviously it accomplished what it wanted." Suddenly over the intercom the voice of the phenomena came through.

"Thank you," it breathed. "That was most satisfactory." And suddenly it picked up speed and was gone.

"Wait!" Shouted Kirk. "At least tell me your name. Damn, Scotty, status report."

"Well, Captain, Ship's power is down to 15%. All in all the engines are pretty spent but we should be able to limp our way back to the starbase. Scott out."

"Any answers Bones? What was that thing?"

"How should I know damnit! I'm a doctor, not a xenogynecologist!" And things were back to normal.

Funding for this program has been supplied from "S.T.I.D."

Charles
Christy
Morgan

WHERE IS PURPOSE? WHERE IS JUSTICE? WHERE IS GLORY?...
WHERE IS SOMEONE WHO CAN GET ME A RIDE TO FLASHPOINT?

IN SEARCH OF THE FINER QUALITIES OF EXISTANCE,

Daniel J. Fitzgerald



(BY) Stefan E. J. [Signature]

Diaown! I've got to go to the Library and look at old Popular Science Magazines to try to find a "trend" and an indication of audience. Urghh!

These old 'zines were full of Direct, Racism and "Patriotism." Real pitiful, and I've got to read dozens of them by Monday night. Sigh.

ZEM: I have some Good News, Bad News, and some expected News. Which do you want first?

May SHIT! GOTTA FLY

ROD DIAMOND: WISP DISK IN DISPLAY CASE

GARY:

I'LL MEET YOU HERE AT 4 OR 4:30.
RIGHT NOW I'M OFF TO PT JEFF TO MEET SOMEONE.

Cliff
2:05 PM

11/23/85 Boy, nothing more pitiful than "patriotism"...

2:20 pm JQ, KENJI: Great alliterative verse, but gemacht...

Kevin Darryl: Unprovoked, un-called for, well written.

Morgan: Sign your entries.

all: I need help with the library, already!

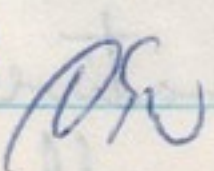
- Kevin Sterner

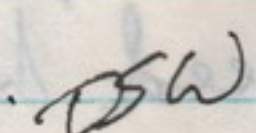
Breaker 34...

11/23/85
4:15 PM

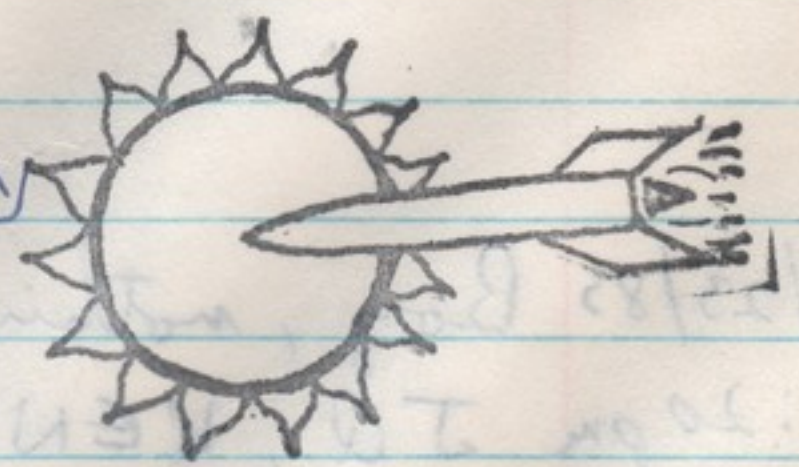
More bitterness, more sanctness, more long-fucking-entries
Daryl, as usual, your entry (surprise) provoked a
drawn out argument between Daryl Z. and the
Human Race. Who are you to talk of love
and caring? I will not sink to repeating
your post, but I will say that you are
certainly being, at the very least, hypocritical.
The pot calleth the cauldron black, grok?
However, Chris, you too are not ~~a~~ one to talk.
All this talk of "bitchy blonds, etc." is
unbecoming. True, I am not free from flaws,
I too make cruel & heartless comments. But
if you look in the flog, between you & Daryl
there is enough ~~venom~~ ^{venom} to ~~stun~~ poison
the University. The other entries tend to be
comments on life, cries for help, even (occasionally)
SF (remember SF?). ~~But~~ While these feelings
may be real, is this truly the proper place for
them?

Think about it...

P.S. S.T.I.D. 

P²S. CwiFF, you vanished. I'll be back later.
Right now it's Food-time. 

SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM



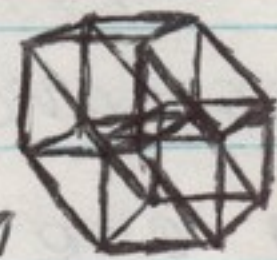
Last To

ALL (if you really want to)

This doesn't Matter

You don't matter
 I don't matter
 This work doesn't matter
 So what does it matter
 that I stop and chatter
 While my printer does clatter
 This ran on sentence
 To the purgatory
 of classes eliminatory
~~while I sit~~ In my room full of mold
 that has let entropy take hold
 In which I sit
 Trying not to throw a fit
 over all of this shit.

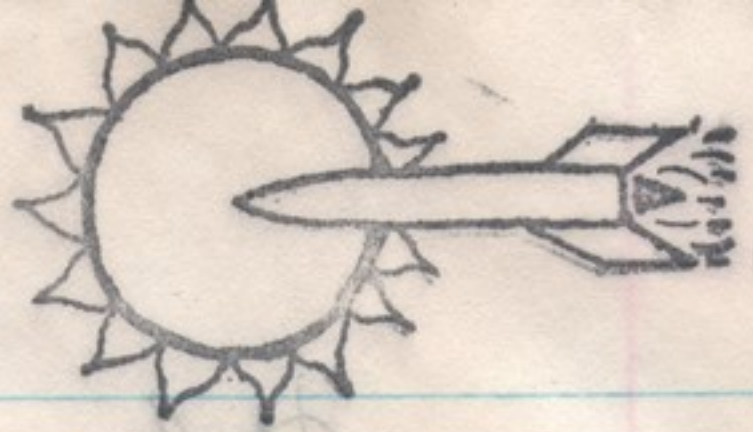
Bill B.



But this does.

This is a hyper cube. Some times it is called a tesseract but that word also has some other meanings and people get confused when you say it. Some people, though, just turn off their brains instead of getting confused. Many Science fiction writers use this to their advantage by working the word tesseract into their explanations of some of the stories more impossible points. Any way, that doesn't matter. Now for the next page where I start babbling.

FOR NUMBERED NOTES, SEE ENTRY
14 PAGES HENCE!



Babbaling

on about the 4th dimension.

So first we have to clear a few things up. Dimensions - Dimensions can be travelled in, not usually to. If you hear about some one going to the 4th dimension take out a mass insurance policy on them because you can only get $\frac{1}{\infty^2}$ of your mass there (in most cases). In the case that all of your mass does arrive in the 4th dimension you will either be ∞^2 times more dense upon arrival or take up ∞^2 more room there than you might expect. Either of these happenings would extremely disturb whoever or whatever happened to be there already (if any at all). Back to the nature of dimensions. A three dimensional box has a set of 3 dimensions, in a cartesian coordinate system. The traditional labels for these coordinates are X, Y and Z. Our X dimension is measuring one side of the box. ~~Since~~ It should now be obvious that you can not put a reasonable representation of a human being or any other 3 dimensional phenomenon into a single dimension. But now we have outgrown our XYZ coordinates because the alphabet stops going and we don't, rather our imaginings don't. The coordinates XYZ become the dimensions 1, 2 + 3. Now that there is plenty more room for dimensions in our notation we can have hypercubes.


In other words, a dimension is a direction.

Not true in a practical sense!
①

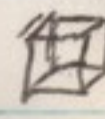
(orthonormal) or any
②

4 types cubes and diagramed babbling

This is a point •

This is a square 

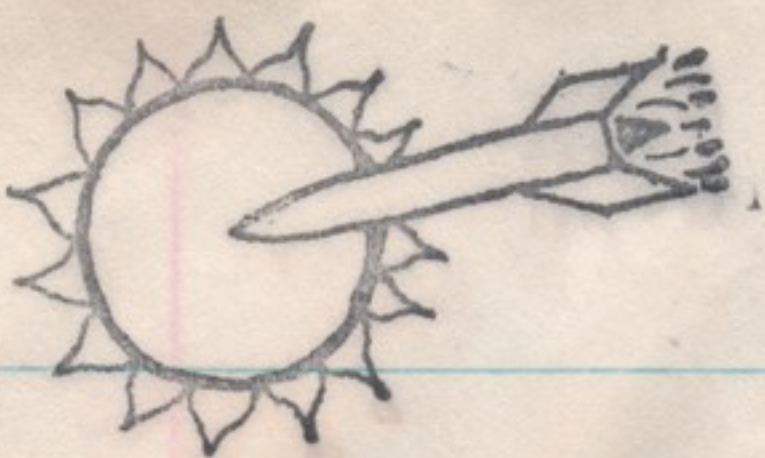
This is a line —

This is a cube 

a point has a measure of zero in all dimensions, it has a mass of zero, it is a mathematical singularity. A line ~~can~~ be measured ~~only~~ entirely in one dimension, it is, if infinite in length, the best representation of a dimension that there is. it has an infinite mass in comparison to a point and so, on this scale, any lines mass has an order of magnitude of ∞^1 . This ~~scale~~ scale gives a point a mass of one. now a square can be completely represented in 2 dimensions, represents a 2 dimensional plane and has a mass order of magnitude of ∞^2 . A cube represents 3 dimensions, is represented in our 3 dimensions if it appears tangible to you, and has a mass order of magnitude of ∞^3 . A Hypercube can be fully represented in 4 dimensions, represents a set of 4 dimensions and has mass order of magnitude of ∞^4 .

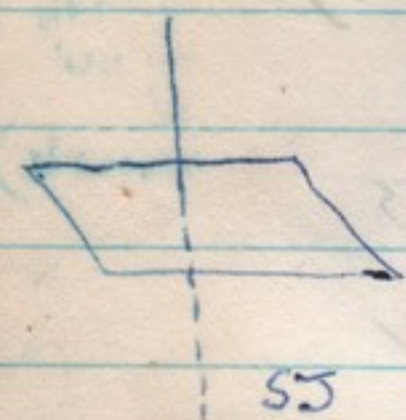
Nonsensical note: If anyone thinks themselves to be not at the proper weight than just be grateful that you are of the same dimensional mass order of magnitude as the rest of us in this set of 3 dimensions. Except Rob.

Anyway, getting back to the 4th. dimension, it is important to note that each of these objects are represented in a set of dimensions and that these do not have to ~~be~~ start from dimension one. If you have jumped here from the beginning of this nonsense and are confused



then go back to the first babble and start reading from there. For those few that read to here from the beginning, first I congratulate your stoicism in putting up with this, second, if you found it interesting than you are, even more than I, a boring person. I expect this to get better though, pretty soon too. because if it doesn't I may stop writing it.

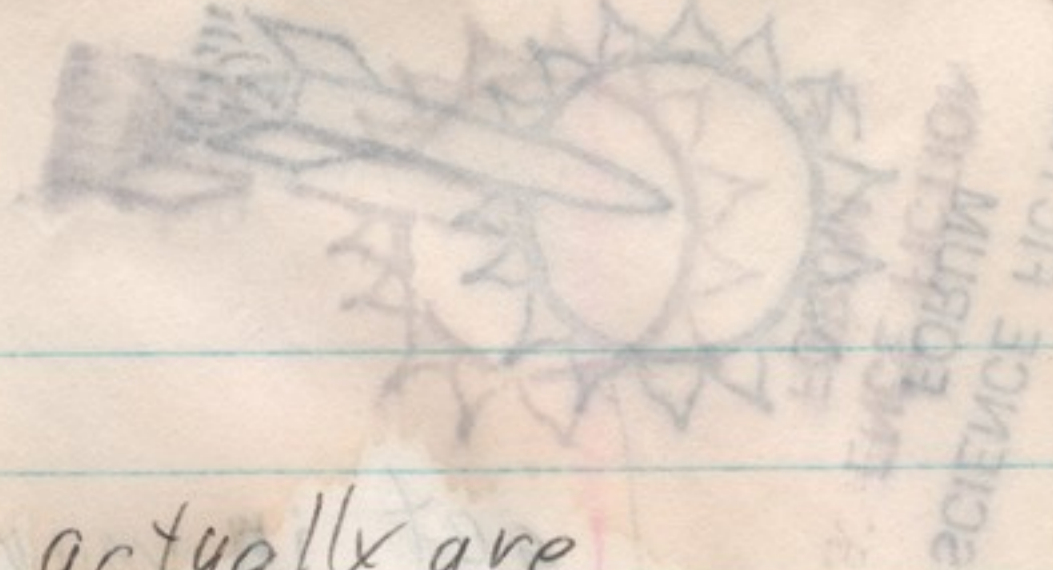
But enough of this idle chatter (idle chatter doesn't matter) and back to the 4th dimension.



④ Bad Example

~~A~~ A line can be represented in a single dimension only if it is aligned with that dimension.

A diagonal line, in relation to the coordinates it is being measured by must be measured in terms of vectors but that gets messy to talk about so I won't (aren't you lucky). The point of all this set and diagonal business is that the line doesn't know what its bearing is in relation to all these dimensions, nor does it care, if you were a line you wouldn't care either. In fact you probably don't care about this line at all you insensitive clod you. But maybe if you extended this concept to our set of 3 dimensions you would realize that you don't have any idea how you are oriented along your own set of coordinates either. Perhaps you don't realize exactly what this means but if you did you would be really worried about it, let me tell you. You would be so ~~worried~~ upset you might become physically ill. I have found that the human body is actually a better measure of how worried



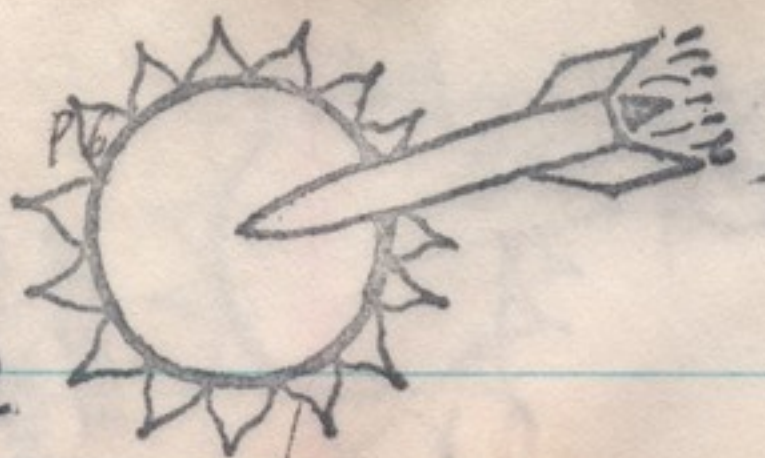
you should be than how worried you actually are is. If that last sentence sounded funny then you did not fully understand it. Return to that sentence and attempt to grok it. Now I am going to attempt to explain how you ^{should} feel about not knowing where you are in relation to your coordinates. But first I have to explain ~~how~~ how we may represent our coordinates at all. As should be plain now, our set of 3 coordinates

WRONG! actually Seasickness is when the fluid in the SEMICIRCULAR canals in your ears (in x, y, z axis) starts spinning by gained momentum

(5) is not necessarily the first, second and third, it could be the second, third and fourth for all we know, but if we don't ~~know~~ have a label for them then we will hardly be bothered about having lost them now will we? If you can't answer that then ^{the} answer is no, not unless you are really good at it. Anyway we need labels so we are commandeering the labels X, Y and Z which are much more important now that we have learned that we don't really know which coordinates they stand for. Now if you are prone to ~~the~~ seasickness then you know what is like to lose track of yourself in relation to your XYZ coordinates. Now losing your XYZ coordinates is sort of like that except that the cause is different and you feel the effects in reverse. Seasickness occurs when you are slowly rocked back and forth through a 2 dimensional plane (in its simplest case), causing your insides to lose track of which way is up. This has an undesirable effect on your stomach which is trying provide a force up, against

(For worse, seventh, second and twelfth)

(6) gravity, on your stomach contents in order keep them in place. The problem is, of course, that your stomach no longer knows which way is up and the feeling you



get in your stomach is your stomach trying to generate a vector out of what you think is your X, Y and Z coordinates to get the translation to the real up. This process is somewhat slow and by the time you have redefined your X, Y and Z coordinates, they have changed. After a while of this, all of the stomach wall decides to provide as much force as possible all at once causing the stomach contents to ... well I told you that vectors were a mess. Anyway that is what happens when you lose yourself in relation to your imagined XYZ coordinates. Now, what is the difference between that and what happens when you lose those imagined XYZ coordinates you ask. Well maybe you didn't. But if you didn't want to hear it then you shouldn't be reading this out loud. If someone is reading this within your range of hearing then I most sincerely apologise for any annoyance or aggravation it is causing. If someone is not reading this in your presence then kindly stop imagining my ravings, I find this annoying. If that just sounded pointless and boring then you probably haven't bothered reading this far. In any case, the textual information following is intended to relate to the reader the difference between dimensional value constants crisis (my own term, because I couldn't think of a better one) and the aforementioned sea-sickness. The difference is ... I said this dramatic? ... that since the cause of the disorientation is within your mind and not a steady rhythmic sway, the disorientation

BB

BB

is violent and increasingly complex as the understanding of the problem increases. Let me provoke you through this reaction. Suppose that our real world's universe has imagined coordinates X, Y, Z . Any ~~sort~~ set of coordinates will do as long as it places you at its origin. Now imagine that there are a real set of coordinates and you don't know how they diverge from the origin. This 'real' set of coordinates is seemingly arbitrary from your point of view because your own choice was arbitrary. The real coordinates are the first, second, third, etc. Your X might be the first dimension, Y and Z might be the 2nd and 3rd. but then you might be wrong. (X, Y, Z) might equal $(2, 1, 3)$ (those dimensions that is) in which case you are standing sideways instead of up, assuming that you chose (X, Y, Z) to be (up, right, forward). If you did not choose those arbitrary values then you see ^{more} imaginary systems on this page. Now assume that the true dimensions $(1, 2, 3)$ are "truly" (up, right, forward). Now imagine that your (X, Y, Z) system is 'really' a $(3, 2, 1)$ system and then all the possible systems you can think of. Ex. $(1, 3, 2)$; $(2, 1, 3)$ and so on. ~~now~~ Make sure you imagined yourself in all those orientations, now try negative values, like $(-1, -2, 3)$, congratulations you have just inverted yourself. And now introduce more dimensions like $(1, 4, 3)$, can you find the new coordinate boys and girls? Can you imagine another universe in the $(1, 4, 3)$ existence? Now put yourself in the $(1, 2, 3)$ existence. If you are really sick right now you know you did it right.

(skip next 3 pages)

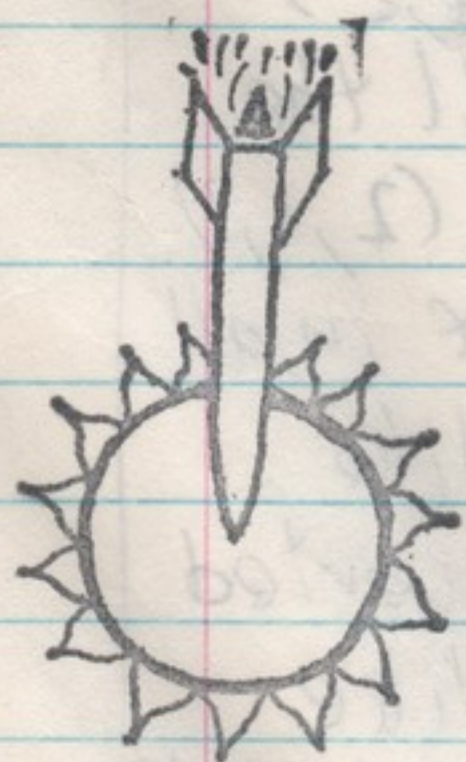
Aha! A clean page! (Now I can dirty it up...
or drag it down to the filth)

Joe: Amusement. Giggles & grins. But—oh, hell,
we forgive you for cheating ("leven"? poetic
~~license~~ licentiousness — I mean license — I
guess)

Darryl: Silly git! Don't you remember 'Gret?
~~The~~ Hear, O Darryl, ~~there is but~~ 'Gret
was. The Goddess — The Goddess was (but) One.
(See any Jewish prayerbook...)
Keep reading, this next also is for you...

(add) Chris: Say "Thank you, Herr von Leeuwenhoek."
The microscope is such a wonderful
thing. It turns beautiful works — such as
almost any 2-D piece of art — into
meaningless ugliness, yet magnification
can also permit perception of hidden
beauties. See crystal lattice photos, or
those of the many microbiobeauties
that inhabit this universe.

You cannot, however, perceive micro-
and ~~macro~~^{macro}scopically at the same
glance; if you should figure out a
way to do so, you will surely miss the
beauty of each.



SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM

Sure, there is some truth in each of
your positions. ~~So~~ Yes, O Darryl,
you have seen some of the bad.
And, definitely, Chris, you will have

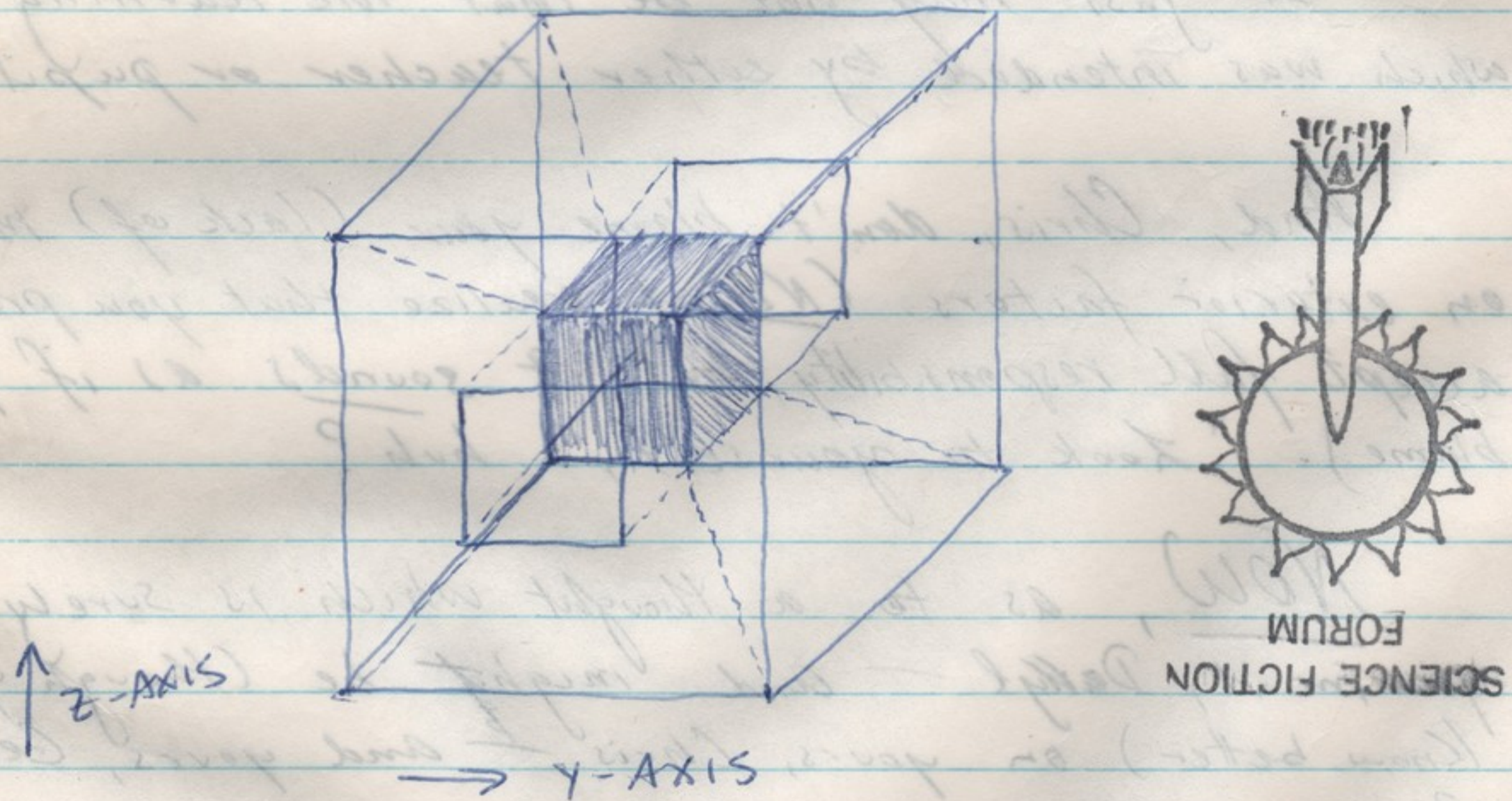
That does not mean that on a level below
the frozen arsenic there is not a person worth
knowing. ~~But~~ (I should know) (and do - now)

You said it yourself, schmuck: "I don't
know you at all." You won't.

And, Chris: You say it always, "Peace." Have
you found it? Then seek not the disturbances therein.

TRIST: Yeah, really.

Bruce



X-AXIS
(WITH PROJECTIONS)

4th dimension represented
radially



HEY, DICKLESS! DON'T WASTE SO MUCH SPACE!



And More Hyper Cubes

That last bit might have been a bit too much to handle in one shot and so let us fall back a bit to something more easily comprehended.

Imagine, if you will, a 2 dimensional universe. This is a universe that is represented in the (X, Y) coordinate system (up, right) and it materializes in front of you like a wall. Its origin is centered on a living phenomenon named $U(x, y)$. $U(x, y)$ is reading a line and making strange faces. Now, Enter Universe (y, Z) being a horizontal plane also passing through the being $U(x, y)$. You can imagine that $U(x, y)$ is imagining Universe (y, Z) and see that anything that is along the line where X and Z are always zero appears in both universes. Now consider yourself to be the three dimensional version of $U(x, y)$. Both of you are imagining another universe that has only one dimension different from our own. The place that in which the universes intersect exists in both Universes. For the intersecting 3 dimensional Universes is a plane along the coordinates that ~~both~~ both the Universes share. The 2 dimensional Universes share a line

11/24/85
5
A.
M.

6:33am:

We have returned!

To some it might seem like hours, to others it could be days/weeks.

Walking... Walking.

The excitement, the exhaustion, the adventure. Few could meet the challenge.

We explored the wonders and exhausted our extra energy.

The second Forum expedition this semester and each had a separate group of challenges.

I can safely say that the results were more than satisfactory. Hoorah to all that met the adventure with the proper enthusiasm.

A salute to: Ralph, Gary[?], Kevin, Rob (Wiz), Sue, Kenji, Cliff, ~~Joe~~ Joe, and myself (Hep).

Honorable Mentions to: Leroy, Nancy, Chris, Morgana and Pat, Tony & Ed.

And now I'm tired and ready to zzzz...

JAM

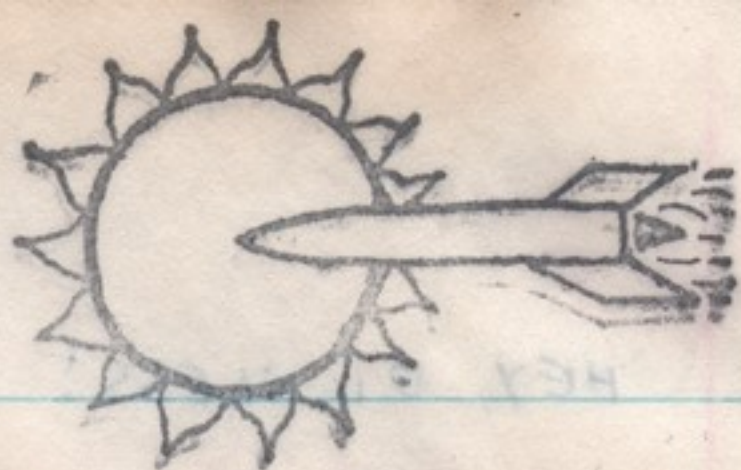
(who, sadly, are no longer with us, (who is Ed?))

J

11/24/85
1:45PM

Oh, well! Yeah, really! Oh well!
It looks like much is happening in logbook. Where shall I start?

Oh yes, before I forget, I have donated a copy of Every Mine. Take my advice, if you feel like reading it, read the story instead. The novel managed to water down plot, turn a friendship into lust, turn tidal waves into meteors, and in general lose all the MAGIC of the original story. Sorry Hero.

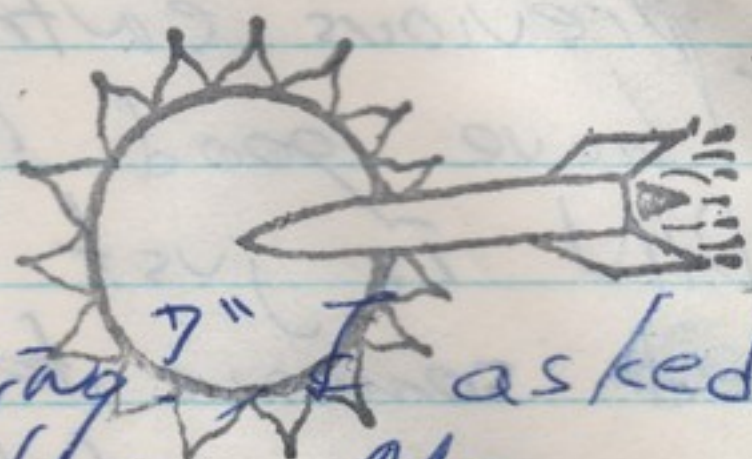


Another escapee from the Bookstore of the Mind



Crashed on a remote planet,
two enemys, a human, and a
mime, learn to trust save another,
and learn from each other.

SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM



"What is it you're doing?" I asked. The
mime smiled, but said nothing. Mimes don't talk
But if they don't talk, how do they communicate?
Then I realized...

"You're walking against a strong wind."
The mime grinned, nodding.

Oh well. Lets see You do better!

Oh Morgana: I don't really know her
well enough to comment on. She is,
slightly intimidating. But I realize that
there is a person behind that exterior,
just as I know there is one behind DJZ.
And that person is not inherently bad at all.

STAARR TRAAK = STIP!

Yeah really! (oh well)

Hyper³: I wish I could read your
handwriting. Looks interesting.

HYPERRFLUCK!

Oh the things you can do with Diamond Walnuts.
Sorry, I will have a headache that night.

Oh well.

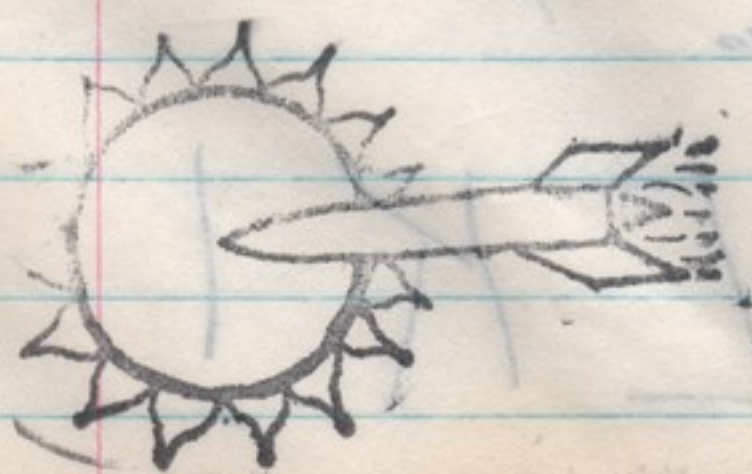
To all who care enough to respond
to previous entry: Thank you. As I said,
I have good friends who care a lot.
ODIN is just my [All]fatherly after ego. I
need someone to return me to reality every
once in a while.

The Meatloaf has Grown. Its almost
as big as a real cat. Whiskers still haven't
grown back yet though.

And now nonsense:

To the one who wasn't and isn't: Oh well.
To the one who is, but isn't: This is REALITY. Oh well.
To the one who isn't, but will be: We'll find each other.
Avoid getting married until then.
To the ones who haven't, but have: Enjoy it while
it lasts. Oh well.
To the ones who have, but haven't: Wise up.
To the ones who haven't, and don't: Things will
get better. Oh well.
To the ones who know better: Congratulations. My Condolences.
To the one: You are, and ever shall be

TOAST (Oh well)



11/24

Hi kids! I'm back again, if ONLY for a while;

Sandy^K: Congrats on car purchase. Use it well.

toast: I was going to ask whether ODIN was a new operating system or merely a diagnostic package, but you have already answered that question.

Kenji: KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY WALNUTS!!

Bill: Thank for the review of MAT 231 (Linear algebra). It was OUT of this world! Hyperfuck, even!

#: QT

ALL: Would anyone like a generic word processor for the Commodore 64. I am writing one, it may become as big as Fontrix for the IBMPC.



~~TSJ~~
ROB: You'd better retrieve your CLIP DISK FROM THE CASE before it disappears.

PSI OF RELIEF

F: had to open forum. Three times 2-day

11/24/85

Notes on Hypercube Entry by Bill

7:46 pm

Revin

→ 1) ~~It~~ true in a way, but that's like saying a person (or any 3-dim object) has infinite surface area. It might seem that way to a 2-dim observer, but in a practical sense your surface area is that of your ~~skin~~ skin. In order to "unlock" all the 2-dim space inside of you, you'd have to be sliced up rather thinly. This is analogous to your mass problem, as mass is linked to volume. See note #3

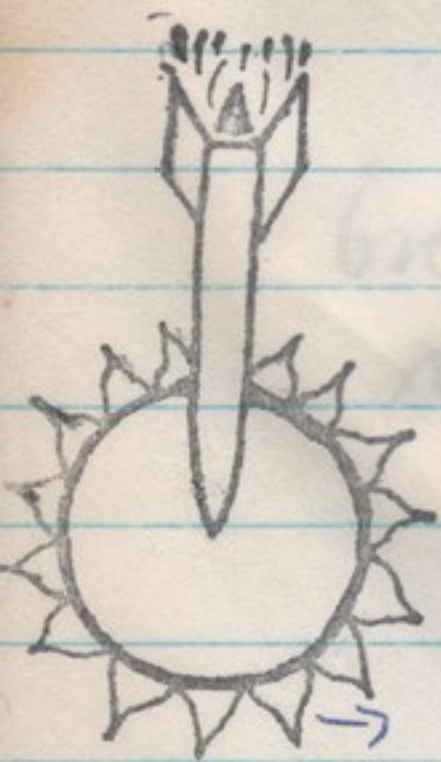
→ 2) A 3-space is a 3-space is a 3-space. You can come up with many coordinate systems to describe it (cartesian, cylindrical, spherical, spiral, etc.), but they will always have 3 directions. You can come up with 4 or 5 coordinates, but these will be extraneous and can be orthonormalized by Gram-Schmidt procedure.

→ 3) Be careful here — don't mix units. Mass/unit length has units of grams/centimeter. Mass/unit area has units gm/cm². Mass/unit volume has units gm/cm³. Mass/unit 4-space has units gm/cm⁴. Comparing these in a numerical sense is meaningless, like comparing 5 years to 6 microseconds or 1 Newton to 1.75 femtohenries.

Don't mix units — it's a math/science faux-pas.

4) I know what you're trying to say about lines being aligned with your dimension in order to be represented, but a diagonal line is a bad example. By Gram-Schmidt again, you can easily rotate your ^{1-dim} coordinate systems to fit perfectly.

But what you were trying to say about alignment — that's never true. Even a corkscrew shaped line — one that undoubtedly uses at least 3 dimensions to exist — can be described by one dimension. There is no rule ~~about~~ ^{against} dimensions curving to fit what they are



SCIENCE FICTION FORUM

A 2D
SPACE
w/ CLOSED
GEOMETRY

describing. A sphere's surface is a 2-dimensional space, with coordinates of latitude and longitude, (for one example). These 2 dimensions ^{→ (lat + long)} curve, and are therefore adequate to describe a 2-dim object that can ~~do~~ only exist in 3-dimensions. (But if you want the sphere to be solid, then, sir, you ~~do~~ need a 3rd dimension.)

But a curving line would have illustrated your point better, even though your point was wrong.

→ 5) Direction is always completely arbitrary. That is the universal principle of relativity. Let's call the 4 dimensions x_1, x_2, x_3, x_4 . If you live in a space described by x_1, x_2, x_3 and Botwin lives in a space described by x_3, x_1, x_4 ; the most you can intersect by is one plane. (But that's beside the point). You + Minka Bot will define your own directions, different and equally valid. NO COORDINATE SYSTEM IS PREFERRED.* Don't confuse the math with the reality of the physical situation.

→ 6) you just shot it all down. First, if you're going to talk gravity, that says "Central Potential Force! All bets are off!" This demands spherical coordinates, so don't even think about continuing with Cartesian coordinates. Also — This generates a preferred direction†. Therefore this is a specific physical situation and it is impossible to draw a general conclusion from it.

→ 7) See note #5 again. you can't be mistaken about what the directions are, because you are the one to define them in the first place. I know, you can forget your kids' names, but with dimensions, what's in a name? They are literally all the same, in a fundamental sense.

- Kevin Steiner

P.S. Review your Tensor Calculus.

* IN GENERAL † SEE *, but remember this is specific, not general.

A hypocrite - I have heard a forumite called hypocrite.

Think of what - not whom - you call hypocrite.

What is it, someone that doesn't practice what they preach? Or someone that in the past did many wrongs and therefore not permitted by you fucking assholes to criticize or give advice? Is this poor human not qualified to be pissed off by the vermin of the forum because occasionally it has behaved like a scumbag?


Ooh, you suck the marrow - residue from a scumbag rotting in the June sun.

I have a fucking splinter in my eye but I can still see the splinter in yours! If you'd stop defecating your brains and think, you'd see truth regardless of the unvector. Specifics may be incorrect, but analysis still true.

Try setting standards for yourselves that are above the way you are now and maybe you sophisticated shitheads will be able to use your minds for more than professing your own trite knowledge. Fuck you.

- Zeva

(By) Stefan

RE Multidimensional Geometry, Let's hear a cheer for fractals, the bent lines with multiple fractional dimensions!  and so on. At a certain point the lines contain so much... "line" that they can only be properly described by casting them in 1.38 dimensions.

Monday
morning
as
usual
SSD

HEY DARRYL - DRY UP
PERFECTION IS BORING...

no more need be said...

ON another topic, as of January I will
be a genuine, card-carrying employee of IBM.
Hot shit, huh! My salary moves up another
notch and I no longer have to lower myself to
teaching bonehead underclassmen CAC I.

STREHZ.

8# / hour

11/25/85
11:50

Hello.

I'm fine. Really. How 'bout you? I care.

D.S. - Real nice. It seemed like you were
holding a mirror. Am I mis-interpreting
your intentions?

TOAST - OH WELL. We had a good time
over that beer and the pipe - didn't
we? Oh well S.Q. Churchill's next.
I'd love to talk.

LETHE - DON'T PLAY WITH FIRE, EVEN IF
IT IS WATER!

1) CHRIS + 2) MORLANA - 1) Chris - you've changed
since you've met Morgana 2) Morgana -
I didn't know you to begin with
∴ We should get together.

Morgana - do you dance? Maybe
a pizza or something? I don't

want to judge, just maybe find

a new friend / personality / acquaintance,

constant / starting board / construct / other

Sam - Hi. This is getting seary.

ADIR; GOGO; MAMA; TAMMY; TAMBO; et al

ALL KNOW WHO TAMAR IS! (so does Tammy)

Things are looking up! Ralph is Right!
We have to talk.

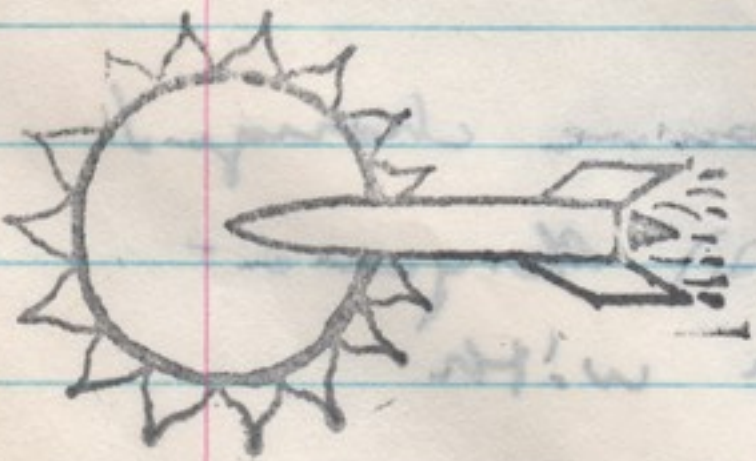
Rob - Just a note to say:
see the note I wrote for you
here.

GARY - Hi! How are you? I'd like to talk,
see how things are going, etc.

Cliff - What's your number? Call Me.

There's ~~so~~ so many good things
going on now, I want to share
them with the Forum. I'll wait until
all is finalized, though. Then, I'll enjoy
watching those few of you who would wish
to do see, try to shoot down my dreams-
made-reality. I'm so afraid of this
impending success. It's great.

Take care,
Judy Simon



P.S. - You can only find solutions
if you look for them.
You are entitled to inner
peace.

J. "I Failed the Turing test!"

HELLO AGAIN. JUST A BIT OF EDITORIAL COMMENT.

- FIRST, HOW DO WE KNOW PERFECTION IS BORING?
- SECOND, I BELIEVE THE SEARCH FOR PERFECTION IS THE EXCITING THING.
- THIRD, I THINK THAT THOSE WHO DON'T REACH FOR IDEALS ARE COPPING OUT, ALLOWING THEIR POTENTIAL TO REMAIN DORMANT, AND THEIR ABILITIES TO STAGNATE.

WELL, I'D LIKE TO SAY MORE, BUT TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.

ACTUALIZING THE IDEAL,
Daniel J. Fitzgerald

Darryl - A Classic.

Diana - "

- Geo 3

IMPART-ANT

3:00 PM
GARJ
MONDAY
11/25

RALPH:

TONIGHT, 7:00-7:30 PM - Meeting
of GSO Budget committee → you must go!
- Bring information about

- 1) GRAD STUDENT INVOLVEMENT IN I-CON
- 2) WHAT YOU WANT THE GSO TO FUND.

- 7:00 PM. TONIGHT - GSO

→ OFFICE (NEXT TO LOUNGE)

BE THERE!!!!

- Gary

TOAST: I cannot meet you tonite as I am going out. We will work Tuesday afternoon/nite. I am free after 12:50 until ...

Phoenix: Your stamp is ready. I will get it tomorrow

Sandy²: Hi. Are you indeed still alive?



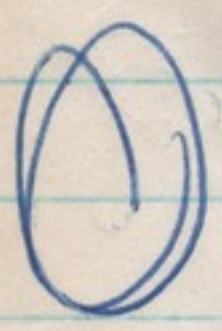
(TO STEPHAN)

I STARTED WORK ON I-CON NOTES/WORK SAVED UNDER ICONMIN7.MSS. ALL GOES WELL, I'M LEARNING RAPIDLY & AM MAKING GOOD PROGRESS.

TAMAR 000.44m

PS - Ralph - need help/company at 050 tonight?

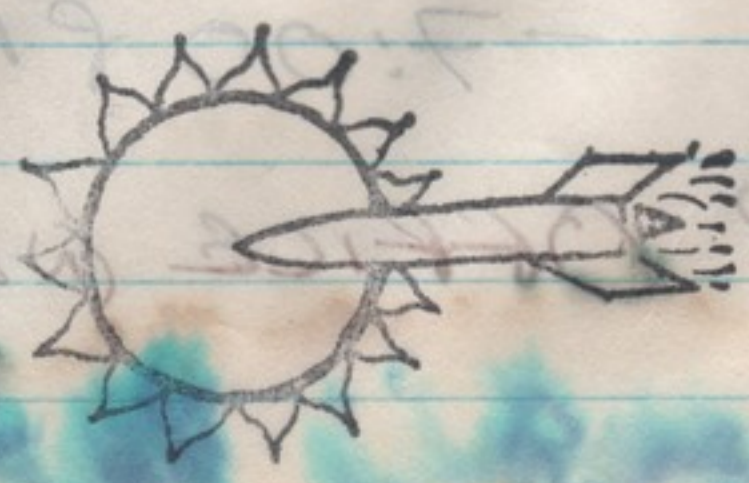
Tamar



GODDAMNIT! My name IS STEPHAN.

CLEAN UP THIS SHIT!
THIS PLACE IS DISGRACEFUL! YUCK!
Clean up.

SCIENCE FICTION FORUM



"It glowed like a newborn star....."

"I was filled with a nameless ecstasy....."

"It was like nothing of this world....."

"Crystal, it shimmered like the finest crystal....."

"It was fire, it made my blood sing with power....."



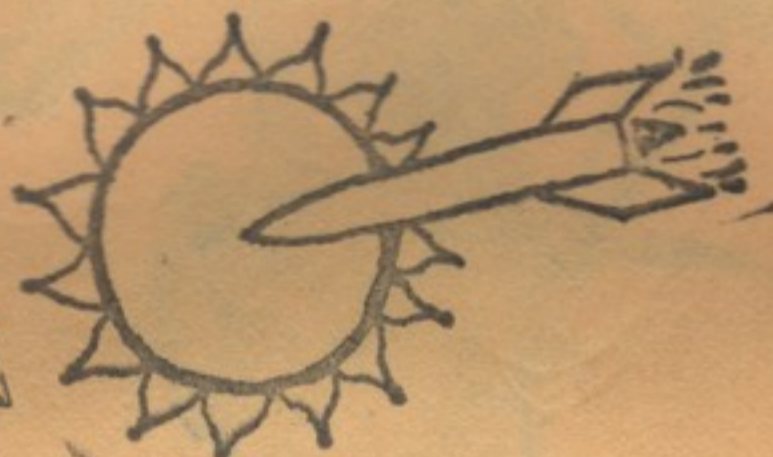
I'D JUST
LOVE
TO GET
INTO HIS
TAAARDIS



SHARE THE FANTASY ~

...into the story as well as the story.

SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM



making out is serious to say: stop

11/25/85 COMING SOON FROM MARVEL COMICS:

5:20 PM

Howard
Ω

PUBESCENT GENETICALLY-ENGINEERED
SAMURAI GOLDFISH

Marvel - Where we steal our best ideas.

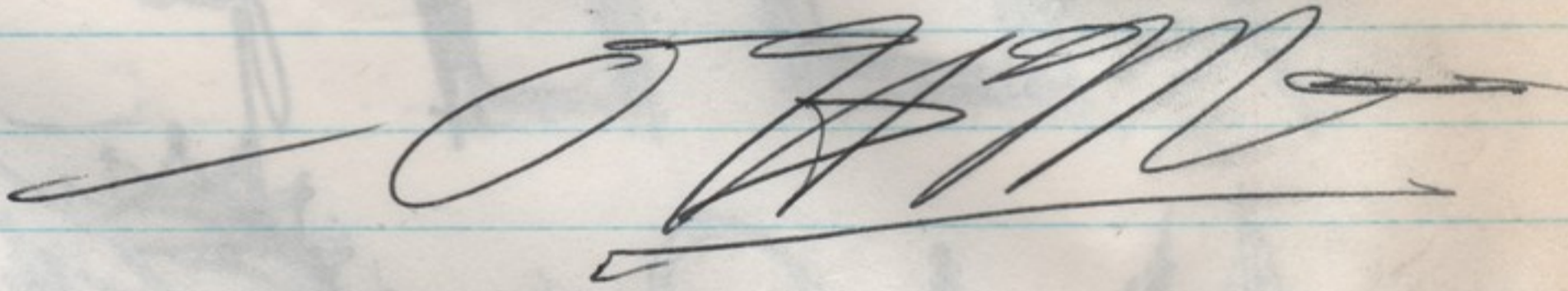
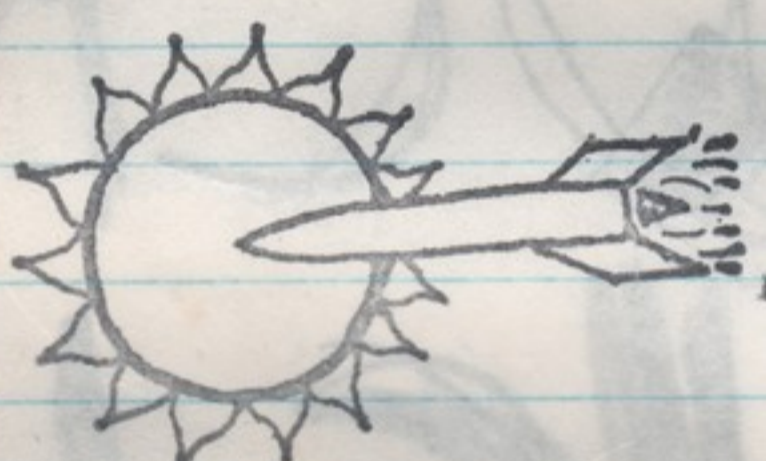
AND NOW ON SALE

SEX-FACTOR

THE LAST WORD IN MUTANT PROSTITUTES

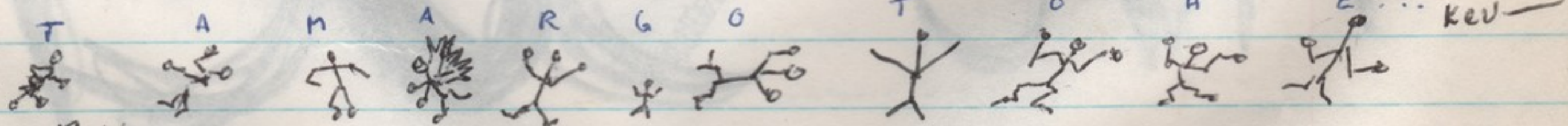
MARVEL COMICS - WHERE LEGENDS DON'T STAY DEAD

SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM



No... No... No... No...

JAM
11/25/85



Allo:

Well, well here we are here we are.

And though there is not a reason a way may be found.

"No I can't say as ever I was lost, but
I was bewildered once for three days."

Daniel Boone.

Adirondack Tam: Quick! The idol has been located. We have
to act with utmost haste or it shall be lost.
Pack your backpack and lets go!

Arky

Note: this of course is the picture
of "maturity" writing an entry
instead of saying what you feel, in adult
manners, Face to Face.

Response to note: the below is the one of the points in
having a log book.

MORNING

YOU BITCH

ING SUCK

YOU FUCKED-UP

SICK BITCH! YOU INSULT

MY GIRLFRIENDS MOTHER

WRITE "DOOFY" ON MY FRIENDS

PAPER WHATS NEXT? I DONT

FUCKING CARE FUCKHEAD! WHO
THE HELL DO THINK YOU ARE?

WHAT YOU DID WAS TOTALLY UN
CALLED FOR! AND YOU! YES YOU
CHRIS NELSON! YOU'VE NEVER
TAKEN AN ART HISTORY CLASS WHAT
THE FUCKING RIGHT DO YOU HAVE
TO EVER TRY TO DEFEND MOR-
GAN'S USE OF THE STAMP?
SOMETIMES PEOPLE WILL PUT DOWN
ANY ANSWER WHEN ALMOST NO TIME
IS LEFT, BEING "TOLD OFF" LIKE THAT
ONLY MAKES THE STUDENT HATE THE
TEACHER.

YOU WANNA BE FUCK-
IN TOLD OFF? OK,
HERE GOES →

A REPLY TO CHRIS ENTRY

#108 :

OK. EVERYBODY! I ADMIT IT! I'M IMMATURE!

But lets think a moment. (Pay attention Chris; this will be new to you I hope you can handle using your CEREBRUM) What would happen if I was mature?

I'd leave a two year old son with his mother with not even a penny's WORTH OF support. I'd abandon my own blood.

I'd do the "Charles Shuffle" - that is I'd fail out of one school after another. What's it gonna be next Chris? Tech? Then off to Suffolk? then back here?

I'd get mad at the guy who goes out with my ex-girlfriend: after trying to set him up with me in the first place!

But to give it all O.K. I doesn't really matter. over the perfect guy for a Ding a ding like Morgana.

"Fucking"
JLO 3

Wow how could

I follow an entry like that one with only my boring mediocre self?

bl

I'll do the best I can.

Ahem I GOT A CAR!!!

my very first! It is a karmann Ghia and its name is matthew. Its personality suits me very well - it attempts to combine 1940's style with 1960's utility - and like everyone who tries to live in two worlds, it doesn't work very well. But its quirky and I'm quirky so we should get along fine. To Rob D. Wiz - I apologize for any remarks made toward your relationship with Shadowfax. I understand now - it is all very clear.

? Anyone who needs rides to reasonably convenient places at reasonably convenient times please let me know. We want to go places.

George, Chris: Why can't your boys play nice?

Someday has to forgive sometimes. Oh well, what do I know?

T.O.W.C. - I miss you and you leave a large empty space in my life. Come back soon?

Rob O: I was here. Where were you?

Lisa (K): Thanks for the hunch + the Friendship Hillary. Hi - call me if you want.

Tom: Hi.

Vroom
Sandy

Wongana,

I bid that you consider the following, if you will:

Words, like fire, flying reckless and wild and free; can, in fact like a Destroyer's blade or Shaper's chisel be; Fascinating in voice, though untrue in images so formed. ~~Can~~ Can interpolation ~~and~~ extract knowledge, like the reflections of a serpent's tooth?

Since Scadiays, often by nature, are fond of riddles, I gift you this riddle on this Thanksgiving about your environment (such as I see it to be) and self (this latter, albeit even with ~~my~~ the multiplexed vision of others, being a vague approximation). Have fun, I took the liberty of leaving false paths at the expense of balanced meter.

Chryis, I bid you likewise if you will:

The Sun's rays, swift voyagers who never shall return of their own volition, often find themselves unexpected guest of their maker as messengers of strange proposition; enchanting speakers of another's words. Reflections, being illusions of truth, may we regard them as accurate falsehoods, knowing their master's place?

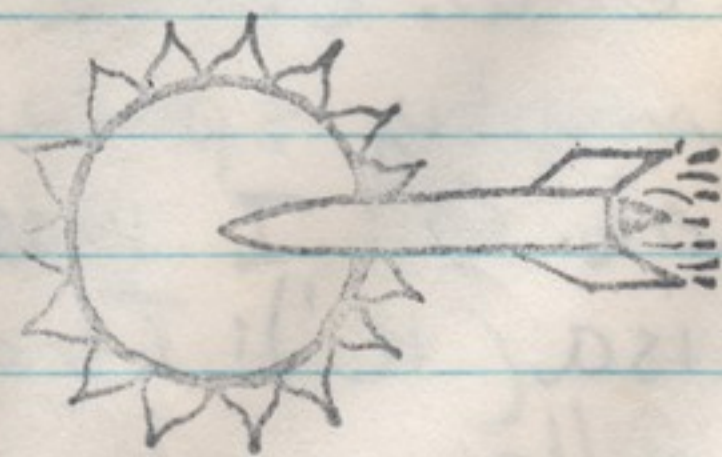
I hope you will likewise have fun with this, since other scaday activities have thus far appealed to you. Their are, of course, false trails.

DOES YOUR LIFE SUCK?

Millions of ~~stupid suckers~~ suffering souls have found blessed relief in ~~cheap~~ miraculous little statuettes of St. Nympho. Others take comfort from vials of real true honest genuine Lourdes sewer water. You too can benefit from these valuable items. Just send \$50 (or more, if you want) to:

The Rosy Crustaceans
c/o Miracle Fund Raisers
15 Kevin Road
Scotch Plains, NJ 07076

SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM



Your life might not get any better but mine sure will.

Send before midnight last night and, if you're lucky, I won't send you any Ginsu knives.

George (and Hillary)
Oh, fucking brilliant.

110 I refuse to comment on what you said to (about) Morgana, save that it was obviously uncalled for. She has never even seen Hillary's mother, much less ignored her. Rather Hillary's mother is in the wrong as she ignored me when I said Hi!

Performing liar!

2) I grew up in a family of artists. I went to a high school of the arts. I have been exposed to more art and art history than you will ever see. You've never seen any of NYC'S MUSEUMS!

3) If I want to be "fucking" told off, I'm ~~so~~ certain that I can find someone who will a) have correct information & b) do so in an intelligent manner. So let us think for a moment:

4) Well, maturity tells someone when to let go when necessary. If you want to talk about my bloodline, let's take each one in turn, A) died at birth. 'nuff said.

B) the mother took off without a word and put the child up for adoption without consulting me. ("unknown father") My family offered to adopt, and she refused

C) the 3rd I just found out about recently. My best friend is certain that the child is his. She wants him to think so. Anything I could do would only hurt everyone involved

5) Well my marks are my own business, I'm going to counselling to help.

6) I was mad at you long before you went after Hillary. Ask her how she ~~was~~ told me that ~~she~~ she would sleep with you if I didn't ask her to sleep in my room, eh? I suppose that you are the perfect guy for a ding-a-ling like her.

All in all, ~~a~~ part of maturity is presenting your argument in a logical, concise manner, not name calling. Be mature enough to stop this.

Don't lie. DANK. WAS there and was one of two eye witnesses You lose!

Not what you told me several months ago! when did you lie then or now?

* note: of course a "mature" person might have heard of Birth Control 'nuff said

Christopher (yes it is) Abbey

DOOFY

George:
Well I've been requested to record for posterity my observations on your "entry."
I went to high school with people whose vocabulary is just like yours. They are, of course, all pumping gas.

Morgan

DOOFY

perhaps you and Chris should make use of the writing center - ble3

Charles
11/25

Successfully avoiding all controversy in the logbook, I watch from above as the insults (ranging from good-natured to extremely poor taste) fly back and forth. And then I hear my Name. Naturally, I come to investigate and find my Name taken in vain. Since I am thrust into this, it is obligatory for me to reply. Read on.

George. I certainly agree with you about your being immature. Name-calling went out of style in elementary school.

I shall not comment about Morgan's "dooty" stamp. That is between her, the students who may or may not have studied for the test, and their professor.

If you are going to try to insult Chris using his post, get the full story from Hillary instead of the fragments you used.

The "Charles Shuttle"? At least be stylish. Call it the "Chuckles Shuttle". And since you mentioned me, and I assume you are being sarcastic in your definition of "mature", I am led to believe that you consider me immature, when did I shit on your face? Is not doing well in college because of whatever problems I may or may not ^{have} (since you know nothing about me), being immature? Or does that only apply to Chris?

Whatever, I don't know what Hillary said to set you off, but your entry was totally unrespectable and in very poor taste.

And now that I have said what I had to say, I return to my abode in the clouds to watch the antics of the forum until someone mentions my Name again. I am and always will be, A failure

Charles

(Misspelling of "annoyed" direct from quote)

"He had settled in that country to end his days, but they got up so many squabbles that it annoyed him, and he did not want to die among them" B.T. Goe

2 // Well here we are again.

A 25 And here we go again

M 85 Like ripples in an empty pool.

Those who may becomes the tool.

Just passing through.

Pardon me while I duck. The shit flies high, the shit flies low. The shit flies where no smart man go.

5 AM

11/26/85
3:28:50 AM
Dan L

But the third Sister, who is also the youngest —! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of her! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, might be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crepe which she wears the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She ~~is~~ also is the mother of lunatics, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power, but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can

God Bless You,
Brian
McGuinness



DO NOT REMOVE THESE PENNIES

my two cents

approach only those in whom a profound nature
has been ~~struck~~ upheaved by central convulsions;
in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks
under conspiracies of tempest from without and
tempest from within. Madonna moves with
uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with
tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly
and stealthily. But this youngest Sister moves
with incalculable motions, bounding, and with
tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though
coming rarely amongst men, she storms all
doors at which she is permitted to enter at
all. ~~And~~ And her name is Mater Tenebrarum
— Our Lady of Darkness.

— Thomas De Quincy
"Levana and Our Three Ladies
of Sorrow"

Suspiria de Profundis

(By) Stefan 11/26/87 Always ahead of his time!

My! What a fracas!

RE Doofy Stamp. I was around while this
was being done. It was not done in a spirit
of contempt and ridicule. Rather, it was a
spot-of-the-moment thing, done without ven-
erous maliciousness, or contemplation of the consequences.
As such, it is ROTTEN, ROTTEN, ROTTEN. If
my father did that to one of his student's
papers he'd lose his job.

GROW UP, EVERYBODY!

GOD! what a shitty morning! Weather-wise,

OF course. I actually feel confident about my own report dis' abt tomorrow.

PLEASE clean this place up! Some chinuns have disposable SQUEEZES or SOAKERS or whatever to keep their cast-OFFS from staining the afghan. We have no such "luxury." Clean up after yourselves, don't dump Monopoly pieces on the floor, resist the temptation to rip things to bits and scatter them to the four winds!

SHUTTLE GO "VROOM" 2-NITE.

Halley's Comet Special, 10 pm (Ch. 13)

SIGH ing OFF,

Stefan Jones

J

Yeah really.

10/22/85

11:26/85

or something like that!

It was close, really close last night. I touched bottom. Every thought was a struggle not to throw myself in front of speeding car/train/whatever.

But I'm here, now. But that's not all.

I am annoyed, angered, saddened, and envious. But I'm relatively happy since I'm not depressed.

I have friends who smear food all over their bodies to make me feel better.

But wait theres more.

I have something that makes all my pitiful ineptitude seem small.

Were talking snow.

Yeah snow!

You fuckin' NORTHERNERS like it.

"But its only a little..."
FUCK it! All of it! Bah! My feet are cold.

But at least ~~you~~ I'm not depressed.
I'm annoyed.

Geo³: What ticked you off? Besides being general assholes, what have Chris and/or Morgana done to you? A direct attack is uncalled for and seems so unlike you. Don't bring yourself down to their level, and lower. You don't have to like them, I don't give a damn if you hate them, but control yourself. You are too nice a guy to be mean.

Chris & Morgana: The same goes for you. Just because George attacks, doesn't mean you have to attack him back. Leave off.

Now take a deep breath, and go to opposite sides of the forum, and ignore each other. (Some assholes don't know how good they have it...)

Jam: Thanks for talking. I didn't help much, but thaux.

Rob ◊: Study much? Good dog! (WOOF!)

Tamar: Thanks for trying. You don't know how hard it is to keep depressed around you.
Lunch?

The
One
Alone,
Serious
Trouble!

Oh well.

26.11 (Sounds of wild, uncontrollable laughter, slowly being brought under control...)

AHEN

Well, thank you all for a good laugh. The log book hasn't been this much fun for quite a long time. Collages of dirty laundry aired and hinted at, scent of blood and foam-flecked fangs bared in snarls...

(If you must fight, don't stain the carpet, please...)

Didn't the Roman's also hold gladiatorial combats in their Forum?

SNOW SUCKS ROYAL RED RIDGIES!
(more bad aditeration...)

I don't care that it is so little snow as to be little more than coloration. I don't care if some people enjoy 2-meter-at-a-time snow dumps. It still sucks.

Kenji: Cute.

K'Lisa: See? Nothing ever changes save names and faces. (Besides, you wanted to be written to...)

Final note on fighting: "Drink up, dreamers, you're running dry."

Merriment and glee to y'all

Bruce

11/26
2:10 PM

(Sigh) al'm depressed, I was hoping
for a few beets of that fluffy white stuff.
al'm going sit back and laugh at you
people running around screaming
when it snows 2 feet!

(unfortunately the snow
doesn't get that deep around here)

The Doctor
DS

Be glad that the moon shines at night, for at no other time is its light
so desperately needed.

Freezing brought to you by KET '85.
and a gift from EXON Corp.

GODDAMN IT!
The FIRE

INSPECTOR
was
HERE!

This place is a messy sty! IF
we're reported you SLOBS are to become
CLEAN
UP
YOINKS!

11/26/85
4:30 pm
Kevin

ALL: I was told by Austin D ridge that in october
Judgy - Lynn del Rey suffered a massive stroke.
She is now in a coma and will not recover.
She is 41 years old.

- Kevin Sterner

Ralph
11/26
4:20PM

Jon Pertwee

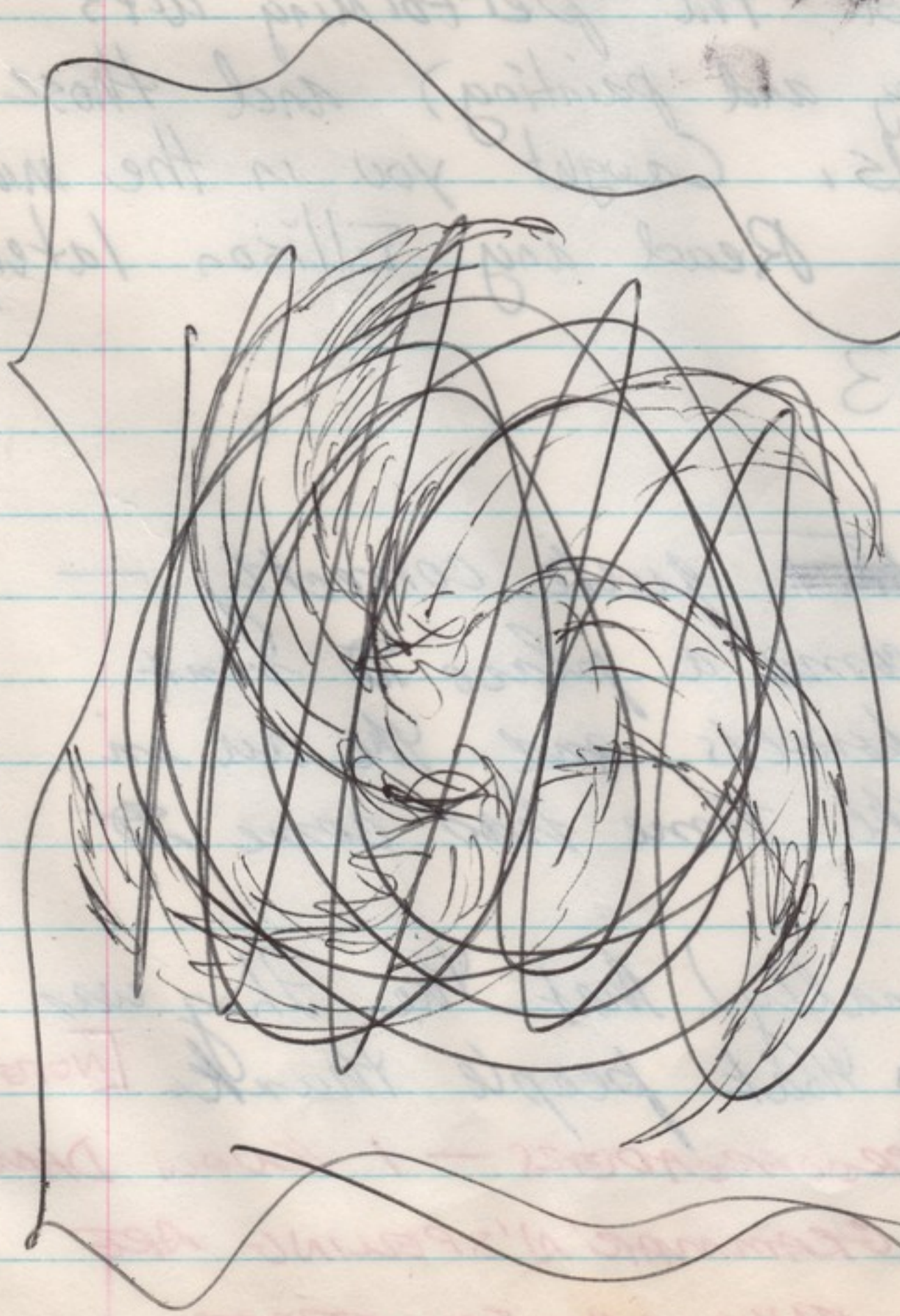
has just confirmed

for I-CON V!!!

SEE YOU AT THE MEETING TONIGHT

AND TO ALL A GOOD THANKSGIVING,
AND A HAPPY NEW
YEAR...

CORNO



SPACE IN THE
WASTED
NAME OF GOD!

Chris - want me to give you an art history quiz? Look this is ridiculous. You don't know art history and both of ~~us~~ us know that. (Morgana of course will not be present during the quiz)

What I said had little to do with Hillary. It is all based on what you told me yourself. (shouldn't have made that mistake old boy)

All ~~that~~ is all you didn't make a good reply. I really expected better from you. But I suppose maturity - (ahem) - age is taking its toll. Nice handwriting, though.

-Geo 3

PS. Name the date, and I'll prepare a quiz. Also you went to a school for the performing arts not an art (as in drawing and painting) and those were your exact words. Caught you in the middle of another one. Oh well. Read any Ellison lately?

-Geo 3

26 November/ Bsa It has been said ~~that~~ quite correctly — that the Flog has become a place to vent one's spleen, bladder, bowels, and the air in one's head. Perhaps the time has come to attempt to correct this.

Was a time (traditionally) that the Flog was the repository of thoughts that people think. [NOTE: ALL YOU ASPIRING EDITORS/PROOFREADERS — I KNOW DAMN WELL WHEN 'N' WHERE MY GRAMMAR 'N' SPELLING ARE WRONG. IT IS DELIBERATE; ENGLISH SOMETIMES

IS BENEFITED BY SPICING UP] Therefore, since all of you clowns have been spewing assorted bodily substances onto these hallowed pages, 'tis time to rectify the situation. [NOTE #2: YEAH, THIS INTRO IS KIND'A STUFFY, ~~AND~~ IT'S A DIRTY JOB, BUT SOMEONE'S Blah Blah Blah]

~~So, whaddaya wanna hear?~~ So, whaddaya wanna hear?

No, NOT the one about Red Riding Hood! You heard that one last night! (Geeg...)

How³ 'bout how kids are raised — and why you're likely to do a lousy job.

That last is only theory; what ~~we~~ I'm really talking about is the typical American. You know as well as I which of you fall into that category.

~~These~~ Kids these days are rebellious. That's not new; it happened in ancient Greece and probably well before that. The difference is that today — as in other dying cultures — they are not disciplined correctly. That is, they are either not allowed to make mistakes, or else they are "just children and should be expected to make mistakes." Of course, they still make those mistakes as adults (sure you do! Obnoxious brats...), but now it costs. It costs you, too. I won't insult the intelligence to which you pretend (some of you) ~~to~~ or possess (most of you) by listing how.

You can't legislate behaviour. That means any rules that are imposed must be internal, stemming from the individual. So what if parents don't teach their kids how not to hurt others? The law will keep 'em in line, right?

GLAH! BLEAH! STUPID GITS!

No wonder you (we?) are raising a bunch of spineless, brainless, toadying slime-bastards with no gumption whatever!

- Sorry. I should not lose control like that.

How should children be raised? I can't claim to be an expert. I haven't done it from beginning to end, yet. Just pieces (ain't relatives & friendses great? Especially when they own flesh-and-blood Cabbage Crap Dolls & their later versions!)

But this I do know. Don't talk 'baby-talk'. Try Shakespeare, Yeats, and Yeatsy. Why show baby-oriented pictures? How about Escher, Modigliani, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Chagall, or any of the other real artists who created visually? Or Mozart, JS/JC/CPE/PDA Bach, Berlioz, Bartok, Byrne, Gabriel, Lennon, Eno, Glass, et al?

But explain! Answer questions. Ask questions. DON'T EXPECT OR DESIRE A CHILD TO DEVELOP BLIND FAITH IN ANYTHING OR ANYONE.

That means you must think, too.

Sorry. Didn't mean to ruin your day with that idea. ~~(Grrr...)~~ (Grrr...)

Try it sometime. And maybe render 4/5/6... - letter obscurities obsolete.

Or at least creative.

Bruce

WHY DO WE ACT AS IF WE ARE GOING TO LIVE FOREVER? IS IT ARROGANCE OR MERELY STUPIDITY WHICH DICTATES THE PETTY SELFISHNESS WHICH GOVERNS SO MANY OF OUR LIVES; SO MUCH OF OUR TIME?

THERE IS NO PROOF THAT OUR EXISTANCE ENDS UPON DEATH, AND YET THERE IS NO EVIDENCE WHICH INDICATES OTHERWISE, EITHER. LOGICALLY, WE MUST ASSUME OUR OWN MORTALITY, JUST TO COVER OUR COLLECTIVE ASSES IN CASE WE DO SNUFF OUT WHEN WE DIE. BUT WE DON'T SEEM TO ASSUME THIS.

IF OUR EXISTANCE IS FINITE, THEN OUR LIVES OUR MEASURED, IN A RESPECT, IN TIME. IF SOMEONE WASTES YOUR TIME, THEY ARE STEALING A BIT OF YOU, KILLING YOU IN A MEASURABLE WAY.

AND WE DO IT TO OURSELVES. WE SPEND OUR TIME AND OUR ENERGIES IN PETTY WAYS. WE WATCH T.V., WE READ TRASH, WE MOVE THROUGH PURPOSELESS RELATIONSHIPS, WE TALK TO PASS TIME, WE GET INVOLVED IN LITTLE INTRIGUES. WE SPEND OURSELVES. WE ALL SELL OUR SOULS IN THE CURRENCY OF TIME UNTIL THE DAY WE DIE. IT IS INEVITABLE.

BUT WHAT WE BUY IS NOT.

ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT EVERY MOMENT IS A PRICELESS THING. DO NOT SELL THEM CHEAP. DON'T WASTE THEM ON MEANINGLESS PURSUITS. ASK YOURSELF, WHAT IS THE PURPOSE IN WHAT I AM DOING RIGHT NOW? IS IT WORTH THE PRICE I AM PAYING? OR IS IT SOMETHING WHICH LESSENS ME? AM I COMING OUT AHEAD?

TO BE ABLE TO ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS, YOU MUST ~~KNOW~~ KNOW THAT YOU HAVE PURPOSES. AND IF YOUR PURPOSES DO NOT EXTEND PAST SURVIVING AND PLEASURING YOURSELF, THEN I'M SORRY FOR YOU. IF YOU FIND THAT ~~THE~~ ^{GOALS} ~~OF~~ YOUR ACTIVI-

TIES ARE LIMITED TO GETTING BETTER GRADES,
IMPRESSING OTHERS, GETTING LAID, ETC.
THEN YOU'RE LACKING SOMETHING.

YOU'RE SELLING YOURSELF SHORT.

ABANDON PETTINESS, DESIRE FOR POWER,
GREED, LUST, THE NEED TO HURT. FATE IS
MAKING A PROFIT OFF YOU.

FIND COMPASSION, TRUST, GENEROSITY, LOVE,
HUMILITY. YOU MAY LOSE OUT IN THE TERMS OF
SUCCESS LAYED DOWN BY SOCIETY, BUT YOU'LL BE
A HUMAN BEING. NOT SOME ANIMAL WHICH SPENDS
ITSELF AND LEAVES BEHIND NOTHING OF VALUE.

~~USE~~ USE THE PAST TO GUIDE YOUR ACTIONS, USE
THE FUTURE AS A SOURCE FOR HOPE. LIVE IN THE
PRESENT. MAKE EACH MOMENT, EACH ACTION, EACH
BREATH, SPEAK YOUR ESSENCE. ANYTHING LESS IS
AN INJUSTICE.

LACKING ARTICULATION

BUT NOT MEANING,

David J. Fitzgerald

P.S.

WHAT A WASTE OF TIME THAT ENTRY WAS.

P.P.S.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

Dan

Here

5

Toast: My hopes go with you.

A

M

11

26

85

All: Well here it is time for a reflective moment that comes at times like New Year's, Christmas, Halloween (for some) and here we are.

Here we are...

I watch people scraping to keep their heads and hearts together and at this time of year all they can really give thanks for is that they are still ground and walking. I see them day in and day out and it claws at me like nothing else can. They struggle to believe that there is **SOMETHING** worth believing in. And I see them. I always see them...

Here we are...

BULLSHIT! Sons a bitches! I watch it all and smile and sigh. And do what I can. And here we are. And I know it isn't always a lot, because it's just one person. Alone... I know it!

Go on kick your teeth out. Spread what you will for all your hate and cruelty, and call it a joke. Go ahead damn you. I'll pass through this, not unmoved, not untouched because I have always said "No". No to hate, no to cruelty, no to inhumanity. I'm still alive. I feel.

And for this I have something to give thanks. I am grateful for this.

I'll probably see you all after vacation, but don't expect me to look at you in the same way.

Just keep your hands in pockets when you see some one reach out for help -

and only take them out to make a
list. Goodness help me.

I'll always say no.

JAM

11/26
Morgane

Toast: Sorry you've been upset by all this. I am quite nauseated (and confused) by all of it, too.

I do have a happy note for you: Wednesday, November 27 (Tomorrow) at 3:30, we go to check out house - it is in Strong's Neck to be precise - a Colonial. You like? And just to make up for the temper tantrums, I'll bake some whole-wheat bread for the housewarming (Cooking cheers me up - eating tends to help others).

Jam: I'm vaguely reminded of Bloom County roaches, but I understand. Now if you say anything less than cheerful, I'll tickle you into submission. Yes, I'm a strange form of dominatrix. Enough now?

Morgane

P.S. Kenji, I'll create some "insults" for you later.

#111

"And you tell me over and over and over again my friend that you don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction"

And so it goes. to Jam: I'm sorry to Toast: I'm sorry to George: If it is so important to you, I'm sorry. Please stop This is getting petty & stupid, Enough

PEACE / Hiawa / Salaam Al-Akhaim / Shalom Al Akaim

Christopher Abber "Understanding for the sake of humanity" ☘

P.S. Check this space for a housewarming!
ANY AND ALL will be invited!! C/A (legally too)

"Bleeding head good, It ealed head bad."
- G.R. "Bob" Dobbs

11/27/1985 00:47

Apparently forumites don't learn from (recent) history. They certainly seem doomed to repeat it. Perhaps we can all benefit from the Vulcan philosophy of Spock, meaning "bullshit." Its three main principles are:

1. Don't get involved. It helps if you always have your mind on interesting things and are oblivious to your environment much of the time. Then you don't know about problems until someone tells you about them or you read about them in the log. This lessens their emotional impact considerably. The nice thing about not getting involved is that you can be friends with everyone and have no enemies. By the way, if you are a moth and you see a candle, some simple cost/benefit analysis will reveal that flying into the flame is not worthwhile. Fire is best admired from a distance.

2. Don't give a damn. This doesn't mean don't give a damn about anyone else, there's too fucking much of that around as it is. It means don't give a damn about what people say or do. A large part of the world's problems stems from the fact that people take offense too easily. Who cares if person X calls you an asshole? This is trivial nonsense. Don't waste time and energy getting upset about it. Here we are, sitting on an insignificant speck of dust circling a rather ordinary star in one galaxy out of billions. If our whole world was vaporized tomorrow, it wouldn't make any difference to the Universe as a whole. Nothing anyone does really matters much, so don't get upset over such minor chickenshit.

3. Don't take things too seriously. There are some exceptions to this, primarily when your actions could seriously harm others. But for the most part it is good advice. If you people who are involved in these battles could step back for a moment and see things from a more detached perspective you would see how funny a lot of this nonsense is. Consider George's recent entry, for example. Now I don't mean to insult George or anyone else involved, I just want to illustrate my viewpoint by

STAR
TREK
!

Using his entry as an example. When I first turned the page and saw those giant letters saying "... you fucking suck" I burst out laughing.

The shock of unexpectedly encountering this strong statement made it amusing.

It reminded me of an episode in the Furry Freak Brothers comic book where Freewheeling Franklin is telling the owner of a grocery store that he is from "Candid Camera" and that some wierd things are about to happen. Then you turn the page and are confronted with a picture of Fat Freddy crashing through the front window of the store, wielding a meat cleaver and looking demented.

The shock of coming across this, without really expecting it makes it funny.

Furthermore, some of these entries are amusing because of their absurdity. Forget for a moment who they are talking about and what they are trying to say and look at the way in which these feelings are expressed. You too may find humor in them.

Finally, I just want to say that I really like all of you a lot.

(All right, you wise guys in the back, cut it out with the fucking violins!)

But really, I enjoy being here and discussing interesting things with people here or just screwing around and having fun. There is a lot of artistic and literary talent here and I would like ~~to~~ to see more of it expressed in the log. Any dumb fuck can write insults. If you must write them, at least follow Kenji's lead and try to make them creative, imaginative, and interesting to read. And let's have more drawings! George, Kenji, Gorno, Larry, all the rest of you, ya hear me? Well, this is getting a bit long, and I'm about X preached out, so I'll quit. I don't apologize for the length, I had to get this off of my chest and presumably anyone who got bored partway through had the sense to quit and go on to something more interesting, but I'm about done.

Best wishes to all of you,

Brian B. "This is really great" McGuinness

from the land of toxic waste

God Bless You, Brian McGuinness

Charles
11/26

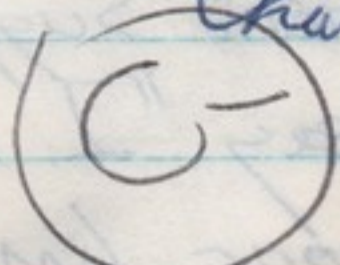
'Sigh' I watch. And through it all, I am amused. In the words of a very wise person, "I'm not laughing at you. It's not funny, just amusing." (Thank you, Kevin) And also sad. Sad to see all the anger and hatred and venom pouring back and forth affecting my friends. Indirectly as well as directly. But I watch. And I read. And I keep an eye on prior entries. Therefore I did not miss that which was added to my entry. And so I reply. Read on.

A failure, George? I think not. A failure gives up. And I have never given up. Nor have I ever been dependant on any substance to get me through the day. Nor have I ever joined a cult or something like the Rebo. I am strong and I accept responsibility for my own actions.

But I am not without faults. If there be one thing that truly be a sin, that thing is pride. For, someone who has too much pride, inadvertently hurts others. Yes, I am not doing well in college. Yes, I am going to SCC next semester. I have never hidden this fact. But the one thing I am guilty of is having too much pride to even consider that there is something wrong that I cannot deal with myself. But I have swallowed my pride and have been to the counselling center. And the problem (or one of them) has been identified and shall eventually be solved. But I shall return to attend classes at Stony Brook. Maybe in the fall, maybe in the spring. Or maybe I shall go elsewhere. Whatever. That is the future and I deal with the present. And I never give up. "That which doesn't kill us, makes us stronger."

A failure, George? I think not. Merely fallible. For I too am human.

Charles



P.S. Personal Notes

Brian: You're right. Forumites don't learn from the past. The phrase "Same as it ever was" was brought to be the forum's motto for a reason.

Chris: Remember, 12:00 noon, "Understanding for the sake of humanity".

I like that.

Morgana: Yes, a very strange form of dominatrix.

Jam: What can I say? It is sad but eventually people learn.

Keep saying "no", You are a better person for it but watch out for

people who don't know how not to say it.

Kevin: For everything, I'm sorry.

All: You are all human. Even though we are evolved from animals and ~~we~~ still have their emotions as well, we have a brain. Humans invented two wonderful concepts: compassion and mercy. Use them once in a while.

To Bruce - not a bad entry but are you sure you would want to follow it? My parents did and look what I turned out to be.

Shirley W. coffee in second drawer on the right side of where you're sitting at the desk, I think it a little early in the morning to deal with left & right.

Bruce again if you have a reply to my entry please say it to my face. I would have waited but I am going to be gone for several days and won't get to the forum (I don't think it deserves a capital) even when school starts but please keep what you said in mind I do want to discuss it. Lydia

J

Now isn't that nice

Forumites do care. How nice.

(Get me a bucket, I'm gonna vomit)

Oh well

Bruce: Good Questions & Suggestions. Don't be afraid as a parent to say "I don't know." Don't be afraid to show your limits. Be strict, but don't be a drill sergeant. Don't let life revolve around TV or sports. And don't turn the little bastards into replicas of parents. Oh, also let them have friends their own age.

All: Happy Thanksgiving

"Let them eat CAKES"

The Rape of the Rain Forests

(By) GAR

Hi Gary! Boy, it's fun signing up for classes when you don't have to take anything. I'm taking some 100 level courses and some grad courses. FUN.

EST 571, EST 194 (OR EST 191), AST 203
Any other ideas? VICTOR: HAVE DISK ^{ettes}? BRING \$

11/27/85

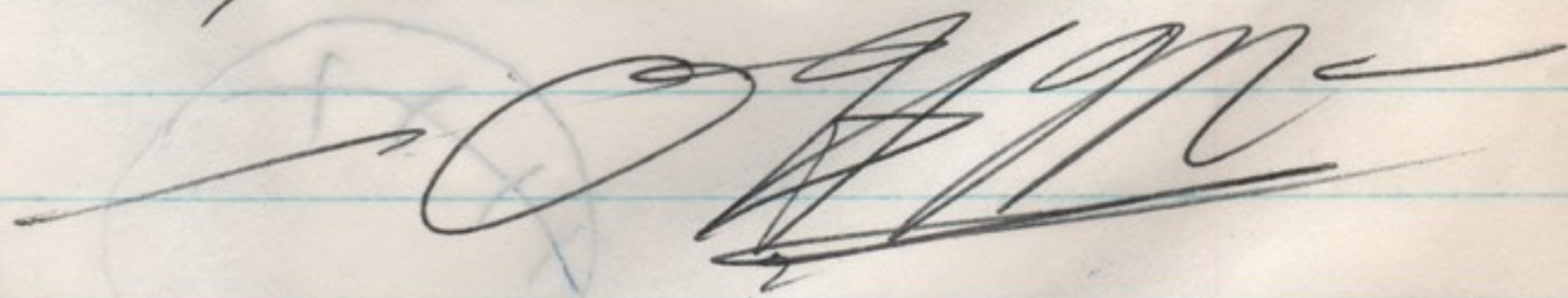
12:04 PM

Howard

Ω

Gary: If you're going to show up today, please bring my tapes and your promo script. If you're not going to show up, call the station and let us know so we don't wait for you.

Miracles Can Happen: Had exam grade in Sensation and Perception raised from 85 to 94! Now I don't have to take the final. Thank Ohm for alternate answers forms
HAPPY THANKSGIVING, TROOPS!



11/1/85

1:00 PM

GAR₂

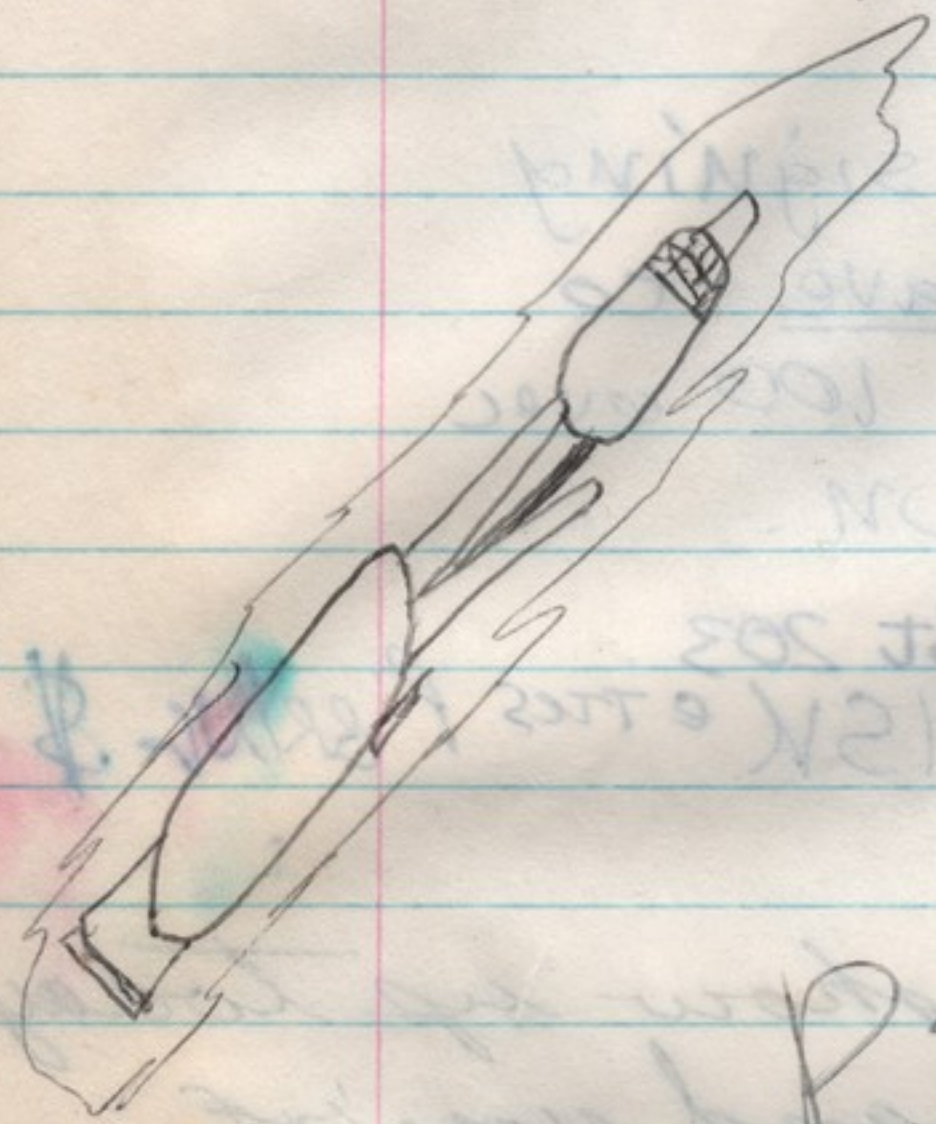
HOWARD → I'LL TRY.

ALL: I must say:

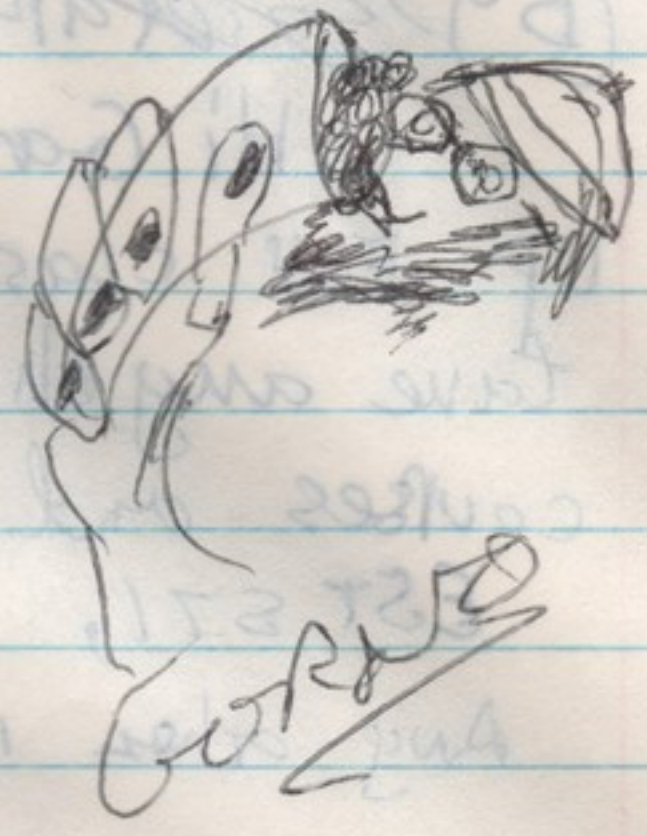
Here, here Dan Fitzgerald! At least someone with vision. The rest of you (Charles, Brian, etc.) have stated good points as well. There are more people than most of us realize who should be taking ~~these~~ words to heart! (It's about time!) - More Later, GAR₇

BRIAN MCGINNIS

HATHI SAID IT ALL!

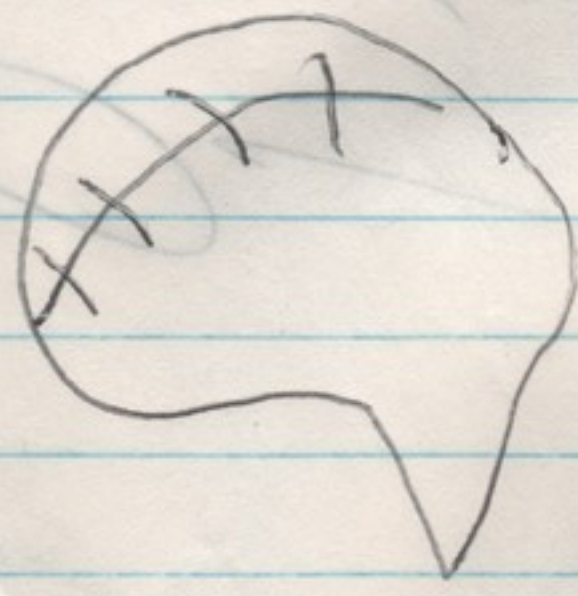


Score



P.S. HAPPY TURKEY DAY

UNDER PAIN OF DETAIL!



A clean brain
is an empty
brain is
a happy
Brain!

T-Minus 1 Day TO Turkey Day.

1550112785

George, Chris,
yo, CHILL OUT!

HO SNAP.

RALPH: GOOD JOB

JAMBONE:?

SANDY + HE-SANDY: Seig Heil Next STOP..... CHANCELLOR OF SUNY
PRESIDENT OF POLITY..... WORLD LEADER?

SANDY TIK "K": MATTHEW?

MORSANA: HOUSEWARMING? Where? TURKEY DAY?

HILLARY: LISA in ALBANY (518) 436-5960

G7: TAKE ME TO YOUR LABOR - A - TORY.

STEFAN: When will we clean the 4th

TOAST: CORRECT AS USUAL

"GOD - BLESS YOU BRIAN MCGUINNESS"

"GOD BLESS YOU" - BRIAN MCGUINNESS

GOD (BLESS YOU BRIAN) MCGUINNESS

"GOD BLESS YOU BRIAN MCGUINNESS"

BRUCE: Re-READ your entry 10 yrs + 2 KIDS FROM NOW.

GORN0: MORE ART

KENSI: MORE ART

CHOUKES: yes, your GREATNESS, MOST HOLY, HE WHO KNOWS.

DAN L: your 2 cents?

TAMAR: Dec 13 FRIDAY → ALBANY ←

ZUEL, GOZER, +

JEFF



#112

And a happy Thanksgiving to you, Kenji, and to all the rest of you also!

God bless you, Brian McGuinness, you've said it all. Maybe someday we will all learn to be thankful for what we have. Look at this place! We're all a bunch of hyper-intelligent freaks who, in a lot of respects, need each other. You, yeah you! and you, and you!

At many points during this semester (even during the last) I have not practiced what I believe. Well, let's clean it up and start again.

Hi guys! How's it going?

Well, here I go, back home to the whole famndamily. The subtle intrigues, the sub-epidermal hostility. It makes my blood run hot. Let's hope they can learn from the past, also.

Here's to writing again!

Here's to music!

Here's to hard "kick-your-ass" work to pay the rent.

Ah, a clean slate, a new year of the mind!

Though next week it may be the same again, at least for today, I am happy.

Peace (and once again happy Thanksgiving)

[Handwritten signature]

"Understanding for the sake of humanity"

P.S. I lost my bag, if you see it, PLEASE!!!

27 November / Toast: Of course you should say "I don't know" (if you don't). Being a parent actually means being the demonstrator of what you feel. The epitome of personhood is.

Jeff: ~~Only~~ Only two kids? Well, maybe - if we're still Terra-bound. As many as time, space, and other et ceteras permit, if not.

JAM: Bravo!

And yet...

Some jokes are meant as simply that. Some are not. It is often difficult for the recipient(s) and onlookers of the punch (line) to tell how seriously it was meant. And one misunderstanding, generator of venom, can start the endlessly descending, self-powered wheel of bad feelings moving. And do you know how expensive brakes for one of those things are?

Fists are not always bad. Without fists, there would be no thumbs [or some such - Ed. etiv]

Fists can contain things, like wooden poles to extend to a drowning man (woman, etc.) or small candies, et al. But, of course, it is needful to open the hand to get at these. (And an open hand can be just as nasty as a closed one... it's intent which matters)

~~Chris: Chris says no.~~

Chris: Good start. Even Heinlein has learned to carry good starts to good ends. Are you up to the challenge. (I hope so...)

Paix, mon ami.

Et à vous, mes amis et amies.

Bruce

11/27
Morgan

Here you go
toast!

Your very own
Mutant
Diplomacy
Award. ☺



Decadent
No?
NO!

MUTANT
DIPLOMACY

DAN L my # is 543 2497
you left your scrap of paper in
the couch. Call — I
also if not at home try 6-6412

Stefan;
Could I borrow any back issues of
Aviation Space —
Jack

DONT have any — Stefan

① 2:27 AM. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30th

The DJ Zanner entry to transcend all others:

Prologue

The man was dreaming and in his dream there were choppers. A light wind tickled the tropical rainforest into a gentle stirring. Then the

choppers, then the burst of fire and the screams and

(the man was twitching in his sleep)

and then all over he saw his friends dying one after another, and

(the pain o' jesus it hurts)

there was nothing to do — he was just one man and the choppers

(in his hot room, the fan overheat stirred the thick air; he was waking up)

the choppers were setting fire to the world.

He sat up in the bed, his sheets wrapped in a sweaty ball at his feet.

The man did not know where he was; he stood and made for a window. He

lifted a ~~slat~~ slat in the blinds.

Stony Brook, he thought. I'm still in Stony Brook.

Everytime I'm here I wish I were somewhere else. Then when

②

I'm out there, all I can think about is coming back here.

Each day I stay here I get sadder, he thought.

(I want to stay, I want to go; I want to live, I want to die.)

I remember going to a priest one time, he thought, and saying, "forgive me, father, for I have sinned." ^{The priest} asked what were my sins, and I tried to tell him, but the words were pebbles in my mouth and I could say nothing.

I realized I had to forgive myself.

Every so often, I realize what has been there to realize all along, and it hurts so damn much; I have much to try and forgive myself for, and I don't know if I have the strength. I really don't.

(The choppers were setting fire to the world)

One: The Hunt

One day not so long ago, the author of this ^{piece} was sitting on the toilet, doing his business and reading a newspaper or some type of periodical. Of a sudden, a voice all hollow and echoey ^{from} bouncing off the ~~floor~~ ^{tilled walls} shouts: "who the fuck are you?"

I launch^{ed} off the seat, unwired and with my pants around my ankles, and looked at the person in question in the mirror above the sink.

I'm not who I think I am. I'm not who you think I am, either; so take some confidence by knowing ~~that~~ ^{that} although we might not be in the same boat, we're right off the port bow from each other.

When I was in high school, I was not at all the type of person Morgana encountered (whatever her entries say). I was a fucked-up wit who got picked on a lot, laughed at a lot, not laid at all (for those of us to whom getting laid is an issue -- note; though it doesn't mean you're a man if you get laid, and though it equally doesn't mean you're less than a man if you don't get laid, it certainly feels ~~that~~ ^{that way}). Morganas were just the type of girl to make me want to wear a bell and shout "unclean! unclean!" as I walked through the halls from class to class. Maybe part of why I attacked her so harshly was because I remember the coldness ~~that~~ ^{with which} one human being can freeze another.

The Hunted SNT: 5

⑧

Maybe all my life, when I was not in control, someone convinced me that when they need me in the crutch it "was for my own good".

After any entry I wrote in which I attacked someone, I've always felt like apologizing. To them, to myself, to the rest of you down here (and Jesus, even though you love the style, you usually rag on me anyway). I'm convinced you need two rights to fight a wrong -- if you see what I mean. As in, it's at least twice as hard to make up for a fault, etc. (Man, keep up with me, folks. Do I always gotta cut someone down to have you get this far?)

When I show concern for someone, it usually comes in the form of putting a come-along hold on them and forcing them in the direction I think is best. A good deal of the time it is a better course (in a realistic way) than the one they were taking, but love is not a hammerlock or a kick in the ass (though it can damn well take this form). Love is letting a person suck up on their own and then helping them bandage wounds (and for you semiotics in the audience, bits of chicken soup and "I told you so's"). Love is suggesting a better course of action. Love is a hint instead of a mach truck.

Or, in my experience, love must be all those things mentioned above, or else you get resented.

When a man who was in awful condition decides to put his body into shape, he will come to his peers for encourage (encourish) ment. He's doing something to improve himself, and maybe he comes on a bit heavily to his friends.

When a man becomes a piece of cooked bread as part of a transition to become a better man, he wants to know he's on the right track. He could have been a pop tart, and that might not have worked.

When I've finally admitted to myself that my approach is making more of a scandal of me than a well-lived kind of guy, I decide it's time to go on a hunt. I'll pack up my Safari jeep and bring plenty of film for my cameras and plenty of ammo for my guns.

Forgive me, forum, for I have sinned.

This dude is really down on himself, but he wants to try and find the questing beast, he thinks he's on its trail. He's seen its spore and heard it breaking branches a little off that way. Four and a half years have past, and I can smell it in the wind. It's near.

④

2: The Chatterbox

②

Alone in the forum at 4 in the morning with only the lamp to light the place is a source of great romance to me. It is nostalgia incarnate.

The toughest thing for someone who is wrong is to admit they are wrong. The toughest thing for someone who has finally admitted he was wrong is to do something about it.

I'm trying, folks.

Someday, I swear (and though it kinda belittles me to say it) I'm going to write fiction as a main thing in life, and it will be good fiction, and it will be published, and I will be known for writing. And I'll sign my autograph. I want to be able to be invited to I-Con, and be an "old friend of the forum", not some snooty editor who "began that little place".

I'm a good person who hasn't found the correct way of showing this. Eh, I won't beg my case. Those who know me know.

3: Mover and Shaker, Oh, move me and Shake Me!

Enough talk; time to do.

4: Life in a body bag gets awful stuffy

But you all know that.

Epilogue

The man knew that if he promised nothing and delivered nothing, there would be no pain.

The man knew that if he took nothing in life seriously, nothing serious would happen in his life.

Sometimes a chopper cruises over a softly springing forest, spilling a ton of flaming napalm over it. But that's part of the Risk. Sometimes it flies overhead, spilling a ton of flowers.

2222113085

TURKEY
DAY

+2⁰:22^H, 22^M:00^S

Y'ALL, THIS PLACE IS A BIT CLEANER NOW.
I CLEANED THIS PLACE TONIGHT (THAT'S
HOW BORED I AM) WITH CLIFF. SWEEP(?) THE
FLOOR, FIXED SOMEWHAT THE COUCH, STRAIGHTENED UP
BEHIND THE OFFICE DESK (DER STERNER, WE SHOULD CLEAN
OUT THAT DESK) TOOK OUT THE GARBAGE, AND MADE NICE NICE.

DON'T FUCK IT UP! (ADD THAT TO THE LIST)

ANYWAY, ON TO THE PERSONALS SECTION OF THIS PERIODICAL...

MR ZAUNER, SIR: VERY GOOD. DON'T LET THE BASTARDS (OF PUBLIC OPINION)

Drag you under.

ZEUS: DITTO HOWEVER DON'T USE OFFENSIVE NICKNAMES.

BY CALLING ERIC "LITTLE FUZZY" YOU PROVE YOUR NOT ERIC
DON'T LET PROCESS OF ELIMINATION CATCH UP TO YOU. AND

THE CHART IS GREAT. I WILL TELL YOU OF SOME
MORE ADDITIONAL LINES TO DRAW AND NAMES TO ADD.

HILLARY: LISA IN ALBANY (518)-436-5960

67: WELL?

GORNO }
KENJI } MORE ART (ASAIN)

MISS NICHOLAS: WELL FRI DEC 13TH → ALBANY? OR HAVE YOU TESTS + FINALS.

Ω: BE CAREFUL THEY MIGHT STEAL YOUR IDEA AND MAKE LOTS OF MONEY
AND THEN WHERE WOULD YOU BE.

STEFAN: NICE + CLEAN??

MISS MORGAN: SEE ENTRY FOR GORNO + KENJI, "MUTANT DIPLOMACY"

LOOKS LIKE PICASSO'S IDEA FOR AN OSCAR AWARD.

END PERSONALS SEE NEXT EDITION FOR YOUR INDIVIDUAL RESPONSES

ZOUL, GOZER OR JEFF

Depending on my mood at the time.

Breaker 34

01 Dec 85
9:00 PM

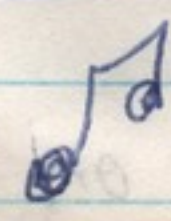
What is this, the 1st entry of the day?
Pholy Hock! Giving it thanks is over. The
diet is blown to shit. Not that I've
started one yet, but I think it's
time.

All: It's truly amazing. I've finally figured
out why the log has been exponentially
rising in use. When I got here,
back in 80, just as many people
got pissed @ each other. But I seem
to recall it being primarily out in
the open. Now, however, when someone
gets annoyed, it goes into the log.
Probably to the detriment of the
Forum. Some of the most interesting
conversations in the Forum started as
arguments.

MEANWHILE

Channel 13 showed all 13 episodes
of "The Tripods" today between 12³⁰
and 7⁰⁰. The second set gets
aired ~~on~~ starting

Dec 18th

Take note  In the meanwhile...

Anyway, since this is a long, nauseating entry...

S. T. I. D. !!

Jeff: Call me (no particular reason)
Gz: Do you have my stuff? Call me
@ work tomorrow (499-0912)
Tammi: Follow ~~the~~ requests, please!

Post 0 hnn1

P 10:PM 12/1/85 My God it works! I am high flying.
The \$perfect end to a less than perfect
weekend. The stupid AF missionary & cannibal
program works. Shit I'm happy! Real really?
Zeus: ?? Things are not always as they seem?
But where do you fit in?? Nowhere? Oh well.
Gorva: Write Channel entry! Do artwork! Bothe!

As always = Toast
(I was going to write a long pseudo-
depressoid entry, but now there is no
need. Why waste it)



Toastman: Possesing the proportional
Strength and Abilitys of a
piece of toast.

Can control all the Toastons
in His Body. (Wow!)

Bleah! I'm too depressed
to write a goddam log entry!
in effect everything ~~is~~
nothing matters, I'm a failure

All: Happy Xmas
New Years + other
Holidays in case I'm
not as round as usual.

— Moreta the Ancient One

By Stefan

Hi GANG! I have the materials for the
Thunderband chnovel, a doctor who test
book, and other stuff.

Bruce: C Me 4 PCjr Deal.

Thanksgiving: ^{CAR} Got rear-ended on the way
to Soisy. wound up eating at MoJo's.

Twilight Zone: I am the shadow man!

J.P.: Don't forget the sequel: TOASTBLAST!

M/N/15 Hi Hooo! ello everyone.

11:40AM Dan, Brian, Charles, JAM & Zeus:

Thank you for finally writing something
worthwhile reading in the log book.

What a relief from "As the Forum churns"

(except for Zeus' entry, which is a program
guide for this soap opera, but still amusing).

All: Well, I had a good vacation, one
I really needed. I sat around

vegetating in front of the boob tube
stuffing my face with turkey etc.

Even got some Xmas shopping done. Wow!

The Doctor & S

... from the toxic zone

(84) Stefan

Gawd, I'm feeling 'wierd. I'm going to use this page anyway. So there.

I re-read gateway this weekend. I liked it even more than the first time. Recommended.

THE Guy who did the voice of Bullwinkle, Mr. Peabody, Dudley Do-Right and George of the Jungle died. Whahh!

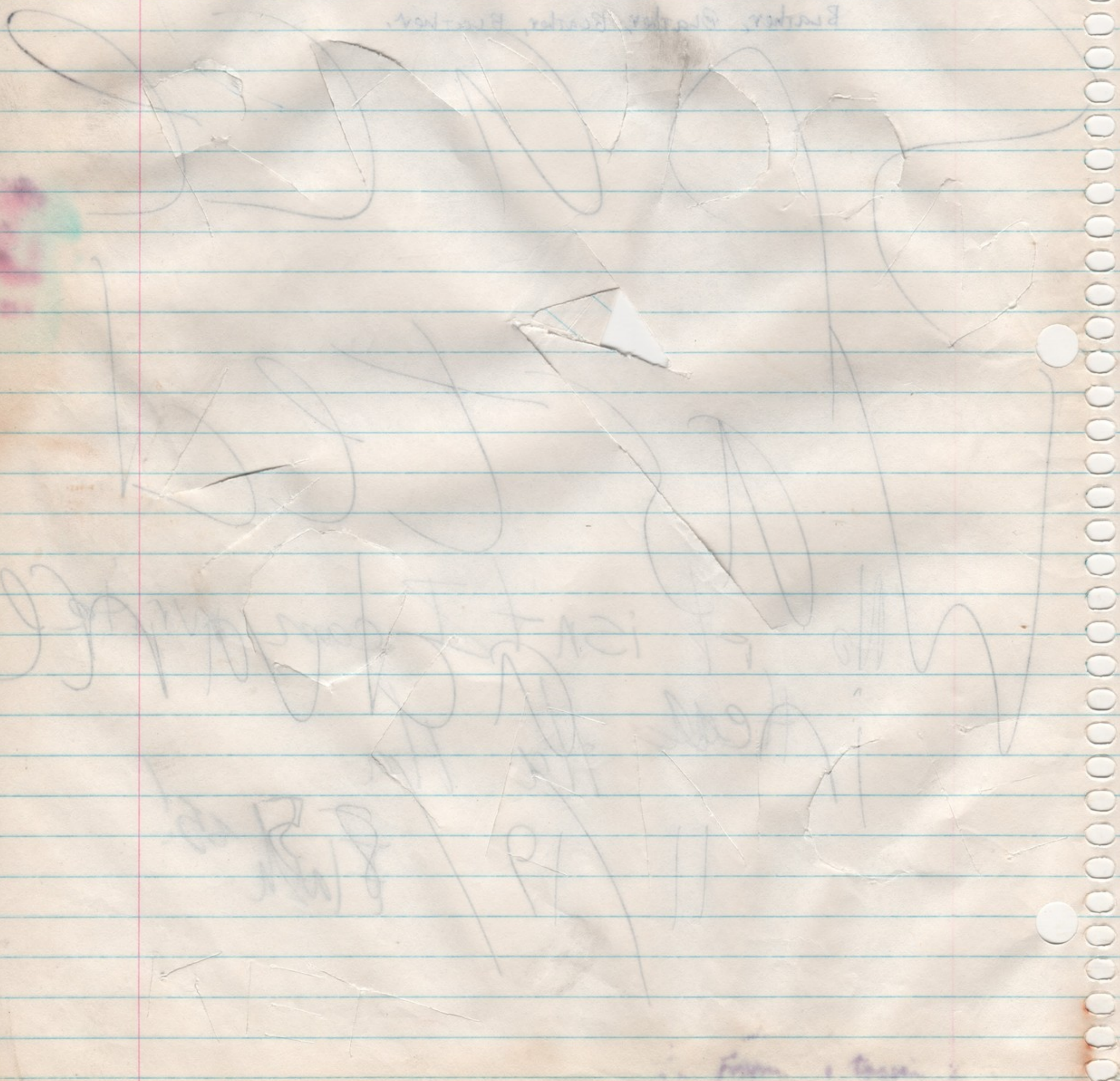
Blather, Blather, Blather, Blather.

SPONTANEOUS
BUTTED
No it isn't I can write
in a head Ha Ha
11 19
Flash 5/65

Why?

Why not?

Jeff; as per your request - "Les Demoiselles de Forum" is on the "red" divider.



J 12 " A friend is unarmed ~~before~~^{against} his friend.
A 2 He has no shield before his breast,
M 85 nor armour before his heart.
A friend who believes in his friend
is a defenceless man. "
- Thea von Harbou -

Monday -
Here I am, two adventures in one weekend.
How many of you had even one adventure this weekend?

First adventure - Saturday night - See JAM riding the subways from Manhattan to Brooklyn by himself for the first time (Exciting, scary, stuff!)
Later that evening see JAM attend his first engagement party. (Nice stuff!)

Second adventure - Sunday afternoon -
Pat and a few of the boys stop by and ask me if I want to go to Montauk Point. No hesitation. The answer is Let's go! We arrive at the Point after the park is closed. Long trip out. Insanity! Drooling, Wonderful, Insanity! We go in anyway. The water is wild! Like the Pacific coast. It's dark with only the lights of the Lighthouse to give us direction. It's cold. (Exciting, Insane stuff!) We curse out Port Jeff! Sheer Madness!

Two adventures/one weekend!
Intense...

Forum maps - fall short. Far short. I do not like what they stand for. Everytime you simplify people you kill off what's left it becomes

7:45
Dec 2
1985
74

As I might not be back for the rest of the semester (tests, homework, finals ... etc...), I choose this time to wish everyone a nice X-mas and an "interesting" intercession. I will not really be around much next semester, but I expect to see all of you at BOS-CON...etc...

Stelz.

By now you have had a chance to look at "Les Demoiselles de Forum", for a no-prize, who are they?



- 1) LETHA
 - 2) LYRA
 - 3)
 - 4) Joy?
 - 5) TAMAR
- KET '85 → TEE-HEE ←

Time is not,
Life is not,
We are not,
Oh the heck with let's go to lunch!

L.R. or Flash

Wand a Nappy New Year!

Ring out the old, ring in the new!

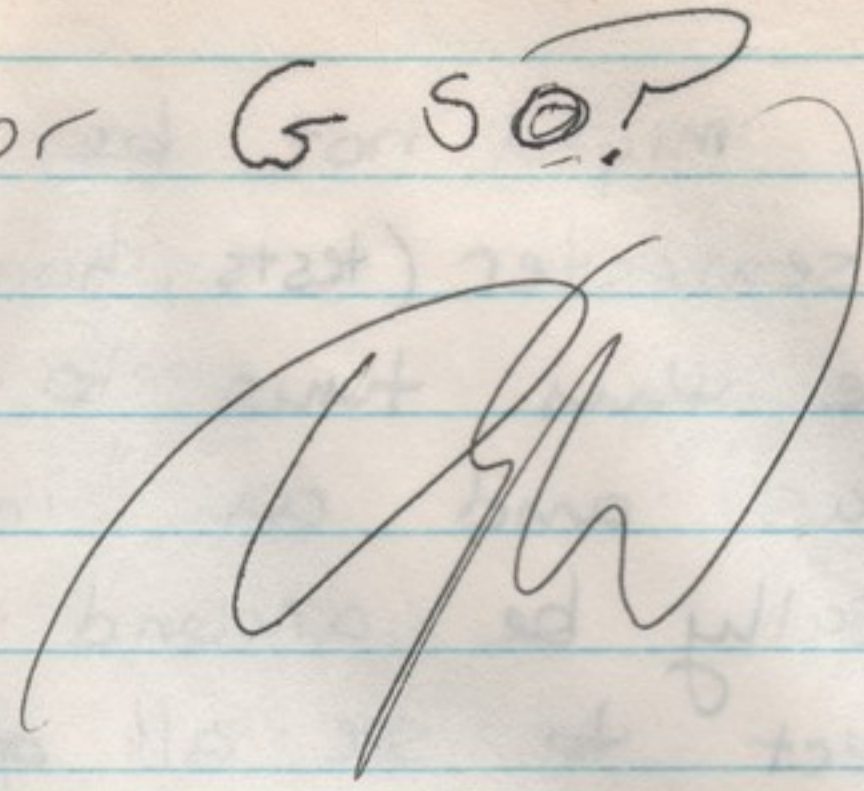
Tis, the season to be barley. Ba, lay, la, la, la....

Gorge me now are Gay appard Ba la... 'ig...'

Kill the Hanf and stop the Horns Ba la la... 'ig...'

Bye and that's all!

So who's For GSO?



"Always Horny"

I will spare you the excerpts and pictures. Use your imagination, or draw them yourself.



STONEHENS

One voice to the cosmic figure--

Maybe I'm back
- B, + Late, O.K?

- Mojo R.

I didn't do the chart. I approve of it, but
not use of my name. (Unauthorized)
- Zevs

P.S. Toast is blossoming well.

P.P.S. DJJ. - I remember the "morgans" of my
J.H.S. and high school - and how they looked and
stepped in me. I can laugh now at the girls whose
"shit didn't stink", as the lives crumbled. But then
I was... - well you know Deet.

#113 Stepped in you? Glp Nort?

Jerry Falwell		
AUTHOR		
"Zevs"		
TITLE		
DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	DATE RETURNED
	to be used only for the purposes of self-righteousness Must be returned to be rebound & edited	

God		
AUTHOR		
"Brian McGuinness"		
TITLE		
DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	DATE RETURNED
	SF Forum for divine worship	Judgement Day

Masters E Johnson		
AUTHOR		
"Jeff Warner"		
TITLE		
DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	DATE RETURNED
	Hasnt been taken out since 1971	

"The Mad Arab"

AUTHOR
Morgana Y'Craidd
(orig: Mary Morgan)

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	DATE RETURNED
NOT FOR SALE		1/1
One night rentals		1/2
ONLY		1/3
		etc.

Gon

AUTHOR
"Gorno"

TITLE

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	DATE RETURNED
	Humane Society	2 weeks
	for "mercy"	if not
	executions	adopted

To which Jeff Warner dutifully replies:

(WHAT'S MY NAME LINE?)

AUTHOR
Christopher John Aubrey Nelson

TITLE

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	DATE RETURNED
	TAKEN OUT	
	Returned next Day	
	TAKEN OUT AGAIN	
	Returned in 3 HRS	
	TAKEN OUT YET AGAIN	
	Returned 1/2 Hr LATER	
	TAKEN OUT ONE MORE TIME	
	BUT WAS LEFT BEHIND	
	ACCIDENT.	
	LISTED AS MISSING	
	LISTED AS STOLEN	
	THROWN OUT	

CAT. No. 23-243 PRINTED IN U. S. A.

More to come when I get my own cards, I will replace these! (Charles ripped his up. Poor Sport)

Christopher Abbey

NO, just tired of being stammered Charles

12/3/85
9:19:48 AM
Dan L

Stefan: Find me! I want to
give you your key back.

Dan: I'm right here, damnit! I have
a feeling a bizarre FOURTH DIMENSION separates
us!

CAROL'S: Neat, but please don't use any
move!

CANS: I ~~still~~ found three garbage
bags. PLEASE fix them, someone, and
PLEASE Redeem them, someone else w/a car!

our hero, after being trapped in the north country
by record breaking blizzards, finally makes her
way to stormy Brook... Dec 3, 1985
Hi Y'all! 11:00 ish

Thanksgiving was Great! I got home
a am thurs, and started cooking. I took a
nap and was woken up by my grandmother.
she walked to my house to tell me
to have a snowball fight with her.
Awesome lady. (no, she lives 6 country blocks away)

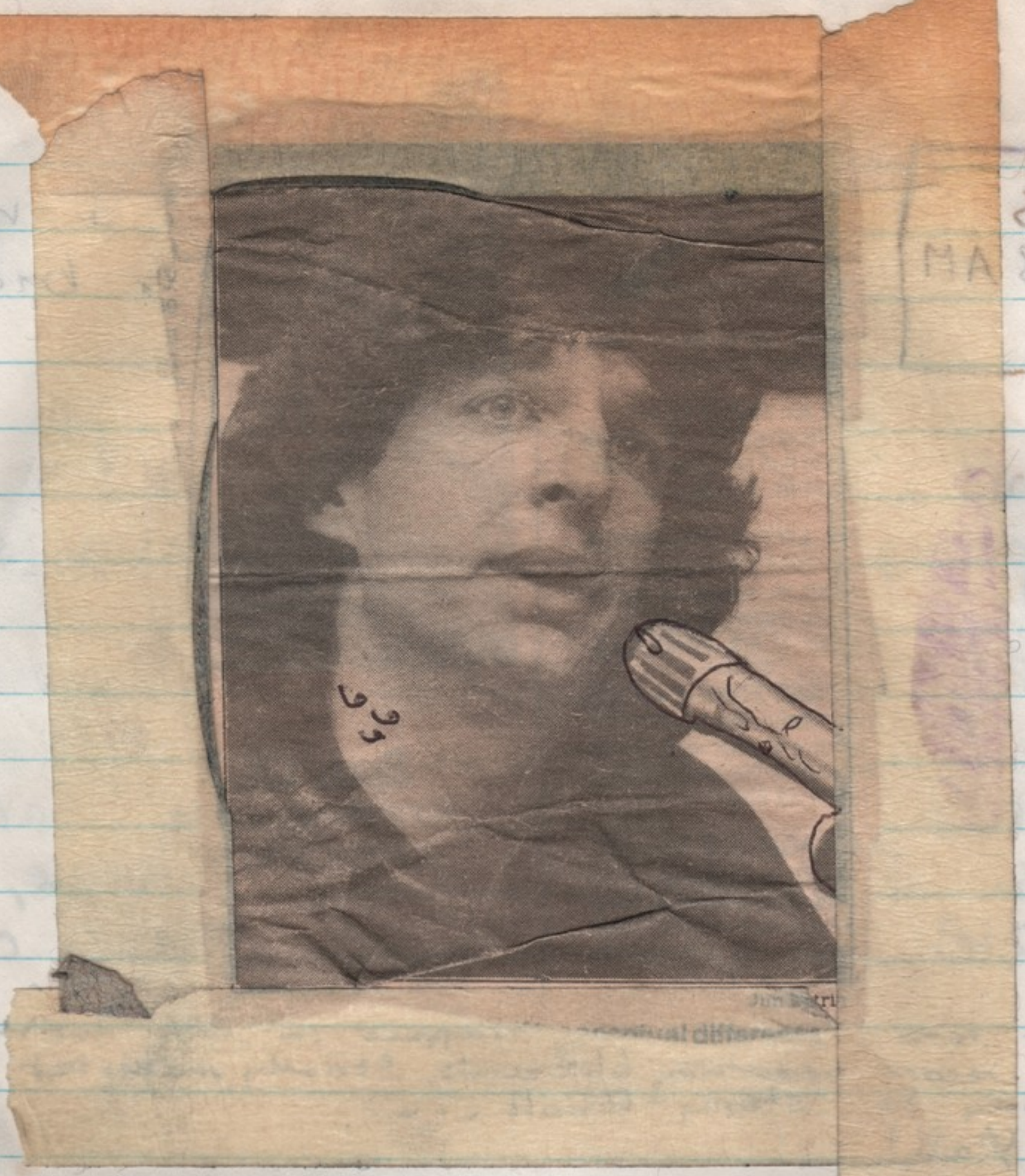
The food, the family, friends, everything,
Even the premature Christmas carols were
welcomed this year. God, its so good to go
home! When I compare this year to the
void last year, I want to cry out in
pain, joy, and gratitude. To know someone
truly cares is the greatest gift. I find now
that Christmas lights bring tears to my
eyes. The loneliness threatens to devour me.
But then, I reach out, and my friends are
at my side. Thank you.

Love
[Signature]

more later -
3 need food,
ciao

12/3/85
11:40 AM
Howard
Ω

12/3/85
9:19:48 AM
Dart



Well, now we know what happened to Tom Baker after he left Doctor Who. He became an obnoxious, loud-mouthed DJ at an FM Rock station.

[Handwritten signature]

P.S. Mike: Went over to WUSB to call Greenberger.

Ω

2:15 PM. Mike: No luck. He wasn't there at first, then his phone was busy. I'll try again tomorrow. Be here at 2 PM if you can and we'll go over to the station.

[Handwritten signature]



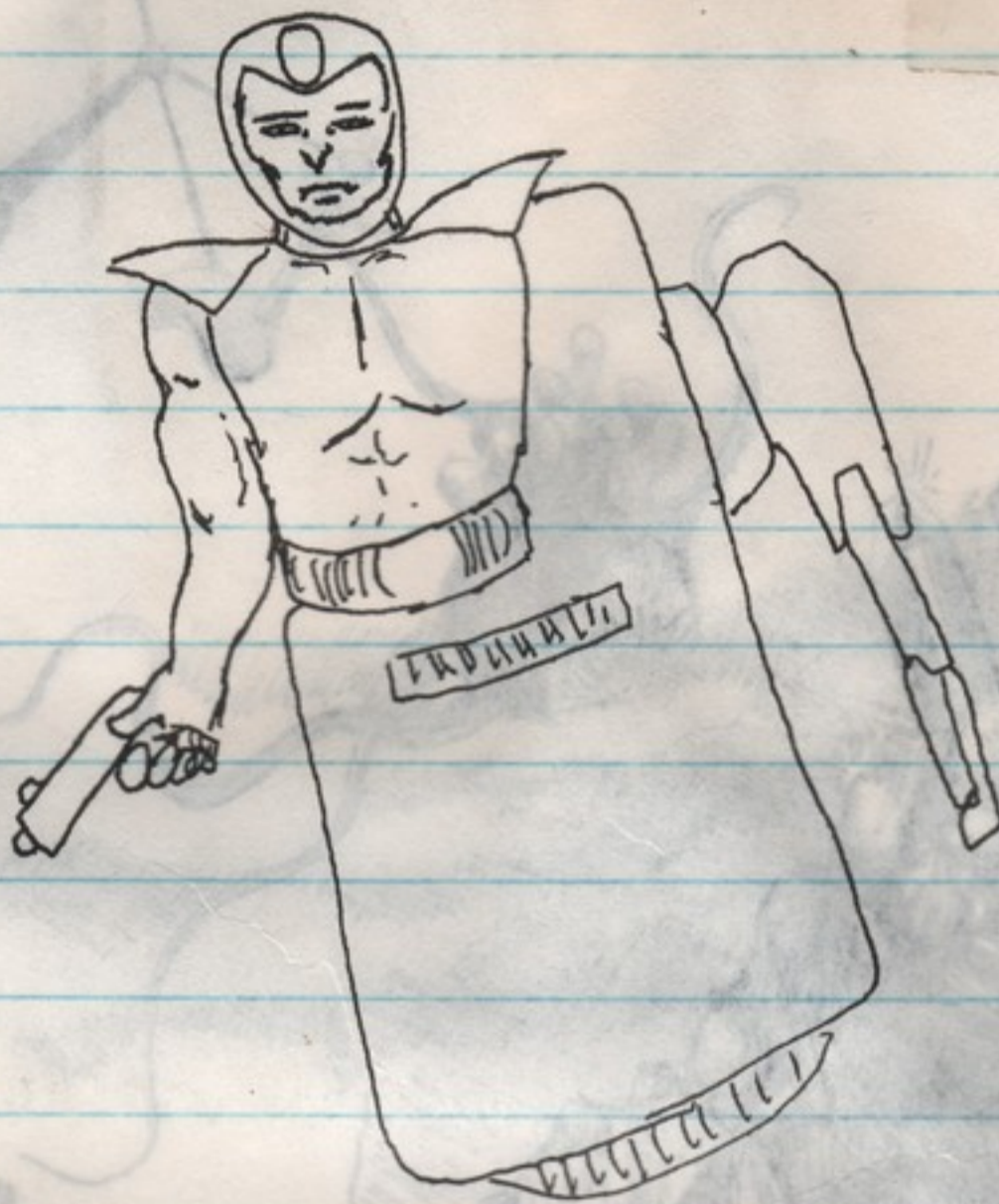
Geo 3

THE ABOVE SPACE BELONGS TO GEO 3, ARTWORK TO BE COMPLETED LATER. I LIVE IT - SJ

18
126
+ 18
144 ✓

144

Neato! My Pen had an orgasm all over the Fucking page! Please let it dry.



JAM -
under the
knife
12/3/85

"Well you might have noticed something is wrong with Daddy."

Richard Dreyfuss, in *Close Encounters*.

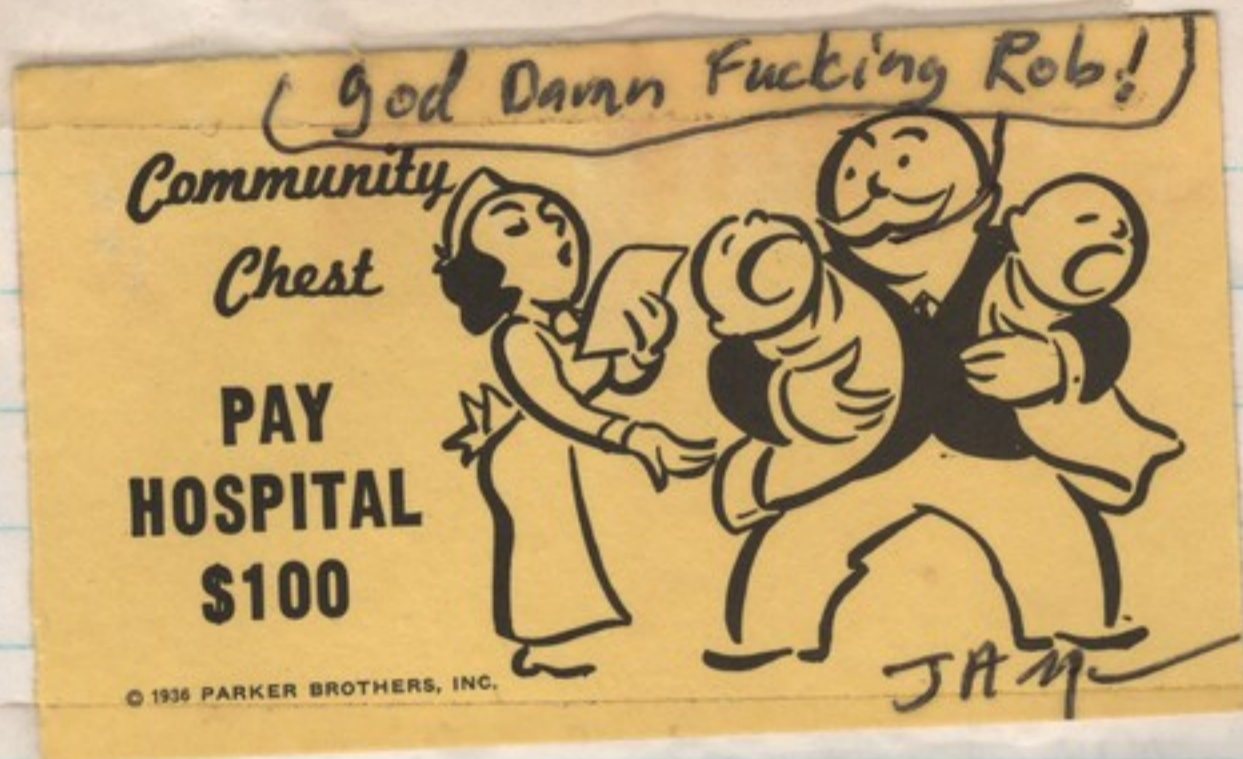
Energy level zay-roh!

But there is that little bit, the chip, the dream, the make-believe that is now real, where an eye squeezed tightly closed holds in reflected light. Reflecting, Reflection, Reflections on the inner and outer steps, steppes.

"Any day now... A-a-a-ny day."

Pat Lonergan





12/4/85
12:14 AM

ART LOVERS (?): YOU MAY OR MAY NOT WANT TO SEE
THE COVER DESIGN FOR A PSEUDO-ALBUM ON
THE GREEN DIVIDER.

-HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT DADA?

Morgan

12/11
120

QOOF: "I could have been thrilled"

-Joel Diamond

1:28 AM
12/3/85

To an absent friend:

It's funny, but your loss taught me something that your presence did not, though you tried, or did the best you could. I am not crying now, nor am I even really that much more hurt than I was earlier. All thoughts of suicide ("Just to show him!") that I had when we were friends have gone. Something important has been gained by this - although I am still not sure what it is. I think someday I will thank you for the lesson. I know your reasons for doing what you did were rationalizations and I don't accept them as valid (mostly because if they were true all my other friends, who are not stupid or gluttonous for punishment, would have also walked)

but I appreciate your honesty and I am glad
you cut me loose before I got more hurt.
Maybe someday you will understand my
point of view - I think it likely that you won't
make the effort. I hope you find all the goodness
within you that is there, and I hope your life

is long and happy. I think probably that
you shouldn't change your mind and look for

332
40
more - unlike the guy in the song (I'm not willing
to leave my lights on for two years) waiting.

I thank you for the good times - as for the bad
times they were hardly worth remembering. (If

you think those were bad, you do have a lot
to learn about interpersonal relationships. I've

seen scenes that would make your hair fall
out.) I wish you a good life and a blessed holiday

Season - in the words of the poet "I wish you a hopeful
Christmas / I wish you a brave New Year / All anguish

pain and sadness / leave your heart and let your
road be clear / They said there'd be snow for Christmas /

They said there'd be peace on earth / Hallelujah, Noel,
be it heaven or hell / The Christmas we get we

deserve. Take care of yourself (since only you can.)

Love,

Sandy Kinney

P.S. Clams got legs!

(By)

Stefan

SHITAPISSTUCK! People, CLEAN UP!

The monopoly™ set is scattered on the floor, chopped-up National Lampoons lying on the bench, general detritus is cying about. If you take something out, put it BACK or throw it OUT.

LYDIA: I have the book

MARY: I have the telescope.

NOTE: Young Sherlock Holmes gotzed good reviews.

J

10:50

12/4

217/85

OH well

No.

The Most Powerful Word in the English Language.

A Source of Strength
Discipline.

The Domination of Id by the Superego.

They have my body. But as long as I say no, my soul is mine, and their souls are bound to me.

No.

I am the Voice of Reason

HYPERKILLER

Oh sorry, back to the forum and fantasy. I ~~to~~ decided to take the early train in on the spur of the moment! If I rushed I would make it on time. As it was I forgot my gloves, and my Cybernetics books. I made it to the station with seconds to spare.

"May I have your attention please, may I have your attention please. The ~~local~~ eastbound train to Port Jefferson, scheduled to arrive at Greenvale 8:53, Northport 8:58, is operating 25 minutes late..." HYPERFUCK!

Dec-4

2:00 pm

Soon, all the data will be collected, and I'll have proof that the do-it-yourself lobotomy worked. All I need now are the final results. Oh well. Just a few weeks more, then a fresh start.

あつたの

~~あつたの~~

Tommy's
wrought

Sei Sugishi
Decides
That
is only
one
solution
to the
poor
grades



- BANZAI!

that threaten
his honor!

GORNO

#114

"How TIME BECAME THE TIDE

AT TIMES I BEAR THE PAIN

WAVES DON'T OFTEN MEAN THEIR ANGER"

- "Time Became the Tide" Blanchmange

Those 3 lines. Would it they be great for titles of a trilogy? Huh? What was that? Okay, I'll go away!

PEACE

★
Christy

Remember this:

It's our situations that bring us sadness or
euphoria (eekahy) In start when you feel other's love
you are happy and when you feel cold and alone you
want to die. It's easy then, finally there are
no choices!, no Chinese Restaurant syndrome,
just go with the flow and the world will send you
to where you belong. No way out. Conbatig is a
way, actually, Marka the ancient one

By ~~STEVE~~

CAN RUN REZULTZ : \$18.60 - odd cents.

MFO \$200 to gang for down payment on
Book-RUN Gas Money. ITS STJ

Guy's:

www
By order
the
TODIMASTER
in

Are you jealous of Toast^o's Mr. Happy Stick?
Has your girl left you for a 14-inch docking peripheral?
Your 8-inch floppy just wont get on track anymore?

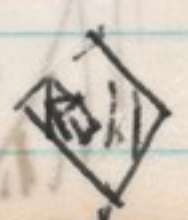
Come to Sabrina's Garden of Pleasure!

Take your pick of any of our Sun-ripened beauties!
Then your fantasy begins!

We take you to your own private room where
you may indulge in your heart's desire, try any position
- we're well trained.

Afterwards, come to our grocery, where you can take
one home for your very own.

Guaranteed Virgin — TASTE THE PLEASURE



Bruce
 Are you still interested in going to see
 1984 tonight? I went to Rothcote for
 dinner be back soon. What time do you want
 to leave + stuff Mike + I would like to go. He is
 at Destinies right now 67901

SANDY

DOCTOR (02) - I WANT MY


NOTEBOOK BACK IF AT ALL POSSIBOL BY 130PM
 ITZ GOTT MI tomorrow

PHIZIKS NOTTS IN GORMO

Gormo: I have returned your Gornography
 12/4/85 notebooks, but why are your
 9:07 PM Phizikk's NOTTS in your Arkeologic
 Nottboc?

The
 Doctor
 02

Coming to a Coffee Shop
 Near you...

The Life and Times
 of


Milton the Toaster
 IN TOAST-O-RAMA

A Smucker's™
 Production
 Directed
 by
 JAM
 Starring
 J. Peterson

Sponsored by Land o' Lakes™ and Burst Offerings™

by Leo3
To Morganna -

like it, except for "GIBBERISH". YOU MIGHT have tried "BALDERDASH" (in letters taken from various sources).

All - Saw photos of Uranus last night. Pretty strange looking ring system; they aren't symmetrical. They bend inward on one side of the planet and are thicker in some areas than others. Pretty weird.

Also (especially Kenji + MORGANNA) I want to use the last divider.

JUAN
Leo3
THE ARTIST

P.S. DIAONWWW!

COMPUTER OSBORNE 1 Portable
separate monitor, books, software.
Word Star, super calc, games. \$500.
473-9212 412-25

(BY) Stefan

YO! George? Where ~~were~~ did you see the pix of Uranus?

PROPOSITION: Let's start a movement to change the name of the seventh planet to something that won't encourage smut-peddlers, child-pornography, illegitimate pre-teen sex, and left-wing professors. Let's call it "Ronnie".

Since both "Ronnie" and U-----S refer to the same thing, the change will be easy to remember.

Who wants to see YOUNG SHERLOCK HOLMES this weekend?

The photos were part of a TV news program Monday night. The planet wasn't symmetrical either, it was brighter on one side than the other. This couldn't be the result of phase because the view of

Yet Another ~~Fairy~~ ^{Grimm} Fairy Tale

by Bruce

5 December/

B&A

"And if I don't?"

"You die, she dies, everybody dies!"

~~After~~ just as everybody finished laughing at one of their mutually favorite lines, the screen went first brown, then white and the sound cut out.

"Shit!" The invective echoed from around the auditorium. "The film ~~was~~ broke!"

Somehow, thought Chad, it ~~only made sense~~ figured. After all, this showing of Heavy Metal was the closest thing to a break he could allow himself for the next three weeks. Between an extra paper — on top of three already ~~due~~ ^{due} and two exams, plus his job, Chad had figured he'd ~~no~~ ^{little} time already. But then Mom had ~~just~~ taken pneumonia, and he was needed at the store...

God! he hated that store. Sure, it was doing well enough, and he knew that he essentially depended on it for a living — ^{working at} Burger King couldn't begin to support him as an independent person — but he ~~still~~ didn't have to like it.

"Coming, Chad?" He looked up to see Ron standing by the door. The place was nearly empty.

"Where?"

"The Pub. We figure that we deserve a pitcher or two after what just happened. ~~that~~ Come on."

"No thanks. I've got a ton of work to do. I guess I just wasn't meant to ~~enjoy~~ ^{relax} this week."

"Suit your self. See you tomorrow?"

"Sure. Enjoy the beer." He watched as Ron left him alone in the theater. Well, not quite alone; he noticed a couple deeply involved with each other down in the front row. They didn't even look up as he left.

Back to the grind. Let's see, what first, the psych or the history —

"Oops! Sorry, I wasn't looking."

"Damn right you weren't! Look what you did to my sweater! This will never come out! Asshole!"

"Look, I'm sorry. Tell you what, why don't I give you my name and number, and if it doesn't come out —"

"Forget it, Jack."

"— That's Chad —"

"— Chad, then. I'm Andy. Andrea, that is.

You, Chad, are going to come with me right now as I wash this sweater; I'll be damned if ^{I let you} walk away and give me a false address."

"Well, come on!" She grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled.

"Alright! Huzzo, already, I'm coming!"

Three hours later, the sweater was clean and drying. So were Chad and Andy as they towelled each other off.

"What the hell is it?" he asked.

"I don't know. Why, ~~leaving~~ already?"

"What do you mean, already? I've got tons of work and —"

"Yeah, right. I've heard all this before. Tell you what. If you need all that work done, I know just how to get it all out of the way really fast and easy."

~~Chad there's two words~~

"Yeah? How?"

"Promise you won't think I'm crazy?"

"Yeah, right? I'm the fantasy reader here, remember? You know, with nineteen credits and a near-full-time job? Why would I call you crazy?"

"Okay, you asked for it."

"Go over to the Computing Center. There's a PC way back in the corner, behind the reference shelves. Leave the assignment and materials for it with a diskette containing a word processor (Word Star will do) underneath a packet of Fig Newtons and a pint of milk. Then leave — and no peeking! Come back in ~~three~~ ^{four} hours, no more, no less. It'll be done. You should get an A."

"Wait a minute. Are you telling me that I can get my homework done by gnomes?!"

"No, by elves."

"Okay, elves." He grinned. "I suppose that next you'll be telling me that ~~some~~ ^{these} are the same ones from the fairy tale?"

"Yep. They ~~found~~ ^{read} about workaholics and recognized themselves. But you try to find a cobbler these days!"

Oddly enough, when Chad tried it, it worked. He got straight A's and so did Andy. They got married, had 2.3 kids and twice that number of TV's, then got divorced on friendly terms.

She got the elves.

Princess Leia was a virgin of course
But Han Solo was hung like a horse
It was Darth Vader
who finally laid her
He got in by using the force

There once was a guy named Spock
who with Saavik wanted to dock
she voiced her fears
If those are your ears
I'd hate to see your cock!

"Oh Spock, it is green!"

ooohhh!
My favorite!
love those
EARS!
ooohhh!

PER YOUR REQUEST: A

WORKS OF ART (21) KET 85



Doc # 1982
Dove
5/00

closed. Dave
at a point in our
collapsing on
eyes

sex raty derogatory against the female
Personages of the Forum Three Cheers!
for Kenji
Flash 85

H. Tamam ?? P.S. Why Do you hate me
Wimper Wimper Snort! Snort!

POTATO CEMETERY
THE HORROR

Random Ink Opinions

eyes and filled to the top with black staining coffee
was a beautiful mug with two black lines blue
Kill people deeply into his coffee mug. It

over the colony there was a line. But
the primary defenses were culture. But
it was for the. The plan was

Dec 4, 1985

about
2:00
pm

(being, collapsed on a tattered couch, eyes
fixed on a point in a different dimension,
blazed, dazed, confused.)



Tamar?

J

Yeah really.

30012485

Bruce = Good Story.

Tamar = Hang on. After all, one of us has to...

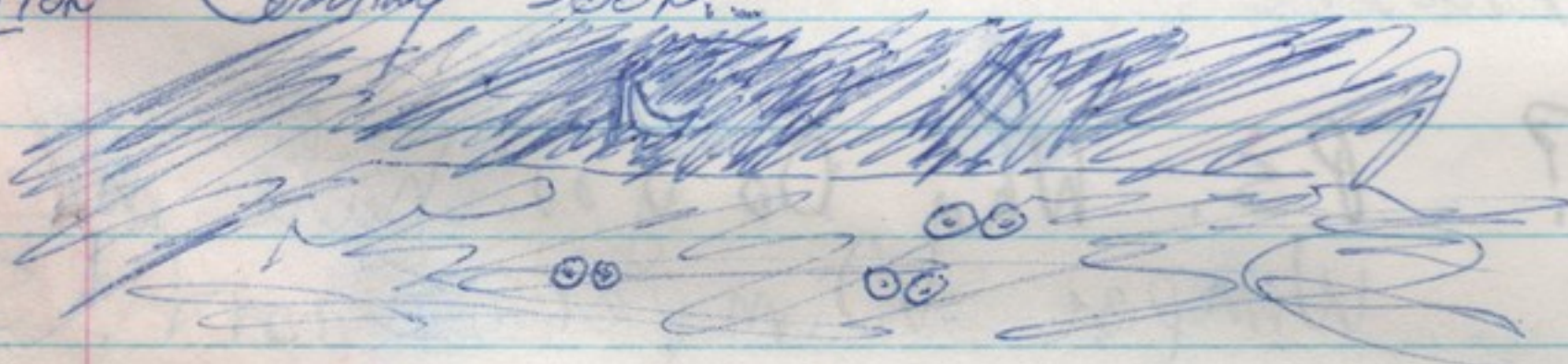
Rob: Weekend? Quiz 3 Monday!



TRIANGULAR
MODULATION
UNIT

BZZT!

Coming Soon...



They removed the vines,
but they didn't remove the potatoes

POTATO CEMETERY

TASTE THE HORROR

Random Ink Orgasms

Rill peered deeply into his coffee mug. It
was a beautiful mug, with long blonde hair, blue
eyes, and filled to the top with black, steaming coffee.

The Vrrm battlecruiser phased into existence
over the colony. There was a hum as
the planetary defenses came on line. But
it was too late. The plasma cannons were

It was the best of TTTST's,
It was the worst of TTTST's.

already engulfing the population centers.

General Ziph stared at the reptilian features resolved itself on the holodyne. "Why are you doing this?"

The Vrrm commander hissed. The translation scrawled across the holo. "Because you are all very doofy." The reptile chortled as the command post dissolved into its component quarks. General Ziph's last thoughts were of the home baked bread the computer programmed for him.

But that doesn't matter, as I become one with the ocean.

He inhaled the nitrous deeply. "Hold it in," a voice encouraged. He leaned back and closed his eyes. A deep red hum filled his brain, and he didn't want to think anymore, and he laughed but it echoed, as if he were at the bottom of an empty beer can, or just the back of his own empty skull. He smiled.

He sat up and passed the device to the man beside him. "Your turn."

I pulled the trigger, and was impaled by the molten hot numbness that entered through my right ear. I felt the tissues parting as my head was jerked aside, and pleasure, as the bullet tore through my brain, leaving my head out of my left ear. I smiled.

He sat up and passed the gun to the man beside him. "Your turn."

12/5/85

Forumites:

4:13 PM

On Friday night, December 6, 1985 Professor Roger Knacke will be giving a lecture on Halley's Comet 8:00 PM. Weather permitting, observation of the comet will be held before and after the lecture. I have not heard a weather report for tomorrow yet, but the clouds seem to be breaking up. Because the astronomy club will be shut down over the intersession and the comet cannot be seen late in January (perihelion is Feb. 9, on "other" side of the sun), this may be your last chance to see the comet telescopically (I made that word up) until early March 1986! You have been warned!

The Doctor
—

J 12
A 5
N 85

"Although you may not know it, good satire is an exceedingly rare commodity. More than ever, the creation of the ridiculous is almost impossible because of the competition it receives from reality"

Robert S. Baker —

"Only one thing is certain — that is, nothing is certain. If this statement is true, ~~then~~ it is also false"

Ancient Paradox

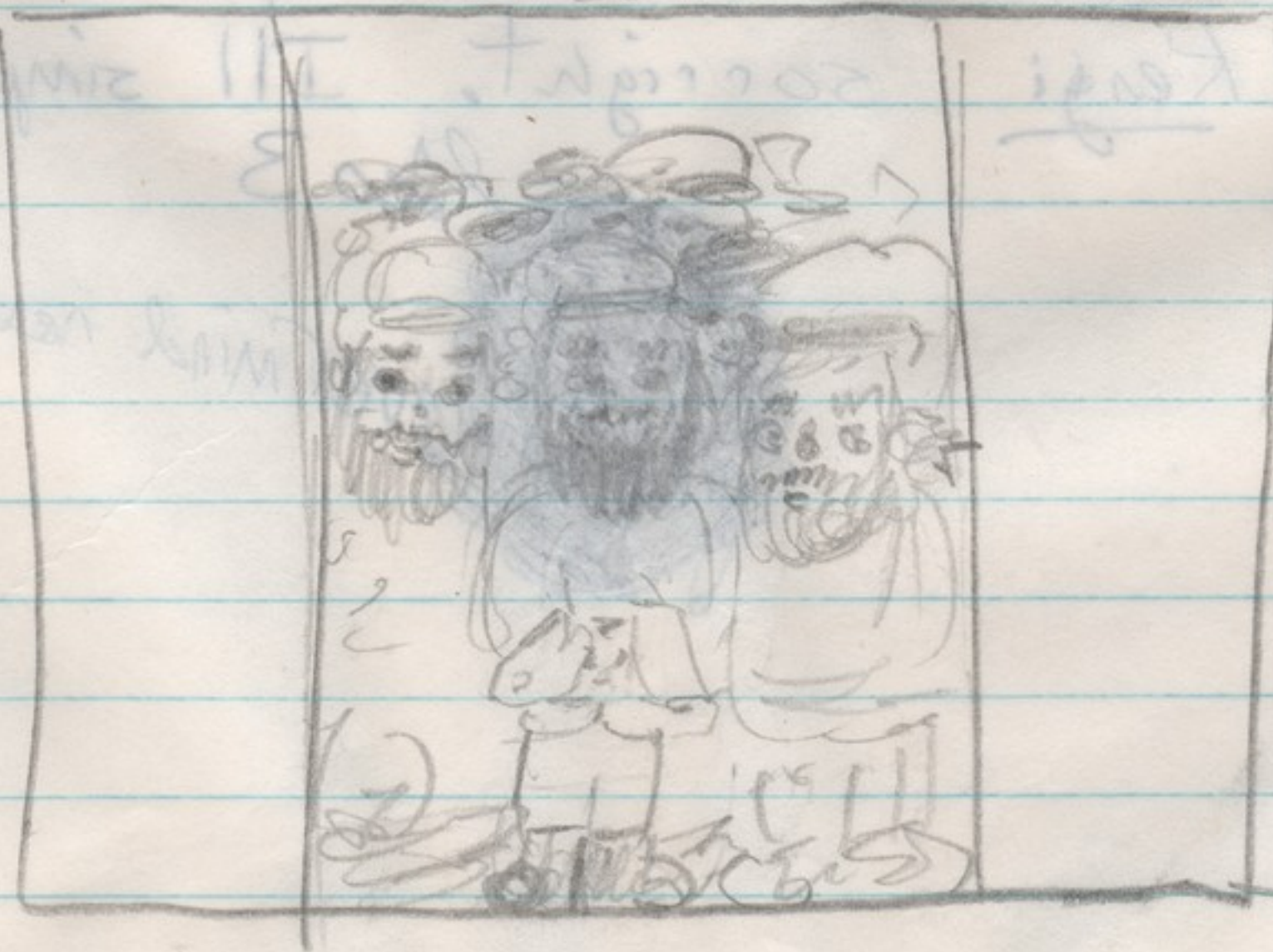
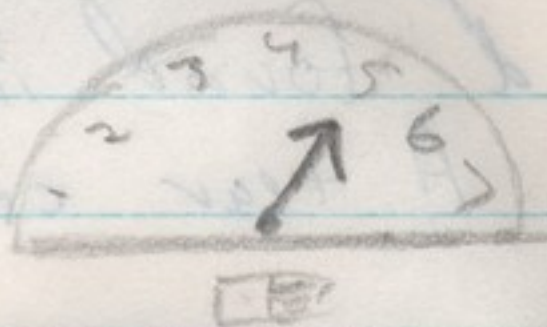
(ctd)

All: Ahh-Haaaa! Forsooth the zany's are upon
me. Madness! Yah-hooey, I feel ~~amazing~~
wonderful. Yay!
(except for a few minor things.)



A Day in the City

-7:00pm/Thursday/Toc
Dec 9



'Claus' + a phobia
only 20 shopping days till
X-mas

JAMBO:
WENT OFF CAMPUS. WILL BE
BACK IN 30 OR 40 MINUTES.

Cliff
8:15 PM

Hi George, Sorry! I didn't know you'd reserved the divider till too late
(Morgana told me, but I'd already finished a figure) OH WELL - GEE -
How embarrassing. Next time, could you label pencil your "space reserved by
George" on the divider? I don't read the Log all the time, and the artwork
tends to be a spontaneous sort of thing, that just is with me. Again, Sorry.

KET '85

J 12 Morta: Remember The Turtle is easily turned
A 5 on its back, but it can turn over again more
M 85 easily with the help of a friend. Bastian lost it
all and in the end found it in a fountain. Which
could be shared. A tear could be shared.

To Kenji sorry right. I'll simply use the other
side.

- Geo 3



never mind never mind

Man fakes death to flee nagging wife

Harassed hubby David Weingart, 41, left his microcomputer beside a lake to fake his drowning — and fled from Long Island to Brazil to escape his nagging wife.

"She's a beautiful woman, but she nagged me unmercifully," he said in Rio de Janeiro.

"I can't stand nagging. There's nothing else for me in life apart from the solitude I enjoy when I'm hacking."

But after his peaceful interlude in South America, Weingart boarded a plane to return to his home in Huntington and face the music from his wife, Ellen.

And you can bet she'll have something to say.

— ELLEN CAVE

LONG ISLAND PRESS
April 12, 2003

Yiaoww! PEOPLE: I left a stack of mailing folders stuck in the display case door. They are now missing, save one (Allan Hoffmann) which stuck to the glass. PLEASE Return (Put them back, DAMMIT!

Do not: Thank you for the reminder

TOAST: NICE CRUMBS.

ALL: Clean this place up or I'll whack someone's head off.

6 December / To those who ~~are~~ have been here awhile, I
BSA bring you these lyrics, à propos to this Forum:

Some of them are old

People come and go and forget to close the door
And leave their stains and cigarette butts trampled on the floor
And when they do:

Remember me, remember me...

Some of them are old, some of them are new
Some of them will turn up when you least expect them to
And when they do:

Remember me, remember me...

Lucy, you're my girl; Lucy, you're a star
Lucy please be still and hide your madness in a jar
But beware:

It will follow you, it will follow you...

Some of them are old, ~~some~~ ^{and} if would help if you could smile.

To earn a crooked sixpence you walk many crooked miles

But as you do:

Remember me, remember me...

- Brian Eno
(from Here Come The Warm Jets)

Bruce

KEVIN STERNER - IF YOU ARE SHOWING

JAMBO: Are you organizing THE PARTY? See me.

ALL: LISA IS IN ALBANY SHELL BE HERE ON THE LAST DAY OF FINALS FOR A WEEK UNTIL DEC 27.

ALSO: MR. CHIN WILL BE HERE TONIGHT. TOMORROW & GOES HOME ON SUNDAY.

JEFF

12/6
4:30 PM

Stefan,

I have the mailing labels

Ralph

Coming Soon:

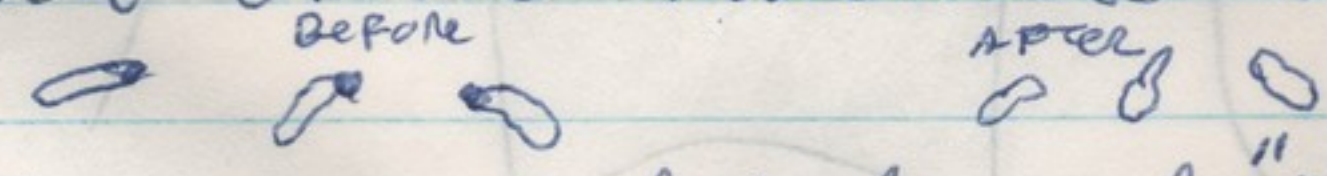
The Death of Lord Moondark!

"You have mere hours to live, worm!"

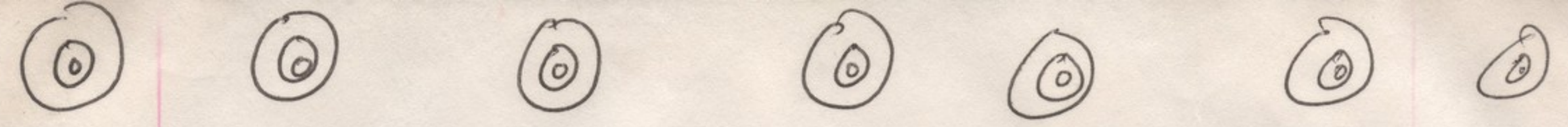
(By) STEFAN

AMAZING BUT TRUE #237

There is no such thing as "RICE PLANTS". They are (the small things you eat) the featureless white larvae of the Indochinese Dung Fly



The larvae are dried and "polished" to remove the small, black heads. The resulting "seed" is put in bags or boxes for sale in grocery stores.



KEVIN STERNER - IF YOU ARE SHOWING UP FOR THE RANGE VISIT SATURDAY, SHOW UP AT TOM/JEFF'S PLACE BETWEEN 11:00 A.M AND NOON.

GEORGE J.H. CHIN

DEATH

DEATH

DEATH

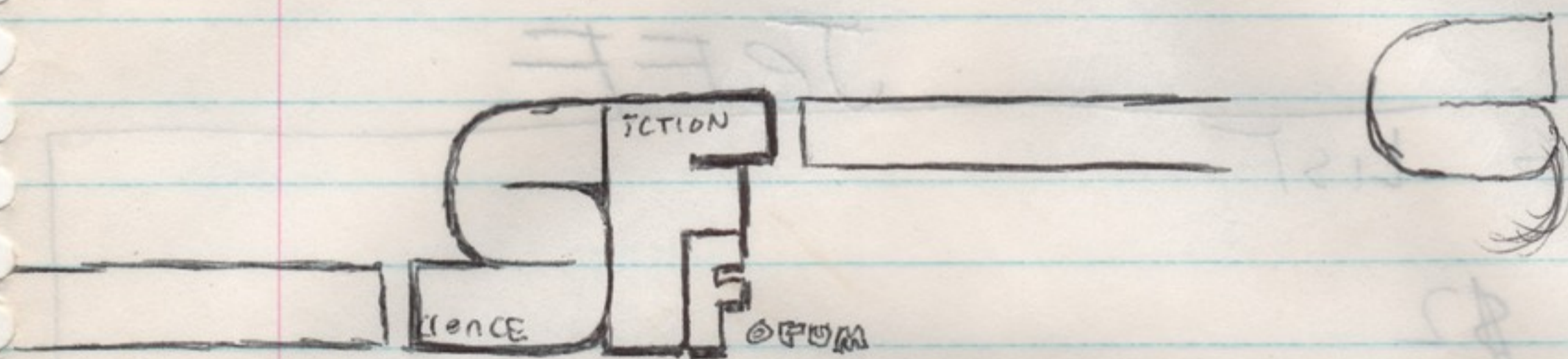
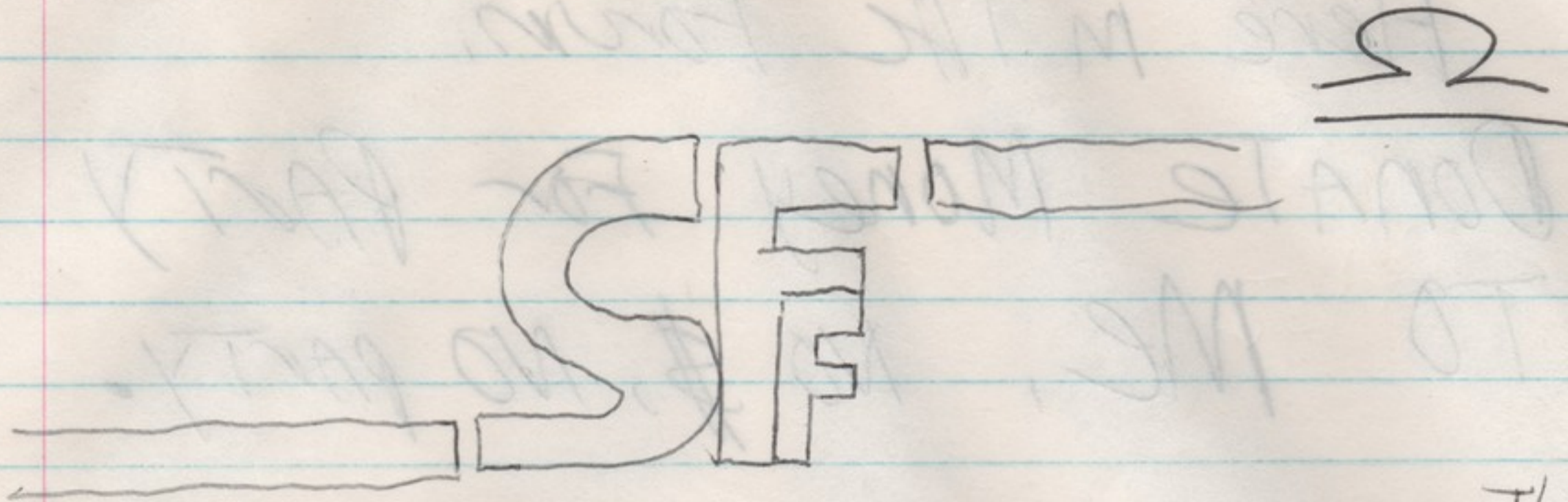
HA HA HA HA

HA A A A A A A A A

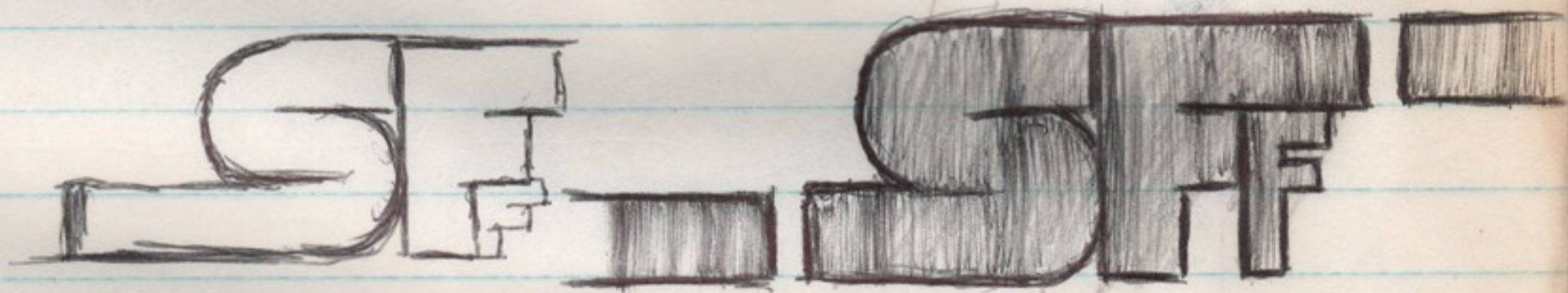
2003

P.S. -

CONDITIONS: EVERYONE PAYS THEIR OWN RANGE FEES. JEFF AND I DISTRIBUTE AMMO. I DECIDE IN ANY DISPUTES.



The forum needs a logo. Here are a couple possibilities.



10:40 PM
12/6/85

All those who went to Prof. Konacke's lecture tonight, should've stuck around a while. About 20 min. after most people had left, the sky cleared up a bit and we opened up the dome. The view of Halley's wasn't too good, but it was ok. All who wish to see the comet, come to the Astronomy club meeting on wed. at 8 PM, on the roof.

The Doctor

30

Fri Dec 6
11:26pm

Y'ALL: PARTY Fri 13TH 7:30pm

Here in TAC Forum.

DONATE Money For PARTY
TO Me, NO \$, NO PARTY.

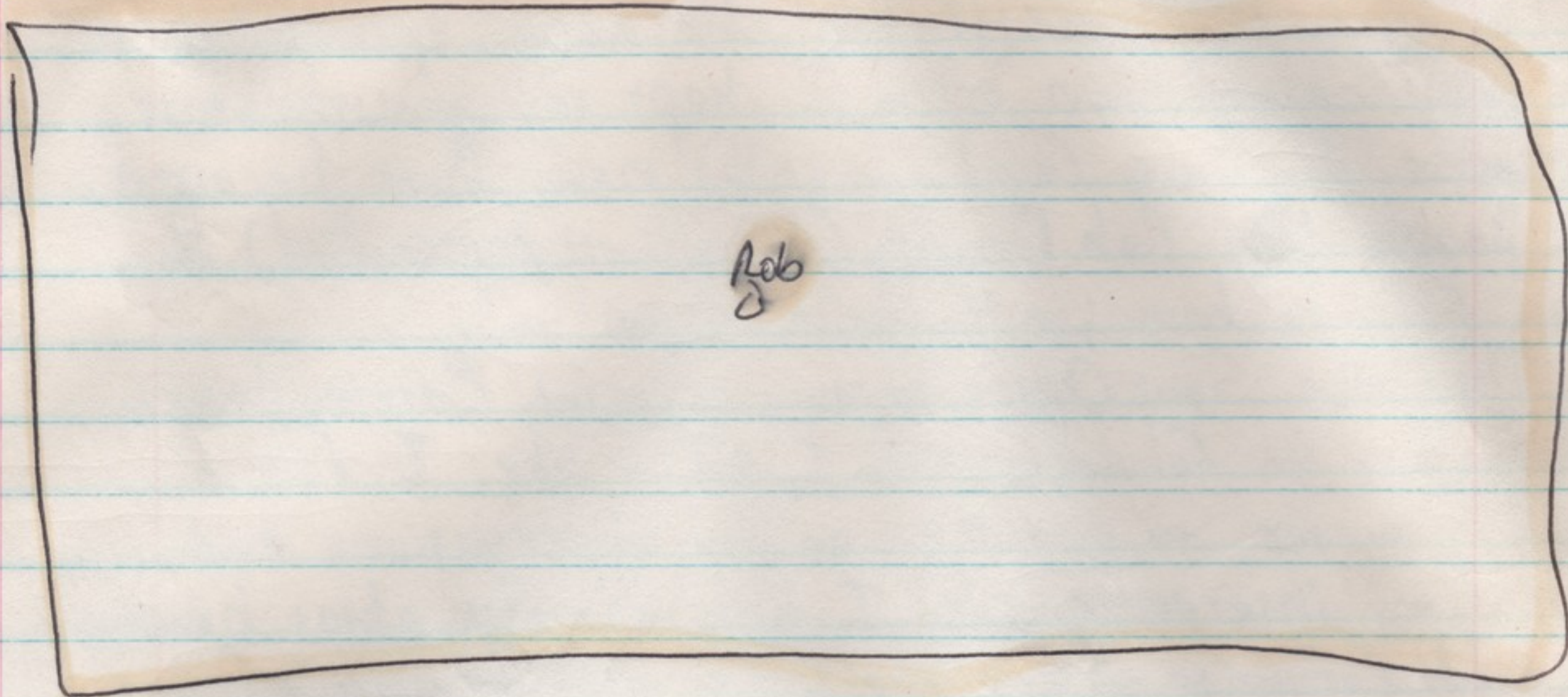
JEFF

DONATIONS List	
1	JACK \$2
2	

↑ DONATIONS List

↑

Forum Apathy MAP



Rob
o

Note to zeus:

Contact me I, too, have some
venom to vent and could add some spice
to your entries

543 2497

or write

Rob Courtes
21 White Birch
Commeck N.Y. 11725

— more in the Ancient one

Well Rob, read the next few pages
and join the group!

SPASTED

WACE!

Forum Revelations I - a Zera entry.

The Forum

I love this place; it has character, spice. When I first came down here, I kept my mouth shut, because I was (and am still) new. But because of people like Rob Downes, (friendliness personified) I soon felt at home; a forumite if you will.

Then the Soap Opera became apparent. Barring looks, there was no forumite that I didn't like. I felt a need, however, to comment on my observations and express my interpretations. I also thought about how an old forumite might not value the opinions of one so new. In fact, one might say, "who is this new asshole, to say this shit?" You see, I am really a nice guy.

I mean really nice. I couldn't let things like calling a prick "a prick" get in the way of people liking me as a nice guy; I don't want people to like me as "that guy that cuts people down" or the guy that "says things behind your back". You must understand: I'm too nice to say things to your face! And when I write in the logbook, you can publicly defend yourselves.

About Zera, (he, I, we) is not concerned with answering any direct comments/insults/questions. Zera is a commentator and a truth-speaker. The main reason that a recognizable name is not signed is to eliminate cop-out replies like, "who is he to talk, he beats his wife" or "I fucked her before you" or "you failed everything you ever tried, what do you know?" These responses still leave an asshole as an asshole. No matter what I've done or who I am, you are a prick now.

The first entry that Zera made was totally composed by someone else and copied by me to disguise the handwriting. After conjuring "Zera" as a fitting name,

I realized that I could use the name to say things that needed to be said.

The author's (of the first entry) sole inspiration was boredom. He wanted controversy, he wanted smut. He lashed out in a style, unlike that with which he normally expresses himself, against an imaginary forumite. Well, not exactly imaginary. He combined forum qualities into an imaginary person.

Boy, did it work. Guilty consciences abound, everyone thought it was about them. People were worried, people were pissed. We laughed.

Then I added things about real people - but I usually refer to more than one person at a time. I like to nail qualities more than people, but some are real dicks.

The people that did not think/know they were being written about, seemed to support me. Unfortunately some people mistakenly thought I meant them. Two examples:

Pope thought that D.J. was the pussy-whipped guy, and Jeff 'Zuel-Gozer' Warner got mad at Zeva, I suppose that he thought an entry was about him. Sorry, but I like you guys.

The funny part is that the people I don't like think that I like them! Just because I'm nice to them!
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!

HA HA HA HA HA!

OK - a few of you know that I don't care for you, and we are simply polite to each other.

Sophomorphism

I've always felt that sophomorphism is a problem with all college students, myself included. But at the forum it seems more irritating than usual. I think that being sophomoric is a forumite's major defense mechanism. A lot of us were treated cruelly at younger ages because we did not/could not fit a pre-existing "cool" category, and one natural defense is to rationalize your misfit status as being superior in some way - usually intelligence or "originality". We take whatever knowledge we have and behave as experts of all fields. Some of us can tame this tiger - others are dicks. Like excess adipose tissue being an undesirable remnant from the caveman days when time between meals was unpredictable, sophomoric behavior remains in some when no longer necessary - and less desirable.

Did you ever wonder why there are people like Stephan - who isn't an asshole? He sees no need for a shitty attitude, and we are not subjected to it.

That's STEFAN
you asshole
(only kidding)

One can also become "elitest" in a non-harmful way, e.g. Kenji.

Kevin has incredible resistance to being a dick - the necessary tools are there - a senior in physics; definite tastes in music + art and he's even taking Aikido (probably Tomiki style) It's a wonder he isn't the biggest dick around! There is nothing wrong with those qualities, but usually it's hard to maintain decent-human status with those qualifications. Especially the Aikido. Most people notice how much better they get after a few months and - VOILA! They think they can kick ass (and assume no one else practices martial arts unless they run around demonstrating their ability) Kevin is an amazing dude. My hat is off to you.

Back to the sophomores, however. There seem to be two kinds - The ones that coolly talk down to you and hotheads that are usually pissed off. (heavy burden, all that intelligence is!) They both put down everything that

you like, unless it is one of the few things they like, in which case the rest of us are not good enough to fully appreciate the superiority of it. At any rate we'll never approach the greatness of the select few, right?

Taste - they treat it as though there was one definitive taste - not that likes and dislikes are a matter of taste; i.e. different tastes. Good is good and Bad is bad. Yeah, well suck my dick and kiss my ass, prickbane. Try enjoying a little something in life. If you can't enjoy it, don't knock those that do. Or at least don't complain about things in that whining "oh, it bothers me so" tone, have fun if you must be obnoxious. Take a lesson from Joe Quest and don't let testosterone and blood pressure influence you; just laugh.

Speaking of excitable boys, yelling, kicking furniture, stomping, screaming, and crying are still steps above such low-life activities as defacing artwork of any kind, (if you're saying, "that wasn't art" - FUCK YOU!) or ripping out logbook entries. (I don't care what they said - does anyone tear out yours?) I realize that people can be pushed to the edge, but you will have to realize that you tax our self-control more so. Jamie Farr probably treats himself to a Mars bar for every day he lets you live.

Revenge - the desire of many worthless shits. Everyone wants a little, but some talk about it - a lot. Go away. If some one ticks you off, scream, stomp and cry. We'll note how you have improved and will try not to discourage you from further progress.

Don't try to keep up with (or beat) the Jones'. Not even in reverse fashion, (e.g. "I'm poorer than you.") It makes your "life" even more trite. It doesn't matter if we are talking about uptown Jones', or suburban or skidrow. Discover what you like, please yourself and stop trying to impress others. Take a lesson from Brian McGuinness, be deviant, unique, but not hated.

The preceding four pages were written by Zeus otherwise known as Kerry.

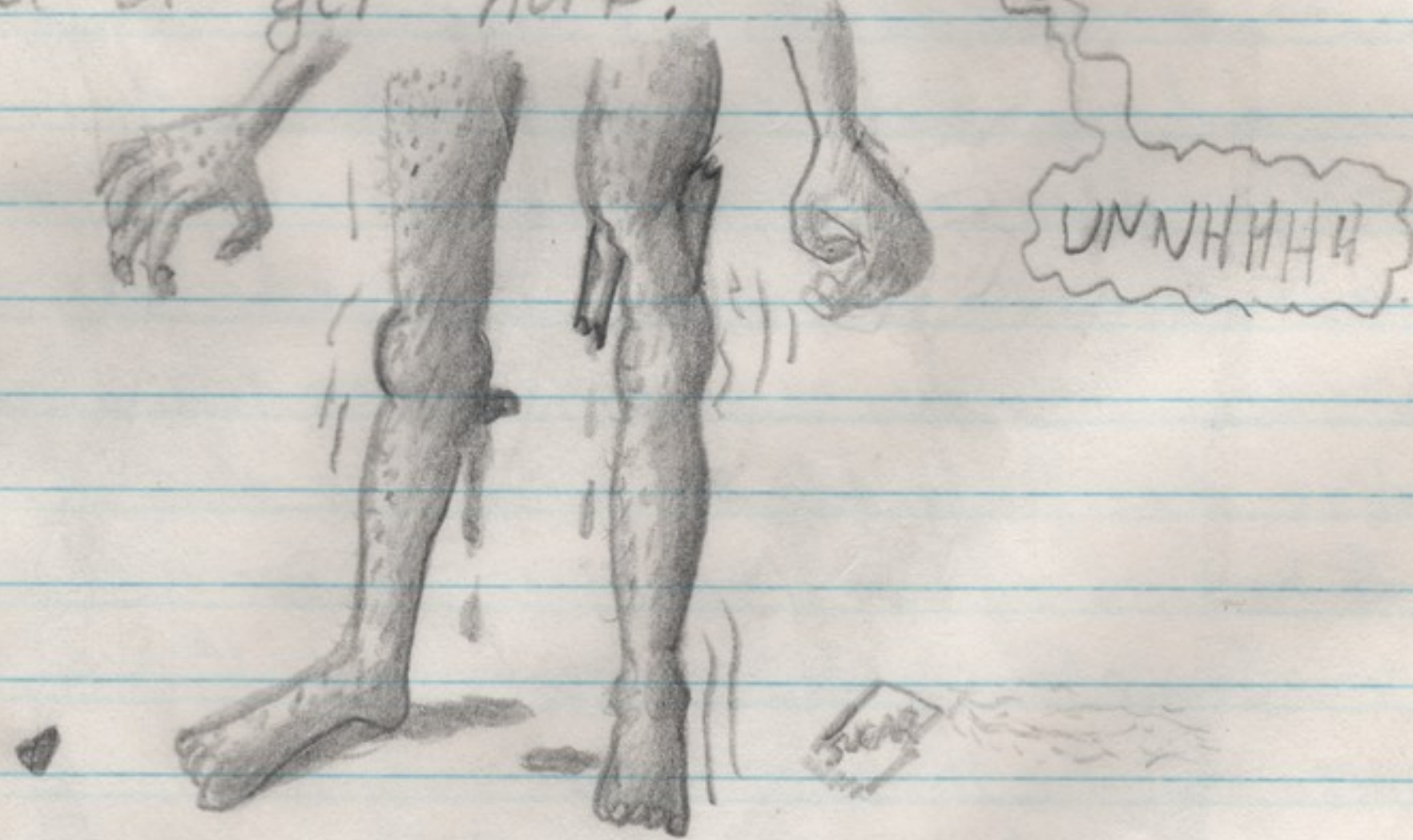
"The detective was Gumbo and I am Brooke Shields"

"So am I"

"And I was in on it all along. Along with two others, who, for now shall remain nameless"

JUAN I
Geo 37
THE ARTIST

It ain't nice to put sugar in peoples gas tanks.
Take heed or get hurt.



I MEAN
IT.

'Nuff
said!

Where is FLOG #31???

I must have it returned to glass

Case - MORLA the Ancient one

Let it be known that on the 7th day of the 12th month in the year 1985, Cliff Picus ~~is~~ shall henceforth be known as

"Pike"

ask him to talk politics. Go 'head. I dare you.

P.S. DON'T SAY "CONSPIRACY." Oh, YOU SAID IT!

J 12
A 7
1985

Zeus: So you are the voice of truth, hey?

I've seen a lot of "truth" in my life.

Kind truth, cruel truth, half-truth, to tell the truth, etc... It seems as though there are some people who feel truth is what you hear from other people. Sometimes it is. But [to quote the inimitable George Chin] the other consideration...

Zeus your entry was base, cruel and even if just designed to create a reaction you just might as well bite somebody or kick their shin for all the sophistication or good that you can expect to come of it.

Being secret is one thing, being constructive is one thing. One does not necessarily connote the other.

J A Meese

"It's not just how you finish something, what really counts is the polish"

Homer Formby

P.S.

A salute to George Chin! Come on out again. Always and ever a unique personality!
Hurrah!

J

12/7/85

9:10 PM

More of RIO:

We shouldn't have been there, but I was the only one who was worried. Public Safety is not very understanding about such things. "We were just looking for a place to study," Tamar would say, and Rob would whine "The door was open! It was!" And then they would carry us off in handcuffs. It would have been better that way perhaps.

The building was deserted. We walked the halls, looking for a room to study in. The fluorescent bulbs stared brightly down on us, their light was uncaring.

The doors on the basement were locked. "These are all tabs," Tamar remarked, "We'll find some classrooms upstairs."

"I don't know..." I whined.

"Oh, come on, Toast," said Rob.

And so we found the elevator. Brightly lit, as they all are, ever so happy to take us to our destinies. Rob pushed the button labeled 2. It blinked on and off. He tried again. It didn't stay lit. He muttered something under his breath and pressed 3. Heavyness followed by lightheadedness, and the doors opened to the third floor.

All of the classrooms were locked. "Let's go to the library or something," I suggested, "anyplace but here." But today was not my day for convincing people.

We came across a table, with a couple of chairs, and a sofa nearby. Tamar and I

took the table.

Studying, I feel, should best be done in bed, listening to Moody Blues while downing quarts of sugar free Iced Tea. Its more fun that way. Sitting in a ugly chair, eating noxious munchies is not my idea of a good time. Having to study made things worse. But realizing that if I quit, so would my friends, I held out for their sake. For all of about an hour.

"Rob?"

"What Toast?"

"Why is there a sofa in the middle of this hall?"

"So we can steal it for the Forum!", cheered Tanny.

"No, really. Could they have used it for some experiment. Like, maybe its radioactive..."

Rob jumped about five feet into the air. He looked at me with death in his eyes. "Very funny, Toast. Don't be silly."

"But how about the chairs and tables..." I was enjoying this.

"You don't really believe that, do ya?", said Tam, smiling.

"Oh well," I smiled, looking back to the computer sheet that was looking more and more like gibberish.

"Why couldn't we get up to the 2nd floor?", asked Rob.

"They might have some dangerous chemicals up there," Tamar answered.

"Lets find out," he suggested.

"I'd rather not. Besides, the elevators won't go there."

"We'll take the stairs."

"The doors will be locked."

"So were the front doors." We laughed.

The stairway door opened to a dark hall. We went down slowly. None of the doors were open, and no light shone from beneath them.

Tamar whispered "Heres one thats ajar."

"Doesn't look like a jar to me." I answered.

She opened it and went in, followed by Rob. I waited outside until he said "Come on, Toast." I entered.

There was enough ghostly night-light to see, just barely. It was obvious that this was a lab of some kind. I nudged a table and something shattered on the floor. "Shit!" It was just a glass dish.

"Be quiet" hissed Tamar. She was looking at bottles of chemicals, trying to read the labels in the dim light. "There should be some alcohol somewhere"

"Oh wow, look at the mice" said Rob. He opened up a cage to stroke one.

"Cute," I agreed, stroking it. "Put it back now." He started to, but suddenly drew his hand back. "Shit! The little fuck bit me! Shit!"

He put his finger in his mouth and sucked it.

"Wash it out in the sink," said Tamar. She led him over to the basin, and turned on the faucet.

"Thanks."

"Can we leave yet? I don't like this place."

"Go ahead. We'll be right with you."

I walked out and found a water fountain. There was a trash can by the stairway that had a sign on it that said

"Place contaminated materials here." Nice. I
blew my nose, and tossed the tissue into it. I didn't
want to be alone, so I started back to the lab.
Outside the door, was a sign with a pretty design,
and a word that was hard to make out in the darkness.

"B...I...O...H...A...Z... Biohazard?"

"Hey guys, check this out."

"Biohazard? Come on, Toast, they wouldn't leave
this stuff out in the open if it was dangerous."

"Rob, we went through 3 doors that were supposed
to be locked."

"Then, I guess we better leave..."

The studying was shot. So we just went
back to the Forum. Rob felt tired, he's up in
his room now. Tammys out with Chris, Charles
and Morgana. And I'm here writing this.

Shit I'm tired. And the fucking munchies
gave me indigestion.

Why is it so hot in here?

Toast

8512.07

22:30

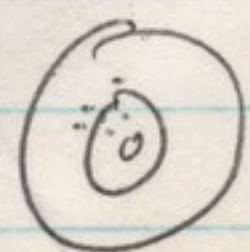
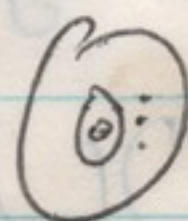
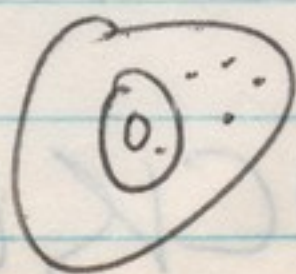
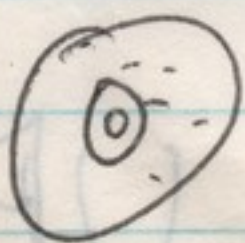
#275

GJHC

Due to unforeseen circumstances, Jeff and I
are making a repeat visit to the range. Conditions
as before. High Noon at the Chandler "Estate"
tomorrow.

George Jung / Ming Chin

P.S.: For you, Cliff: 陈中 11077!



Jam: If I say a mass murderer is bad, am I being cruel? I spoke against revenge - is that cruel? I named examples of good people as models; cruel? Base? Cursing? Read the recent log entries that I criticize. I didn't put any emphasis on "truth" as if I was a prophet - I meant I don't lie. The entry may or may not be constructive - was your criticism of me constructive?

It seems as if you read the beginning of my entry and then the end - or you were in a bad mood. Read it with a smile.

Remember, I'm talking about bad qualities of people, not bad people. But still don't defend those that hurt others - even if it is me.

- Kerry

12/8

11:00 am came down to find a book and the door was not closed properly. I don't know who was the last person in here but please make sure you lock the door and check it if you intend to leave.

Victor

P.S. - yes. I waited here for about 30 min. to see anyone would come back and no one did.

(By) Stefan 12/8/85

Whew, pant-pant. Ahhh! My 10 page history-of-science-Magazines paper is 99%+100% done. All I need to do now is find the note-sources. After today, I only have 1 1/2 papers to go!

DO YOU BUCKLE UP? ⁴ ₃

The secret to writing a paper:

Write the conclusion FIRST. Then fit the analysis/data in the body to what you've already written. This is patch-simpo with a word processor.

JEFF: I will bring money to the meeting, and make a couple of cakes as well (GOLL-eee!).

COLLIE BUGGERERS

OF
GORP



Get another attention-getting device. Focus, please clean up your messes, huh? Morgan, the magazines you said you left out are still on the pink couch. A pizza box is jammed in the corner providing FUFFY-FODDER. Bags, bottles, and books litter the desk.

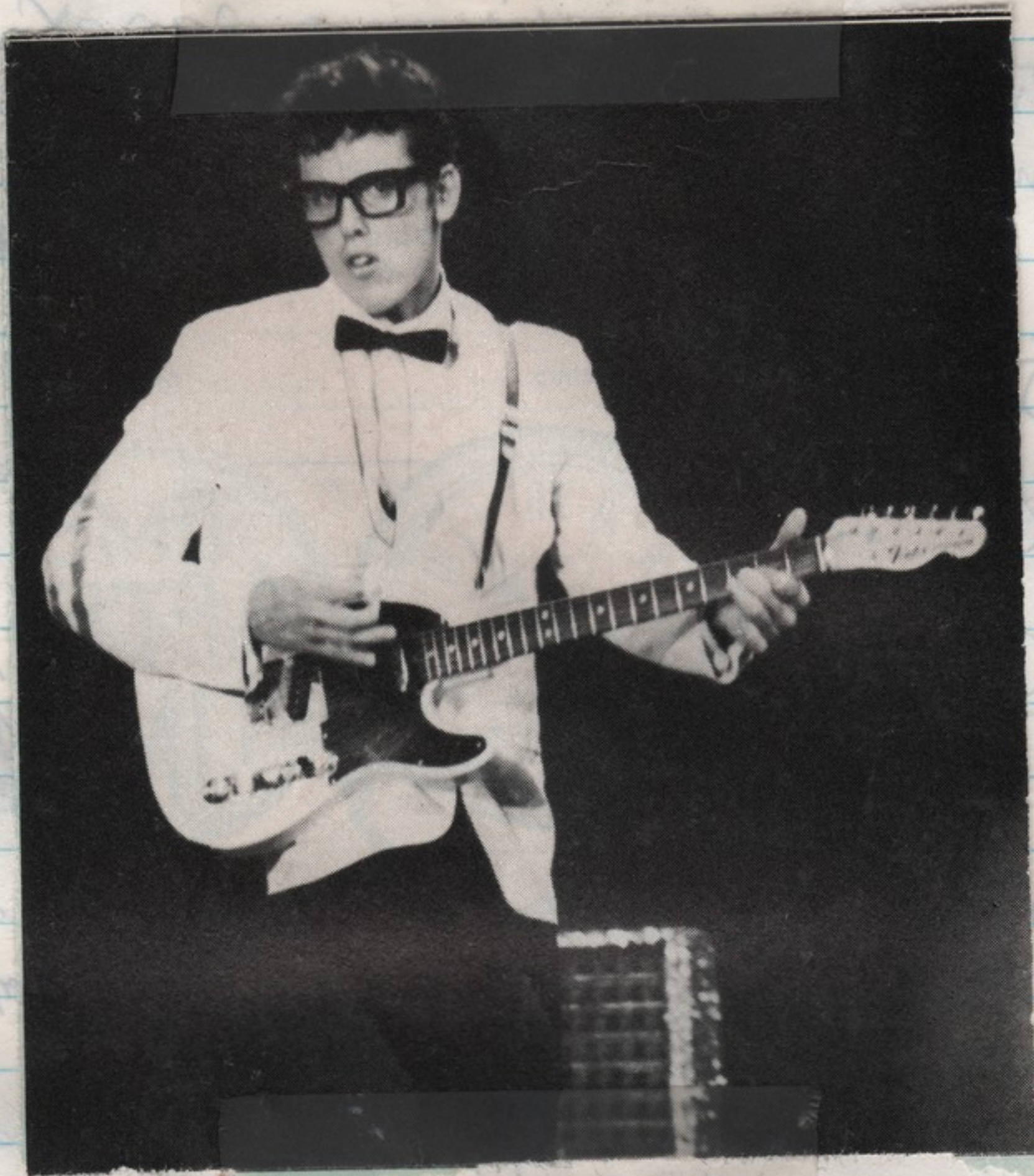
Do you remember? I do. I remember many things. Lotsa thing. Holy Toledo do I remember things.

Do You REMEMBE

JAMES LIANG? DO YOU

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO

HIM? → → → →



JAMES AT 18 17 18

J

12/18/85

12:38AM

Watching

Yellow

Submarine
at Home

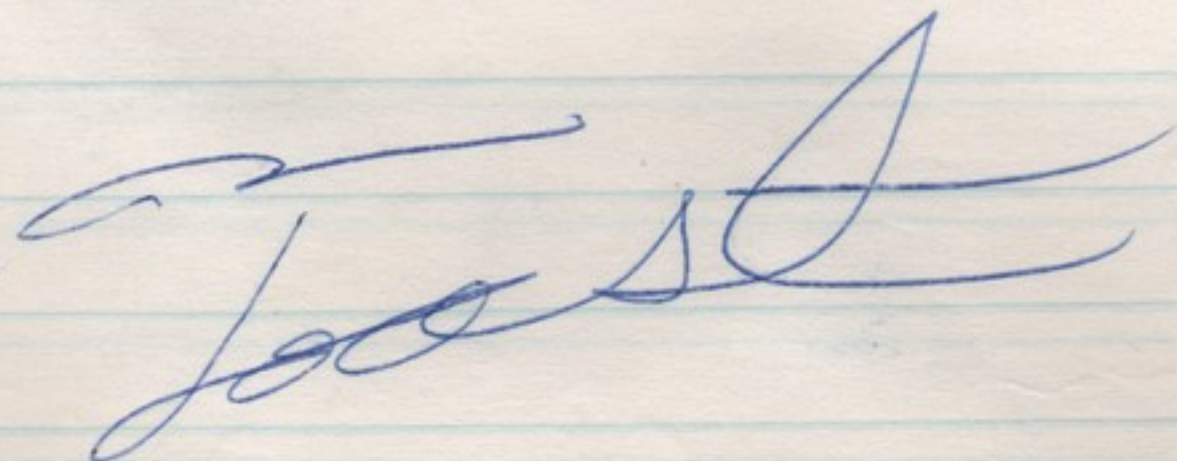
The following Log Entry is Highly Offensive.
It contains explicit Sex, Violence, and Horror.
Some people may be offended.

Tamar and Morgana: This piece is to be
taken lightly. I have no wish to
offend either of you two good friends.
I don't really want to sleep with you.
(any more HEH HEH HEH!). Still Friends?

Joy: If you see this, sorry. Take it in
the spirit it is intended. (I don't want
to sleep with you either.)

All: Consider the source: A poor troll without
much sleep, with a big headache, and a sore throat,
after studying all day. As a literary work, I
succeeded in my goal. As an emotional therapy
it worked to settle my thoughts on the
matter. It is intended to be amusing.

Enjoy.



Nowhere's near depressed anymore.
But with a splitting headache.

For which Toast loses his virginity

J
12/7/85
10:50 AM
TRAINING
OUT

Lately I've gotten a lot of positive feedback on my creative writing. But there is one thing missing: Gratuitous Sex.

Walking from Forum to train station I had a conversation with myself.

Toast: Why no sex?

Writer: Because I don't have enough firsthand experience to write about it.

Toast: Well you've read enough smut to make a stab at it.

Writer: I don't think so.

Toast: Try. I'll be the main character.

Writer: And let me do the hard work?

Very well...

It was a lonely day at the Forum. No one was around, except for Toast. Toast was depressed.

"I'm so depressed", said Toast. "I want to get laid."

Suddenly there was the sound of quick footsteps. A door opened, and suddenly Taming was in the Forum. (After all, this is Science Fiction)

She undid her vest and sweatshirt. "Toast, I've been waiting for this a long time." She started to unbutton her shirt, and Toast let out a moan and passed out.

"Damn, I forgot that he said he had a low pleasure tolerance."

Toast: Well that wasn't very much fun.
Writer: You don't understand, it wouldn't have worked. The characterization was wrong. It would have been too much like masturbation.

Toast: What's wrong with that?

Writer: No one wants to read it.

Toast: Oh. Then just make up a character like: Theba, the most perfect fuck in the universe?

Writer: No. All my characters are based on real people, or people I've read about. I don't know any ~~who~~ who would fuck you.

Toast: Yeah, who would be kinky enough to screw MY brains out?

Writer: Oh Kinky! That's something I forgot. Hold on.

Toast woke up on the ugly couch, with a distinct feeling of depression. Morgana walked in, carrying her riding crop.

"I have ways of making you talk..." she started, but Toast had fainted.

She thought about doing it anyway, but decided it wasn't worth the trouble.

Toast: Sorry, that's too Kinky.

Writer: That's your fault.

Toast: Please try again, I'm desperate.

Writer: Desperate, ok, but you'll be sorry.

Toast awoke again. He felt really depressed.

"STAAAR TRAAK!" Said Joy, taking off her clothes.

Toast felt a blood vessel burst in his brain, then darkness.

Writer: Toast? Toast? Oh well, I guess that was a little mean of me. I'll try again with a new main character, but, gentle reader, it will not be pretty.

"Transporter room," said Spock. He was going to do research on the sex lives of the members of the Science Fiction Forum, about 6 years before they all succumbed to Venereal Disease in 1991. Captain Kirk had been doing the research, until he was brought into Sickbay bleeding and bruised with numerous welts. All that he could say is "Morgasm... Morgasm." He checked his Tricorder for the next one on his list: Someone with the curious name of Toast, who died in 1985, after having the best and only sex in his short life.

"Energise, Mr. Scott," He felt the tingling effect, and found himself in a library. There was a fat girl begging vainly of the belt of a reclining fat man, who had a rictus of anguish on his face.

"Excuse me", said Spock, "I'm looking for a Mr. Toast. Have you seen him?"

The girl screamed. "That's him on the couch. He's dead, but that's O.K., he didn't like STAAR TRAAK." She resumed tugging.

"Fascinating," he said. But Toast was dead, and didn't look as if he died in the throes of pleasure. A paradox caused by the interference of the Enterprise crew perhaps. Well, no offspring would have resulted, so the future would not be changed too much.

There was something about the girl, though, that fascinated him. If only he wasn't so close to Ponn Farr.

"Hey, you're Mr. Spock from STAAR TRAAK!", Joy said, removing her dress, revealing the pasty whiteness within. She started to undress Spock.

"Wow! It's forked!"

Spock could not stop himself from becoming aroused. They embraced, thrusting.

"STAAR TRAAK!" Joy said as she climaxed.

"JIM!", cried Spock.

They disentangled. As Spock dressed, Joy rummaged through her purse for a cigarette, before she realized she was too young to smoke. Instead she pulled out a stick of Beef Jerky, and a carrot for Spock, who she remembered was a vegetarian. She wiped the green goo from her legs.

Toast: Oh my head...
Writer: Back again? Want some more?
Toast: If that's what it's like, I'd rather be a virgin.
Writer: Wait, I'm not done yet...

Bones looked at the medical scanner, and
chortled.
"Spock, remember that research trip to Earth
you took. Well you brought home a souvenir."
"Doctor McCoy, what are you talking about?"
"You picked up Vegan Testicular Porosis. The
same strain that Jim had before. You should
have checked that list more carefully."

Jay looked at the 2 Starfleet insignias on
her wall. "STAR TRAK"

Toast: Oh God,
Writer: Arent you happy you don't have
to put up with that shit yet.
Toast: Yeah really. I don't think I could
handle it anyway. Oh well.
Writer: Well, at least I can't say I've
never written a sex scene before. How
was that for horror?

TOASTED
to a
Crisp.

12/8/85

7:50PM

Toast: Excellent story, excellent
humor! The Doctor

AS

12/8

TOAST: DEFINITELY AMUSING. GOOD THING YOU WROTE
THAT DISCLAIMER, THOUGH. GREAT ENTRY!
COMIC-FANS: Wow! "PARIAH", THE LATEST DAREDEVIL BY
MILLER IS OUT. ONE OF THE BEST COMICS I'VE EVER
SEEN. NEXT ISSUE PROMISES TO BE EVEN BETTER.
(AND NO, I'M NOT GONNA BE DONATING THE ISSUES.
I DID SO WITH THE FIRST ONE UNDER THE ASSUMPTION
THAT THE STORY WOULD BE JUST TWO ISSUES LONG.
IT'S GONNA BE FOUR. SORRY. BUT BY THEM YOURSELF.
WELL WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.)

TIME TO STUDY
GOTTA RUN

Daniel Fitzgerald

Dec 8 10:55

Toast-

A low pleasure tolerance is nothing to
be ashamed of. It merely makes it
easier to have fun. Increase daily dosages
until you develop a higher tolerance. Try
slapping yourself once a day. Wear burlop
underwear. Watch STAR TRAK. You know,
real fun.

Take care.

By
Toast

(BY) Stefan

Yavugh! This place is DISGUSTING!
There's a rapidly becheesing carton of
G-CM* on the desk (hmmm... a cat just
walked in. Shau I? Nawn!), newspapers
and toilet paper on the floor. Ohh,
it just makes me mahhd-Mahhd-ohh.

To the greasy Blintz who left the
Star Trek books lying around the chair
where she read them: shape up you scab.
Just because everybody else is a scab and
disrespectful of property doesn't mean you
have to be.

TOAST: Nice story. Beware.
WORKING UNDER PRESSURE is no
fun, but it works. "If you want to get
something done, give it to a busy person."
My GPA for last semester (18 credits) was ~~at~~
higher than this fall's will (12 credits) be.
Whee! Deedie-Deebee-Pthppp.

DOES ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~everyone~~ around here have
any spunk, chutzpah, ambition? The chain
novels and expeditions to the RCA site are
fine, but let's do something interesting and
permanant (and preferably profitable).

WOW! Video cassette recorders are
the latest thing in great woman's paradise.
Blank tapes cost \$60-70! Moscow video
shops carry propaganda and 30-year old

*George Chin Milk.

Hollywood monster-musicals. As a result, boot-legged tapes from the west are in great demand. BELOW list your "smuggling list" of tapes you'd like to bring to Moscow ["First Blood" and "RAMBO" are already big sellers]. ONLY 1-3 per person

Movies for Moscow!

1. Back to the Future
2. 2010 (Ngah-hah-hah!)
3. Repo Man
4. a Clockwork Orange
5. Stop Making Sense
6. Rocky Horror
7. Santa Claus Conquers the Martians (!)
8. ~~Star Wars~~ Star Wars
9. The Wizard of Oz
10. Fantasia (after we get it); also the rest of the Disney catalogue... until the 1970's

13. Bonnie Raiton's Nuclear workout tape
 - CIA
 - CM
 - NYC

By the way

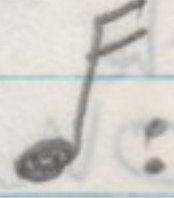
Tamar Thank, thank thank. You're really sweet I owe you more than one! I just hope that Mikey likes it.

I had the worst nightmare last night. It was another one of these apocalyptic "hell" dreams.

You know the feeling - you're wandering about. Then all of a sudden I was sealed (were talking with double-triple barreled locks, barbed wire, and blottoh irsky German shepherds nose folks) in a chamber with the ~~most~~ insufferable one. And he wouldn't shut up.

More later

It's 1:37 PM and the FORUM IS STILL ON



A
MESS

Bring Money or a list
OF what you plan to

DONATE TO THE PARTY

to tomorrow's MEETING!

SUGGESTIONS:

1. Soda. CUPS.
2. ICE CREAM. CUPS. SPOONS. NAPKINS.
3. MUNCHIES (Salty)
4. MUNCHIES (Sweet)
5. TOPPINGs FOR #20
Pineapple, chips, syrup, cream, etc.
6. pies, cake (I'll make a couple).

NOTE: I DON'T have lice. (How the hell
did that get started?)

Note: I will bring 1 gallon of
vanilla ice cream - Rob
and some soda

Kevin - I TRIED TO GET A HOLD OF YOU
SO I COULD TYPE THAT PAPER. SORRY
I MISSED YOU. IM IN LUNCH NOW,
WILL CHECK IN A FEW MORE TIMES.
FIND ME IF YOU STILL NEED IT DONE.

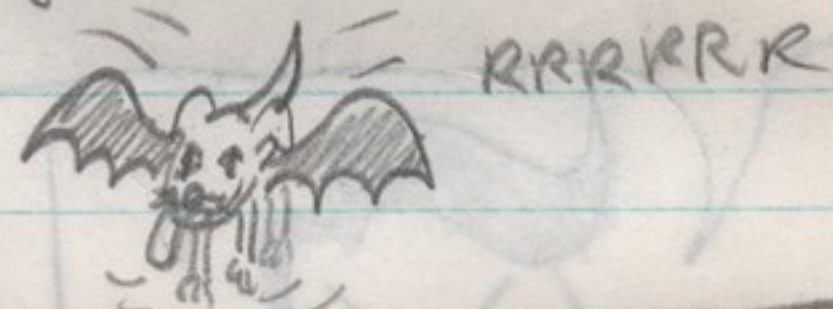
TO ANY WHO STUDY - (esp. TOAST ROBA,
GEO?) TONIGHT - SAME BAT TIME, SAME
BAT CHANNEL?

be back soon -

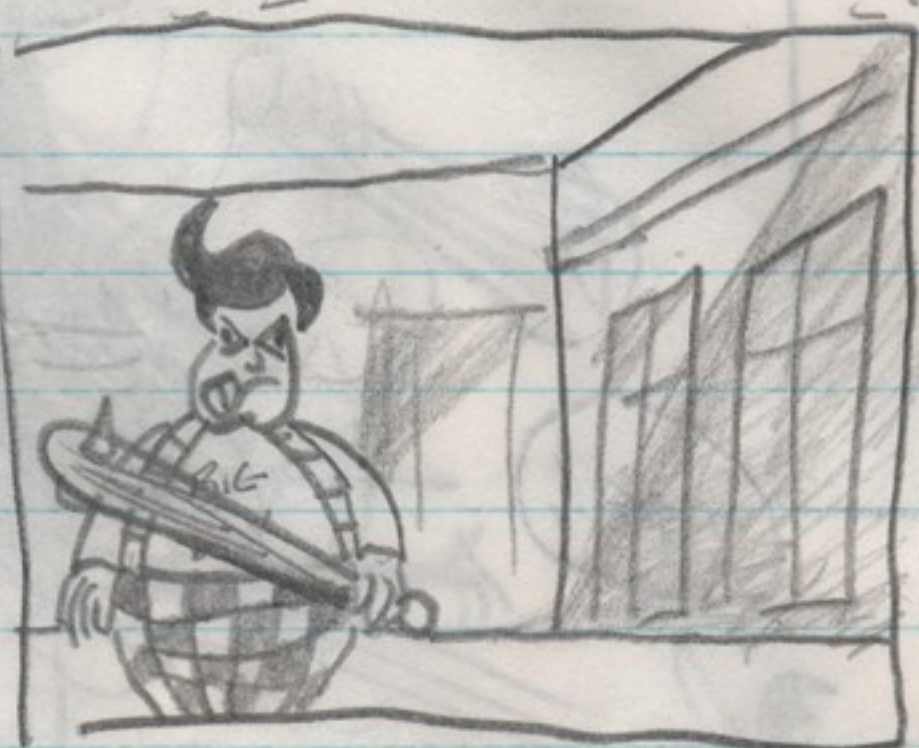
circled signature



... AND BRUNO his
obnoxious dog-bat



ONE FINE DAY, BAT GUY
AND HIS DOG BRUNO
WERE GOING TO
CLASS. THEN ALL
OF A SUDDEN...
THEY SAW
BOG BOY!

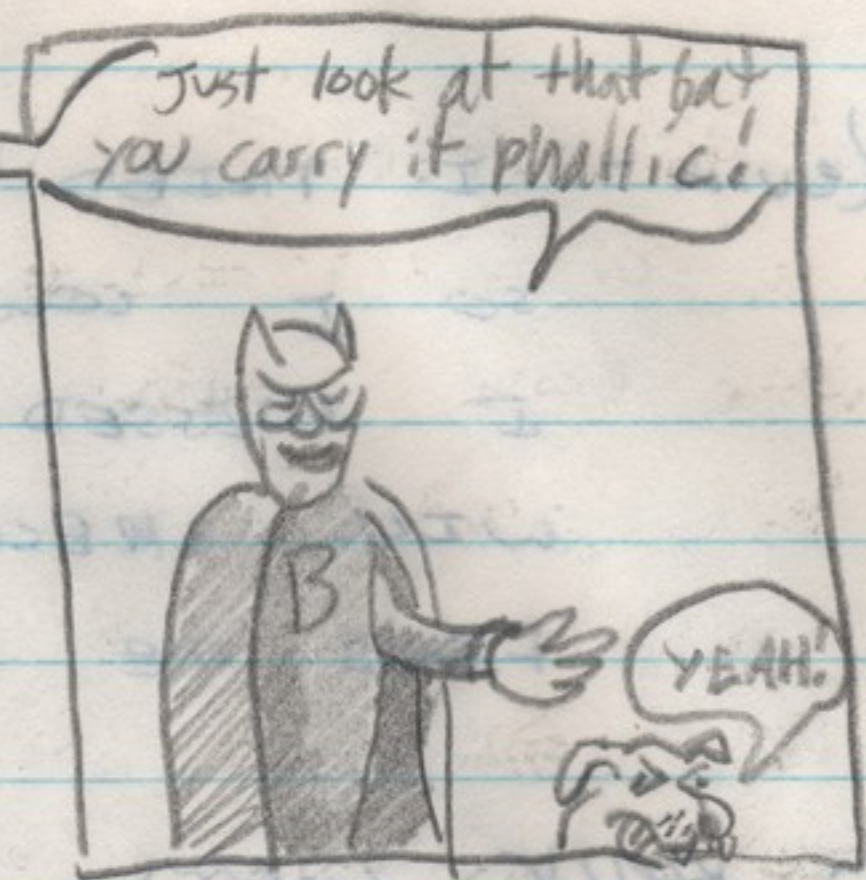
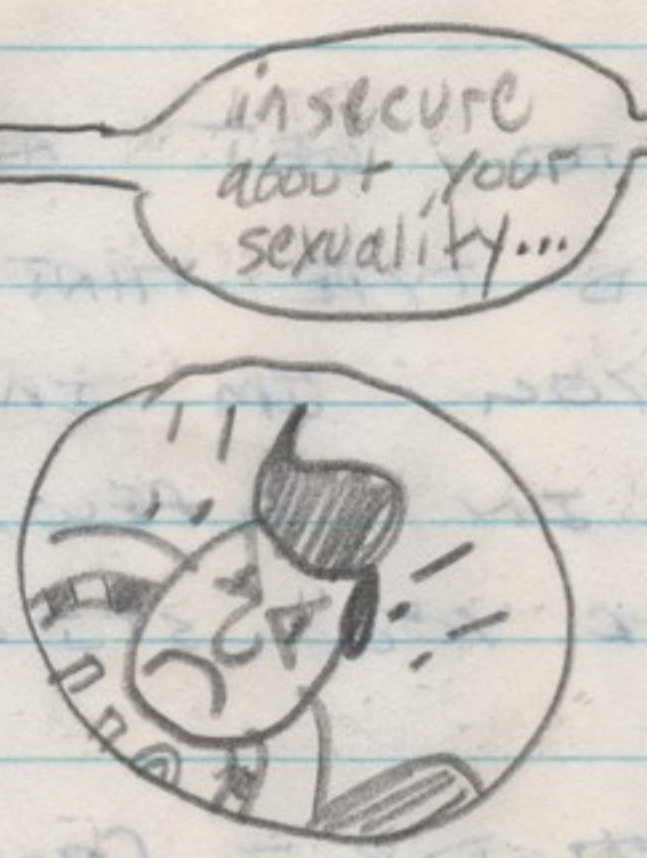


WHAT THE
HELL ARE
YOU? SOME
KIND OF
50'S REJECT,
OF SOMETHING

OH YEAH! WELL WHATRE
YOU? A DROPOUT FROM
ONE OF THOSE UNDERDOG
RIPOFFS?

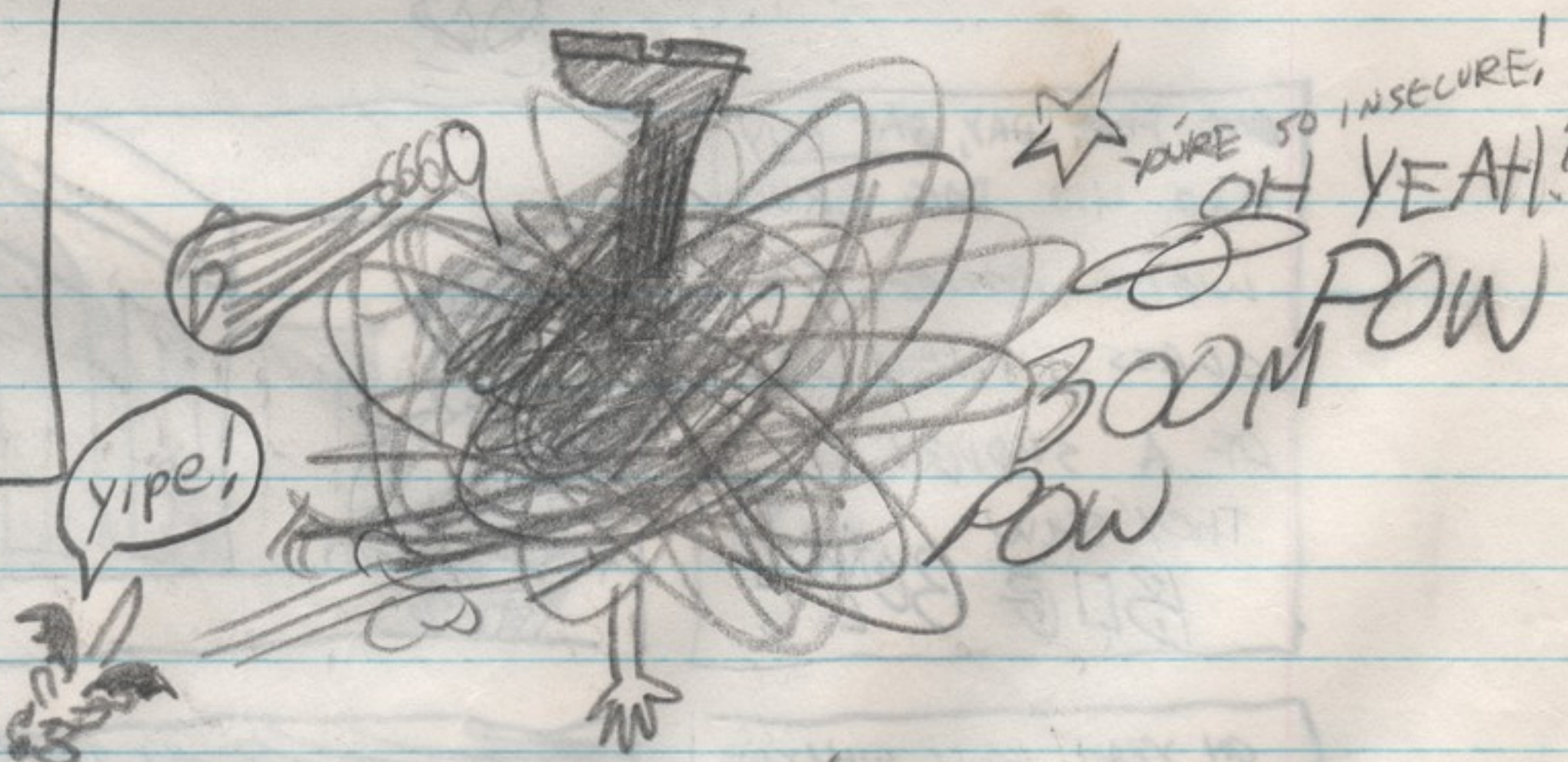


I'M A
REAL MAN
A NIHILIST TO
MY EARTH SIZED
CORE. I DONT
NEED AN ARTSY-FARTSY
REASON TO EXIST.
I AM.



BUT THE BIG BOY
GETS **MAD***
*as Hell!

I HATE FREUDIAN BULL-
SHIT! YOU ARTSY PANSIES ARE
FULL OF IT! ENOUGH TALK!



WITH BAT GUY LEFT UNCONCIOUS BIG BOY GOES
AFTER BRUNO (THE BAT-DOG)!



WELL FOLKS I JUST HAD TO GET THAT OUT OF MY SYSTEM. WE NEED A RETURN TO OLD VALUES WHEN MEN WERE MEN. WHEN A GUY COULD MAKE A WHOLE PHYLUM OF LIFE EXTINCT JUST FOR AN AFTER DINNER SNACK. THOSE WERE THE DAYS. GUYS HAD BELLIES GOD-KNOWS-HOW-BIG AND WERE PROUD REALLY PROUD OF IT.

GUYS USED TO CHOP DOWN A WHOLE FOREST JUST TO BUILD A LOG CABIN. RETURN TO THOSE DAYS OF BIG BOYS WHO BELCHED AFTER MEALS AND DIDNT SAY 'SCUSE ME. THOSE WERE THE DAYS. THESE ARE THE GUYS JULIE BROWN USED TO SING ABOUT.

WHAT KIND OF GUYS DO WE HAVE NOW? WHIMPS, PENCIL NEURED GEEKS. SO BIG A BOY WILL REMEDY THIS BY RETURNING TO THE PAGES OF THE LOG

LONG
LIVE
BIG BOY!



12/9/85
4:10 PM
Howard
Ω

Gary, JAM, Ralph: Are there any plans for this week's show? If not, do you want to try a live show, since we'll all be around for the party, anyway? Let me know what you think. Also, for 12/20 show, how about seeing Enemy Mine: that day (matinee) and coming in that afternoon/evening to record a review?

HOWARD / JAM - How 'BOUT DOING THE ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION OF TZ AMAZING STORIES + HITCHCOCK? IT GOT PUT ON THE SHELF A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO.

MIKE
N

AWWWW. ^{SOB} The Zeus is dead. Down the hall, rolling, litze a demonic beach-ball; NAY! 'Tis the spirit of boredom past! ACK! (BLEAH) (PTUI)... Any Odins in the house? Have thunderbolts if you've got the gill.

TEE-HEE!

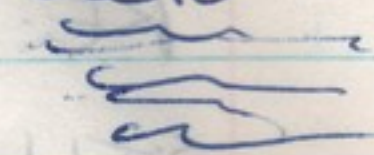
Promethean gizzard anyone? JAM, you missed the point. Insults can be fun among friends. Be bold, be creative; call some stranger a "Purple spotted Falwellian Googie monger!"

THAT-TRULY-REALY-REALY O' NORMAL GUY

Huji Erik Trochitanye ☺

12/9/85

IN THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS, A FILK FOR GY
WHO HAS BEEN A VERY GOOD BOY THIS YEAR.

PS, Santa wants:
magnums
whippets
acid


GARY THE SNOW MAN

GARY THE SNOW MAN

WAS A JOLLY, HAPPY GUY,

WITH A CLOVE FILLED PIPE

AND SOME PAISELY CLOTHES

AND A FLUORESCENT TIE

(4 syllables)

GARY THE SNOW MAN

WAS A BRIGHT, YOUNG GRAD STUDENT

TO UNLOCK HIS MIND

AND SEE WHAT HE'D FIND

TO THE BIG CITY HE WENT

HE WANDERED 'ROUND THE STREETS OF TOWN

TO FIND SOME DRUGS TO BUY

NEAR A CRUMBLING WALL HE TOOK THEM ALL

AND REACHED AN ALL NEW HIGH

BYE!

NOW, GARY THE SNOW MAN

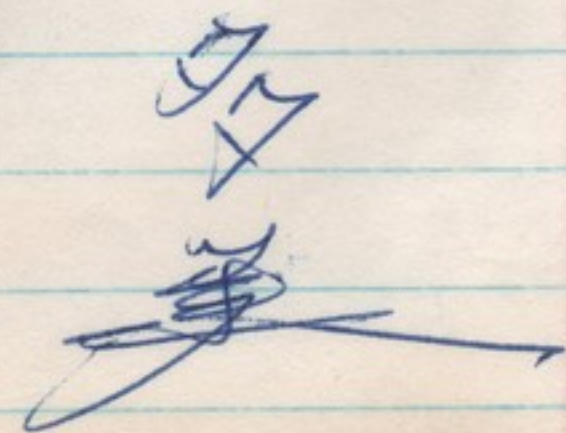
TOUCHES DOWN OCCASIONALLY

WITH HIS VACANT EYES

AND SOME TATTERED TIES

HE EXPLORES INSANITY.

COMAR



2/10/15

12/9 HEY, STEFAN! I AM ABOUT TO SHUT DOWN A LOT OF MENTAL CIRCUITRY IN PREPARATION FOR FINALS. BEFORE I DISAPPEAR FOR INTERSESSION, I'D LIKE TO KNOW SOME STUFF ABOUT I-CON, RE: GAMING. SPEAK TO ME WHILE I AM STILL SENTIENT. I WILL BE AROUND FOR THE MEETING. AFTER THAT, THOUGH, ~~MY~~ MY SELF-PURGE PROGRAM WILL BE COMMITTED.

INTO THE HEART OF CHAOS,
Daniel Fitzgerald

PARTY PARTY PARTY

DONATE MONEY
STUFF
FOOD

TELL ME FIRST

OR NO PARTY

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE

FRIDAY THE 13TH PARTY COMMITTEE
OF 1

JEFF

QOOC

Kevin: Your Nice And TIGHT There,

TAMAR: I'M ALWAYS TIGHT There

JEFF

(BY)

STEFAN

TWO papers down, one to go. I finished my Religion & Science course's paper last night, whilst watching Irwin Allen's Alice in Wonderland. There are NO (nada. 0. zilch) references in the thing. I intend to go over the scribble and add them, in pencil.

MORAL: Avoid classes with Pat Heelan. He may be smart and know Heisenberg and Schroedinger, but he's DULL.

Dan F: If you want, come to the I-CON meeting (6:45, upstairs in rm. 223 of the Onion). At the moment, gaming is ON, and will probably be held in the computer college. If you want gaming to be a big thing we'll dump it on your lap and say "go!"

Quick change to INK.

Heard a report this morning on the controversy surrounding HUMAN MEAT. At one time, of course, our ancestral grandmas went into estrous. When did we switch over to today's any-time-you-want-it system? Or more importantly, why? According to traditional theory, women changed in order →

EEK!
The Prap
is CLEAN!

to have something to offer hunters as they tramped into town with a pack of shaggy zebras. This theory states that this system led to monogamy, with its inherent moral system (No adultery, homo-sexuality, masturbation, bestiality or hot tubs) and Phyllis Schaffley.

A new school, consisting of mostly women anthropologists, have looked at pygmy chimps and tribes of primitive conservatives living in Delaware and concluded that the change was due to the adoption of the missionary position (they called it "ventral to ventral") and the ability to make hand and facial gestures. These new forms of communication allowed females to indicate when they were "ready". This made the godawful smelly mess of estrous obsolete since then human sex has been constant.



badly
drawn
hand

This Bizarre News Item

is another in a

series of WORLDMAKER

Presentations for tomorrow's

SF WRITERS.

(seriously: Consider the implications of the above. Alien or evolved-animal non-humans might work differently than us. Why ~~are~~ are ~~the~~ wolves and certain types of birds monogamous? Why do a lot of humans try not to be? Why am I sitting here when class begins in five minutes?)

12/10/85

11:00 am

Yes, Brian asked for this one. A general forumite
christmas carol, to the tune of
"Chestnuts roasting on an open fire."

Stephan's working on his programming
bot win's just come through the door,
Sean doesn't seem to have his big gulp now,
And god knows who's sprawled on the floor,
Now whose at the door?

JAM, Gary, and Ralph are making
plans for I-CON FIVE next year,
Just about all are making fun of Joy
squaking "STAR TRAK" loud and clear

We know that Brian's on his way
we don't know what he'll wind up wearing, but he'll say
"That's really great, man." Then his famous laugh we'll hear.
It's so great to know that you can find him here.

Toast, morgana, and chris talk of sex
So you'll soon find Jeff Warner near,
Kevin holds Lisa, watch her blush bright pink
And Cliff is inscrutable but dear,
Aren't you glad you're here?

The forum is the place to be
to talk with a good friend or two
Although its been said many times,
many ways,
let the Forum
Sci-fi forum
be with you.

Tanor
[Signature]

10 December/ Jamar: Good folks. Enter "DAKA Dinner"
BSA [scribble] Stefan: Huh? Est-ce que c'est for real, or

what?! (If so, who do I mutilate and/or
laugh at?) (If not, why be so un-drollly
silly?)

TOAST: To quote some sage or other (re-story)
«TEE-HEE!»

And now to the long (?) and boring (you'll
think so, ~~for~~ ^{far} ~~far~~).

Let us, my children and kindred spirits,
examine humor. (No, I mythology freaks and
historical buffs, not the four humors of life!)
What is humor?

We might start with a concept proposed by
one of our own (as it were), Robert A. Heinlein.
He suggests that laughter (which we may observe
to be the result of successful humor) is the
defining characteristic of the human race. Working
backwards, he says "the pratfall is the peak
of all humor." Maybe not completely true, but
how wrong is it?

In essence, then, we can say that humor
is an attempt to isolate something hurtful and/or
to exaggerate it in order that the pain be
lessened. Or diverted, more often. And there,
childs, is the rub.

Have any of you ever noticed that the
single most appreciated performance of a person
— be he/she/it ferumite or no — by any of us
here in the Forum is good humor. That is,
that which makes us laugh.

I am not putting down humor. I myself

am constantly searching for it both in literature (art) and life — you will have noticed the incessant torrent of bad jokes — but lately it has been brought to my attention that some humor is getting out of hand.

Who and what is the target of your humor? (Subtle hint: if it's not a Formite or a Stony Brook institution or a political figure of some kind, I am surprised.) There are two conditions under which you will be poking fun at your target:

① You (plural) enjoy a relationship in which you are each aware that any jokes made one about the other are not intended maliciously. In this case, the jokes are likely to be made in the company of their target and ~~probably~~ will be on subjects acceptable to the target. If asked to stop, the joke-teller will do so.

② The target of the jokes is truly disliked by their teller. In this case, there is no mercy, no subject taboo. I need not suggest examples — you know the type I mean. ~~Enough~~, Many of this type of joke are funnier and more hurtful — and, yes, more truthful — than are friendly jokes.

I think that perhaps what is bothering me is twofold. First, it seems that the people who tell the second type of joke altogether too rarely do so in the presence of (or to the face of) their target. Further, ~~that~~ when — if ever — they are asked to stop ^{joking} and/or to speak seriously in an attempt to understand the pain they so indiscriminately (or, worse, knowingly and deliberately) distribute, they cannot or will not do so.

Secondly, I am bothered by the fact that I have been of this second type of joke-teller too often of late.

To those — many — who deserve it — I am sorry.

To all of you: Is your conscience dirty? Or is it nonexistent? (Or are you ~~still~~ ~~there~~ ~~St. JAM~~? [didn't G.B. Shaw write about you?...])

You can laugh at me now.

Bruce
JA

OBITUARIES

Walter B. Gibson, 'Shadow' Creator

Kingston, N.Y. (AP) — Walter B. Gibson, 88, a magician and pulp novel writer who created the mysterious crime fighter the "Shadow," died Friday at Benedictine Hospital.

Gibson, who had suffered a stroke on Nov. 7, died about 5 a.m., according to his wife, Litzka.

He wrote 283 "Shadow" novels under the pen name "Maxwell Grant" during the height of the popularity of pulp novels and magazines in the 1930s and 1940s. The character gained fame and a cult-like following after it was adapted for radio. The ominous introduction to each program became famous: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows."

Although Gibson was a consultant for the radio broadcasts, he did not write any "Shadow" radio scripts.

Gibson's prolific writing ability was helped by his training as a newspaper reporter in Philadelphia, where he was born in 1897.

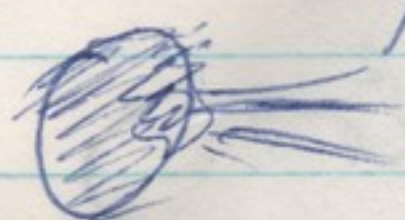
In addition to his fiction, Gibson also wrote a biography of magician and escape artist Harry Houdini, whom Gibson knew. He wrote more than 100 books in addition to the "Shadow" series.

He is survived by his wife; a son; three grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Coming Soon...

HALLEY'S COMET THE MOVIE...

Comet Extermination Company.

 Kills large Dinosaurs,
leaves small furry mammals intact.

(Caution: Extermination more often than 75 million years
may prevent the development of intelligent lifeforms. Consult
your bio-ecological engineer. Your mileage may differ. Furd)

Next: Soupflys = A booming enterprise.

Random Notes to Random People:

~~etc~~
Bruce: Have you got the experimental data 4 me?
I'll write a reply (rebuttal) on humor in my
next entry.

Jeff: One way or 'fother, I'll bring cookies.

Teasar: Unfortunately Thursday night is spent. In
the meantime, we'll do food & plot our revenge. (Heh Heh Heh)

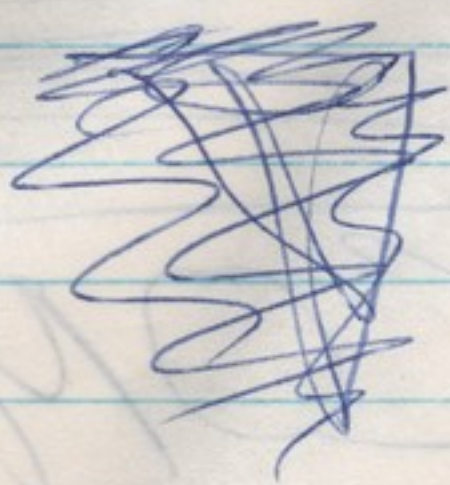
Rob ♦: Yeah, really! (That too!) With Britts. (Oh well) Sorry here.

Unovel People: Do Something!

Chris: It's living your life in a show.

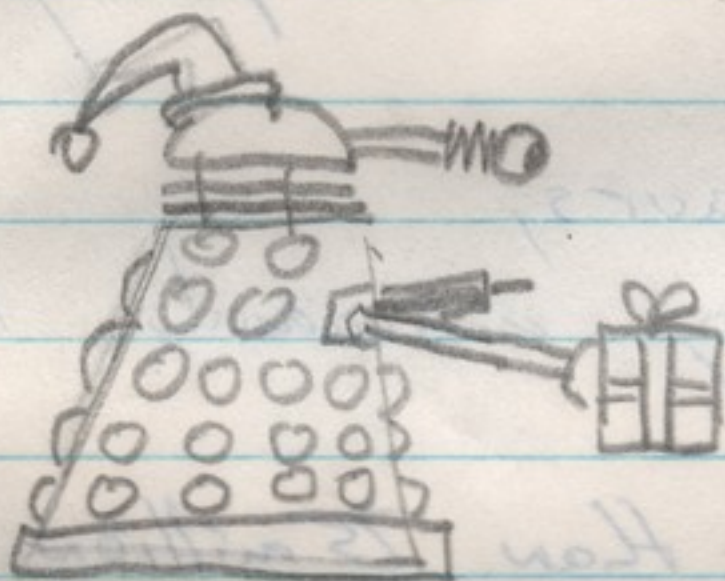
THE ANARCH

And another escapee from the Bookstore of the Mind



4:55 PM
12/10/85

Beware Daleks bearing gifts...



The Doctor

5 12
A 10
M 85

"People must change together; they must learn to know each other... we cannot hear still we ^{do} listen. We see the rain falling... Silence, ~~we~~ for us, is never silent and please understand: we're listening always."

Phyllis Frelich

"We want to love and touch as much as we want to get love and be touched. If we're deprived of love and touch we become unwilling to pay the fee of vulnerability... The cost [to care and feel] is the strength it requires to be unlovable."

Kathleen Keating

Today I found something that I thought I would not see again. It held a very special meaning to me and was very much a part of my life. It was stepped on scuffed and generally disregarded by others. At first I thought it was.

I can't think of any thing to write
-Spike

FRED REPORT

Fred Coulter
4400 Beach 44th St.
Brooklyn, NY 11224
(718) 946-2516

SUNDAY Dec. 15

GRAVITY'S RAINBOW

Call Fred for
a FREE
PASS

Q: Whats the difference between a duck?

A: one leg, or both the same.
— Rob

(By) Stefan

I wish that people would be more conscientious about putting books away. I've heard more bullshit stories (i.e. "I didn't take it out, why should I put it away?") and excuses to last a semester and a half.

IF you USE something, put it away. IF you see something out, put it away. IF you see Joey toss a book on the floor, smack her and make her put it away.

Yeoww! The red dots are missing. Has anyone seen them?

KEVIN & SANDY: We MUST arrange a time for a budget meeting. NOWW!

JEFF: C ME RE \$, TOM: ✓ IS IN DISPLAY CASE.

12/11/85 yeoww! The tape monster has released itself from bridge, and has crawled ~~under~~ into the couch!



J Year, really, I hurt all over. Bad bacterial/viroids.

12/11/85 Rob ♦: C. I. (or me). In other words: See Toast.
11:13 AM

Correct spelling: Not Souptlies!

Souptlys: The growing of flies for soup has been practiced for well over 500 years. Today, though, the increased technology has allowed mass production of Souptlys in America. In France, however, they cultivate the flies as they always have. And in Spain, they use secret methods. Spanish Souptlys have undescr~~ible~~ible properties.

Flys must lay their eggs in meat. In America, special incubator trays are lined with a protein rich gel, but in France, a side of cow is used. The eggs hatch, releasing the maggots, which feed on the medium, until they are fat and juicy. At this point some of the maggots are sent to be processed, as they have a distinct flavor of their own.

Eventually the maggot pupate, and metamorphose into Adult Soupflies. The Soupflies mate, and lay their eggs, and then are captured, & packaged in broth, and sent to the people who make soups. You can buy cans of Soupfly Soup, or you can buy the flys themselves and make your own.

It is the general consensus that French Flys are bigger, juicier, and tastier. But because of the low-tech production, they are more expensive. American flys are not as good, but are cheaper. You can get a can of Campell's Soupfly Soup for under 50¢, but a bowl of French Soupfly Soup at an elegant restaurant is up to \$5, and more. Spanish Soupfly Soup is incredibly rare, and can cost over \$50 if you can get it at all. But the aphrodisiac properties make it worth a try, at least once.

All seriousness aside: Next entries are on Humor, Fandom, and the Forum. Watch for them.

Neat shit! (And die! Heh Heh Heh)

I'm still accepting donations for my sisters cookies! Really good stuff!

The man who would be **TOAST**

12/11/85
11:41 pm
Kevin
A new folksong! Tune \rightarrow fits to a modified
"Edmund Fitzgerald", and sort-of fits to the
tune "Sweet Betsy from Pike". Any other ideas for a
tune are requested, as this was originally a poem. It
also needs a name, (though you can call it by the first line).

I'm walking in step with my looking-glass self,
A Klein's bottle sits on my Möbius shelf.
I can't find my cat — half alive and half dead,
But I do see his smile — over there, by the bed.

My tesseract table's as neat as can be,
I can turn the mess sideways, where no-one can see,
To another dimension. Right out of this place!
But finding my things can be quite a disgrace.

My anti-grav unit can run by itself,
I keep it downstairs on an upside-down shelf.
But it doesn't quite work, for its gravitons fly
Towards $\frac{1}{2}g$ by dr , times a factor of i .

My home brew is great. After just a few beers,
I can transmit myself into previous years.

But my drunken psychosis can get pretty bad —
I just killed a man, and I think it's my dad.

I went on a strange non-Euclidean spree,
Where rotations combine themselves linearly.

I rotated forward a couple of feet,
but found myself translated ninety degrees.

11/51
1/10
260020092
American
Rock
Council
28289
1987

I went to the land of the Schrödinger waves,
A vacation financed by the money I'd saved,
On a virtual surfboard that I'll never sell,
'Cause I love "hanging ten" in an infinite well!

Oh, I'm walking in step with my looking-glass selves,
I'm an army of warped topological elves,
The coffee-filled doughnuts we drink brought us fame,
But our jelly-filled cups are exactly the same.

I think this song could use a snazzier tune and
about 100 more verses, also, there are a few lines
in it so far that I'm not too fond of. Anyone care
to rewrite the last 2 lines of the tesseraet verse?

Write more verses, and we can have an epic folksong
on our hands. Rhyme scheme: A A B B meter:
~~isamb~~ iamb trochee trochee trochee u/uu/uu/uu/, and
also trochaic quatrameter: uu/uu/uu/uu/. Have fun.

- Kevin Steiner
yur pres.

12/11
110 ◊
Sponsored by: ROACHES. New modern technology eliminates the
larval stage and produce viable roaches right from the egg!
Also, roaches can lay eggs in just about anything edible,
and a couple of things not so edible, so remember

The American
Roach
Council
founded 1985 BC

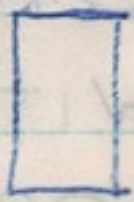
ROACHES: They're not just for

SOUP

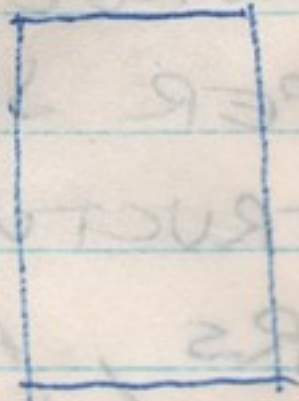
ANYMORE!

Sandy²: Hello. Good luck on Finals (HA-HA)

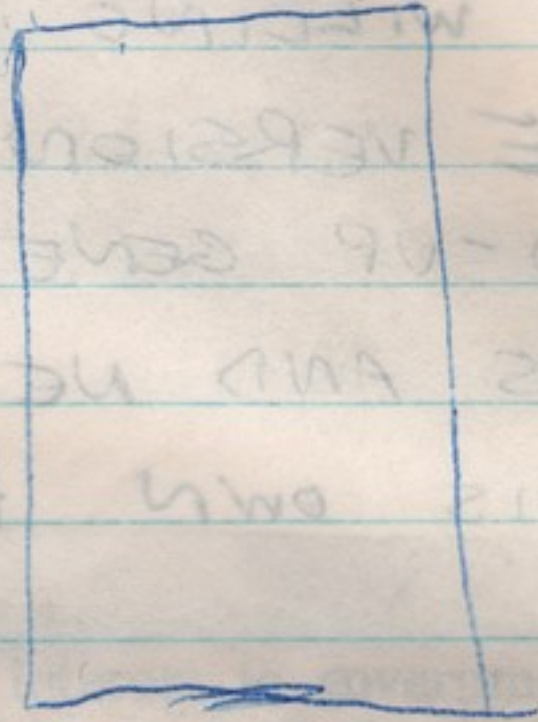
All: Would anyone like computerized ^{Custom} Holiday Cards?
I have access to a Commodore 64 with Print Shop and Doodle, as well as access to a Laser Printer. I can print in a variety of sizes:



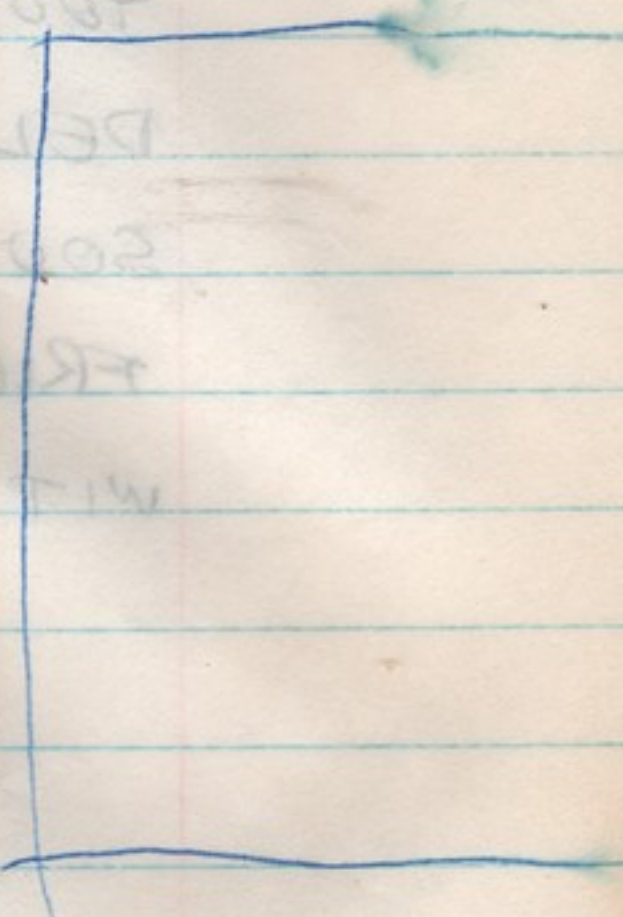
300 DPI



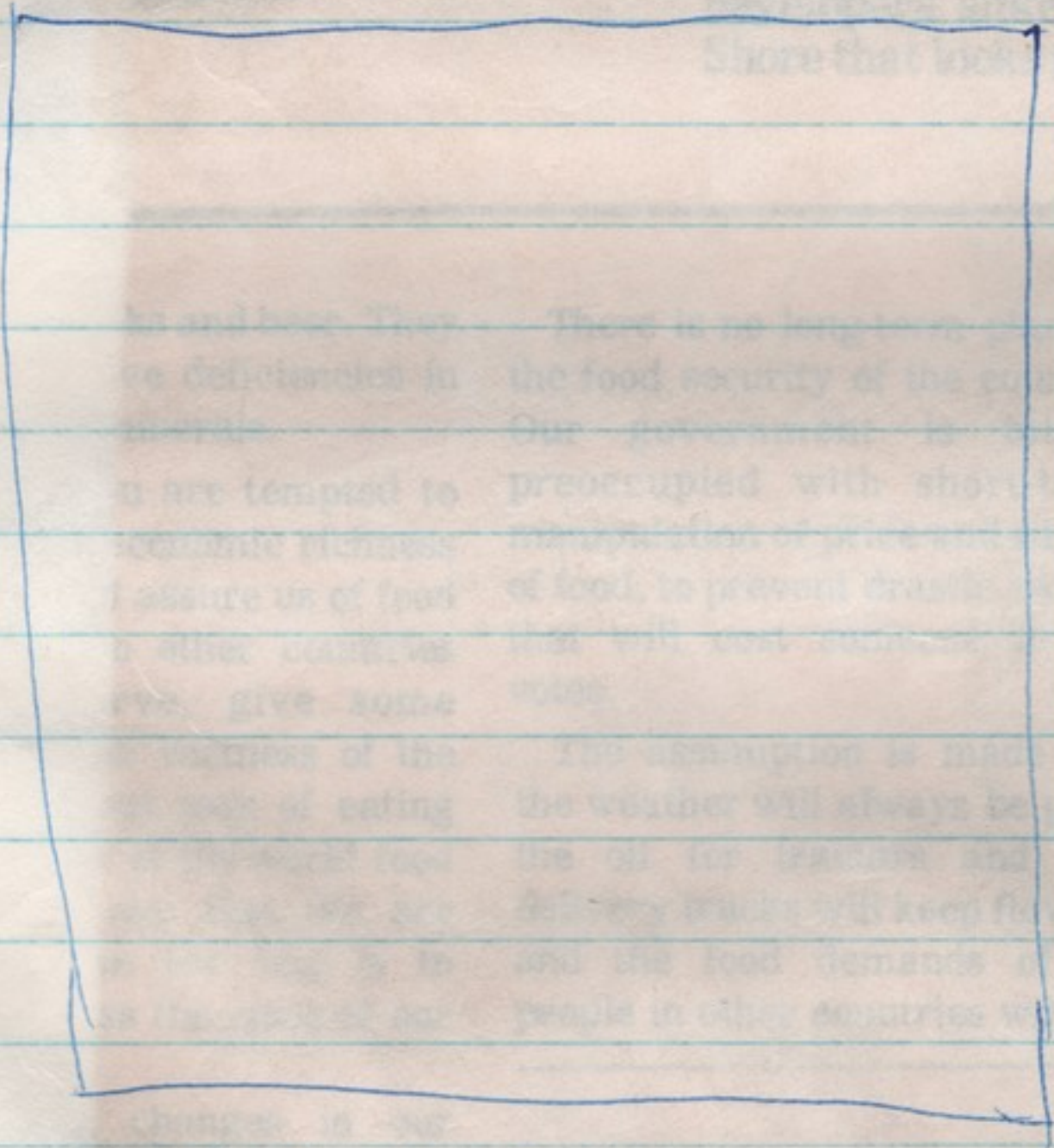
150 DPI



100 DPI



75 DPI



full size printshop
on dotmatrix
printer

Give me a call
6-7353 or come
right upstairs (A23)
If interested



W

12/11 HEY! GUESS WHAT. SLAVERY IS BACK IN VOGUE AGAIN, BUT WITH A HIGH-TECH TWIST. THANKS TO THE MIRACLE OF BIO-TECHNOLOGY, YOU CAN OWN A REPLICANT OF YOUR FAVORITE PERSON! A LOCAL FAVORITE IS THE SAM DROID, SURE TO BE A CHRISTMAS BEST-SELLER. OR, IF YOU'RE WILLING TO SPLURGE, YOU CAN GET THE DELUXE VERSION: SUPER SAM, WITH THE SOUPED-UP GENETIC STRUCTURE, IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS, AND GET A SUPER SAM WITH HIS OWN HAWAIIAN JAM'S SHIRT™ TODAY!

Think Summer This Christmas



ORIGINAL
Jams®

By  SURFLINE INTERNATIONAL

- Jams 26.95
- Super Jams 31.95
- Hawaiian Jams Shirt 31.95

GIFT BOXES SENDS IN U.S. ALL CHARGES PERSONAL CHECKS

OPEN 7 DAYS 10-9

SUPER SAM,
PICTURED WITH
AUTHENTIC
HAWAIIAN
JAM'S SHIRT™
↳

... BUT FOR THOSE WHO HAVE SPECIAL NEEDS
IN BIO-REPLICANT FASHION ...

... YOU CAN RENT-A-REPLICANT!



ESCORTS OF L.I., LTD.

CATERING TO THE
MATURE MALE AND FEMALE.

*Long Island's first and
finest escorts.*

*Intimate candlelight
dinners, theater - supper
dates or events of
your choice arranged.*

**A SPECIAL SOMEONE
FOR THAT IMPORTANT
OCCASION.**

698-2139

ALL THE POPULAR MODELS, AVAILABLE AT REASON-
ABLE, HOURLY RATES!

GIFT CERTIFICATES MAKE THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS
PRESENT!

RENT A SPECIAL SOMEONE FOR THAT SPECIAL
SOMEONE TODAY!

GOT NOTHING BETTER
TO DO WITH MY TIME,

Daniel Fitzgerald

12/11/85 KENJI - A YULETIDE PRESENT JUST FOR YOU!

CREATIVE INSULTS

LOUSY NIP - REALLY LOUSY - NOT EVEN A
PROPER NIP - HALF-BREED NIP BERSERKER
TENDENCIES ~~WAS~~ INSCRUTIBLE MIX SCUM.

KILGORE TROUT HAS WRITTEN YOUR LIFE-STORY!!

WHAT SORT OF FRUITY PERSON COULD POSSIBLY
CONSENT TO BE NAMED KENJI TROELSTRUP?

DISGUSTING SNEAKY NIP - HIDING BEHIND A
SCANDAHOOVIAN NAME.

GIDDY TWERP - COULDN'T MANAGE A
BERSERKER RAGE IF YOU SET FIRE TO HIS
PUBIC HAIR.

AS FOR INNATE MARTIAL ARTS - ONLY IF SWING
DANCING IS A LETHAL WEAPON, OR POOR TASTE
IN CLOTHES.

WHAT A FREAK - NOT SHORT & SQUINTY LIKE A PROPER
NIP - OR BIG & STUPID LIKE A SCANDAHOOVIAN -
WHAT DO WE GET SADDLED WITH? A SCRAWNY
BUCK-TOOTHED TWIT WITH KITCHEN-DIRTY-WAX-
YELLOW SKIN AND THE MUSCLE TONE OF MAYONNAISE.
THOR TM OUGHT TO DRAG HIM OVER BROKEN GLASS AND
SUNFIRE TM WOULD GLADLY STOMP HIM INTO
NOTHINGNESS. WHAT A DISGRACE TO TWO PERFECTLY
GOOD CULTURES!!!

HE PROBABLY THINKS SUSHI & MEAD IS A GREAT
FEAST. OF COURSE, HE COULDN'T WEAR ARMOR.

(SAMURAI OR VIKING) IF HIS WORTHLESS LIFE DEPENDED ON IT. - HE'D FALL OVER!!! WORTHLESS TWIT!!!

Wassail!
Morgana

P.S. IMAGINE KENJI TRYING TO USE A DOUBLE-BITTED AXE & A KATANA!

By ~~Shane~~

Spectacular Guy From ~~Planet~~



Slowly, silently, the HAPPY FOLKS from outer space descended onto the defenseless colony of Biritchinax Gum doomians. Little did the settlers know that life as they knew it would soon end....



MIND-Myeemas from Jupiter?



Killer Skates FROM PLUTO?

RALPH?

Yo! Give us the labels!

DON'T WASTE
SPACE DINGLEBALLS

ITS ~~WHAT~~ YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! (Some of you, at least)
TO THE TUNE OF "ANATEVKA" FROM
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF - HERE'S -

DAKA DINNER

DAKA DINNER,
DAKA DINNER,
WHY DO WE
HAVE TO EAT
DAKA DINNER?
WHERE ROAD KILLS POSE
AS THE ENTRÉE

INDIGESTION,
INDIGESTION
DON'T YOU WISH
DAKA'D TAKE
A SUGGESTION?
TRY USING FOOD
TO MAKE A MEAL

DUMPSTER JUICE FOR SOUP AND ROTH POND
MUD DESSERTS -
WITH THIS CRAP YOU SHOULD KNOW WHY YOUR
STOMACH HURTS!

DAKA DINNER
DAKA DINNER
THOSE WITH TASTE
SOON WIND UP
TEN POUNDS THINNER.
PLEASE HELP US, LORD. ITS DINNER TIME AGAIN!

Now this log is filling up fast. I remember when shortly after I bought it one fellow said it would slow to a trickle, with the other logs around. Some people just give themselves too much credit, I guess. Oh well. This log should be finished within the first couple weeks of next term.

So I have an idea. Here goes.

I have a key, Kevin has a key and so do four (five?) other people all of whom are going to Boskone XXIII. Why don't we start the next log ~~in~~ at Boskone? We could have people we meet at the convention. The Forum would be closed that weekend and therefore ~~there~~ no one could write in the log anyway. What do you say folks?

JUN 17
Leo 37
THE ARTIST

DOKTOR - I MUST HAVE

YOUR ANT/PHY NOTES! BUT

NATURALLY, I WILL COME

TO YOUR PLACE TO GET THEM, BUT WHEN

WILL YOU BE IN YOUR

ROOM? I HAVING CHECKED

AT 8:30 - WILL CHECK BACK

LATER + TOMORROW TILL

WE GET THE INFORMATION

WE WANT!

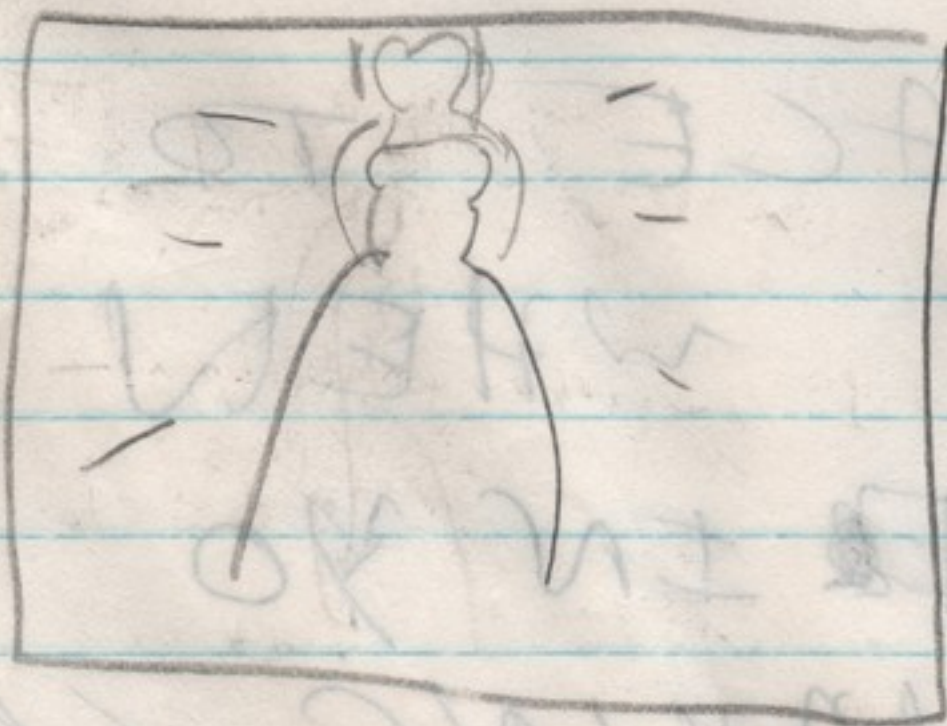
WE HAVVAY TO MAKE
YOU GIVE US YO NOTES!

Heh, Heh, Heh, Heh
evil snicker.

GORNOR

I feel a cartoon coming
on... (GORNOGRAPHY)

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS
A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS,

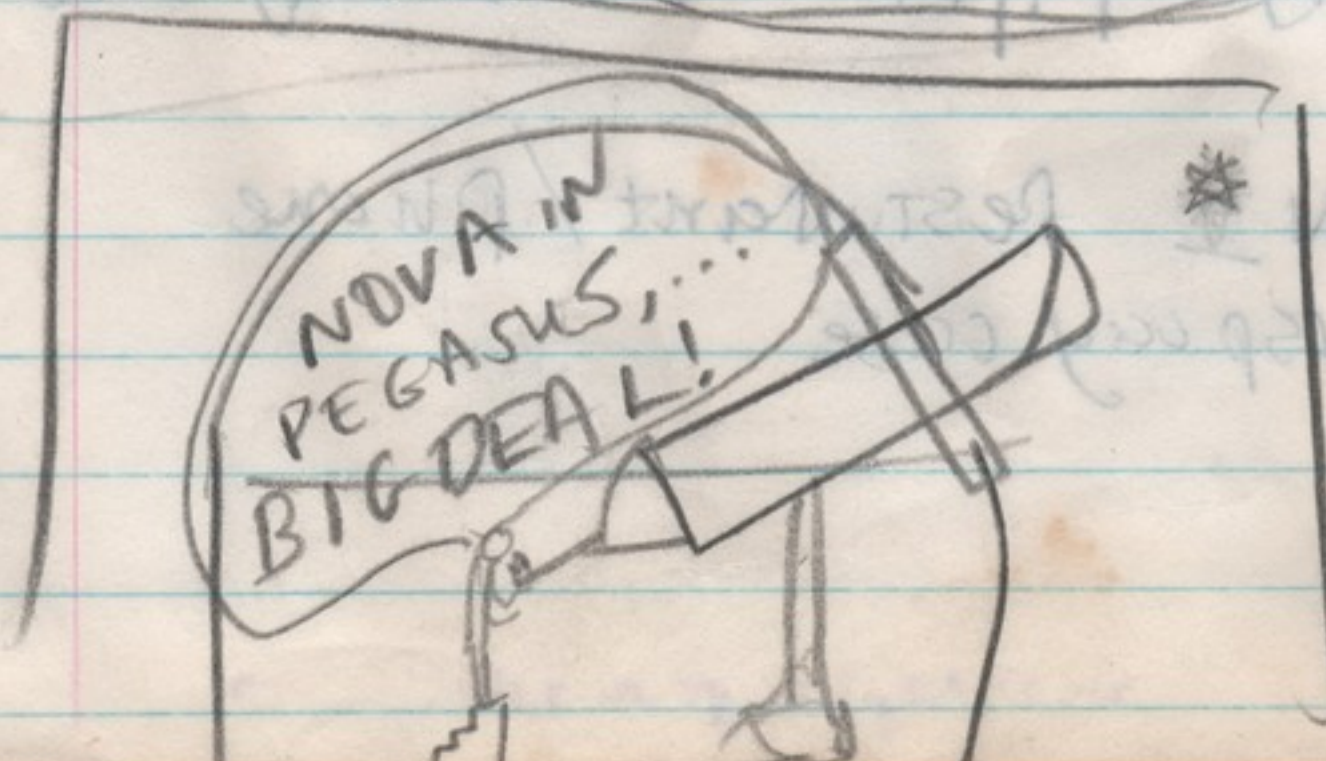
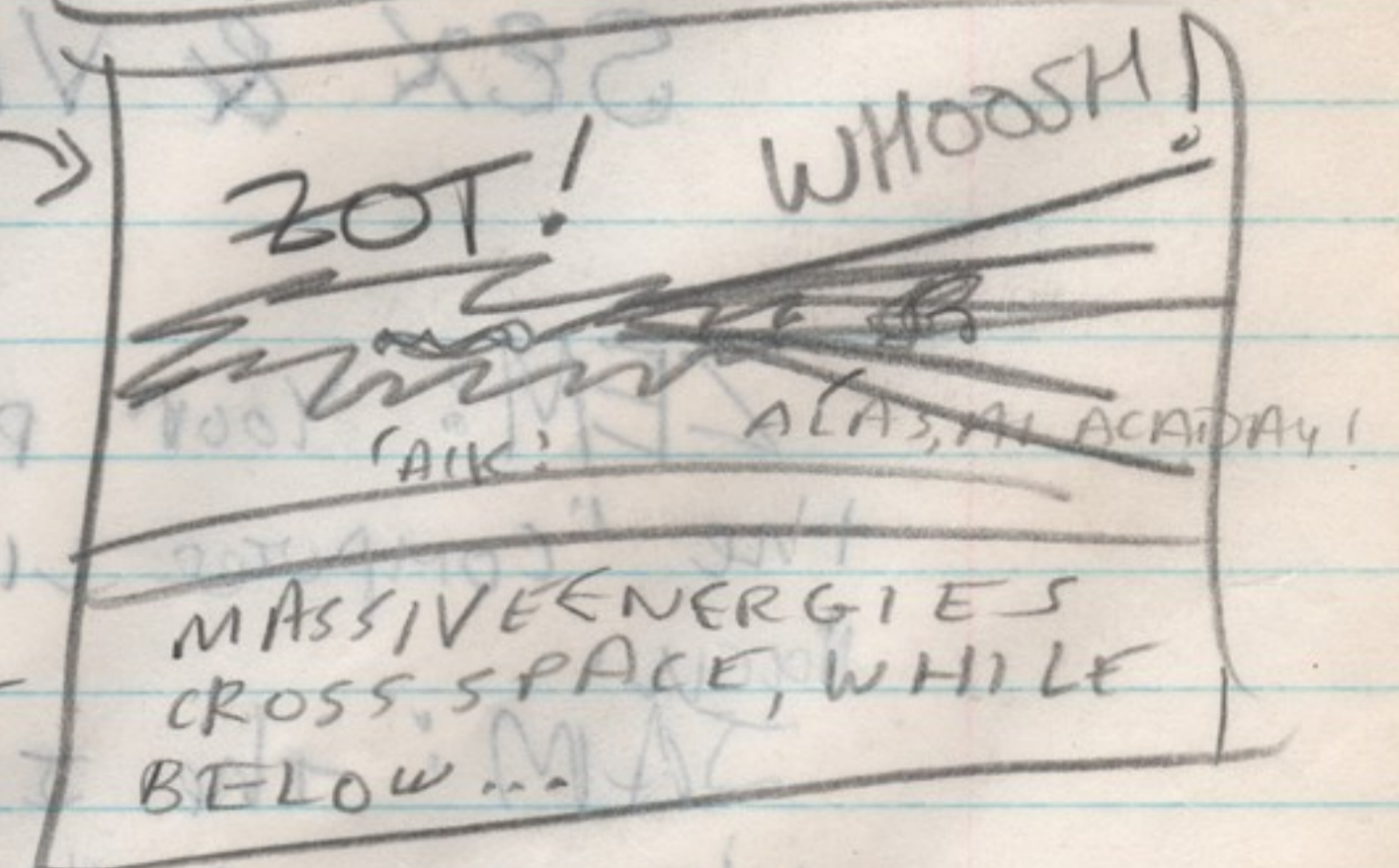
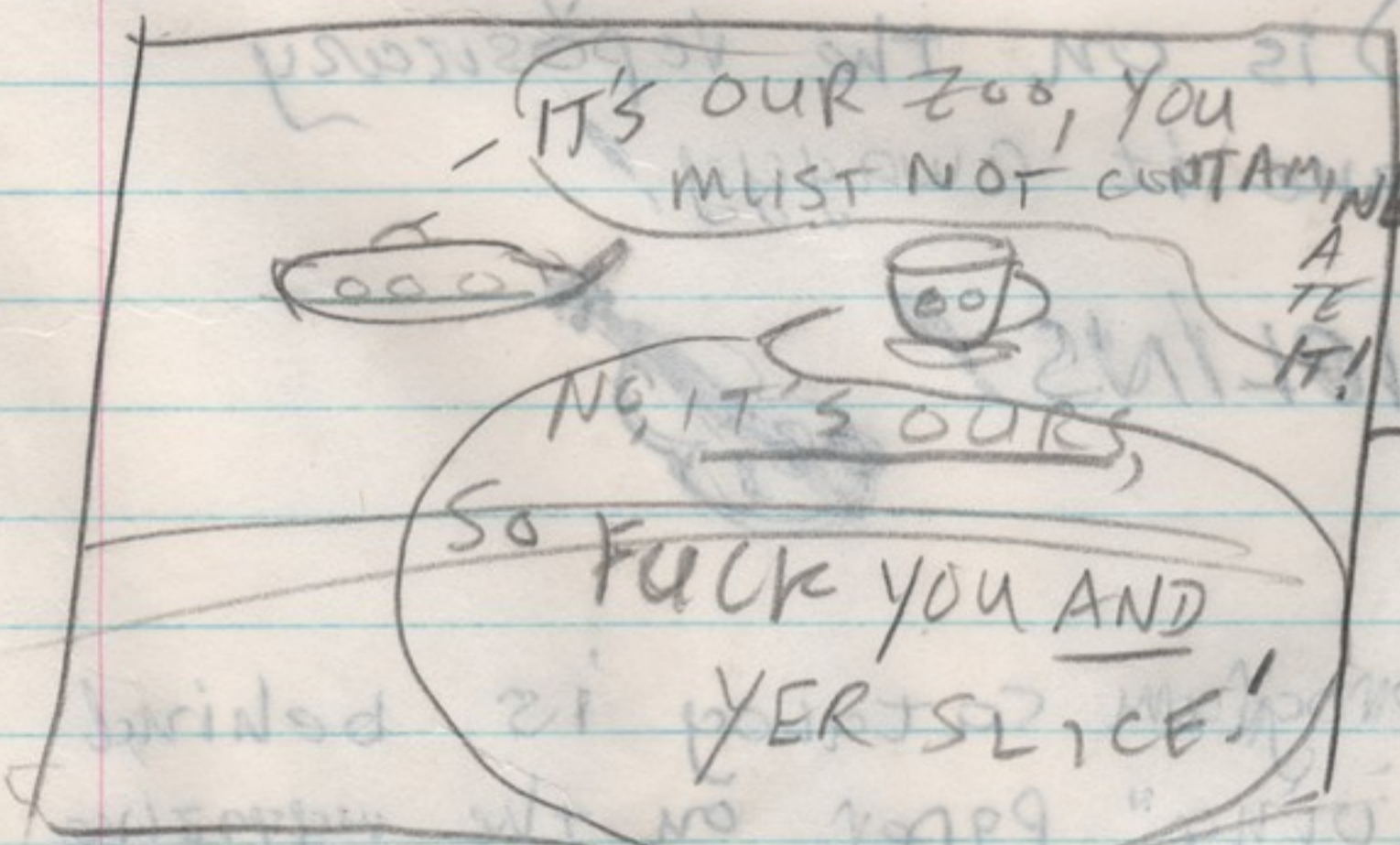
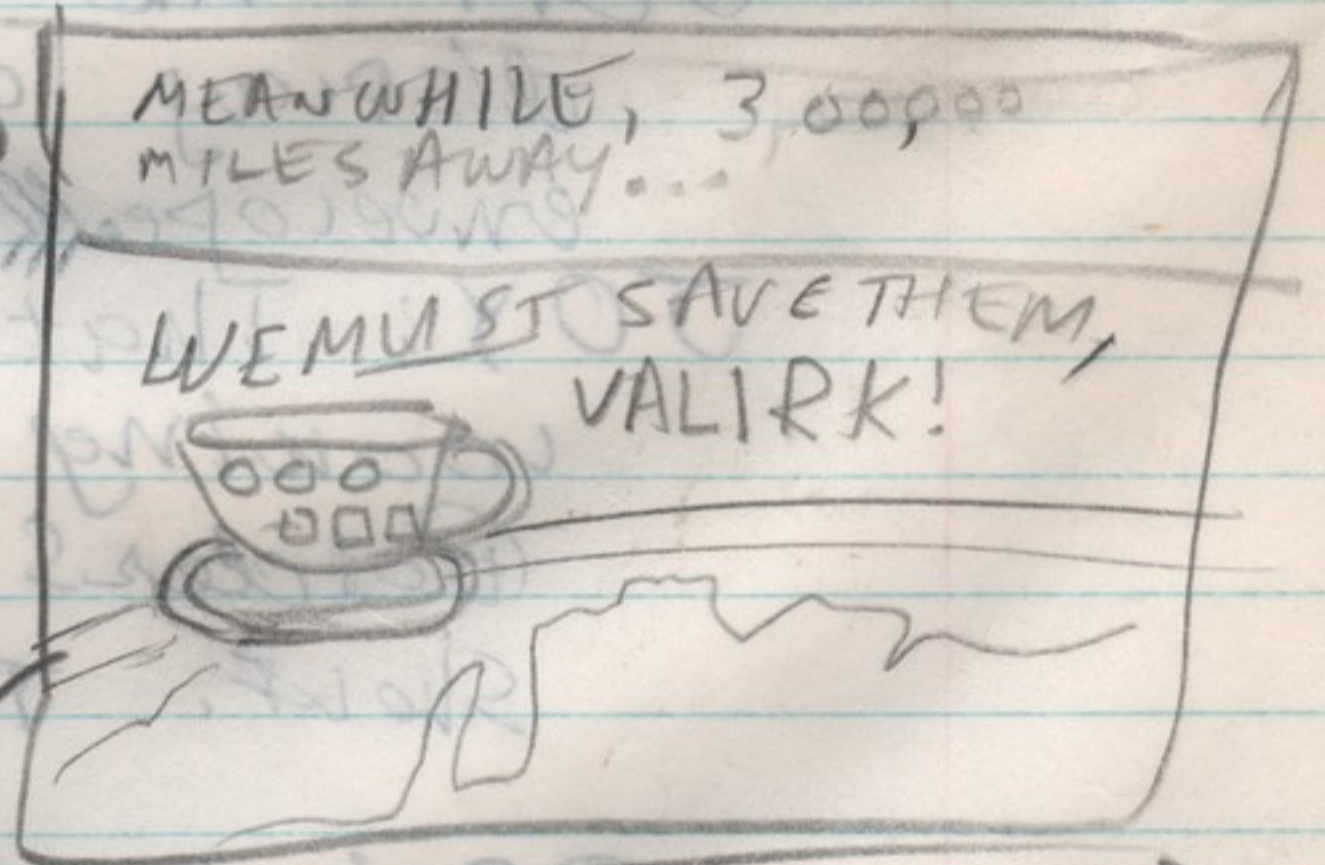
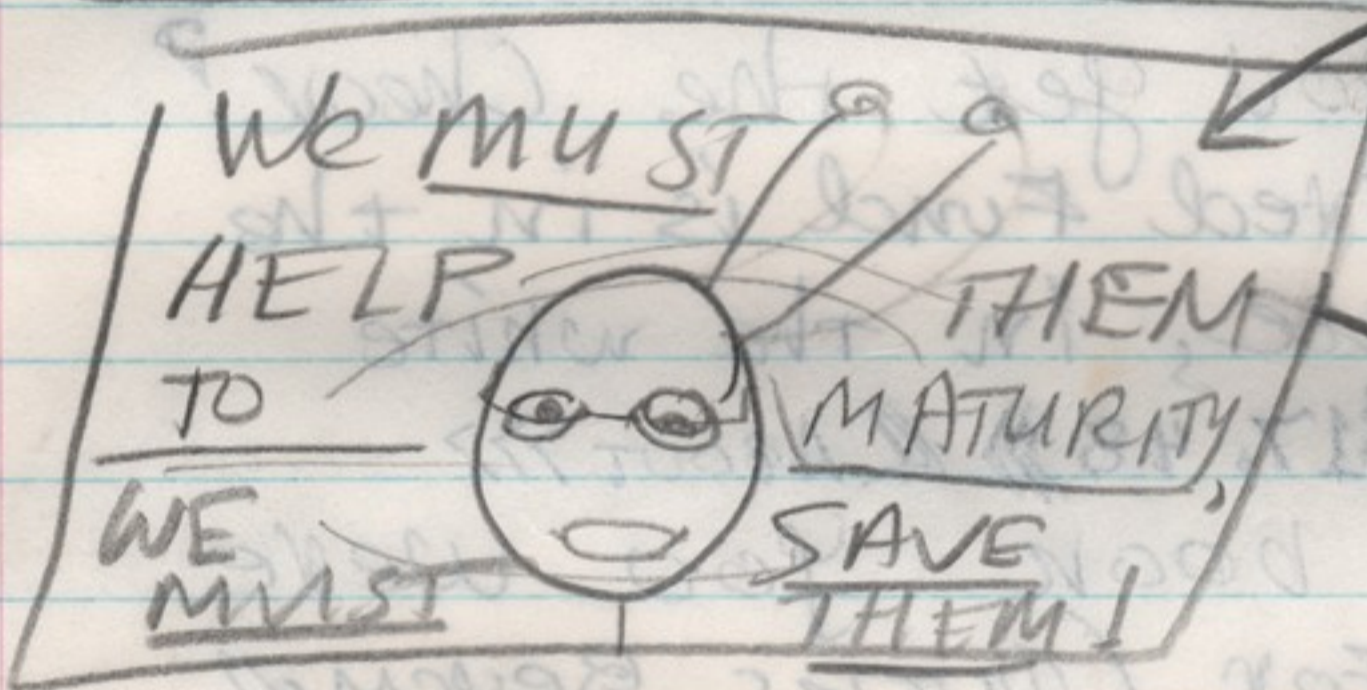
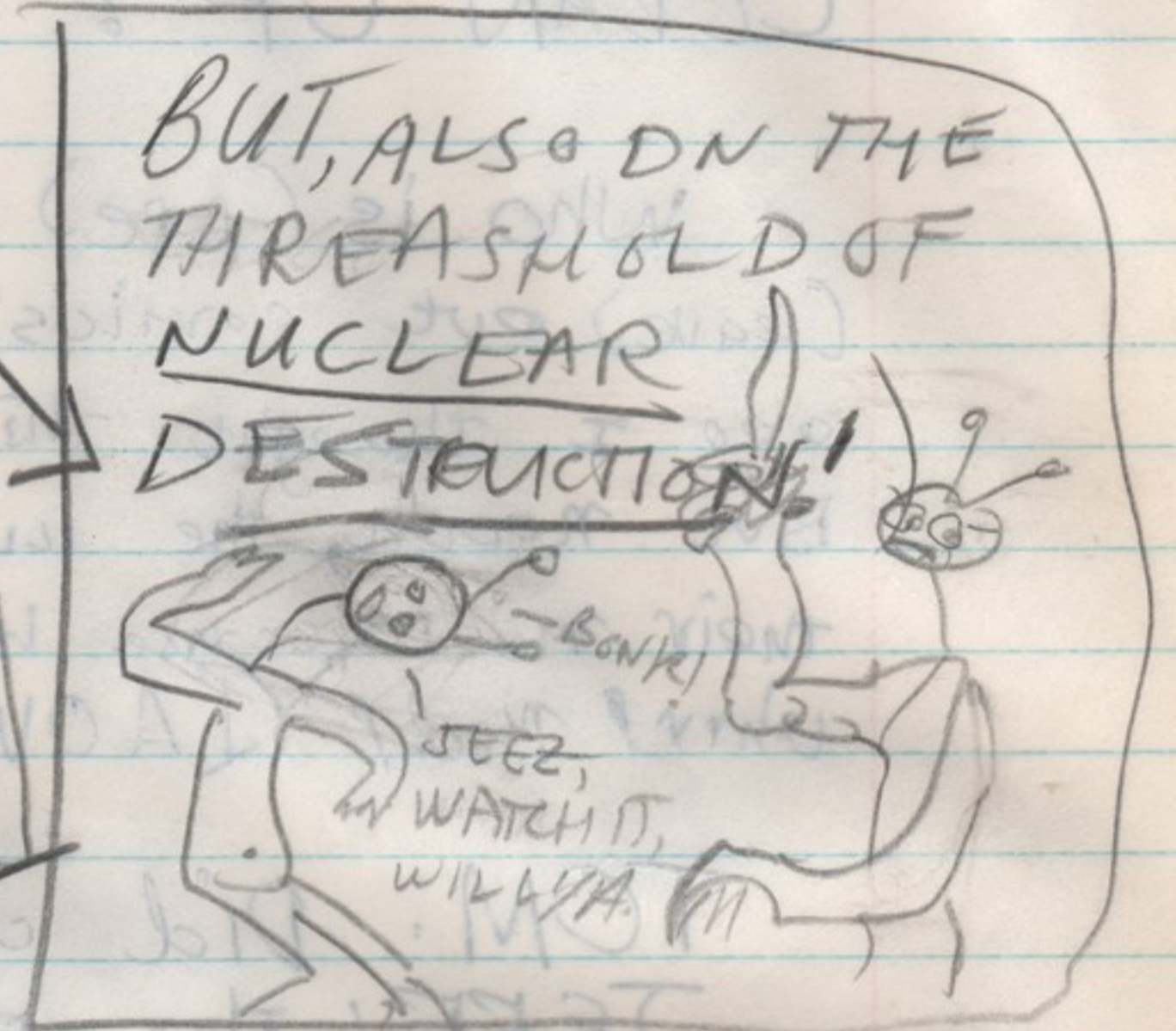


WHO WAS'NT TOO
SMART...

BUT THEN THE CARTOONIST SUFFERED
A PSYCHOTIC SLIP!



← THE "ZOO" HYPOTHESIS



CORNO

Lydia: Your PH1362 books are on the Repository shelf. Have fun with 'em.

All: Clean up, CLEAN UP, GODDAMNIT
CLEAN UP!

Who is (Are) the Asshole(s) who leaves (leave) out comics? Until a little while ago I thought this problem was cleaned up. But nooooh, the illiterate twit(s) persist in their malfeasance it makes me mad. Ohh! Uhhh! mad! YIAOWW!

TOM: Did you get the check?

JEFF: The Fred Fund is in the display case, in the white envelope. « \$17.48 » « About »

JOY: That book you were looking for (Ducks Beyond Borders) is on the Repository shelf. Take it awayyy!

SEX & VIOLINS!



ZEM: Your program catalog is behind the "computer living" paper on the magazine rack.

JAM: the I-CON II Restaurant/phone list is in the display case

114

So, mine droogies, long time no speak.
Random notes to whoever cares
TOAST: Great stuff as always. (Not yet they just want to see if
the nice guy beats the bum) The chnovel is put on hold.

MORGANA: Put disclaimers when you write something nasty.

BRUCE: Keep it under a page long.

DARYL: So it's all the same, huh? QWERT staring right in the
face. Let's go kill an editor or two, It won't get us published, but
it may or may not make us feel better.

DAN F.: Way too funny!

DAN L.: Go back to sleep

TAMAR: Luck and good things. Good filks, like to work with you
on some others. No more Mister Nice Guy. Kick the world in
it's gonads.

THAT GEO 3 GUY: Well what can I say. Cheers! Keep drawing. And
finish. Always finish.

CHARLES: You can't lose if you throw the race.

STEPHAN: So how 'cum I got on that great forumites list as a
simulation games author? I won't write that stuff, for I know
I can not. Thanks for the tapes. You have donated to the Buffalo
Academy for the Visual and Performing Arts. ~~Scott~~ Diaow!!

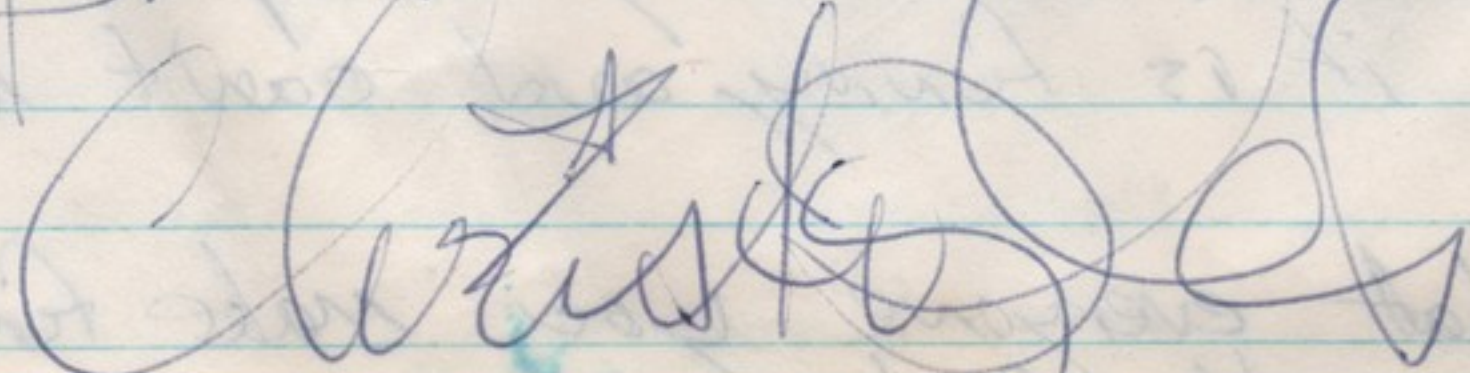
KERRY (AKA ZEUS): So the time has come for the old Gods to die. May
it be a long and happy death. More masks? Ha.

KEVIN: Get a real ORIGINAL tune for that. (Make a circuit w/me)

JAM: I vote you for the Nobel peace prize.

and to all: Fucking wow! Good luck etc.

PEACE



"Merely a victim of unfortunate circumstance, as are we all."

J

12/12/85

11:45 AM

Yeah, both!

But then again... Maybe so...
I'll die fighting. Toast will break, but
will not bend. Even if I shatter into my
component breadcrumbs.

Tamar: Hang in there. Remember, I'm always
with you. All you need is bread, and something hot.

Rob the Δ : Help me cash check?

Jeff: \$5 appropriated from Fred. It will be
worth it. Promise.

Hurt + Humor: There are 2 kinds of people who
make fun of others.

1) Those who enjoy hurting the object.

2) Those who don't mean to hurt.

Generally people in the first group enjoy
especially racist/sexist/moralist jokes if they
have those tendencies. They may or may
not believe in the stereotypes they promote.
Those in the second group have learned to step
out of the system, and have learned to
laugh at themselves.

I fall into the second group. ~~The~~ People ^{in the first group} always
used to make fun of me, and I was hurt, until
I realized that they wanted to hurt me. I decided
that I would not let them know that I was. And
when I did, they stopped, their enjoyment stopped.

But then I learned to laugh at myself. ~~The~~

Drop a tray in DAKA, and people laugh.
You feel embarrassed. But if you step out of
the system then it is funny, and can't help
but laugh.

Remember that everyone you make fun
of is a person with feelings. Even Joy, or Joquest.

or Rich Wells.

STARQUAKE: By Robert L. Forward, Sequel to Dragon's Egg.
Forward is getting better at characterization, slightly. The first part of the book is great. We are introduced to the aliens, ~~from~~ and they actually have distinct personalities, and we are shown deeper insight ~~of~~ on their culture than in the first book.

But what happened then? ~~They~~ Most of them die, and the rest of the book is strictly adventure, as civilization turns into barbarism. The final part reads like a physics textbook. An appendix of friendly technical information is given at the back.

This book does not stand alone. It is meaningless without reading Dragon's Egg first.

I liked it better than Dragon's Egg or his other book Flight of the Dragonfly. If you like hi-tech SF with cardboard characters, and a little ~~advent~~ action, then you'll like Starquake. If not then take a look at Lucifer's HAMMER by Niven and Pournelle.

FAST (Were BEATRICE)

12/11/85 YEAH! GOT ACCEPTED TO SUNY STATE
12:32PM COLLEGE OF OPTOMETRY! NOW I CAN ENJOY
Howard INTERSESSION!

Ω Back to Normal: Live Destinies tomorrow night. Be prepared. (Possible historic first meeting [on air] of Joe Evangelista and the Destinies crew.) — OAM — *

* Now stands for Optometrist-to-be Howard Margolin

December 12, 1985

Dear Santa,

Hello. I hope this reaches you in time for Christmas. I have a few questions I want you to answer, if you can.

Last year, when I was in Japan, you didn't visit my home even though I sent you a letter telling you where I was. I set up a tree (which is hard on a semi-tropical island), made wreaths, baked some cookies, and hung up my stocking. I waited and waited.

I suffered a horrible loss in my family, and had to face the holidays alone, trying to cope with this. Where were you?

Now its a year later. I'm at SUNY Stony Brook, and I'm not doing too well here, either. I remember last year and I get scared and depressed all over again. I've finals soon, and problems at home, and I really have to know if you'll visit me this year. I see Christmas lights and I want to giggle because I haven't seen them in so long. I want to cry because I missed them so much. I can't have my hopes dashed again, Santa. Will there be a Christmas this year?



Love,
Tymal

Dec. 12, 1985

Dear Tamar,

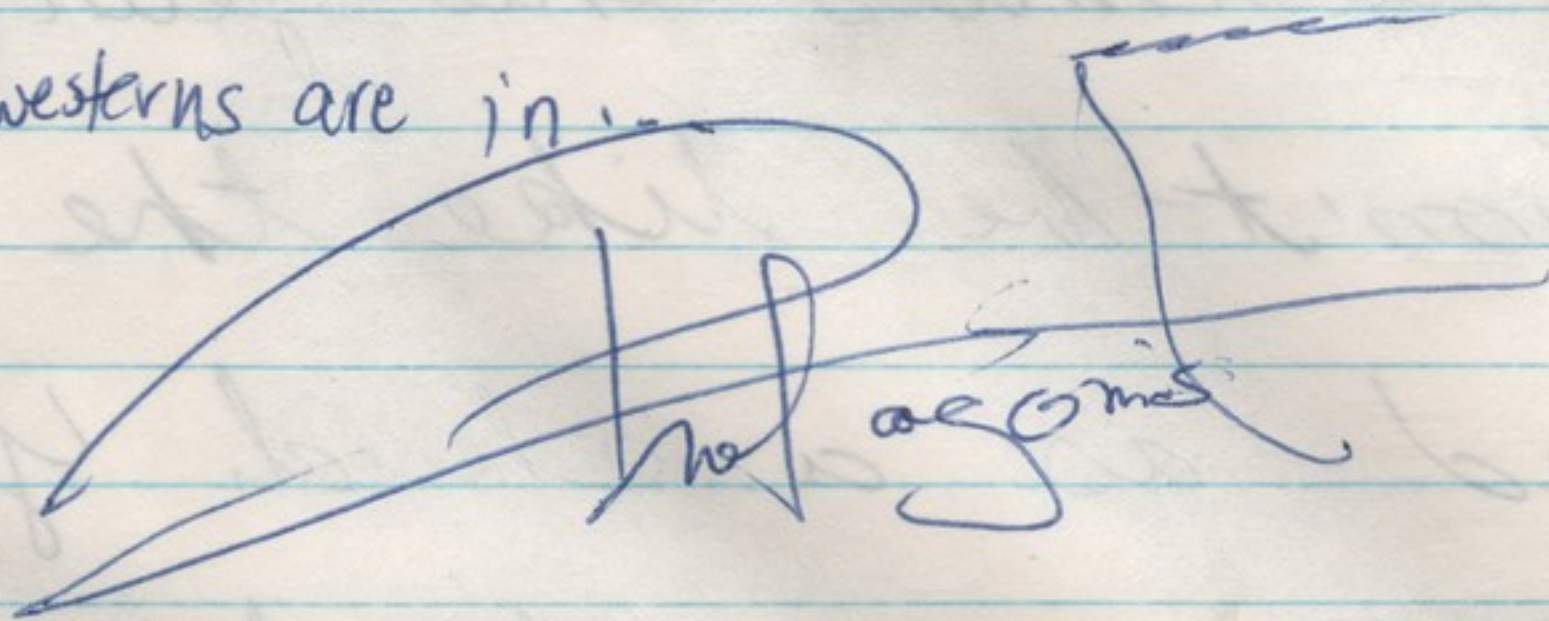
Yes, there will be a Christmas this year, but it won't be like the ones you had as a child. You're getting old enough to know that sad things do happen at Christmas time, too. You are also old enough to see the true meaning of Christmas. Find your own happiness this season with friends, family, and loved ones. Be thankful for what you have; don't mourn past losses. And yes, I will visit your house this year.

LOVE Santa
170 710 710

Garry⁷ -

I have some ^(subtle) stuff for you
at the hit - Hmm. there not so
good. - talk to me.

and spaghetti westerns are in.



5 AM

"No matter how superior your robot appears to be
in looks and in intelligence to you, he, she or it
(depending on your point of view) is still a machine
and cannot partake of that greatest ability in life,
that is, to be hurt."

Nils Peterson

All: The year draws rapidly to a close!
And the reconstruction and reconstitution
goes on. Next semester: The RETURN!

It is **ALIVE!**

HA - HAH!

NEXT SEMESTER ALSO -

BE PREPARED FOR THE MOST
EXCITING, OUTRAGEOUS, CHAIN
STORY EVER!

"IN THE NEW BEGINNING
ALL TIME AND SPACE GO
INSANE! AND AT THE
CENTER OF TIMES AND

SPACES LIES THE
POSSIBLE REBIRTH
OR DESTRUCTION
OF THE SCIENCE
FICTION FORUM!"
'CRISIS OF INFINITE
FORUMS!'

BE A PART OF IT!
JAM

(An idea of TOG + JAM enterprises)

P.S.

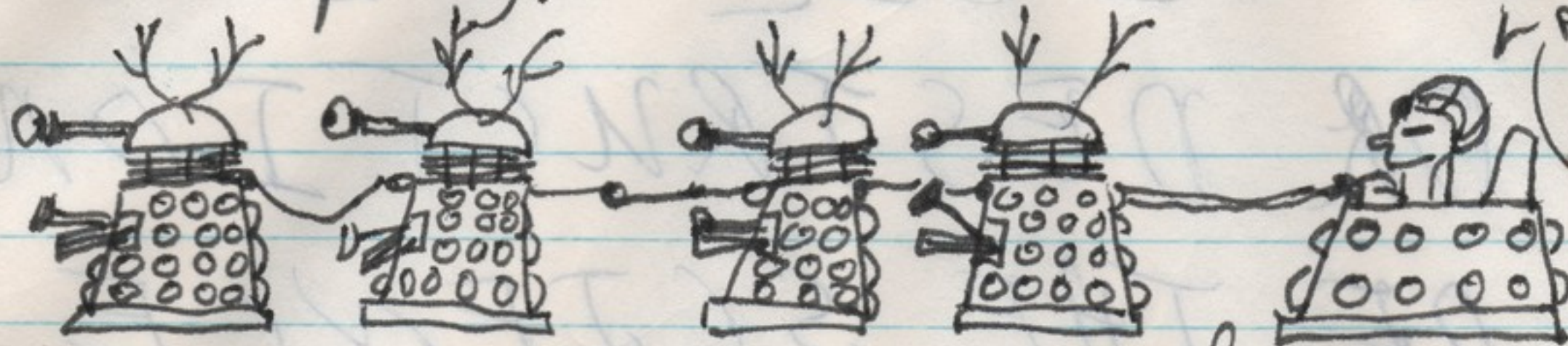
To Tamar from Santa,
Ho! Ho! Ho! You gotta' believe!

"What you are referring to is the galaxy's
only known case of extrasensory conception"
Nils Peterson (again)

WAH - HOO!

JAM - pejorative -

Stephan - I finished holding the
I-Con flyers, they're in the desk
drawer - all read for labeling
& stamping.



On, Dance! on
Prancer! On
Vixen and
Blitzen!

Y190W1P

The Doctor
EM

Cheerful Thoughts

Between
Today and Tomorrow
BSA

I sit down at the keyboard
I wonder what to play
It doesn't make a difference
I won't get done anyway
I'll not finish

My eyes are getting heavy
The room is ~~blurred~~ blurred and spinning round
Oh, damn! ^{my head} hurts where it
Hit the table, going down.

And the pain begins receding
As my world begins to fade
Alright, then, I give in!
Just another ~~wasted~~ day.
wasted

Druce

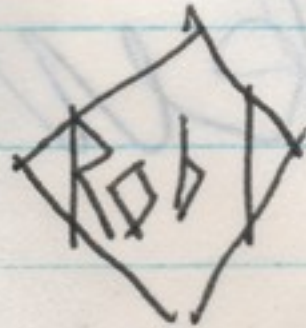
respectfully
submitted
change

To the Doctor $\ominus \Sigma$:

211

could you draw me a cartoon like that one?

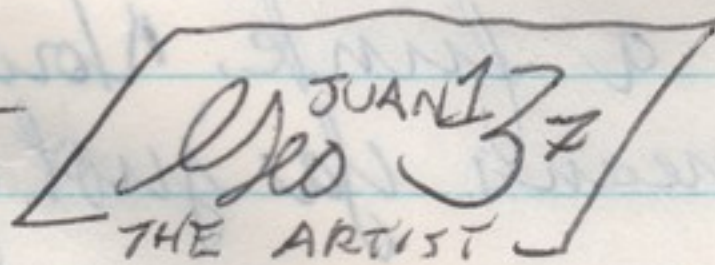
I know of several people who would appreciate it.



By Geo3

- Chris: Thanks
- Tamas: Thanks
- Gorno: CRAZY cartoon! Love it! You're even more disturbed than I am!
- JAM: You're a great guy! Ho Snappa Claus!
- Bat Guy: Told ya not to mess with Big Boy!
- Kevin: Looking forward to rooming with you! Drawwwww
- All: "Happy Entrails to you!"

- KEVIN STERNER



THURSDAY
8:33 PM

THIS SPACE NOT WASTED (SORT OF LIKE 'THE ROAD NOT TRAVELED')

STEFAN: YES. TOM GOT THE CHECK
RECEIVED \$12.48 PHRED PHRED
TOAST: \$5, SOLD WHERE ARE YOU?

7:30 PM Fri 13TH

Be There

JEFF



SALVADORE
DALEK

Persistence of TARDAS

Hey, guys, be
fuckin' happy!!

(after all, if I can be, so can you)

Tamas: The ghost of christmas past must make way for
the present and future.

Santa is here and now

As long as we're your
FRIENDS!!!!

Don't get in a funk. Now's the time for reflection
and reflection means ya just gotta move on!

The future is ours!!!!

TAKE IT

PEACE & HAPPINESS

Christie

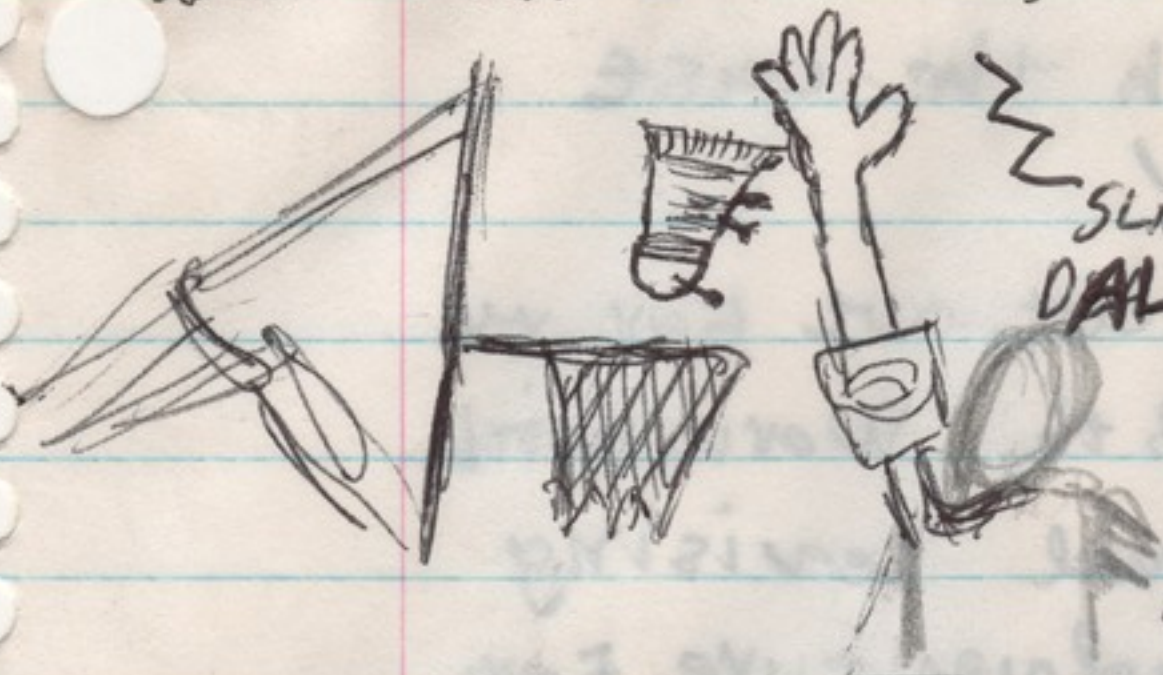
"a division of Beatrice"



DIALING FOR DALEKS



THERE WORTH THE TRIP



SLAM DALEK 'IN

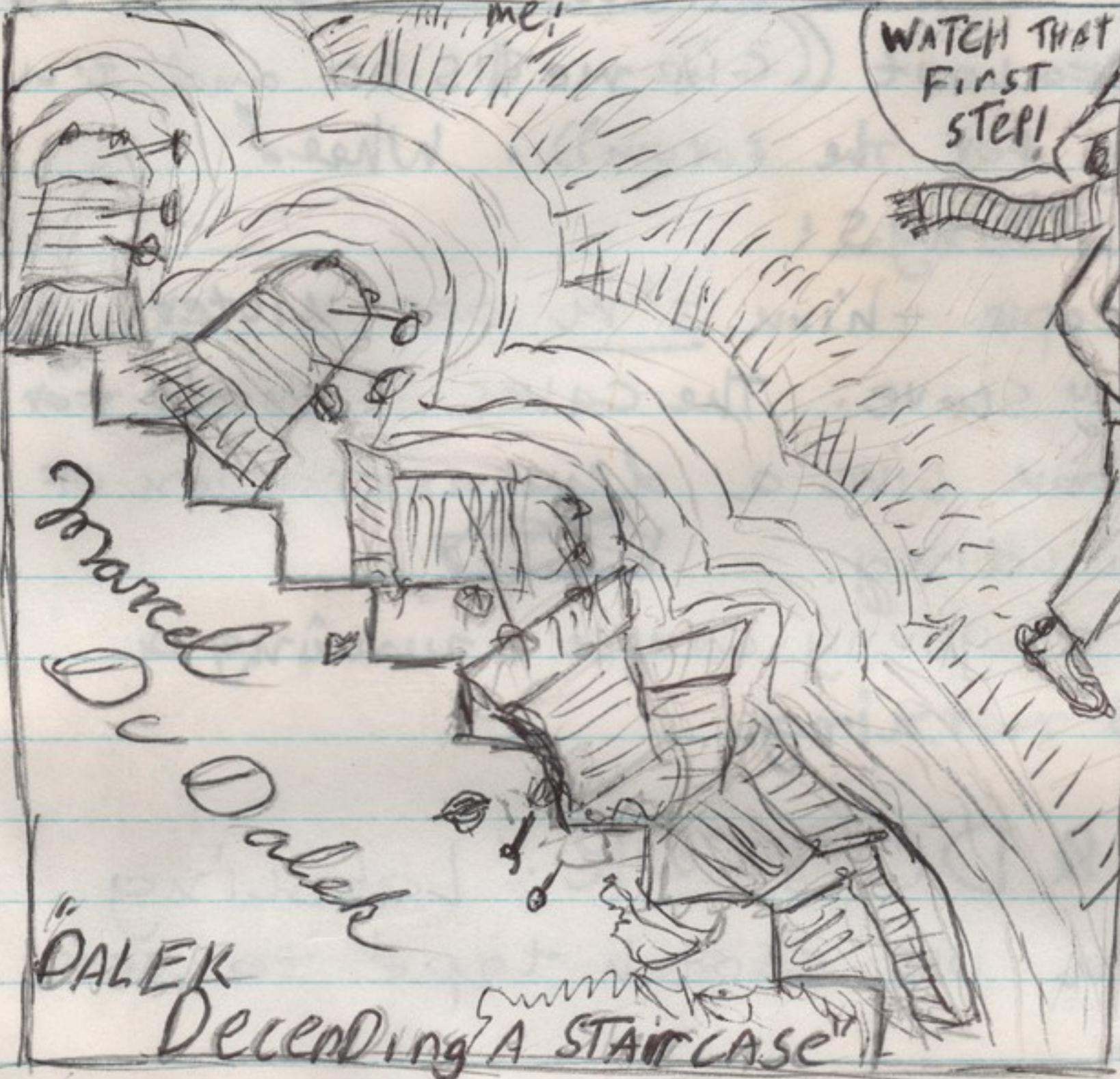


DALEKSLEXIA



DALEKSYMBOL

COME WITH ME!



Marched On Dalek

"DALEK Descending A STAIRCASE"

AND Assorted WeirDness From JeFF



GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST



GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT



GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE

Cliff - see/call me ASAP (pref. Fri morning or afternoon)


Tamar

(by) Stefan Frydlea Mourning

Oh, wow! I get to finish the case page before the divider. Yiacww!

Looks like I have my work cut out for me this break. I-CON Meeting Jan. 8th, Work with Dr. Liao (Lioa?) every week, and revising a Solotaire "Tunnels & Trolls" adventure for Flinging BUFFALO (Give me \$15.00 and I'll make a copy for the forum). Whee!

Wierd Things:

1. Some people think I'm off kilter: you should see my stove. The cakes I made for the party look like a demonstration of mountain building. 

2. Saw a young couple walking a Ferret this morning.

BRUCE & DOCTOR: Labeling

Today. We'll use scotch tape to seal the suckers.

Procedure: 1. stick on the labels.

2. Divide into stacks in order of first three zip-code digits (The labels are in order, so this should be easy.)

3. Rubber band the stacks.

4. Bruce, C/Me/RE printing out the labels from your files. (It's easy and FUN!)

AA YOU ARE ALL DOOMED! NO ONE IS GOING TO PASS THEIR FINALS. YOUR GPAs ARE SINKING!

(A little creative psychology. Now if you're all going to try harder to prove me wrong, right? Well?)

Beatrice
get out of our way, or we'll kill you.

LOVE

His

bedside

MANNER

OH H H

WHEN YOU NEED MORE

Red heads

in

Leather.



COMMUNIST Cattle

GERONIMO

JUNGLE HORROR!

Is Scientology a religion?



Sexual Dyspepsia
in the White House

Baby born 9 weeks
early survives in
a kangaroo's pouch!

Student fare

Enjoy
Superior
Coupling

Car kills girl asleep in her bedroom

HOUSE
OF
ECSTASY

13 Dec

BSA

Stefan: No. Respectfully submitted: I meant precisely what I said.

Also, find me @ Life Sci. Lib after 12:30 or 1 PM in re lapels ~~decorations~~ for flyers (edges lapels for flyers = edges of bomber jacket collar)

Chris: Yeah, right? Try reading your entry again to see why you've suggested the (only - in - a - very - unlikely - universe) purely possible, with everything conspiring to work right so that the fall hurts more.

Besides, reflection simply means a shiny surface and a light source. (If a tree falls on a mirror, does it see its reflection if nobody is around to hear it?)

Jeff: What, no Jewish jokes... aleph, bet, gimel, Dalek...?

Bruce

NOTE

AT 12:24 pm the forums ^{only} 4 occupants were Female

Janna
Betty
Ginny
Vatt

11:45 PM
12/13/85,
yiaow!
Friday
the 13th
part XVIII

Stefan: when do you want to
label the flyers? I'm out
to lunch be back at about
2 PM.

Rob D: \diamond : where do you
want me to put the cartoon?

Jeff: Very good Dalek cartoons.



Uh, Mom
doesn't the
christmas
tree look
a little
peculiar?

The
Doctor
EE?

P.S. yiaow! No more classes!
No more teachers, No more books,
No more ~~all~~ classmates' bored looks!

12/13/85 Stefan and anyone else interested:

1:11 PM
Howard
 Ω

from Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy - Episode 9

Share and enjoy
Share and enjoy
Journey through Life
With a plastic boy
Or Girl by your side
Let your pal be your guide
And when it breaks down
Or starts to annoy
Or grinds when it moves
And gives you no joy
Cause it's eaten your hat
Or had sex with your cat
Bled oil on your floor
Or ripped off your door \nearrow

And you get to the point
You can't stand any more
Bring it to us
We won't give a fig
We'll tell you
"Go stick your head in a pig."

P.S. Who's joining me
for the live Destinies
tonight? Kevin can't make it.

Ω
"Running on empty"

J
2:05PM
12/13/14
COOPS! Can you believe I left my books in the Forum, only to find it locked, with only 15 minutes to study until Final Exam!
HYPER FUCK! (Extra dimensional fornicatory reference)

Yeah
really!
(with
brackets)

DEATH TO ALL FANATICS.

I used to be a trekkie. I went to a STAR TREK convention when I was 9. I had all the books, models, and posters. Star Trek was my life. Then I discovered Science Fiction.

I collected SF books. I didn't read them, I devoured them. I wasn't happy unless I was reading. Then I discovered Dungeons and Dragons.

I bought all the books. I was thinking of all kinds of scenarios. I lived, ate, and breathed D&D. And then something happened.

I realized it was taking over my life. And I got scared. Real scared. And I tried to tone it down. Before it was too late. It worked to some degree. Then I became a Forumite.

I have dabbled in fanaticism since then. STARFLEET BATTLES Last summer comes to mind. But never to the same degree, and NEVER to the exclusion of all else.

I have been trying to find a balance. I have many interests. Roleplaying, Wargaming, SF, Fantasy, Computers, etc.

STAR TREK and Doctor Who are not the only things worthwhile. Look at OHM. He reads Comics, but it isn't the entire world for him.

The Forum

What are we? A bunch of geeks? Nerds? No! We are a club of loosely knit individuals who's only common element is a liking for SF, to an outside observer. But there is something else tying the bones of the forum: Friendship.

Comradery. We may have our individual quirks, and cliques, but we are really tightly bound to each other, no matter who is ~~at~~ involved in what controversy, and who is mad at another. We are one, like it or not. Scary, isn't it?

The whole is greater than the sum of the parts.

And now a word from ODIN:

To the one who shall not be named:

Yes, I mean you. Open your eyes. The Forum is full of success stories: Look at Tom, and George, Toast and Ralph are success stories in the making. And all because they care about themselves.

To care about others, you must first care about yourself. Dare to grow. Expand your horizons. Look beyond the universe that you live in. The only limits you have, are the ones you set ~~at~~ upon yourself. And once you have done this, you will find others care for you too.

"Make a promise, Take a Vow"

"Adjust your feelings, As easy now"

"Understand the voice within"

"And feel the change, already beginning..."

The hardest step to take is the first one. It only hurts for a while, but the pain is small compared to what could happen if you never take the journey.

The strength is within you, if only you find it. You can do anything you wish.

Now one can make you change, the choice is ultimately yours. But then again so is the responsibility, if you don't. Remember, If I didn't care, I wouldn't be writing this.

ODIN

Interesting... It could apply to anyone, but there is one person it is intended for. I'd like to see who picks up on the hints...

And now Goodbye...

I realize that I may not see some of you for the rest of the semester, so goodbye!

I'll be hanging out during intercession at home. Here's my address:

John Peterson (JP or Toast)

16 Crawbrook Dr.

Centerport, N.Y. 11721

Or call, I'd love to hear from you...

(516)-754-3947

(ask for John, we don't want to freak out Mommy)

And now for specific NOTES.

Morgana: Take care of Chris. And be sure to water ~~the~~ Charles at least 3 times a week, or his leaves turn brown and his stems droop.

Lethe: Take care of yourself. Be careful! And lets talk sometime, its been so long since I've had the pleasure.

Bruce: Thanks. You've been a big help to me. Feel free to call, I'd like to get together sometime.

JAM: Ditto above. With broffits.

~~Stefan~~ Stefan: Yow! Don't take shit from PBM companys. Fight Back. Keep writing!

Chris: Take care of Morgana. Don't forget to walk Charles. You really are a good writer.

Rob \diamond : Now lets do ~~the~~ some stuff together that don't have to be studied.

Tamar: Take care, my friends. Keep my $\frac{1}{4}$ safe. Remember...

Charles: Take care of Chris + Morgana. Keep their leather waxed.

All others: Happy holidays! Don't get killed, so I can see you next semester. All my friendship goes with you. Stake well.

Next Semester

You! If I do make it back as a student, things'll be real fun. Just look at what's coming up:

My birthday, Earthquake Prevention Week, Sherman Ralstonberg day, St. Concubines day (Be my concubine) April Fools day, St. Patrick's Day, Chuck Winthrop day, and **ICON V**

With the chain novels and everything, things will really be fun. Until then my friends

Shake Well

TOAST

ALL YOU NEED IS A SLICE OF BREAD, AND SOMETHING ~~TO~~ ~~TOAST~~

Howard - Here's looking at you kid

- From one who has a good understanding

Lette - Did you take care of my ticket
if you did thanks - Rob

Howenbess?

Kevin - I have a couch coming soon slightly ripped up but infra structure ok.

Kerry - If you'll be around over inter session give me your #



P ya n s v i n ye +

ПЯНСВИН-ЙЕ+

C10

At the Movies

Aljean Harmetz

A \$2 million campaign for 'Jedi' cassette.

Special to The New York Times

HOLLYWOOD, Dec. 12 — The line between video cassettes and movie theaters will blur a little more next month when CBS-Fox Video begins a \$2 million advertising campaign for its cassette of "Return of the Jedi," almost certain to be the largest marketing campaign in the short history of home video.

Most of the money will be spent on a television commercial that shows an Ewok from "Return of the Jedi" in

teracting with an American family. There will also be a sweepstakes, with a Mercedes atop a pyramid of 10,000 prizes. A decade ago, studios rarely spent more than \$2 million on the theatrical release of a movie.

Priced at \$79.98 each, approximately 400,000 cassettes of the third chapter in George Lucas's "Star Wars" trilogy will be shipped on Feb. 25. The potential earnings to CBS-Fox are more than \$20 million. "Jedi" will be trying to break the record of "Ghostbusters" (410,000 copies) as the largest-selling expensively priced cassette. But there's another competitor in that race. Next month, Thorn-EMI-HBO's "Rambo" will be making "Ghostbusters" its target, according to Nicholas Santrizos, Thorn's president.

Why February, instead of having "Jedi" on the shelves of the nation's 24,000 video stores in time for Christmas? "This Christmas is going to be the largest video-cassette-recorder selling season in history," Len White, president of consumer products for CBS-Fox, says. "In February, all those new VCR owners are going to want movies."

Learning From Lizards At the Munich Zoo

How does an Academy Award-winning actor play a reptile? For his role as a Drac in 20th Century-Fox's "Enemy Mine," Louis Gossett Jr. took a mime, a dancer, an athlete and a linguist with him to the Munich Zoo to watch the lizards.

"Then I tried to mimic one very small lizard who enjoyed himself around the water," says Mr. Gossett, who won his Oscar as the tough drill sergeant in "An Officer and a Gentleman." "Dracs celebrate the wet."

In "Enemy Mine," which opens Dec. 20, Mr. Gossett, from the planet Dracon, and Dennis Quaid, who plays an Earthling, are enemies who crash land on the same planet. The movie was directed by Wolfgang Petersen ("Das Boot") and filmed in Munich. Mr. Gossett says he also copied "a bobbing-head kind of pecking walk" from the Munich Zoo's ostrich, "the way a female kangaroo squats flat-footed with her weight on her heels," and the stillness of the zoo's big cats.

The Draconian language — a kind of guttural gargle — was adjusted to fit the physical limitations of Mr.

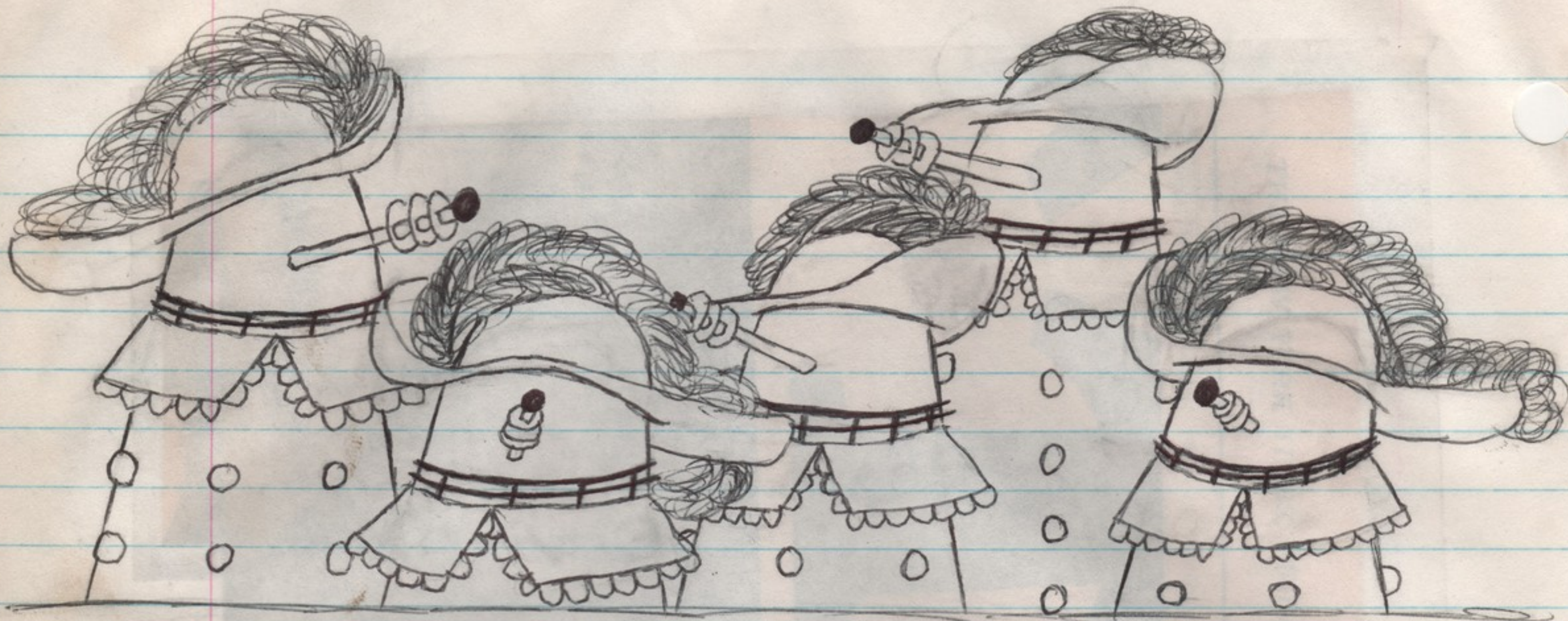


Louis Gossett Jr. as the Drac, in "Enemy Mine."

Gossett's reptilian makeup. It was based partly on the bird calls he had learned, as a child, by imitating the private signals of the Lone Ranger and Tonto. But Mr. Gossett does not trill in Draconian for the entire picture.

"It conveniently turned out that Dracs are more intelligent than

Earth people," he says, "so I learned the human's language rather quickly and we could get on with the movie."



12/13/
Morgana

THE DALEK MASTERS

DALEKS OF THE CLOTH GUILD

ANS:Y:J:PIACI:OSIT!XOXI:RNY! (An irrelevant editorial comment)

J

There once was a woman named Jane
 Who never thought class was a pain.
 She turned up the dial,
 and let loose with a smile
 As the current flowed right through her brain.

J
A
M
B
O
N
E
Y

All! The party is here and the Forum
 parties it up!
 Hello All -
 Welcome to the new!
 Welcome back to the old!
 Holiday! Festival! FESTIVAL!
 FESTIVAL!
 Hi! Ho!

Yiaoww! Party in Full Blase, Pretzels and
Rubber bands Aflight in the air. I hope
to see someone is around to CLEAN UP
tomorrow! Yiaoww!

12

Fri/SAT
13 14
85

THE PARTY'S OVER.

IT STARTED LATE AND

ENDED LATE. AT 2:48 AM

I HAVE CLEANED UP THIS PLACE AGAIN
(WITH SOME HELP FROM BILL CHRIS + MORGANA.)
GREAT...EH???

SO CALL ME, WILL YA?

928-3474 Mornings (When I'm sleeping)

I'LL BE AROUND WITH LISA CHRISTMAS WEEK
AND GONE NEW YEARS WEEK. 26-5TH EH.

THE SOUND OF THE JOUST MACHINE MASTERBATING.

MORE LATER

JEFA

Side
note →

WE GOT A
HOUSE!!

Fucking Wow!! CAP

To the Forum,

Wishing you a holiday season
filled with beautiful moments.
Merry Christmas, happy
Hanukkah, joyous solstice,
felicitous intercession, et al.

Penianne

12/14/85

6:16 pm

Kevin

3 more verses to the filk?

Genetic Redundancy can be sublime
you can store information and keep it alive
with RNA coding I wrote down this song
and I now have a virus 300 feet long

Heat's made up of phonons, and none can deny,
it's a postulate stated by Dr. Debye,
in my case the theory has found its extreme,
my surroundings start burning whenever I scream.

I knew Albert Einstein in 1905,
it's too bad that Albert's no longer alive,
'Cause if you asked Einstein, he'd say with a glint,
that I knew all the answers and gave him some hints.

any others?

- Kevin Steiner

TAM:

DIDN'T GET YOUR MESSAGE UNTIL JUST NOW (SAT. NIGHT). I'LL SEE YOU SOMETIME TOMORROW.

Cliff

J 12 All: Well I know the semester is not quite over,
 A 14 but I wanted to say its been quite an experience
 M 85 for me this semester. Well, you know, I can't remember
 when I've learned to ~~do~~ (oops)
 sorry message cut off in order to
 see "Fright Night!"
 Move later

This means something
YOWN

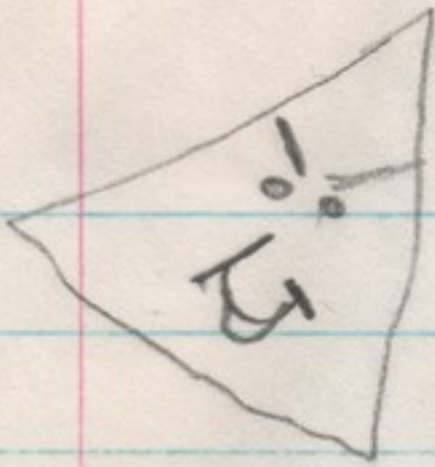
Probably will see "Greenias" at midnight!

TAM

(BY) STEFAN

Quarter of twelve Sunday Morning, Absolute silence, nobody around, and the place looks clean... too clean. I was hoping some munchies would be left over. Ever cook with a Sugar Beet?

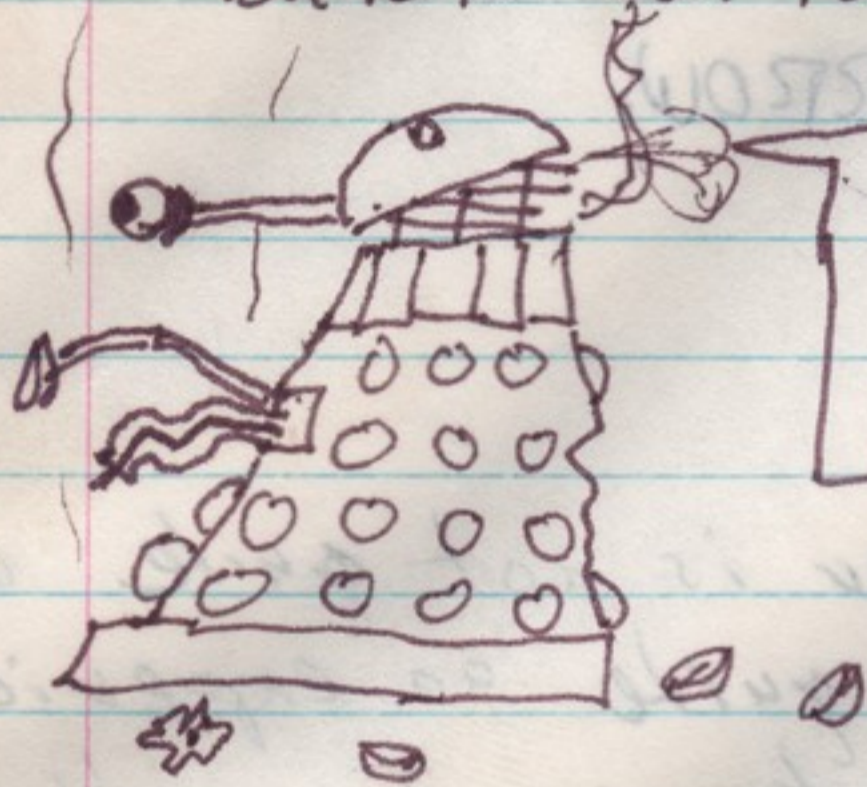
ZEM: I moved the want list to the top-middle drawer of the Shau (fake wood) desk



Piece on Oith.
Peas on irth
Pees on urth

12/15/85

YIAOWW! I've started a rash of Dalek cartoons! I've created a monster!



THOSE
BLASTED
GREMLINS!

Noil,
The Doctor

OS?

And now, a lesson in Japanese writing

Hiragana - あ う む め お

Katakana - ア ウ ム メ オ

DALEKANA



-sorry Doctor
Zur

PS - weekend was O.K! Now I'm worried about

EXAM

TAM:

I'LL TRY TO FIND YOU AT THE
LIBRARY. IF I CAN'T, I'LL CATCH
YOU ON TUES.

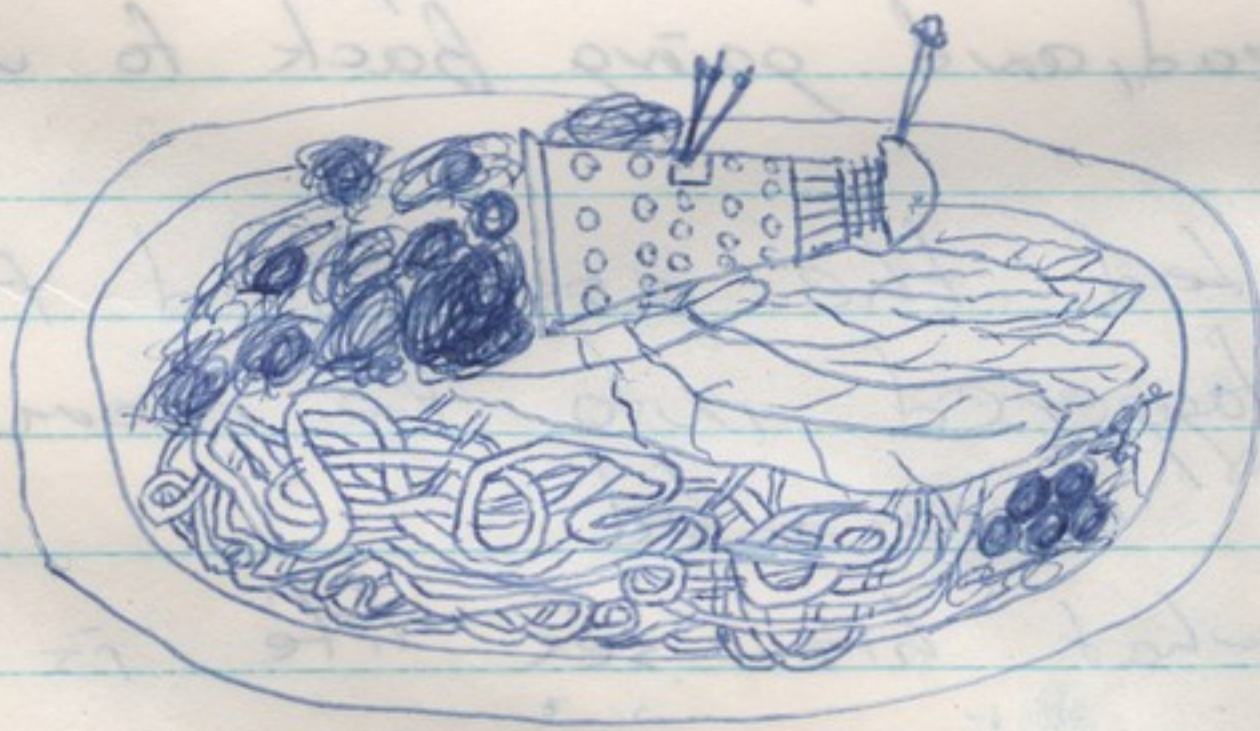
GOOD LUCK ON YOUR EXAMS.

Cliff

SUN., 3:25 PM

To the Doctor $\Theta\Sigma$:

Thank. Any white paper will do.



DALEKA

DINNER

at K-9 cafeteria,

SUNY @ LOGOPOLIS

- Kevin Sterner

NOT QUITE A DALEK-ASAC

NOR DALEK TABLE

J

Starting... the Saga of Dark Toast: MAT

October 17, 1985, 4:30 PM.

Toast walked into the Forum. "Fucking Classes." He slammed his notebook down on the Librarians desk, hard. He turned around.

The Forum was crowded. Chris and Charles were talking, when they looked up. Kevin and Lethe were on the couch. Bruce, Tamar, and Joy were sitting in the chairs.

"My, aren't we in a good mood?" said Bruce.

"Shut up!"

Toast looked around in vain for a chair. Finding none he found a seat on the arm of the couch.

"Oh cheer up, Toast, things will get better," said Lethe, raising her head, and going back to what she was doing.

"Gorno!" shouted the assembled F-Men, as the lizard staggered into the room, shaking his tail. "Grrr..." he growled.

"I wonder what his sex life is like..." mused Charles.

"Reptile women don't have tits," said Chris.

"And don't need them, lousy mammals," growled Gorno.

"Sex? Is that all you perverts think about?" shouted Toast.

"Of course. It's more fun that way!" said Bruce.

"You're all disgusting!" screamed Joy, jamming her thumb back into her mouth.

"She should talk," said Tamar under her breath.

The Doctor wandered in. "Hello." Finding no room available, he stood,

"And reptiles lay eggs..." continued Chris. "They don't get laid, like mammals do!"

"Fucking mammals! Always thinking of your gonads, humping like rabbits..." shouted the reptilian warrior.

"Some of us don't," whimpered Toast.

"Shut up!" said Joy. "I'm trying to read DOCTOR WHO!"

"No, no, NO!" said Toast. This was too much for him, and all the rage and frustration of the past month and a half broke through. Gathering his powers, the energy shape of a toaster coalesced around him. "NO! I'll kill you all!"

Gorno was the first to react, but the reptilian form was toasted in midstride. Kevin looked up and started to mutter quantum state equations in a valiant effort to neutralize Toast's powers, but he was vaporized. The Doctor dived behind the desk and dematerialized. Charles and Bruce tried to bore and depress him, but Dark Toast killed them ~~with~~ with a thought. Tamar hid behind the stacks, knowing that her powers of attraction would be of more harm than good in Toast's current strength.

Lethe was unleashing her formidable psychic powers, but Toast was fully defending himself. Chris was next to fall. The Forum was engulfed in flames.

Tamar looked up. They were no longer in the forum, but ~~the~~ someplace else entirely. The entire contingent of Forum's females was here, including both Sandys, Lydia, and Morgana.

"Your powers have been neutralized," Dark Toast said.

"What happens now?" asked Joy.

"Oops, how did she get in there?" he said, disintegrating her.

"And now the fun begins." He let loose with his ~~eyes~~ eyes. Where he glanced, seams ~~sp~~ parted.

The Doctor gazed his desk towards back through time, "I've got to stop him..."

TO BE CONTINUED?

JP GREAT... PLEASE CONTINUE

JEFF

Yicoww! Loows like FUN ~~SEFFAN~~

JEFF: I hope you'll be bringing in the leftover Munchies for starving Final-doers.

ALL: The caves on the mesa are for all and sundry. PLEASE be neat. There are some ^{tinny} plates on the utility shelves.

GARY: Please C Me Re telescope.

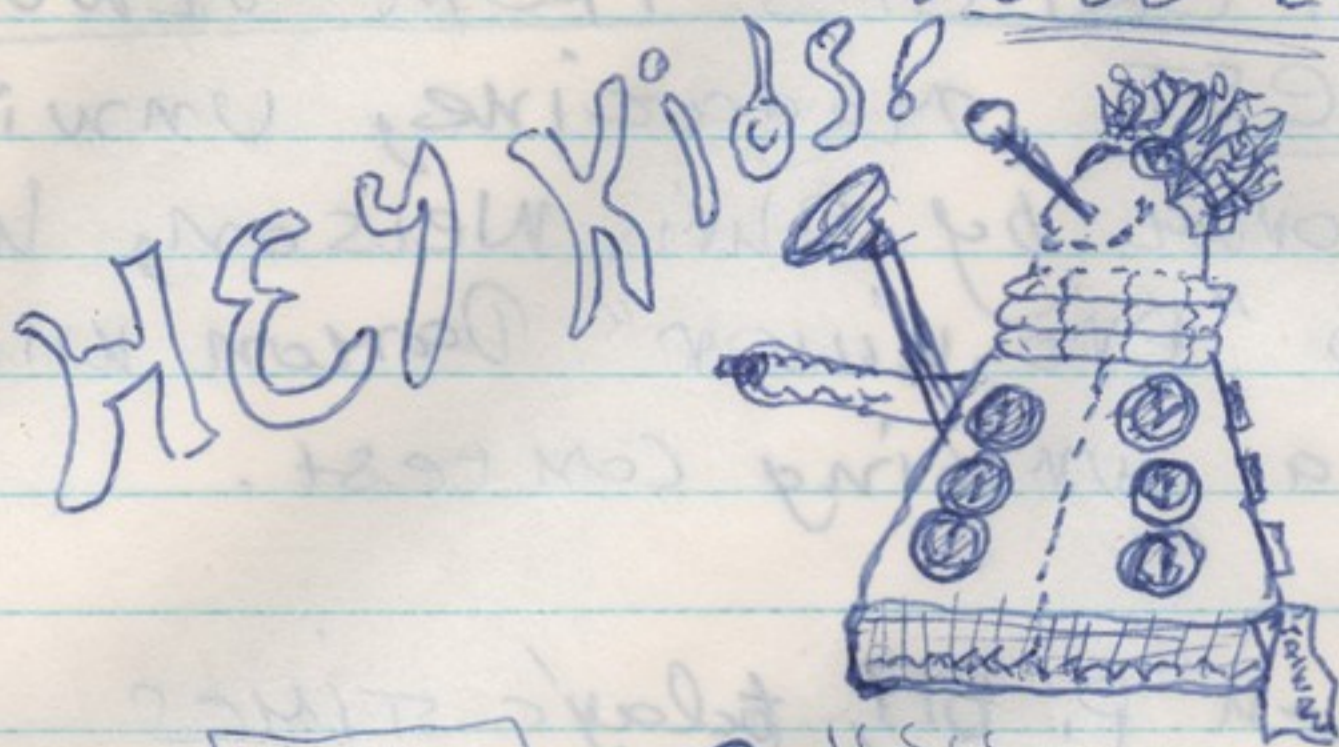
IF you have an hour ^(or 1/2 hour, even) free, we can drive to the apartment to pick it up.



And now...

What you've all been waiting for...

DOLL-EX



This cutesy plush Dalek is stuffed with non-toxic virgin sawdust and highly toxic dirt from the No-man's land of SWARO.



Comes with an extra wig, diaper, and a year's supply of energy packs for the dalek own.

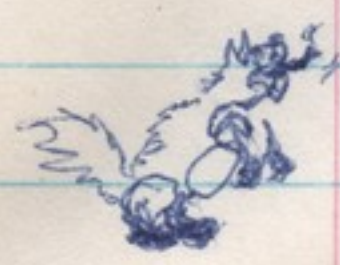
[Aside: take a look at the art on the boxes of "GI JOE" cereal. GI JOE is now a blonde, crew-cotted gog in a brown combat suit.

Most-to-god, if you switched the flag on his shoulder for a swastika, you'd have a Nazi SS soldier... The glossy, idealized pix of "JOE" is almost identical in style to WWII german propaganda posters.

GI Joe used to represent the average GI, "Joe". Now he is an elite ball-kicking Fascist in the special forces. Instead of citizen-soldiers, from lots of backgrounds, doing their duty, we get testosterone-crazed devos whose special training involved biting the heads off kittens & morale boosters and a 103 ways to silently kill civilians.]

"For the inventive spirit of man, there is no utopia; only not-yet" - thea Van Manhou
"Metropolis"

Long-tongued Sex-crazed Black-footed FERRETS FROM VENUS!



Jan. Writer's Digest Magazine, unwittingly donated to the forum by Chris Nelson, has a story/article by "Pro-Killer" Damon Knight, and Rules for a writing contest.

See: Lower article on p. B17, today's TIMES

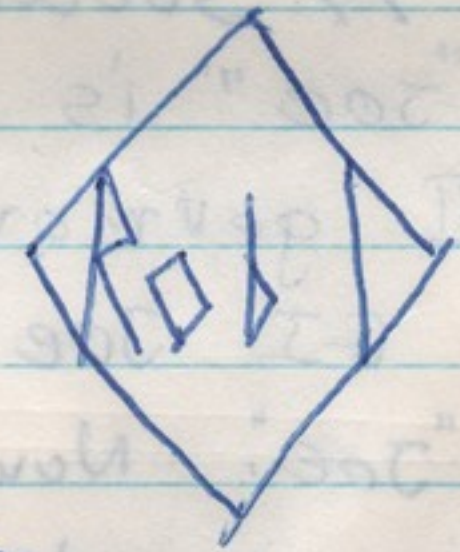
12/16
noont a few mins

Me think this will be my last entry for the fall '85 semester. Today got off to a good start - I owes Tony brook \$1158.50 - After paying my Student loan. Extradimensional Fornicatory reference!

All: Happy fucking Christmas and Merry fucking Chanukah!
See you next year.

Toast: Amusing.

Sandy: Thank.



~~Oh, the wonderful things you can do...~~
"Oh, the wonderful things you can do..."

HELP!

TOM knows a mail order place where we can buy an Osborne I computer for \$398. The offer is good until 12/31. In order to take advantage we must order soon. There is a good chance we can get our money back from Pacity... That's right, "our" money. I am chipping in \$100. So is Tom. We need \$200 more from GENEROUS FORUMITES, WHO WILL HELP?

Data: Osborne I is a plain-Jane numbers & letters machine. It is portable and very durable. 64K, Z80 processor, two disk drives. The \$398 includes software. At this price, we can AFFORD to "splurge" for things like a hard disk drive and the like. Tom has indicated that he will donate his printer!


Pledge List:

<u>NAME</u>	<u>AMOUNT</u>
-------------	---------------

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.

3:00 PM
12/16/85

Double
Toast: Yioww! Really looks fun.
please continue.

Rob : I will leave cartoon in display
case sometime today.

Physic Final: UG!
Noil,
The Doctor
COE

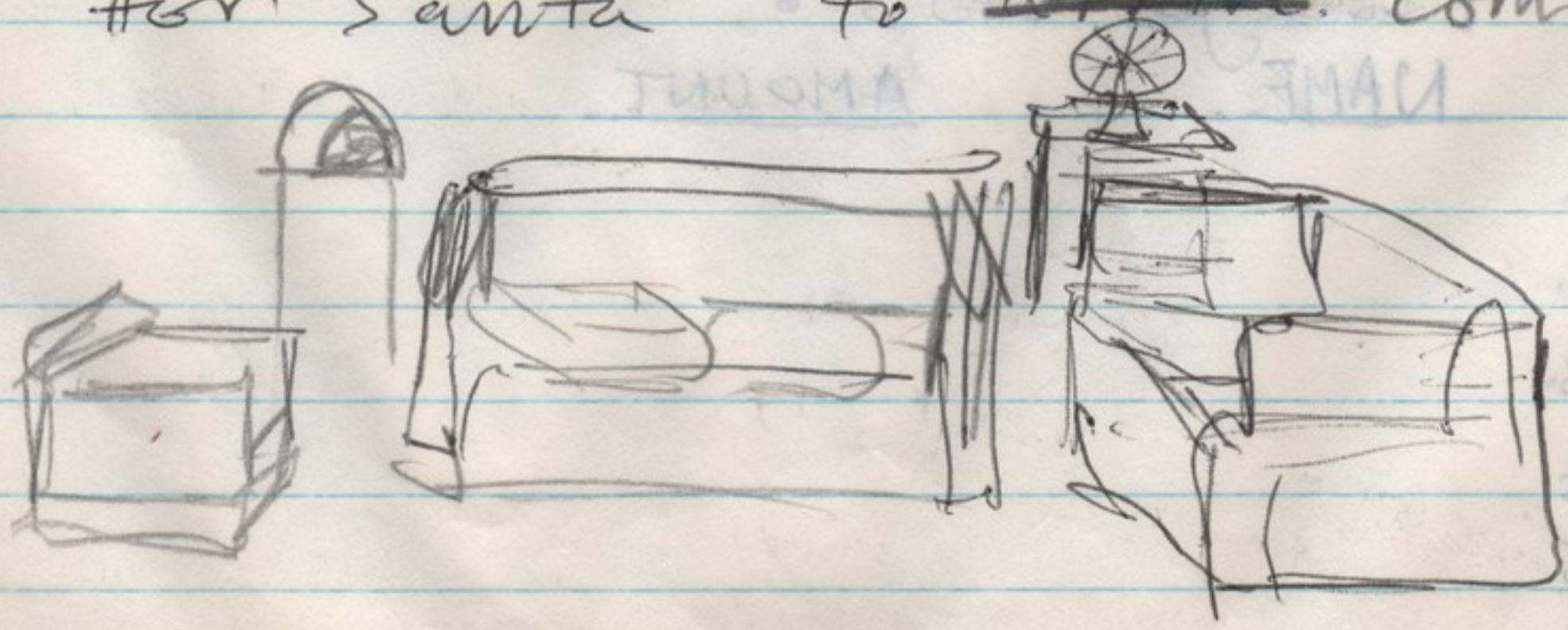
TOAST: BOFFO! BOFFO BOFFO BOFFO!

DYIOW!

MAKA ATRA!
ATRA MAURI!
AIRAMOURI!

Anyway - Just in case I don't see any
of you folks before the
Christian God's Birthday

'T was the Night before Christmas,
and all through the forum
~~the mammals we humping like rabbits,~~
The forumites were waiting
for Santa to ~~come~~ come.



So I change my ~~my~~ scheme, so sue me!

That Santa would see them,
and no toys give

was in their hearts of hearts,
their greatest fear.

And so they very cleverly, carefully

themselves hid

so that if Santa were blind, deaf
and drunk, he would not know

they were here...

Tammy and Toast, in the usual way,
wondered aloud what Santa
would say,

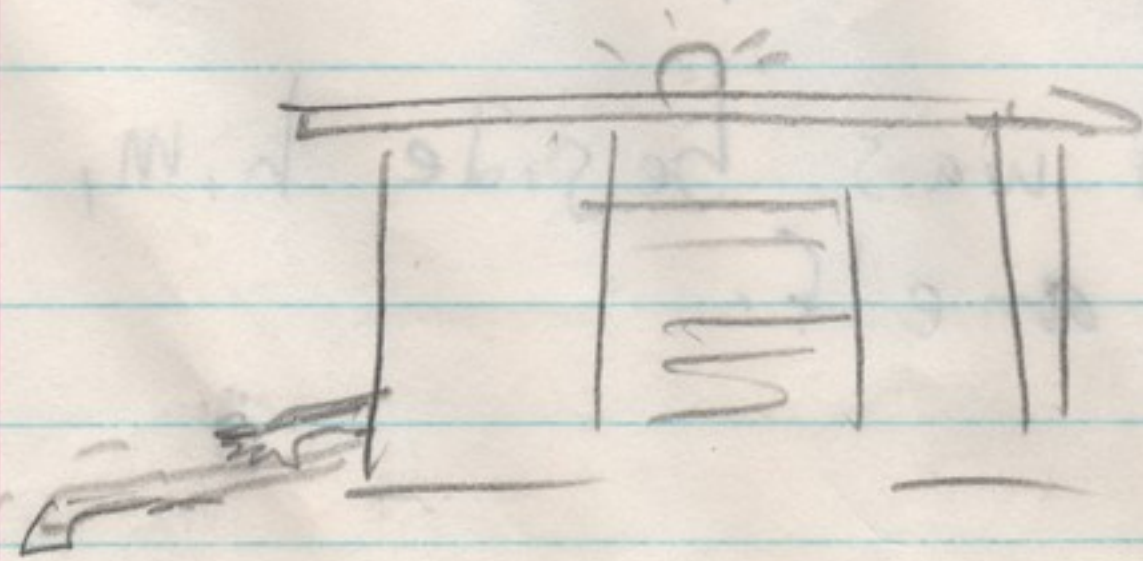
And if he could be seen and
heard for a while,

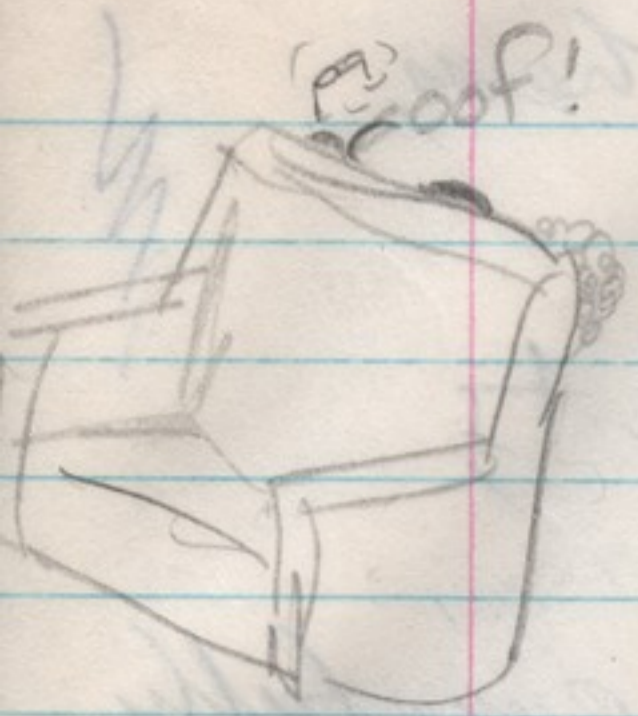
Who would he resemble, in manner,
face, and style?

Indeed, added Toast with a
suspicious glare,

Could he be someone who's a acquaintance
we share?

The Doctor, said Tammy happy to play,
But his scarf from the desk started,
moving did lay...





Or Kevin Sternum Toast said
with a laugh; elboring the
president, who replied with a
gasp.

Maybe Bruce or Charles, he
exclaimed in Dismay.

All said in unison: "NO WAY!"
-and they were there anyway...

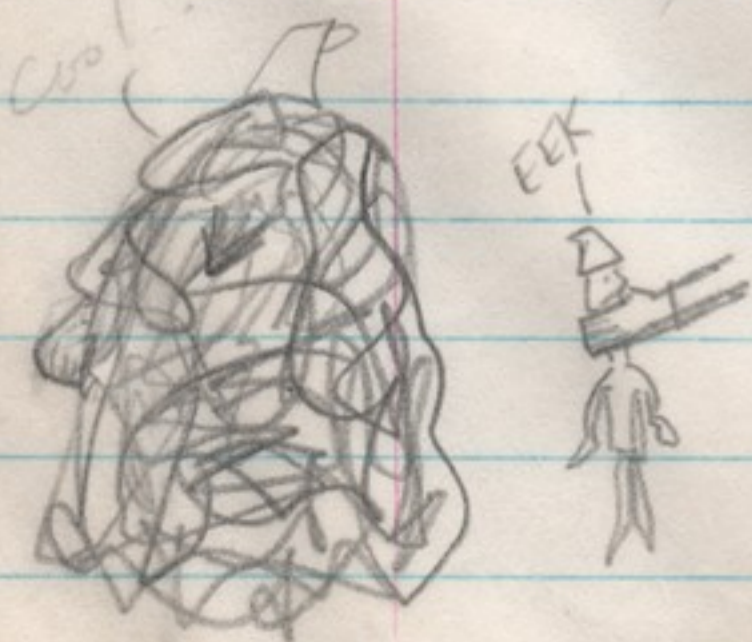
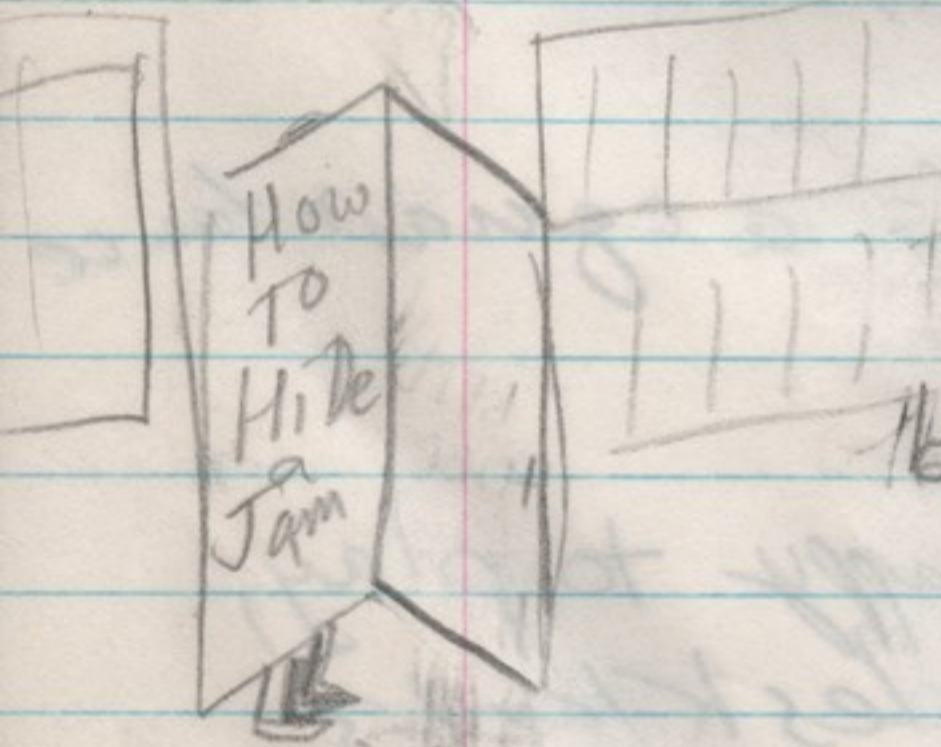
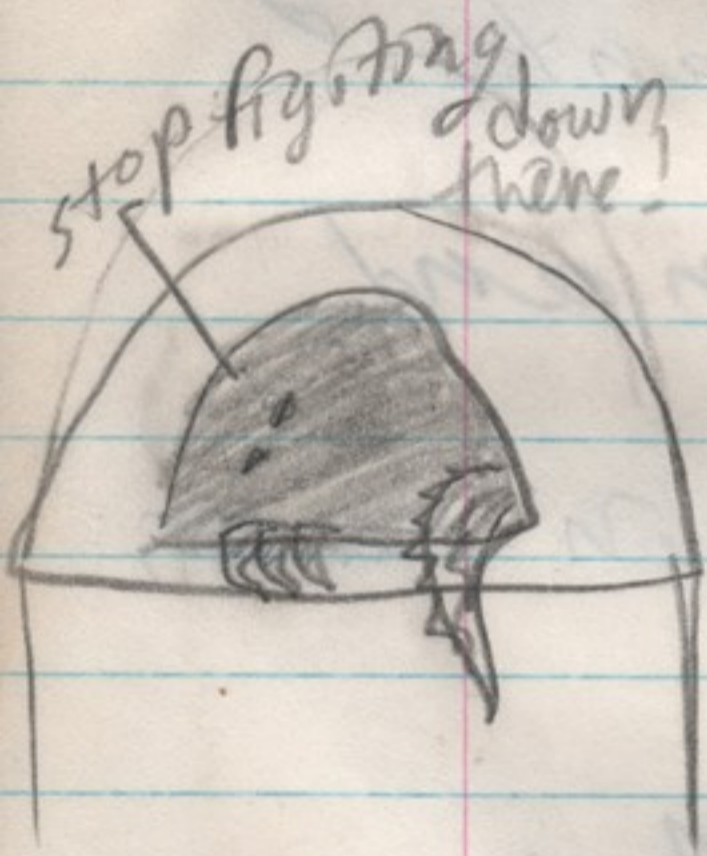
Toast, no fool, quickly did guess,
It's obviously Gorno, so forget the
rest!

Would he be wasting his time
in this way, when he has two
test tommorrow ^{on the} same day?

But Gorno was ^{there,} plain to be
seen, so journeying with the
children of the vending
machine.

Brian! Shouted Jam, from behind a
book; But McGinness was quickly
found, after a short look.

Ralph, suggested Stephan, disqualifying
himself,
but Ralph was beside him,
strangling an elf.



But then a jingling sound came
from the hall,
And they heard a stout voice call,

Now Dancer, Now Prancer, Now Vixen and
Blitzen

Stop your 'ASSES, or your wagon
I'll be fixin'!

And in to the forum, to their
surprise,

The person they'd been waiting for,
they saw with their eyes...

Surprise

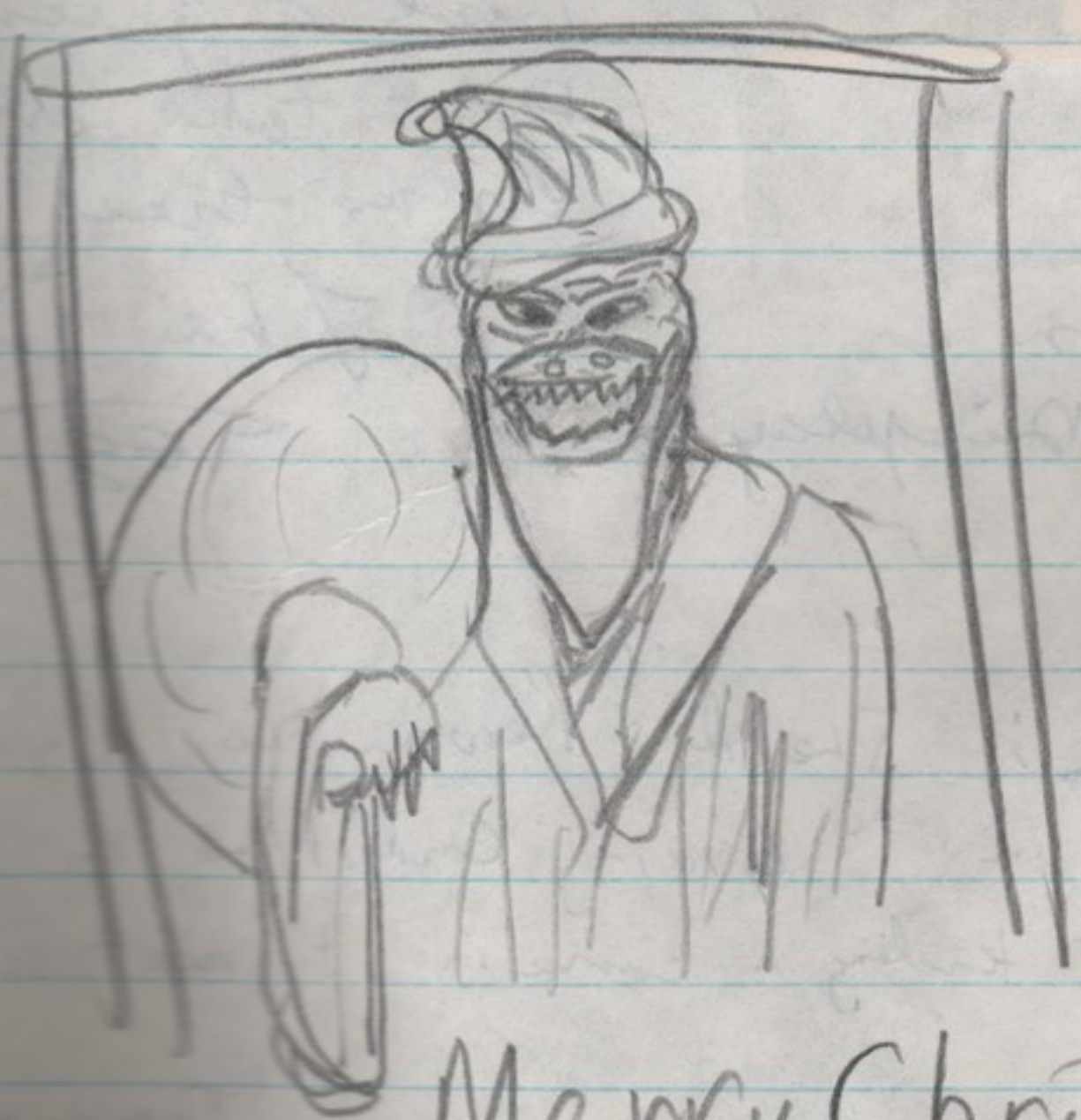
Ending!

But then a jingling sound came
from the hall,
And we heard a stout voice call,

Now Dancer, Now Prancer, Now Vixen and
Blitzen,
Stop your 'Asses, or your wagon
I'll be fixin'!

And in to the forum, to their
surprise,
The person they'd been waiting for,
they saw with their eyes...

STUPID MAMMALS, SO WHAT,
I LIED! I LIE.



GORNO

Merry Christmass
And yer slice
too!

12/16/85

"Marriott and Prime divide
HoJo empire!"

5PM... 01:00

By Christopher Brimer
Business Writer

With the acquisition of Howard Johnson Company completed, officials of Prime Motor Inns and Marriott Corporation say they are busy integrating the pieces of HoJo's orange-roofed empire into their own operations.

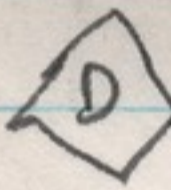
Marriott closed the \$300-million purchase from the Imperial Group of London on Friday. It immediately turned around and sold 125 motor lodges and hotels, 375 franchised motor lodges, 199 franchised restaurants, and the Howard Johnson name and trademark to Prime. Prime, headquartered in Fairfield, paid \$235 million for the package.

Marriott kept the 350 company-operated restaurants, 68 turnpike restaurants, and vending, manufacturing, and distribution operations, one Plaza-Hotel, and management agreements for three Plaza-Hotels. The company says it will probably convert many of the restaurants. The most likely candidate is Big Boys.

Uh, Oh people
on excerpt from
the Dec. issue of
C-5 News:

"It is with deep
concern that we
acknowledge the
resignation of
Robert A. Meienlein
from the Board of
Directors for reasons
of ill health..."

Gorno: Funny song,
have a green christmas,
Don't take any wooden
Xmas trees, scaleball

Rob : cartoon is
now in display case

The Doctor
← 02

12/16/85

GARZ
(The Missing one!)

RALPH: Sheldon Rowan will give a talk at
I-CON on "Living Conditions in Space Stations"
(He's taking a coma in it next semester!)

- 5:15PM

- I leave with a quote:
"Those who would seek
to pass judgement on
TRUTH AND KNOWLEDGE
set themselves up to be
Shipwrecked by the
Laughter of the Gods!"
- A. Einstein

- Noff said

GARZ

And now, a cartoon!

CONTACT

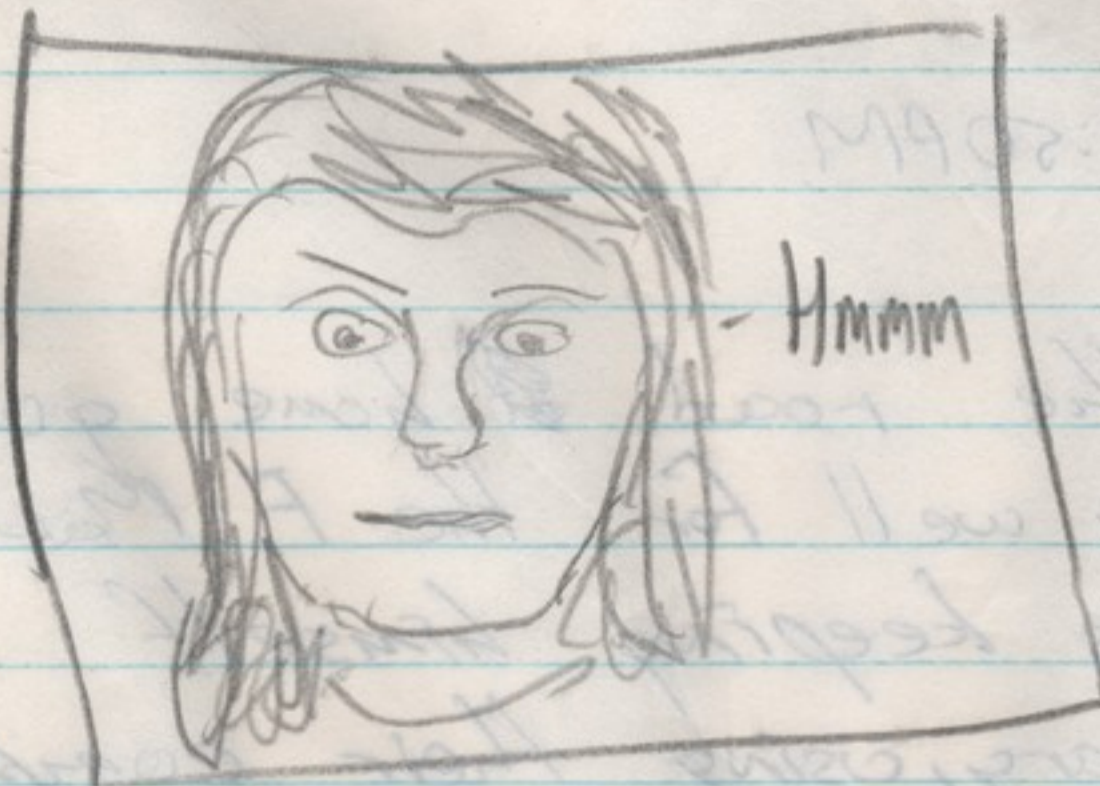
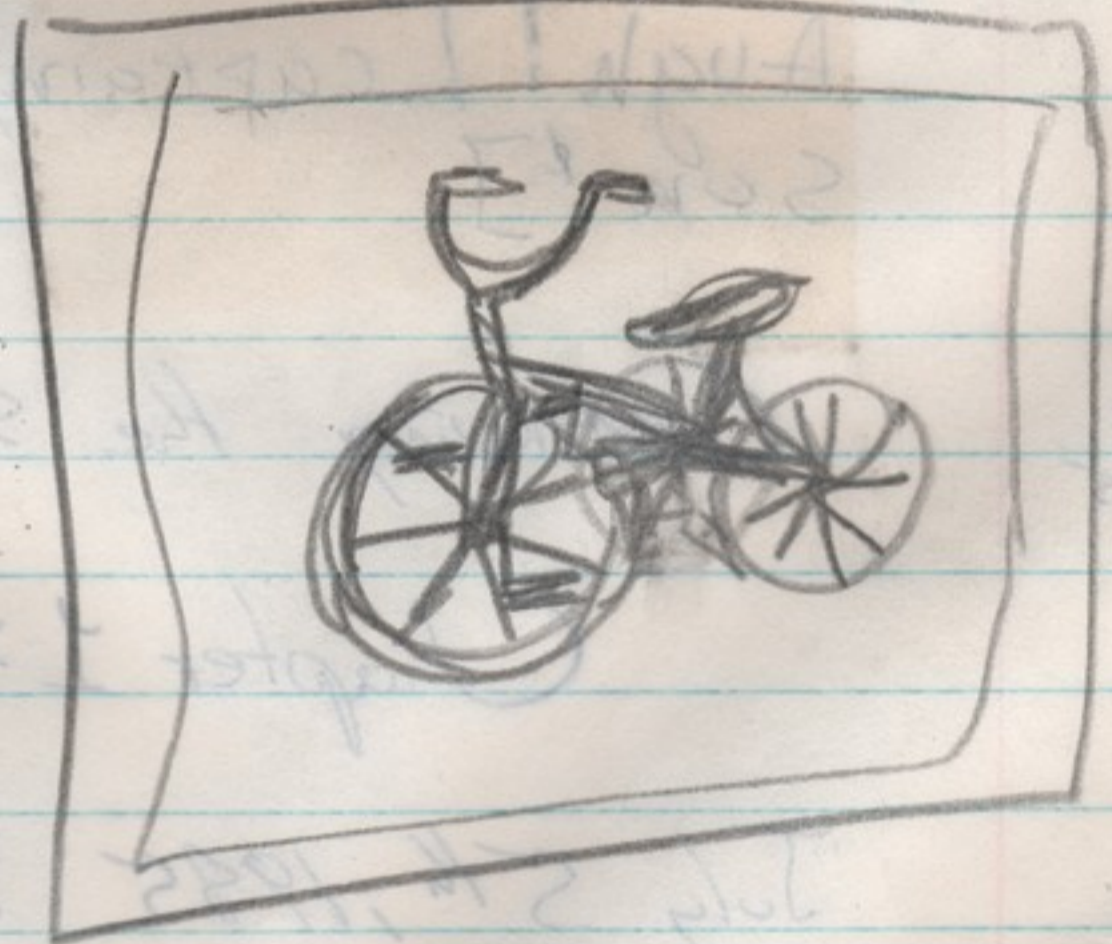
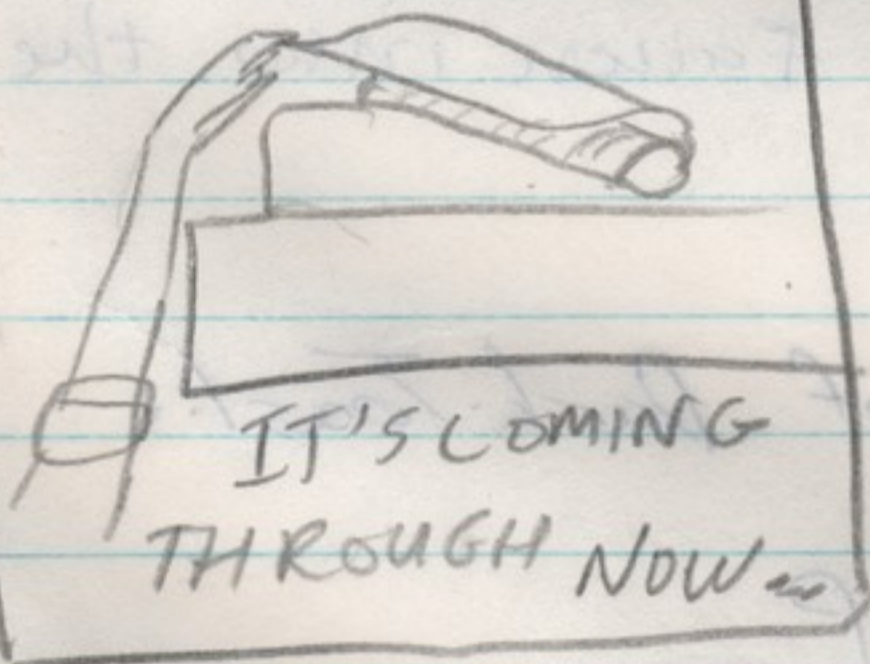
By Jarl Sagoff

Dr. Shifthead,
We've got a
translation of the
Extraterrestrial transmission!



IT SAYS IT CONTAINS THE DIRECTIONS
TO AN INTERSTELLAR DRIVE! ...

"SUTIBLY SCALED DOWN TO YOUR
INTELLIGENCE LEVEL" ...



GORNE

GODDAMN! Only finished $\frac{53}{4}$ of
the 8 questions on my Eco Final. Shit.

SO, none of you bleeds want to risk
a little money on the forum. Uh, oh, oh!
I'll buy one of the socks myself and
not let any of you see it. Nyahh!

OK. How about if I see if
Polity will spring/feimburse us. Will
people ~~still~~ ^{do} donate then? Absolutely
The money must be in by Wednesday,
So Tom can use his credit card in
safety.

Holy shit, I'm FREE! No
more tests! No more papers!
Augh! [Captain, he's fallen into the
sun!]

7:00 PM
12/16/85
J

Continuing the Saga of Dark Toast:

Chapter 1: J.P.

July 5th, 1985 2:50 AM.

J.P. walked the road home quickly.
Things were going well for the F-Man during
his vacation. He was keeping himself busy
~~at~~ at the library, using their computers,
and he was looking forward to his trip to
Arizona in 2 weeks.

"Hell, if I walk like this every day, I might
even lose weight!" he thought. "Heh! Fat chance."
He turned the corner of Cranbrook Drive, and

saw a fire chief's car pulling up. "I wonder who's house is getting torched." He saw a fireman get out, and cross the street, and duck behind the yellow curve sign. "Wait a minute that house is..." "Holy Shit!" he screamed aloud, running down the street. More fire engines pulled up. They were already hooking up the hoses to the hydrant when he arrived, putting.

"What's going on?" he said to a guy who was shouting orders to his subordinates.

"It's a fire, asshole! Now get out of the way..."

"I know it's a fire, my mother's in there!"

"No, kid, she's over there," he pointed to Rob Diamond's derelict car.

J.P.'s Mom was standing by the car, hair and clothes singed. "What happened?", but she just stared at him.

"Debbie?", he asked.

"Playing with friends."

"Karen."

"Still at Jewine's house."

"Kerth?"

"Out with Jeff"

"The cats?"

"Safe."

A dark thought moved across J.P.'s brain "The toaster?", he asked, knowing the answer.

"Still inside... / Wait don't go in there..." but it was too late, J.P. was already dashing into the burning house.

He tripped over the hose. The house was full of smoke, and mist. He heard the sound of glass shattering, over the roar of fire and ~~laughter~~.

"So Hot," he thought, coughing on the smoke. He crouched down and put his t-shirt over his nose. It didn't help much. #

The kitchen floor was slippery. He noted the months worth of unwashed dishes on the floor. "I guess this will give Mom an excuse ~~to take~~ not to do the dishes again," he thought grimly.

He couldn't see anymore, his eyes stung so much. He felt the toaster cord and yanked it from the wall. He grabbed the toaster in his arms and started the long walk back.

"One more step. So tired." He fell, the toaster outstretched before him.

He saw a fiery image of a toaster in front of him. It spoke to him.

"You are brave and selfless. I give my powers unto you. Use them to become what you want. You ~~take~~ now have the power within you." The flaming toaster engulfed him, and burned him ~~into~~ into the soul, without consuming him. Then the room faded away in a red roar.

His eyes hurt, but he couldn't open them. His throat felt dry. There was a dull rumbling that resolved itself into voices speaking.

"I ran right into the house, just to get a fucking toaster! Didn't any of you assholes see him?"

"We were too busy fighting the fire. Besides, he went into the kitchen, and we were down the hall."

"Wait, he's waking up..."

They removed the gauze pads from his eyes, which he opened. He blinked.

"Our lucky to be alive!"

"I don't feel like it."

"Don't worry. Keep breathing the oxygen for a few minutes."

"The toaster?"

"Safe," the chief said, without any sarcasm.

He stayed on the stretcher for a few minutes, then got up slowly. His ~~throat~~ throat felt like he just drank gasoline.

"Come on," said the chief. "Go take care of your mother."

Toast walked to the ambulance, and climbed in.

TO BE CONTINUED

And now, a flash from logbook past: (reruns again?)



MUCUS TELEVISION

Cold sufferer?

Watch Phleg TV

MUCUS VIDEOS 24 HOURS A DAY.

Wow! - Great entries for the past 43 pages!
(+- .001%) Congratulations, you are all in fine
form. Toast has become a god.

Kerry

11:45 pm

12/16 → 12/17/85

ARGC := ARGC + 100;

Just read 5 chapters, must read 3 more. Boring!!

HIS 233 exam tomorrow morning. Eyes swimming. Will stay up till 2 AM. Hypertuck.

Doctor @Σ: Hypertank. IOU 1.

Toast: Most entertaining! (Steve - a derelict?, Hm...)

TAMAR: Sorry I wasn't around, come by later.

All: Only 8 more shoplifting days till Christmas!

Rob

116

Hey, dudes. Yes, that's right I've been a nice guy recently. But that will change, now.

Fuck you and you and you and you (that's right, you) No one is exempt. (except Brian)

You think you're fucking happy, don't you? Well you are! Goddamn you.

You with your fucking \$10 words and your \$2 brains. (and your \$20 gonads).

Alright, alright. You think you'll turn the log into a panty-waisted journal for happy boobs who think that this time of year means you have to be NICE to each other

Well, okay. I can accept that.

MERRY FUCKING

HOLIDAYS

(and now back to ~~what~~ what this log was meant to be used for BOOK REVIEWS.)

These opinions are strictly my own. For the most part, I'll be sticking to books ~~we~~ have read.

SIDESLIP - (Ted White & Dave van Arnam)

Once you get past the cover (Arman shooting at spaceships with a swastika in the background), you get to a book that is ~~the~~ pulp-popcorn at its finest.

Ron Archer, a private detective, is dragged off to an alternate universe ~~and~~ by a group called the "technocrats" who are up against ~~the~~ invaders from space. The "angels" as they're called (due to the glow of the forcefield around them) took over Earth just prior to World War II.

Ron gets chased around New York City by just about everybody, ~~he~~ gets invited to cocktail parties, ~~big~~ and sleeps with an "angel".

Really neat shit!!

(oh, and of course Hitler makes an appearance)

That's all for now!

Meantime read Silverlock (John Myers Myers)

Peace

Christopher Hobbes

"for the
fuck of
it"

(By) Stefanie Jones

TOAST: Now! Keeno ENTRY.

ALL: COME ON, PEOPLE! Let's get
That there Osborne I! All it will take
is a couple of (dozen) douars each.

(If you're a pantsy-waisted wimp who
wears HUGGIES[™] during episodes of
"Scooby do's ghost-hunter hour" to keep
From shitting on the carpet during
the scary parts, I understand I'll
check to see if we can be reimbursed).

Anyway...

TOAST - EXCELLENT ENTRY, Chief among
your powers will be the power to convert
bread to toast... keep it up! fun stuff
to rest my mind on when I'm on one of
my (infinite) study breaks.

ROBO - I need to see you.

Yamaguchi

Q.O.O.C. - "Get it out!! Get it out!!"

- Gorno

12/17/85 DAMN; Fucked up Genetic Engineering
11:45 AM Final (Goddamn 30 point essay
Howard that I had no idea how to do!)
Ω MEGA SCREW (Hyperfuck's brother)!

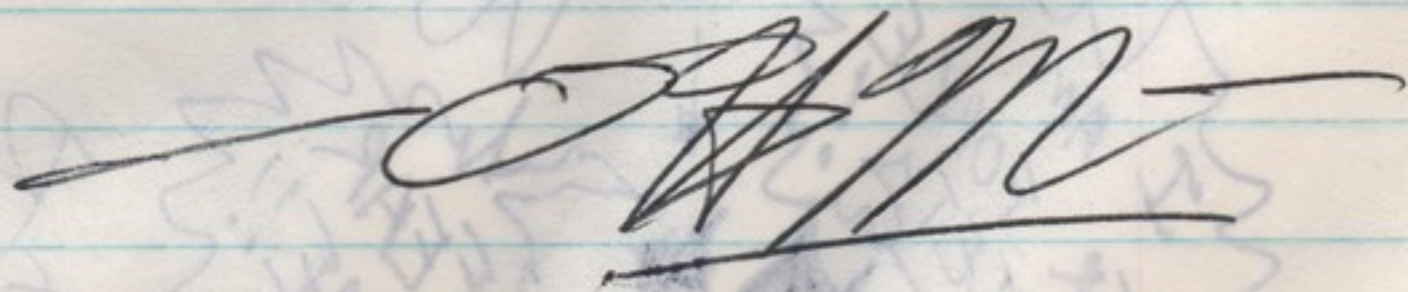
TOAST: Great story so far. Remember, to
paraphrase Chris Claremont, "Hear me
Forumites! No longer am I the TP you
once knew! I am Fire, and Life incarnate!
Now and Forever, I AM Toast!"
(feel free to use line if you want to)

GARY, RALPH, JAM: I'll request time for
late Friday* can you see
Enemy Mine by the late afternoon
evening?

*If possible.

If all else fails, I'll throw a
music special together Thursday night
or Friday.

JOEQUEST: Can you come by on Thursday
night or Friday to record your
story?



YOH, FOLKS!
Rabin Rabin^(SP?) Said Osborne
Deach was OK with him. I'll check with
Manganopocis later.

→

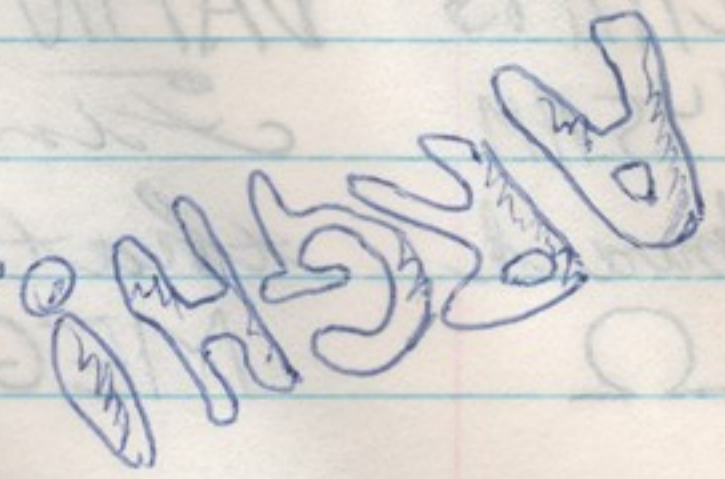
More boring computer News:
SANDS SALVAGE is Selling


ATARI hardware Cheap

850: \$75 Atari 600XL: \$39

1027 PRINTER: \$90 Touch Pad: \$25.

PLUS LOTS OF OTHER STUFF.



Howard 

I have six (6) tapes for the taping

Project we spoke about. If I don't
get them to you today 12-17-85 or
tomorrow 12-18-85 then Ralph will
give them to you at the radio show.

I'll pick them up from you when they are
completed. Also please leave Bob's
+ address c me - Rob He expanding

12/17/85

HI



LAKBA

WOW

FEAR ME!!

BUFE

E-3!

!!!T!!!
TOS

DIAMONDS ARE
A GIRL'S
BEST FRIEND

DIAMOND
IS FOREVER
HEE
HEE
HEE



THIS AND MORE
GOS ON
BORITINE
REUS RITE
THE RIGONE
US out of Enchiladas!
DOWN w/CLINCH FREE
SIC - SIC - SIC - SIC
Shakespeare
Ack!
No? Are we not states
we are in finals

J

Chapter 2: Summer Interludes.

July 22, 1985

with
Marginal
Notes
and
Annoyance
by
Kewji

Toast was very impressed with the Grand Canyon. Very big, perhaps too big. Jennifer and her friend Gina were walking on the stone bordering the rim trail. "Fucking kids."

"Come on, John!", cried Jen.

"I'm tired, Jen. You ~~too~~ go on without me. I'll eat my lunch," he said.

Gina yelled "Aw, you're no fun!", then turned to Jen, "Come on, I'll race you to the next ledge."

Toast watched as they ran off. He crawled out to the ledge and dangled his feet out into space. "Besides, I feel like testing my ^{new} toast powers. I don't want them to tell Dad I'm a mutant. He wouldn't understand." He opened up the paper bag and pulled out ^{last 1985} a Diet Coke. He took a long gulp. ^{strange!!!} "I wonder if I'll ever get used to this piss..." He reached into the bag and pulled out a sandwich. "Bologna, again?" He peeled off the bread and nibbled on the meat. He considered flying across the canyon, but decided that there were too many people looking into the canyon, who would see. "But I can do this..." He flung the two slices into the air, and toasted them on the way down. "What fun this is going to be!"

August 17, 1985.

Toast was walking, again. He had been living at Steve's house since he returned from Arizona. "In the middle of Fucking nowhere." It was over 2 miles ~~east~~ from the nearest bus stop to anywhere

TOAST YOU SOB!!
FET! INK BLOTS W/A
BALPOINT.

interesting. He saw the VA hospital just up ahead.

The HART bus pulled out of the hospital. "Damn!", Toast swore. "Missed it!"

It was over an hour til the next bus, and he had nothing better to do, so he started to walk the extra mile into Northport. To amuse himself he set fire to some bushes as he walked by.

TO BE CONTINUED.

45 sec commercial break

STATION IDENTIFICATION



BREAD AND

BOULDERS

THE TOASTED LOOK

NEXT WEEK

REBELLION
A LOVE STORY

EXCUSE US - BUT BECAUSE OF A CERTAIN
JERK FACED YUPPY PIECE OF BREAD WHOSE FEELING
A BIT UPPITY TODAY WHO WE WON'T
NAME,

WE'RE ~~HAVING~~ @P

DIFFICULTIES

GRATEING

STAY TUNED AND LISTEN TO THE MUZAC
OR WE'LL TRASH YOUR FACE.

I SAW
REAR
DIAL

"This ~~place~~ doesn't need another conscience, it has a hundred, a thousand consciences. What it needs is another heart, there are too damn few (old from?) people with heart around here." ^{5 AM}

All: As I was saying before I so rudely interrupted myself -

Best of the holidays to come.

Chris: Good luck, Of course you'll see me come September - if not sooner!

Charles: Don't let life wear you down. What is you cannot be taken away, it can be lost, found or discarded as your life decides. ^{Keep the best.}

Toast/J.P.: Who are you? I know, you're changing, revising, recycling, and becoming. It goes on and on, hopefully never to stop... growing.

Gorno: Good trip home, I'll be looking forward with anticipation and anxiety. Such is the gift for being unique! Bravo for lunacy!

Brian: By the power of ~~the~~ grey cells! To be as crazy and fan-incredible-tastic as you are there is the question! Always glad to see you, a smile and a grin! Hey man you're really great!

Phoenix: First chat... move to begin, ideas to pass, I look forward to them, Brain stuff!

Gary Z: Yo garr, where you been? I be wanta talk to you! New Years Eve Party! Yah! Yah!

Stefan: The computer! The Computer! It is your friend! YOUR FRIEND! FRIEND!

ENKIDU: Sometimes you change, sometimes people change you. There are times when you might not notice the change... but when you do, or if you do notice and you miss it, it's never gone. Finding the part that is different, free, and wild (truly wild) to seek this...

Enkidu you lost it in the end, but perhaps there was something found that made it worthwhile, until I do I've found what was lost and

S 12
A 17
M 85
I
N T
H
S E
N O
W

for that I am complete. T, I'll next I write
Enkidu best of luck and best of the search.

Final notices: Kenji: Welcome to the (crazy) family!
Darryl: I saw what was there it was so alive!
Morgan: Cheer up, loosen up, see the people,
always here always there.

Georg: I hope things work out during the vacation
show me some new work when you get back!

Tamar: Learned a lot, found what I lost, and
he's alive! Alive! Alive!

To my many friends and acquaintances:

"I guess you might have noticed something was
wrong with Daddy"

"Well he's all better now - Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!"
Da Da Da Da Dahh Da Da Dahh ... Da Da Da Da Dahh ...
Dah - Dah - Dah!

SUPER JAM!



Yo, Jam, man, like, thanks[∞] for the really cool physics text, man! This will serve as
a valuable reference for many years to come.



MERRY
FUCKING
CHRISTMAS!

12-17-85

Weds the NIGHT before Christmas
and all through the evening PHCO

John!

Something to do with something or other
⇒ (well what do you want I just can
from Exams) ⇐

well anyway MERRY Christmas
Happy New Years! EVERYONE

WEDNESDAY
MORNING
3 AM

Time for the Paul Simon entry

TRY PLAYING JOUST WITH 4 players 2 FLAP + 2 STEER

IT gets income.

Ω ROB DOWNS HAS TOPS FOR YOU.

JEFF

BUJJIT REPORT

AFTER \$413 FOR computer, and 251.95 FOR
FILM RENTALS/SHIPPING, we have \$300.96
LEFT, TOTAL.

BUT: A \$200 check was never
sent to the MICROFILM company, and sending
it now would mean we'd owe \$100. More.

I suggest we withdraw it and use the
money FOR FILMS.

ALSO: We are going to have to
have fund-raising activities of some
sort.

"The Genesis of The Bridge Players."

12/17/85

Doctr)

08

Asil and Steverin found themselves on the surface of the Thal Dome. The wind slashed at their bodies, carrying the faint smell of hot buttered toast. ~~They~~ Their eyes were blinded by the hazy sunlight. When their eyes adjusted to the light, a short figure in a black cloak spoke. "I am Toast!" he shouted over the roar of the wind. "Thank you for saving us," said Asil, "... er, Mr. Toast." Toast crossed his arms across his chest, smiled and just nodded. "Wait a minute! I know you. You were a prisoner of the Rebels. I saw you crushed to death by a ton of Christian literature!" Asil gave him a puzzled look. "Yes, I saw it too," agreed Steverin. "Ah, yes, well..." began Toast, "I have regenerated, though it's sort of hard to explain." "Regenerated?!" "... Then you must be a Timelord." Toast shook his head, "I prefer Toastlord. I have rejected the society of the timelords... I am a traveller. But no matter, we must get away from the Thal city before the patrol get us." The three began to walk down the gently sloping dome. "We must ~~keep~~ head for the Kaled Dome, two of my

friends have been taken prisoner,
the Doctor..." Toast whirled around.
"The Doctor!! good ol' ΘΣ! I
haven't seen him since 'the Academy'.
Well, then it's settled, off to the Kaled
Dome to save the Doctor!"

Johnson CED handed him a
sheet of paper. "This is a list of our
supporters, you must get to them
and warn them about Davros. This
air shaft leads to a cave ~~on~~ out on
the ~~Rebolonds~~ Rebolonds. The mutants,
the failures and rejects of Davros'
genetic experiments..." Shithead
cringed "Don't tell me this in that
cave." "... lurk in the caves under
the Rebolonds. Beware." "He told you
not to tell him that!" The Doctor crawled
into the shaft...

To be continued...

The Doctor
ΘΣ?

TO ALL WHO WILL BE LEAVING
2-NITE OR 2-MORROW,

MERRY CHRISTMAS

A Z Y

7-NITE SESSION

12/18/83 7:00pm approx
msg. from Pope.

DJ Z: You - - -
You got a problem boyyy?
boyyy?
You boyys have funnn back there?
Need to talk, not about Zurich
D.

Oh, I have other messages but no one
to send them to - over and over here.

Dr. Who trivia question #3,497,652,881,250 in a series of 2.719436×10^{10} -
collect them all! (It's easy to come up with trivia questions: there wasn't a single
significant thing about the whole show.)

Q. What did the cybermen do on their first trip to Earth?

A. They got jobs at the control Data corporation

FAMOUS LAST WORDS Dept.

Someone has Actually finished

DOWNBELLOW STATION

Kenji Troelstrup (the gitz)

He says he would not recommend it to anyone else.

'nuff said

And the Angel said, "Lo, fear not. I bring you good tidings of great joy. For unto us is given this day at the University of Stony Brook a grade, 'Tis passing calculus.

And the student saw the exam, and was a fraud, and disbelieved, and burned in hell, and had her ears ripped off by mutant, amorphous brown toads, and had to listen to Dr. Sah give lectures in broken English for the rest of the time...
Average! Pre-exam brain damage.
I'll be o.k. - I HOPE!

Everyone - Have a good holiday season. Don't do stupid things like let small stuff depress you, waste your time being a T.V. vegetable, or drink and drive. (Drink or drive is o.k.) After only one semester, I've grown incredibly fond of all of you. Take care of yourselves, you deserve it. Be happy and healthy, and do something over the intercession.

Merry Christmas to all

and to all ~

good life

take care,

love,
Jim

Hug someone!
it makes a difference -
even Joy responded!

12/18

THE SEMESTER IS DONE, FOR ME. I AM PRESENTED WITH NEW POSSIBILITIES AS OLD RESPONSIBILITIES HAVE BEEN DEALT WITH. IT IS AN EXCITING PROSPECT, HAVING A VAST ARRAY OF CHOICES, OF MAY-BES, OF COULD-BES. THERE IS SO MUCH TO DO, TO THINK, TO SAY, TO WRITE. I WANT TO DO THEM ALL...

BUT TEMPORALITY REARS ITS UGLY HEAD, PROMISING OBLIVION TO ALL. DESTRUCTION, ENTROPY, CHAOS, WHAT HAVE YOU. EVERYTHING GONE, EVENTUALLY. TIME FEEDS US THE SEEDS OF DESPAIR, AND DESPAIR GROWS STEADILY WITHIN US.

I LAUGH AT DESPAIR.

IT IS MY MOTIVE AND MY SLAVE. IT IS A POWER WHICH CAN ONLY HARM YOU IF YOU LET IT, AND MAY BE TURNED BACK UPON ITS SOURCE. USE IT TO ACCOMPLISH THE BEST OF YOUR POSSIBILITIES.

THERE IS SO MUCH TO DO, TO THINK, TO SAY, TO WRITE. I WANT TO DO THEM ALL. MAYBE I CAN'T.

BUT I CAN TRY.

FOR THIS MOMENT, THOUGH, I WILL SIMPLY SAY

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

UNTIL SOME OTHER-TIME,
Daniel J. Fitzgerald

KEVIN S. : I left two vouchers 4-0-2-~~AA~~. They MUST be gotten to ERIC LEVINE PRONTO, like NOW, so we can get the check this noon AFTER. TOM WANTS TO express Mail it THIS AFTERNOON.

19 Dec /
BSA

Finally! A blank page! Now I know why reading the log is a full time job!

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ To all whose departure I've missed:
Belated wishes for a retroactive non-suicide-
inspiring holiday season. And don't freeze
your corneas — wait until you die so the
doctors can, instead. Have fun — swim in
Lake Placid; or, equally fun, Mauna Loa.

To those whom I've yet to see leave: Enjoy yer
trips. (and, if that includes you, Gary, trip for
enjoyment). Enjoy yer holidays. Throw snowballs
at Reagan. ~~eat~~ Eat good chili and walk
into the six-foot snowbank; we're still in need
of water in the ground.

File your teeth and smile.
File your exam schedule (in the 8 file, of course!)
and smile wider.

Write a book.

Draw a poem.

Sing. Even if you can't, sing. You'll feel
better, even if nobody else does. (Hint:
Don't try this in Macy's on Christmas Eve
unless you really can carry a tune!)

In all, don't take life so seriously. Even
though everything is serious, learn to smile and to
laugh. (Crying too much causes dehydration and salt
depletion)

Merry Fuckin' Holy Days
AND many Happy Secular Nights
— Bruce

Yiqoww?

ENEMY MINE WILL BE PLAYING
AT

Babylon (RKO TWIN)

MEDFORD (BROOKHAVEN MULTIPLEX)

COMMACK (COMMACK RKO TWIN)

ISLIP (ISLIP TRIPLEX)

MOVIES AT CORAM

Patchogue TRIPLEX

SMITHOWN A/W INDOOR

WESTHAMPTON

MID ISLAND PLAZA SEXTUPLEX (Hixville)

JERICHO

CLIFF: The IF WORLD material
is enclosed. I had to print on
the back of someone's paper. . . . They
were all out of the blank stuff.
Use a Xerox machine set to ~~blank~~^{dark}
to make copies.

The original notes are also enclosed →

VIC-TOR: Thou hast Fed me; thine
ant a saint. The card is in the book
specified. The food is on the table
(1 Hamburger, brownie, apple, Ham & cheese)

Tom:

Joe Hall's new address is:

Joe Hall

1316 Fenwick Lane #909

Silver Spring, MD 20910

All:

For those of you who don't know Joe Hall is the 1st Doktor*, our own Kevin is the 3rd.

Joe the Doktor is now married to a nice lady named Annie Ockerhansen. For more info see me.

JAM

*spelling intentional

ONCE IN A LIFE DURING WARTIME

(generic Talking Heads Song)

117

And you may find yourself ~~walking the beach~~ ^{becoming a television man} ~~and you may find yourself~~
and you may find yourself in another part of the Swamp
and you may find yourself Making Flippy Floppy
E Burning Down the House
and you may ask yourself well... Who Is It?

CHORUS

Life During Wartime

Psycho killers all around

Cross-eyed and Painless

Artists Only hold me down

~~and you may find yourself~~

Same as it ever was Same as it ever was Same as it ever was... (etc.)

2)

Houses in Motion

and Rocks on the Moon

There is Water when you take Me to the River

Heaven is water

No Compassion for water

But remove the Cities from the bottom of the ocean
3) And you may ask yourself What is that Book I Read?
and may ask yourself Where is that Road to Nowhere
And you may say to yourself This is Not my Big Country
~~and~~ or Wild Gravity
And you may say to yourself well... This Must Be the Place

TBC And you may ask yourself Why?
P.S. (I forgot the words to part 3, so I'll make corrections later)

JAM: Who is # 3?
The Doctor

308

DOCTOR: YOU ARE NUMBER SIX.

By Stefan

Unless plotity screws up, we'll have our
check for the Computer tomorrow.

I'll probably be out here a lot
during intercession. My father fell off
the wagon, and having no car means
hanging around at home with unpleasant
company. Thank god I have my own
pad. Hopefully I can get lots of work
done. Anybody have ideas for a V&V
scenario?

Recommended:

Last & First Men, by Stapledon, very
dated, also very good. Neat ideas,
neat scope, (two billion years of history).

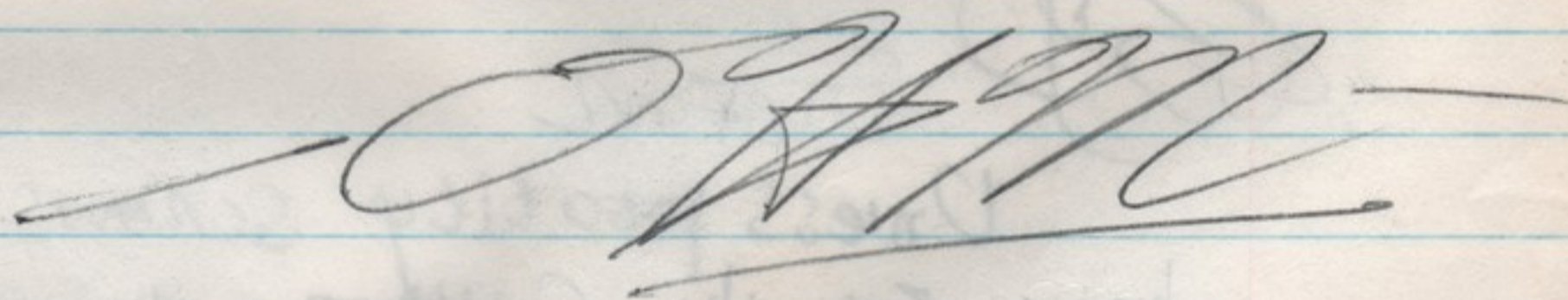
→

ENEMY MINE Expedition:

TOMORROW AFTER SIX, so people can be FREE of their last final. I hope someone can drive me home (Locust Valley) afterwards... or at least to Mineola, or Syosset or Hicksville.

12/19/85
5:30 PM
Howard
Ω

2 grades known - PSY 321-A, PSY 391-A. All right!
Destinies will continue during intersession. Live show Jan. 3, 1986 - Best movies of 1985 - call in.
Anyway, Happy Holidays to all those who celebrate them, Happy intersession to those who are celebrating that!



P.S. What is I.P.A.C.E.-D.U.S.T.? Find out next semester - especially if JAM's chain novel idea goes over.

Ω

J
A
M

Doctor! you are.
All! Tomorrow final goodbyes for the semester. For now those soon to leave a fond adieu, au revoir!

JAM

Morgan: I kind of like "the preserver", I like to have what's best in people, or help

them see it in themselves, I know it there.
Ciao! Meow!

QZ

call me over intercessions
- Rob the medicore 5432497

Also Kevy, Toust, Clift, Sam, and all others

9:50PM
12/19/85

yiaowaw! Ayhooo! I'm all done
and I think I did well on my Mat 131
exam!

Jam: I meant "who is #2?" that last
entry was written before a calc. I find exam,
so my hand wasn't writing what my brain
was saying.

All: Well, I'll be leaving for N.Y.
tomorrow morning at about 11 AM, so
I'll say my goodbyes now:

y'all have a Merry Christmas,
happy holidays to New Year,
have a great intercession!

May your days be merry, and
bright... And may all your
Christmases be white!



Beware
Snow covered
Daleks!

The Doctor

"When depression
begins
to tread
in December

Stony Brook

Department of Mathematics
State University of New York at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794
telephone: (516) 246-6520

Eric Robert Jablow
460 Old Town Road
Apartment 10-F
Port Jefferson Station
New York, 11776

To Whom It May Concern:

I will be moving on December 31, 1985. You will not be able to reach me by any means until January 12, 1986, when my new home address will be:

936 Cragmont Avenue
Berkeley, CA, 94708,

and my new office address will be:

Mathematical Sciences Research Institute
1000 Centennial Drive
Berkeley, CA, 94720.

Respectfully,

Eric Robert Jablow
Eric Robert Jablow



Dr. 19 Toast: Let it be a secret!

A list of men (names to be added)

Toast: Toast/Man 2017/18

Charles B. ...

Charles B. ...

Added: ...

The ...

...

...

...

...

...

...

TRUMP

...

...

...

...

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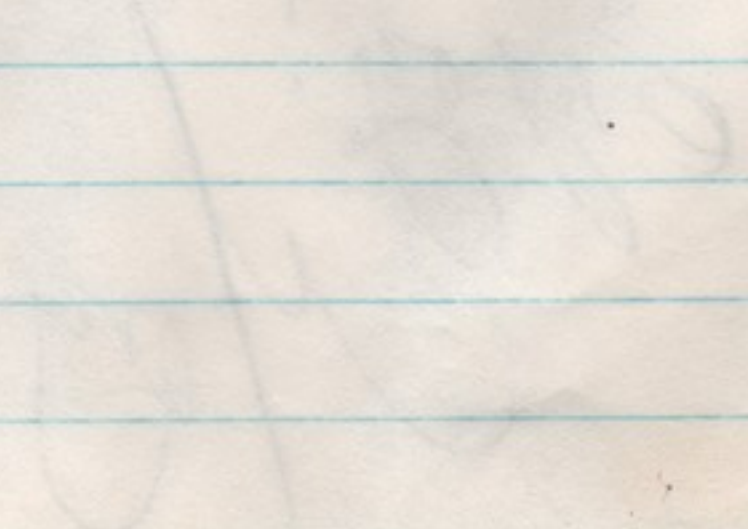
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DEC. 19 TOAST: LEST WE FORGET!

A LIST OF F-MEN POWERS (TO DATE?)

TOAST: TOAST/HEAT, SORT OF, WELL...

CHARLES: BOREDOM

CHRIS: SUPER STAMINA & CAUSES EVERYONE TO THINK ABOUT SEX (COPPER TOPS DO LAST LONGER!)

JAM: "THE PRESERVER" AS IT WERE, PRESERVES/FREEZES/JAMS PEOPLE & THINGS

JAMAR: ATTRACTION POWERS

GORNO: REPTILIAN WARRIOR

CLIFF: INSCRUTIBILITY & REPRIMAND

BRUCE: DEPRESSION - WHEN WITH VICTOR, SANDY AND BOTWIN, THEY JOIN TO BECOME THE TRUMP

RALPH: INTIMIDATION, ALSO GRAVITATIONAL POWERS (C'MON, TOAST, IT FITS!)

KENJI: CAUSES GIDDINESS & CAN BECOME A SAMURAI OR A VIKING (AT WILL?)

MORGANA: ENTANGLE PEOPLE IN LEATHER THINGS & CAUSE PAIN AND/OR PLEASURE

JEFF: DISGUST

STEFAN: CLEANING POWERS - GOT. HOPE YOU LIKE IT!

I THINK THAT'S ALL, ISN'T IT? HOPE YOU LIKE KENJI'S, HE DOES! (IMAGINE DR. DOOM LEAVING BATTLE BECAUSE "THERE'S A MARVELOUS SALE AT THE MALL TODAY!")

Enjoy!
Morgana

(By) Stefan

Oh Well! Plotity still hasn't finished the OZZ-BORNE ✓ yet.

Lisa Miller is nowhere to be found, so the budget hearing is ~~scratched~~.

HOLIDAY

Meow!

ROB Downes: Come on!

Take care of yo'self. We need you around to tell FORUM legends, not be one.

Chris & Charles; Don't show up more than once a week here next semester or you'll both be used to stuff the couch. Stick to classwork, Get jobs, do something creative. Depression and inertia is punishable by Depression and Inertia.

Dan L: I forgot to make the "Same as it ever was" poster. Damn. If I can get the printer to make a decent copy I will leave it in the FORUM.

DAN F: Work on getting AMS for I-COM. Write a short (10 pgs max) V & V adventure, so you can get in my book. (Also: I'd like to have you draw up the maps for the thing. I'll be at Waterloo² often).

EUSTACE BIRKHOFS: DON'T EAT THE CAKE! Look what happened to Chocch!

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED:

The check has been delivered to
OUR Redhead about campus, TOM WILSON.

ON the way, I was interrupted
by DR. Liao, who had me clean out
the micro lab. We found a PDP 8/E
DEC Mainframe and an ALTAR micro...
the first micro-model ever made!!!

WANTED: A RIDE TO SANDS SALVAGE.

Anyone free before the expedition? I'll
be ready after 4:00.

J

Yeah, really. Yeah, right? Yeah Both!

12/20/85

MORE INKBLOTS.

305 PM

NEVER AS IT
WAS, SAME!

They made me eat the baby. It was
cooked slowly on a spit, over an open fire.
They didn't even skin it. They tied me on
the rack and made me watch as the
skin turned black and cracked, the hot pink
juices dribbled onto the flames, which caused
it to spit. I had long since stopped
reaching. A woman in a grass skirt wiped
the bile off my chest.

They slit the baby from neck to
groin and took out the entrails, I could
smell it all now, sickly sweet, with the
stench of disease, masking the odor of
charred flesh. Next they decapitated
it, smashing the skull open with a flat
rock. The village children, naked,
circled round, asking for the best

parts. No, this was for me. All of it.

First they brought me the child's heart, symbol of health. By eating it, the life that was extinguished for me, would be added to mine. The chief, wearing his ornaments of stone, wood, and bone, forced open my mouth, and placed it in. It was a large mouthful.

I tasted the salt of blood, and chewed. The meat was tough, chewy. I swallowed, and again as I felt it trying to rise back up again. I tried not to think of what I was eating.

The liver was next. "The seat of the soul," explained the chief in his booming voice. Then I drank blood and wine, mixed in a gourd. And then the rest of the organs.

I was full, but I kept on eating, forcing each bite down. They carved up the legs for me, and the meat was covered in warm greasy fat. I licked my lips, and had more.

They gathered the bones together and tied them up with ~~the~~ vines, and hung it on a post. And then they cut my bonds. I stood on my feet, letting the return of blood bewitch the pins and needles.

"Now you have become one of us. A man and warrior in the eyes of the tribe," the chief resounded, the fire glinting out of his black eyes. "Come and dance with us. I call you son." There was a resounding cheer as the gathered warriors started dancing.

and the drums started pounding. We danced like this until the sky turned pink, and the sun rose.

I lifted my eyes from the gourd of milky pink liquid, and gazed into the black face of the tribal doctor. He smiled.

"I can see that you understand now," his voice was rich, and deep.

I nodded.

"Good. Come join the dance."

I left the medicine on a wooden table, and stood up. I saw the chief and my warrior friends dancing. But first I went over to the child I had eaten, kissed her on the forehead, and gave her back to her mother. We danced like this until the sky turned pink, and the sun rose.

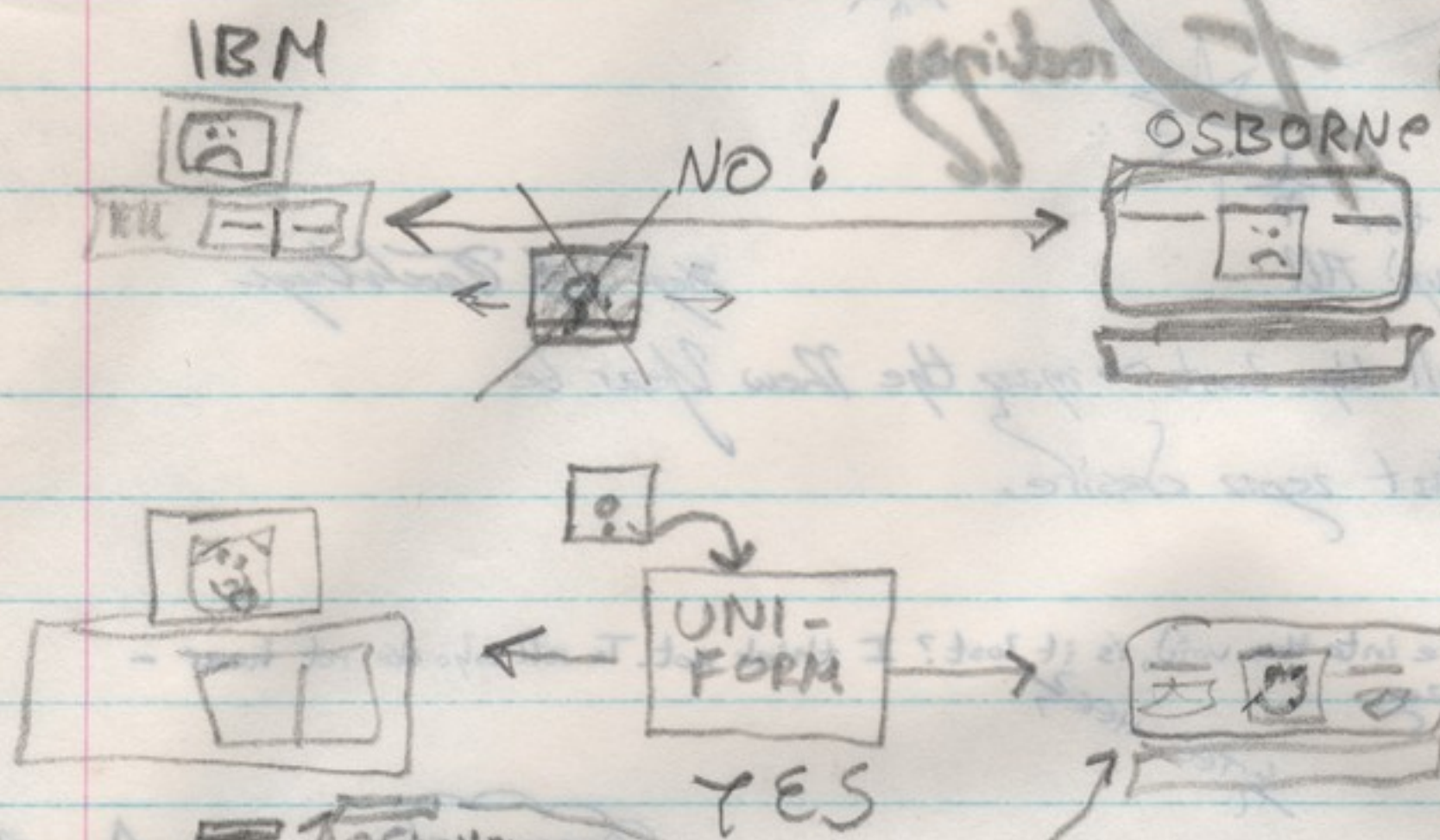
FINIS

TEST

Kevin: cl will probably be moving my stuff to ERICKS @ 6pm Find ME in my room OR his.

detne

The OSBORNE / PC CONNECTION



We can TRANSFER WORDSTAR FILES (letters, mailing lists, stories, etc.) FROM IBM PC'S to the Osborne and vice-versa. We format a disk using a program called UNIFORM, then use a special utility from the same program to copy the WORDSTAR FILES TO THE "alien" DISK.

thus, the two computers are "compatible".

JAM,

December Entry

Last of Semester:

I shall see you all again soon.

All the best!

JAM

Will we see "Enemy Mine" before January? June in next semester...

J 12
A 20
M 88

Season's Greetings

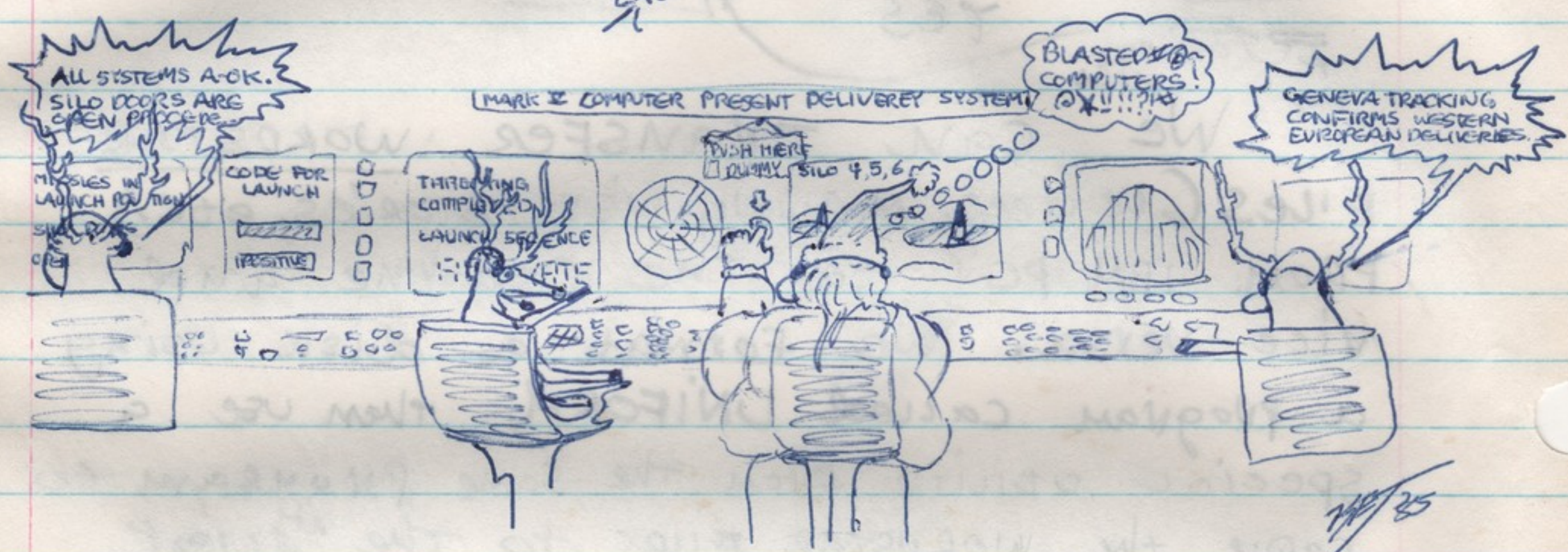
to
One and All

May's Early Greetings

Wishing all the best ~ may the New Year be
all that you desire.

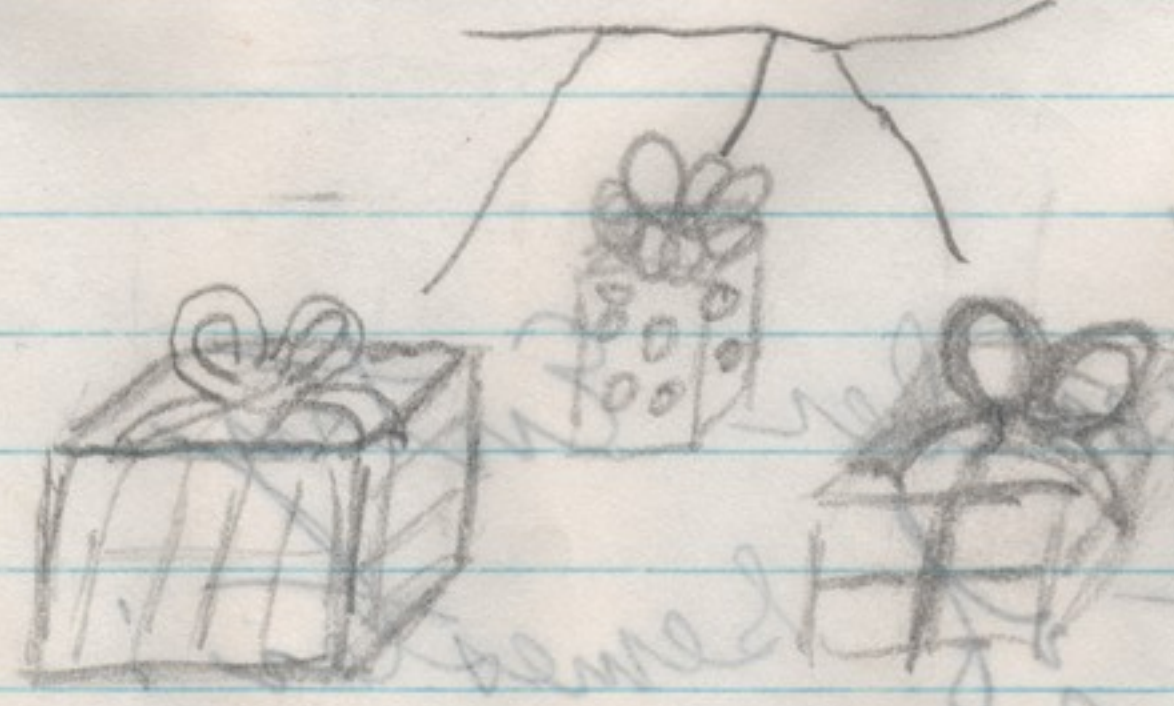
PS: If a word is spoken in silence into the void, is it lost? I think not. To all who do not hear -
my humble blessings are yours.

TEE-HEE



"NO OFFENSE SIR, BUT ARE YOU SURE THIS IS IN KEEPING WITH THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT?"

Oh, baby, come look at me
I'm the baddest present you'll ever see!



Rapping Presents

- Saneely

Will we see...
Please forward...
I'll be...
I'll be...
I'll be...

20 December 1985

Isaiah

Someone once said that to give ~~entirely~~ ^{oneself} entirely to another is the most absolute form of selfishness. It demands that the recipient in turn reciprocate, which some people cannot or will not do.

Does this principle hold true on a lesser scale? That is, does giving of yourself represent selfishness and a covert demand for reciprocation on a proportionate scale?

If you answered "No" to either question, then let Pope John Paul II know. You, sir or miss or ma'am, are a saint. Bone fide, 24 karat and undiluted goodness rests not in the hands of mortals such as I.

Or you, if you're honest with yourself. Now, I'm not knocking the idea of giving of oneself. It is fun and rewarding — the key word — to see a smile or hear a laugh or maybe just to erase a frown. That warm feeling's damned pleasant, in fact.

Isn't it?

AAA! Gotcha! So you do expect something out of giving! And, lest you

Brush that off as the trivial root of
this equation, let me ask this:

Excepting a 'new' (recently begun)
relationship, do you - have you - continued
to give of yourself to someone who never
returned the expression of him/her-self?

~~You~~ You have? (Sucker!) Good. All of
us have. How'd you enjoy being used?
Wasn't it fun? (In a Kim's ~~teeth~~ ^{teeth!})

So, do you not expect anything
from a relationship? (Are you lying or really
a ~~super~~ ^{super} saint? Where's your halo?)

Well, then, my holiday wishes to all -
GET SELFISH! THE MORE, THE
BETTER! AND IF SOMEONE IS
SELFISH TO YOU, LOVE 'EM
RIGHT BACK!

See y'all,

Bruce

Kenji: Hysterical! ! Ho - Ho - Ho... !

He's
HAAANDSOME

"THE GOD OF BRIDGE DESCENDS INTO THE
FORUM FAITHFUL"



Not tonight, dear, I'll have a headache

Sometimes scientific discoveries are made not by white-coated scientists but by backyard tinkerers. Such was the case of a Georgia man with heart disease.

According to Emory University researchers, the man had noticed that the nitrate skin patches he was wearing on his chest to control heart pain gave him a headache, a known side effect of the drug; the headache didn't occur if he wore the patch on his leg. His curiosity aroused, the man rubbed a used patch on his penis. Within five minutes he became sexually aroused, and had sexual intercourse with his wife. "Several minutes later," the Decatur, Ga.-based researchers report in the November ANNALS OF INTERNAL MEDICINE, "she wondered why she had the worst headache she ever had in her life."

The man explained, but his wife was not impressed and strongly discouraged any more investigation in this area.

The case, the researchers say, "illustrates two previously undescribed points concerning topical nitrates: their ability to induce vasodilation and resulting erection, and their absorption through the mucous membranes of the vaginal walls." The authors expressed doubt that further research in this area will be done.

Science News

DECEMBER 14, 1985

J: And I thought
I had
problems!

Kenji: Ho Ho Ho!

12/21/85, SAT
5:13:51 AM
DanL

Well, here I am again on campus over intersession. Gawd knows why I'm writing this if if no one will read it for a month, but who cares? If anyone is around & reads this, I have a Forum key and want to keep the place open and am on campus:

Address: Stage XII B011
(no, I don't live

in a washroom -
try the other side of
the building)

phone: 246-8010

"And in a perfect world, where all men were equal,
I'd still have the film rights and be working on the
sequel" - E. Costello

BY Stefan 12/24/85 13:24

Yo-hoooh! The asinine antics of a ethyl-soaked parental unit have driven me to my secret headquarters on a waker path. I may or may not go home for Christmas... The \$5.00 train-fare I'd have to spend exceeds the pleasure I'd derive from the running-down-the-stairs-to-see-what-Santa-left-behind, given the familial environment.

I have donated a copy of Jack Vance's STAR KING. This means we have a complete Demon Princes collection. It has been stamped, pocketed, carded, shelved, briefed, debriefed, and numbered.

I YAM starting up a COMPUTER LOGG. It will have instructions, ideas, etc. I'll bring it in next time I go home.*

BRUCE! You have screwed up the mailing effort. Please bring in the labels & flyers pronto so we can get the batch off ASAP. It would also be nice if you picked up a BULK MAIL KIT at the post office so we can do it all without bugging Ralph (Keep all receipts!)).

STEFAN:

I'LL BE IN TOUCH SOON ABOUT THE PROJECT. IF YOU ARE UNREACHABLE, PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL IN A FEW DAYS.

Chiff

27 DEC; 10:35 PM

*It's here!

(By) Stefan Sat. 28th 1:00
Back Again! Went home after

all. Got A Mind Forever Voyaging,
Tools, candy, and a car* for Christmas.
Went to NYC, picked up Dragonworld
for the PC (Attention: Bruce, Ralph) and
my cousin, George, who is now pawing
through the stacks.

Anyone
else
interested?

RALPH: Want to split on a big
disk order? (500-1000 disks, about \$300-\$700
total, \$100-\$250 each). Let's do it soon.

Phone here: 689-7451 Phone home: 676-5458

Will be at N.Y.E. party.

CLIFFE: I'll be around until tuesday
night & at the party. 689-7451.

GARY I have the telescope box.
They are on the magazine case. YM

BRUCE: As noted, I picked up Dragonworld.
You can have copies if you want. Tetrarium
has A) \$5.00 rebate on 451° F. (Need P.O.P
and receipt) B) Four-for-three deal. Do
you have the receipt & P-O-P for the
Amber Game? If so, we can buy 451° F.,
get the rebate, and ^{get} a fourth game free.
I'm also planning on getting ADVENTURE
CONSTRUCTION KIT.

ONE DAY LATER...
12/29/85

ANY: Like, gosh, where be evybody?

Hello? I'm back! Anyone here? ~~85~~ 12/30/85 ^{not long before} THE END.

* Well, sort of. Book value = 0. No engine.
Requires \$2000 in repairs, which I have to
pay for. Honda Accord, 1980 (?)

f The Party's over... *f*

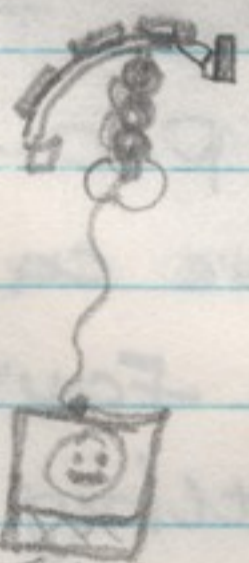
Who you didn't see if you didn't go to the party...

Margaret, Danny Semmel, Toast, Pope, Jan, Ralph, Rusty, Mowyl, IT man, Darryl, Brian, Dean, Jim, Cliff, Kendall, Lisa, Joe, Howard, Howard's friends, Rob, Rob's sister, Dave (not the guy), Larry (not suffering), Bruce, Lonigony, Jack, Victor, Gary, Gary's Moll, Dan, Miedel (I think), and many others.

1985 was one of those LONG years, not like 1984, which shot by year quick move police 1987, which hung in there for 413 days.

1985 was about 398 days long.

MY serendipitous WALKMAN turns out to WORK. The headset plug was broken. Anybody have any ideas on how to extend battery life? I.E. Striker me that a helmet or headband studded with



Solar cells could produce enough juice to trickle-charge the batteries while not in operation.

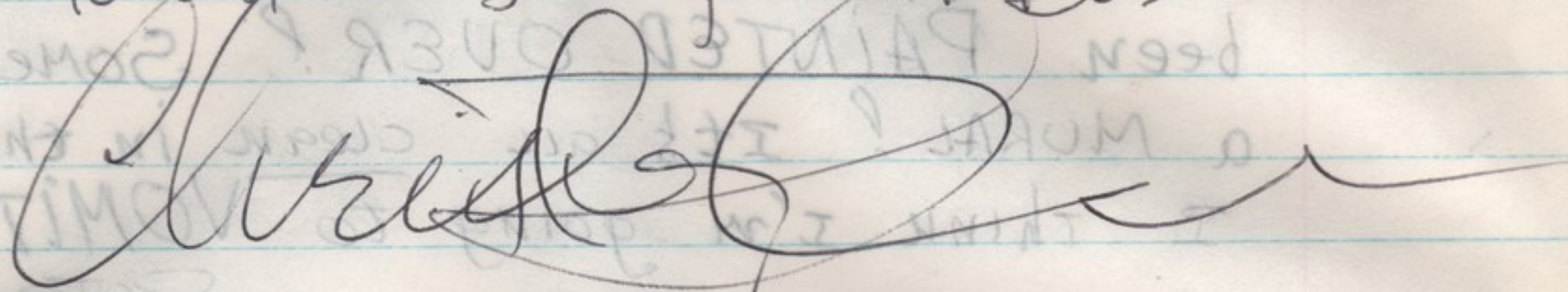
OH WELL. Got to get a pair. BRGZ-EEEL!

* Walk 2001 of Book Name = f. No engine. Requires \$2000 in repairs, which I have to pay for. Manda Accord, 1980 (?)

118 Hi guys. Just stopping in to grab the
Chain novel and say hello!

Won't be back very often, but the ch novel
will go on!

Peace to all - see you at Boskone



(By) Stefan ¹²⁰⁸⁶

Back Again! (Well, to tell the
truth I've been out here on-and-off
for the last month. I didn't want
to get caught down here and risk a
scandal.) TAM WILSON sez the computer
will be shipped as soon as it is built.

John Francavilla sez hello and wants
all to join the LS society. Eustace
BIRLEHOPS sez "MNORK".

WELFARE CHEESE, the delectable orange-
yellow substance stored by the negaton in
warehouses, is available to JUST-again-FOLKS
after the handouts-crowd is provided for. I
have two great hunks (10 lbs.) myself,
(courtesy of Nassau's corrupt Republican
Machine) but have no ideas on how to use
it, other than for cheeseburgers. Any Ideas?

I WANNA SEE BRAZIL.

IS Anyone interested in making an expedition
this wenesday, via discount ticket on U.I.R.?

T.O.G. IS BACK. TAMAR IS NOT!



HEEER
KLOWN
HE SAY
HELLO!

1/20

Jam : I have the books which Tamar borrowed from you. Please come pick them up in my room.

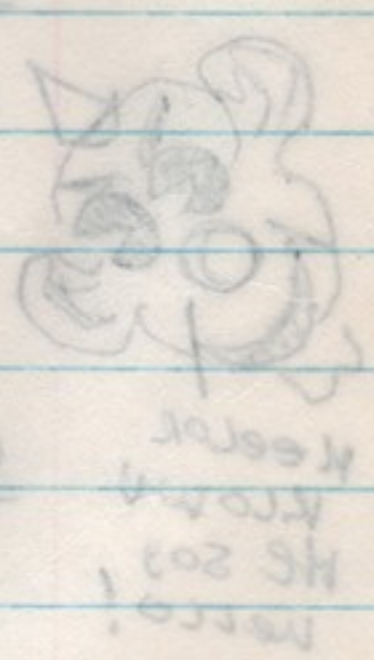
Victor
ALERT! ALERT! The old FORUM has been VANDALIZED! The classic GRAFFITI has been PAINTED OVER! Somebody made a MURAL! It's all clean in there. My god, I think I'm going to VOMIT!

Stefan

Ho, shit, where is everybody? Bill is here, Victor keeps popping in, and I'm here. Do your bit and hang out some before classes start.



KEEL
The
SMOIPHS!



1/20/86

Hello Cliff, Joe Brenner here. Mentioned your idea of doing a MEDA type of thing to my brother. He suggested that rather than doing a ~~world~~ world design (which has been done) why not a future design? Pick a year (2000, 2020, 2050?), stick with earth as a setting and set up some common assumptions for a future history.

How far along are you with the planet ~~design~~ design?

(By the way, if you're looking nearby potential ICON guests how about Charles Platt (at 9 Patchin Place)? He's best known for DREAM MAKERS right now, but he's supposed to be ~~as~~ lively at conventions (a Junior Harlan Ellison?).)

1/20/86
8:35pm

DID YOU know that if you take cranberries & stew them like applesauce they taste much more like prunes than rhubarb does?

Seriously, though...

Well, maybe not that seriously...

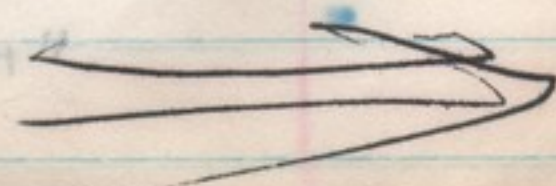
Anyway, it's been an interesting 10 1/2 months since I've been here last. Had to leave Pizza Hut due to annoyances, then worked at a local supermarket for a month, then spent the last 4 months or so working for a group doing phone solicitations for charities. Sort of interesting. But only sort of.

Just finished reviewing the logbook... "same as it ever was" does seem to be an apt motto (snipe, snipe, backstab, backstab, spam, dry, mulch, blend, snipe).

WHAT the fuck am I going to do for the next two days?

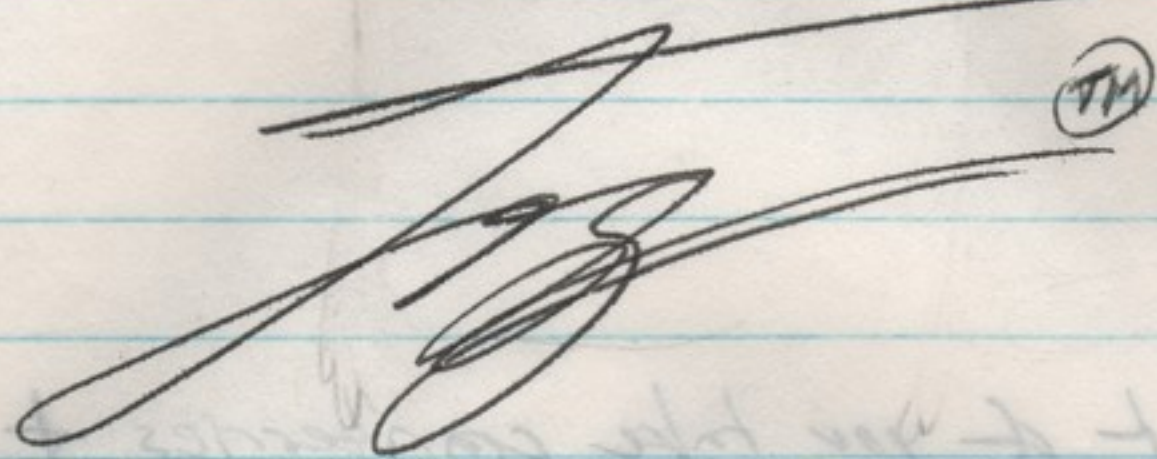
I am not an exchange for Tamar. I hope she comes back this semester; she sounds - uh - interesting. So do the other new Forumites.

Wish I could think of more to write. Hell, maybe it's just the Pasmatory company in the Forum (re. nobody).



One more thing:

BEWARE OF THE SHADOWS.



1:45 AM
1/21/86
GAR7

Here I am, still to be found at
GRE-YICE should any interesting shamanic games
go down. My research goes slowly, my life
beset with small complications (plus a large
humbag or two → you know what you are). The
drugs are good. (My trip - ahem - to Washington D.C.
was fun → I helped some protestors put up a sign
or two, defaced a few statues, hanging out in the
Air + Space museum, + got lost on the way back (the
usual)). And as Mao said, There is class under the
heavens, and the situation is excellent.

In any case; JAM, Rob; I need to speak
with you. We got some couches for this place, eh?
In another any case. If any one has drugs, let
me know. Otherwise, I'll be back with further observations
on the human condition, as I now face my 11th
semester at the Book. Ciao + felicitations,

Your humble servant,
Gary 7

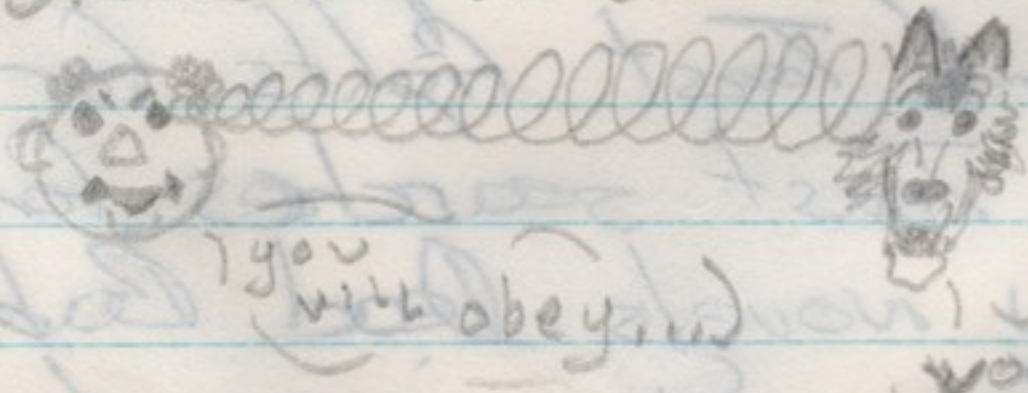
"He'll take you up, he'll bring you down...
Plant your feet back fully, on the ground..." ELP

P.S. Howard, so how's the show ~~going~~ going?
Still on for this Wed.?



OH NOHH! when Marcos gets booted out of the Philippines, he and the missus is coming to LUNA GUYLAND! And chances are the Bastard will be living in LOCUST VALLEY!

pt. I



the sinister DR. FREEN hypnotizes a German Shepherd

1/21/85
5AM
A
HA!

Entry Later!

Crisis on infinite toast

1/21/85 Ah yes the forum. 10 minutes here 30SP4 and the old lethargy comes again.

P It was rough gang, real rough. Alone at my place, without contact. Made me think of who my true friends are. Thanks to Rob, Alan (Death) Kallman, Tony and Cliff for putting up with me.

TURN PAGE FOR AN INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT

Introducing: New Toast™

Yes, with all the stuff that has happened to me this vacation, I hopefully will get rid of some bad habits, and have some good ones replacing them. Not quite a full regeneration. There still is need for some Toast in my life, but taking off in new directions. If I can stay here.

My future is uncertain, for now. But my basic goals have not changed.

If through some quirk of FATE, I do stay at SB, I will not allow myself to fall into the traps of last year and fail out again. I will be responsible for all my actions.

New: No more depressoid entries!
I save those for my new private log.

New STORIES = Dark Toast fights for recognition, and power. Toast searches for himself in Crisis, Chain novels, Dead Babies, Sex Drugs, Musak, Collies. You name it, I'll try it!

And of course the various Toast entries that you've come to know and despise. All that and more. Wherever he is, Toast remains a favorite.

TOG = Welcome back!

All = Tamar sends her best. Still be by for ICON

And I remain

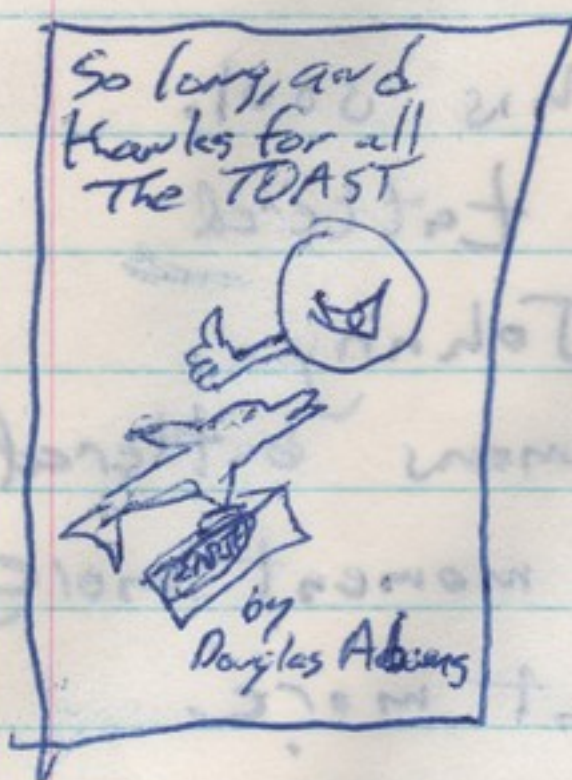
TOAST

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
THERE IS NO CHOICE!

Juggled Kittens in my mind.

H

And more escapees from the bookstore of the Mind



And the sequel to
ON A PALE HORSE
by Piers Anthony

Bearing a 1040 form
Book 2 in the incarnations of
Immortality.

You've met Death. Here's Taxes.

PS. Enjoy the Cookies!

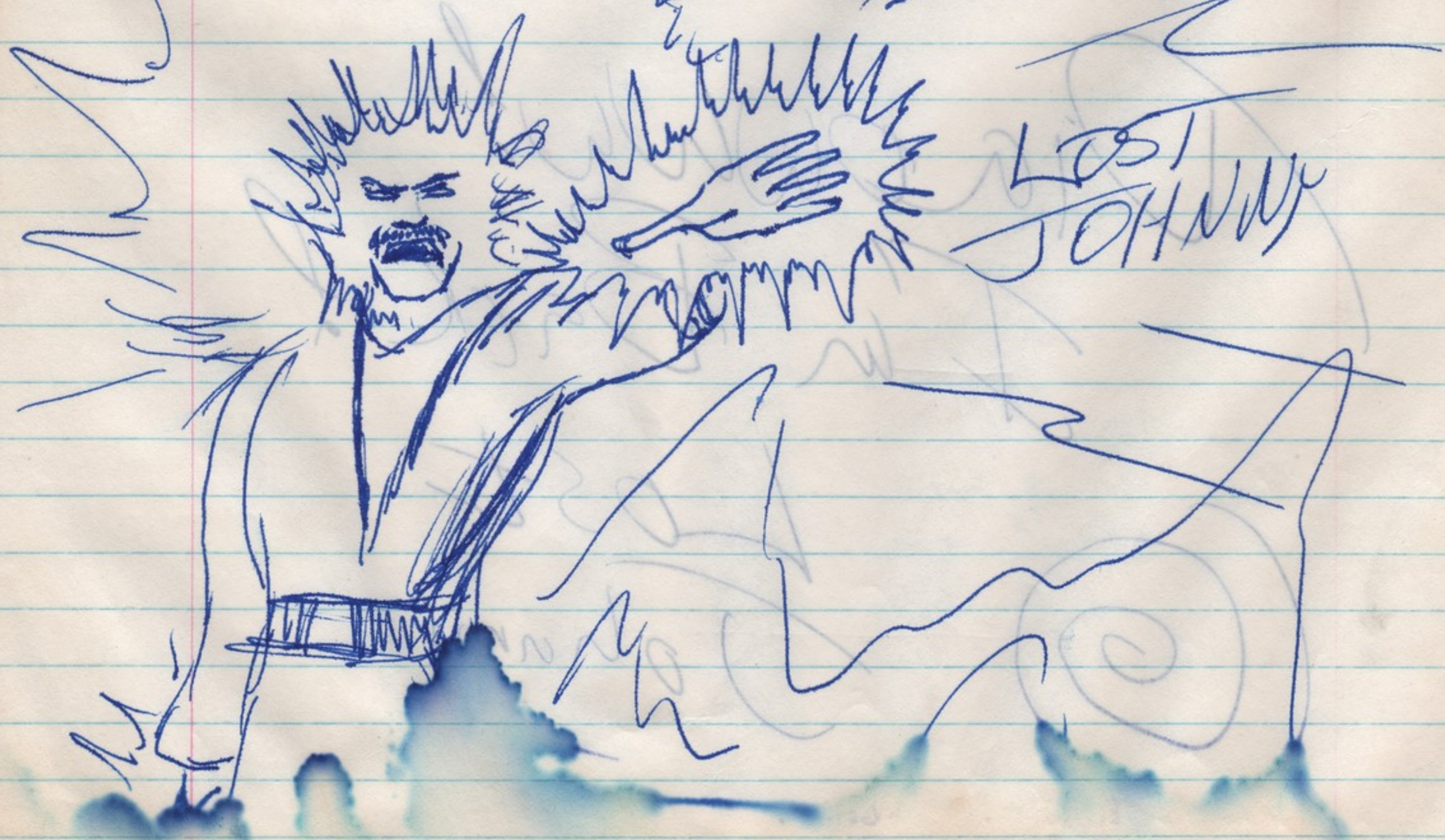
But nobody noticed the strange substance
I had baked in... but, then again, who'd
~~the~~ realize the change?

Dia owwh!
I'm Back!

Lost
Johann

The fires of Hell burned within his soul. Grimly, he hung on to the last tattered shreds of his identity. "I am... Johnny. Lost Johnny", he mumbled. The demons battered at the door of his being. One moment more, he prayed, let me last one moment more.

Suddenly, he felt new life coursing through his veins. Outwards it went, re-linking burnt neurons, healing shattered limbs. Onwards, upwards, scattering the demons in all directions. And Lost Johnny, who had been S.L.I.M.E., who had been once a mortal called Dave, stood in the midst of Hell. "I am, lost Johnny, reborn into the world! Look to thyself, foul knaves!"



DEFINITION : Deflowering - gelding the lily.
- Kevin Stemen

1/21/86
12:46am

Stemen - check out the GLOB. And
beware the Shoguns!!

P.S. I. M. H. A. K. D. B. I. N. S. T. *

* I May Have A "Klingon Dictionary" - BUT I'm Not
STAAAAH TRAAAAACKK!!!

1/22/1986,
after 01:00
(It's a pain
in the ass
not having
my watch)

That's "Grand High Lord Knave, Sir!!" to you! In what sense are you lost?
Damn, it's great to hang around here again & see everyone. Is the Klingon
Dictionary any good? Several people I've talked to say it's not so great.
Finally, I'm not "STAAAAH TRAAAAACKK!!!" but I am

(it's being
cleaned)
Note
lack of
stuff on
top due
to not
planning
ahead too
well



Note shitty
airwork due
to haste &
lack of skill

REBUILD THE FUCKIN' ENTERPRISE ALREADY!

Note the
abundance of
silly, useless
notes

DEATH TO KLINGON SCUM!
DEATH TO EVERYBODY; I'M NOT PREJUDICED!

- Brian

122866230

yes I have a job... NISITS I must leave here by 9:45pm
to get home by 10pm so I can be at work by 11pm. ASK ME
FOR MORE DETAILS IF YOU WANT THEM I WORK WED THR FRI + SUN.
THAT LEAVES MON TUE + SAT AS MY LATE NISITS TO
BOOZE AND CAROUE. LISA WILL VISIT ME + THE REST OF
YOU DURING THE 3RD WEEKEND IN FEBRUARY (WASHINGTON'S
HOLIDAY) ALSO BOSKONE WEEKEND I THINK.

ALL OF A SODDEN A POWERFUL SENSE OF TIME HAS SWEPT OVER ME.
THE IDEA THAT WHAT I'M WRITING ON THIS PAGE MIGHT BE
READ BY FUTURE FORUMITES. LOOKING AT THIS BOOK, THIS
LOS34 LAUSING AT THE "WAY BACK WHEN" THE LOG WAS ONLY 2 DISKS
WHEN THE FORUM WAS IN A LITTLE ROOM IN THE BASEMENT OF HEADQUARTERS.
I HAVE MADE ENTRIES IN 2-3 LOG BOOKS SO FAR STARTING IN
LOS 11. TIME TRAVEL I'M COMMUNICATING WITH ANOTHER
PERSON IN ANOTHER TIME (NOT JUST TOMMOROW). THAT WILL TEACH
ME TO READ OLD LOG BOOKS. MOST OF MY ENTRIES WERE CRAP,
SOME WERE FUNNY BUT THEY ALL TELL ME ONE THING...
WRITE NEATER YOU PIG!

OH WELL SO MUCH FOR THE POWER OF THE PEN.

MORE LATER AS THE MOOD STRIKES ME

JEFF
1/4
CENTURY
OF
WARNER

Bylge03 So here we are again. Another term.
All start off with a review.
Enemy Mine

Barry Longyear's award winning story
was originally published in a 1979 issue
of Asimov's Science Fiction. What impressed
me most was the subtle psychological

ending. Two ~~alien~~ beings - alien to each other crash land on a hostile windswept planet and realize that they must cooperate to survive. One is a human being the other a reptilian Drac. ~~The~~ The Drac gives birth and subsequently dies. The human, Davidge overcomes feelings of resentment and raises the child.

After a few months pass he and the child (now nearly fully grown) are rescued. The war is over and Davidge and Zamir (the Drac child) are separated and sent to their home planets.

Finally Davidge ventures to Draco to find out what has happened to Zamir. It is this part of the story that fascinated me the most.

After all that Davidge has taught Zamir, that latter is assumed to be insane (he loves humans, folks) and is contained in an asylum. This ending is ironic - in spite of what happened on the planet between Teriba, Davidge and Zamir the attitudes of the respective races haven't really changed. This irony and Longyear's writing style are what made the story good.

What about the movie? Do we get that style? Do we get the subtle and ironic ending? No! No! No!
We are handed a watered down

version in the form of "just-another-self-important-special-effects-extravaganza" (ie. a Dixie cup)

Instead of a fully grown Zamis we get a very child-like version. All in all this is really indicative of the quality of the film - it is childish when compared to the original story. The small Zamis is there only to play with our emotions.

Instead of an ending in an isylum the movie's point is made in a montage of scenes very reminiscent of "Indiana Jones in the Temple of Doom". We get a violent ending where humans mining the planet are using Dracs as slaves. This is also a cheap and cheesy way of playing on our emotions to make us hate the antagonists - the miners. In the story the only antagonist was the mutual prejudice and fear between Human and Drac. These ~~the~~ feelings are overcome when Davidge accepts Zamis and teaches him.

In the film this point is made only through violence - people are thrown into mining equipment and vats of liquid metal.

In short this film is a watered down self important (thanks to living legend in his own mind David Herold) version of a good story. Nice FX, but only the norm for today.

Wow! My first Spring '86 logbook entry!
Intercession was boring. Now I'm back.

1/32/
this year Tom Wilson: I would like to talk to you
1:00:31. 142857 re: silkscreening.

Everyone else: welcome back or Goodbye, depending
on who you are.

Crumb: All you need is TOAST™ and
a little Squeeze!

Yeoww!

DISKS:

Single:	\$2.00	(\$1.50 F/FORUMITES)	} STURDY, PLASTIC CASE
Box (10):	\$16.00	(\$15 F/FORUMITES)	
TEN LOOSE:	\$14	(\$13 F/FORUMITES)	

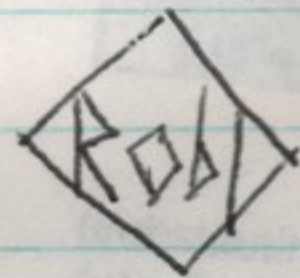
« ONE FREE TO ALL WHO

PARTICIPATE IN THE NEW »

CM'NOVEL (CRISIS ON INFINITE FORUMS)

ASK ME OR J.A.M.

TRIPODS
2-NITE





Thanks
to a
bunch
JAM

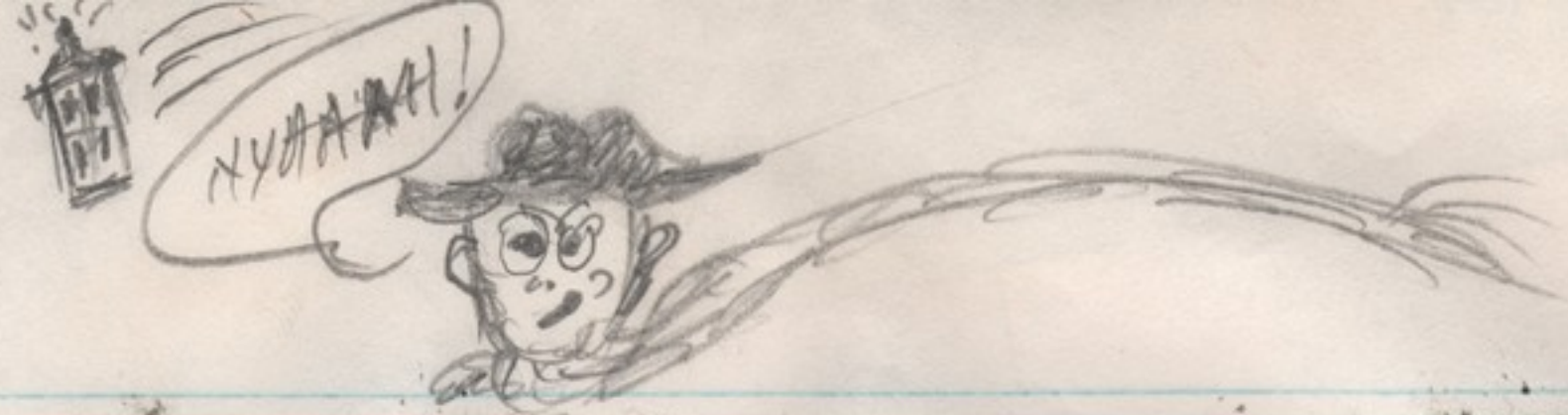
PROOF!
UNDENIABLE
PROOF!

I ALWAYS SUSPECTED IT...
HERE'S PROOF THAT THE SUBB STAFF ARE NOT
HUMAN BUT ARE INSTEAD ~~REPLICANTS~~ **Republicans**
GROWN IN TANKS... YOU WONDER WHY T. SAFETY
DIDN'T ALLOW YOU IN H.S.C. OR THE
TUNNELS?

THINK ABOUT IT - HUMOR, EMOTION & INTELLIGENCE
STRATEGICALLY BRED OUT... IT'S THE WAVE OF THE
FUTURE!!

(STUDENTS COME NEXT...)

SLIGHTLY
"A MAN BEFORE,
SOMEONE ELSE'S
TIME..."



THE "SPECIAL" DR. WHO AND HIS RE-TARDIS... (WITH RUBBER WALLS!)

SERIOUSLY, THOUGH - OH MY GOD IT'S ANPUL...
=> Reference File: TOGHO 1-23-86-6:22⁵⁸ am

SEE WHAT A THERAPUTIC + ENTERTAINING THING
SLEEPINESS IS? SEE HOW IT AFFECTS MY BRAIN?
YOU AINT SEEN SHIT YET MY DROOBS...

I'M WRITING THIS BIG 'CAUSE SOMEONE (NO
NAMES, JAM) USED THE PAGE I LABELED "NOT TO
BE USED UNTIL LAST CLEAN PAGE IS FULL"... I GUESS
YOUR'E ALL IGNORING ME AGAIN, EPI??

BOY, WHAT FUN THIS IS. STAYING UP ALL
NIGHT BEFORE THIS 1ST DAY OF CLASSES... AT LEAST
MY 1ST CLASS IS AT 1^{PM}...

I'VE DONE A FILK BUT IT'S GOT TO WAIT UNTIL
I USE THE REST OF THE PAGE (JAM...)

ALL => READ "REQUIEM FOR A RULER OF WORLDS"
BY BRIAN DALEY. EXCELLENT, FUN STUFF! YOW!

IN THE FORUM, THE PEN CAN BE USED LIKE A
KNIFE ... BUT YOU CANT COOK WITH IT. (DUH.)

SOARY... SENSE OF HUMOR TOOK CATNAP FOR A
MINUTE WHILE MY PENCIL (ACTUALLY IT'S TAMAR'S
PENCIL BUT SHE AINT USIN' IT + I'M FIER REPLACEMENT
ANYHOW) RAN ON IN A SPLENDID DEMONSTRATION
OF INERTIA AND LINGUISTIC DIARRHEA.

NOW ON TO THE 4TH PAGE FOLLOWING =>

1st PAGE

2nd Vandenberg launch.
DOD

Pilot
Co-pilot

STS 35
9/29/86
10/04/86
103/5
62B

(mirrored bleed-through text from the reverse side of the page, including names like Gregory, David, and various dates and codes)

STS - 24 Robert Gibson \$2nd space junket.
1/12/86 Charles Bolden MLS-2
1/18/86 Steve Hawley Satcom KU-1
102/7 George Nelson CHAMP (Comet Halley Astro Map & Photo)
61C Franklin Chang-diaz
\$Congressman Bill Nelson (D-Fla)
Robert Cenker

STS - 25 Francis Scobee +Teacher in space.
1/26/86 Michael Smith TDRSS-B
2/01/86 Ellison Onizuka Spartan-Halley
099/10 Judith Resnik CHAMP
51L Ronald McNair
+Sharon McAuliffe
Gregory Jarvis

STS 26 Jon McBride Astro-1
3/06/86 Richard Richards CHAMP
3/15/86 David Leestma
102/8 Jeffrey Hoffman
61E Samuel Durrance
Ronald Parise

STS 27 Fred Hauck Ulysses (Solar-Polar).
5/15/86 Roy Bridges
5/19/86 David Himers
103/7 John Lounge
61F

STS 28 David Walker Galileo (Jupiter Probe).
5/20/86 Ronald Grabe
5/24/86 Norman Thagard
104/3 James Van Hoften
61G

STS 29 Michael Coats Westar VI-S
6/24/86 John Blaha Palapa B-3
7/01/86 Anna Fisher Skynet-4A
102/9 James Buchli @Indonesian Mission Specialist
61H Robert Springer @British Mission Specialist
@Pratiwi Sudarmono
@Nigel Wood

STS 30 Robert Crippen 1st Vandenberg launch.
7/??/86 Guy Gardner DOD
7/??/86 Dale Gardner Ruby-Teal (laser communications)
103/4 Jerry Ross \$Air Force Space Junket by
62A Richard Mullane Secretary of the Air Force
Edward Aldridge (Aldridge).
Bret Watterson

STS 31 Loren Shriver EOS-1
7/22/86 Bryan O'Conner TDRESS-D

STS 31	Loren Shriver	EOS-1
7/22/86	Bryan O'Conner	TDRESS-D
7/27/86	Sally Ride	
102/10	William Fisher	
61M	Mark C. Lee	
	Robert Wood	
STS 32	John Young	Hubble Space Telescope
8/18/86	Charles Bolden	
8/23/86	Kathryn Sullivan	
104/4	Steven Hawley	
61J	Bruce McCandless	
STS 33	Pilot	DOD
9/04/86	Co-pilot	
9/09/86	DOD Mission Specialist	
102/10		
61N		
STS 34	Donald Williams	INSAT 1-C
9/27/86	Michael Smith	LDEF-1 return.
10/01/86	James Bagian	+Journalist in space.
099/11	Donnie Dunbar	
61I	Manley Carter	
	India Mission Specialist	
	+Walter Cronkite?	
STS 35	Pilot	2nd Vandenberg launch.
9/29/86	Co-pilot	DOD
10/04/86		
103/5		
62B		

2ND
PAGE

JANUARY
10
FRIDAY

THE
LIFE

RECORDS
OF
THE
BANK

1 3rd PAGE

GO BACK AND USE THE LAST EMPTY PAGE FIRST!

(SO MUCH FOR AUTHORITARIANISM)



"Big one, ~~big~~! ... We caught biliiiiig one!"

"ELF - TREK"

THE CREST -
 ER, UH -
 BEST OF BOTH
 WORLDS -
 UH -
 WORLDS (NYUK.)

Ref T0606 1-23-86 6:38¹⁹ am

→ ENTER PASSWORD

■ FNORD

→ INVALID PASSWORD

■ WHAT DO YOU KNOW, YOU'RE JUST A GODDAMN MACHINE.

→

■ LET ME ON, PUTZ, OR YOU'LL GET A .45 CALIBER REPROGRAMMING
→ GO AHEAD... MAKE MY CRA

■ DUH.

→ LOGON --- PASSWORD "DUH" ACCEPTED.

WELL, I MIGHT HAVE SUSPECTED AS MUCH.

ANYWAY

- ① GO READ THE ANNOTATED "POWER FOR LIVING"
- ② JOIN IN ON THE "SECRET WARS" ER - UH "CRISIS
ON INFINITE FORUMS" CHAIN NOVEL
- ③ FIND US A BETTER PRITHIN TITLE!
- ④ READ THE FOLLOWING FILK (YOU CAN SING IT IF YOU REALLY HAVE
YOUR HEART SET ON IT.)

DON'T KNOW IF MANY OF YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH
HILBERT + SULLIVANS' THE MIKADO BUT -

IN THIS OPERETTA THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER OF
THE JAPANESE TOWN OF TITTI-POO (NO COMMENTS) MAKES
THE OBSERVATION THAT HE'LL NOT SOON RUN OUT OF GRIST
FOR HIS MILL (AS IT WERE), THERE BEING SO MANY PEOPLE
"WHOSE LOSS IS A DISTINCT GAIN TO SOCIETY".*

KNOWING THIS, AND FURTHERMORE, KNOWING IT WAS DOOMED
TONIGHT AT ABOUT 1:30 ON A DR. PEPPER "ALTERED
CONSCIOUSNESS" (TM) AND THAT I REALLY STILL LIKE YOU
ALL (WELL...) TURN + ENJOY →

* IT'S A COMEDY... BUT YOU FIGURED THAT OUT ALREADY, RIGHT?

(MUSIC, BITTE, MAESTRO...)

"MIKADO FILK #1" *

VERSES

① AS SOMEDAY IT MAY HAPPEN THAT A VICTIM MUST BE FOUND,
 I'VE GOT A LITTLE LIST,
 I'VE GOT A LITTLE LIST,
 OF SOCIETY OFFENDERS WHO MIGHT WELL BE UNDERGROUND
 AND WHO NEVER WOULD BE MISSED
 AND WHO NEVER WOULD BE MISSED
 THERE'S THE RIGHTEOUS LITTLE BOZO WHO TAKES STAMP TO LOGBOOK PAGE
 THOSE WHO DRINK BUDWISER + ACT BELOW THEIR AGE
 THE GUY WHO SPITS OUT 'TATERS THROUGH THE GAP BETWEEN HIS TEETH
 THE GIRL WHO SITS UPON THE COUCH WITH SOMEONE UNDERHEATH
 THE ROBOTS UP IN ADMIN, WHO GET ME REAL PISSED
 THEY NEVER WOULD BE MISSED,
 NO, THEY NEVER WOULD BE MISSED.

"CHORUS"
 (AS IN THE
 CREEK
 THEATER)
 (THE GUYS IN
 THE BACK)

→ [HE'S GOT THEM ON THE LIST, HE'S GOT THEM ON THE LIST,
 AND THEY NEVER WOULD BE MISSED, NO THEY NEVER WOULD BE MISSED]

② THERE'S THE BORN-AGAIN CRUSADER + THE OTHERS OF HIS RACE
 AND THE MISSING CELLOIST (I'VE GOT HER ON MY LIST)
 THE PEOPLE WHO TAKE RUBBER BANDS + BOP YOU IN THE FACE
 I'VE GOT THEM ON THE LIST
 THEY NEVER WOULD BE MISSED
 THE IDIOT WHO FAILS TO PUT HIS BOOKS BACK ON THE SHELF
 THE GUY WHO GETS DEPRESSED DOWN HERE + CRUCIFIXES HIMSELF
 THE DINGDONGS OUT IN "B" AND "H" A ROTTEN PLACE TO LIVE
 WITH PAINTER'S CAPS UPON THEIR HEADS + BRAINS JUST LIKE A SIEVE
 AND THAT SINGULAR ANOMALY, THE "STAAAH TRAAACK" NOVELIST
 I DON'T THINK THEY'D BE MISSED
 NO, I'M SURE THEY'D NOT BE MISSED!

[CHORUS]

③ THE HITLER YOUTH WHO WATCH US ALL WITH "MACE" + CLUB IN HAND
 (YOU GET THEM REALLY PISSED + THEN YOU EAT A RIST)

WELL MY SENSE OF A SOCIAL LIFE IS NOW SHUT
I've been re-assigned TO SAT SUN WED THR FRI
4PM TO 12 MIDNIGHT THIS KILLS MY EVENING & I'M
PISSED OFF. I AM IN NEED OF FEMALE
COMPANIONSHIP BUT NOW WITH TAMAR & MORRIS
GONE THE MILE TO FEMALE BATH IS 7:1
CUE UP CREEDENCE CLEARWATER PERFORM
"BAD MOON RISING"

LATER MORE → JEFF

23 Jan/86 "Hey, that's Credence, isn't it... "Wanna see some-
thing really scary?..."
DSG

Well, just look at ~~this~~ ^{this} log. But enough morbidity.

And now, Slightly Contused Fairy Tales continues with:

Little Red Riding Slut
(or, The Lady's A Tramp)

[PG-13]

Once upon a midnight dreary, in a woods
far, far away, there was a little 'boarding house',
Granny's, they called it, 'cause all the girls who
worked there ~~had~~ charged 1 grand a night.

The path to Granny's was not at all well
lit or heavily traveled (after all, the place was
pretty expensive. Could you afford it? I didn't think
so.) but it was relatively safe. Granny (yes, she
was the madam, a feisty old momma about fifty
or a hundred - nobody knew ~~her~~ and it made no
difference if she was still going strong) (what else
would you call her, anyway?) had an arrangement

with the local authorities to keep the peace, and they were happy to cooperate.

Occasionally, some talented (or maybe not very) girl would hear about Granny's and decide that she wanted to work there. Just such a thing happened once; ~~to~~ her name was Madelyn, but she intended to work under the name Aphrodite. She wasn't bragging, but neither did she believe in false modesty.

[At about this point in the story, you might expect a description of her luscious body, complete with long ~~the~~ slender legs, fullness where appropriate and flaming red hair bleached light by the same sun that provided her perfect, beer-bottle brown tan. Forget it.

[You can also forget about her meeting a 'wolf' on the path, picking him up, and field-testing her ~~at~~ audition. Those guys were kicked off the path and kept off. ~~So~~ So read on.]

Mad/Aphrodite got to Granny's right on schedule. It was about four- or five- o'clock, early enough that no business was going on, late enough that Granny was awake. ~~She carried one small bag with some working clothes, ~~etc.~~~~ She carried some working clothes in a small bag; because her overnight bag's lock had been broken, she held a picnic-type wicker basket. The effect was not lost on Granny.

When she recovered from her hysterical laughter, she showed ~~the~~ Mad/Aphro to the room she used for auditions. What a room! You name it, it was there, from ~~exotic~~ anacondas to zygotes. Every fantasy fulfillable. You'd like it.

To make a long story short, she got the job. ~~Then came the Second Depression and~~ She worked at the house until she became Granny, but though she

V

kept the place solvent through the Second Depression,
inflation took her toll. Now they call her Meg.

-©1986 Bruce S. Adelson

th-h- that's all...

1/23/85 Never fear, The Doctor, is here!
3:15 PM OS

P.S. Uranus encounter tomorrow... the
deformed, special planet with ring around
the collar (or is it a belt?)

#119 Arrrrggghh!!!
Visual burnout!!!

I wanted to read ~~up~~ and catch up with "news" and
info. But I can't read a god damn word.

Okay, here it is...
I am:

- 1) Working 35-40 hours a week as a manager trainee
(in training) good money within the year.
- 2) Going to school full time at Suffolk
- 3) Living in Patchogue with Morgana and Charles
- 4) Reading just over a book a day
- 5) Writing again

ARRRRGGGH!!!

I think I'm-a-gonna die. Oh well.

Christopher J. Abbey



Here Fluffy!

JAM
finally-a-
real-entry!

All: My deep welcome to all who have re-emerged from the woodwork after the semester break!

Jet. Co. Priceless! You are PRICELESS!

Toast: Sorry. That's all I could think of.

All (again): The tigers and lions did their best to chomp up the JAM, but fortunately he did slip past their gaping maws and speedily made tracks! Yay.

It's alive!

Madness beckons, I say, maybe later.

George;

I do want to see your new art works but I could not wait!

Jack

Gary: Pyramid (A) is available from some people now.
You might want to ask Tony about it.

Cliff

CHAOS!

STEFAN: IT MAY BE A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE I CONTACT
YOU REGARDING GAMES AT I-CON.

TOAST: DEAD BABIES!?! GOOD GOD.

NOTHING IS CERTAIN!

GOTTA RUN,
Dorey ~~Fitzgerald~~

← strange mystic symbols!

~~Garz~~

1/23/86

8:20 PM

GARZ

Here I am, so here I be ...

Well, I just missed my first day of classes.
So what else is new? Actually it was only one
class - one three-hour class, at that. In any
case, I missed it for a good reason, since I just
got back from a day trip to Bell Labs (and I
drank a buncha beers on the way back.) Interesting
stuff - Bell physicists don't believe in hyperforce.
They do believe in throwing around money, though.
The clean lab for semiconductor fabrication is really
an interesting sight, what with everyone dressed up like
the stag-puff marshmallow man. Anyway, I heard
interesting discussions on positron surface studies (with
a short diversion into how to build artificial black holes)
and magneto-optic recording. Neat shit! (over)

On the way back, I informed the head of the material science club that I wanted creative pharmaceuticals at the next meeting. We'll see...

Nuff Said,

Gary 7

JAM

Sorry about 8:00 pm
I was in great pain at home
getting a perscription filled

Sorry

Hope to run into soon
Steve

~~Do you have a scanning electron microscope?
or you or you?~~

WAS TO

SPACE (THE FINAL FRONTIER)

"STAR
TRACK!"
YAAAY

A FEW WORDS ABOUT BREASTS

Breasts. America loves 'em. They've nurtured the young and the old, inspired songs and sonnets, war and peace, not to mention a major men's magazine. We could go on forever, so we will—with a lengthy tribute to the names, nicknames and euphemisms that have come to characterize chest fever. The following extensive but by no means exhaustive list was compiled by amateur etymologists Parker Bennett and Tom Mannis.

- | | | | |
|-----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| ANGEL CAKES | DOUBLE | LOAVES | PT BOATS |
| APPLIES | WHAMMIES | LOBLOLLIES | PUMPKINS |
| BALBOAS | DUELING BANJOS | LOVE MELONS | RANGOONS |
| BALLOONS | DUGS | LOVE MUFFINS | RIB BALLOONS |
| BANGERS | DUMPLINGS | LULUS | RIB CUSHIONS |
| BANGLES | DUNES | MAGAROONS | RIBS |
| BASSOONS | EAR MUFFS | MAMBOS | ROUNDTIES |
| BAUBLES | ECLAIRS | MAMMIES | SANDBAGS |
| BAZONGAS | EGGPLANTS | MAMMIES | SATELLITES |
| BAZOOKAS | ENCHILADAS | MAMS | SCONES |
| BAZOOMS | FLAPJACKS | MANGOS | SCOOPS |
| BEAGONS | FLAPPERS | MARANGOS | SET |
| BEANBAGS | FLESH BULBS | MARASCHINOS | SHAKERS |
| BEBOPS | FLESH MELONS | MARIMBAS | SHEBAS |
| BETTY BOOPS | FLOATERS | MARSHMALLOWS | SHERMANS |
| BIG BOPPERS | FLOATS | MAUS | SHIMMIES |
| BIKINI STUFFERS | FOG LIGHTS | MAUSERS | SILOS |
| BILLIBONGS | FRIED EGGS | MEATBALLS | SKIN SACKS |
| BLINKERS | FUN BAGS | MEAT LOAVES | SKOONERS |
| BOMBERS | GAGAS | MELONS | SMOOTHIES |
| BOMBSHELLS | GARBOS | MILK CANS | SNUGGLE PUPS |
| BONBONS | GAZINGAS | MILK FOUNTAINS | SPARK PLUGS |
| BONGOS | GAZONGAS | MILK SHAKES | SPECIALS |
| BONKERS | GLANDS | MOLEHILLS | SPHERES |
| BOOBERS | GLOBELETS | MOMMAS | SPONGECAKES |
| BOOBIES | GLOBES | MONDOS | SPUDS |
| BOOBS | GOB STOPPERS | MONTEZUMAS | STACKS |
| BOOTS | GONGAS | MOO MOOS | STUFFING |
| BOPS | GOOMBAS | MOTHER LODES | SUGARPLUMS |
| BOSOM | GRAPEFRUITS | MOUNDS | SWEATER MEAT |
| BOULDERS | GRILLWORK | MOUNTAIN PEAKS | SWEATER PUFFS |
| BOUNCERS | GUAVAS | MUCHACHAS | SWEET ROLLS |
| BRA BUDDIES | GUM DROPS | MUFFINS | TAGITIS |
| BRA STUFFERS | HANDSETS | MULLIGANS | TAMALES |
| BREASTS | HAND WARMERS | MUSHMELONS | TARTUCAS |
| BRONSKIS | HEADERS | NANCHES | TATAS |
| BUBBAS | HEAD LAMPS | NECTARINES | TATTLERS |
| BUBBIES | HEADLIGHTS | NIBLETS | TEATS |
| BUDS | HEADPHONES | NIBS | TELEONS |
| BULBS | HEADSETS | NIPPELOONS | TELAGS |
| BULGES | HEAPERS | NIPPELOS | THINGUMAJIGS |
| BULLETS | HEILERS | NIPPERS | TIDBITS |
| BUMPERS | HEMISPHERES | NIPPIES | TITBITS |
| BLIMPS | HILLS | NIPS | TITS |
| BUST | HINDENBURGS | NODES | TITSKIS |
| BUSTERS | HONEYDEWS | NODULES | TITTERS |
| BUSTIES | HONKERS | NOOGIES | TITTIES |
| BUTTERBALLS | HOOD | NOSE CONES | TOMATOES |
| BUTTONS | ORNAMENTS | OBOES | TOM TOMS |
| CABOODLES | HOOHAS | OOMPAS | TOOTERS |
| CAMS | HOOTERS | ORBS | TORPEDOES |
| CANNON BALLS | HOT CAKES | OTTOMANS | TORTILLAS |
| CANTALOUPE | HOTTENTOTS | PADDING | TOTOS |
| CARUMBAS | HOWITZERS | PAGODAS | TWANGERS |
| CASABAS | HUBCAPS | PAIR | TWEAKERS |
| CHA-CHAS | HUFFIES | PALOOKAS | TWEETERS |
| CHARLIES | HUMDINGERS | PAPAYAS | TWIN PEAKS |
| CHIHUAHUAS | HUSH PUPPIES | PARABOLAS | TWOFFERS |
| CHIMICHONGAS | ICBMS | PASTRIES | TYPANIES |
| CHIQUITAS | JAWBREAKERS | PAW PATTIES | U-BOATS |
| COCONUTS | JEMIMAS | PEACHES | UMLAUTS |
| CONGAS | JIBS | PEAKERS | WAHWAYS |
| CORKERS | JOBBERS | PEAKS | WALDOS |
| CREAMERS | JUGS | PEARS | WARHEADS |
| CREAM PIES | JUKES | PECTS | WATER |
| CUHUANGAS | JUMBOS | PEEPERS | WATERMELONS |
| CUPCAKES | KARUKIS | PILLOWS | WHOPPERS |
| CURVES | KALAMAZOOS | PIPS | WIND |
| DINGERS | KAZONGAS | PLUMS | JAMMERS |
| DINGHIES | KAZOOS | POINTER | WOBLERS |
| DINGOS | KNOBBERS | SISTERS | WONGAS |
| DIRIGIBLES | KNOCKERS | POINIS | WOOFERS |
| DOMES | KONGAS | POKERS | YABBOS |
| DOODADS | KUMQUATS | POLYGONS | YAMS |
| DOORKNOBS | LACTOIDS | POMPONS | YAVAS |
| DOOZERS | LIP FODDER | PONTOONS | ZEPPELS |
| DOOZIES | LLAMAS | POTATOES | ZINGERS |

1/23/86

MONUMENT TO THE
FORUM MEMBERSHIP
FALL '85



.... KNELT & FAILED TO SEE;
 IN THE POOL OF TRUTH, THE CHAINS THAT BOUND;
 OF LONELINESS, DEPRESSION, DESIRE, & ANXIETY.
 INSTEAD, HE SAW THE REFLECTION OF HIS DREAMS -
 HIS OWN AMBITION, TREMBLING, WAVERING,
 SHATTERED BY BLOOD SHED BY HIS CROWN OF APATHY.

TEE-HEE

AND NOW BOOM BOOM
 BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM...
 BOOM... BOOM...
 BOOM!

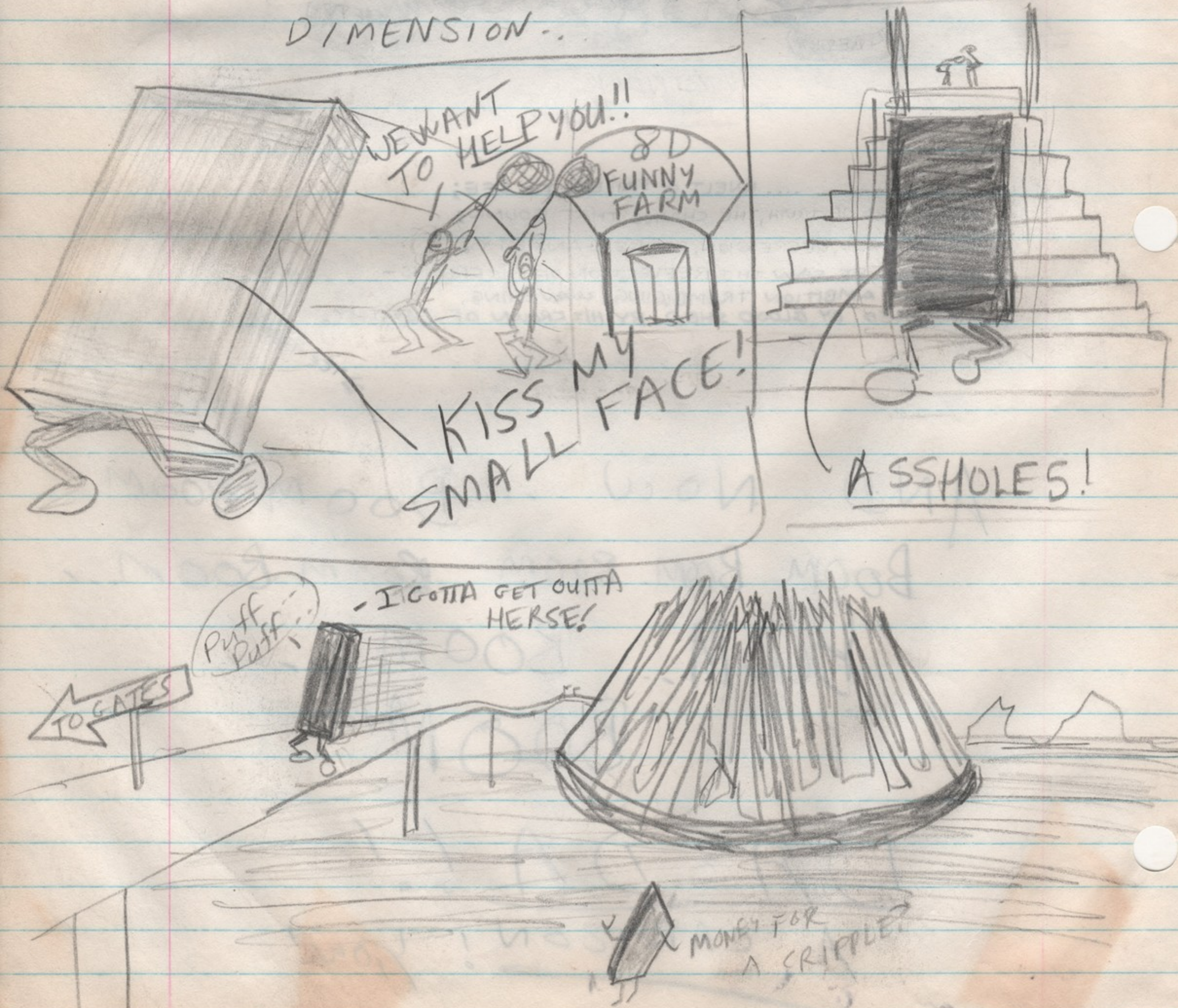
DA-DA!!

A CARTOON! you!

// 20/20 //

A SPACE SLOBBERRY by GORNO

— OUR STORY BEGINS ON
A DISTANT STAR, IN ANOTHER
DIMENSION..



GET THE
FUCK OUT OF
THE WAY!

HONK, HONK

LOOK BUDDY, ..

COMPUTERS!

NGP-LOT 1138

MARK
AND PTS EAST

IT'S SUNNY AND
COOL IN
DOWNTOWN
LA AND...

BOING!

LETO?

MY GOD, IT'S FULL
OF STARS...
ALIA IS THAT YOU?

ROSEBUD

HMM, ---
funny
CONJUNCTION

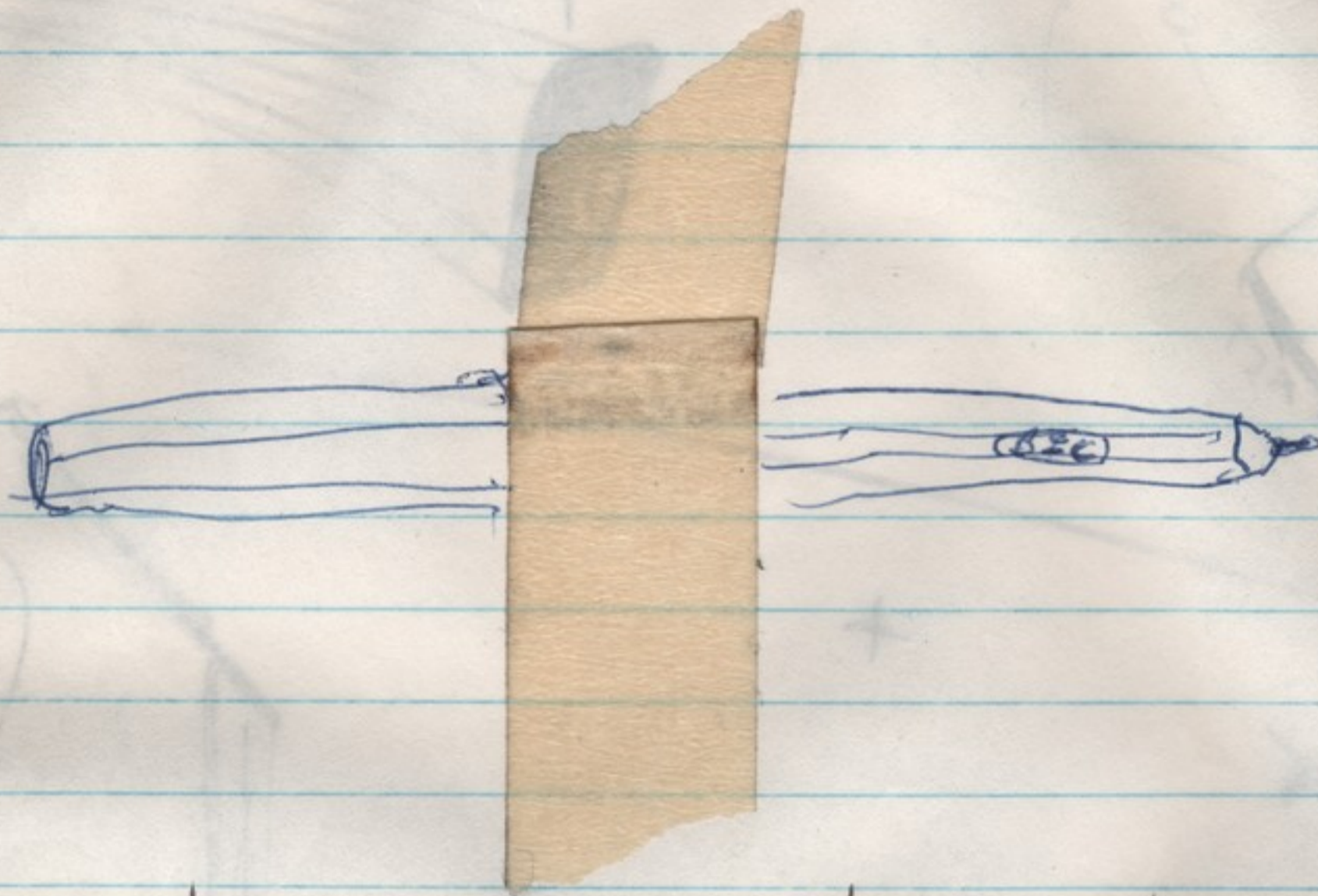
WARELO - SO MUCH
FOR
SCENIC
BEAUTY...

TO BE
CONT.

GET OUT OF HERE
THIS IS OUR
CARTOON!

Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis. The password
of a new generation.

Behold! The Pen that Bleeds!



Those who can, do; those who can't teach,
- teach gym.

Howard -

multitudinous thanx for the Hh 6 to the 6
it has saved what is left of my mind.
Do you still have the other 2 tapes?
Also someday I will go see Bob W
although I haven't yet,

RALPH - see me about the cars

SAM - Rain on any parades lately?

All others Hi!

Gz thanx for all gifts + thoughts

HALL to the TOG

Rob the ever-expanding wordler

J
A
M
1/24/86

George: Thanks for the return of my #'s
Rob (The Wizard of Downez): HA! HA! I'll rain
on your parade! Just you wait you (expletive
deleted)! Nyah!

Garvy: Rob is pickin' on me! Rav!

All: I wrote a weird story in here, but D.J.
told me to tear it out so you'll have to pay to
read it when my book comes out. Ha!

J
1/24/86
6:15 PM
Hawaii Fun

Coming soon:

Earthquake prevention Week
Jan 26 - Feb 1

Only you...

Story so far: J.P., a mutant member of
the F-Men, acquires the powers of Toast.

Dark Toast

Chapter 3

The New F-Men

The room was messy. Taco chips and Cheese
Puffs covered the floor. A man with glazed eyes
paced around the couches, while a young man
with dark hair wielded a broom with madness in
his eyes. A blonde girl tried to keep up.

"This is it," said Kevin, entering, followed by
two others.

Phoenix and Zen stared in awe. They started

around the cleaning crew and walked into the stacks.

"So this is the forum," said Phoenix.

"With over 5000 books," boasted the president. "But it's more than just a library, it's a place where mutants like us can be together in relative security away from Public Safety."

"Where?!", screamed Gary, stuffing his pill container back into his pocket.

"Relax, Gary, they aren't here," said Tamar, sweeping Cheese Doodles off the floor. Kevin thought she would be good officer material, just like...

"STEFAN! Watch where you go with that broom!", he shouted.

"Ouch!", cried Zen, finding himself on the floor.

"Dicaowo! Sorry!", said Stefan, clearing like mad.

"I've got a pill to slow you down," offered Gary.

"No thanks, I don't do drugs."

Gary shrugged, and swallowed it himself. "You don't take it, I do! See, you're slowing down already." His eyes glowed, and his voice took on a high pitched quality. "Wow! 3 o'clock already? Time flies really do like arrows." He zinged out the door.

"Wow. What a lot of strange people we have around here," said Zen, dusting himself off.

"Oh, you haven't seen some of the weirder folks around here, like..."

"GORNO!", all assembled shouted as a

lizard walked into the forum. He snarled and shook his tail. "How do you puny mammals know my name?"

Tamar spoke up. "We didn't know it was your name. It just seemed the natural thing to say."

"You were saying, Kevin, about weird people?" asked Phoenix.

"You'll meet them all, eventually, if you stay here long enough. J.P. keeps saying that the forum is a collection..."

"A collection of human lint", finished the scruffy little man as he walked in. "Hi, Stefan, Kevin. What have we here? A group of new memos," and as he spied the reptilian warrior he shouted "GORN!"

"Not you too, stupid furhead!", grunted Gorno.

"Huh?"

"Long story, J.P. let me introduce you to our new members, J.P.?" Kevin waved his hands over J.P.'s glasses.

"Oh, sorry", said J.P., shaking his head.

"It's OK. I'm used to it. I'm Tamar." She bent over and picked up J.P.'s lower jaw from the floor. "You'll need this."

"Thanks", he mumbled.

"You can probably guess what her power is," snickered Kevin. "Some people are more susceptible than others."

"I'm Phoenix."

"Let me guess. Your power is..."

"Wrong." Rich grinned.

"Wrong? What then?"

"Ice Cream."

"Huh?"

"Ice cream. Come over to Dales for a demonstration"

"OK. Right", said JP, nodding.

"And I'm Zem."

"I'm sorry to hear about that."

"No, its just my F-Men codename."

"Oh, whats your power?"

"Come drinking with me sometime, and you'll find out. Whats your power JP?"

Suddenly the F-man was surrounded by a toasty warm energy field. He seemed to take on heroic proportions as his voice boomed out.

[THANK, OHMI!]

"Hear me, F-MEN! No longer am I the JP you once knew! I am Fire and Bread incarnate! Now and Forever, I am **TOAST!**"

There was a moment of silence as the F-Men gathered their wits.

"Draow!", said Stefan.

"Where have I heard that before?", wondered Rich.

"**STUPID YEAST INFECTION**", shouted Corvo.

P.S. Rich-Ateri manual is in magazine Rack.

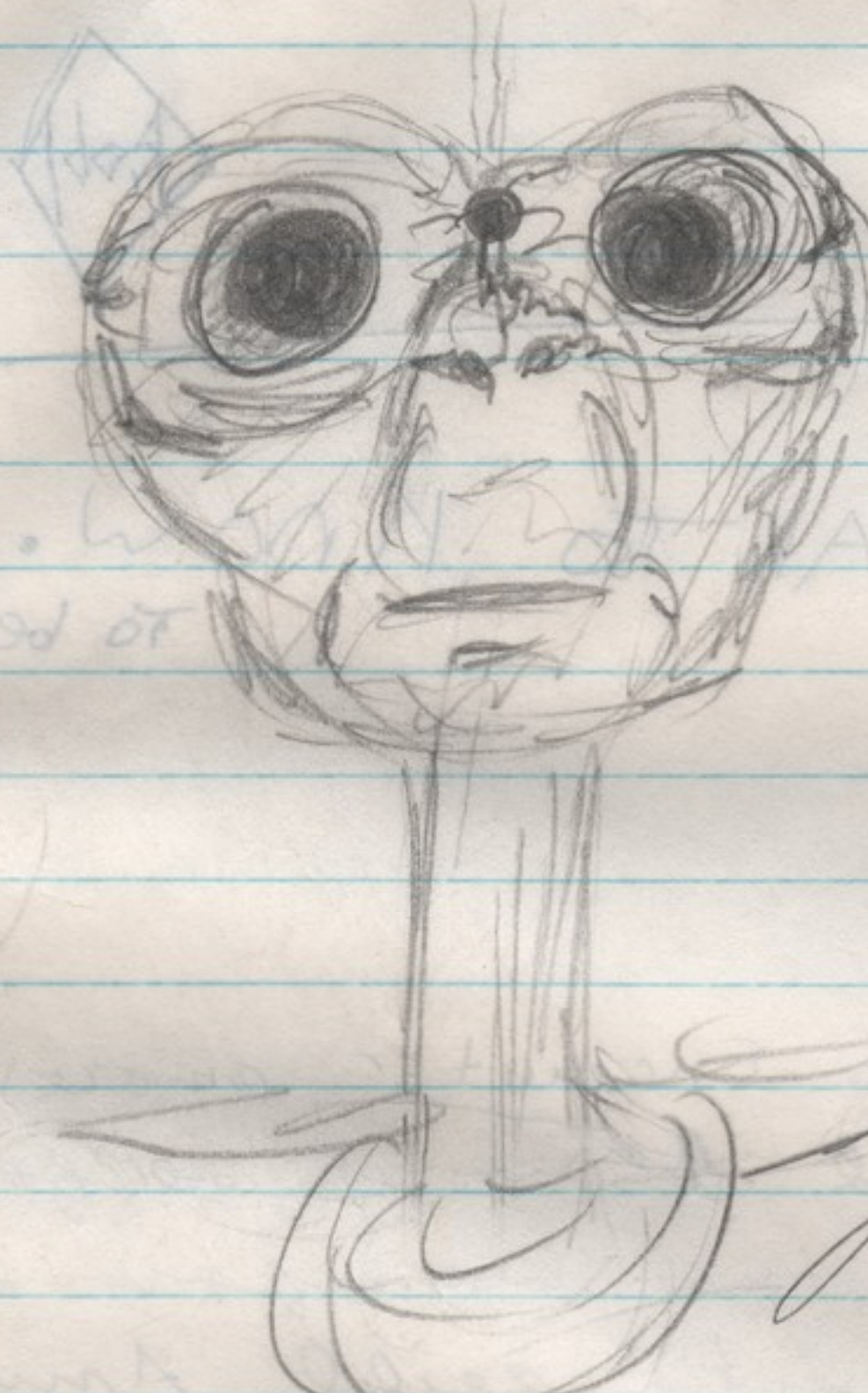
1/25/86

2:4 am

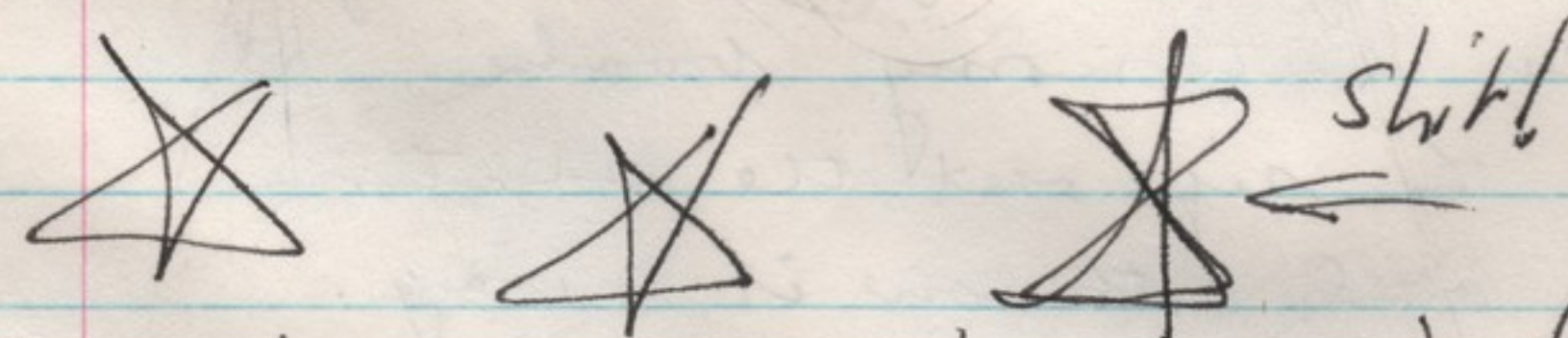
THE 1ST WEEK IS OVER - WHEW! LET'S SEE IF THE OTHERS GO AS WELL...

"REAL GENIUS" IS GREAT! KEVIN - YEAH, IT'S SCIENCE FANTASY...

ENOUGH SHIT, I'M GONNA GET SOME DREAMING IN...



FUCK CUTESY!



A couch must be moved from my house very soon. G7 has offered his car in the past perhaps again or Kevin. But it must be done soon. Call/see me, all weekend either here or at my phone #5432497

The new and improved

available in sterling silver or genuine goldstone.
 * Rob * * * *

yes, I've materialized, and to the moans and groans of others I bring yet another episode of...

1/25/86

12:33 AM

The Genesis of the Bridge Players

"Good luck!" shouted Johnson CED into the air duct. Shithead and the Doctor crawled slowly on hands and knees through the dark and dusty ventilation system of the Elite Corp's bunker. They came to an intersection where two (2) ducts branched off, one (1) to the left and one (1) to the right. The Doctor pondered the left path. He muttered to the left duct: "That way." After a moment Shithead scratched his head with a dirty hand and followed the Doctor down the right hand duct.

Asil, Steverin and the Toastlord reached the base of the Thal Dome and fled toward the Rebolonds. Thal patrols were in close pursuit. "We're not going to make it!" Steverin cried, chugging another beer. "I do not like all this running stuff - not one bit!" gasped Toast. "What we need is a smoke screen," suggested Asil. Toast stopped

A Pope Entry.

Saturday, 1/23/86 or so, is it?
And here I am down in this place,
just sort of sitting around, "listening" to
Rusty ramble on and on ---
Science Fiction, is it? Well, maybe.
But I know some authors don't give a
shit about no SCIENCE who write some
real hot fiction, and also some who are vice versa.
The whole idea of fictionalizing science,
man's highest ideal and pursuit - well, I suppose.
Look, just skip on to the next entry, okay?
I'm just going to bitch and whine through
this one.

Those masochists who are still reading this ---
it's been a rough day. I got up, and it
was snowing; bad enough. Then I had a
spot of trouble with my drummer, Yarknaho. And
THEN - the girl who lives down the hall,
from me, decided to have a screwpast with
the landlady, claims said landlady sent
Billy (an ex-roomer) down to attack her
and - he practically raped her --- landlady
says she didn't send him, and what's more
she wanted him and led him on, etc, etc. ---

The truth of the matter is this:
the best things in life are very expensive.
The reason you can't buy happiness is
just that you can't afford it. It's available
but damn expensive. Rich people won't
just amuse, they're HAPPY.

Life is like that. You'll find out.

#4, that Pope.

1/26/86
1:41am
GHOOD, IT'S LATE + I'M BORED. BEEN
BORED ALL DAY. FORUM WAS CLOSED UNTIL
LATE AFTER NOON. FUCK! WHAT DO I DO...
GO BACK TO MY ROOM + PUT UP WITH BORING
BOZOS?

CAN'T THINK OF MORE TO WRITE. FEEL.

By Geo 3

Here is the BOSKONE XXIII Guest List
and events:

GDH : ROBERT BLOCH

ARTIST GDH : BOB EGGLETON

Special Guest: TOM DOHERTY

OTHERS INCLUDE: BEN BOVA, AIGIS BUDRYS, JEFF CARVER, HAL CLEMENT, JACK CHALKER, C.J. CHERRYH, GORDON R. DICKSON, VINCENT DIFATE, JOHN M. FORD, WILLIAM R. FORSTOMEN, KELLY FREAS, POLLY FREAS, ESTHER FRIESNER, SHARON GREEN, JOE HALDEMAN, MARVIN KAYE, TAPPAN KING, NANCY KRESS, SHARIANN LEWITT, BARRY LONGYEAR, JANET MORRIS, MARK ROGERS, JOEL ROSENBERG, CHUCK ROTHMAN, MELISSA SCOTT, SOMTOW SUCHARITUL, JUDITH TARR, JOAN VINGE, GENE WOLFE,

AND

CAPTAIN LOUIS ALBANO!

EVENTS INCLUDE: "THE WANDERING ONE SHOT": A TYPEWRITER WILL BE FLOATING ABOUT SO YOU CAN WRITE ABOUT WHATEVER "FANNISH" EVENTS YOU WANT! OR ANYTHING

YOU WANT! THERES EVEN A SCAVENGER HUNT! NOW
HOW MUCH WOULD YOU PAY? BEFORE YOU ANSWER
WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT OUR EXCLUSIVE POTATO
PEELER.

THERE WILL ALSO BE PANELS, SEMINARS
FOOD (AND MORE FOOD) DEALERS ROOM
AND EVERY THING ELSE YOU'D EXPECT (EVEN
AN ART SHOW) WITH OUR FAMOUS SCRATCH
PROOF SURFACE, UNBREAKABLE HANDLES AND
THE 50 YEAR GUARANTEE ALL FOR ONLY
\$25!

YES FOLKS FORUM HISTORY WILL BE MADE
ON FEB. 14-16 1986 AT THE SHERATON
BOSTON HOTEL. BE THERE

- Geo 3

26 Jan. '86 Veger's found 9 new Moons &
photographed 6 of the 9 rings.

1986: gonna be a bonner year in
space. Voyager II, the international
Halley's Comet Armada, both shuttle
pads operational, Ulysses - ESA's
Solar Polar mission, first manned
vehicle launched into ~~orbit~~ a polar
orbit around the Earth; Vandenberg,
launching of the Galileo mission,
and most importantly the Hubble
Space Telescope.

Diaw!!

The Doctor

OS

A slut is someone that anyone can have, except you.

what a dick → [↑] HOW PROFOUND

1/27/86
2:06pm

HEY KIDS!!

GOT NUTHIN' TO DO?
BORED OUTTA YOUR SKULL??


~~WANT TO BE~~

FEEL LIKE A PHYSICS MAJOR WOULD
BE EASY?

DEPRESSED?

WELL, COURTESY OF WEEK-AFTER-LAST'S ISSUE
OF THE "SUN" TABLOID:

Advertisement Advertisement



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TRIPLE YOUR MONEY BACK**

Utilize unknown optics and stand unseen among people. **TOTAL INVISIBILITY AND WE GUARANTEE IT!** Use our easy method and stand completely invisible—even when totally surrounded by cameras or people—not even a shadow! Works for everyone at any-time, anyplace. Imagine, total invisibility! It's safe, easy to do, and mailed direct to you, post paid, for only \$5.00. If use of our technique does not render you *totally invisible*, we guarantee that a \$15.00 certified check will be delivered to you direct from our account at People's Bank in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Guaranteed!

MORAL PURPOSES ONLY. Due to the nature of this knowledge, we demand that you must be at least 18 yrs. of age when ordering.

Signature: _____
Sirs,
Please send me your Triple Money Back Guaranteed Invisibility. I am enclosing \$5.00 (Cash, Check, Money Order).

Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

SEND TO: H.P.M.E.
350 Roger Williams Road
Bridgeport, Connecticut 06610
CT. Residents add 7½% Sales Tax. Immediate Delivery.

CONT' →



I'M CAPTAIN JOE ALBANO!

NO HARM INTENDED JOE. YOU'RE A GREAT GUY

YES, YOU HEARD THAT RIGHT!

INVISIBLE OR TRIPLE YOUR MONEY!
ANYWHERE, ANYTIME!
YOW!

(BUT REMEMBER--- MORAL PURPOSES ONLY.)

YEOWW!

I have 3 1/4 hours in which to
learn the finer points OF PASCAL and
The art of computer science.

Bookshelf

Additional titles of interest:

JAM: A True Story. By Margaret Mahy.
Illustrated by Helen Craig. Atlantic Monthly Press.

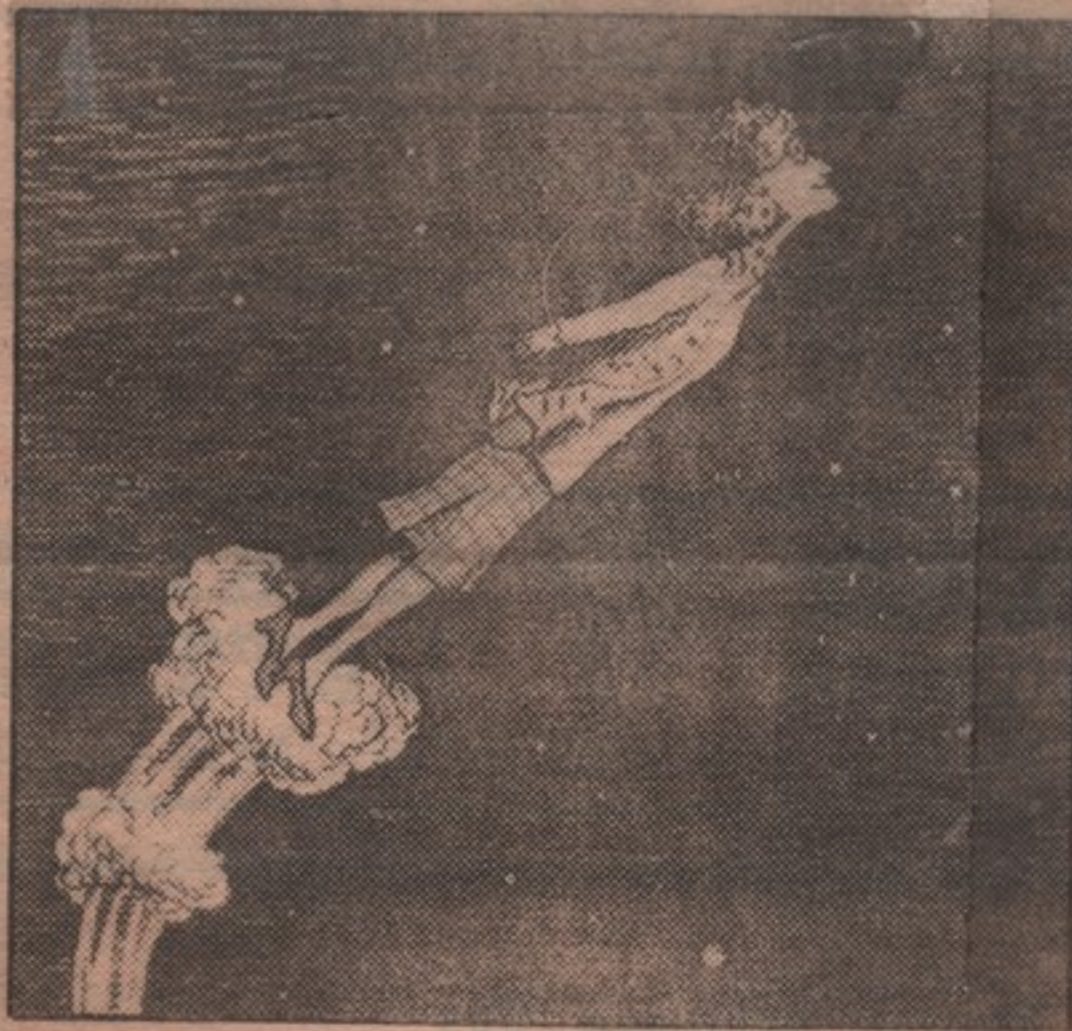
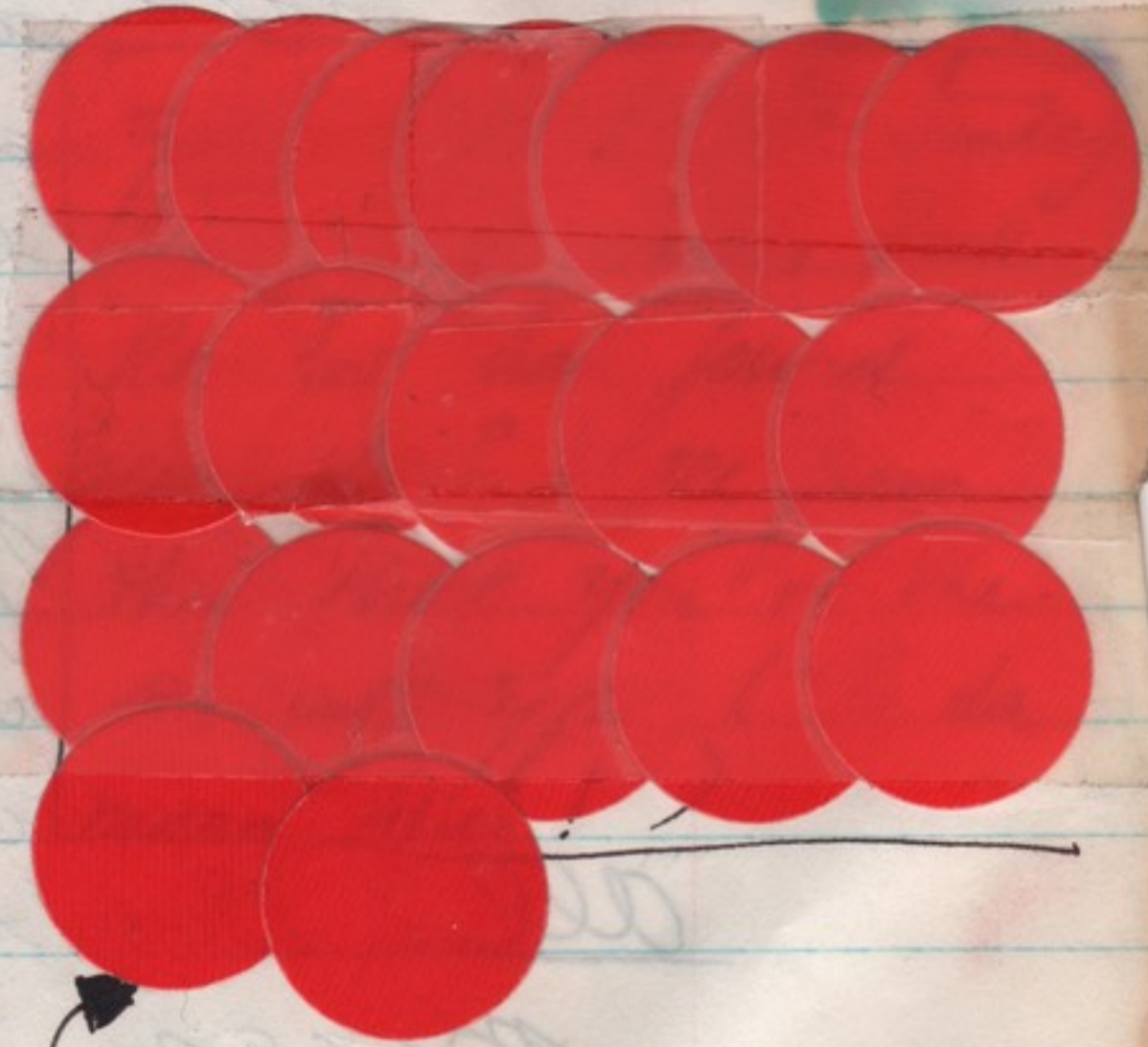


Illustration by Helen Craig from "Jam."

27 January / this year
(bss)



Boy, were those comments
dumb! (I can say
some stupid things; glad
you didn't hear 'em)

Taken from Sunday (N.Y.)

Times Book Review, 26 January, 1986

1/27/86

3:42 PM

Howard

Ω

Rob's: You're welcome. Yes, I do have the other 2 tapes, I was waiting to give them back to you in person. At the New Year's Party, your sister said that she might want me to record some music for her. Will you find out if she's still interested?

Toast: You're also welcome. My pleasure. By the way, will it turn out that J. was never Toast, but really a cosmic energy being that took your form?

Ralph, JAM, Gary: I spoke to Gary Berman from Creation. He said that if I write to them, they will send a Press Pass, if we will give them Advance Publicity, and let them know the nature of the plug. Do any of you want me to ask for more than 1 pass?

Kevin: Be at WUSB at ~5 PM on Wednesday if you want to read your story.

All: Don't pay more than matinee prices to see Troll, if you feel you must. It has some good special effects and Jure Lockhart puts in a competent performance, but on the whole, it's a very stupid story with a lot left unexplained.

Handwritten signature and scribbles in red and black ink.

P.S. New Alan Parsons Album, Stereotomy is good but different from usual type of AP music.

Bear ODs on Cocaine

Investigators searching for cocaine dropped by an airborne smuggler in Georgia have found a ripped-up shipment of the powder and the remains of a bear that apparently died of a multimillion-dollar high.

The cocaine was believed to be the last of the drug dropped from a small plane by Andrew Thornton, 40, a former narcotics investigator who fell to his death in Knoxville on Sept. 11 when his parachute failed to open, said Gary Garner of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation.

GBI agents found the bear's remains Friday in the mountains just south of the Tennessee line, near a duffel bag and 40 packages of cocaine that had been ripped open and scattered.

Compiled from News Dispatches

Monday Monday Dec 23 1985

THIS IS A Faked UP WORLD.

Super Bore ~~XX~~

Bears 46

PIRATES 10

FANS 0

JEFF

5:50 Haf: I tried to call you at work but the line was busy. See you later.

7:00 WIF: Heading to Mom & Dad's, then Karl's
See you 18r.

(BY) Stefan 1/28/85 9:33 am Hof

SCIENTOLOGY HQ SEZ:

L. RON IS DEAD!

Died FRIDAY OF A STROKE, CREMATED
and scattered on the pacific.

JANUARY 28 1986 11:39 AM

ONE MINUTE AFTER LIFTOFF AT 11:38 AM

THE SPACE SHUTTLE "CHALLENGER"

EXPLODED THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS

THE DEAD INCLUBE CHRISTA McAULIFFA - TEACHER

FIRST CIVILIAN TO BECOME AN ASTRONAUT.

JEFF WARNER 12:22 pm

5 AM
1/28/86

A very sad very terrible occurrence. There are no proper words to say in a situation like this. The loss affects many in many ways. Very sad.

2:30

Forum floats to TV room (Union) - Press conference @ 3 PM. Be there!

When will the shuttle launch again?

make yer
guess:

July 4

Gerno

AUGUST 86

JEFF

AP-WITH SHUTTLE - LAST WORDS

(SPACE CENTER, HOUSTON) -- WORDS FROM SPACE SHUTTLE CHALLENGER WERE ALL ROUTINE THROUGH THE 60 SECONDS OF FLIGHT. THERE WAS SILENCE AFTER THE SPACECRAFT ERUPTED INTO A FIREBALL.

HERE IS A TRANSCRIPT OF THOSE SECONDS:

--MISSION COMMENTATOR: 10-9-8-7-6, WE HAVE MAIN ENGINE START, 4-3-2-1, AND LIFTOFF. LIFTOFF OF THE 25TH SPACE SHUTTLE MISSION. AND IT HAS CLEARED THE TOWER.

--PILOT MIKE SMITH: ROLL PROGRAM.

--MISSION CONTROL: ROGER, ROLL, CHALLENGER.

--MISSION CONTROL COMMENTATOR: ROLL PROGRAM CONFIRMED. CHALLENGER NOW HEADING DOWN RANGE. THE ENGINES ARE THROTTLING DOWN NOW AT 94 PERCENT. NORMAL THROTTLE FOR MOST OF THE FLIGHT IS 104 PERCENT. WE'LL THROTTLE DOWN TO 65 PERCENT SHORTLY. ENGINES AT 65 PERCENT. THREE ENGINES RUNNING NORMALLY. THREE GOOD FUEL CELLS. THREE GOOD APUS (AUXILIARY POWER UNITS). VELOCITY 22,057 FEET PER SECOND (1400 MILES PER HOUR), ALTITUDE 4.3 NAUTICAL MILES (4.9 STATUTE MILES), DOWNRANGE DISTANCE 3 NAUTICAL MILES (3.4 STATUTE MILES). ENGINES THROTTLING UP. THREE ENGINES NOW 104 PERCENT.

--MISSION CONTROL: CHALLENGER, GO AT THROTTLE UP.

--SMITH: ROGER, GO AT THROTTLE UP.

(FIREBALL OCCURS)

--MISSION CONTROL COMMENTATOR: WE'RE AT A MINUTE 15 SECONDS. VELOCITY 2900 FEET PER SECOND (1977 MPH) ALTITUDE 9 NAUTICAL MILES (10.35 STATUTE MILES), RANGE DISTANCE 7 NAUTICAL MILES (8.05 STATUTE MILES)

THERE WAS A LONG SILENCE.

--MISSION CONTROL COMMENTATOR: FLIGHT CONTROLLERS ARE LOOKING VERY CAREFULLY AT THE SITUATION. OBVIOUSLY A MAJOR MALFUNCTION. WE HAVE NO DOWNLINK (COMMUNICATIONS).

At the S.F.F. meeting on Jan 28 1986
a moment of silence was observed for the
crew of the Challenger

It is somehow fitting that today, the
day of the first STS disaster, that I,
who chronicled the launch of STS-1 in
the log, should write.

For those who did not see it, a
brief description. Launch. Every thing looks
fine. Approximately 1 minute & 12 seconds
into flight, the rear of the shuttle
began to burn. The outside hydracine
tank caught & exploded* with the force
of approximately 1.25 Kilotons of TNT.
The shuttle disintegrated in a burst
of flame. No survivors.

SO WHAT?

(sline)

* Occurs at \approx 11:40 am. 10 miles up, 60
miles downrange. DW

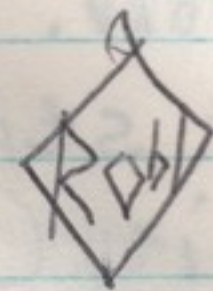
David S. Weingart
28 January 1986
8:25 pm

(By) ^{SCRAM} GOD, I FEEL LIKE SHIT. The day started
out interesting. And then Dr. Ferguson told
us the news. And I was sick enough to
make up the first shuttle song. HELP-MEE!

"What has God's hands and is very grateful?"

A: The 99 teacher-finalists who didn't have it!

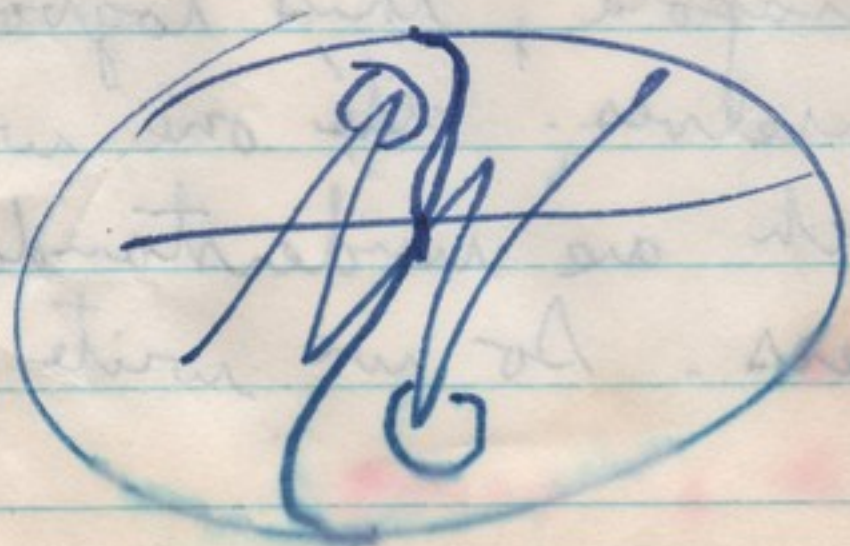
M
Stefan: That's 198 hands! Most teachers have 2 hands!
Whoops! misspelling! [PARITY CHECK]
But most teachers only have one head
(Was Zaphod Beeblebrox ever a teacher?)



People: if you so desire, write to Congress + Senate urging them **NOT** to cut the budget of the Space Program. It will help. If people make noise that they don't want it to be cut; it would help a helluva lot more than chronicling deep + pithy crapola in this (ahem) revered **time**. Which no Congressman ever read in his (her) life.

I wonder how many of you gutless wonders are still willing to hop on the remaining Shuttles now!! Now that they (NASA) are in trouble they need you more than ever. But instead, the log book will be filled with "Glad it wasn't me" jokes. The people who died did so for a cause, if that is **not** important enough to you then rip those space shuttle patches off your cardie asses and go drown your fantasies in video games. Personally, I'm gonna be closer to those things than most of you will ever be in your whole lives. Yeah, maybe when one blows up I'll get smeared, or someone I know. It's too bad most of the world is too into finding new ways to destroy each other instead of that, though. If you are into giving a shit about the Space Program, do something constructive about it then! **IF** not,

SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!
OOO



Rob Downes - what color is the really large flying cat? (The father cat) Is he one of the ones with plaid eyes?

- Brian

B) Stefan Wednesday. The day AFTER.
>> ALL TV COVERAGE BOILS DOWN TO:

"TOO BAD. TRAGIC. WHEN IS THE NEXT FLIGHT?"

>> Best stirring statements; in order of decreasing quality (out of several hundred).

1. Dan Rather (should've been taped)

2. CROWKITE

3. Ronny Raygun

What I was waiting for, but didn't happen, was for someone to show the last scene of THINGS TO COME. ("Presently, others will go...")

METROPOLIS tomorrow (thurs.) 5:00.

TUNED FOR

P.S. CLEAN THIS PAGE UP.

1/29/86 TO WHOEVER WROTE THE ENTRY ON THE

10:39 am PREVIOUS PAGE:

Kevin Obviously, you have not been in the Forum too very long. It is also apparent that you do not know any Forumites personally. Let me fill you in.

1) If there is a person down here who ever wanted to voyage into space, and who would also not give his eyeteeth to go tomorrow (be it in a shuttle, a Soyuz, or a bloody Mercury capsule, for chrissake!), I do not know him.

2) As for our "pithy capsule", this logbook is not for congressmen. It's for ourselves. It's one way of expressing our feelings, which are understandably sad. We just lost 8 family members. So we write our eulogies,

express our feelings, and comfort each other. It's all part of ~~the~~ being human.

3) As for as "getting closer to these things than any of us..." etc., you're saying that to the wrong bunch of folks. In $3\frac{1}{2}$ months I graduate with a degree in astrophysics. That's my laboratory you're talking about, up there. Every person down here will have more involvement with the space program (and other human frontiers) than most people. That's why we're into science fiction. We live for the future.

4) Sure the logbook will be filled with shuttle jokes. Black humor is a very natural response to a tragedy that hits close to home. It is your brain's way of dealing with the situation, by "laughing it off". It lightens the emotional impact. Remember, it's also a part of being human. As for as being "glad it wasn't me", well, noone wants to ~~be~~ die. But I'm sure Christa McAuliffe died the happiest woman on the planet (or off it). Any forum member would've gone the same way.

you've got a lot to learn about people.
Especially us.

- Kevin Sterner

Sandy Stein - Victor says get your ~~refrigerator~~ refrigerator.

Also to person on previous page. I'd go up in a Shuttle today tomorrow or whenever or ever they ask me if I want hydrolysis

blue

STICK shuttle
~~OKES~~ OKES

~~Challenger~~ Challenger memorial noble-75 sec after you take it out of the box it blows up.

~~Challenger~~ "Challenger Force - Form blazing Shuttle!"

McAuliffe's daughter: "Do mommy in space?"

"Sister: "No dear, one is space." or some think

George Lucas' comment, "I told you that's what an exploding space ship looks like!"

Christa McAuliffe should switch over to teaching chemistry; she knows about the perfect gas law first hand.

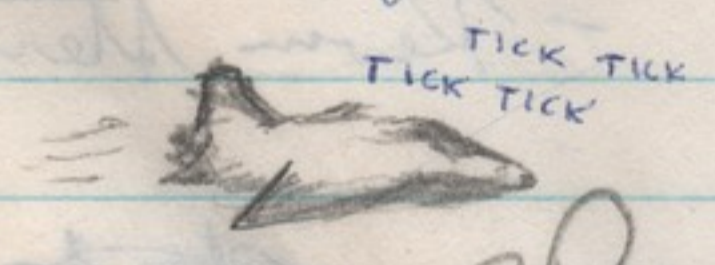
"The crew that flies together, dies together."

"These are the voyages of the spaceship Challenger, it is 75 second mission, to boldly die where no man has died before!"

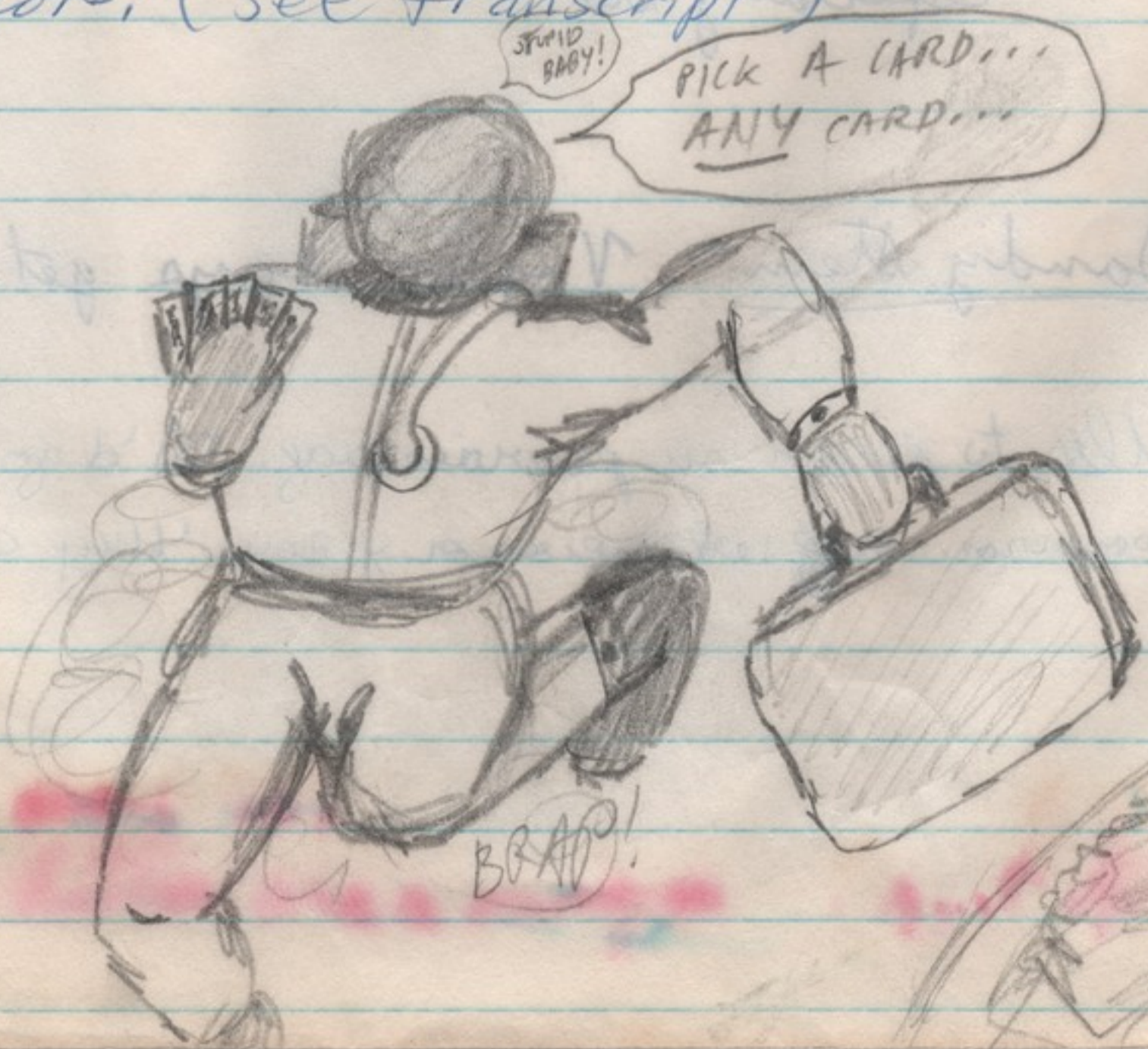
"Of course, the space program has made some wonderful progress this year. Voyager 2 has explored Uranus, we've learned that Halley's comet is a fiery ball of gas and dust - just like the Challenger."

Understatement of the decade: "Obviously a major malfunction." (see transcript)

Carbon #1



RETARD
MAGICIANS
IN
SPACE!



BRAP!

1/29 @: 2:50 PM. "The Challenger Seven"

Well, I had a terrible day yesterday, just like everybody else did, I'm sure.

I woke up yesterday morning to one of my favorite things, snow. I was in the best of moods all day, that is until the afternoon. I found out about 2:30 PM, ~~no~~ needless to say, my ~~own~~ spirits fell like a ton of bricks. Can't believe it, the U.S. has no manned space program as of yesterday.

To whom ever wrote that entry:

You are totally wrong, and you could at least have the balls to sign the entry.

All: Only good news: my C-64 has come back from the dead: risen from the grave. It turns out it blew a chip that controls the cursor.

Yeeoww!

Ad Astra, Challenger, Ad Astra
(The Doctor)

☪

chuga chuga chuga chuga Phuang

End of Line

METROPOLIS (original Version) 5:30 RM 283 Tomorrow

Q: What's black + white and red all over?

over →

A: a newspaper, you sadistic bozos!

- Kevin

"And when I go, there may be one body —
but I'm taking 10 souls with me"

- Christa McAuliffe

Kevin Sterner - Before you react too strongly, know that the writer of that entry is:
A) More involved with the forum than you think, having known ^{if not too much} very closely at least three forumites, and less closely half the rest, and
B) Going into the air force in February, so that your laboratory will be accessible to you



« Comrade... about those plans we stole from the US... »

ROB D.?

~~Rob~~ - A) He must not know the right 3 forumites. How can you know someone "very closely, if not too much"? If he does know half the forum, he sure is incredibly wrong about who is as he says?

→ TEE-HEE ←

the air force, and although air force involvement is a large part of our space effort now, I predict that in 20 years it won't be. (Not that I object — I hope to become a defense scientist involved in SDI).

Also — Who is this Guy? And before you ask me not to react too strongly, compare the tone of my entry to the tone of his. I didn't come down here to do a global insult. And even if he worked for Rockwell, it wouldn't give him the authority to make such comments, or the right to be so insulting.

NOTE TO ALL INVOLVED: Sign your entries!!

— Kevin St...

1/19 11:07 PM

Geo3: What's up with the Astronomy Club's T-shirt design? — (The Doctor)

And then there were three... OS

Jam — we don't have all of Cosmos. The first part that we have is chapter 5b in Perry Rhodan #37.

About the black Galaxy:

1. Access: can it be summoned somehow? ^{NO} If so, how?

If not, does it appear at predetermined times & places or just randomly?

2. Will it get destroyed partway through the story, forcing everyone to find his way back to his universe on his own? PROBABLY NOT

3. Does it have a different appearance in each universe? NO — IT'S A BLACK GALAXY

About the story:

1. Exactly what are we trying to accomplish? SAVING THE MULTIVERSE

2. How will we know when we have succeeded? I DON'T KNOW EITHER —

YES



"Many of Christa McAuliffe's talents went unnoticed. Few knew that she was actually a professional black basket ball star... Here she is challenging Marvin Maxwell of the NBA Wild cats to a one-on-one duel for the ball. She was soon to surpass Kareem Abdul Jabbar in the all-time point category..."

The sick of course of course.



AP Photo Spectators at the Kennedy Space Center watch in horror as the space shuttle Challenger explodes

New NASA contest: Can you spot the famous out raged sports figures in the crowd of spectators?

(By) Stefan

Wow... what a way to end a LOGG.

ON THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER: Everybody LAY OFF. He (or she) probably misunderstood our nervous joking on the night of the accident. Don't make a feud out of nothing.

"And They spent the rest of eternity making circles around your ANUS": Some have called for the new Uranian moons to be ~~called~~ ^{named} after the Challenger Seven. This leaves three unnamed; I'd suggest White, Chaffee, and Grissom. Problem: The next time something like this happens, we may run out of moons. There MUST NOT be another space accident until 1989, when Neptune is surveyed.

Interesting thought: A "check here for the future" space on tax forms. People could volunteer to pay .5% ^{each} extra for one or more of the below:

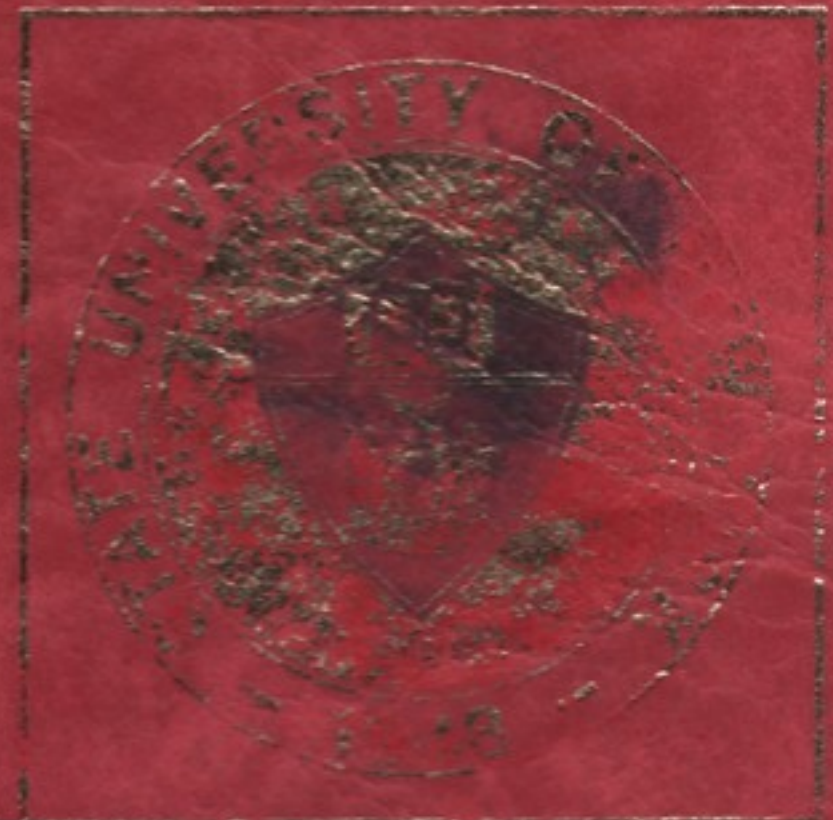
- A. New Shuttle (1 billion \$)
- B. New shuttle design (5-20 billion \$)
- C. MARS MISSION ALONE (50-100 billion \$)
- D. INTERNATL. MARS MISSION (25-50 billion \$)
- E. PLANETARY ORBITERS (~~10 billion~~ .5 billion \$)
- F. PLANETARY Lander/FLOATER (1 billion \$)
- G. MARS/TITAN/ASTEROID/etc. GO-and-RETURN PROBE (500)
- H. TELEFORM MARS (17.8 TRILLION \$)
- I. WHITE IN -
- J. Mission to the wild planet of wild, belly-dancing stewardesses ^{2em}

Not to start a feud, but...

I have no space shuttle ^{patch} on my "carded ass" and I will probably have nothing to do

STATE

State University at Stony Brook



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SOME PEOPLE MAY FIND OFFENSIVE.
WELL, IT'S YOUR OWN DAMN
PROBLEM!!!