LOG 18

Book

College Ruled With Margin

9259

NAME

ADDRESS

SUBJECT

3/15/82
13:23.06 BEAT'SA! I WROTE HERE FIRST

LIE ↑
no it's not - well
if you say so

3/15/82
13:24

Well-now. Having paid for this NEW LOG out of my own monetary resources, I have the right and priveledge of making the first entry, WHICH THIS IS.

Gabba Gabba Hey.

Pope Dave #4

Acting Supreme Being.

3-15 2:28pm All - On the next two pages is an article from today's Statesman about I-Con. A FULL PAGE!! That's almost real publicity.
Cliff - In view of Jim's generous offer, I think you (or an assistant) should go through Paperback Books In Print and extract a list of all the Dell SF & fantasy books to be voted on (or not) and send to him.
-Perrianne

SB Sci-Fi Convention Features Gene Roddenberry

Statesman/Robert Weiss

Many who attended the I-Con Weekend passed through this lobby, which was the entrance to the festivities.

By Mitchell Wagner

"The hell with **Close Encounters of the Third Kind,**" said an anonymous conventioin-goer at the I-Con. "There are enough strange life forms here to last anyone a lifetime."

The Stony Brook Lecture Center was host to the I-Con, a science-fiction convention that featured speakers, films, video games, and vendors selling science fiction paraphernalia this weekend. Guest lecturers at the convention were Gene Roddenberry, creator and producer of *Star Trek*, Michael Kandel, who has translated the works of Stanislaw Lem into English, Gardner Dozois, a multiple nominee for science fiction's Hugo and Nebula awards, and whose short story, "One for the Road," was published in the April, 1982 issue of Playboy.

Also speaking at the convention were Howard Weinstien, *Star Trek* novelist and author of the animated *Star Trek* episode, "*The Pirates of Orion*" and a relatively unknow science fiction writer, Raymond Gallun whose short story, "Old Faithful," which was first published in the early 30's, is considered by many critics to be the first in which an alien being is portrayed as possessing a sympathetic characterization, rather than the then-usual Godzilla school of alien cultures.

The Cage is 'too intellectual for slobs like you out there.'
—Gene Roddenberry

But the convention's high point was the people. Wandering around the lecture center was a collection of rampant individualists never before seen this side of Venic, California. Some were merely sightseers, but many of them were dedicated FANS of science fiction and all connected with it. One rather large, bearish gentlemen could be seen wearing a "Star Trek Lives" T-shirt, and a blue navy hat with a button pinned to it that said, "Fandom is a Way of Life." He seemed rather a friendly life form.

New Star Trek Movie Is An Enterprise for its Creator

Without Gene Roddenberry we'd all be forced to watch *The David Letterman Show.*

Gene Roddenberry conceived and produced the television series *Star Trek*, which ran on NBC from 1966 through 1969, and is now syndicated in the New York area on Channel 11, 12:30 AM Monday through Friday, opposite, among other shows, *The David Letterman* bee hit. Dr. Leonard McCoy and Nurse Christine Chapel are in the medical labs performing a delicate experiment, when they are tossed across the room by the rocking ship. Acorss they go, and back, and across again, and you notice that McCoy has got a firm grip on Chapel's bust.

Roddenberry also showed the original pilot for *Star Trek, The Cage.* The original pilot, *The Cage,* was never shown in its entirety on television, although parts of it were cannibalized for the two-part episode, *The Menagerie. The Cage* was considered by executives at the time to be "too intellectual for slobs like you out there," Roddenberry said, and it bore little resemblance to the *Star Trek* that later appeared. The only character that appears in both is Mr. Spock who, in this show, actuallyn smiles. It starred the late Jeffrey Hunter as Captain Christopher Pike, and a brunette Majel Barret, who later took on blonde hair and the role of Nurse Chapel, as the first officer, known only as Number One. Unlike most TV shows from that far back (1964), it still stands up well, presenting the viewer with an interesting question: Which is better reality or fantasy?

The Enterprise, in *The Cage* stubles on an 18-year-old distress signal sent by an exploration ship about to crash on the unexplored plant, Talos IV. A follow-up signal reveals that many of its scientists survived

thrilled to be knighted, and then made a lord. Kirk differs from Hornblower, Roddenberry said in his compassion, respect and love for the alien life forms of the Galaxy.

Roddenberry was not surprised with Spock's popularity, or his enormous sexual appeal. Spock, is the half-brered son of an Earth human, and a man

seen the rough cut, which is a full-length version of the film without music and most of the special effects, and that it was quite good, although "perhaps too melodramatic" and that the secondary characters such as McCoy and Checkov, have much larger roles. He said that the second movie would have "much more action" than the first.

It has spawned the largest fan group—almost a cult movement—of any television series in the United States, and yet during its original run, it was the victim of poor ratings. The original 11-foot model of the StarShip Enterprise is on display in the Smithsonian Institute, along with other television Americana such as Archie Bunker's living room chair.

Roddenberry is an army brat, the son of a master sergeant in the calvary. He was born in El Paso, Texas, was a policemen and a pilot in World War II serving in 89 missions. While flying as a commercial pilot for Pan American Airlines after World War II, his plane lost both engines and crash-landed in the Syrian Desert. During this incident, he sent two men to swim across the Euphrates in search of a light the plane had passed over before crashing, and, while the two were seeking help, Roddenberry negotiated with nomads who had come to loot the dead.

In an interview taped yesterday afternoon at Stony Brook's radio station WUSB, conducted by David Goodman, Roddenberry said that "Kirk was the Captain I dreamed of being." He based Captain James T. Kirk of the Enterprise on another, earlier fictional captain Horatio Hornblower, of the series of novels written by C.S. Forrester. Hornblower, unlike Kirk was "rather a stuffy English captain," who was quite from the planet Vulcan, where logical and reason are worshipped, and emotion is locked away. This conflict, Roddenberry said, would be gold drama. "Half-breeds are always exciting. There's always that fight between two civilizations, two cultures." I knew the women would like him." He said he purposely made Spock look "satanic" for that sexual lure. "When I was dating," he said, "I knew that if a girl's mother liked me, [the girl] wouldn't. But if the mother said, 'Stay way from that Gene Roddenberry....' "

As far as the new **Star Trek** movie, Roddenberry was purposely vague. "You'll have to see it," was his answer to many of the questions posed to him. However, he did say that he had

The movie, which will be released in the last week of June, was produced and written in part by Harv Bennet, and directed by Nicholas Meyer, who directed **Somewhere In Time.** The movie will feature Ricardo Montalban, who will recreate his role in the television episode, *Space Seed* as Kahn, the psychotic commander of a group of genetically-manipulated warriors.

Roddenberry said that he envisioned **Star Trek** as a kind of **Gulliver's Travels** for television; a vehicle to allow the writers to get a social statement past the censors. "A lot of writing," he said, "is masturbating in front of the public."

—Wagner

Statesman/Robert Weiss

Star Trek's creator and producer, Gene Roddenberry spoke before a full house last night in the Stony Brook Gymnasium.

though. Another, who was serving as a security guard, managed to turn a simple slip-of-the-tongue, "bottle can," instead of "bottle cap", into a five minute mini-lecture on the invention of transparent steel, which led to the invention of the bottle can, in 2018. Much time was spent stumbling around, staring skyward, looking for signs of the rabbit hole one must have inadvertenetly slipped down.

And there were films: **Outland,** which is **High Noon** rewritten with spaceships instead of horses, Stanley Kubrick's classic **A Clockwork Orange,** Ralph Bakshi's **Wizard's.** George Lucas' **THX 1138**—the science fiction film he made before **Star Wars, Things to Come,** which some people call the best science fiction film ever. There was also a film condensed from the Flash Gordon serials of 1940 called **Purple Death from Outer Space.**

And at 8:30 PM last night Roddenberry presented "The Star Trek Experience." Roddenberry spoke and showed short films for four hours to a full house in the Gymnasium. He spoke of the *Star Trek* series and the **Star Trek** movies. He spoke of ther destiny of man as an addolescent being, balanced on the precipice between our animal, warlike childhood and the better future to come. Between the philosophy, they showed the Star Trek Blooper Reel, a collection of outtakes, forgotten lines and missed cues. Example: The Enterprise has the crash, and are setting up a colony, awaiting rescue. Pike orders the Enterprise to divert to rescue the survivors. Soon after, he reveals to the ship's doctor that he is troubled by the decisions he must make. He says he is sick of deciding who is to live, and who to die. He is thinking of resigning his commission, and taking a more mundane, safe job.

The message, however, was a fake. Vena, that ship's only survivor, has been kept for the amusement of a decadent race of beings who have developed a fantasy-telepathy so real that it is indistinguishable from reality. Pike and Vena are to be Adam and Eve to a race of humans that will be slaves of the Talosians and will rebuild their civilization.

Pike escapes, of course, but the hideously deformed Vena chooses to stay on Talos IV, with her fantasy beauty, and her fantasy Pike. It is a disturbing message indeed, and one can understand why it would have been a bit risky to put it on the air in 1964 Peoria, say, and expect people to watch it It probably could not be shown on network television, even now.

The I-Con presented many refreshing optimistic views of the future. It is rare to see so many people so optimistic bout the chances for survial of humanity, in these days of Reaganomics, employment and impending nuclear catastrophe. One can only hope that they're right.

Any or all: Who's driving to Lunecon? I need a ride...
Nuts Back! Maybe a clean book will promote the writing of non-hostile entries (NAH! Who do I think I'm kidding? Even the Creator could have not really enough optimism to hope for that.)
Exams are a pain! (Or is it that exams are ~~painful~~ painful — like falling from 10 km with no counter to gravity).

— Your ever faithless fuzzy scientist
Teddybear

Peoples! I beseech of you for a ride to Lunecon! Make room for a willing Aryan! Please, ah come on, I'll buy you a cookie... a Chocolate Chip cookie!...

#6
Pickles and milk. I was up to my hips in water in a darkroom and dis was da foist conscious thought that sprung to my mind. Let me explain...
I kicked in the main doors at beacon and drew my service revolver. Den da floor drops out from beneath me and I decorate a padded room underneath. Martin, it seems, had plans for me.
Now I was in a darkroom wid myself tied to a post wid water comin' in fast. I thought it was water (I don't really know, it's dark). Dis is it, Dickie-boy, I tried.
Den Da light clicked on.

15 March Dave - I'll have the Soc. assignment. I'll give it to you prob. on Wed. Also, I have some questions on Nietzche when you get time.

Fred - Where were you @ 1 pm?

Meryl

CALIFORNIA ÜBER ALLE ÜBER ALLE CALIFORNIA

SØ PEØPLE, HØW DØES ØUR WALL LØØK?

ZØØ

POPE #4

#4 IN A SERIES OF SHORT-SHORT-SHORTS BY MIKE BOTWIN. THIS ONE'S CALLED:

COSMIC REPORT CARD: EARTH

F

Kurt L. Congrats to all who worked on I-Con/Carson-Con!!
3/15 A job well done! I enjoyed myself ~~[illegible]~~ greatly.

Fred: Time for a serious entry.

At the present time, I see two alternatives for me, the SFF, and PSC.

1) I quit PSC.
2) I try to rescind the SFF's PSC budget due to not free events.

Then again, I could ignore it. If you want more detail, ask me.

Currently, the SFF reminds me of Germany during the 1930s. Most Germans were not evil; their apathy helped Hitler. If the German people actively opposed him, he would have been stopped. But, Hitler was a good Guy - He was right, why stop him?

Unless something stops forum apathy, the Forum is terminal. My actions will (hopefully) do one of two things:

1) put the forum out of its misery (I think it's terminal)
2) stop apathy among ~~traditional~~ the majority of members.

Number 2 will probably cause me to not be wanted in the forum, but it'll hopefully also cause a certain "cleaning up" of the forums act. I would rather be a non-member of a good SF club than let a bad one exist, with me as either

a member or non-member.

I said the forum has an enemy in me. That sounds really good in a speech, but is not the total truth. I'm an enemy of certain peoples actions. I'm sure they know who/what they are.

Until this situation is resolved, I can't come down here. I will return to read any comments on this entry and add more.

Feel free to comments You might be able to stop me from attempting shock treatment. Naturally the worm in question failed to accomplish anything. Fuck off, Fred!

16-MAR-82; 12:30 a.m.

Roy: It occurs to me that your design might look good on the table. It looks good, it's the correct shape, and the librarian approves. If you are interested, please see me (or just do it). Your paint job is good and I'd like to see it somewhere in the Forum.

Cliff Hong

16 MAR 82 2:09 AM

FRED - GO AHEAD AND ATTEMPT SHOCK TREATMENT - WHILE YOU ARE AT IT, I WILL BE GLAD TO SIGN/CO-SIGN THE COMMITMENT PAPERS, ALTHOUGH I THINK THAT BEING AN ALPHA ASSHOLE IS INCURABLE.

SHOCK TREAMENT WON'T

HELP, IN MY OPINION. I THINK YOU WOULD LOOK MUCH BETTER WITH A (NOTHER?) LOBOTOMY SCAR.

CLIFF - AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP.

ALL - SINCE THE DESIGN WAS TO PUT THE DESIGN ON ANOTHER WALL, I MOVE THAT WE JUST MOVE THE WALL INSTEAD.

ZOD
OUT 02:16 AM

Tuesday Morning, early (pre-5 AM)

Well Now. I have read Fred's entry on the previous page and noted his behavior at the meeting last night. The entry is very ~~similar~~ not reminiscent of entries by a certain Mr. Louis Epstein in Log #7. His behavior was reminiscent of a certain Mr. Kurt Levifan last semester. Nuff said. This entry will not be excruciatingly long. I am speeding. The pen is wan' falling off the page. Out.

#4

Fred, Fred, where is the Fred Coulter I used to know and love? What has the cryptic done to you? The forum was never meant to be taken seriously at all things. To manage such a place is against it's true constitution (as opposed to the fake one we show to Polity). Maybe Polity, and

not the army is really to blame. They have infected you with their lust of power struggles and financial retribution. Surely nothing the forum could do (short of mass murder) should prompt one of its members to advocate its destruction. After all, if you don't like it, you don't have to come. Unfortunately, I have to agree with #4, your last entry does have unpleasant resemblance in both tone and content to Louis Epsteins. I realise what an insult that is, but hopefully it will restore your sense of perspective. What dreadfull wrong has been done to justify so much anger and dissension? I find it impossible to believe that with a little more give and take on both sides it could not be amicably resolved, without all this idotic bickering -

Linda Mulaughlin.

3/16 ZØD 13:16:09

DAMN, I'M GØØD! THE TABLE IS FINALLY FINISHED! HØØRAY! WELCØME TØ THE NEW WØRLD! NØW THAT I CAN SEE HØW THE TABLE AND THE WALL MUTUALLY CØMPLEMENT EACH ØTHER, I AM GØING TØ TRY AND HAVE THE MURAL MØTIØN RESCINDED AND RE-ESTABLISHED IN FAVØR ØF THE EXTANT ØNE. STAND ØVER BY THE EATING AREA AND TAKE A GANDER AT THE CØMBINED EFFECT. DAMN NICE, ISN'T IT? I THINK IT'S DAMN GØØD SØFE.

you missed one 3d.

LEØNARDØ dA 'ZØD

ØUT 1328.41

Fred #4: If you said something instead of noticing resemblenses in history, I'd have a reply.

Linda: When did you come down to the forum? Have you been down here much recently? Did you actually write this entry? As I've said before, I'm not advocating its destruction. If nothing is done, this place will die fast enough. I don't need to kill it, it's almost there. The "other side" has become it by totally ignoring what the forum wants, by saying that forum decisions don't matter, only their own decisions matter. With an attitude like that, where is give & take possible?

Roy: Do you want to commit the forum or yourself? You are the prime example of the things I see wrong with the forum. You're right, you may be incurable. I don't think that you're an asshole. Anti-social, yes; an asshole, no. Assholes don't know any better. They're much like mentaly retarded people. You're not. Therefore you're not an asshole. However, you may still be incurable. People have told me that things will be better after you leave. Basic didn't make me a better person, so it will probably not change you either. You'll also be back in September. That's why I don't think that the military will help the situation. Pity. I guess in some ways I feel sorry for you.

16 March

Roy #4 - Zagan looks good on the table & genie right! the turd make a nice effect. However, if you don't poly the table it'll chip.

Margaret - How about some bourbon or gin week the rum? Don't forget the pretzels.

To Someone who knows: I need a key to this place ASAP.

Cliff - About the bank book: please see me. Like as soon as possible

To All else: If you put work into the con, you should be proud. The comments I've received (unbelievably) have all been good regarding it.

Meryl

ps. Nina - the line budget copy would be good to have if you have it.

FUCK BEING PROUD — IT'S RATHER BE TAN!

Hey You Guys - 3/16/82

My very jealous boyfriend (who just happens to be the number one fencer in our club) has a very stern warning for any of you males who attempt to get fresh with me.

1 After the first time your right hand will be forcibly removed (i.e. cut off)

2 After the second try your left hand will be cut off.

3 After the third try you will

be castrated.

Stuart the Savage has spoken. (!)

BOD-
JAM
3/16/82

Alysa -

Well, Well, Well!

I am just so terrified of your boyfriend that I suspect I shall suffer a cerebral hemmorrhage. On the other hand... I just may pass out from severe laughter. It is going to be ~~an~~ nigh impossible for me to keep my lascivious little fingers away from you, but I shall do my best. P.S.: You may climb me if you wish.

-Alysa

Alysa -

But, I long to cover your hot, writhing body with kisses (and whip marks!) - please! (& tell Stevie he has to teach me sabre sometimes) - Panny Four!

H
Z
W
19:20
03-16-82

ALYSA - YOU KEEP YOUR HELL-SPAWNED HANDS TO YOURSELF.
I AM SPOKEN FOR.
~~TO~~ (IF YOU WONDER ABOUT THIS GANG, ASK ME IN PERSON)

~~ALL~~ ALL - HIGH THERE.
ALL - ~~HIGH~~ I ~~AM~~ HAVE STOPPED EATING LOTUS.

3-16-82
10:20PM

FROM MIKE: ALYSA: IT WILL BE VERY HARD FOR ME TO KEEP MY HANDS TO MYSELF WITH YOU PLACING YOUR SELF IN THEM ALL THE TIME.

BUT SERIOUSLY THOUGH, I WISH YOU ALL THE BEST WITH YOUR NEW BOYFRIEND.

MERYL: ABOUT OUR LINE BUDGET: SPARE NO EXPENSE TO MAKE EVERYTHING AS ECONOMICAL AS POSSIBLE.

MAB

POPE LISA SAYS YOU WRITE LIKE AVRAM DAVIDSON (LONG + EXCRUCIATINGLY BORING)

ALYSA! I WILL PLACE MY GRUBBY HANDS ON YOU WHEN EVER I PLEASE!

JEFF OF THE LOADED SUB-MACHINE GUN HAS SPOKEN

"THE MINI-UZI."

8203.16
05:45 A.M. AHAHA! HIYA, PEOPLE! I HAD A LOVELY, ENCHANTING, COOL, DISTURBING, STRIFE-TORN TIME AT HOME! I MET THIS TWENTY-TWO YEAR OLD... BRUNETTE VENUS! SHE WAS UNATTACHED! SHE HAD A BRAIN! I DIDN'T GET HER NAME! IRAAAAAAAAAAAA

THE DAY BEFORE, NO SOONER THAN I STEPPED ON MIDWOOD SOIL OLD CECIL STARTS IN WITH ME. I REACHED FOR MY TRUSTY 'GERBER COMMAND I BOOT KNIFE', BUT REMEMBER THAT

AN ASSHOLE DEPRIVED ME OF IT!! DAMN IT,

I ALMOST **DIED**, TOM!

HOW CAN I POSSIBLY EXPLAIN THE RAGE, THE SWIRLING EMOTIONS THAT PASSED THROUGH MY MIND, WHILE DODGING HIS SLASHES, PARRYING HIS THRUSTS, AVOIDING THE PENETRATION OF STAINLESS STEEL DEATH, HMM? HOW CAN I RETRACE THE STEPS OF A DANCE OF IMPENDING DOOM? THAT ONE MISTAKE, ONE STEP TOO SOON OR TOO LATE WOULD BE MY LAST? HOW CAN I RELATE THE FEELING OF DREAD, THAT COME SEPTEMBER, MY EYES WOULD LOOK LIKE RAISINS SUN BLEACHED AND BLACK, MY BODY POTREFYING AT EVERGREEN, ALL BECAUSE OF,

YOU, TOM!

DON'T YOU DARE TAMPER WITH MY EQUIPMENT! DO YOU READ ME?

NEVER WILL I BE FORGIVING SO EASILY AFTER THIS. BOTHER ME ABOUT FORUM AFFAIRS WHEN YOU CHEER ME UP.
(BACKRUB? NECK, TOO? WHINE, WHINE!)(I'LL EVEN LET YOU SCRATCH!)

Zoya

FOR SOME, LIFE AT COLLEGE IS A LEARNING EXPERIENCE. FOR ALL, IT SHOULD ALSO BE A TIME OF GROWING UP. FOR, KNOW YE, THAT EVEN AS THE ACORN FALLS FROM THE GREAT OAK, IT HAS PASSED IT'S FIRST TEST, AND IS ON THE PATH TO BECOMING A GREAT OAK ITSELF. HOWEVER, IT IS THE OBSERVANCE OF THIS ONE, THAT FAR TOO MANY CHOOSE TO LIE, INFERTILE UPON THE GROUND, LETTING LIFE PASS THEM BY, REFUSING TO ~~EVER~~ EVEN TRY TO EXPERIENCE THE JOYS AND HARDSHIPS OF EXISTANCE. SO, THEY WITHER AND DIE.

DEATH OF A SORT IS GROWTH THAT IS CLOSED, STUNTED AND CARRIES IT'S OWN PUTRESCENCE. TRYING TO SPREAD THIS DECAY, IT IS DOOMED TO FAILURE.

TODAY I LEAVE TO GROW FURTHER AND TO REMOVE MYSELF FROM THE DECAY THAT IS HERE. TO THOSE THAT YET GROW, WE SHALL SPEAK. TO THOSE THAT YET TRY TO DENY THE LIGHT OF DAY, LIFE AND EXPERIENCE, MAY YOU EVER ROT AWAY IN THE COMPOST OF YOUR OWN CREATION.

GOOD-BYE

VOICES IN YOUR MIND

P.S. LET WISDOM PREVAIL

~~XII~~ 3/17/82

Hello children, hello! Are we ready for today's story? Then we'll begin.

Rumpletweazer ran the dinky-dinky shop at the foot of a tall hill, under an oak tree, down in dingaberry delve. There he sold condoms and ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Naked~~XXX~~ Discipline~~XXXXX~~ with a melon!

Ho, Cliff - I hope you are still going to the P.O. uh, post office.

Tiiiira: I never liked you!

March 17/ Alysa: Hands? What hands? Are you implying that any natural being would sow up for pleasure such ugly dextral appendages? NO! I say you may! We are poison, paws and are proud of them! (No, they are sweet gumdrops!) Beware, you can easily be hurt at first attack (you may be young, but reasonably bright, you are extraordinary).

Fred: Two comments. First, the Forum does have its problems. Partly, they may be due to a lack of initiative and a setting of complacency. This forum has very few aspirations and (as far as I have determined) has had none for quite awhile. There is a need for goals and growth lest this club stagnate. The other part of the problem could also be the type of person who frequents this place. The best way to describe the prevalent personality is: fascinated by fantasy (regardless of whether swords or blasters), imaginative, and, to a large extent, a leader or loner. This tends to make problems when (for example) there is a limited ~~[illegible]~~ number of ways to approach a problem and several strong personalities ~~[illegible]~~ want to attempt their own solution. Instead of blowing up and crying "Alack! Alas! Woe is me!", how about calmly trying to find goals that interest the people and will benefit the club as a whole? The softball team is a great example of one possibility.

Now the other comment. Nostalgia is very subjective. Think hard about the "good old days" and tell yourself the truth. Then stop dwelling and put your attention back where it belongs: 75% on the present, 25% on the future.

To whomever it was that blacked out the wall: That could have waited until something

better (or a substitute, at least) was about to go up.

ZØD & #4: CONGRATULATIONS! It looks damned good — and you got it on center! Now poly it!

Teddybear

① A little after the beginning, when God decided to nap, a Yellow Demon crawled from beneath a slimy rock which had nothing to do with any creation of God. He shook the dripping ooze from His then long and black hair, looking about the newly formed terrain.

Sinking to His knees, the Yellow Demon addressed the heavens in a cold and calculated voice: "In this world, I shall dwell. My name shall be extracted from my experience. I am EGROEG JUNG GNIK NIHC!" With that, the embodiment of evil rose and calmly dusted off his knees, smiling a bit as the grounds shook with fear.

— Excerpt from the Book of Chin —

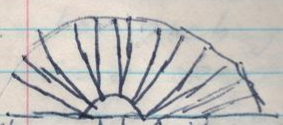
3/17/82 Slima: I'll be in my room studying. Please call
6:45. If you get the chance.
All: Howdy.

Wanch

Fred: I'm noticing an interesting coincidence. About 3 to 4 weeks ago, Roy wanted to kill me. It seems he was told that I was saying things behind his back. When he confronted me, I told him what I said about him. He then decided that the stories

he heard ~~the~~ were not in one-to-one correspondence with the truth. End of battle one. Lately, he has been told by someone that I want to start trouble with him. I don't know who started this rumor, but the result is that he supposedly wants to kill me again. Why would anyone try to make Roy and I go after each other? What possible gain would you get? It might not be a plan, but it sure as hell is an interesting coincidence.

Teddy bear: The trend for the forum is down hill. You must look at the past to see trends. I don't think I'm looking through rose-coloured glasses. The trend might be caused by outside forces (see above) but it exists. Tell me how to stop it. If baseball works, congradulations. I wish it were that simple. Z



SUN SAM 3/18/82 All: Just sposen (Sure I spelled it wrong) that time is passing.
I've seen the questions that are passing
Is it possible that we shall see you and me
The doors slow closing shut on you and me
A door is a door but it's what's inside
That none of us should try to hide
If the click should sound for last
I hope you'll hold tight to what's passed...
And remember... a door is a door, but...
It's those inside who made it more.

Oh, do I get to waste
all this space? Gee whiz!
Wow! I love it! It's
a way of life!

#4

TO All

Its been fun while it lasted. I will miss you all. This place holds many fond memories. Good Luck in the future.
Maybe we'll meet again.

I know its long but give it a go JAM Andy

JAM I 3/18/82

All (again): If you think that last entry of mine means that I think we cannot ride the crest of this latest wave, you are wrong!
I have seen numerous attempts against the Forum in the past 4 years. Each attempt has been of varying degrees of competence and determination. Also the motivations have varied. Each time I do not have to say who succeeded! Now we may ask "Why?". I think the answer is more obvious than some people think. All the membership has to do is show how much it cares. Believe me there are more ways than you can imagine in showing how much you care. For instance: saying you dont care about anything, but you take the time, effort, and pride to put up posters, paintings (thank you), book shelves, and [put up] with people you could never stand else where. And think how much richer your lives are for it. Those who understand the concept of I.D.I.C. (Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations) can see the main pleasure I (and you) derive from being here. No use in denying your complacency in this caring, last Monday at the meeting we were all guilty of it. For instance could people who did not care be capable

(over)

JAM II (Ctd)

of becoming so heated over what would grace our walls that the debate could rage for half an hour before the conclusion was rushed into by yours truly? (For that I must apologize, for becoming overwrought through work and lack of sleep I made a most thoughtless, angered, outburst. I shall endeavour not to do the same again). I have seen the changes that have come over people, and for the most part they are for the better. We are not perfect, and we have a long way to go, but at least we have a way to go! Thanks and TAH! TAH!

Darryl: You mentioned something at the meeting about punishment undoled at the meeting. You more than any other should remember this quote "a shovel can be used for other purposes than to bury" (Masked JAM) Dig man? Dig!

Cliff: You! YOU! YOU!!! I wanna talk to you! I realize sometimes a person has to stand alone, sometimes, but not always! Where were they? Do your duty.

All: (again, again): Do not let this place become a pigsty (again, again). Pick up yer comics when yer done for crissake!

George: you are probably the most expressive writer the forum has. Experience tells (or writes) well.

7-18-82
John

DALE — DID YOU FIND A USE FOR THESE INDEX DIVIDER'S
I DIDN'T SEE YOU @ LCON

ALYSA — I FOUNT A BEAUTIFUL CHICKEN MINIATURE AT MEN AT ARM'S
IN COFUM

MARGINE — IF I RUN INTO YOU @ LUNA CON CAN I TAKE YOU TO
LUNCH OR DINNER OR SOMETHING · JUST DON'T HIT ME IN PUBLIC

GARY — LOCK FOR ME IN THE HOTEL @ LUNACON

NANCY — ~~IF YOU AND WILLY TO GO BY LIFF CALL ME ABOUT 9:00 AM~~
~~IF YOU HAVE ANY CONTACT INFORMATION (SAME ON HOSA CON)~~ CALL ANYWAY

JACK: WE'RE TO CORDOZO WILL BE BACK

JACK — ~~WE GOT~~ CALL ME OR WAIT TILL ABOUT 10 TONIGHT
IN THE FORUM · SO WE CAN GET THIS ALL STRAIGHTED OUT -

NANCY — CONTACT JACK AT 11 AM FOR LUNACON

Kentucky Freud Chicken
no the fucking good!

Julie Phillips, New Hampshire-type hick.

WE ARE NOW OFF TO LUNACON 82. BYE! ♎

Lunacon Bound - GARY

Fred: Have fun, I'm off to war (or something). Enjoy the Con. Z

FROM ILLUMINATUS III - LEVIATHAN

Q "BUT ... WHAT WILL YOU TELL THE PRESIDENT?"

A "JUST AS MUCH AS AN ASSHOLE LIKE THAT CAN UNDERSTAND."

NO REFERENCE TO OURS, OF COURSE —

EDGAR ALLEN ZOD

SPOOFED - ZOD OUT

HOW CAN YOU EXPECT THE WASTE TO UNDERSTAND IT

MARCH 22, 1982 12:45AM

AND NOW... FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT... CRITICISM FROM THAT MASTER OF COMPLETE APATHY AND TOTAL TOLERANCE OF ALL OPINIONS AND BELIEFS. WITH ALMOST NO FACTS AND VERY LITTLE WISDOM, I ENDEVOR TO COMMENT ON THE EVENTS OF MONDAY, MARCH 17. TO WIT, I KNOW SUCH SPEACH IS SCREAMING IN A VACUUM, BUT I MUST.

MR. JOHN S. FRANCEVELLA, I DEAL WITH YOU FIRST AS I believe you should have better judgement than to engage in violence that will not have a productive benefit. What are you trying to prove. When we start REASONING WITH our clubs and stone axes, we are no better than neanderthals. You may have a valid REASON for your outburst, but displaying in or about the forum is giving a weapon to those who wish to destroy this institution. I am shocked, you, who have enjoyed (?) this place for so long would put it in jeopardy (sic). And yet, and yet, I was not here and did not recieve the full story. You, of all people, know the value of writing to RIGHT A GRIEVANCE. Hardly an auspicious move, sir. I would be interested to hear your side of this...them...incident, for if you have a good point, you will have REGAINED the RESPECT I have for you.

AND NOW FOR THE OTHER PARTICIPANT

MR. ROY WILSON, you utter ass. What is this? This is not a game. Concentrate and try to remember that we are all supposed to be lovers of science fiction and fantasy who have the ~~re~~ own little spot of sanity in the insanity of an otherwise crazy world. VIOLENCE has never solved anything. When two people try to destroy each other, the results are always unfortunate. But by your actions, you placed the forum in danger, and this I will not tolerate. I introduced you to this place and many of them are my friends or at least non-aggravating

acquaintances. I will not tolerate this, this destruction, this senseless waste that you caused (or did you?, I invite you to defend yourself). What are you trying to prove? Accept that you, too, are wrong. Please explain, you have lost some respect.

To all others - I have completed my moralizing and generalized babbling. I, to make clear, I am not omniscient nor omnipotent, and may have just made a total ass of myself. This is my right. And, if you don't like it, tell me for I will laugh at you. On to other matters.

Tribute to Voices in Your Mind, May the lady who shines white light be merciful and grant you the great power to be merciful, tolerant and most of all, a forgetful memory. Good luck, my friend.

To Poe #4: Some actions are inexcusable. Be tolerant and more compassionate.

To Darryl: Send my telegram in two weeks! Good luck my friend!

To Rusty: What can I say? Lateral shifts in time are the solution, what is the problem?

To others: Some of you I have forgotten, some I purposely ignore. Who is? Who is who? There is only one who knows who.

System 9000 out and down signed, last transmission, next will be whenever I remain...

P.S. - At later rereading of this entry, I realize much of what I say is self evident and quite obvious to a simpleton. Tough, people! Bye

P.S. - Darryl, I like the back of chin. I will maybe, well do two weeks. Bye

AN ENTRY FRØM
SIR GAWAIN THE
GREEN ZØD

~~HAL~~ BAT 9000 - MARCH 17TH? AS FAR AS I CAN REMEMBER, ALL THAT HAPPENED ØN THAT NIGHT WAS A TYPICAL FØRUM ~~FARCE~~ MEETING IN WHICH I WAS DØWN-VØTED ØN EVERYTHING I CALLED A VØTE ØN — NØTHING UNUSUAL.

ØNE WØ NØS

DARRYLL - PRESE COMPWEET BØØK ØF CHIN. IS VERBLY AMØSE-ING.

ØZ

MARGARET - I COULDN'T GET YOUR SOAPSTONE, I ATE THE EELS, AND I GAVE SANET'S FATHER ALL THE OYSTERS — SORRY — YOU MAY KILL ME LATER, AT YOUR LEISURE

HUMBLE ZØD

JEFF - WHEN WILL THAT LITTLE RUNT TANG PAY US? I PUT IN 27 HOURS!

PISSED ZØD

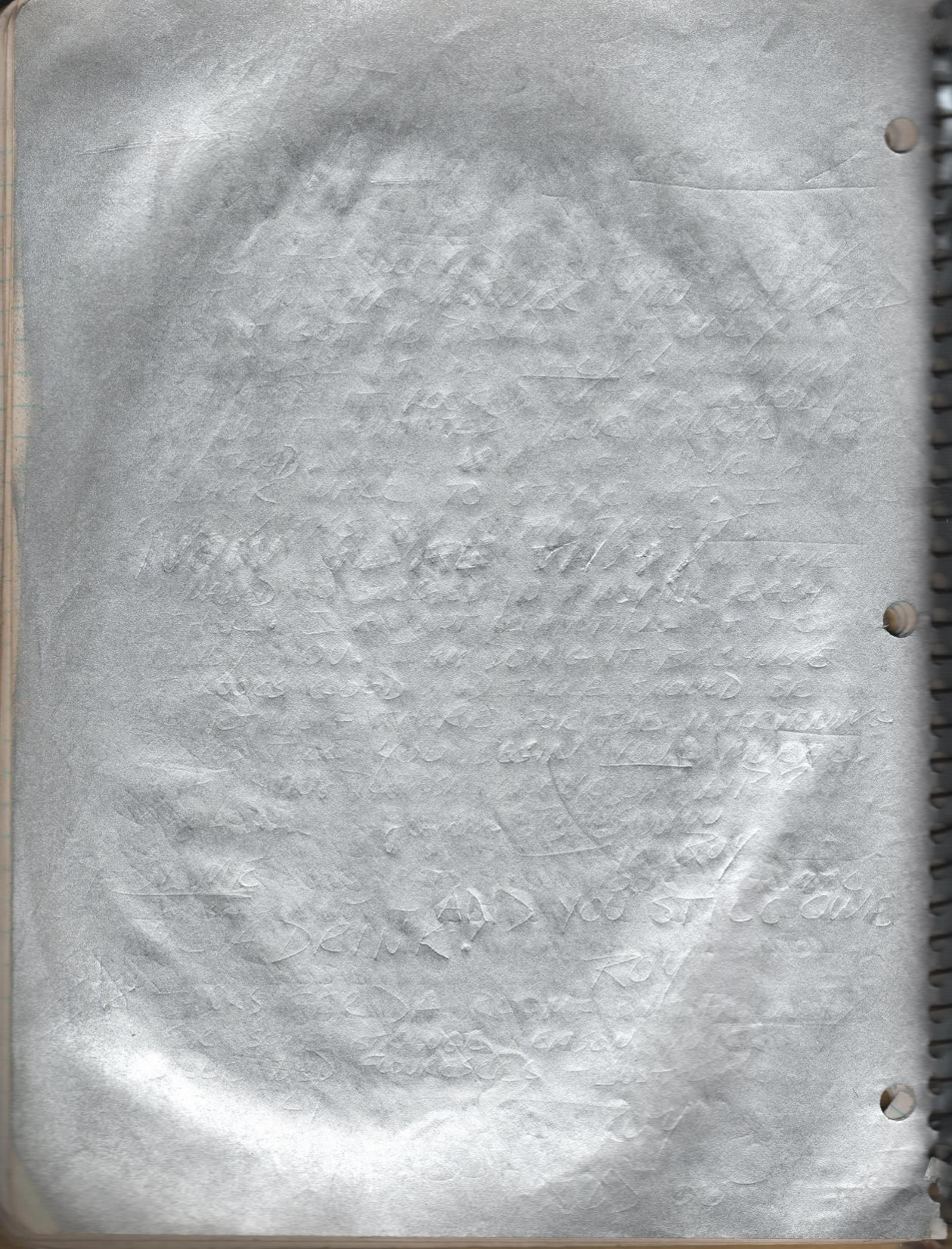
FRED - I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE YOU ARE RIGHT — THERE MUST BE A CONSPIRACY — BOTH TIMES I WAS TØLD BY THE SAME PEØPLE.

REFLECTIVE ZØD

JOHN F. KEEP TRYING — YOU'LL MAKE SIDHI EVENTUALLY —

~~ZØD~~ ROY

FOR A CRUEL, SCORCHING REMARK, TURN PAGE →



DID YOU EVER WONDER
WHY THEY CALL IT A

PULLET

?

BUTT-REAM 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE
A YOLK

HEE HEE,

INCEST IS BEST —
KNOW ANY GOOD NOOKERS WHO WANNA
BE MY COUSIN ?

HOO HOO
TAKE IT FROM BARRETTA
NEWS FLASH
WALDO FUDPUCKER HAS WON THE WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP CHECKER JUMPING TOURNEY!

SEE THE WALL
IT'S RATHER SMALL
AND REALLY MATTERS,
NOT AT ALL

ZOD VON GOTHE

IMPORTANT ENTRY!

TØ WHØM IT MAY CØNCERN!

PLEASE ØBEY. I HAVE BUT 13 DAYS LEFT. I ~~WANT~~ DØ NØT WANT TØ HØLD ANY ENMITY TØWARDS ANYØNE. YES, THAT'S RIGHT, I AM GØING TØ BE

NICE!

PLEASE RETURN THE FAVOR —

CB 2ND CLASS
SN Roy Wilson

WHAT?! This is not a charade? Just a song before you go, to whom it may concern? Good Work!
— Todd

To whom it may concern:
I have survived "Luna Con"!

Jack

100 wasted space 100

Monday
3/22/82

Darryl Jon Zauner—a log entry of plenty. First, to complete the Nick Penis: Private Dick series with episode seven = My trump card is revealed.

I found myself looking into a control room through a window. The controller hit another switch and the water started to drain.

She stood smiling demurely at me. She! Under golden locks of flowing straight hair, blue eyes sent thousand volt shocks up and down my spine. A perfectly proportioned body undulated beneath a silvery gauze dress. The way the dress clung, I had no doubt she was naked beneath.

"Hi," I said, not able to move as I was clasped to a post.

"When I release you, please leave the room immediately and enter the room three doors to the right. With that, a soft hand glided over a switch and the shackles dropped while the door slid open.

I complied to her whim, stalking my soaking mass toward the room. As you might have noticed, I'm no longer a brainless punk-narrator. I took a formal education at Yale, and just learned how to write that way by copying the Mickey Spillane novel style.

BUS?

I entered the room, dripping on a thick blue shag carpet. She lay in the glorious bed that sat in the middle of the room. A silken sheet was placed up to her breasts, each nipple barely peeking over the soft fabric. "Care to join me?" she purred.

"Let me get rid of this wet clothing first," I said, slowly proceeding to do so. Again, a body that was completely unlike a cheap detective's slabbed mass began to reveal itself to a wide-eyed gorgeous blonde.

"Nick," she gasped, "I'm impressed."

Conanian transition: My tan, lean sinewy thews rippled majestically as I sauntered to the bed. My manhood twinged as I drew back the sheet and noted just how perfect she was. I slid into the bed, touching lightly her neck with my lips. A quick intake of breath from her told me all I needed to know.

John Normanian transition: I kissed softly her neck, inching slowly and inevitably down towards each breast, taking a hardening nipple in my teeth, teasing her

the Late Contessa

Dorothy Fletcher

THE LATE CONTESSA

PRESTIGE BOOKS INC. · 18 EAST 41ST STREET

with a tongue strengthened from much practice. Down I went, over the gracious curves of her body, her stomach, her belly (here a sigh of ecstacy from her), her pelvis, and then to her glorious gates of heaven.

There was no tactless lapping, no-nectar of this type was supposed to be sipped with much enjoyment. I flicked and teased her pubic mound until she ground her womanhood into my face. This, I know, was a signal. I caressed her body, bringing myself into position for the final journey, a pleasure pevel street to silken oblivion.

My hardening tool edged is way closer to her lovely femininity as I licked and kissed her. "Don't tease me," she sobbed.

LABIA — ED.

I slid my organ into place, exhaling sharply as her vagina grabbed my penis like a warm, moist handshake. I slid it in further, taking in the delicious pleasure. I drank kisses from her, sending my tongue as a darting serpent in and out of her mouth. The journey had begun. Timing had become syncronized.

Oh, we fucked; fucked like two mad and rabid bunnies who awaited the end of the world. The climax came suddenly and with much violence. She practically screamed, grabbing me in a spasming clutch of pleasurefull fury.

When it was all over, she told me it all. Nastali, Martin, the whole thing. I thanked her with a soft kiss, donning my clothes and checking my service revolver.

Later, in an empty Beacon photo shop, the sound of a gun reported violently six times. Then a tall, happy man walked out of the same store, with a beautiful bloat in his arm.

They had paid.

Entry continues on subsequent page — — —

Darryl Jon Zauner March 22, 1982

* For those of you who consider yourselves either good acquaintences, friends, or lovers, I have some talking to do. I find a pen and paper medium the best podium, so allow me the following space.

Over this past weekend (at Lunecon) something happened which forced me to review completely my character. I examined my standards by which I glean out my friends, acquaintences, and lover(s). I had always considered my standards as permitting only a high echelon of character - or failing that, at least those who inhabit my same plane of thought. If any one is interested in specifics, please see me.

In partial, I have resolved some of the conflict which arose from a certain action or series of actions I took at this so-said convention. My first two theories struck me as either a worthless liar or a misguided fool. No, no perhaps not a liar - but for all intents and purposes, some things that I said were lies, or were they? My future actions shall dictate whether or not I am trustworthy or not.

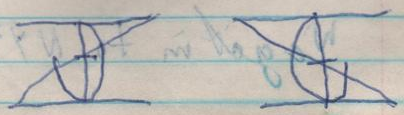
There are those of you who already consider me untrustworthy, for that I'm not sorry. Those I have taken in my confidence know otherwise. This section of my entry shall serve as a plea to those people for help.

I have problems. Financial, home (parental), social; God, if I weren't such a Superficial Guy, I would collapse. Adaptability is a positive trait for me, as is my ability to shut of my emotions in any situation. But I fear I was distinteresting. My friends, I ask you for your time and thought - please.

Sec 3. The Book of Chin shall be continued at a future Date.

Lyrrad Renuaz

"Leerad Renious"



Monday, 22nd of March 82, 2:55 p.m.

Dear folks (and watch how you pronounce that: fol-ks):

It's nice to be here again; here for 13 hours, gone in one. But anyway: Hello to all I've not seen today. Or who've not seen me. If I had gots, I'd put the poem I wrote for Heidi in here; as it is, be nice to her.

DARRYL: I'd like to talk to you sometime soon; if you call me, I'll call you back

Well it's been wonderful writing but must go now.

Jennifer

P.S. POPE: thanks for the eye again

3:00 p.m.

Greetings Forumites

8203.22

This is a Canfan (Canadian fan) from Ottawa, Canada's Capital. I came down for Linacon and to visit Heidi, a very beautiful Person. So I got invited to visit your club. I met many Forumites (I hope you don't mind that name) at Linacon & Time Gach & went Back to Heidi's room and picked up a few cassettes like 2112, Dark Star Sound track, Flash Gordon & Shock Treatment, and FMs First two Albums Black Noise & Survalience.

The trip down was uneventful. I came by way of Montreal & Albany. Actually I took the Bus to Montreal & met a person by the name of André Leveille who was driving down to Linacon by way of Albany to drop off a friend. So down to the con.

We got in to NY² Thursday Night and stayed

at my Grandmothers Apartment that night. We met in the City at 3:00pm to get the car.

The car itself was very good and I had my first good ego boo in a long time. Look for a car report from me in a while since I will soon be putting a zine & will send down a copy.

As for the social comments on previous pages I have a few comments: I can't wait to see Heidi & go to the con. I love Heidi & thing that she is The most Fantastic & Nice Person in the Cosmos!

Well this is getting a bit long. You'll see my comments on the club as the stars turn (the Earth is the center of the Universe since it is 42 Mungo Miles from Ming ((Rest Proofing)) for the next Week or so. But I can say that you made an increadible Pun when you named this Place the Forum.

Farrell McGovern
The Canfan

DOWN
THROUGH THE CORRIDORS
OF
TIME

A few Words

Stifled dreams, death of life.
Faded pleasures live in blurred memory
In a time of aliveness.

Light is gone, spirit attenuated.
The fence is not solid, but none breach it
Save long ~~ago~~ away and far ago.

Crowds press, alone heightens.
If life there ~~be~~ be, show it!
Why can my smile not be real?

Whirling motes, sparkling barrier.
An unbreachable wall surrounds
~~And not so much~~ Yet the only bother is that

Nobody even tries to breach it!

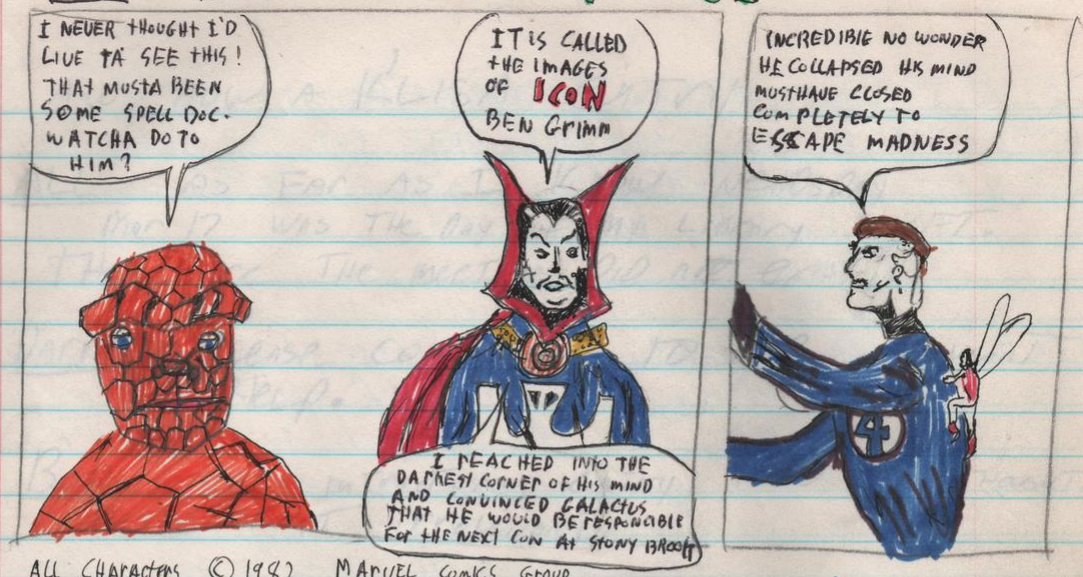
Jeddybear

WASTED

© 3-22-82 JOHN GED CAN NEVER

243 JUNE

Fantastic Four



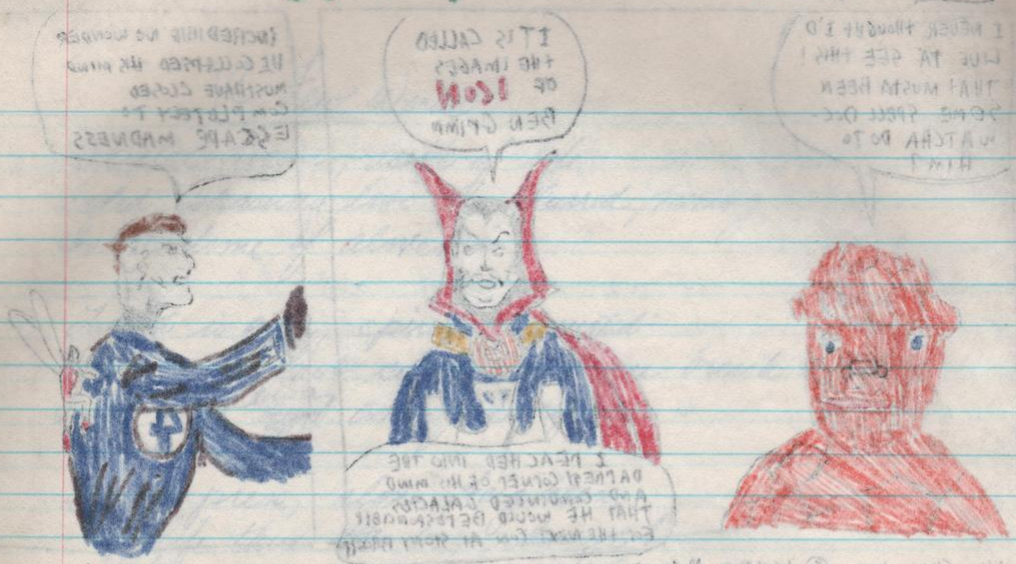
THIS IS NOT ME, Pope #4

3/86

SPACE FOR RENT

CALL 911

10) Robin



Vader's Raiders:

3/22

Kurt Summer

There will be a soft ball practice next Sat. afternoon (1:00 pm). We will meet in the Forum. Bring any and all equipment you can. GET PSYCHED! Be there! Bring beer. C'mon!

IF YOU INTEND TO BE AT THE PRACTICE PLEASE SIGN IN ON THIS LIST

1. KURT S.
2. MIKE B.
3. TRACY T.
4. JEFF
5. LISA
6. NANCY (AFTER 3:30)
7. Meryl w/her aluminum bat
8. Tom (maybe)
9. Bill D'Angelo
10) Robin
11) Mark (maybe late)
12) JAM
13) Maraget (maybe)
14) Meryl's brother
15) → Some Kelly A people to "pick-up" game with !!!

And now a K'LISA entry

ALL As far as I know Wendsday Mar 17 was the day of my Library shift. Therefore the meeting did not exist.

Darryl please come talk to me. I want to help.

Bap Very interesting entry. Food for thought. none of it irrelevant.

ALL Lunacon was fun. Margaret Jeff and I are accepting crashers in our room at Lastcon too.
note:

OUR PILLOWS WON'T BE STOLEN AGAIN

perpetrators of said crime will be fed to Margaret.

end entry

K'LISA THE KLONGON.

LISA has read to here →!

8203.23 I FEEL BETTER, NOW. TO BUSINESS, THEN.
00:30 DARRYL: CALL YOUR NEXT DATE FOR THE ARMS CONFERENCE OR YOUR CHOICE.
TO MR X.: DON'T DO IT AGAIN.
FOR OTHERS:

3/23 Yes, sex is like Chinese food: an hour later... what else can be said about sex? Well, lots. Consider what woody allen said (approximately) comparing sex with death:

"At least with death you don't get nauseous afterwards."

oh yeah, back to my sexually oriented entry

Then there's numerology and sex. The number 3: 3 ways, aka menage-a-trois although I doubt I spelled that right.
4: of course there is four (fore) play
5: The Illuminati are everywhere
6: "six" is pronounced very similarly to "sex"
69: no explanation needed.

sex is like cotton candy*: it melts in your mouth*. And of course its PINK.

Number 7 in a series of sexually oriented entries #7

* Margarets Idea. * my idea.

TOPE - I WENT TO MGT'S
I'LL BE BACK 'ROUND 13:00 (1:00)

16 44
3-23-82

Here for my shift.

No That wasn't my shit, after all!

FROM UNCLE BOTUN: IN RECOGNITION OF OUR NEW SOFTBALL TEAM I HAVE INCLUDED A FILKSONG TO BE SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME":

TAKE ME OUT ON THE ANT HILL,
TAKE ME OUT IN THE SUN,
SMEAR ME WITH HONEY AND LEAVE ME THERE
'TWON'T BE LONG 'TIL MY BONES ARE STRIPPED BARE,

FOR IT'S CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP LITTLE ANTS DO,
UNTIL THEY'VE GOTTEN THEIR FILL,
FOR IT'S ONE, TWO, THREE MILLION ANTS
ON THE OLD ANT HILL!

Does no one wonder?

2/51/82
GAR7

I HAVE DISCOVERED THE PURPOSE OF COLLEGE: A PLACE TO SIT BETWEEN CONS. I FOUND LUNACON MOST INTERESTING BUT EXPENSIVE. I SHALL LET YOU KNOW HOW CREATIONCON TURNS OUT.

~~IT~~ APPEARS VADER'S RAIDERS SHALL SOON BE AN OFFICIAL INTRAMURAL INDEPENDENT SOFTBALL TEAM, GOD HELP ~~US A~~ STONY BROOK.

(SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL BREATH SCREENED, LIGHT SABER WIELDING, BLACK ARMORED, EMPEROR.)

AND WELCOME TO ALL NEW FORUMITES INCLUDING FARRELL, GARDNER DOZOIS.

AND LET US ALL REMEMBER THE IMMORAL WORDS OF OPEN-WIDE KENOBI:
"MAY THE FORUM BE WITH YOU - ALWAYS"

3/388/81

HA-HA
GARY!

HUGH AND I ARE INTERESTED IN GETTING 7 PEOPLE TOGETHER SOMETIME THIS WEEKEND TO PLAY DIPLOMACY. IF INTERESTED PLEASE DROP A NOTE (🐾) IN THE LOGBOOK TO THAT EFFECT IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY, BEGINNERS ARE WELCOME, THE RULES ARE SIMPLE.

UNCLE BOT

M

Fred Re: Address File: who are Laura Friedman
Arthur O'Keefe
Robert Westman?

Ed. Bernstein say's hi. I'll be sending him a letter, so give me any messages.

Dear Formites

This is Farrell again. Well its been 3 days in this place and a myriad of things have happened. I've met ~~a~~ a lot of very nice people, a few potentially nice people & very few nasty people. I have always seen proportionally more nice people vs nasty in fandom than in Mundania.

I've been finding out on how little on conline on food wise. The food I have consumed are things like twinkies, M&Ms & The Real Thing, and some parts of the sandwiches Heidi brings me at lunch.

Well, I'll be in one or two more times before I leave.

Remember "Yoda Saves"

Farrell McGovern
The Canfan

STONY BROOK
UNIV.

SCI-FI CONVENTION

I-CON

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LEC. CENTER

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CREATOR OF "STAR TREK"
FILMS, SCI-FI AUTHORS,
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To paraphrase a sage (a bit gouty in the ~~leg~~ leg) "Don't worry, Gary, I'll be well." On to more useful business.

Pope: Sex can be like an airplane (gets you high) or the LIRR (hot, sweaty, dirty, and very bumpy) but you must admit, sex is definitely not unlike a sea urchin – it has its points. (tell me at your leisure, but please – use a point or edge – minimal ~~difficulty~~).

Bill: As the weather changes, let us not forget: Spring is a state of mind, so is each season. Don't transport illegal substances across state lines – smoke them up first!

Good day,

Teddy Bear

BUT BRUCIE – A SEA URCHIN WAS USED BY THE MARQUIS de SADE AS THE FIRST "FRENCH TICKLER"

OH MY!

Fred Cliff: One week from today, I want 80 copies of your zine for apa-nyu. Actually, you could get them to Meryl instead.

Tom: I need a ball. Also, entry for apa-nyu if you want one in there.

Meryl: Finish your entry and return my apa.

All: I am going on a field trip to Newsday tomorrow, thus I may not be back in time for my shift. Sorry.

3-24-82 21:56 Bruce: Did you see my eye cap in your driveway? How the heck (no curse words in the lay!) are you? Later folks!

Nancy

24 March

Kent: Guess what I found in my garage - yes, an aluminum bat! I'll bring it with me & a set. others on Sat. Oh, & my brother wishes to join Ores Illustrious team. Let me know how you feel about it.

Pope: Can you pick me up around 7:30 - 8pm. tonite. I'm bringing my car in to get checked. And,... Janet says thanks for coming by on Monday.

Margaret: Hi, I haven't seen much of you lately. You must come by some nite for warm brew & cold pizza. Purrr.

Fred - I know about that, directions perhaps for them before my mom will consent + let me drive in.

Cliff: Hi, just remember (oh please, oh please) if you lay out money I need receipts. ~~I'm not I need~~ exact amts. to make out checks.

Meryl

This space decorously wasted by Meryl Godless #7

Of the Church of Eternal Ecstacy.

Paingod

Where does Pain go to die?
In the earth or in the Sky
or to Blackhole, across the night
to die in blazing quantum light
or is it something close - not far.
Something circling our Yellow dwarf star
Closer yet, it's not all that far
Its close enough for all to see
Turn around, You see me

By the way, People interested in writing me Should wait because I may end up living in White Plains NY soon. Things at my home are very bad. My dad is a real turd. He took pride in being a janitor. I have been beaten up by him many times for very stupid reasons like scratching my head while talking to him, or not agreeing with him. Similar reasons go for my being kicked out of the house. My mom can't help too much because she's afraid of him. Going home every night from school not knowing weather you will get beaten up or weather you will even have a home to sleep in that night, one finds it hard to study and consequently I will have a massive failure this year. So I may as well just stay with my Grandmother & Aunt in White Plains. So here is my adress in Ottawa (actually Nepean) but watch for something in the Log about weather I will be there or not or you can ask Heidi

For my current status.

413F Woodfield Dr.
Nepean, Ont,
Canada

(there, that was simple, wasn't it?)

THIS SPACE
HAS BEEN
COMMANDEERED
FOR ZODISTIC
WASTING
PURPOSES.

WE DO DAMN GOOD WORK!

200

+

4

Attention!

WE DO GAME GOOD WORK

Does Anyone know where Heidi?

She has been missing all day. If call me, Farrell at 6-5842 10:30pm 8203.25

DO WHAT IS WASTE OF SPACE

ALL WHO CAN DECIPHER THIS KNOW WHAT I MEAN - DON'T ASK FOR TRANSLATIONS -

DILEMMA-ED ZOD

WELL, THIS ONE I CAN'T FIGURE OUT. I SHOULD BE - AND AM - RATHER ELATED OVER THE NEWS I RECIEVED TONIGHT. UNFORTUNATELY I LEAVE IN SEVEN DAYS. AT LEAST IT WILL HELP PAY FOR THE ROCK.

THE BAD PEOPLE CONFISCATED MY DRIVERS L. FOR NO APPARENT REASON - I WAS ONLY DOING SEVENTY-SIX IN A FIFTY-FIVE ZONE - COSTING ME A MERE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS TO BE LEGAL AGAIN -

ALL IN ALL, I HAVE MANAGED TO SURVIVE THIS PAST WEEK WITH MY SANITY (?) INTACT - HOW, I DON'T KNOW -

ZOD

WELL, SO MUCH FOR CATHARSIS

MARGARET - IF YOU SHOW UP HERE, TRY AND FIND ME - YOU HAVE A COMFORTABLE SHOULDER.

* ARROGANT ARYAN BASTARD - YOU THINK YOU ARE CONFUSED !??

* BAP + SLEEZE - IF YOU READ THIS YOU WILL REALIZE THAT YOU ARE GOING BLIN

ZOD

P.S. - TRY DECIPHERING THE BACK OF THE DOOR -
GEN. X

ZOD:

Yew kin crazch ad muy
Place tew knight ef 4 iz
BOIZY - Rewmate Gewing hame

MJT

Yellow Demon - No - not you too.

MJT

"So, if you had a bad week, why should I suffer?"

I hope that I have caused little of that, but this week has sucked the royal red moosecock. Besides failing three midterms (or as poor a passing grade as to almost not be worth it), five pens have run out of ink during class, I broke one record and found that I have to replace another, and, above all, I can't get rid of my memories.

Living in the past can be quite dangerous. More so if one tends to try to reshape it and perceive the possibilities. It doesn't work, and, in this case, is like throwing red-hot iron filings into the sores.

Oh well. Life sucks.

Depressed Teddy Bear

3/3 99/8 K HAVE YOU NOTICED YET, GARY?

FROM UNCLE BOT: BRUCE: IF YOU BROKE A RECORD, YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY. YOU CAN EXPECT TO HEAR FROM MR. GUINESS SHORTLY.

AND YES LIFE DOES INDEED SUCK, FOR THERE ARE PEOPLE LIKE DARRYL WHO GET THAT WHICH THEY DO NOT DESERVE (LIKE HIS NEW GIRLFRIEND). NICHIBUTSUUUUU!!!!

~~Zap: Joyce Kudd.~~

#

Some when in time

Klisa - I am alive and semi working. In which campaign do you mean? In 2 of the 2 campaigns he is in he is dead or thought to be. Do cows do what? Yes Antelopes do sometimes do sex acts. I will probably forgive you.

To others interested - I am still around sometimes. I will be around most of this weekend. I have to work on 4/4/82 so much for most of next weekend.

To those who where at Lunacon, how did you enjoy it. Rust beast

0326 1981 193230 Green witch standard

ΙΩ ΕΡΙΣ ΙΩ ΕΡΙΣ ΕΡΙΣ!

ΙΩ ΕΡΙΣ ΣΛΑΝΟΡΟΣ!

ΙΩ ΕΡΙΣ ΣΛΕΠΓΟΛΙΕ!

... individuality is ignored when identity is asserted.

#4

Teddy Bear: You are what you eat!

And now number n+1 in this series of sexually oriented comments. And of course our topic today is

COCKSUCKING.

Cocksucking can fairly non-arbitrarily be devided into two parts:

A. sucking cock

B. Having your cock sucked.

I really only have two words to say about part A:

DON'T BITE!

Compared to this, everything else is secondary. Now I don't claim to be an expert on sucking cock (due to lack of experience) but I do know one thing: If you bite me, I HURT. Sometimes I YELL, and sometimes I smash my thighs together, effectively deafening the sucker for several days. (Huh? What? Peap.) Anyways, from what I hear, sucking cock can be fun and all.

Part B. -

Having your cock sucked.

- It's nice, as long as the other person

DOESN'T BITE!

How doth the little crocodile...
...and welcomes little Popeparts in,
with gently smiling jaws!

Mat

3/26 Frank - Call Polity Nathan and tell them whether you can work 6 PM - midnight Saturday.

Lisa

3/27/82 FROM UNCLE BOT: CONGRATULATIONS TO THE FOLLOWING: MARC, KURT S. LISA, JEFF, JACK, TRACY, BILL, VICKY AND MEI WE LOST IN A PRACTICE GAME WITH ANOTHER TEAM IN OUR LEAGUE. IN 3 INNINGS WE LOST 10-3! SPECIAL COMMENDATIONS TO MARC VALENTE FOR HIS FIELDING ABILITY AND KURT FOR HIS HOME RUN AND TWO RBI's!

NH

3/27/82 Warning + Thereas evidence that Bop Afternoon, is an Illuminati spy. I TOLD you they are everywhere and is watching this organization. I think I'm being followed.

There's also evidence, however, that Bop is not from ELF pretending to be an Illuminati spy. Everything may be a front provided by the Illuminati so that he can spy on ELF. Anyways, his cover is blown. Actually, this is part of O.M.; who am I (working for?) #4

STS 3:

Launch 3/22/82

Test Remote arm's abilaty
To move objects in the Cargo Bay

Test shuttle in Hot-cold
modes Bake the Tail for about 80 hours
Freeze The Tail for about 30 hours

Play with Bug - Bees Moths,
Flies

Problems - wet Lake Bed
caused moving landing site from
Edwards AFB To White Sands
Missile Range.

- 2 external cameras
went out

- Commander Jack Lousma
was kept aweke by radar Tracking from
one of the following Iran, Russia or Red China

- Lousma + Fullarton both
had motion sickness

- Communications system 1
was failing, could cause early return

- White Sands May have
send storm on the day They are To
return (3/29/82) May Keep shuttle
up an extra Day.

More to come as mission
Ends in 2 days as of this writing.

ASK Jeff What he eats for breakfast. Corn Flakes are close.

While STS 2 Had just landed, I had placed a short story in LOG 17 (11/14/81) Strange as it may seem, now with STS 3 in orbit I just found out Joe Richard's (Main [redacted] Person in Story) computer had received the following report —

"Day 183: Special company's Rule a phase 3 Attempt should be tried!

Day 197: Phase 3 Attempt has been scheduled for Day 216!

Day 202: All is ready for phase 3 however Cheif Glenn* has gained votes for a "phase 5 — Full Effect" and as called for a New Ruling.

Day 204: Glenn wins new ruling

Day 205: Five Sites are prepaired

Day 206: Heads of Tech. Depts protest a Phase Five Test? — 3 Shot Dead 6 wonded 27 Fired from possitions and arrested!

Day 211: Count Down Begins

Day 216: Phase 5 Activated — My GOD!

PHASE 5

is a "Garbled" Static on all channels followed This Report.

* Possibly related to Dr Fa. Scott? More on this in a future story. 3/1/83

Ask Jeff what he eats for breakfast. Corn Flakes are close

Dear Forumites:

This is Farrell again (can't you tell by the writing?). I am in a bind at the moment, I am running low on money and thus will be selling off a few of my books to raise money. I will also do

Calligraphy for all occasions.

Things I have for sail (Sorry!)

- Shatterday, hardcover (by Harlan Ellison)
- Dangerous Visions, First Edition, Paperback
- The Tarot trilogy, Paperback (by Piers Anthony)

3/28/82
about 10 to 3

Hello people. This is Jennifer, again. I'll be leaving in some few hours. So, to all who I won't see before I leave, Goodbye. May purple cows jump through your windows (Sorry. Playing Diplomacy at 2 in the morning does strange things to one's brain.

Marc - if you read this ere I see you/speak to you, I'm sorry about before. Twasn't nice nor fair. Again, sorry.

I AM JENNIFER -- DON'T READ OVER MY SHOULDER WHILE I'M WRITING.

Well, bye again all.

Oh Daryl - Hi, didn't got to see you this time, maybe next, maybe not.

Time to leave - Jen

(LITTLE WASTED SPACE)

BAR-

BLANKIES

RANSOM IS

TWENTY-TWO

THOUSAND

DOLLARS

(TWENTY-TWO)

IN LARGE, MARKED

BILLS

FOUR THE VIL ZOD SLADE

TØ WHØM IT MAY CØNCERN —

FUCK ØFF!

ZØP

A minor report on the "Dimension Convention #1"
March 28-29 82 -
I visited it only on the 29th and the main event was Stan Lee.
- 1:00 Art auction prices ask 50- - 5000.- (Minimum Bids)
I just laught since I and no one in sight could afford these objects. Meanwhile the convention people wondered why no one would bid
- 2:30 Stan Lee: Comics again come to the screen. In the works are Swamp Thing
a new Batman Movie
A TV Live Actor Fantastic Four
in the planning stage X-Men with both old and New Teams.
Mr Lee revealed he prefers Spiderman To all Super heros. and The Hulk came about from Frankenstein - A Monster that tried to be good but no one understood! The Hulk originally was to be grey skinned because no other artist had grey skin. When it came out in print, It turned out grey was hard to maintain contrast on some scenes he was black and others white. Thus change to green was suggested.
End Report
zemdar

Fred: Cliff: I'm borrowing the forum's copy of APA-thos - until Margaret gets me my copy for mailing comments. It should be back in a day or so. Z

ɔ/⊥ 1 聿

! 3 ← Ignore this, as it is nothing - nay,

H Less than nothing...

3:50 Am, Monday, March 29, 1982. D.J.Z. XD

Oh, how the froth of madness has touched wet upon my lips! Aye, madness has claimed another in its blue folds of screaming electric sparks. Sheit, I was always as mad as a hatter, but now I shall apply innocuously and creatively my insanity. I am (have been since I was six), a writer - my career shall be writer-orientated. But enough of this Hybris...

Marc, ya Deigo you - I knew you were born with a mitt on your hand! I'm terribly sorry, but you shall live as well as make the world shudder with your grasp. Victory is personal, Mack Vale, and heroes bleed red too.

Roy: Ya bastard! Nichibutsu, little man - be happy and grab on to the concept of normality a bit more often, regardless of how slippery and vile it is to the touch.

Bap, you fat fuck ya! I like you, friend, but then there's my love for Herpes 3... Take care in your plans, lose that weight, make Petie happy, then Die. Ha, Ha, the End!

Cliff: The Council of nine awaits its symbol of order to head the meeting.

Heidi: Greetings from a close friend. I'd like to spend some time with you one of these days. Call me.

her own kith and kin, in Italy, on an estate run by servants, with the evenings leaving her lonely and sad. I couldn't help my resentment: I wanted to have known her.

"But then we all have our own lives to live," I said brightly, and mercilessly. "No time to spare for those less fortunate."

"My dear girl," Mother said, her eyes dancing with anger, "my aunt Mercedes left you a few dollars and cents. Don't you understand? She was worth a great deal of money. Ten thousand dollars? For a woman like that it's a token amount. I don't know why she did it, but I do know that it couldn't have left much of a dent in her capital."

She fingered baby's breath. "Don't bleed for her, silly girl. She had every creature comfort . . . and although your father and I live very well, we're depen- [illegible] of this country and, if you don't

body wants to get old. It was such a happy time for us. Italy, and the villa. But it was years and years ago. So long ago . . . those bright, sunlit days."

There were subsequent communications from Predelli and Pineider. Apparently I wouldn't receive any monies until the estate was probated. Yet the circumstances had captivated me. And lying awake one night, I made some plans. My vacation was due in September, for I always liked to take it late, and I decided, with some high degree of excitement, that I would vacation in Italy. It didn't matter when I got my aunt's money; on my salary I could swing the air fare, and as for accommodations, I could put up at a pensione, for very little, and have my meals there.

I was determined to see the villa where my benefactress had lived a good many years of her life. And as soon as I had decided that, I fell

I wonder how long a wait it will be; my patience, though, shall'nt slacken.

A, My name is Botwin,
B, " " " Botwin—
Oh, uh— Hi Mike, you hairy Choop (Jew). Your white ass has to hang around with me a bit more— I crave cheap laughter.
C, my name is Botwin—
D, my name is Botwin (I'm Dickie)
E, my name is Botwin (I'm Effete)
F, my name is Botwin (I'm Fat)
G, my name is Botwin (I'm Gordo)
H, my name is Botwin (I'm Heavy)
I, my name is Botwin (I'm ~~[illegible]~~ Incredibly fat)
J, my name is Botwin (I'm Jacuously Fat)
K, my name is Botwin (I'm Going to Kill Zauner)
L, my name is Botwin (I'm not Light)
M, my name is Botwin (I'm Magnificently Fat)
N, my name is Botwin (I'm Noisily fat)
O, my name is Botwin (I'm overweight)
P, my name is Botwin (I'm Pudgy)
Q, my name is Botwin (I'm a Quivering bowl of Jelly)
R, my name is Botwin (I'm Roaring heavy)
S, my name is Botwin (I'm Sagaciously fat)
T, my name is Botwin (I'm truly heavy)
U, my name is Botwin (I'm not Underweight)
V, my name is Botwin (I'm very fat)
W, my name is Botwin (I'm ~~[illegible]~~ Massively heavy)
X, my name is Botwin (Fuck it, I don't know)
Y, my name is Botwin (~~[illegible]~~)
Z, my name is Zauner, And I'm not a Botwin,

(you don't need X-Ray to see I'm heavy) MPB

Botwin, Botwin, my name is Zauner and I'm not a Botwin— thank goodness.

A final note— To everyone who had feelings of Animosity towards me— thank you. To those who didn't— ~~[illegible]~~ Thanks

Man is Doomed in that he forgets, though is it beauty that he forgets his Doom?

You most of all. I shall see a time when my laughter like daggers envenomed shall pierce to your bones — without marring a so soft flesh.

In my first semester, I had been subjected to the torture called matriculation into the Social Strata. I was taught very valuable lessons, lessons of trust and action before thought.

My strengths: emotional, Intellectual, and even psychic — they all have grown. Sans growth, we shall all stagnate and Die. With your torture, you have ensured my life. I must needs find a way by which I can repay...

Ah, with no more than a smile, a nod, and a newly constructed door of impenetrable steel which no one can pass without my ~~opening~~ allowing admittance — This from pope. my compliments, little hombre.

Good night, people — 4:30 AM

D.J.Z. ☒

DARYL — YOU'RE STILL A YOUNG ARYAN HOMOSEXUAL OPPORTUNIST —

BUTT-FUCK ME-SLY

ZOD

Dear Forumites

This may or may be the last entry I make in the ~~log~~ log on this trip. My Bookspace still for sail (?!) including a copy of Larry Nivens Shape of Space which only went ~~through~~ through on 1 printing. So it is fairly rare. I like the book but I need the money more. Here is a list again of what I have for sail (!?!)

Shatter; hard cover, by Harlan Ellison.
Shape of Space; paperback, by Larry Niven.
The Tarot Trilogy; paper, by Piers Anthony
Dangerous Visions, 1st edition, paper, ed. Harlan Ellison

I also have 4 shows of Harlan Ellison on tape, including him reading "All the lives that are my life". It was recorded last spring at Queens University Kingston Ont, Canada, by ~~me~~ this terrible writer. If anyone is not interested in listening to them, I may be able to bring them to the meeting ~~to~~ tonight, and possibly on tuesday night.

Talk to me at the meeting or call me at Heidi's 6-5892.

Farrell McGovern

P.S. Do YOU know where your ~~t~~ towel is?

3/29

5:18 p.m.
Kurt

I'd like to announce another practice for next weekend. Please put an "x" in each time slot that you can't make. Only those that will show up + want to play do this. It is foolish to schedule around no-show people. After the "X"'s, please print your name at the bottom of the page. Thank you, LET'S GO! Yea!...

SMALL X'S

	FRIDAY	SAT	SUNDAY
12:00-12:30		XXX	X
12:30-1:00		XXX	X
1:00-1:30		XXX	X
1:30-2:00		XXX	X
2:00-2:30		XXX	X
2:30-3:00		XXX	X
3:00-3:30		XXX	X
3:30-4:00		XXX	X
4:00-4:30		XXX	X
4:30-5:00		XXX	X
3:00-3:30	X		
3:30-4:00			
4:30-5:00	X		
5:00-5:30	X		

1) Kurt Summer
2) JEFF WARNER
3) LISA SELITZER
4) [redacted] (JAM)
5) Bruce S. Adelsohn
6) Jack Devine Sunday is only day I can make
7) Darryl Jon Zauner
8) Meryl Wenig
9) Gary P. Halada
10) Clifford K. Hong
11) Ralph Atkins 744-2178
12)
13)
14)
15)
16)
17)
18)
19)
20)

Any comments?

3/29/82 All - Hi Yo! I hav ve to mend!
SAM

3/29/82
"Kup"

~~Clusters shine on withered brows~~
Forget it

WE DØ DAMN
GØØD WØRK!
ZØP-4-L

3-25-82 ~~DD: ANOTHER NICE DARRYL.~~
9:30PM

DARRYL: THAT'S NICE, DARRYL. IF THAT'S THE GREATEST AMOUNT OF CREATIVITY YOU CAN MUSTER, AND IF THAT'S ALL YOU CAN USE IT FOR, I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU.

UNCLE BOT

A.
FLATTERING,
BITING
COMMENTS!
Remarks clearly
mortally injured to the
soul.

WELL DARRYL
GOOD WORK!
EDITH

Joe Brenner
3/29/82 - M
9:30 PM

Cliff —

Can you get in touch with me sometime? (or maybe I'll call you, your number must be in the file)

(It's about two things -- the minor one being my locuses, the major being I was wondering if you could get me the ~~m~~ names of some department ~~heads~~ managers at Grumman ---)

I'll hang out here till 10, but I don't really have time to stay for the meeting --

7-29-82 DALE IT WAS A WONDERFUL DISCUSSION ON HESH CIRCUITS

Dr h LISA SUMMERCON ? WHERE

MARGARET HELLO . ER... HOW DOES ONE COMMUNICATE WITH THE TARGETS

OLYGA I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN WEEKS

All Roads lead to Doom

3/29/82 "Rup"

And their were the Megon.

And the Megon set forth upon the Earth to fulfill their great purpose, to fulfill the destiny of the Megon.

And the Megon went out upon the Earth, and they met the Terrans.

The Terrans hated the Megon

The Terrans befriended the Megon. | The Terrans fought the Megon.

They learned much. | They learned little | The Terrans won. | The Megon won.

! The Terrans ceased to exist as a race. !

3/30/82 ~~[illegible]~~ #5 IN A SERIES OF SHORT-SHORT-SHORTS FROM UNCLE BOT: A

~~AND THUS ENTROPY HAD BEEN ACHIEVED, THE END OF ALL THAT IS ALL THAT IS BUT FOR ONE, AND THIS ONE SAID "NO" AND EXPLODED, AND THUS THE BATTLE HAD BEEN WON AGAIN~~

DUH! THIS IS TOO LONG, LET'S TRY AGAIN, THIS TIME WITH FEELING!

~~AND THUS THE FOUR HORSEMEN HAD BEE~~

DUH! THIS IS NOT A CHALLENGE

"... AND THEN CAME THE FIFTH HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE."

TUMARTHIR YEAØF MY LOR EIGHTWØ - ZØD

SØ - HØW DØ YØU LIKE THE TWØDIMENSIØNAL REPRESENTATIØNS ØF THREE DIMENSIØNAL REPRESENTATIØNS ØF FØUR DIMENSIØNAL REPRESENTATIØNS ØF n^{TH} DIMENSIØNAL ØBJECTS.

I THINK WE DID DAMN GØØD WØRK. TRY STARING AT ØNE ØF THEM STRAIGHT ØN FØR A CØUPLE ØF MINUTES, LETTING YØUR EYES UNFØCUS. JUST DØNT FALL IN!

YES, WE BUILT A CRØØKED HØUSE —

ZØD
ØUT 0146.47

WELL, WELL, WELL...

IT HAS BEEN DETERMINED THAT THE MØST CØMFØRTABLE LENGTH ØF INTER CØURSE FØR ME IS 236 STRØKES. NØW, AT 10", THAT CØMES (HEE HEE) TØ 2360 INCHES, ØR 196.6667 FEET, ØR 65.555556 YARDS, ØR Ø.Ø372479 MILES. AT 5 ACTS A NIGHT, 6 NIGHTS A WEEK, THAT CØMES TØ 1.1174243 MILES ØR 1966.6668 YARDS, ØR 5900.0003 FEET, ØR 70800.004 INCHES, ØR 1.79832×10^{12} MILLIMICRØNS PER WEEK.

SØ GIRLS, IF YØU'RE NØT GETTING YØURE 1.79832×10^{18} PICØPICØMETERS EVERY WEEK, CØME SEE ME SØMETIME.

ZØD

P.S. - THAT'S 9.35126×10^{23} PICØPICØPICØMETERS PER YEAR — ØR 55.16064 MILES

ZØD

Yes, For STUFF measured in millimeters see ZOO!

FROM UNCLE BOT: I'M NOT MAKING MY SHIFT TONIGHT. SORRY!

~~[illegible]~~

30 March 5:00 pm Hi all: I'm here for my shift.

Meryl

3/30/82

All-

STUART THE SAVAGE SPEAKS ONCE AGAIN!

Yes folks you thought that it was all over after the last entry. ~~To~~ ~~Yes~~ You were probably convinced that everything died down but just when you thought that it was safe to go back into the logbook, I've RETURNED! Here in all my teeth-gnashing and blood-dripping glory! Just to drive you all crazy. You never know when I'm going to strike next!

Alysa

FROM UNCLE BOT:

WHY ARE

HUMANS SO

STUPID!?!?!

Y

#42 - YAHU

I will be in
my room tonite
drop by if you're
in. 64 2 a.m.

3-24-82 ALYSA "AH - EVIDENCE THAT YOU STILL EXIST
NANCY - HAVE YOU RESOLVED YOUR TRIP TO HUMBOLDT YET I WAITED
JAN FOR YOU YESTERDAY BUT YOU DID NOT SHOW UP
MARGARET I HAVE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH THE TAROT AND
IT IS FACINATING THE READINGS I HAVE BEEN GETTING
MAKES RATIONAL SENCE I HAVE NOTICED IN MY RESEARCH
THAT THE "FOOL" HAS A LOT OF MEANING, IT CAME UP
2 TIMES OUT OF 3 READINGS ONLY WHAT DOSE
IT MEAN WHEN THE 5 OF EACH SUTE COMES
UP 3 TIMES IN A ROW, IS THERE A SIGNIFICENCE

to THEM COMING IN A PARTICULAR ORDER ALSO I CANT FIND ANEYTHING
ABOUT COMMUNICATION BY TARROT BUT I WAS THINKING ABOUT A
EXPERIMENT OVER THE EASTER VACATION I'LL DO A READING AND
WRIGHT IT DOWN AND (DONT GROWL PLEASE) YOU DO THE SAME AND
WE'L COMPARE RESULTS
MERYL- HELLOW
BUT PERTAINING TO THE PREVIOUS PAGE IT'S EASIER THAN WORKING HARD THINKING

i

Stay away from Egypt ♀ was the warning.

ii

iii

v

Offer thyself within to the Knowledge and
Conversation of thine Holy Guardian Angel...
All else is a snare... Be thou
an athlete of the ~~Spirit~~ Eight
Limbs of Yoga... for without these
thou art not disciplined for ~~every~~ any fight.

... Quote from Tarot II to Kabbala

Eight Limbs of Yoga refers to a system
in India (probably Patanjali)
which refers to physical
postures, breathing, meditating,
transcendental meditation, etc.
Funny to find this in a book on Tarot.

(over)

The Oracle of the Gods in the Child-Voice of Love
in Thine own Soul, hear them not.
Heed not the Siren Voice of Sense; or the
Phantom Voice of Reason;
rest in Simplicity and listen to the
Silence.

Stand still as on a beach & be silent
& listen to the inner Orientation.

XX

Be every act an act of Love & Worship.
Be every act the act of a God.
Be every act a source of radiant Glory.

XVII

Use all thine energy to rule thy thought.
Burn up thy thoughts as the
Phoenix.

Discipline clears vision, by holding
wandering thoughts in check.
Exercise discipline. Take FIRM STEPS.

+++

The abuse of divination has been unsparing.
Those who neglect his warnings and profane
the Sanctuary of the Transcendental Art have
no other but themselves to blame for the
formidable and irremediable disasters which
infallibly will destroy them.
"Prospero is Shakespeare's reply to Dr. Faustus."

(1) Must all Tarot come from Egypt?
(2) Know naught! This statement is nonsense.
Have no preconceptions.
(3) Needs an index
(4) Debauch - means of the fatal case until which a sacrament may be profaned and prostituted
(5) This book mixes too many belief systems; some levels differ from others.
(6) The Aeon belongs with the next 2,000 years and refers to a change in systems.
The Tarot (in this book) invokes IAO
but the next aeon may use ~~A O or M~~, ~~or some~~ another sequence.
Does this mean a second reading should be done under this symbology?

Diagram 5 is incomplete in its description.
I question its "Egyptian" origin.
There is more to using this symbol but the final sentence is correct.

(7) How do the verses differ from bottom statements ??????

ouch!

3/31
2:22 pm
Kurt

The practice will be on Friday. Bring any + all equipment you can and meet down here at 3:30 (that's PM Bap!)

Remember: **Friday, 3:30, Here**

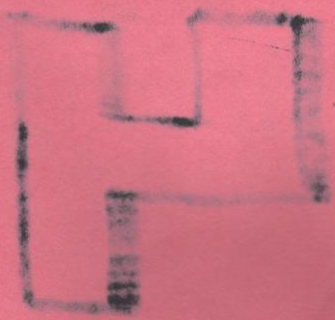
I'll talk to the commuter people + see if we can have a re-match. This time, let's show them ALL of us. (That's every person, Darryl.) It should be a nice day, so get psyched!

The people I expect are:
1) Me
2) Jeff
3) Lisa
4) Bruce
5) Darryl
6) Gary
7) Cliff
8) Ralph
9)
10)
11)
12)
13)
14)
15)

Any other person that can make it, please put your name here.

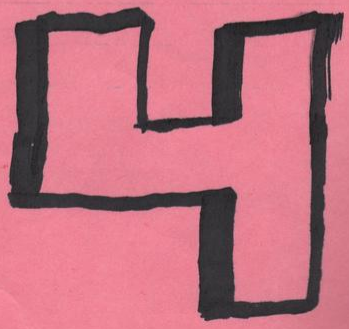
3/31/82 FROM UNCLE DUT:
7:15 Jod: ANOTHER d-bag MURAL IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY SLASHES, FUCK OFF!

2/59/82 IT'S A ~~PINK~~ BLUE WORLD!



SOME OF
MY FAVORITE
THINGS ARE
PINK.

(on the other hand,
some aren't.)



And as the sun sets slowly in the north we bid adieu to our (?) CO,

ZØD (as in "We do damned good work!" – Yes, folks, he do!)

Be well, ZØD... if they give you any shit, call on Mighty Mouse... he always does the job!

Teddybear

Fred: Goodbye Zod. I'd like to say I'm going to miss you, but.....

Actually, I might. Just give me some time.

Pherd:
thy calligraphy improveth

MJB

1 April Zod: Take care of yourself, I'll let you know about Friday. Thanks for everything.

Meryl

01 Apr 82 Yes, here I am again killing time until I can
Sline go over to Wench's room. That won't be until
3 o'clock but what can ya do. More to
~~exa~~ come.

Entry of 3 pages of
obviously Biased
opinionation have been
Ripped out —
Had I the means,
I would Rip out
the author's
Fuckin' throat.
My Rebuttal
shall be Peaceful in
nature, and I will NOT
be goaded into physical

Please see Farrell's Entry at the end of Zod
Remember the Bill of Rights!

Violence.

I feel that this nature of personal affair (especially given in the opinion of a non-considerate) should not be suited for the Log book.

Note: any subsequent entries of this nature shall be similarly edited.

WELL,
I GUESS
I'LL BE
LEAVING
NOW!

NOW!

LEAVING

IT'LL BE

I GUESS

NEW!

G'BYE
FØLKS -
I'LL PRØBABLY
SEE ALL YØU
SHEAZY
PEØPLE (?)
NEXT SEM.

MGT. - STØRE THINGS
PEØPLE - WHATEVER
THE MGT. DØESN'T STØRE
IS DØNATED -

- ENTER PASSWORD

I'LL DISCONNECT!

SEE ALL YOU

SUCKERS!

PEOPLE (?)

NEXT SCM.

MGT. - STORE THINGS

PEOPLE - WHATEVER

THE MGT. DOESN'T STORE

IT DOWNLOADED -

C'BYE

TØM - FUCK ØFF - YØU HØSER!

HØWIE - DIE

CØLØNIC JAM - GØØD LUCK - I KNØW WHERE YØU WØRK - JEFF + THE AWFUL K'

I THOUGHT I WAS GETTIN A PARTY!

BAT ~~good~~ GØ AHEAD - JØIN THE NAVY - CAN'T YØU RESIST SPØNGING

ANYTHING?

- MOT - FUCK OFF -

WHO HOSTED!

MOBILE - SIR

- MAIL DIRECTIONS

GOOD FUCK - I KNOW

MINERE WHO MOBER -

JEFF + THE HAWAIIAN K'

I'M HAPPY! I THOUGHT I WAS GETTING

BATTERED BY HINERD -

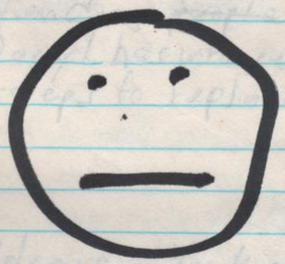
WHO THE HAVA-CHAN'T

WHO REALLY STRONGING

ANYTHING?

A MY NAME IS
BOT WIN +
ENOUGH OF THAT.
G'BY UNIX BOT

HAVE AN ORDINARY
SEMESTER



GOOD RIDDANCE +
FELICITATIONS

ZOD

Dear People:

The Entry that Darryl ripped out was mine, Farrell McGovern's. Un it I said what Darryl is and where Heidi is at and how these two systems are interacting. ~~Since~~ Darryl does Not believe in freedom of Speach, or so one must assume in his ripping out of my 3 page entry. He also said that he was restraining himself else he would beat me to a pulp, or something simolar.

~~Anyway~~
Well I'm leaving ~~to~~ for a short while, I ~~to~~ tried to bring some good & happiness to the people I've met. Since I have a bias towards Heidi and thus have ended up offending ~~people~~ person who ~~one~~ ~~her~~ is harming her. Darryl has wronged both Heidi and I. I have taken steps to replace the entry "edited" by Darryl.

My address in Yonkers is

~~50 Yonkers~~
Helen DiMeo
50 Yonkers terrace
Yonkers ~~N.~~ N.Y.

Since it is my friend's place address it to her.

See Cliff if you want to phone me
(He has my #!)

Zod --
the page you wiped out
was not addressed to you.
You don't need to take offense.
DALE

George -- Stay out of my psychic space.
Leave me alone. I mean it. DALE

4-2-82 Attention All Forum Commuters:
There are free commuter college T-shirts available in the Commuter College (Basement of the Union). Just show your I.D. card.
All: I, upon looking through this log, detect a ~~note~~ ~~ofe~~ an awful lot of - how shall I phrase this? - unnecessary shit, and all-around waste of space. Please, this is only my opinion and I realize this but I feel compelled to say something. Also, I've seen alot of rather degenerate entries (Tacos, et al.). Please folks - let's try and keep it clean.
Have a happy vacation!
Nancy A. Dikmenes

4/2/82 11:04 PM
Oh, how we wax silly! Freedom of speech? well Now, there are limitations...
Farrell, who the hell is he to not only talk of but also lie about my personal life. This medium is not meant to view biased opinions concerning my (or anyone else's, although it is their option to edit - as did the Dale/Roy Sillies in Log 16 went) personal life.
His entry was highly inaccurate and not only to my disliking, but also to the disliking of the other component, that being Heidi herself. What Farrell did was sneaky, and cowardice in nature.

Who the fuck are you to inquire into my personal life. You, who masturbates six times a week, eats rabbit droppings, and have incest with your baby sister? What kind of place is this to get personal? Oh, boy, I'd like to see some opinions on this.

I'd love to see who thinks I'm wrong — I'll debate it rationally.

2 — A horse galloped riderless around a wide bend in the trail. It had at one time been mounted by a heavy set warrior who now lay with unseeing eyes agape, staring at his vanquisher. A large, wooden shaft protruded from his no longer heaving chest.

The victor smiled and softly touched the deadman's face, closing lifeless lids over staring blue eyes. Those eyes would stare even through those lids until worms ate them from their sockets. The last sight those two mirrors of fate saw was a smiling man, a flick of his wrist, and a small spear coming at him — too fast to dodge.

A sigh of pleasure passed from the man's lips as he stood over his prey. "This one:" he addressed the sky, the trees — or perhaps the omnipotent cosmos from which he was self-spawned from a now crumbling rock of slime, "He was too easy. They too easy, but the pleasure is still there. Yet —" He looked into himself, the yellow demon that he was — existing now for forty million years. Yet, I would get so much more pleasure if I could have more of a challenge..."

A subway roared down its eternally darkened tunnel of electricity, pipes, and tracks. Within its sardine-can shell, a clean shaven oriental lad of nineteen fell asleep, and in his sleep, he dreamed. A dream which he knew when he awoke would be a terrible reality. The boy's name was George Jung Hing Chin, but when the eyes opened, no trace

of George was to be found. There was a malignant gleam of age old evil intelligence within those eyes. They held the Evil of a yellow Demon.
2 Book of Chin

STS-3 Lands Safe. After a day's delay because of high winds at White Sands New Mexico, Jack Lousma and Gardo Fullerton brought the Columbia down after an 8 day mission. The only problem was high speed approch caused the nose pop back up momentarily. 5 seconds from wheels deployment to Ground contact is also cutting it close. A day after the flight the last of the experimental bees died.

What will be in the DOD cargo STS-4 will carry into space June 29? Hopefully the crew of Ken Mattingly (Apollo 16 and scrubed from Apollo 13 because of German Measels) and Hertsfeld (Rookie) will be told.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

(Didn't want to destroy Zauner's entry.) First things first.

Farrell: The 1st Amendment does NOT (strangly enough) include "right to slander." But you do play damn good guitar.

☆ Darryl + Meryl: My car leaves for Balticon tomorrow afternoon. Estimated departure time (EDT) is 2 PM.

BE READY.

All: Underneath it all, everyone is "basically a nice guy." Unfortunately, what's left when the world's done fucking you over is quite a different story.

To whom it concerns: Anyone who knew my brother Paul may be interested

to know that he died
in a flaming car crash
Monday. His wife Annette
was maimed and is now
in a coma.

The above is an example of
"slander" as it is not true.

Do not write slanderous things
in the logbook w/o telling
people who you are slandering.
Otherwise, everyone gets hope-
lessly confused. If you
lie, at least do it with
STYLE and DRAMA.

#4

1:00 PM ≈ A SYNCHROTRANSVACATION ENTRY ≈

2/68/82
or
4/9/82
(if you prefer realworld time)

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: ANYONE EITHER SELLING A MOTOR CAR OF HAVING KNOWLEDGE OF SOMEONE DOING SO WILL PLEASE TO CONTACT ME WITH INFORMATION.

GAR7

: FOR 'SALE': OLD COMIC BOOKS, RELATED TRASH. ALSO MACHINIST'S TOOLS, ALL SORTS OF TOOLS, STOCK, HARDWARE, ETC. CONTACT ME IN LOG OR AT 246-4609.

BUT ENOUGH OF THIS BARTERING AND BANTER, TIME FOR SOME GOOD OLD-TIME GIBBERISH.

GEORGE, MARGARET, OR ANY WHO 'KNOW' - WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO LORD HROTHGAR OF THE EAST MARCH - I'SE CURIOUS.

ALL - DIS PLACE IS A PIGPEN. PLEASE TO CLEAN UP SOMEDAY.

- ALSO - IF WE THINK OF A MOVIE FAST ENOUGH, THE SOC. OF PHYS. STUDENTS MIGHT WANT TO SPLIT THE COST WITH US - THINK ABOUT IT AND LIST SUGGESTIONS.

A LESSON FOR ALL: (~~AN OBSERVATION~~) SORRY ABOUT THE MESS.

ONE SHOULD THINK BEFORE HE/SHE WRITES!

~~[illegible]~~

TO PRESENT A CONTRASTING VIEWPOINT WILL BE

NOTE:
(SORRY ABOUT THE MESS & SCRIBBLING AND THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE TORN OFF, BUT IT WAS JUST TO REMOVE SOMETHING I HAD WRITTEN WHICH IT TURNS OUT I DID NOT WANT READ.) - AND IT SAVED MORE PAPER THAN TEARING OUT THE PAGE WOULD.

WADDA MESS!

A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

GANDHI WHEN ASKED WHAT HE THOUGHT OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION: "IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA" WAS THE REPLY.

ALL: A LOG BOOK MORAL: THINK BEFORE YOU WRITE

IN ADDITION:

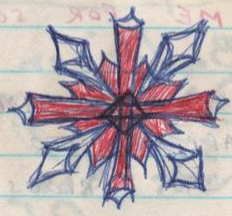
IF YOU'RE READING THIS YOU'RE PROBABLY BACK FROM VACATION. - HOPE YOU HAD A GOOD ONE. (OR SEVERAL, OR MANY (FOR THE MORE PROLIFIC))

HOW QUIET THE FORUM IS. WHOOPS...

FRED JUST WALKED IN

FRED JUST WALKED OUT.

(PROBABLY JUST ANOTHER SHIFTING IN THE CO(S)MIC AXIS.)



ENTITLED: POINTLESS DOODLING

SO SAYS, GART

NOTE:

IF $\frac{8}{0} = \infty$, THEN DOES $\frac{5}{0} = \sigma$?

OH MY GOD, IT'S EATING THE PAGE!

less/n fan fused. If you

nd now, a public service message to our channel 9000 veiwers. I was here and you weren't. Que sare, sare. Why must everyone celebrate the nailing of some hippie to a cross. I say, good ridance! I mean, if I went around claiming I was the SON OF GOD, they'd string me up by my [DELETED] (the preceding section was deleted by channel 9000 in the interest of good taste). I think we should all honor Pontius Pilot on this day. I mean, he had a difficult decision to make and he did it with style and grace. Go for it, MR P. P.! Now to special (?) announcements

Q: If $\frac{8}{0} = \infty$ $\frac{5}{0} = \infty = \infty = 2$ = two! Get it

Fred: Defiance! Vive la difference!

Gary: Eh

Pat: Where's my suitcase, you sleaze!

All others: Eh!

Howie: Was HE one of your relatives? Ittra!

Evil Yellow One: I defy you .... but not too loudly!

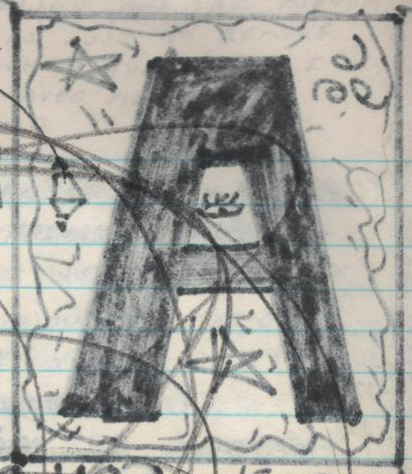
JSE: You were right.

All: Eh?.....

Channel 9000 recognizes it's obligation to present a balanced out put. This wishing to present a similar veiwpoint are invited to do so. Those wishing to present a contrasting veiwpoint will be completely ignored.

Channel 9000 OUT

WOT-TV THANKS YOU!



And now, a public service message to our friend Channel 9000 viewers. I was hereby you weren't. Yes sure, sure. When I just everyone celebrate the making of some big pipe to a cause. I say, good riddance. I mean, if I were strung dishonor the SON OF GOD, they stiring [DELETED] (the preceding section was deleted by Channel 9000 in the interest of decency). I think we should all honor Fantasy Fest on this day. I mean, what a difficult decision to make and he did it with standard grace. Go ahead Mr. P. Now to special announcements:

Dr.: $\frac{d}{dt} = \frac{d}{dx} = \frac{dy}{dx} = \frac{dy}{dx} = 2 = \text{two}$. Got it?

Reply: Definance. Like in difference.

Sally: Eh.

Sally: Mike's my mistake, you stupid.

Mike: Oh.

Mike: Like one of your relatives? Little pa!

Guilty Low Dog: I don't know ... Rather too lowly!

Jr.: You were right.

Channel 9000 recommends it's obligation to the star athlete out of this quality to prevent a similar wrong from ever happening to do so. Thank you making to prevent a downward spiraling with the completely ignored.

Channel 9000

OUT

WOT-TY THANKS YOU!

Fred Darryl: I've been acused of rape and lesser things that were wrong in this log book. I answered the accusations in the log book, did not hilt the people involved, and let the situation sit. I think my answer to the problem is better than yours! // Cowerdise would have been exibited by spreading anonymous rumors. He wrote and signed it in a public place. How is this cowerdly or sneaky? // Is Fariel's sister cute? No, I'm not desperate,

From JEFF & THE EVIL K

K: "WHY DID WE GO TO THE TROUBLE OF MAKING AN EATING AREA IF YOU DON'T EAT THERE! SPARE THE CARPET!"

Pope Excellent entry! Very well done!

From J + K →

From JEFF

TO ANYONE WITH BALISTICS EXPERIENCE

WHAT CAN A 1/2 INCH PEICE OF LEXAN BLOCK? MY NEW GLASSES ARE THAT THICK (TO THE TUNE OF $140) AND I'M WONDERING HOW SAFE MY EYES ARE FOR THAT MUCH MONEY!

JEFF

Ha! Ha! space

wasted by God

through Merq!

Message: We do damn

good work!

Rusty.

April 10. DALE

To the cosmic warp.
For sale:
One Cosmic Encounter,
One Space Race I.
Total - II real eyes on
one pair with
hand - 900 catalogue
test. End of Sale.

FROM UNCLE-BOT:

6-11-2 CLIFF: I HAVE THE DOC SMITH
17:59:59 BOOKS, FINALLY. HOW DO I FINALLY GO
ABOUT CLEARING UP MY GOOD NAME?
(HA-HA!)

ALL: HOPE YOU HAD A NICE VACATION.
DID YOU MAKE YOUR CONTRIBUTION TODAY?
(EXPLANATIONS ON THAT COMMENT LATER)

K'LISA: WAS OPERATION: (YOU KNOW WHAT)
SUCCESSFUL?

GARY: WHAT COMIC BOOKS DO YOU HAVE?

AND JUST REMEMBER, ZERF IS
ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN
SUPER DOOT!

N

Help! I need to go to the bank! my checking account has been totaly screwed up (eek, eek, who!)

Manganet

4-12
3:21PM

all- Spring has once again arrived, heralded by buds frozen to their branches and robins buried in drifts of snow. At this time of year one's thoughts turn naturally to rabbits (frozen or otherwise) and the exquisite delights of ripping their ears off! I can hardly wait... (My pen dyeth.)

Here now the news: I read the "No Frills" Science Fiction book. Very silly. I have amassed a few more med school rejections (including my illustrious alma mater), have yet to hear from Mount Sinai, and am awaiting the results of my interview at Downstate. (I should know "sometime in April.") I am on the alternate list at New York Med (a very good sign) and have no idea when I'll hear from them again. I am still unemployed, but have been filling my time with whatever temporary clerical jobs the agencies throw my way. Bethpage is very dull. (Why do you think I keep coming back here?)

I finally heard from Debbie. She spent last week in Rochester interviewing for a reporter job on an afternoon paper. She's half scared that they won't offer her the job and half scared that they will. It's a very competitive town. She says "hi" to those Forumites she knows. She doesn't say anything to those she doesn't know, but I'm sure she'd say "hi" if she did know you. On second thought, maybe she wouldn't...

I would like to know how many of you are planning to go to Chicon and might be interested in sharing a hotel room. I'm still not positive I'll be able to afford it, but I really expect to be able to. (I already have my membership.) I am also interested in transportation to Chicago for the con. Please respond in the log and I'll get back to you (probably in May).

-Perrianne

Monday
Late Afternoon

Well. Jam pointed out to me that its been a long time since we've had any news from the Ecstacarian Church. So.....

Todays lesson: Cosmology.

In the beginning there was Egg Salad, and Nothing. In fact, there was a little Egg Salad, and lots and lots of Nothing.

And the Egg Salad said, "Let there be Bosco!"

And there was still Nothing but now it tasted chocolatey.

And Fogsu Fogsu flew past, and dropped a large rock, and it was called Earth.

And disgusting little unmentionable THINGS grew on the Earth, and proliferated.

And a company named SANDOZ opened.

By this time people were beginning to realize that being a disgusting little unmentionable thing on a dirt-ball planet in an obscure galaxy in a rather dull universe was kind of stupid.

"What is the point," they asked, "of ALL THIS?" By "ALL THIS" they meant that miniscule part of their surroundings they were capable of seeing or otherwise perceiving.

And no one could say.

To be continued
#4

4/12 Good mourning, all! I trust your vacation, such as it was, was decent.

Speaking of mourning, herald the return of Dark Shadows (Channel 4, 4:30 weekdays). How can I mock soaps anymore? Ai de mi!...

This is the end of this page... say goodnight,

Gracias (reply Good Knight = Carey).

Teddybear

4/12/87
Rm

HELLOW EVERYONE HOW WAS YOUR VACATION
NANCY I WAITED FOR YOUR CALL BUT YOU DIDNT
MARGARET I DID SOME EXPERIMENTS WITH THE CARDS
BUT I DONT UNDERSTAND THE RESULTS

SCIENCE FICTION
FORUM

— Throw out the old, embrace the new.
Changes have come, more than a few.
It rust (though with one eye open, looking for the keen thrust of a knife in the back) that everyone down here still lives and has had a pleasant vacation.
So long people, I have more things to do.
Better to do them, rather than be tormented by you.

Does this mean you wont finish the book of chin?

Tues April 13

Meryl - Hi !

JAN

Slime - Well, what can I say?"

P.S. I desperately need a shoulder - don't forget the Buckets

~~Margaret~~ Margaret If you have the chance I want to talk to you - not important (or urgent, whatever you prefer).

Roy's little Janet

Pope - I'll see what I can do

JAN

P.S. I would also like to talk to you. NOT very important.

Bap - your squire says Hello

Squeaky - your squire's Big Sister.

ALL - If anyone [redacted] Hears from ZOD Before I do let me have the adress.

Roy's little's JANET

ble and anyway, it was only for overnight, since Florence was my destination. My room was not ready when I arrived at a little before nine, and I signed up for a city tour which took me to the Roman forum, St. Peter's, Hadrian's villa, and the Catacombs, and was back at the hotel just before the dinner hour. I dined across the street, at a ristorante called La Capriccio, and tumbled into bed at a little after ten. The Italian night, with its soft airs and sounds, was all around me, and I slept almost immediately.

Next morning I taxied, with my bags, to the Piazza della Repubblica, where I got my bus to Florence. There were some two dozen other passengers, mostly husbands and wives, and secretaries traveling together.

venders selling trinkets, also some Italian children trying to get a few lira for hastily plucked field flowers that were already wilting in their sticky hands. I took a few snaps, bought one of the pathetic little bouquets and then heard a voice say at my shoulder, "Would you care for something? I'm thirsty, how about you?"

It was a youngish man I'd seen on the bus, traveling alone and sitting two rows ahead of mine. I had noticed him and I hadn't been the only one. He was tall and good-looking and I had seen a few of the young female passengers eyeing him. I was flattered that he had singled me out, and said I was thirsty too and would love a lemon soda. We stood sipping from straws, exclaiming about how good it tasted; tart,

4/13 Sometime early this morn

4/13 — somewhat tired and mollified.

A neon explosion hung on a soot-caked brick wall. It read: "Here for weapons."

Jerry Stanton stood beneath the sign, having moments before reached this spot in a sprint that had carried him from his pursuers. With no hope of a prolonged escape, he dodged ~~[illegible]~~ under the sign, through a glass door.

Too tired to continue.

4/13/82 All: Storytime... Once there was a cube-shaped world, it was the world of the Gomers. Their lives were simple, because the Gomers were a simple people. In fact they were rather stupid (i.e. dumb, foolish, non compis mentis, but enough). One day the scientists discovered that their world was soon to be destroyed by a large passing planetoid. The was complete panic amongst the complete population of the Gomers. But the most brilliant scientist on the planet had a brilliant (for a Gomer) idea. They would escape from their doomed planet. Most of the remaining funds in the Gomer's Treasury were spent and most of the population was employed (many for the first time in their lives) to build the escaping device. Three months later it was ready, and just in time too, because the planetoid would destroy the cubic world within a day and a half. The leader of the Gomers called strangely enough "The leader of the Gomers" talked to the Chief

I Think, Therefore, I SAM (Thanks, Hugh)

Gomer Scientist about the project:
Is it ready yet?
Yes!
Good!
End conversation.
The next day the planetoid loomed large in the Gomer sky.
The populace was heading for the escape device and taking their position. The device was miles long and more than large enough to carry the complete Gomer population. When all were aboard the Gomers began to stick one leg out of the ship. They were lined up two-by-two and one leg on each side made contact with the ground. The underside of the craft was lined with roller skate wheels. Slowly the craft began to move forward and the velocity increased. Faster and faster the Gomers pushed the craft. Soon they were going at a blinding speed (about 30 mi/hr). If the Gomers had been on a round world they would have gone around in circles, but being on a cube world they reached an apex on the cube and flewoff into space. Soon they had traveled very far away and the planet was deserted except for one Gomer, named Gomar who had overslept. The planetoid loomed large in the sky, but missed and Gomer was sorely relieved. Then he discovered he was alone, the rest had left leaving a trench the length of one cubic side of the planet. He had to find them, Gomer began to ponder what to

said I was too. His hotel was The Grand, he told me and I said mine was The Continentale. We compared cameras, had a delicious lunch, made some small talk and were back in the bus again in an hour and a half. There was one more short stop, at Arezzo, before going on to Florence, where we arrived at a little before five o'clock.

One by one passengers were let off at their hotels; my friend Peter Fox, with a nod and a smile to me, left us at the Grand in the Piazza Ognissanti, quite a few people got out on the Lungarno Acciaioli, in front of the Berchielli. I was the next to leave, along with two others. The Hotel Continentale was very pleasant looking, situated at the foot of the Ponte Vecchio.

Yet again I would see Michelangelo walking along the embankment below, perhaps arm in arm with the young da Vinci.

Hunger pangs brought me back to the present. I leafed through my guidebook; one of the recommended restaurants was the Buca Lapi, in the Via del Trebbio. It was not a long walk: Florence was a smallish city and I had been given a very good map by the hotel. I had a good dry martini on the rocks and was studying the menu when I happened to look up. One "happens to look up" because, I have always thought, of certain vibrations, and when my gaze traveled across the room I saw him, Peter Fox. He was not alone now, but with someone else, a middle-aged

do...

COMING NEXT

"GOMER(S) COME(S) TO EARTH!"

Jam. Ja-aam! You is a silly, sick mouse with a sick, silly Idea. I'll wait for the continuation!

They should make this book into a movie, only I wouldn't want to be the continuity. Maybe they could call it "Bambi meets Th LogBook."

In kase you didn't know, I'm the last living Krell. My planet died out when we all turned into squares & couldn't fit through the doors anymore.

I'm not experienced at writing in this logbook (or any other logbook), so I wont finish the sentence...

I think I like High School better than this fucked up place, even though we Krell are superintelligennt.

I will now begin to write a story....

It all started when I got on the ship.

To be continued in my next entry.

I just figured I would make this like a normal (or what I guess is normal) logentry, but I haven't really read this thing, onlee looked through it quickly. I will end the entry.

-Derek Hey man, the un-President, and real ruler of the country, and soon the world. If you want to be on my un-Staff, see someone who can tell you how.

IT'S 8 P.M. DID YOU MAKE YOUR

4-12-82 CONTRIBUTION TO ENTROPY TODAY?

4/13 Yeah, I'm going to make my weekly entry.

Kurt Practice is ~~[illegible] afternoon at 2:00pm E.S.T.~~ Cancelled

Summer ~~Please print your name below, if you're going to come. [No remarks, please!] I'll call the people whose numbers I have & who usually play & who aren't listed, so unless you want me to call you [AAGHHH!], sign up.~~

~~1) Kurt~~
~~2) GARY~~
~~3) Tom~~
~~4) Jack~~
5)
6)
7)
8)
9)
10)
11)
12)
13)
14)
15)

CANCELLED due to lack of interest

Comments:

4-13-82

Dave,

Brett Silverstein - Good?

Meryl

Hugh

Anthony something very important came up & it slipped my mind

Meryl

George,

everything's OK.. Meryl

4-13-82

Slimey - Scratch last energy - buckets have been filled - TALK to you tomorrow, Mousie

Pope - Tenks a Houle Bunch!

P.S. - Margaret - I'll eventually, once I claim my watch that I thought fully belongs with you

"Roy's Little Dance"

HELP! I NEED ADVICE. WHO SHOULD I TAKE FOR CALC III - LINEAR ALGEBRA?

CHOICES ARE MARROWED DOWN TO:

STRASSER

MASKIT

AND

SPENCER

YOUR INPUT IS APPRECIATED

THANKS

UNCLE BOT

Tuesday
Night time

History of the Universe, continued.

Then I was born. And still, no one could explain.

So the question was left untouched, since no one could answer; several guessed: 6 ("42"), but none could say for sure.

When I was five, I wanted to be a fireman. Later, I realised that it was a stupid idea.

When I was ten, I was captured by aliens who took me to another planet. They taught me many things which I was too young to understand and which I have now mostly forgotten. Later, I realised I should have listened.

When I was fifteen, I lost my virginity. I thought that was great. I wanted to have sex forever. Later I realized that it is a waste of time.

When I was twenty - oh, I'm not twenty for another four months.

To be continued

#41

Ok

April 14 Word of the day: **Qiviut**: the wool of a musk-ox.

This will be my last entry for some time, as I'll not be in the Forum until after next week. My parents are going to Florida for a friend's wedding & I must go home immediately after classes (business reasons). Thus, I'll not be available for my shift or the meeting. (As far as the movie thing goes, proxy me against praying for non-H G Wells movies).

Till then, FUZZY SCIENTIST OUT.

Teddybear

THE K HAS READ TO HERE! ←

THE LEADER OF THE GOMERS WAS TALKING TO THE CHIEF SCIENTIST. HE ASKED "DID WE LEAVE ANYONE BE HIND?" THE CHIEF SCIENTIST REPLYED "YES BUT A COURT JESTER DOSENT MATTER, BESIDES YOU KNOW, GOMOR THE MERRIER." LATER, ON ANOTHER PART OF THE ESCAPE DEVICE, THE CHIEF SCIENTIST WAS WATCHING SOME NEW SIGNALS HE WAS RECIVING FROM EARTH AND GIVING INTERPITATIONS TO HIS ASSISTANT EMSEE. THEN A CITIZEN CAME IN ASKING WHERE THE NUCLEAR REACTOR WAS ON BOARD SHIP. THE CHIEF SCIENTIST REPLYED AS HE TURNED OFF THE T.V. PICTURE OF JIM NABORS "GOMER'S PILE? YOU ASK EMSEE!"

COURTESY OF
JEFF

THERE WILL BE NO APOLOGIES FOR THIS ENTRY!
THE K HAS READ TO TO HERE! ←

V

FROM UNCLE BOT –

TOMORROW AT AROUND 9 P.M., MY SUITE IS HAVING THE ANNUAL KELLY B222 PADDED CELL PARTY!

BEER – 3½ KEGS OF MICH!

AND MORE! TOMORROW! BE THERE OR B^2

P.S. WHY ARE HUMAN SO STUPID?

Oh, and I spat vehemently upon that slab of cards; the Tarot deck. And the spittle sizzled and smoked upon those Providence indicators, causing me a shiver of terror. The man behind me smiled, and stroked me softly with his words:

Don't be afraid,
You are better than
Those cards.

He touched me lightly upon the shoulder, and I too smiled. Then I picked up the cards and flung a kinder, sending a thousand fates into the wind. Let those who seek me come.

Uncle BOT: WHY?

Because were Human!

K'LISA

room, very voluble, and I couldn't hear anything else for their loud talk and laughter. While I was still feasting on my entree, a delicious steak Fiorentin, a local specialty, the two men, having already finished their meal, rose and left. For a moment, as Peter's eyes traveled incuriously around the room, I thought he had seen me, but obviously he had not. He threw down some lira for the waiter and soon vanished through the arched doorway.

I thought it rather a coincidence that we had chanced to take dinner at the same place and then tired, sated and ready for bed, I went back, through the charmingly lit Florentine streets, to my hotel. It took no effort to fall asleep; it had been a long day

it was one of the loveliest things about Italy, the bells eternally signaling the passing of time: it gave me an almost sensual pleasure.

I ate my breakfast with appetite. I was alone, without protection or any face I knew, but it didn't throw me; I felt, instead, a sense of high adventure. I was, in fact, feeling my oats and, making my preparations for the day, looked interestedly at myself in the mirror over the washstand, told myself I was a fairly striking-looking gal, and brushed my hair briskly. When I went down to the lobby, armed with lira-stuffed wallet, traveler's checks and camera, I greeted the desk clerk jauntily.

"Buon giorno, come sta?"

Sort of sleeping

They were a pair of mismatched spies, tossed together by cosmic forces beyond their manipulations.

Ben Dover - Tough, Terran - a "real man."

Grea Sup - Rough - Galactican - another "real man".

You know when these two are together, it's "real man need real men" all the way. Watch Ben Dover and Grea Sup in action together.

CLIFF + GARY - YOU FUCKED UP BAD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO STRAIGHTEN IT OUT? (IF ANYTHING?)

UNCLE BOT

Joe Brenner
4/15/82 - TH

Cliff -
Sorry I missed you last meeting - - -
Where are you located this semester, maybe I'll drop by - - -
- JB

"Kup"
(4/15/82)

Hello! Hello! Yes this is my first entry in this logbook. What's new? Nothing! Who cares? No one. Word for the day is picked by Uncle Bot and it is (drum roll!!) -- Slirhiggly.

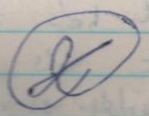
Uncle Bot has just left and naturally, I'm alone again. But, no one cares so why bother writing it.

4/15/82
Little After 9

"Kup"
(4/15/82)

Clusters shine on withered brows,
A time unending starts.
Freedom seeks a chance to grow,
As do all withered hearts.

The mountains they shine like fire,
To bring form to the corporeal spirit.
Yet all those who wander not tire,
Until the time comes to hear it.



#4

~~Bill~~ Speaking of jokes,
When was the last time
the Forum put out
a literary supplement (and think no joke)

DAVE

ALL:
We have hypocrites in the world;
Also folks have a spectrum point
on the subject.

DAVE

4/16/82
Early in the Morning
Slime

Here we go, with another folksong, this one about Jeff (The Sleeze) Warner. It's effectively untitled (since I can't think of one), but it's to the tune of Tom Lehrer's "Wehrner von Braun"

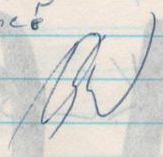
Gather 'round while I sing you of Warner the Clown
Who makes no apology for liking geology
Call him a rockhead, he won't even frown
"Rochead, schmockhead" says Warner the clown

Don't say that he's too specific
Say rather that he's neolithic
"Once the fossils come up, who cares where they date down?"
"That's none of my business!" says Warner the Clown

Some think his IQ is totally down
But his real inanity is due to insanity
Like the neos & Froshen in Stony Brook town
Who owe their large head-ache's ~~with~~ to Warner the clown

You too may be a big hero
When your IQ drops downward to zero
"In granite & schist I can stratify down."
"And I'm learning Formica!" Says warner the clown

Comments anyone?



its Gniess! warner the clown.,
Crack! Taken for Granite! JAM

4/16/82

Meryl, guess what I was here and you weren't.
I missed you again. Last night was interesting. If you need people for the next practical I'll be there if I'm home. When you get the chance give me a call - make sure you have many hours with nothing better to do. I think I'm confused. I also think your pushing your luck but we'll talk about that some other time.

Squeaky

Margaret, Hi! Ive got Roy's Tarot cards - "Roy's little JANET"
Pope, If you ever get lonely and feel like "fooling around" give me a call. I Promise I won't tell if you don't tell.

JANET

OH Meryl, I almost forget - there are some "Curious" people around the forum these days.

Squeaky

Bap, Sorry I took your squire home so early but he'll be back tomorrow night.

ATTENTION

SLIME! And now for a much harder challenge can you write a full about me. The one about JEFF was excellent.

JAM! your story is good. What happened to the peoples legs as they got out of the atmosphere.

KLISA

Wasted Space

by Kyle Stess

July #7

(I usurp that number)

Attention
All
Planets of
the
Federation!
Attention
All

Attention
All
planets of
the
Federation!
Attention
All

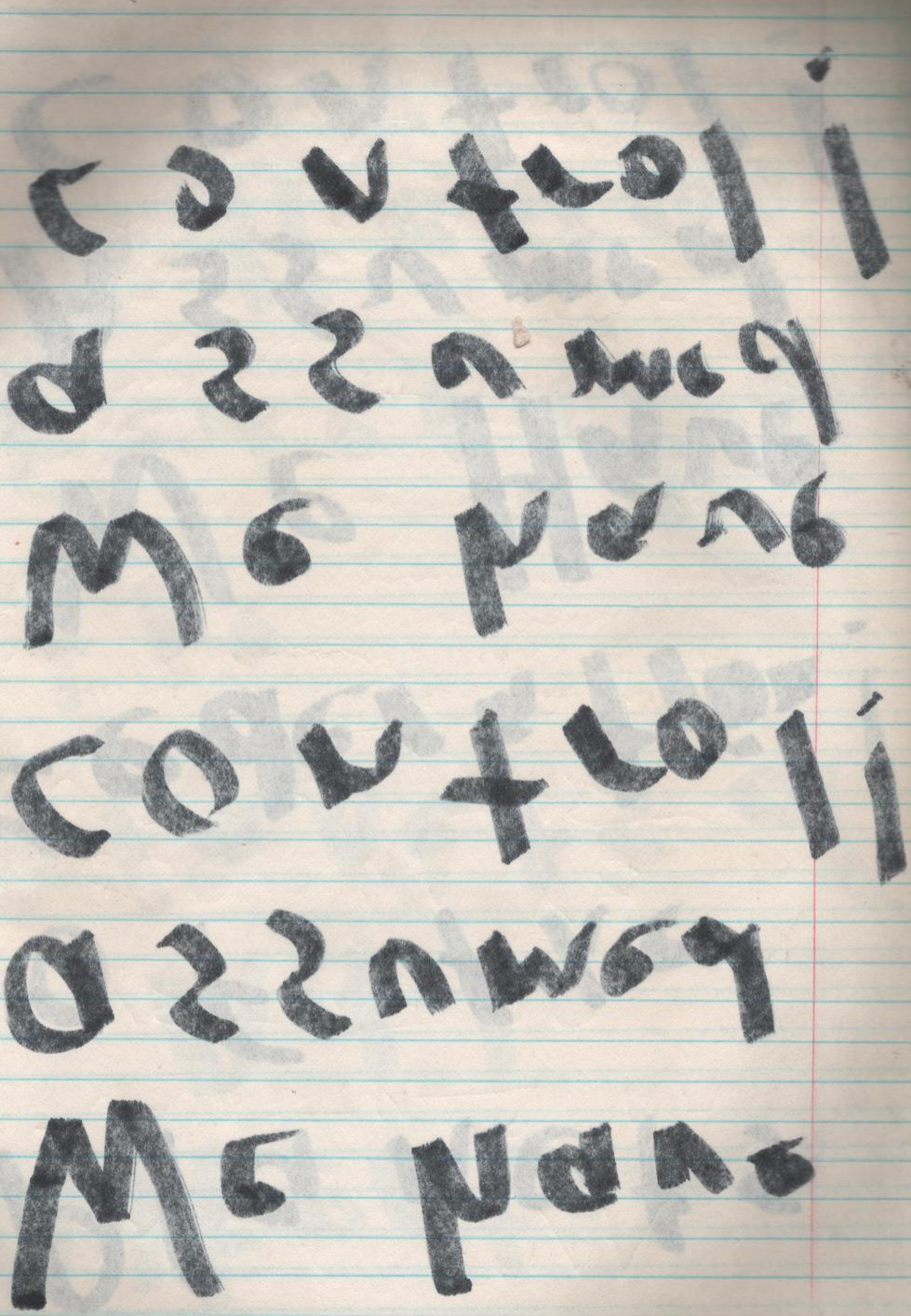
Planets
OF the
Federation!
We Have
Assumed
Control!

Planets
of the
Federation!
We Have
Assumed
Control!

We have
assumed
control!
We have
assumed
control!

#4.

#15



Late Saturday

Sline: Time for another bad filk song. Tune of the temperance union song

We're coming, wese coming, our odd little band
In the basement of Hedrix we do make our stand
We do not like mundanes because they do think
And having to work with your brain sure does stink

Chorus: Hooray horay for the SFF, SFF, SFF
Hooray hooray for the SFF
Thats the song of the stony brook fandom.

We will not eat Lackmann 'cause Lackmann eats back
And no-one can live thru a big Mac attack
Oh can you concieve a more sickening scene
Than biting a hamburger colored bright green

Chorus

I may add more, but feel free to add your own veses. (Are you listening Margaret)

Take it easy and have a nice day.

DSh

AND NOW AN INFREQUENT LOG ENTRY BY AN OLD TRAVELING FORUMITE

4-17-82
DOKTOR
(JOE HALL)
409 S. 43RD St
Phila Pa 19104
(215) 387-8923

Hello, this is one of my unusual visits to the Forum which hopefully will increase in frequency this comming new year Sept

Margaret - Hello! with Love
Shines - You didnt seen that tired
Lisa - Good Luck with the Exams.
Bab - You look better Good luck in the Benny Hill Branch of the Army
Jeff - Is Spock going ~~to~~ be ST III
JAMMY - Comming to Disclave. IOU a letter! (ST III)
MERYL - You really Didnt miss anything at Balti
~~Fred - Welcome Back~~ I love Babbling Brooke
TO EVERYONE + ALL - GOOD LUCK WITH Exams, LIFE AND LOVE TAKE CARE DROP ME A LINE JOE HALL DOKTOR
SEE YOU AT DISCLAVE, Summercon(?), CHICON, CUNA...

04-64-1472

"Kup"

And now for a microdot entry. →↓←↑

OK, another log entry attending my "artistic underpinning".

→ Point #1: Art is process. None of the art works" that I (and Z.P.D.) have done down here are "finished." They are all in a continual process of being created and then changed into a new work. Art is not static.

→ Point #2: Art is not permanent. Nor do we expect it to last forever. They are only temporary things, to be consumed (eat) and then forgotten. Sandcastles washed away by the first wave.

→ Point #3: The medium is the message. The process alone creates meaning. It is like the (image) that should be engraved on the artist's tombstone. It should read "I made this work."

→ Point #4: [illegible]

Point I (Victor Hugo)

(unclear)

4/14/82
JAN
ON THE
LAM

Well You Anxious Folkies Here It IS
PART II of "Go, Go, Gomers"
"Gomer(s) Come(s) To Earth"
4/13/82

Synopsis: Last time we saw the near destruction of the planet Gomer a cube-shaped world in a nearby system. We also saw the escape of the witless population (see story). The escape that is of all except one Gomer named, strangely enough, Gomer (see story). Now the Epic continues...

Gomer walked up and down the length of the world trying to figure what became of all the rest of the population. Finally Gomer found the answer when walking along he wound up in a rather large trench and a sheet of paper was stuck to his face. The paper described the method, day, and time of escape. From this Gomer surmised that he was alone on the planet, and the trench was the path the escape vehicle took (This surmise was no small feat for a Gomer to make). Gomer realized that he would have to locate his fellow Gomers to let them know that the planetoid had missed their home-world so they need not have gone in the first place. Seeing that the method on how to escape the planet was written before him Gomer decided to chase his race through space. (Gomer then proceeded to hum a tune, then he wrote a song)

I'll chase my race through space
Travel to almost any place
I'll find where the Gomers have gone
And bring them home (Ugh!) Anon!

(Gomers could not sing any better than they could work out a problem)

Soon (within a month) Homer was ready to test his device. It was a somewhat smaller version of the craft used by his fellows to escape the planet. Homer tried out the device and after several minor repairs (due to washing into trees) Homer was ready. Homer pushed the escape device into the trench then clambered in after it. Slowly at first, then faster and faster Homer pushed his feet along the hardened trench speeding faster. There was a slight blurring along the edges of Homer's vision. Homer was space borne. Homer spun through space for what seemed like a timeless period (Homer couldn't tell time). Suddenly, Homer found himself spinning towards a large red planet, but he missed. There beneath him now lay a small blue and green planet with a satellite spinning around it. The planet loomed larger and larger before Homer.

"Here" said Homer "I hope I land on the green stuff it looks so soft." Homer veered towards the rocky surface of Earth hurtling at many miles an hour. The planet's surface loomed closer and Homer smiled beatifically...

COMING NEXT

PART III

HOMER(S) AT STONY BROOK

"Kup"

and now a new filksong sung to the tune of
"When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again"

The Corps of Space Marines

The young man has just finished school. Hurrah! Hurrah!
But soon he'll be a government tool. Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll put him up in a combat suit,
And then he'll be a new recruit,
And we'll all be joining. The Corps of Space Marines.

He'll kick some ass on Zalos IV. Hurrah! Hurrah!
And when he's done he'll scream for more. Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll send him out to fight again,
Because his service is fine to lose ten.
And we'll all be ~~[illegible]~~ fighting. The Corps of Space Marines

Boy, are we in trouble now. Hurrah! Hurrah!
The Space Armada is coming now. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Guess where they are heading for.
They're right here knocking at our backdoor,
And we'll all be dying. The Corps of Space Marines

All: Greetings to one and all from "Kup"

~~[illegible]~~: Very good! But I don't think the Gomer's will like this alien environment

20 April
Meryl

Time for an unusual entry from Meryl - about Science Fiction

Good books - Zelazny's Guns of Navarone
Amber series
(End Sci Fi entry)

p/ Cliff: where is your receipt? Beg, beg, whimper.
also please see Ralph about the $25 credit.

ONE BOOK IS DONATED.

Fred: Mail Call

1) from Steve:

28 May 1982

Fred - (and the Forum in general)

This is the first chance I've had to write so I'll try to make it complete, though brief.

"Pay day" arrived and things started to shape up fast. There are eleven nukes in my company of 81 men (currently), most of whom acquired a recruit petty officer position. Hell, us nukies are qualified (over-qualified) for damn near anything we want. Unfortunately, we are also almost too smart for our own good. Tell Bap to play a little dumb when he gets to RTC.

The days are full, and the work is really not too strenuous, just tiring. It feels like I've been here a month already. Bap - get a lot of walking done and just plain standing; toughen up your feet.

An almost total news blackout here has prevented me from hearing anything about STS-3. Please send information (preferably chronological, but NO clips. News clips are unauthorized gear.

My address is:

S. R. Kingsley 456022165
Co 057 RTC 12th Div
Great Lakes, Ill 60088

Until later,
Steve Kingsley

2) Another letter from Steve

Easter Sunday

Hi Gang -

As training goes on, things tend to get easier - to a small extent. The main thing is to keep your ears open, follow instructions and you'll do all right. This procedure kept me out of "push-up time" and gave me a few hours of liberty Friday. Although staying clean shaven, for personnel inspections, is a bitch. I've gotta shave 2-3 times a day.

The really bitchy thing about boot camp is the limited amout of time to do anything. 20 men on 5 shitters in 2 minutes. Not enough time to take a shit. That means trouble if you've got the trots or are constipated (75% of the company suffers from one of the two conditions.)

There is a lot of interesting <u>shit</u> to learn here (film at 11).

Any address for Roy yet?

I have my hopes, and my doubts, that I will still be in the area for Chicon IV (Worldcon), in any case I haven't heard from anybody yet, and am still waiting for your letters. My address remains the same until May 14, so keep those card and letters coming. News of the outside world is sparce, so please let me know what's going on out there. Gaming, science and local news primarily (include sci-fi & cons [Chicago local] news also).

I'm sorry I don't have the time still to write a bunch of individualized letters yet, but I send my love and regards to all. Friend!

Steve

P.S. Picture taken on Friday's liberty. Recruit P.O. 2 collar device, damage control. Nukes get alot of recruit petty officer slots. Rank has it's priviledges.

(editor's note: the photo above is a xerox of the photo Steve sent. The original is in the photo album.)

20-APR-82; 8:00 p.m.

Meryl: I was waiting for you last night with the receipt. Also, Zelazny's book is called The Guns of Avalon, not Navarone.

Cliff

2/19/82
or
(4/20/82)
9:01PM
GAR 7

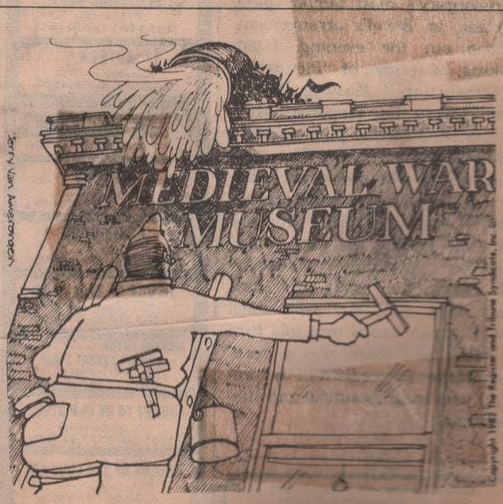
The Far Side

The Far Side

Guindon

August, 1892: J. A. Poppe, traveling from Holstein, Germany, arrives on our shores with five carp, the first to be introduced to America.

The Neighborhood

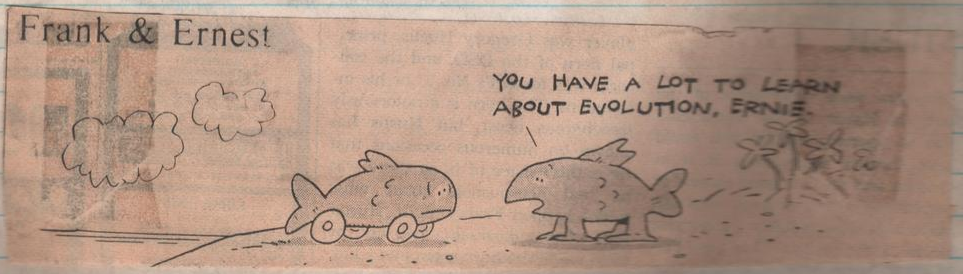


TANK McNAMARA

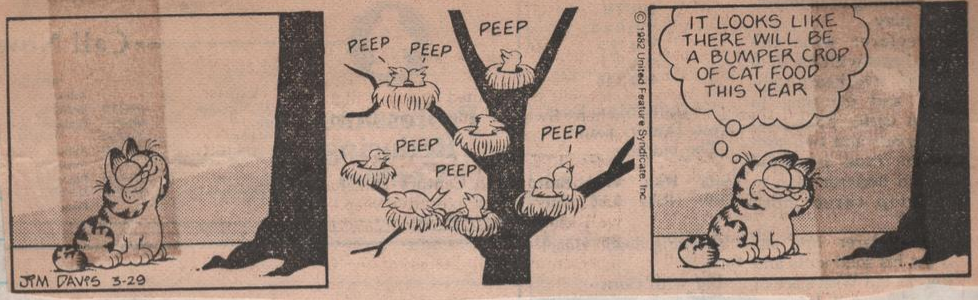
TANK McNAMARA

TANK McNAMARA

Frank & Ernest



Garfield



Miles To Go

The Far Side

Name & description	Owner	Location	Date	*Reward
FOUND: Four 4½-5-in. green packers—one new, three used.		Midland Co.	between 1-1 and 1-15-82	
FOUND: 70 joints of 2⅜-in. upset tubing on a trailer.		Montague Co.	12-1-81	
One set 2-in. BJ tubing elevators, painted red; one set BJ air slips, painted orange. Value—$3,400. One 2-lb shop hammer, one 8-in. and one 10-in. crescent wrench, one 18-in. pipe wrench.	United Energex, Inc. Cisco, Texas	Callahan Co.	11-26 or 11-27-81	
One spider & two sets of shallow well Mission slips—2⅜-in. & 2⅞-in. ¾-in. & ⅝-in. rod elevators; ¾-in. & ⅝-in. rod wrenches; set of 2⅜-in. tubing, elevators, large house jack; assorted handtools.	Derral K. Fullerton Loving, Texas	Archer Co.	12-2 or 12-3-81	$ 500
4½-in. Baash-Ross drillpipe slips; 6¼-in. Baash-Ross drillcollar slips; assorted handtools; 8⅝-in. shop-made elevators with initials of company welded on the side. Value—$2,500-$3,000.	Praise the Lord Drilling Co., Graham, Texas	Throckmorton Co. N. Co	12-8-81	$ 500
One FP52 Reed drillbit, Serial no. 169725. Value—$3,200.	Junior Haney Equipment Bowie, Texas	Wise Co.	12-7-81	$2,400
300 ft of 2-in. flow line pipe, 11-thread. Value—$1.00 per ft.	Whisnand Enterprises, Iowa Park, Texas	Wichita Co.	12-3-81	
One set of Guiberson 2⅞-in. air slips with 2⅜-in. segments. Value—$3,000.	Thompson Petroleum, Ozona, Texas	Crockett Co.	12-20 or 12-21-81	
160 bbl of crude oil.	Jones Co., Albany, Texas	Shackelford Co.	12-28-81	$2,500
24 bbl of distillate.	Trio Operating Co., Inc. Wichita Falls	Wise Co.	12-29-81	$ 700

Kiss and tell: The mugging of the mayor

JOHN ANDERS

It could only happen in America.

And only on Cedar Springs, where, during a bus tour of the Dallas housing projects last July, **Mayor Jack Evans** was rolled by a hooker in broad daylight and in full view of city council members and the press.

The woman, who called herself "Chocolate Stone," relieved Hizzoner of $300 attached to a money clip carried in his front pants pocket. If you're wondering why this item took so long to surface, be assured that it was considered most embarrassing to the mayor's office — even though Evans is innocent of any wrongdoing. After discovering the theft, Evans made a discreet inquiry to the Dallas Police Department, hoping to recover the moneyclip at least, but no official report was ever made of the incident.

Here's what happened.

In the first days after taking office, Evans and a dozen or so members of the media and city council members took a bus tour sponsored by the Dallas Housing Authority. The bus was flagged down in an alleyway on Cedar Springs by a woman wearing velvet hot pants, who apparently thought the vehicle was a municipal bus. Told that she was in the company of the new mayor, the woman introduced herself as "Chocolate Stone" and began executing bumps and grinds in front of the mayor, hugging him occasionally as he stood red-faced on the bus.

In the frenetic process she deftly managed to remove Evans' moneyclip without the mayor noticing the loss.

Moments later she left the bus, after blowing Hizzoner a kiss and saying, "We need to spend some time together."

In the stunned silence that followed, Evans quipped: "There was nothing like this on the police tour."

You said it, your honor.

Classified

Notice:
EOS classified advertising rates effective March 16, 1982.
Rates per line

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additional insertions $1.50

POSITIONS AVAILABLE SERVICES, SUPPLIES, COURSES, AND ANNOUNCEMENTS
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For further information or to place an ad call toll free **800-424-2488** or **462-6903** in the Washington D.C. area.

POSITIONS WANTED

Philosopher-King. Planetary scientist and geochemist seek hereditary positions of power and influence. Duties should include dispensation of favors, administration of justice, sufferance of fools, protection of the arts, natural philosophy and physik, rumination on the nature of reality, propitiation of relevant deities, and care of the strategic stockpile of ether, phlogiston, caloric and orgone. The candidates offer tested skill in aristotelian logic, socratic dialogues and platonic relationships. Salary and starting date negotiable. Contact W. B. McKinnon or J. H. Jones, Lunar and Planetary Laboratory, University of Arizona, Tucson, AZ 85721.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

Research Scientist II. Assist in developing observational and computer programs for COMPTEL on GRO Satellite· analyze data during calibrations of COMPTEL Model; Collaborate with scientists to optimize computer programs to locate gamma-ray sources. Qualifications Required: Ph.D in physics/astrophysics plus three years experience in gamma-ray astronomy; detailed knowledge of gamma-ray instruments. Salary range: $19,160–$29,760. Forward resume by May 15, 1982 to Dr. John Lockwood, Professor of Physics, Demeritt Hall, University of New Hampshire, Durham, New Hampshire, 03824. Position is funded by externally generated grant/contract funds.
AA/EEO.

4/20/1982
Note:
The preceding were donations by one RICHARD Z, the illustrious Texan brother of guess who:

(The last ~~two~~ three articles are from various Dallas periodicals.)

LET THE RECORD SHOW THAT AT 12:30 AM 4/21/82 MERYL WENIG CHICKENED OUT ON HER AGREEMENT TO PUT ON A PUBLIC EXHIBITION FOR THE FORUM!

UNDER BOT

Darryl Jon Zawner, ☒, Entry: almost 6AM, Wednesday morning, 4/21/82

We all are here in a forum - a compilation of people, I see, bent on influencing each other. We spread tales, twist fact, make public what's intended to be private, exploit, and try to hurt each other.

With out provocation (other than losing a chess game) Stephen Kingsley attacked me. I defended. I was told I was in the right, yet some people cringed at my method of defense.

Howard Z. W. Bit me. I scared the shit out of him and he left me. I was told by general consensus that he was wrong for what he did, and I was in the right - yet people began to toss a reputation upon me. I had forged individuality.

I had troubles. I was a beginner with many things and I suffered much pain - to people's enjoyment or apathy.

I gleaned out some friendly acquaintances and a friend who betrayed me. I broke a piece of stolen furniture outside and was prosecuted, pent up on a crucifix of science fiction books.

I had problems, yet somehow I pulled through.

I gave him the number of Predelli and [illegible] and, after speaking to a receptionist, explaining who I was, I was switched to one of the lawyers.

It was Signore Predelli and, in moderately-accented English he said warmly, "Hello, how are you? Your letter reached us last week, saying that you would be in Florence and would like to stop in. By all means, signorina. We would be charmed. Where are you staying?"

"At the Continentale."

"We are very nearby. Our office is located, as you know, on the Via Tornabuoni, just across the street from Cook's. Take the lift up to the third floor; you will see our name on the door. Can I expect you this morning?"

time. I am glad that I was not called out on business, for you are very pretty, and Italian men like pretty girls."

He leaned forward. "So you want to know about your aunt."

"Well, I'm naturally curious. I didn't even know of her existence until this happened. Apparently she lived most of her life in Italy."

"She was an interesting woman. Yes, Italy was her home, she became *very* Italian. A brilliant woman, a fine conversationalist. I miss her very much."

"Why do you suppose she left me money?"

"She probably was sorry not to have any children of her own. Sometimes, in these old families, the blood

Classified

Some how Hurt tries to claw my face but I now smile.

I have erred in the past and am destined to err in the future. I take pride in not making the same mistake twice. I started out dumb, but have learned very quickly. I sucked every ounce from the stimulus labeled experience.

I have changed. Cooled down in many ways, altered some beliefs. I matured. Wow, that is really a mature thing to say. Well, sans growth we all will eventually stagnate and die.

I just wanted to mention that I have grown again this day. It will get around, the specs, but not from me in this log. My soliloquies shall be word of mouth to several friends acquaintences.

Cliff - see me.

Perhaps, I'm certain, this will be another entry to just slip over as a non sequitor. But I think there's more here coming from me. I have never really been helpful, but sometimes hindersome to this place. I have looked truth in the eye and have not died. If you feel akin to me truth. I don't dislike many of you (I hate even less). I have changed — though my reputation still lives.

I will leave you with a cheery thought: Romanticism Is Dead. The people who yet follow its mythical teachings are dead to. I am dead. There is cheer in there. I'm sooooooo proud to be dead, for what more can I suffer?

Z

20-APR-82; 12:04 p.m.

Well Darryl, I also would like to see you. I have some questions.

Cliff

4/22 2:53pm. Dave - are you going to be in tonite so I can use your guitar and amp.? Please let me know ASAP!

Margret, & Nancy, & Fred - Here at 7:30 for dinner.

Meryl

4:10 pm 4/22/82 written at SFF Hendrix dorm Roth Quad, SUNY at Stony brook, Stonybrook, Long Island, New York, U.S.A., North America, NW Quadsphere, Earth, System # 231520-7H, Arm H4 of Milky way Galaxy, Etc., Etc.,

All: Hi.

#4.

4/22 4:11 PM

WHY ARE HUMANS SO STUPID?

UNCLE BIT

George

If paths are trod on too much they become compacted. When that happens they become muddy. This is common in N.H. & VT. IN LOW ENV. IMPACT CAMPING, the trails are switched around periodically to avoid this. It's not a problem around here, as appears. Incidentally, I noticed the trees had white paint dabbed on them on the trails. The public safety crew must have been at work.

Alan

Margaret: Some else can shop CE today.

Alan

Down, curr; how long have you had
your eyes on her?
Wormtongue & Gandalf

L of the Rings
Eowyn

How does somebody get over something he never had with someone who wasn't worth worrying about in the first place?

LIFE IS FUNNY AT TIMES.

22-APR-82; 9:34 p.m.
all: What's brown and sounds like a bell?
Darryl: Have you been around?
Cliff

2/21/82 or 4/22/82 ~~[illegible]~~ (initial cross out)

10:45PM ELOI, ELOI LAMA SABACTHANI
GAR7 (THEN AGAIN MAYBE NOT)

-A REQUEST FROM YOUR HUMBLE ACTIVITIES COORDINATOR-
WILL FOLKS PLEASE SIGN UP IF THEY CAN SPEND
SOME TIME NEXT WEEKEND AT OUR ACTIVITIES TABLE
AT SPRINGFEST - YOU WILL BE OUTSIDE, IN THE SUN, NEXT
TO THE TENNIS COURTS AND IMMEDIATELY ADJACENT
TO THE FOOD AND THE BEER WAGON -
WITHIN EARSHOT OF THE BANDS - NOT A BAD DEAL
AND YOU CAN CLAIM YOU VOLUNTEERED FOR SOMETHING
AND SERVE IN THE NOBLE MINIONS OF SCIENCE
FICTIONS AS WELL. - SO PLEASE, PLEASE
SIGN BELOW! (Next Page actually)

SUE NEED PEOPLE,
12-6PM FRIDAY, APRIL 30th
12-6PM SAT, MAY 1st. ← Fever!

Sign Up For Springfest

NAME	TIME
1) GARY T	3-6 PM FRIDAY 12-6 PM SAT (WITH BREAKS)
2) John Cop	PM 5-6 - SAT 12-6 --
3)	
4)	
5)	
6)	
7)	
8)	
9)	
10)	

etc

ALSO, ANYONE INTERESTED IN PLAYING A LITTLE SOFTBALL ON SUNDAY SIGN UP Below, or just come to the Forum at one p.m.

Peace - GART

Who wasn't worth worrying about?
What can he/you/they do about it? Perhaps you misunderstand.

OUT OF DOUBT, OUT OF DARK, TO
THE DAYS RISING
HE RODE SINGING INTO THE SUN,
SWORD UNSHEATHING.
HOPE HE REKINDLED, AND IN HOPE ENDED;
OVER DEATH, OVER DREAD, OVER DOOM
LIFTED
OUT OF LOSS, OUT OF LIFE, UNTO
LONG GLORY.

RoK

IRRELEVENT (IRREVERENT?) VERSE

April 22 Jeff & Lisa - that made it down to where
Were you?
Lisa - Would you believe it? They only broadcast
the first hour! But I do have it
Margaret - got it. The Flying Sorceress will be here for
Monday. Also, when next time find
nasty letter? (perhaps ask Rusthorst?)

WORD OF THE DAY - ZAX = a tool for cutting tile

Have a nice weekend, all. See ye Monday...

Teddybear

(OVER)

IT'S 12:30 AM. HAVE YOU MADE YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO ENTROPY TODAY?

4/23/82

Nerves licked and kissed into pleasure so many times that they dulled. With so many, yet so alone. Death could not even do more to seperate this.

24-Apr-82; 3:15 p.m.

Darryl: It has been you, hasn't it. Know that if there is one more letter or phone call, there will be problems. And if anything should happen to me... well, precautions have been taken. Other action has not been taken because it could probably get you into a lot of trouble, and I would like to avoid such situations; besides, I would like to think that we were once close friends, and for that reason if nothing else I will do nothing yet. But leave me alone; I don't like being threatened. I suppose I would like to know why me? I don't know, but with your odd ways of dealing with people, testing them, intimidating them — who could know?

And what was your second to last entry about, the one with my name somewhere in it.

Cliff

— inserted entry — Well Cliff, I'm pissed — very pissed. I had thought that you wouldn't have been duped, that you heard what I said. Since you moved, I don't even have your telephone Number. I would like to see these notes that "I" have been writing. I wanted to "see" you about some thing that happened in the forum that night. You have insted me

SCIENCE FICTION FORUM

Reactivation
ing 245-275°

CORP. Los Angeles, Calif.
"This material is not edible and is
of the bait or other poisoned

PT. ACTIVATED,
USE AND STORAGE

TREL CORP. Los Ang
EDIBLE "This material is
of the

April 24, 1982 18:05

Teddy Bear: Your actions in this situation have been noted. Beware! Nothing you do goes without scruting.

Botwin: Everyone knows, Botwin. I told them all. You can't hide it any longer.

Sarah: Do you dye your hair? I didn't think so. (Not now, anyways. Didn't you used to be blonde?)

Mark: Why did you come barging into my room at 10 AM with 2 mattresses? This is NOT very funny!

Darryl: Romanticism is dead. You are dead. Dead, dead, dead. Sans growth we all eventually stagnate and die.

Later. M.

Well, its later. to continue:

Gary: This is not appreciated. We all want to watch "Star Trek." Some people just have NO consideration.

Tom: Its all a matter of equipment, Tom. You can't do anything without the proper hardware.

Jeff + Lisa: Ha Ha, Jeff! I see you reading this out loud to Lisa! Don't think I don't know!

Zod: Ha, You aren't here to defend yourself against nasty, snotty log entries! So: Your hair is too short. Ha. (In "blue"? watch it!)

George: The "coconuts" are in place. If you find the "grapefruit", everything will follow Plan A. If not, proceed to the "monkeyhouse".

Kurt: "Soft ball" indeed. We know how your mind works. First you get everyone on a "team", and then you hypnotise them to form your own private army! And them not suspecting a thing. I congratulate your ingenuity, but I WILL NOT PLAY SOFT BALL!

4Y

4/24/82
DW To All: Farmingdale SUCKS MOOSE COCK!
I HATE FARMINGDALE
ALL SMURFS MUST DIE!

Slime

Pope? Ha CAUGHT you reading THE Log Book AGAIN! ALSO IT IS A DIFFRENT SARAH WHO IS BLOND WHILE SARA IS BRUNETTE.

ALL I AM NOT A Telephone Directory.

I PROTEST THIS ABOMINATION!

I AM NOT A MESSAGE SERVICE

Teddy Bear WHY DIDN'T YOU KNOCK ON MY DOOR?

JEFF & THE "K"

IMPORTANT

CLIFF, GARY, JAM, BRUCE, JEFF AND ALL OTHERS ON THE I-CONII COMMITTEE:

MONDAY'S MEETING HAS BEEN MOVED BACK TO 7 O'CLOCK BECAUSE RALPH SEUGH HAS TO GO TO ANOTHER MEETING AT 8 P.M.

UNCLE BOT

It shouldn't be I-con II, it should just be II-con.

#4.

Howard- don't bite people, you are encroaching upon my tearitory

Margot

Daryl: The reason people might think the worst of you is that in the past, that is what they got.

Lisa: Could you give a message to Jeff?

Jeff: Could you give a lesson to Lisa?

OOZIE: Yes, smurfs must Die
All on shift
Mayor

"Russ"
(4/26/82)
Time for another constructive log entry:

All: Hello all you wonderful people!

The time has come for all humanity to take into hand the prospect of everlasting peace. There comes a time in the course of history of every race when the inhabitants must throw away such childish things as war and poverty. We see the greater truth beyond the illusions of fear and greed.

Daryl: Don't ever stop dreaming. It's the only thing that really keeps us alive.

Margaret: The smurfs love you deeply.

Pope: It's all in your head.

Shaun: Head's up!!

Lisa: It's all a force! all of it!

OSL: Goodbye! Barry: Have faith!

4/26 #4: WHAT ?!?! Having made some non-disparaging comments combined with a hope for honesty was my only action. I'd love to know just what and where you heard...

WORD OF THE DAY: HAPAX - A word that occurs only once

Slime: Does hating Farmingdale have anything to do with the fact that 80% of the courses are taught by Smurfs?

Teddybear

Tom
4/26
1750 hrs

Testing-Testing....
Testing-Testing ahhh, thats better.

I don't write many log entries because by the time I read the logbook my shift is usually over. So on this historic occasion I would like to give a few pointers on:

- LOGBOOK ENTRIES -

You write in the logbook to be heard, right? Mostly to make general announcements, sometimes to leave messages to a specific person! But the idea is to communicate. If you don't communicate you have failed in the purpose of this log. So a few suggestions for better log entries:

next page

I AGREE

Rule one: Choice of pen. A pen should write legibly without bleeding through the page (cf. the other side of this sheet). It should be high contrast (black or dark blue). Good choices: Medium ballpoint or fineline marker (not standard Flair)

Rule two: Write legibly! If people can't read an entry they will skip it, particularly if it is long. Poets and story writers take notice. Take a little more time and increase your audience.

Rule three: avoid literary diarrhea.

More later on other subjects

Rula Lenska – From JAM

Tom

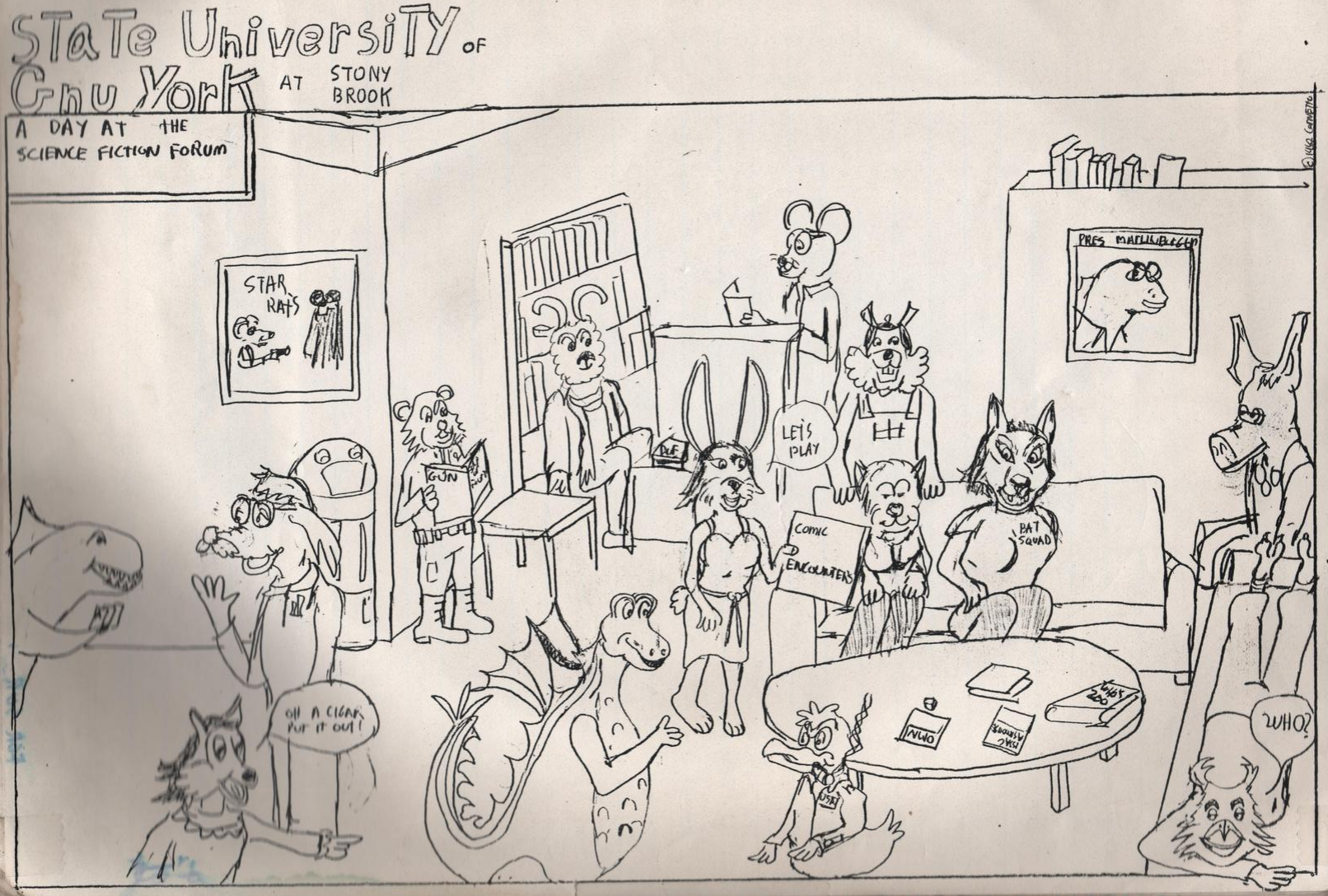
P.S. with concurrence from somebody who refuses to let me say who he/she is because it would hurt his/her image to be seen agreeing with me in public:

Dont use pencil – it SMEARS most horribly.

T.

Fred Tom: I skipped your entry. It was to long and messy and I didn't feel like wasting my time. F

SUMALY THE DIMENTIONAL SCANNER LOCKED ONTO AN ALTINAT UNIVERSE
6-82 3 UP AND 147 CROSS WEND I REALISED IT WAS US AN
ALTINATE US. A FUNNY ANIMAL US PERPLEXED
I QUICKLY DESKED OFF A SKETCH THE FINAL VERSION YOU
SEE BEFEN YOU WHOS 200 ONY THE GREAT RATS
(CAN'T SAY WE BEAN READING THE RATS of NIMH BOOK) KNOW
THE SORE.


STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT STONY BROOK
A DAY AT THE SCIENCE FICTION FORUM
STAR RATS
PRES MARILLIBLEED
GUN
LET'S PLAY
COMIC ENCOUNTERS
BAT SQUAD
OH A CIGAR PUT IT OUT!
WHO?
WHO
WHO'S WHO
WHO?

STS-1	John Young + Bob Crippen	4/12/81
STS-2	Joe Engle + Richard Truly	11/12/81
STS-3	Jack Lousma + Gordon Fullerton	3/22/82

NASA Drops Astronaut Backup Crews

National Aeronautics and Space Administration has dropped astronaut backup crews from its space missions and has begun naming prime crew astronauts several missions in advance of flights. Backup crews have been dropped because of the growing number of astronauts who have either flown the shuttle or are highly trained and could take over a mission assignment quickly if a prime crew could not fulfill its duties.

The naming of prime crews several missions in advance has been adopted because shuttle missions are becoming more closely spaced. The new policy had been sought by the astronaut office for prime crews who have been training for specific missions but were prohibited by NASA from acknowledging their flight assignments. Crews paired with shuttle missions 4-6 are:

■ Mission 4—Navy Capt. Thomas K. Mattingly and USAF Col. Henry W. Hartsfield, ret., will pilot the fourth mission on a seven-day flight carrying a USAF cryogenic infrared sensor to gather earth background and target signature data for future military surveillance spacecraft (AWAST June 22, 1981, p. 15). This is the first Defense Dept. payload carried on the space shuttle. Mattingly, who will command the flight, flew previously as command module pilot on Apollo 16. Hartsfield has never flown a space mission. Launch is tentatively scheduled for July 4.

■ Mission 5—Astronauts Vance D. Brand and Marine Col. Robert F. Overmyer will pilot the orbiter, which also will carry astronauts Joseph P. Allen and William B. Lenoir as the first mission specialists of the shuttle program. Both Allen and Lenoir were selected as scientist astronauts in 1967. Only Brand, who flew on the Apollo-Soyuz mission, has been in space before. The flight will be shuttle's first operational mission and the first to deploy other spacecraft into orbit. The mission, planned for launch Nov. 11, will deploy the Satellite Business Systems SBS-C and Canada's Telesat E spacecraft. They will be boosted to geosynchronous orbit by spinning solid upper stages.

■ Mission 6—Navy Capt. Paul J. Weitz, ret., and USAF Col. Karol J. Bobko will pilot this flight, accompanied by USAF Col. Donald H. Peterson, ret., and Story Musgrave as mission specialists. The flight will be the first mission of the orbiter Challenger and will carry the tracking and data relay satellite TDRSS-A attached to an inertial upper stage booster. The two-day mission is planned for launch Jan. 20, 1983.

Woman and Black Named For Shuttle Missions

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration announced yesterday the crews for the seventh, eighth and ninth space shuttle missions. They include the first woman to fly an American space mission and the first black astronaut.

For the seventh flight, tentatively scheduled for next April, the commander will be Capt. Robert L. Crippen of the Navy, who co-piloted the first orbital test of the Columbia. His pilot will be Comdr. Frederick Hauck. The mission specialists, who will supervise the scientific and payload operations, will be John M. Fabian and Dr. Sally K. Ride. The only spacefaring woman so far was the Soviet astronaut, Valentina Tereshkova.

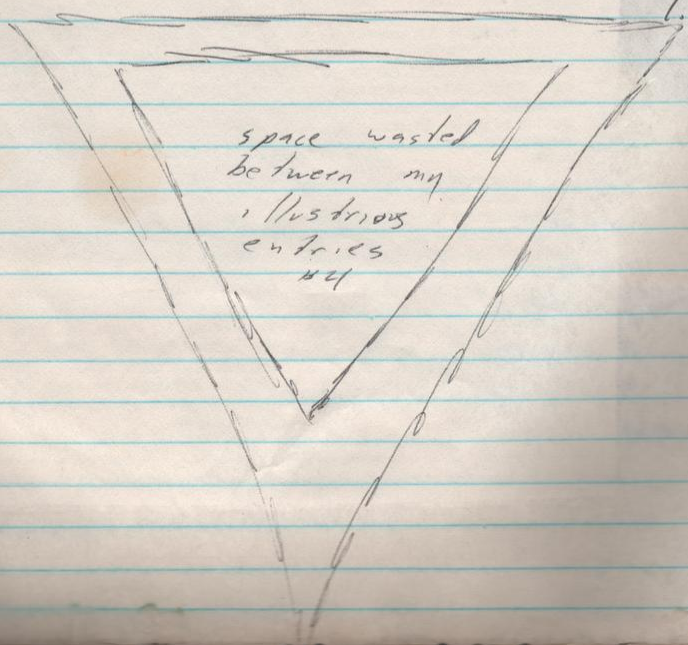
The crew for the eighth flight, in July 1983, will be headed by Capt. Richard H. Truly of the Navy, another experienced shuttle pilot. Other crew members will be Comdr. Daniel C. Brandenstein, Lieut. Comdr. Dale A. Gardner and Lieut. Col. Guion S. Bluford Jr., a black Air Force officer.

John W. Young, who commanded the first test mission, was named to lead the crew for the ninth flight, in September 1983, which is to carry the European-built Spacelab into orbit. Others in the crew will be Maj. Brewster H. Shaw of the Air Force, Dr. Owen K. Garriott and Dr. Robert E. Parker. Two other mission specialists, including one from the European Space Agency, are to be selected later.

4/26/82
John CON

I BRING UP 2 THINGS
FIRST THE HEAVY METAL MOVIE MONDAY AT 7:45 and 11 PM
I WOULD SUGGEST THAT those who want to go to it
IN A GROUP meet ~~at~~ EITHER LEN OR IN the STUDENT
UNION BUILDING at PRE ARRANGED TIME'S
IF WE FINISH the MEETING EARLY we could all go together
the SECOND THING SATURDAY at, I BELIEVE 12:PM (CHECK
YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS) ON [9] WOR IS THAT SCIENCE FICTION/PARANOIA
CLASIC "DR JECKLE AND SISTER HYDE" a truly remarkable
FILM IF YOU LIKE THAT SORT OF THING! [HEAR THAT MERYL?]
DALE Hi ARE YOU Coming to SPRINGFEST?
ALL IF YOU SEE YOUR SELF IN THE "FUNNY ANIMAL SKETCH" LOOK TWICE
ONLY LISA AND I KNOW FOR SURE [EXCEPT CORY KNOWS WHAT HE IS]

Margaret - Not to worry, I have your C.C. set in my car. see you 11-ish. #4



(No warning)

Tuesday morning
(some ungodly hour)

Well. I was reading some old logs (#15 and #17, specifically) and I noticed I used to say some FUCKING WITTY THINGS IN THE LOG BOOK!

Not to say that there is nothing witty in this log, but hey... Are we so far gone we have to cut out comics from the fucking newspaper to liven up the log book? Hey?

*

And another thing!

*

I noticed that I promised to continue a log entry in #17 (which took up like 6 pages to start with) which I haven't. I was waiting for some reply - I asked for someone to prove that they existed, or that some-thing other than me existed - or if not prove, give a hint of the possibility. Since no one has answered I must accept at least one of the following conclusions:

1. No one read the entry
2. No one thought it was important enough to reply to
3. No one exists (except me)
4. People exist, read the

entry, thought it was important, but never got around to writing back about it (perhaps not wanting to admit they read such a long repetitious entry)

(5) The entry does not exist.

*

Well people?!

*

Well many things have happened since that entry. Also, many things have NOT happened!

It depends on your point of view: which is more important. Things NOT happening can be very telling.

(1) No one has replied to my entry;

(2) Tom STILL HASN'T even started his mural;

(3) WW III hasn't started;

(4) J. Falwell hasn't been assassinated (or at least it doesn't show it he has);

etc.

*

⇒ Has anyone noticed that this place has become considerably more boring since ZØØ left?

*

⇒ Has anyone noticed that this place has become considerably less arrogant since Dana left?

*

And what will anyone have to say when I leave (in an excruciatingly short time now)?

*

Have I been just another Forum member whose rambling entries will go unnoticed and forgotten, as log-books gather dust on the shelf beneath the much-ignored Braille magazines?

*

Have I made an impression on anyone, changed anyone's world-view, one iota, done anything which will make any difference to anyone when I am gone?

*

I fear not.

*

The murals will be painted over, my log entries sitting on a shelf, ignored, perhaps puzzled over in some future year by a fresh neo, as Gart says, "Pope dy? oh yeah he was some guy who used to hang out down here... skip his entries, they're pretty boring..."

*

The murals gone of course painted over by someone who claims not to have artistic integrity but artistic talent, which I suppose some consider more important.....

*

There's no punch line here. Perhaps I'm being too serious. Maybe not serious enough. I have been trying to say something... Maybe someday someone will take notice. Probably not. It hasn't been a very serious message. I think what I've been trying to tell people is: Look, you're alive. Make the best of it, because soon you'll be dead.

*

Well Virginia, Santa Claus is dead. But there is this fucking weird guy in a red suit trying to get into your stockings (to leave a present?) Ho Ho Ho, watch me stuff myself into this chimney!

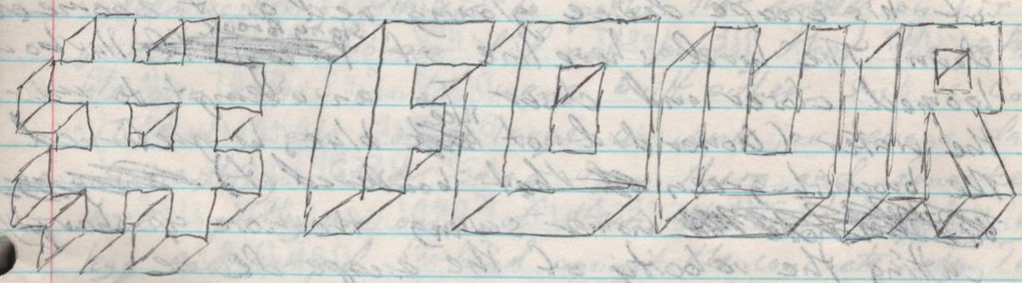
*

As some of you may know, Pale has dropped out of hide again, preferring a nice soft rubber room to the cold harshness of what we all call "reality", although we mean vastly different things by the word. Maybe she's onto something!

*

As I look back on my life, I wonder: has there been any continuity, any ongoing theme, to my life?

Well, yeah. Ever since I was four years old, I've been pissed off at my father for running over my tricycle. All that anger suppressed for all those years... thats pretty pathetic. I mean really. Why do I write this kind of bullshit - even if it is true?



HUGH - I HAVE YOUR KEYS. YOU LEFT THEM ON THE COUCH. - UNCLE BOT

Jam

I was here 5:30 - 6:30 where were you?

Jack

Jack, I am around P.S. I was around.

JAM

- Dave #4 - I don't feel the dust on the keys; its the gathering of synaptic dust that causes my heart to stir a bit for you.

Nancy - Farrell McGovern
413 F Woodfield Dr.
Ottawa, Ontario
CANADA

4/27/82
ctd
from
4/19/82
President
Abra SAM
Lincoln

PART III of "Go, Go, Gomers"

Gomer(s) at Stony Brook

Synopsis: Gomer is approaching the surface of the Earth at many miles per hour after escaping from his cubic world of Gomer in search of the rest of his ~~xxx~~ race who escaped to avoid the destruction (only the planet Gomer world was not destroyed) So the legend builds....

Gomer veered into the atmosphere the edges of his escape device glowing red as it zoomed down. The hard shoreline of ~~[illegible]~~ Stony Brook Harbor loomed closer and closer. In an attempt to miss the water (Gomer did not like ~~[illegible]~~ blue, he preferred the brownish-green ~~[illegible]~~ that bordered it) ~~[illegible]~~ Gomer swung the nose up sharply cutting the velocity of the escape device a large amount. There was still ~~[illegible]~~ enough velocity to dig a trench from the Harbor (where the ship cleaved the rocky surface) to the Stony Brook Train station (where the ship skidded to a clanging halt on the tracks. Gomer ~~[illegible]~~ clambered out and sighed distastefully at his now useless escape device. ~~[illegible]~~ Gomer dragged the escape device off ~~[illegible]~~ into the bushes. The bushes caught fire from the still overheated metal of the bottom of the Gomer ship. Gomer spent several minutes uselessly trying to beat out the flames with a branch of dry leaves, till they too caught fire. Then leaving the roaring blaze Gomer stumbled off into the bushes. Over head, peering out of a tree, the cool unblinking eye of a camera recorded the whole event. ~~[illegible]~~

Gomer wound up on a large ~~[illegible]~~ dark path which he began to follow. As he ~~[illegible]~~ so ~~[illegible]~~ Gomer

began to get the feeling that he had seen the surrounding territory before (which he had because Gomer was following the track on the Stony Brook University athletic field, and hence, going around in circles. Or, to be more exact ellipsoids).

Gomer stumbled on a pebble and fell off the path and towards the main campus. Gomer did not acquaint the path with civilization. Gomer recognized them as being similar to paths that existed on his own planet, but Gomer did not know that the paths on his own cubic world were built either. Such is Gomer. There were some large air vents, or sewage ducts, or something. Gomer came upon them and smacked his knee smartly on one of them. He feel hugging his legs and bunged his head against the concrete. Things become less clear than usual and Gomer blacked out.

Slowly, the concrete cover of the so called sewage tunnel rose with a low mechanical whine. A lone figure scuttled out and grabbed Gomer then dragged him into the concrete pit. The cover lowered with the same mechanical whine and was closed. Smoke from a local brushfire passed over the field. Some was sucked down into the vents that lined the concrete structure. Soon the sound of fire engines broke the night.

NEXT WEEK

PART IV

Gomer(s) below Stony Brook

Don't Miss It!

I'll be sure to be there

FROM UNCLE BOT:

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF IT ONLY RAINED AT NIGHT?
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF IT RAINED ONLY ON THE GRASS?
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF WHEN YOU ATE CORN-ON-THE-COB YOU DIDN'T GET THAT LITTLE PIECE STUCK BETWEEN THE SECOND AND THIRD TEETH ON THE LOWER LEFT?
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF WHEN YOU BURPED YOU DIDN'T GET THAT TASTE OF THE HAMBURGER YOU ATE YESTERDAY?
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF FRED COULTER HAD SOME BRAINS?
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF POPE HAD SOME GOOD TASTE IN MUSIC?
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF PEOPLE DIDN'T RUSH ME TO FINISH THIS LOG BOOK ENTRY WHEN I'M HAVING FUN WRITING IT?
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF THEY WOULD FINALLY COME OUT WITH FLARES FOR THE NEW POWERS IN COSMIC ENCOUNTER?
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF HUMANS WEREN'T SO STUPID?
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF DARRYL STOPPED MAKING "CHEAP JEW" JOKES?
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF I HAD TO STOP WRITING THIS BECAUSE MY PEN SUDDENLY, WITHOUT EXPLANATION, RAN OUT OF INK?

"Kup"
4/27/82

Wouldn't it be nice if somebody cared!?

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF JAM ENDED HIS GOMER STORY.

(Jeff)

4/28/82
or
2/8~~7~~/82
2:07AM → POPE: I TOLD YOU IT WAS P.M.
GAR? ALSO, YOUR ENTRY DOES NOT EXIST, AT LEAST NOT AT 2:07 AM ON WEDNESDAYS. (IT MAY HAVE EXISTED AT ONE TIME AND WILL PROBABLY STILL EXIST WHEN SOMEONE IN THE FUTURE TAKES TIME TO READ IT.) BUT SINCE THIS CONDITION DOES NOT HOLD AT THIS POINT, YOUR ENTRY IS NON-EXISTANT AND THUS I NEED NOT REPLY TO IT.

SO, THIS IS NOT A "REPLY BUT ONLY LOOKS LIKE ONE. THE ONLY THINGS IN COMMON WITH BOTH A 'REPLY' and WHAT I'VE WRITTEN IS THAT IF BOTH ARE READ BACKWARD IT WILL PROBABLY TAKE A LONG TIME AND WON'T MEAN ANYTHING.

ALSO - I'D NEVER CALL YOUR ENTRIES BORING - ABSURD, SILLY, AND POINTLESS MAYBE - BUT NEVER BORING. INDEED, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, YOUR TIME HERE WILL BE REMEMBERED AS OTHER THAN BORING.

(ALSO - ~~THE~~ PREVIOUSLY UNSEEN FILM FOOTAGE PROVES CONCLUSIVELY THAT THE CRUSHING OF YOUR TRICYCLE WAS ENGINEERED BY AN INTERNATIONAL COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY.)

UNCA BOT: WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF EVERYTHING WAS GREAT?

JAM: LOVE DEM GOMERS!

KUP: TAKE HEART. (LEAVE KIDNEYS)

JACK: THANKS, FOR THE MATERIAL YOU PUT IN THE LOGBOOK (WELL, SOMEBODY HAD TO SAY IT)

JOHN CED: A COMMENDABLE ~~PEACE~~ PIECE OF ARTISTRY. (WHO IS THE JACKASS IN THE CORNER, ANYWAY?)

~~JEFF~~

OH WELL, TIME TO BE SHOVING OFF. ONE FINAL QUOTE FOR THE NIGHT – "HE WHO HESITATES...

GAR7

Wasted space

WORD OF THE DAY: OS – (1) pl. ORA an orifice
(2) pl. OSSA a bone
(3) pl. OSAR an esker

Unk: Wouldn't it be great if I could have the fun of burning your last entry? Wouldn't it be great if nobody heard "Wouldn't it be great if..."?

Jam: GOMER-DER DER GOMERS.

#4: You will have made your mark in at least some people's lives – witness ~~the~~ our AAB's arm!

Kup: Who cares?

Teddy bear

Lets get F.U.B.A.R.ed — I'll buy the Bacardi!
Tonight — be there and GET DRUNK.

#4

K.A. Summer

★★★★ SOFTBALL ALERT ★★★★

YES!!! This Friday, at 3:30pm Eastern ~~Standard~~ DAYLIGHT Time, we will go on a Forum Foray into the Far Reaches of Funhood. I will have everything but people and gloves at the forum at this time. Bring both! Kelly A might provide some small competition to us on the field, but mostly we're just gonna run around and laugh a little.

People who are into it:

1) Kurt Anthony Robert Summer I
2) Tracy
3) Bruce
4) Meryl
5) STEVE
6) Thomas Cabell Wilson, Junior
7)
8)
9)
10)
11)
12)
13)
14)
15)

I'll call the people whose #'s I have & who don't sign up, so save me some trouble, & SIGN. [Yes, you've just enlisted for twelve years in the National Guard!]

4/28/82 And another entry.
Tom

Perhaps if this keeps up I can start commenting. In fact comments are a distinct possibility. In fact, just turn the page for some real, no-shit, dyn-o-myte comments. Yessir, here they come! I can feel them bubbling up like a cheap taco and a six of Iron City beer!

Re my entry: Nobody cares. Possibly nobody reads anybody's entries anymore. I guess that makes this logbook the Forum's tribute to Oman.

John C.: Nice picture. Suggestion - frame it and put it on the wall. Replace the in the Log with a Xerox. Second request - can I publish the illo in APA-Nu? With appropriate credit, of course.

#4: I may or may not exist according to you, but I'll bet you couldn't tell the difference if I painted you through your tesseract mural.

You won't be forgotten and your influence will never fade entirely. Tradition, continuity, and heritage are a major part of what we have down here. Fred will doubtless take me to task for this, but I think this place is only partly the people that are down here now. That's one reason I've fought so hard to keep this place going. I think this place is important.

I'll bet you could come down here in five years and be welcomed. I hope I will be able to. It won't be the same alumni change even if the Forum doesn't. But it will never be as if you never were here, not as long as the Forum exists.

You aren't half so obnoxious when you get serious. Let your wall down more often, it's refreshing & friendly. Tread carefully the edge of obnoxiousness, if you stay on the far side too often people get a twisted vision of you.

DARRYL: You have done some real suck things in the past. You have also shown some good qualities. Outstanding ones, in fact. If you pet a dog half the time and kick him the other half, he's bound to be suspicious. Luckily, people can learn new responses as conditions change. You have exhibited some change, and if we knew that it was permanent,

only an asshole would not be unhesitatingly friendly. But noone can know the future actions of another. One can only predict based on past actions. Forgive the slow pace of my (and others) attitude change. Be patient and let positive evidence accumulate.

JAM - Banners looks nice but I can't read it!

which brings me to a general

SUGGESTION

A CREATIVITY LOGBOOK

being a compendium of past stories, illustrations, poetry, and photographs of large artwork by and/or Science fiction forum members.

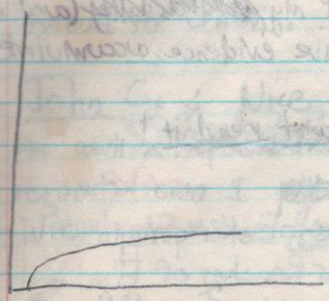
the idea being to have a place where we can compile things like John's illo, pictures of murals and Pope Zod's tabletop, pictures of banners and copies of flyers and SFF programs, TYPED compiled readable copies of logbook serials, short stories, poetry etc. It would not supplant the bg, rather, it would hold originals of art and copies of stories, while the art copies would be in the bg. I hereby volunteer to donate a binder for the purpose. Help is requested in locating stuff to reproduce (where is Louis of Obnoxia for instance), and preparing typed copy to insert.

ALL FOR NOW

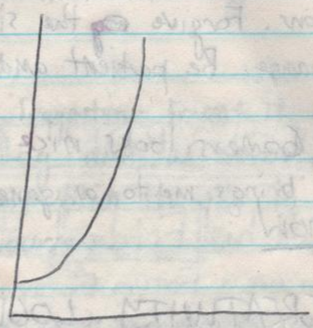
TOM

P.S. in the first 6 years we went through 7 logbooks. In the last 4, we have gone through 11. Is this what is known as Log growth? TO

SORRY TOM THIS IS NOT LOG GROWTH THIS IS EXPONENTIAL GROWTH THE DIFFERENCE IS EXPRESSED THUSLY:



LOG GROWTH



EXPONENTIAL GROWTH

THE GROWTH OF THE AMOUNT OF LOG BOOKS IS BETTER DESCRIBED BY THE GRAPH ON THE RIGHT. HOW DID YOU EVER GET ADMITTED TO CAMP STONY BROOK WITHOUT KNOWING THE DIFFERENCE

ALSO TOM, WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU STARTED YOUR MURAL.

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF I DIDN'T HAVE 3 QUIZZES IN THE NEXT DAY?

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF BRUCE WOULD STOP MAKING FUN OF MY "WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT" ENTRIES?

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF DALE RETURNED LOG #16

UNCLE BOT

"Kup"
(4/28/82)

Double Jeopardy

The sun rose as suns usually do. No one asked it to, but it did anyway.

Jack awoke as young boys usually do. No one asked him to, but he did anyway. He looked out the window and saw that the sun was up. It usually didn't rise so early, but that was alright.

Jack set out for school as usual, but when he got there he saw the school wasn't there any longer. In fact, where the school had been there was only a dark, black hole. It hadn't been there yesterday, nor the day before.

Jack walked up to it and looked down. It was just a dark black hole.

Jack jumped down the hole. No one asked him to, but he did it anyway.

* * *

When Jack reached the bottom of the hole he was going approximately 122.3 miles per hour. He reached bottom. He suffered great injury. He died. No one asked him to, but he did anyway.

4/28/82

Hi all!

Meryl

"Rup"
(4/29/82)

Sar 7: It's hard to take heart when everything in my life is so fucked up. (But will definitely leave kidneys. You want them?)

Bruce: Thanks for your cheerful remark to my despairing entry. If I ever feel that way again I will definitely take heart knowing that you would have responded in exactly the same manner.

Margaret: Thank you very much!

All: Will I be forgotten when I'm gone. Only time will tell. Goodbye.

TOM
4/28
7:06 pm

John: let me be the first to say I will not forget. Come back and see us.

TOM

"Rup"
(4/29/82)

I wheel forever drunkenly –
Things have passed me by.
I see the flowers waving in the wind,
But alas not for me.

(c. 1982)

To be one in spirit with the wind,
To feel the wind in my locks,
To feel the freedom of the daylight,
Were not for me.

Lincoln: Write some poetry.

GROT!

FRED:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

– MARGARET

9:54 – 24 APR, 82
wizard

"up" : Yes
Yes is nice,
Yes is positive
Yes is a smile ... (duh)
Oh No!
No is nice
No is negative
No is nothing

old poem
first entry in # 1 log book of mine
wizard

ATTENTION everybody

The S.F.F. (yeah!)

WILL Be Showing 3 FILMS

Sunday 9 pm ROTH CAFE.

Including

Phantom of the OPERA!

ATTACK OF THE MECHANICAL CRABS

and

POWERS OF 10

Tell everybody

you meet. "Word of

MOUTH" works well in

Here, (use listening first, though)

ADVERTIZE!

JEFF + GARY

Hey! Ho! Let's Go!
Hey! Ho! Let's Go!

4.

HEY, If you're just sitting here doing nothing (and not waiting for Softball) Go help out at the Activities Table - Next to tennis courts on athletic Field. GO - NOW!

(3:00 - 7:00 ON FRI
12 - 7:00 ON SAT)

GART

Yes, massah!

WARNER:

THEY'RE not far apart

NOT THEIR!!

Sides might think we aint eddjicated

Mat

* ps. feel free to correct my ikky math at any time.
I CAN'T correct MATH I correct Geology

DALE Quit bugging my suitemates - they're tired of you showing up and annoying them and have spoken to me about it.

Margaret

DUH!

4/31/82 Garry the creature in the corner is CERBERUS THE AARDVARK a famous alternat comic character [the funny animal CONAN THE BARBARIAN]

4/30 7 pm Gary: You are me one or two or three. Be there Sunday or be gone.

Meryl

ps. You too, Bettwin, owe me.

TO Gary

Brian Ford is vice chairman of the Computer Science Society and is also involved in the Physics Students Society. If you want him for Icon II contact 499-8129.

Joseph Lobosco

April 30-31/ WORD FOR THE DAY: LONELY: A feeling that one is totally unaccompanied on the ride through life.

Your lonely narrator wishes to add that it is not at all a good feeling - in fact, a pretty shitty one

And now, some not-so-original but highly a propos words:

The Captive Heart (verse 1) by Renaissance

I made my dreams, then lost them:
They left and I went away,
There's no romance in the memory—
That's part of yesterday.
But feelings linger stronger sometimes
So hard to disappear
When what holds you is a treasure
You've stored throughout the years.

No personal comments tonight - I don't have anything great to say beyond this:
"Is there anybody out there?"

pickled Teddybear

"Kup"
(5/1/82)

All: Thought of something appropriate to write. Will not write it because its totally depressing

Bruce: I hope you find that for which you search.

Tis 1:23 in the morning and it's too crowded here. I shall go elsewhere.

Kup- You are beginning to sound like Marvin the Paranoid Android

Bruce-
I was just wondering how you liked having somebody write in dark marker on the other side of your Entry.

Signed
The Creep

KUP - STOP WITH THE DEPRESSING (INANE) ENTRIES IF YOU WANT PEOPLE TO MISS. EVERYBODY HAS PROBLEMS, AND MOST DON'T LIKE WHINERS.

BRUCE - SEE ABOVE. THIS APPLIES TO YOU DOUBLY. I HAVE MET FEW PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD THAT HAVE ANY SYMPATHY FOR PEOPLE WHO WALLOW IN THEIR OWN MISFORTUNE & MISERY.

M.

Author of note #1 (Creep): I like it about as much as there was love between Adolf Eichmann and David Ben-Gurion.

Author of note #2: I agree. Yet I usually do not wallow openly if at all. Some bad associations had happened and the catharsis which resulted was quite simply useful. Sorry, but we must first please ourselves if we must please others; obviously I didn't please you therefore you may conclude that there was an excellent chance of my being displeased.

Both of you: While I suspect from the tenor of the notes (not to mention bass & treble) and the handwriting, I wish

~~KUP - STOP WITH THE DEPRESSING~~
~~(INANI) ENTRIES IN YOUR MANY PROBLEMS, AND~~
~~TO MISS. EVERYBODY HAS PROBLEMS, AND~~
~~MOST DON'T LIKE WHINERS.~~

~~BRUCE - SEE ABOVE. THIS APPLIES TO YOU~~
~~DOUGLY. I HAVE MET FEW PEOPLE IN~~
~~THIS WORLD THAT HAVE AN EXPERTISE FOR~~
~~PEOPLE WHO WALLOW IN THEIR OWN~~
~~MISFORTUNE & MISERY.~~

M.

that you would stand up for yourselves; I don't wish to be condemning innocent people in my own mind. It might affect things around here adversely (like towards a lessening of the new peaceful trend). You don't want to be responsible for that.

Word of the day: ARACINE - belonging to one of a number of classes of arachnids.

TWO SHOULD-BE FILKS. THESE ARE TAKEN FROM ALBUMS RELEASED IN THE EARLY 1960's by Allan Sherman. Enjoy.

1) Automation (to "Fascination")

It was automation, I know
That was what was making the factory go.
It was IBM, it was Univac
It was all those gears going ~~clicky~~-clack, dear.

I thought automation was keen
'Til ~~you~~ you were replaced by a 10-ton machine.
It was that computer that tore us apart, dear
Automation broke my heart.

There's an RCA 503
~~Ste~~ Standing next to me, dear
Where you used to be.
Doesn't have your smile, doesn't have your shape,
Just a bunch of punch cards, and light bulbs, and tape,
dear.

You're a girl who's soft, warm, and sweet
But you're only human, and that's obsolete.
Though I'm very fond of that new 503, dear,
Automation's not for me.

It was automation, I'm told
That's why I got fired and I'm out in the cold.
How could I have known, when the 503
Started in to blink, it was winking at me, dear?

I thought it was just some mishap
When it sidled over and sat on my lap.
But when it said "I love you" and gave me a hug, dear,
That's when I pulled out its plug.

2) Sir Greenbaum's Madrigal (to "Greensleeves")

In Sherwood Forest there dwelt a knight
Who was known as the righteous Sir Greenbaum,
And many dragons had felt the might
Of the smite of the righteous Sir Greenbaum.

I chanced upon him one morn
When he'd recently rescued a maiden fair.
"Why, why art thou so forlorn
Sir Greenbaum? Is thy heart heavy-laden?"

Said he, "Forsooth, 'tis a sorry plight
That engendered my attitude oblivious."
Said he, "I don't want to be a knight.
That's no job for a boy who is Jewish!"

"All day with the mighty sword, the mighty steed,
and the mighty lance!
All day with that heavy shield and a pair of
aluminum pants!
All day with the slaying and, slewing and
smiting and smoting like Robin Hood!
Oh! Wouldst I could kick the habit and give
up smoting for good!"

And so he said to the other knights
"You may have my possessions and my goods
For I am moving to Shaker Heights
Where I've got some connections in dry goods.

"Farewell to the dragon's paw
and the other swashbuckling games and sports.
I'll work for my father-in-law
when I marry Miss Guinevere Schwartz!"

I hope that this, at least in part absolves the guilt caused earlier (if not guilt, hostility). Be well!

Teddybear

5-7 All - I have returned once again, but the
11:23 PM blue plain is no more (and I can't find a new one anywhere but Barnes & Noble which is closed on weekends). Here now the news:

① Debbie got the job in Rochester. She's leaving next Thursday and starts work on the 10th. She'd like to go to Chicon and might have the money, but she doubts she can get the time off.

② I am probably going to Worldcon. I sent in my hotel reservation form & all that. I am still looking for roommates. Crashers will also be accepted. So far, it's just Joe Hall and myself, but we don't want to be the only ones paying.

③ I made Phi Beta Kappa. (If you don't know what it is, you won't make it.) I'll be back for a few hours on Thursday for the induction.

④ There is no news about med school. Downstate's "sometime in April" must mean May.

② I have been working at Xerox again.
I have been working at Xerox again.
③ I am donating three books to the Forum. They will be catalogued and shelved, so you probably won't find them. That's the news; good night and have a pleasant tomorrow.

— Perrianne

P.S. Fred - I have your "Quest for Fire" program book. We couldn't find your jacket. -P

Quote for the Day (May 2):

"It's Cheap! It's Gaudy! It's Undignified! It's ..."

Howard the Duck, in

Howard the Duck #9.

Kup the Pup: Re your entry of 4/29/82: Can't you help sponging anything? Don't sponge dickiness! I can afford to be dicky once or twice. Can you? Thank

about it!

Kup (again): Don't take everything so personally. So I'm insulting you. Big deal.

T. Bear: I'm going to hit you in the head with a baseball bat, you fucking moron!

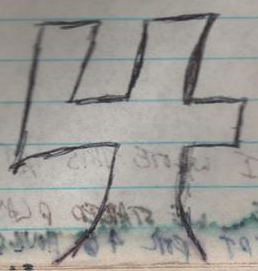
(Oh this is so subtle.)

Ahem. Now that I have your attention...

I'd just like to point out that people (I use the term loosely, in a general sense) around here have been taking themselves far too seriously (I included). Cut it the fuck out - you're driving me insane, oh stop oh oh I can't take it ah h

(Your humble narrator)

A.S.B. #



5/2

Song of the Defeated I

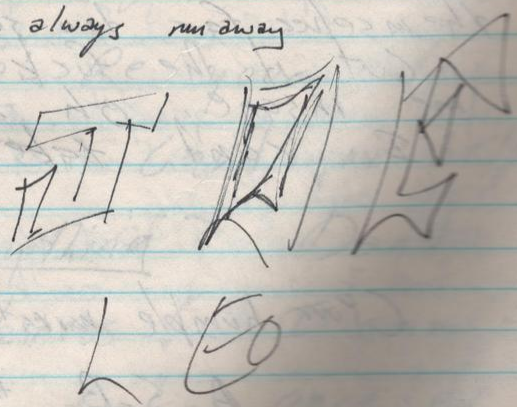
(to the tune of "Yesterday"

Yesterday...
Rusty's forces seemed so far away
Now before his feet my troops do lay
His victory came suddenly.

Suddenly...
He's chewed through my Heavy Infantry
This ain't a battle, it's a parody
of decent troops as run by me

Why... They... had to die I don't know,
he wouldn't say.
I... did... something wrong and dead on... the
field... they lay.....

Yesterday...
None but two were left alive to say:
"Rusty loves to make opponents pay
In flesh and blood and cruel melee
My troops have always run away



NOTE: I WROTE THIS AT 8:35 SUNDAY MORNING. I JUST ARRIVED HERE. WE STARTED PLAYING ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON & I HAVENT SLEPT FOR 48 HOURS.

4-2-82 ALL: THE UNCONFIRMED RUMOR REGARDING MYSELF
1:00 AM AND A CERTAIN GIRL ARE NOW BEING CONFIRMED.
THATS THE WAY IT IS. HAVE A GOOD LAUGH.

M.

[redacted]

TODAY'S OBSERVATION

TOM: Have you noticed that the four most unfortunate words you can string together down here are:

"HOW'S YOUR LOVE LIFE?"

TW

InterupTeD!

" J & K'L

ALL! When Their IS A RUBBER BAND
Around Lisa's Door Knob IT means
THAT We're FUCKing!
DonT DISTURB US!
JUST SLITHER AWAY For 1 Hour
Then LOOK Again. THIS THIS means
you

→ Perrianne (you will note
→ Meryl more Females Intrupt
→ Dale than males)
→ Slime

[redacted]

And anybody who wants to get
into the Forum at some un-satan-ly hour
And Don't Steal the Rubber
Band. If you Don't, pay
attention, all you will hear is moaning
and screaming. If you want
to join us make an appointment!
"Ask about our Group Discounts!
"Our weekend rates!
→ Birth control not included!

Otherwise
Don't knock
If you see a Rubber Band!

IAN ANGER; JEFF AND KLISA

NOW, TAKE OFF YOU HOSERS.....

WHO?

Fred Teddybear: I've learned quite a while ago that depressed or lonely entries are not really read in this log. Therefore, I decided not to come down here and force my depression on the forum Friday. I feel a lot better now. The rest of the weekend was great. Tell certain friends and they will give support. A call to all the forum only leaves yourself open for nasty entries. I don't mean to be nasty, just can't write coherent paragraphs anymore.

Pope: How often are you dicky? Only once or twice? It sure seems more than that.

5/3/82 ~ 2/92/82 1:02 PM GART

Here for my shift(s)

'Quote of the day from past Log Books'

"LOGS ARE MADE OF WOULD"

- RON ROSENTHAL

- 1969

(Log Book 1)

"Kaya"
5/3/82

All: Hello again. It's 2:27 AM and we're still awake.

5382-242
Hugh.

All: This log seems to be unofficialy titled "101 ways to cook spine: a treatise on backbiting."
Is this what the log is for? I think not.
The forum, despite its official actions, is dedicated to having fun. Depressed people take note; you will be treated as counter-productive. To find a friend, it will be less painful.

To the Departing: You will not be forgotten. The least that can be said of a forum member is "memorable" (The most? Don't ask...)

Jom: You do Damn good work.

5/3/82 MERYL: YOU LEFT YOUR DEMON POWER FROM YOUR CR SET HERE LAST NIGHT. ITS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE LEFT DESK DRAWER.

UNCLE BOT

P.S.: ALL: WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF EVERY BODY HAD A BAROUCHE OF THEIR OWN?

5/3/82 TOM: I have nothing to say but I bet noone else for months has said it in less space.

TOM

PS: Lisa, Jeff, & Hugh - HAHAHAHAHA. Very funny Really

TOM

5-7-82

Tom I JUST READ PERRIANNE'S ENTRY AND HAVE A QUESTION IS ANYONE PLANNING TO GO TO CHICAGO FOR WORLDCON HOW ABOUT SUMMERCON?

DALE I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO BE AT STARC FEST

LISA YOU & JEFF ARE GOING TO SUMMERCON?

TOM HUMOR - SCIENCE AND OTHER RATE AMATEURS I WILL GO TO THE SEXY ARTS AMATEUR RATE CLUB - THEY ALSO HAVE INTERESTED IN SCIENCE FICTION

ANY - IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO SAID WHAT TO WHOM. IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER.

M.

5/4 2:30 pm

Hi all! Time for an original "Meryl" hog book entry.

Bowen - No one can accuse you of being too clever, or of knowing your right from left. The demon power was in the center drawer.

Hugh - Gargle with warm salt water and eat lots of honey.

Tom - Receipts?

Cliff - I need your receipt for $50 or so $ within about a week. After that Polity doesn't appreciate check writing.

Ralph - Your check awaits you, but I'll need a receipt from you as well.

* current financial status ≈ 3^{00} (after paying Cliff & Tom)

Meryl

ps. Uncle Bot: Your barouche is showing. Was I was "drunk" Sunday nite ask "Kup", or was I just tired?

Tuesday 3 or 4

All: of the comix I donated yesterday, I recommend "Far Out West" (the first Utopian comic strip) as being interesting to read and seriously done.

Heidi: I'll be back in a couple hours.

#

"Rup"
(5/4/82)

John Marsh strolled down the street. He didn't have a definite destination in mind but he had the vague feeling that he was heading somewhere. Unnoticed by John Marsh he was being followed.

* * *

Halfway towards John Marsh's hypothetical destination, he realized he was being followed.

All: Duh! This story is going nowhere.

Heidi: Are you mad at me! A simple yes or no will suffice!

2/93/82
5/4/82
5:13:30
GART

KEEP YOUR ARM UP! THE STRANGLER'S NOOSE IS QUICK.

WE INTERUPT THIS ENTRY TO BRING YOU A MESSAGE FROM YOUR (OH GAWD!) PRESIDENT-ELECT:

> WITH THE SUPPORT OF THE MEMBERSHIP AND BY THE GRACE OF SAMTOR I'LL TRY TO BE A GOOD PRESIDENT, I'LL WORK HARD, AND
> I'LL DO DAMN GOOD WORK!

Swiped from Zot #4

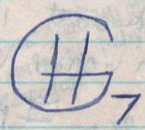
MY ADVICE TO ANY WHO NEED IT: STAY CHILLED. IF YOU'RE WORRIED OR DEPRESSED ABOUT SOMETHING NOW CONSIDER HOW IMPORTANT IT WILL BE TO YOU A YEAR OR SO FROM NOW. RIDE OUT THE STORM.

BOT: WHERE THE HELL IS MY BAROUCHE?!!

ALL: SHORTLY, THE UPCOMING CONS + ANY RELEVANT INFORMATION I FEEL LIKE ADDING WILL BE IN THE LOG (OR SOME OTHER DULY NOTED VISIBLE PLACE)

TOM: CONTACT ME.

O.K. THAT'S ALL FER NOW.



(an ominous sign indeed!)

4/4/82

Sline: First off, for those of you who don't know yet, I'll be back next semester as a PHYSICS major

Next: This is your Folk, this is!

(Tune: Day of the Dreamer)

Fallen around me lay
Computer cards
I'm throwing them all away
This program is marred
I need an AND statement
But I ~~not~~ have an ALL
I'm going to find my reader and
Him I'm going to ~~ma~~ maul

Chorus ⟷ Reader Read my FORTRAN program
Where does this line belong
Inside my stack of punchcards
It's been running too long

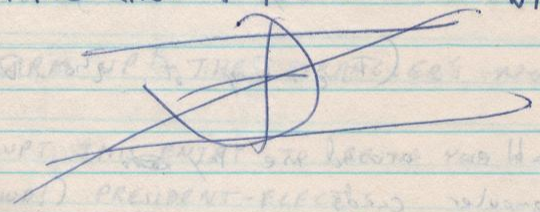
DSW

I AM Poor and Need Money. I AM Selling Stuff. Stuff, you ask. yes, Stuff. Books for One- in perfect Shape→

Strange wine	Harlan Ellison		The Xanth Trilogy
Alone Against Tomorrow	"	"	Ghost Story
The Beast that Shouted Love...	"	"	The Thieves' world Trilogy
Approaching oblivion	"	"	Silver lock
Ellison wonderland	"	"	Ringworld + Engineers
The Glass Teat	"	"	Some Harry Harrison, and
The other Glass Teat	"	"	others.
Partners in wonder	"	"	

I'm Selling A Cassette recorder
I'm Selling An Electric typewriter.
Throwing stars. " " A Knife.
" " Games [orbital chess. Leverage]

I will negotiate prices.
Let me know if you want to buy any thing



Eraserhead is weird no matter how many times you see it! But it had no berouche, not even a horse!

I pulled the stiff envelope out of my handbag. "Here," I said. "Read it. You'll see. It's true. I can't credit it, but there you are. I have a lot of money. She left it to me."

Mother took the envelope I handed to her. "But who?" she asked crisply. "Who is this someone?"

"Her name is . . . was . . . Mercedes. Mercedes d'Albiensi. She's . . . or rather was . . . a Contessa. She—"

My father threw down *The Times* and yanked off his bifocals. Mother dropped the sprig of baby's breath. Both said at the same time, *"Mercedes?"*

"You knew her?"

They stood together, after my father got up and went to Mother. They were fighting over the letter. "Let me read it," Mother said excitedly and my father, "But what does it *say*? What is this about money, about . . ."

adored the Conte . . . and there's so little family left, too. In the younger generation, just you, Barbara."

"I don't understand why I never heard this *interesting* story before," I said, annoyed.

"It was long ago," my father said, putting on his bifocals again. "You can't remember everything you know."

"*I* don't want to forget things," I said testily. "And now she's left me money, whereas, if I'd known about all that, I could have met her. It seems unfair to her. And to me, if you want my opinion."

"What's fair?" my mother asked, turning away. "It was our life, Barbara. It belonged to us, and it's our memory, don't forget that. There will be memories of your own, and *your* children will look daggers at *you*. But just the same, it will have belonged only to you. So try to understand."

Clothing? She was not a fashion plate.

He smiled torerantly. "Well, she was *far* from a fashion plate. Food? She ate like a bird, except that when either my partner or I took her to Doney's. But on the other hand, when we were invited out there to the villa, I assure you that we came away hungry. She husbanded her money, as many old people do no matter how much there is of it. And so she left a huge nest egg for Elizabeth, who simply has no idea what to do with it. She doesn't even realize."

"Elizabeth?" I asked.

"Her companion of many years, Elizabeth Wadley, an Englishwoman. I believe they were girls together, when Mrs. Wadley lived for a few years in Amer-

[illegible] comes from that branch, Claudio Monteverdi, 1567 to 1643. His was the first great name in operatic history. Orfee, L'incoronazione di Poppea, Tancredi e Clorinda. The Monteverdis are very poor, but still they live very well on their estate, thanks to the Contessa."

"They live at the Villa Paradiso?"

A small smile crossed signore Predelli's face. He pushed ashes back and forth in a tray with a burnt-out match and at last confessed the reason for his mirth. "The Villa Paradiso," he repeated, still smiling. "Well, I don't think they like that name, you see. It was the Villa Monteverdi, but when the Contessa bought it she renamed it. And it is not a very imaginative name, you must agree. Even if she had called it

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

SR ROY WILSON

NTC RTC

CO. Ø7Ø, 14TH DIV

GT. LAKES, ILL. 6ØØ88

UNITED STATES NAVY

SMALL ANCHOR ALSO CPO'S COLLAR & HAT INSIGNIA

SCIENCE FICTION FORUM

C/O MARGARET BASILE

CA BIZA, ROTH QUAD

S.U.N.Y. STONYBROOK 11794

COSMIC REGISTRATION #

24 APRIL - SATURDAY UNITED STATES NAVY

FELLOW FORUMITES -

TODAY WAS OLYMPIC DAY - WE HAD A COMPETITION WITH THE OTHER 6 COMPANIES IN OUR GRAD GROUP. TUG OF WAR - 2ND - SWIM TEAM - 2ND MILE - 1ST SPRINT - 1ST BOXING - 2ND - KICK-BOXING 1ST TOO BAD WE WERE ONLY ALLOWED TO PARTICIPATE IN ONE EVENT - I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO SPRINT ALSO. WE ONLY HAD ONE MAN WHO KNEW HOW TO KICK-BOX - ME. I HAD TO FIGHT ALL 3 BOUTS - 2 RDS. RD 1: 16 SECONDS - K.O. RD 2: 38 SECONDS - WIN BY 21 POINTS - RD 3: TKO IN 4. THE FIRST MAN CAME OUT WITH HIS HANDS LOW IN A CROUCH - SO I KICKED HIM IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD. #2 MAN ACTUALLY KNEW HOW TO FIGHT BUT DIDN'T GET IN HIS 7 KICKS IN THE FIRST ROUND. NUMBER 3 GOT HIS FEET TANGLED TRYING TO CHARGE AND ONE BACKFIST TO THE NOSE KNOCKED HIM THROUGH THE ROPES.

WE WON WHAT THEY CALL THE "CHEERIO" FLAG FOR THAT - ONLY ONE COMPANY GETS TO CARRY THAT AT GRADUATION - THATS US!

WE ALSO HAVE ALL 3 ATHELETIC FLAGS AND 2 OF THE SCHOOLASTICS. THIS PLACE REALLY ISN'T ALL THAT BAD - IN FACT, STEVE SHOULD BE DOING FINE - IT'S

UNITED STATES NAVY

JUST LIKE BOY-SCOUT CAMP.

ONE THING IS BOTHERING ME THOUGH - I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT SLEEPING TILL 5:30 IS LATE!

HOW IS EVERYONE THERE? I'M DOING OKAY, EXCEPT THAT I AM DYING FOR A BACK RUB!

GEORGE - WE GET TO CARRY DEWAT M-1 CARBINES BECAUSE THEY ARE "REVIVING TRADITION" - BULLSHIT!

BAT - IF YOU JOIN THE NAVY THE NEW WEIGHT RULES SAY THAT YOU WILL RUN MANDATORY PT (PHYSICAL TRAINING) 4 NIGHTS A WEEK - IF YOU FAIL ANY 2 IN SUCCESSION, YOU WILL BE SET BACK 2 WEEKS IN TRAINING - AND STILL RUN! WE JUST HAD A GUY COME THROUGH US FOR FOUR DAYS BEFORE HE WAS SET BACK AGAIN - HE'S BEEN HERE 21 WEEKS!

GREG - SEND ME YOUR ADRESS!

RUSTY - WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE CAMPAIGN? C+S IS ONE OF THE THINGS I REALLY MISS AROUND HERE.

~~SKI~~ HUGH - HOW BE YOU?

UNITED STATES NAVY

FRED - HOW DID YOU SURVIVE THIS UTTER BORDOM?

POPE - LET ME KNOW WHEN.

MARGARET - I'M STILL WAITING FOR A REPLY TO MY FIRST LETTER. HOW'S YA DOIN?

NANCY - SEND ME SOME PICTURES! ALL ABOUT THE CAMPUS, THE FORUM, THE FORUM-ITES.

JEFF & ELISA - SEND ME YOUR ROOM NUMBER!

WELL THAT'S ABOUT ALL THE TIME I'VE GOT - I'LL WRITE AGAIN IN A FEW DAYS. WRITE TO ME - PLEASE! THEY TOOK AWAY ALL MY BOOKS! I HAVE NOTHING TO READ BUT LETTERS!

SR ROY WILSON
NTC RTC
COMPANY Ø7Ø, 14TH DIVISION
GREAT LAKES, ILL. 6ØØ88

ZOD

KUP, MARGARET, SLIME, ELLEN, K'LISA, BOTWIN, JOHN, AND ANYONE ELSE WHO WAS TOLD OF A RUMOR CONCERNING A CLAIM I MADE A SUICIDE CALL. I WAS THE LAST ONE TO BE TOLD ABOUT THIS ONE. I ONLY FOUND OUT BY ACCIDENT AT THAT. THIS RUMOR IS NOT TRUE. NEITHER IS THE ONE THAT I HAVE LOG BOOK #16 IN MY POSSESSION. I WISH I DID! SORRY, FRED. DK

DJZ. K'LISA WOULD LIKE TO LOOK AT YOUR ELETRIC TYPRITER AND CASSETTE RECORDER. I WOULD BE INTRESTED IN THE THROWING STARS JEFF

5-5-82

PHOTO: DEBORAH UPTON

Producer Gene Roddenberry makes a point to the SUNY- Stony Brook audience.

RODDENBERRY ON TOUR

Gene Roddenberry hit the lecture circuit earlier this year and his roster of subjects included science fiction, *Star Trek: The Vengeance of Khan*, future technology and its effects on society and the fate of Mr. Spock.

While the producer deftly dodged any specifics regarding the science officer's outcome, he did tell attendees of I-Con (a convention sponsored by the Science Fiction Forum at the State University of New York at Stony Brook) "Harve Bennett came to me and said that he had spoken with Leonard, and from what I gathered, Leonard did want the character to die." As for the widely spread rumor of alternate endings being filmed, Roddenberry responded that he never saw alternate endings; the one he read was the one that was filmed.

Roddenberry had viewed a rough cut of the film two weeks prior to the mid-March gathering and commented that there was much "better use of the *Enterprise* family. Everyone gets more to do." He added that he has high hopes for newcomer Kirstie Alley (see interview, page 30).

"I wanted to stay away from the production," Roddenberry said of his limited involvement in the film. "If I got close, I would be tempted to make comments." Roddenberry did make comments, however, through memos. These primarily concerned scientific and special effects details.

Others on hand for this well-attended con included author Joan D. Vinge and her husband, editor Jim Frankel, who founded the Forum in 1967, authors Jack Dann, Gardener Dozois, Howard Weinstein and Raymond E. Gallun. Timescape editor David Hartwell, media writer Allan Asherman and STARLOG's Bob Greenberger were also present.

Two days after the convention, Roddenberry visited the STARLOG offices and discussed his current plans and goals. He has turned in a pilot script, to ABC-TV, for a proposed half-hour weekly series which would delve into future technology and its effects on humanity. Roddenberry promises the format would be "unlike anything seen on television." While his second *Star Trek* novel has been delayed pending discussion with Paramount, Roddenberry reports he is eager to begin work on another SF novel. ☆

WE ARE FAMOUS! OR STARLOG THIS MONTH

tom THE DRAWINGS YOU WANT ARE IN THE CIRRIAN DRAW!

FROM UNCLE BOT: TO ALL THOSE WHO ARE BUGGING ME TO FINISH FRIDAY, TOUGH! I WILL FINISH THE BOOK WHEN I DAMN WELL PLEASE, AND ACTUALLY I WILL FINISH IT MUCH MORE QUICKLY IF PEOPLE STOP BOTHERING ME TO FINISH IT!

BY THE WAY, WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF PEOPLE LEARNED HOW TO READ?

SHORT STORY TITLES I'D LIKE TO SEE:

I WAS A TEENAGE SPOON

HOW I GAINED CONTROL OF A GALACTIC EMPIRE IN 30 DAYS OR LESS

BE PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION OF PLANETS OR JUST LOOK LIKE ONE

TEN PARSECS TO THE MILKY WAY

HOW TO BECOME EMPEROR OF THE UNIVERSE IN 10 EASY LESSONS

BAROUCHES AND YOU

USING A BAROUCHE FOR FUN AND PROFIT

THE ANDROMEDA GALAXY ON 15 CREDITS A DAY

(OVA)

IN AND OUT OF THE BLACK HOLE
ONCE UPON AN ASTEROID

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

GEORGE LUCAS, STEVEN SPIELBERG, GENE RODDENBERRY, ISAAC ASIMOV, HARLAN ELLISON, STAN LEE & DARRYL ZANUCK ARE COLLABORATING ON A NEW MOVIE

ENTITLED "AD 3000." IT IS DESCRIBED AS THE HEARTWARMING STRUGGLE OF A BOY AND HIS DOG TRYING TO REMAIN THE SAME IN A WORLD OF INDIVIDUALS. DUE AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU THIS SUMMER. SEE IT BEFORE IT SEES YOU!

WORD OF THE DAY: EYAS – A young hawk

General comment on life – wading through three-high muck and climbing on boulder logs is fun!

Slime: MURDER for that-felt! (High praise indeed!) For that-live-feltes see (or hear) Genesis: A Trick of the Tail – title song of the album; and front cover of Genesis: Nursery Cryme for good ello.

Teddybear

ATTN: MIKE BOTWIN

1:44 pm

COME TO EXEC. COUNCIL MEETING
5:30 PM IN FORUM
Call Me First
Pres-Elect

(H)

"Kup"

All: Howdy!

Meryl: When your around, tell me who wrote Kubla Kahn, and where I can get a copy of said poem.

In Xanadu did Kubla Kahn
A stately pleasure dome decree:
Where Alf the sacred river ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

Margaret: I lost a day somewhere! Help!

Bot: What's on D.K.F.

Pope: Don't you wish you had an A.D.B. of your very own.

(X)

5/6/82 ~~Part II of Cos, Co, Comm~~

Uam: I be over at Gary's till 9:00

Jack

5/6

ALL: And I do mean all, this is a people's entry.

I came down to the Forum today. I was told to leave as they were having an Executive Council Meeting. I mentioned then to the E.C. that this was illegal: E.C. meetings must be open to the Forum members, in the constitution. They broke (IT DOES NOT! LOOK IT UP!) the meeting up then (it was certainly not my intention to break up their meeting, but to observe). The E.C. obviously did not wish to hold a meeting in my presence.

Now, people who were here

last year remember the SHIT that went down due to E.G. meetings. I PROTEST STRONGLY. The attitude of secrecy ANNOYS me. Since Garf is pretending to be in charge, I assume it was his idea; I DON'T KNOW, however. Perhaps it was a certain ASS HOLE with initials T.W. (oh come on, Tom Wilson.). NO ACCUSATIONS as I don't know who is to blame, but any action that occurs in the name or interest of the Forum should be open to the Forum members. More later.

#4

Pope:

Could you

Please Read the Constitution before you Quote (or misquote) it!

Their is no mention AT ALL of opening executive session meetings to the public! Before you call people assholes, you should know what you are talking about. If you talk without knowing what you are talking about, it proves that only you are an asshole!

Jeff

POWER

TO

THE

PEOPLE

COUNCIL

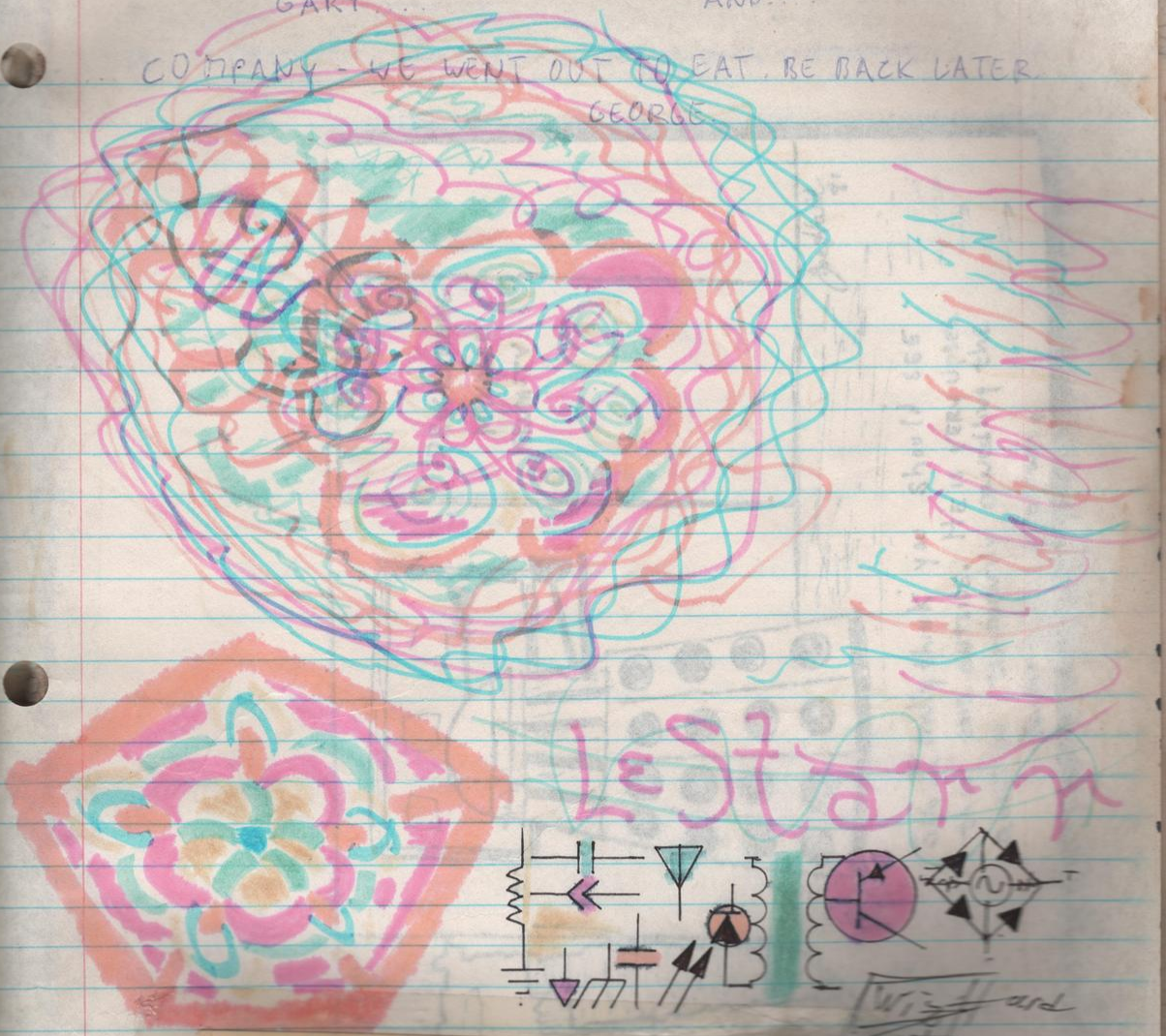
WAS

DICKY.

GARY . . . AND . . .

COMPANY - WE WENT OUT TO EAT. BE BACK LATER.

GEORGE



5/7/82

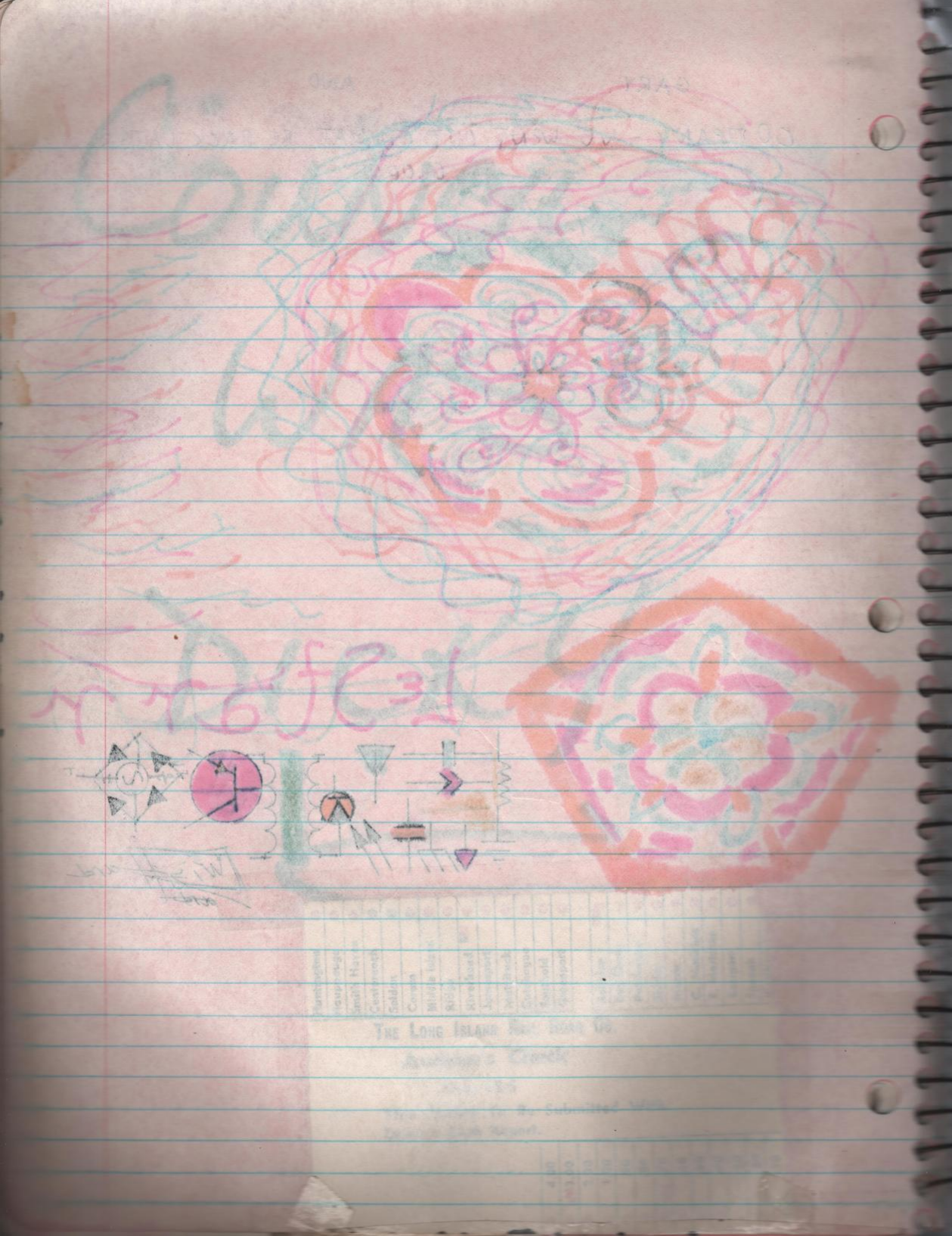
To Steve,

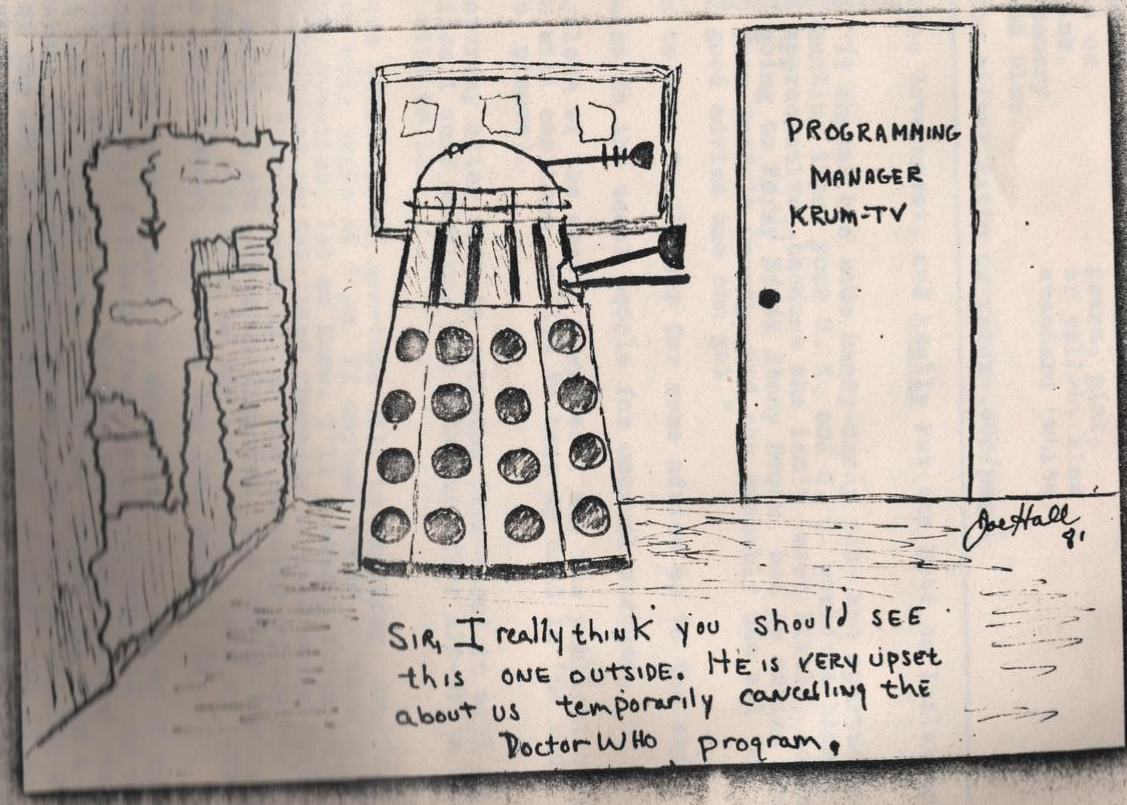
I just stopped to say hi, but couldn't find any of you. I still don't know which way Atchoque is, but decided I'd best get started while it's still daylight. (It's 3:00 pm now, approximately)

Farewell and good luck. I just discovered you in the hall. I will see you in the AM.

Sincerely Yours,

L Stacy




PROGRAMMING
MANAGER
KRUM-TV
Joe Hall 81
SIR, I really think you should SEE this ONE OUTSIDE. HE IS VERY UPSET about US temporarily cancelling the Doctor Who program.

APA-NYU

APA-thos repro and rates

DITTO	XEROX	MIMEO
1¢/page until mid-~~June~~ December * available on green, pink, yellow, canary white, and blue.	10¢/page available on green, pink, or yellow. Also standard (white)	n/a

Typing for either ditto or xerox-.40¢/page.

Computerize Government, and really Put the Byte on Inflation!

FANDOM HOTLINE

If anyone has some handy-dandy job- and apartment-hunting tips, your O. K. and G. C. would be highly appreciative,,because she isn't (most likely, anyway) going to ~~Stony Brook~~ Stony Brook, but is moving away from Suffolk County, and can probably use all the good advice she can get.*

Thanks to Marc S. Glasser for some advice as to the above.

Thanks also to the usual people for unusual reasons.

*Regardless of the above, wherever I am, the publication of APA-thos will continue. I like to keep my hand in (no rude comments, please).

The Saturday after this is collated (APA-thos) it will be 11 weeks since I quit smoking. The saturday after APA-NYU's collation, it will be 12.

The next collation of APA-thos will be Thursday, may 20, 1982. Collation will begin at 5 pm. If anybody wants to have a collation party sometime, let me know. I'll probably stick to having collations on the third Thursday of each month from now on. Weekends, I'll be working, and possibly during the week, too, but since APA-NYU's on Thursday, and ~~STWARS~~ meetings are on Thursday, this will be the best. But I have to work weekends this summer, if I want the job, which I do.

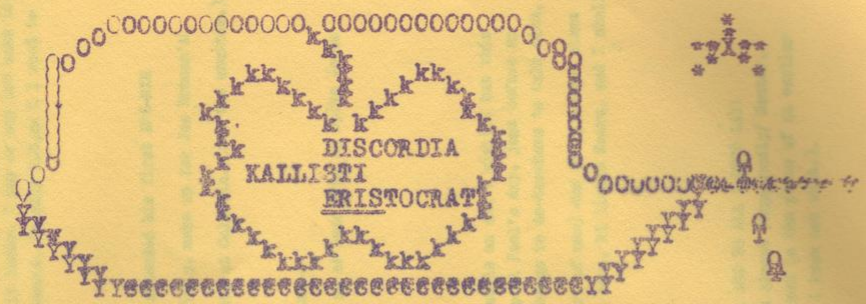
I guess this means I have to make about 150 copies of this (counting overruns) for both APAs, since APA-thos is, as of this month, a copy-count of 30-with full intentions of staying there. A new policy has been initiated: Anyone who does a cover for APA-thos for any specific month, will now get receive 2 copies of the APA for which their cover is used, and if any new people want in, they go on a waiting list. 30 copies is what I wanted for this APA, because that's the optimum number for contributors, and provides a couple of extra copies for people who do not contribute, but do help collate. Remember-even 30 copies of your laundry list are acceptable. Or snake stories. Or anything. This is, after all, the extraneous organ of the Chaotic.

...Maybe I'll try to get Abby in on this...

* Going back to Suffolk next fall. Bring up my average.

Well, that's Fandom Hotline for this month.

YRS



XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXXOXOXOXOXXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO

BDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDBDB

DISCORDiscorDISCORDiscorDISCORDiscorDISCORDiscorDISCORDi
iscorDISCORDiscorDISCORDiscorDISCORDiscorDISCORDiscorDI

Kaotic Karma IV
APA-thon 5ive

by Elizabeth Anne Ensley, O.K. & G.C.

FOR, OF COURSE, THE EXTRANEOUS ORGAN OB CHAOS

Suitcase still in MD.

For APA-thos, APA-NYU, APA-Q, and PAGAN APA (185)

KAOTIC KANMA IV by the RAFFLES

LIS ANSLEY

18 HALLOCK ROAD //POBox 246

E. QUOGUE NY //E.QUOGUE

NY 11942 /// NY 11942

STILL A COPYCOUNT OF 20,
BUT UP TO 10 EXTRA ARE
TO BE COLLATED FROM THIS ~~NEXT~~
POINT ON.

MY SUITCASE WENT TO MARYLAND WITHOUT ME!?!!

AN AUM PRESS PUBLICATION #1e.

Mary Burns, my sister, brought my typewriter, clothes, and staff home from Lunacon for me. I'll see them sometime next month, when she gets home from Easterconn. Somebody else sent hotel management to operations to pick up their bags for them, and I had left my suitcase along the same wall as these people had left their bags.

The people will be in Lake Renkenkema soon, and I can get my suitcase then. This will be good, as the suitcase contains zines from ~~XX~~ John and covers from Margaret for the next few months. It should be with me about April 8th.

Those people who would consent to appear on an APA-thos roster, please let me know. On roster will appear name, address, and (optional) phone number.

A general announcement (for those who care)-I will be graduating ~~mp~~ repeat, graduating this June. After 4 years, IT'S ABOUT TIME!?!! Condolences may be offered at the July collation of APA-NYU.

APA-NYU comments will appear when I have the time, APA-Q when I get it (and my suitcase) back, ~~XXX~~ PAGAN APA when I can afford the repro, and APA-thos on the last page.

This is a schizophrenic zine. APAPAPAPAARGH!?!!

My apologies to Rick, Tom, and Bob, who received their copies of APA-thos late.

ARE YOU A VIRGIN WILLING TO BE SACRIFICED FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF A LESSER GOD? CALL OR WRITE:

KAOTIC KANMA
BOX 246
EAST QUOGUE
NEW YORK ~~11692~~
11942

(516) OLD-LOV-5

"an equal opportunity employer"

How do you like my zine so far? Oh, my dearling Dears, this doubleplusgood dableplustalk has simply just doubleplusbegun.

This typer is that for which I give thanks and praise to my college ~~xx~~ library, who just happened to have it handy. I may or may not make it ~~x~~ to Stony Brook (my grade avg, at present, is only 2.0, ~~xx~~ & I need to ~~xx~~ drive it ~~xx x xxxx~~).

My welcome to Mike Rubin, who just attended his first APA-NYU collation. His presence will, hopefully, make up for Joe Brisman's absence, since they are both students at Columbia. (not the shuttle.)

A spaceport bar in Tattooine...

HEY, PAUL BIRNBAUM-will I ever see ~~mg~~ or hear from my Spike Jones tape again?

VELME-glad you liked the necklace.

The Bus, Plane, THE BUS!

Isn't it grand? I can-or could, prattle on all I wishto, but this is being typed Thursday morning, April Fool's day, just before my first class, and I have a lot of things to do-teachers to talk with, and all, plus a report (or the start of one) due at my second class that I have not yet begun. So take care, MY little Deers, and I shall see you when I may.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD LAY!
(Eggs, of course. It's almost /supposedly/ Easter, which, of course, was put in the place of an earlier Pagan Holyday, though I knew not what.).

Lesley

Kaotic Karma Welcome
COMMENTS APA-thos 4
Cover 1 - I Like!
Cover 2 - I wish it had run off better.
Kaotic Karma - probably the last time I pay $1 a page for typing services, considering the many errors.
John Cornetta - It started good, & gets better - esp. the spelling. You have some very good ideas.
SLIME - It started good (Whoops! Wrong tape. Boy, what you guys do...). I like.
Fred - Glad to hear from you. *No tree ever ate my kite (I haven't flown one in years...).
Joe - LOVED it! Tonight, - Yes, Uhura, there is Life on Star Deck! Actually, Star Trek wasn't a bad series. The movie could have been better, tho. /s/ Another Whofer (As if I haven't already known for over a year) (Aztec Moonshine Dark Shadows is Back on! BUT I HAVE SCHOOL! Arrgh
DANA & AMY - Are you there?

We 3 kings of Orient are
Puffing on a rubber cigar
It was loaded, it exploded
We 2 kings of Orient are.

We 2 kings of Orient are
Puffing on a rubber cigar
It was loaded, it exploded
I one king of Orient are.

I one king of Orient are
Puffing on a rubber cigar
It was loaded, it exploded -
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen.

Mark L. Blackman

Have a tequila
Have 2 tequilas
Have 3 tequilas
They're very small...

Mark L. Blackman

Johnny Carson is something else...

Open all night - a flasher with insomnia.

KAOTICKARMAWELCOMEKAOTICKARMAWELCOMEKAOTICKARMEAWELCOMEETC

ODE TO FOOLISHNESS
or
IN PROTEST OF THE CUTS IN NASA'S BUDGET
by elizabeth anne ensley

COUNTLESS ÆONS AGO MANKIND CAME
TO BE
VICTIMS OF BAD EDITING.
FROM CHILD TO ADULT, ADOLESCENT GROWN
TO WEAN
TURN THE PAGE AND KEEP READING.
A CHANCE TO LEARN, TO GROW, TO GO INTO
SPACE IS
FORGOTTEN IN HEAT OF WAR.
HUNGRY MOUTHS OPEN TO VACANT AIR
APACE
TO THE TUNE OF NEVERMORE.
RACE ON TO OBLIVION, FORGET ALL
YOU'VE LEARNED
LEARN TO PLAY A FOOLISH GAME
RHAPSODIES OF SORROW PLAY UPON MY
EARS BURN
BALLADS PLAYED FOREVER...fame.

The main reason this was published here, and not in a campus literary zine first, is because they kept typing it wrong. Ghu knows I did My best...The form of this one is very important to me-esp. since I was feeling very playful when it wanted to be written. It didn't mind.

You know, now that we're well along and everything, it's strange, but once every 5 months (so far) the question is asked "Why did you start an APA?" Since the question is self-inflicted, it's not a very easy one to answer. One such answer could be a) everybody's doing it-which isn't quite true, since Joe Braman's GAFIAted. Or b) Because I wanted to drive people nuts-not as bad as c)Iwanted to drive myself nuts (which it tends to do). d) because I wanted to write to, and with, etc. a bunch of weird (or wierd, depending on your preferences) people in an (intellectual)orgy between the (APAs) covers is close. Someday, I'll have it figured out.

It's strange, but APA-thos actually began with APA-NYU (Yes, Marc, Donna, I had to lay the claim somewhere.). So, unofficially, APA-thos is the bastard offspring of APA-NYU-oh, and of PAGAN APA, too (yes, Margaret-APAs do indeed make for strange bedfellows as we are all snuggled up close together betwixt the covers. Comfy/cosy).

Still packing. One way or another, I have to be out by October, so Nan can get on with her long-deferred retirement. Hopefully, there will be some reasonable arrangement wherever I may find myself.

This would have been the longest time I lived in anyone's place, too, if I hadn't spent 6 months in Riverhead.

KAOTIC KARMa/APA-thos ENSLEY OK & GC etc.

Today is Monday 12 April. Just to keep things straight. I called Stony Brook this morning (this means you, Vlad, M'DEer), and I definitely need a 2.5 cum (right now, it's 2.0). I guess I 'ain't gonna be no Brookite.

This page, as it turns out, is the very first on Canary paper (chirp*chirp*).That is, in this lil' ol' copy. By the way, I have access to ditto facilities until June, though I have to buy my own supplies, so until June, I can offer ditto repro at 1¢/page (hear that, Dwarf? Your account is still hear, though not for postage, except for that .51¢. Can we *finally* get another zine from you?) until then. The above rates are also, for the same time span, also applicable to APA-NYU, APA-Q, APA-FILK, and whatever, for as long as I have access to the machine.

Only one-sided pages, though-they'll only trust me so far ~~as they/can/throw/me~~.

Oh, by the way, it seems that my typer didn't go to England, after all. Ishtar must like me. And Diana. Not to mention Dotty the Ditto machine.

(Dotty the Ditto Machine?)

I asked you not to mention that!

Anyway...

SLIME: Since you seem to have lost the postcard with the information on it, here is John "The Black Plague" Vanible's address:

351 West 121st St.
NY NY 10027
(212) 864-69(?)89

So don't say I never gave you nothin'.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

Fredrik (sorry) Vladmir Coulter.
(Yes, Vlad? *Sorry, I can't help it-at the SCA Feast, one was personified as "Vlad the Impaler's illegit daughter-sort of like Alayka Alhazred, the seventh and last child produced of a marriage between the legitimate son of the Mad Arab Abdul Alhazred, and the ~~illegitimate~~ illegitimate daughter of the Mad Arab Abdul Alhazred.

The walking glitch
The stalking glitch
With Murphy's law-
Ain't that a B___h?

Roundabout way of saying some things, granted-what else can I be right now? Being roundabout is half the fun of being there (Reach out/reach out and punch-out card)...now, that's clout!

EXXONEXXONEXXONEXXONEXXONEXXONEXXON (do that long enough, & it starts to look obscene)ESSOESSOESSOESSOESSOESSOESSOESSO
EXXONESSOEXXONESSOEXXONESSOEXXONESSOEXXONESSOEXXONESSOEXXON
QUQUQUQUEQUEQUEQUEQUERQUERQUERQUERQUERYQUERYQUERYQUERYQUERY

Okay. Considering my grade average, I won't be going ~~ii~~ to Stony Brook in the fall. BUT I may in 2 years. Decided: I'll see if I can go for another degree at Suffolk, and do a lot better on schoolwork than I did for da LibSci. Mainly because I'm older, & know what to expect. Which is more than when I first came to college...vastly more. Then I'll see about transferring.

That's okay-I'm not ready to live in NYC anyway. Not if one doesn't want a nervous breakdown. I don't yet know which campus.

And, in September, ya know I'll have to let on where my new address places me. Hopefully, somewhere near Selden, which is a Hell of a lot closer to both NYC and Stony Brook, at least, access-wise.

APA-thos comment

JOE HALL: At Boskone, can a body (no untoward ~~xxxx~~ hints intended-t this is between friends) take you out to dinner at Boskone in February? No Carl Sagan jokes, please.

MARK BLACKMAN: Pathos, according to my dictionary, is the quality that excites pity (n: Gr.). I thought APAthy meant indifference(absence of feeling).

Now, all we need is to be invaded by the Pandemonium Empire-or would Orion Quest show up & save the world? That Colonel Fuhrer cat sure is weird. Or we can go for the Star-vengers & their robots (and Ceres's romance with Paladin, of course. Assuming Ceres was still alive). Best of all are the Thunderbirds, filmed in "SUPERMARIONATION."

Hopefully, I will have my book and movie reports for, consecutively, my history and sociology classes, by next week. The book is Howard Pyle's "Man of Iron," and the movie is ~~John~~ David Merrick's "The Elephant Man" in sociological jargon. Look for the latter here next month, just for the ~~hell~~ hell of it.

It looks like I have a 6-page zine for aPA-thos so far. If I have time before collation, I'll have more, but if I don't, so what, at least you all know I'm still alive.

YRS. for keeping quasars off quaaludes.

Elizabeth Anne Eneley 18 Hallock Rd.
East Quogue NY 11942

O.K. & G.C.,
APA-thos

To begin with, a reply to "Gruad's Plan" of #82: thank you, and I presume this is much more legible. That last was originally for Apa-thos, which is (luckily) confined -well, almost- to the campus of Suffolk County Community College East; most of us have met, but the zine was by way of local introduction. I would've done better, had I know Le Starr was going to submit something I scribbled at the lunch table!

To clarify LIz's comments in#82 (her typing is affecting mine); Slime is an acronym for who-knows-what, and his zine was The Clockwork Grapefruit (please note that my typing is terrible, so I8m not up to intentional mistakes yet.) That title, droogies, deserves quite a horrorshow tolchok to the grazny veck.

Hey Vlad, what's a "neep-neep"?

To whom it may concern (and who I have not met, just thought it'd interest you)- on of our profs says the mystique of sex takes seven months to wear off.

Elly (CLftBPC) beat shoes! -As in deserving a proper funeral, but too much fun to wear to make my mother holler. re your reply to Sheila Wild(th)ing: my cat drools -not much, thankfully, I already have a labrador- but she's about 12 and healthy. Watch what they do if you have cheese, if they behave well enough not to take it without asking! Maybe they'd behave if you tried rubbing lemon juice on thier (oops) noses immediately after they do something bad. Dogtrainers do it, but then, dogs are stupid. -As to Arthur's reply to you (in #82), some people can't get it through their heads that ignorance isn8t equivalent to innocence. In order to be "good" or "moral", one has to be at least aware of the other available choices, and have chosen. So much for book banners and the like. and all the world's ills cured by the power of the apa!

Mark Glasser (presuming you may be approached by the yet lowly Celt?) re reply to Mark Blackman: nice little set of companies; need a mechanic for your car service??? (Shut up, Liz.) How about an apprentice for Syscrash? re reply to Vicki Rosenzweig: freshman is alledged to mean "he who knows not, but knows not that he knows not"; sophomore is"he who knows not, but knows that he knows not"; junior is "he who knows, but knows not that he knows"; senior is "he who knows, and knows that he knows." THEN you hit grad school- but I wouldn't know, I'm a frosh (bet you figured that out long ago). I forgot where you asked about Linear B, but then, I forgot what it is, too. Cuneiform, I think.

Life is good when it doesn't snow on Friday.(Profundity #2, companion piece to Profundity #1; Destiny is a Chevy.) That makes sense if you are told that my favorite class- Creative Writing- is on Fri., and that Des is my Nova(which you may have managed to find in my handwriting in #81). Automobiles are one of my odier obsessions (the rest are pretty tame- sorry, people!) I play D&D, but that Isn't odd snd I'm not obsessive, or I'd be willing to play with the hack8n'slash gang rather than be a role-playing elitist (not to worry, we've converted people to "realism" from cardboard characters, and they aren't bored yet).

I miss my library- it's been packed off to several houses for months (prematurely) and will rejoin me as soon as my parents sell this house and my mother has another- they're divorcing. No sweat, we all get along better now than before, I think. But this waiting-! Guess it's time [illegible]

* Lots of you down. Whoops- just looked at the bottom. That's where it time to stop typing, huh? Hope to meet*

5 Years & Counting 2
April 1982

for APA-thos 5

Fredrik V Coulter
PO 218
Stony Brook, NY 11790

MRP-12

Cover I like it, I like it. It's got two extra legs to go along with the two extra points on its trident. When are you going ot do a wise old creature, relaxing, calmly smoking a pipe.

Kaotic Karma Welcome If you're really frustrated....//I do not exist. I may have given you a zine for the apa in which you dispared of ever receiving an apa from me, but I don't exist.//Why is my zine a real horrorshow occurance? I consider it a nice, respectable zine. It's not my fault that I can't spell or type.//What are you going to major in since you're not taking up space?//That illo is not me, not at all.

The Clockwork Grapefurit Can you get your printer to alter the margins? I'd like to not dig to find your leftmost words.//Try Hill Street Blues on Thurday nights. Stick with it, it grows on you.//You aren't the only one who can't make it to Empiricon this year. There will be no Empiricon this year, so noone is going to make it. Go to LastCon in October.

Five Years and Counting Take the question mark away from Margaret. Total body count is now six: Dana, John, Slime, maragaret, Joe, and myself. In about a year our fearless editor will be on the list.//Five Years and Counting will always be mailing comments. Other stuff w will go in other zines. There will be a zine out soon called Animal Magic. You Have Been Warned!

What happened to Amy? Has sanity returned before she really started writing stuff for this rag?

finis

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS are only the beginning, when you
SHARE THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE OF BEING <u>INSIDE</u>...

OrgasmaCon Too

THE
SPECIAL
EDITION

SEPTEMBER 3 to 7, 198 *
THE Name Withheld by Request HOTEL, Intercourse, PA

Fandom's favorite theme convention is back and bigger than ever! Pumped to bursting with group participation events!:

FANTASY ART SHOW! Famous artists display their deepest fantasies as they actualize your own! And a special section of the actual nude models used!!

UCTION! Bid on favorite Pros and BNF's for the priveledge of owning them for the night! All willing/able to do <u>anything</u> that <u>you</u> desire!!!

OSTUME ALL...! This years theme is "Future Nipples", with prizes for the best!!

GAME ROOM! Engage in our hyper-reality role-gameing sessions and transcend the manipulation of cardboard pieces to that of each other!!!!!
PLAY D & D..............S & M....................HAVE A BALL!

WE GIVE YOU MORE! Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights join with the Guest of Honor and virtually all the pros in the field in the Grand Ballroom!!! Pulsate with pleasure as the GoH guides all to <u>ever-higher levels of mutual</u> joy and understanding! You may hate NAME DEFINITELY WITHHELD 's insults, you may love his ravings, but for sure, you will never think of him as short again!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

FILMS! Close-circuit TVs in every room show adult delights and classic shorts such as "HARDWARE HORES" and "BAMBI MATES GODZILLA"!!!!!

FILK CONTEST! At the suggestion of the ever-jovial "Dr. A.", the female who the moderator judges as singing the most moving obscene SF/Fantasy Folksong/Limerick wins the moderator for the night!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Moderated yet again this year by the ever-jovial "Dr. A."!!!!!!!!!

DEALERS! Yes, even they get in on the fun, bartering what they got for what you got!!

SECURITY! S.C.R.E.W. [Star Commandos, Really Earth Wapers], that fun-loving bunch of power-tripping degenerates, has promised to keep everything moving without annoyances from mundane-land!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

REASONABLE ROOM RATES!!
(Though you are required to pay extra for water beds, ropes,chains,etc.)

AS FOR MEMBERSHIP RATES,
well, what is it worth to you to get in? Pay at the door.

Supporting Memberships are FREE with a SASE!
Send to: DreamWeaver, 249-39 Thebes Avenue, Little Neck, NY 11362.

*Sure, it's the same time as the WorldCon. BUT WHO CARES?!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

May 7/ Word for the day: ~~[illegible]~~ : ~~[illegible]~~ Ka : a portion of the ~~the~~ soul (Egyptian)

Lazy people unite! If we all lie down on the job, we'll wrinkle lots of clothing! Not to mention papers...

Heavy Metal route in Hendrix lounge...

Kup: Khan written by Coleridge — get a collected book of poems.

Teddybear

Dr. JAH is up and out May 8

Finally! I believe I am prepared to write the fourth Episode of the Gomers. So without further ado... Part IV Gomer(s) below Stony Brook

Synopsis: Last time (4/27/82) we saw Gomer still hunting for his people after having crash landed on the outskirts of Stony Brook University. After being knocked unconscious by his own clumsiness Gomer was dragged under ground by an unknown figure which appeared from within one of the bunker like vents that surround the University Gym. The story continues...

Gomer slowly opened his eyes and watched the surrounding room slowly come into dim focus. That was the way Gomers saw things dimly (it was also the way they thought). A small hunched over figure danced over to the table where Gomer was bound and peered into his face.

"Are you alright, man?" the figure blurted.

Gomer was not surprised that he could understand the person in front of him. Gomer just accepted this. Before he could speak a voice echoed in the room.

"Derik! Get away from there now!"

The hunchback moved respectfully away, only to replaced by a lab-coated figure.

"Well, well, so you are awake" the resonant voice observed.

"He just woke up Professor. I didn't bother him at all."

"Alright you twerp thats fine, now shove off!"

"Yes Professor. I will go polish the Baronche!"

"The what? Oh! Never mind, just split!"

"Yes, Professor." Derik placed his right arm above his head, as if he were holding an invisible umbrella and

shuffled off into a side corridor. The Professor shook his head in disgust and turned back to the figure tied to the table.

"Hello there, I'm not sure if you can understand me, but I know where you came from. You are at Stony Brook University what do you want here?"

The sentences were a bit too long for Gomer to understand so he just stared and tried to sort out what he had been told. To no avail.

"Hello I am Gomer"

The Professor's eyes widened at this.

"What do you want at Stony Brook University"

Since Gomer did not know what a Stony Brook University was he did not answer.

"I know you understand me! What do you want?"

The Professor was getting ticked off

"I want Gomers"

This meant nothing to the Professor so he only got madder.

"Tell me what I want to know!"

Since Gomer considered himself to be unable to read minds (he's right) Gomer remained silent and shook his head. Unfortunately when a Gomer nods "no" it looks like "yes" and vice-versa. The Professor waited expectantly, and waited... and waited. He began to yell angrily.

"You do not seem to understand who you are dealing with here." (that was true)

"I can make things very rough for you Gomer" this was also true.

"Let me explain what you are dealing with. I am the leader of an underground movement (they really were underground) which is called Biological

Alteration Program. We virtually control this entire campus. Cameras observe every foot of the terrain, guards patrol the tunnels, which we perform our biological experiments within. On the outside they appear to be collapsed, tunnels inside we have the most elaborate systems of biological science. Some of the most brilliant scientists in the world are our unwilling assistants. Soon we shall be able to make our first move. A perfect being! All that stands in our way is the need for one more Federal Grant to purchase some minor equipment. Then the world will be ours!" (actually the Professor had no intention of sharing it.)

Homer was speechless, mainly because he could not understand what the Professor was talking about. This only ~~bamm~~ intrigued the Professor further.

"You will tell me what I want to know, or I shall convert you to icky protoplasm." The Professor rubbed his hands with glee.

There was a stumbling sound outside and two figures stumbled in the room holding their arms over their heads as if clutching invisible umbrellas.

The Professor went berserk and lunged at them only to be shoved off, where he went ~~smashing~~ into a panel of machinery against the wall. A voice began to blurt out in mechanical tones.

"Attention! Attention the entire underground system will self-destruct in one minute and counting." The voice droned on counting down.

Homer found himself being dragged off the table after his bonds had been cut. Both figures began to move for the door dragging Homer with them. When they attempted to remove the Professor he pushed them away.

"I must save my work. One more Federal Grant, only

one more!" his screams echoed after the trio as they made their way to the door and along a funnel corridor.

"Put your hand up like this" one of Homer's rescuers advised. They raised their hands like they were carrying invisible umbrellas and ran down the corridor. There was another door and a set of stairs leading upward. The trio stumbled out into the night from the social + Behavioral Sciences building. The campus shook a few seconds later with a series of underground explosions. Smoke and gas flame billowed from dozens of tunnel and sewer openings as well as a gigantic flare which shot out the roof of the lecture center. Slowly the explosions died down to be replaced by the moans of students who had all been shaken awake on the weekend before Finals.

The trio picked themselves up from the ground where they had been thrown by the explosions.

"Are you okay?" The question was asked back and forth. Then there was silence.

"May be you should come with us." the shorter of the two offered.

Homer hesitated. The sound of sirens rose in the distance, but grew louder.

"Listen" the same person continued, adjusting her glasses "My name is Barry Salada, and this (pointed to the tall thin figure next to him) is Lodge Hung. I think you should come with us."

Homer looked at them

"I am Homer"

The trio pointed off to the distance.

"This way." They ran off into the night and Gomer followed holding his hand in the air as though holding an invisible umbrella.
"We're taking you to the Forum," said Barry. "There may be somebody who can help you." They disappeared into Hendrix dormitory.

Will Gomer's quest ever end? Or is it just beginning. Some Answers and some questions are raised in the next and concluding episode:

PART V GOMER(S) IN THE FORUM!

(mon dieu!)

Quote for the Day:

"Ignore the man behind the curtain." — Oz.

(brought to you by #4 with the letters P and Z)

So bad Tom does not print as much as he talks!
What about the G. D. Wall!

Damn Good work Margret!!!

There once was a man who like to go into a rage.

He happens to be more than 2 times my age.

He yells till he turns blue

and there is nothing I can do.

If he does it again he will not reach the next page.

Mr. C. Scott was walking out of the building. He chuckled to himself about some private joke. C S was mentally ill and went un-helped. He always loved to pick fights at work over the most insignificant things. His secetary fixed his coffee not to his exect taste or a coworker was out of the office 5 minutes so he could not receive his pay check that day from C.S. C.S. was an adrenalin addict. he had to have a fight to feel great. He was power hungery (for give me for getting carried away but this is better than getting violent isn't it?)

Little did C Scott know, but the sister ship of the "Heavy Metal" Smile face craft had targeted him for capture. As usual their first target was completly destroyed and all the crafts robots and at the crafts computers couldn't put C.S. together again! the remains were ground into who-nose-smaut (who-knows-what)

The crew then mixed the powder with their nose-candy and had a bad trip. A very BAD T R I P !!!

The just missed a red Giant and did singe the computer tapes to the point they could no longer travel hyper-space. So they landed on a nearby planet and had a Great Vacation until rescue could arrive. and Lived H.S.A

Libel!
n.a.

Can we get a decent pen down here?

And another thing...

* Warning! * Slanderous material may follow...
if this pen holds out...

I again protest the action taken by the Executive Council re the door lock. In my opinion, keys were given out to certain individuals with the idea that those who should have keys would have keys.

It is obvious that some people should have keys; the argument lies in how large this group should be.

In my opinion I should have a keys, if only because I am one of the few people trying to beautify this illustrious place.

Note: I will have access

And another thing...

to this place when I desire it.

Jeff: whether the (snicker, snicker) 'constitution' says it or not, Forum-relevant actions should be open to general Forum veto.

Anyways, this is soley my opinion.

slanderous material

By the way, Kurt is obviously under Illuminati influence and is not to be trusted with anything of more concequence than softball. The All-seeing eye has obviously also been looking in Hugh's direction. As for Meryl...

#

Hi-Hi All

As we approach another Monday meeting lets try to act like adults and avoid a nasty yelling session. This garbage about open or closed E C meetings seems to have some people very upset. Lets listen to the E C and get their reason for a closed before we condemn them.

Jack

Oh fuck you Jack, "Act like adults", my ass. Eat my...

I condemn the E.C. in NOW. #4

Pope, your the only person to complain and one person does not a veto make.

ALL We may have a small furry mammal that is living in or behind the radiator! We need traps! We need poison we need guns, rifles bazookas tanks, missles, we need to escalate and graduate that mouse. On the other hand, it may also be a rat.

NUKE IT!

I'LL

Ten-Hew

KILL

Paranoid

IT

(Stern!)

5/10 EXEC COUNCIL: DO YOU HAVE A SPACE FOR A 2'×4' PEN & INK PICTURE W/ FRAME? DALE,

JOHN C: I DID NOT KNOW ABOUT SPRINGFEST. THANKS FOR ASKING. DK

5-10 3:10AM BRUCE: I MAY HAVE MY YOU-KNOW-WHAT DISPENSER. DO YOU HAVE THE YOU-KNOW-WHATS?

ALL: GREETINGS FROM FUIL DAN SEMMEL. HE MAY BE OUT HERE THIS WEDNESDAY.

MERYL: YOU'LL NEVER KNOW UNTIL YOU SEE IT FIRST HAND. WHY NOT COME FOR A SPIN IN MY BARCHE SOMETIME AND I'LL LET YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF.

UNCLE BOT

BOTWIN: Where is the story? DALE
MARGARET: The mural looks great. DK

TOUCHUPS!

WE DO DAMN GOOD WORK

DALE + BOT

BY THE WAY, IT HAPPENS TO BE A SPACE BAROUCHE

BROUGHT TO YOU BY GOODYEAR SPACE BLIMP.

EXEC COUNCIL: Does anyone care to invite the L-5 Society to bring tapes of Heinlein's speaches at L-5 Conference in LA? DK

Silly People. I wz here for shift 2-dey

Mg

WORD OF THE DAY: Conif - A man who steals your wallet, stups it, then sells it back to you for your last $20 - and gets away with the whole thing.

It's 2:22. Do you know what your pheremones are?

5/10/82 GAR7

I'ZE HERE FO SHIFT.

AS LONG AWAITED HERE'S SOME CON INFO:

1) SF CON I, Syracuse University
GOH J. O. Jeppson, $0 Reg
Write SF CON I, 337 Harford Road, Syracuse N.Y. 13208

2) CHICON IV (WORLD CON) - Hyatt Regency, Chicago
Sept 6-8
GOH: A. Bertram Chandler, Art GOH Kelly Freas
Reg $50 to 6/15/82

Write Chicon IV, P.O. Box A3120, Chicago Ill, 60690

(3) LASTCON TOO. Oct 8-11
Ramada Inn, Albany, N.Y.
GOH: Wilson Tucker
Reg. $17 to 9/22 $20 at the door
Write LASTcon Too C/O LASTSFA
P.O. Box 13-002, Albany, NY 12212

(4) World Fantasy Convention '82, Park Plaza Hotel, New Haven CT - Oct 29-31
GOH Peter Straub, Joseph Payne Brennan
Registration $25
Membership limited to 750!
Write: World Fantasy Convention '82
~~[illegible]~~
P.O. Box 8262, East Hartford CT 06108

5) Sep. 1-5, 1983 Constellation, 41st World S.F. Con. - Baltimore Convention Center, Baltimore MD.
GOH John Brunne
Reg. - $20 to 6/30/82
Write Constellation, 41st World SF
Constellation, 41st World SF Convention
P.O. Box 1046, Baltimore, MD 21203

5/11/82
Goodlye
Mr. JHM

Part V of "Go, Go, Gomers" has finally arrived. It has to have been one of the most bizarro stories ever to appear within the Forums books (logs). I would like to go on talking about what a good time I had writing these, but I shall let the last episode speak for itself.

Part V and conclusion "Gomer(s) in the Forum"

Synopsis: Last time (5/7/82) we saw the exciting rescue of Gomer from the clutches of the professor and the Biological Alteration Program (B.A.P.). Two Forum members unwittingly rescued Gomer and are bringing him to the Forum in order to help him... The saga is on again...

Gomer followed Barry and Ledge into the Forum of Hendrux college dorm. Inside several broken pieces of furniture were filled with a mixture of books and human debris. Gomer cringed at the strangeness that had enveloped him. A large student lay on one of the couches nibbling on the corner of a book. Ledge screamed in horror and ripped the book out of his mouth.

"Blap" Ledge screamed. "How many times have I told you not to eat the books."

Barry turned to Gomer "Pay no attention to that, Ledge is just the librarian."

Ledge began to sob as he turned the Blap-eaten pages of a once rare book. Blap belched and turned over and went to sleep. Ledge passed out from shock.

"The meeting should be starting soon so we can get a lot of input as to how we can help you" Barry went on, oblivious to the unconscious librarian on the floor.

"Who the hell is this?" a low whiny voice cut in. It was Dread Doolter. "What do you want buddy? I am a very busy man." Dread paused to wait for Barry to finish

laughing behind his back. "Watch it buddy!" Dread warned. Barry laughed so hard he fell over the couch he had perched himself on and disappeared except for a pair of jogging sneakers that stuck inconsiously in the air.

"I can tell when I am not appreciated" Dread went on (In fact Dread continued to tell how little he was truly appreciated for twenty minutes before he finally left) The swiftly departing figure was followed by cheers of relief.

A tall lanky figure with long hair and no shoes came trotting over. "Hi I'm Me" he said in a calm voice. At this a small chorus joined in "Me-ee-zola, Corn Goodness." Me ignored them.

Gomer was beginning to relax slightly. This was a lot better than being tied to a table and being threatened to be turned to icky protoplasm by the Proffessor (last episode). At least it seemed better.

"What can we do for you?" Me asked. Gomer told him. Me listened thoughtfully until Gomer had told him his entire story. Me shook his head thoughtfully.

"Hmm. That seems a little out of my league, but maybe one of these other guys can help. Let me introduce you around."

And Me did introduce Gomer to each of the members. First there was Immeryl who came prancing into the Forum telling how she had just ripped out the lungs of two guys she thought were muggers, but were really two Ministers returning from a seminar. I thought they were dressed in black because they didn't want to be seen she went on. Mack Snotein and Lincoln Log were both gone by the time Me could interrupt. When

Gomer told his story Immeryl began clutching at her head and crossing her eyes. "I'm sorry but I have a migraine. I just can't think straight. Try me later."
"I've already tried" said Me.
Next they tried the Mope and Heidy-Ho
Mope's reply: "Where can I buy some of that?"
Heidy-Ho's reply: "Sorry I'm busy next Saturday."
Next they tried Jaw Chain, a local resident who was sharpening a large Bowie knife on the back of a freshman's head. "Maybe they're all dead" he said cheerfully. Noting Gomer's glum expression Jaw shrugged and went back to his sharpening.
They moved on to Bark Vandalente, who merely growled and said he wouldn't help, but he probably knew where they were. Then Bark bared his teeth and began to gnaw at a table leg. Gomer and Me moved away quickly.
There was an electrical frazzling sound followed by a brief scream. A very frazzled Jun I. U. D. came stumbling over, smoke still misting off his hair. When Gomer told Jun I.U.D. what his problem was Jun burbled something about the minute chances of reaching the same planet of two different space going vessels sent out without rhyme, or reason. Jun I.U.D. still in a daze walked over to the electrical socket and began disconnecting it. There was a sound of electricity arcing followed by a deep scream, then the lights went out. An eerily glowing Jun I.U.D. went running from the room searching furniture and people wherever he brushed them.
There was the sound of people bumping around in the dark enhanced by the sound of Blap's resonant snoring interspersed by the screams of Bark saying "Stay away! Don't touch me, or I'll kill you!"
Jaw Chain chuckled menacingly. Mope was going into D.T.'s

When the lights came on Blap was laying on the floor still snoring loudly, and several Eurunites were scattered over one another.

Me and Gomer next tried a young woman sitting on the couch where Blap had lain a moment before. "This is Margarot G. Beastly. Ask your question, but don't get to close." Me pointed out several rips in Blap's shirt which looked like claw marks. "Come closer" Margarot Beastly crooned and wiggled a finger at Gomer. When Gomer began to take a step closer Me dragged him away saying "Never mind."

Gomer was introduced to Jen Krapper and Booce (nick-named Fartyblare). They were both so depressing Gomer felt like he was a thoughtless complainer and he began to cry. Jaw threw a grenade into their midst and Gomer was saved only by Me dragging him away. Jen Krapper and Fartty Blare were expecting it and jumped behind the couch. There was a resounding explosion. The poorly done pictures on the wall were riddled with schrapnel and several members cheered with approval.

Mope moaned "I spent twenty-minutes on those!" he was comforted by Heidy-Ho. Mope grinned sneakily he really didn't give a shit about the paintings.

At this point a muscular figure appeared in the door stepping on the librarian's back and tossing around furniture began to shout.

"Ledge! Ledge! Where are you? I know you're here somewhere. Barry! Where is Ledge?" Curtly "Freaking" Slummers had discovered Barry lying unconscious when Curtly had lifted the

couch looking for Ledge Hung. Curtly picked up Barry and began shaking him in the air.

"Where is Ledge? Where did he go?" Curtly asked sounding remarkably like Lenny in "Of Mice and Men."

Barry finally came around and pointed to the door where Ledge lay with one of Curtly's track shoes still stuck in his back. Curtly looked down and noticed for the first time he was wearing only one track shoe. Curtly limped over to Ledge and dropped Barry (nickname: Barry Eleven) on his head. Barry let out a long sigh and was silent. Curtly picked up Ledge and after pulling his track shoe out of Ledge's back with a resounding "pop!" began to shake Ledge vigorously.

"Ledge? Ledge? What's our room number? I forgot." Curtly's attempt to bring Ledge around did little good, since Curtly kept smashing Ledge's head against the wall each time Curtly shook him. Ledge's head lolled on his shoulders. Curtly finally gave up and dragged Ledge off to try bringing him around by dunking Ledge's head in Ruth Pond.

There was a high-pitched shriek which caused half the members in the Forum to wince and bark to scream and clutch his ears. Bleatsa Setter and Deff Whiner had arrived. Deff grinned (he was the only one able to tolerate Bleatsa's sonic shriek without eventually going berserk and jumping off of grad Chem.) and entered his arm around Bleatsa. A few members moved for the door as if in a trance heading for grad Chem.

Me introduced Deff and Bleatsa to Conner and when Conner had finished his story Deff sat back and running his hands through his beard extracted

a small poodle. Deff threw the dog out the door and it landed with a sharp whine.

"Well" Deff began "I remember when I was in the Israeli army..." as Deff rambled on a few more members headed for the door towards grad Chem. Blaba got up to leave, but Deff stopped her by grabbing her belt loop in her pants and dragging her back.

Me had wandered away and Gomer was completely oblivious to his surroundings. A large rock was suddenly thrown through the door which smashed through the metal cabinet that normally held brave books but now held Mope and Hedy - Ho locked in a passionate embrace. They continued on ignoring the rock that had passed over their heads by a matter of millimeters.

A towering figure entered the Forum followed by a smaller figure. Ruff Skiayno and Shake Dawne had arrived. Ruff dropped a stack of books on a table and began to hawk his wares. Blap stood up in his sleep, threw Ruff a couple of dollars, and went back to his corner with a book. Blap nibbled thoughtfully on the edge and smiled appreciatively. Shake sat down and began to recite lines from the "Heavy Metal" movie. Ruff walked over to the corner and picked up the rock (it was more like a boulder), and tossed it at Shake who caught it nimbly in the back of the head. Shake went over like the Titanic, then Ruff went back to hawking his books. The leg that Bark had been gnawing at on the table snapped spilling books all over the floor and bringing the table down on Bark's head. Bark ran screaming madly about the room throwing books from the shelves. Bark vaulted over Gomer's head and hid under behind Blap who had finished the book and was licking

scraps of paper from around lips.

Gomer looked around, Muck ~~[illegible]~~ Shotwin had revived from his comatose state and was heading towards him. Ruff leaned over the table and grabbing Muck by the neck hefted him over the table. Mucks feet thrashed in the air and his face was brought close to Ruffs.

"Yuh wanna buy some books...right!" It wasn't a question. Muck managed to choke out an affirmative. He escaped a couple of books richer and many bucks ~~t~~poorer.

The Forum looked like a battle ground.

Glom Wimpson entered the Forum, when he had looked around his face had the appearance of a carrot. The orange fringey hair left on Glom's head only enhanced the redness of Glom's face.

"What thee hayall is go-een awn heere?" Glom managed to whine as he surveyed the damage. Glom broke into a speech about how the Forumites should respect their room. Several people rose and headed for good Cheer as Glom rambled on. Glom began to put thing back in their place, righting chairs with their occupants still sitting in them, dusting them off and clicking his tongue, in disteste.

"What slobs yall are! I just cayn't understeyend how yoee people can do some thing like this." Glom was so angry that half-way through one of the sentences he lost his carefully tended Southern-accent.

Ruff picked up the the boulder and smiled at Glom.

"You should clean this out ~~to~~ Glom." Ruff said throwing the rock at Glom. The velocity of the boulder carried Glom out into the hallway. There was a slam and a satisfactory grunt.

At this point a person peered into the room holding his arm above his head as if holding an invisible umbrella.

"Hi Folks!" several people got up and headed ~~for~~

grad Chem. "Tech! What happened to Glom?"
President SHAM entered the Forum.
"Hey, any body seen Ledge around?"
At this moment Curtly returned dragging Ledge dripping wet into the Forum. Curtly dropped him on top of Barry who was brought around by the wet body slamming into him. Curtly shrugged "I held his head in the water for five minutes, but he didn't come around."
Barry turned Ledge over and began pounding on his chest in an attempt to bring Ledge around. The sound of heavy thumps echoed throughout the room.
SHAM looked around the room and noticed Gomer sitting quietly among the wreckage. SHAM went over and sat next to Gomer.
Gomer told his story to SHAM, whose eyes widened in surprise. When Gomer was finished SHAM sat silently thinking. He screamed loudly in surprise "Eureka! I've got it! That explains why the Egyptians built the pyramids, the English built Stonehenge, and the Italians built the leaning tower of Piza. And why all these people hangout here!"
SHAM's eyes were lit with an insane fire.
"Dont you see Homer? You don't know how long you drifted in space. I believe it was thousands of years after your people reached their new planet. Don't you see Gomer we were descended from you. Why else would man waste his time building all those useless things like pyramids, or become entranced with tilted buildings. Of course," said SHAM surveying the group that still remained in the Forum, "some bear a closer resemblance than others."

of course, Homer didn't understand at all, but there was a mad dash for the Chem building.

A small postscript to the Science Fiction Forum, a doorway to nowhere, you have just entered there the upside down signpost ahead

YOU HAVE JUST ENTERED THE GOMER ZONE

(DEE END)

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF THIS STORY WERE REALLY OVER? JV

5/4/92
C51

To ALL: First, good luck with finals. Try not to work yourselves too hard.
Second; once it's all over have a great summer.
Pope: Good luck with what ever you end up doing try to keep in touch with your friends when you leave.
Meryl: Listen we've got to get together before you leave for Israel. I would like to talk to

If you [illegible] when you're done with finals, let me know. I AM CONFUSED!!
(AGAIN!)

To the one who asked:
If you don't know it CANNOT BE EXPLAINED; OR YOU ARE LYING. DK

HAVE A GOOD SUMMER, ALL!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[redacted]

1a

felicitaciones
Congratulations
Congratulations
felicitaciones

Dale & Fund that you write
towards left handed, ~~Bitter~~ than I
[illegible]

admirable Thank you.
for you to say. from a 'lark'
[illegible]

5-11-93
Edm

HAPPY SUMMER to ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD VACATION
(so it DOSENT RYME)
BUT HAVE A GOOD SUMMER ANYWAY
AND PLEASE WRITE; PLEASE

Slime returns! Yes I am here for a short, soon
to study. But with my last mangling of
Renaissance, I felt I should do it again, to wit..

Nova
(Tune: Carpet of the Sun)

Run along with me
Right out of the solar system
My poor fam-i-ly
Hope the radiation missed 'em
The house that I built today
Tomorrow will not be there
It all will have burnt away
But I'm alive; I don't care

more

Chorus: See the nova of the sun
The mountains slagged away
~~Oth~~ Oceans boil and incandesce
Alpha and gamma rays
Destroy the planet you live on
Nothing to do but just move on

People start to steam
Baking, broiling, frying and such
All their hopes and dreams
Suddenly do not matter much
The houses are burning ~~dow~~ high
Like furnaces filled with trash
And anyone left inside
Is now merely smoking Ash

Chorus

To All:

May your summer be long and enjoyable. If you are not coming back have a nice life, but if you are I am sorry, but see you next year.

Rustbeast

Fe_2O_3 "E"

5/11

To All: A trip to Great Adventure is being organized for May 20. Cost of entrance x< $12.00, cost of gas $3-$4 roundtrip. If you are interested, sign below. Any Questions - see me ASAP.

1 Meryl — 11 TEN
2 Marguet — 12
3 Steve — 13
4 Gary 7 — 14
5 Wizard (Lincoln) — 15
GROUND
6 Captain Lincoln Yermakov Dernn — 16
7 Fred ~~[illegible]~~ — 17
8 Steve — 18
9 Heidi — 19
10 MARC ? — 20

Meryl

A ~~[illegible]~~ entry to everyone concerned:
I have (45) Books which belong to this forum that I have not checked out. I shall return these promptly. I have said so. ~~[illegible]~~ Forty-Eight

Fred: Tom: Don't talk about what you don't know. Don't tell people not to do things they wouldn't do. It could very easily be taken as an insult.

Darryl: I am waiting for the books JAM

Kick out the JAM's, and bring in the Gary 7's

All:
I shall begin my farewells now and shall continue as time permits.
John Kupper: Cheer up! You must be prepared to live your life. It seems you are missing so much, but you don't have to. Live it up a little
John C.E.P.: You have an excellent conscience. I hope Gary 7 asks you for advice. I hope you succeed in all ways. You are a special person. Very humane. There should be more people like you. Best of luck
Teddy bear: I do not know you as well as I should, but I sense you too are missing out on something. Try to find what this summer. May your search be fruitful.
Pope #4: I suspect that we see eye to eye on many things, excluding punk music. I hope your good times continue. Your contentment is catching. The unsureness of what is to come next year is the only thing that I am a bit leery of. Of course I wish you the best of everything, you already know how to enjoy them. Nuf'said
to be ~~ct~~ continued.

WORD OF THE DAY: Future: (1) That which has yet ~~to~~ come to pass.
(2) That which already is, but has not yet been revealed.

Jam: The key to my ex-melancholy is that I was preoccupied with the past. Having now (I think) ~~ca~~ shed that habit (acquired from the Cloisters) I might learn to take a degree of pleasure from life.

Slime: Can we ~~[illegible]~~ treat you like you treat Renaissance? please? It'll hurt and be lots of fun, I promise.

Meryl: If anything of major import relating to the Great Adventure trip comes up & I'm not around - my # is on the Shift list and/or Lisa has it.

Slime: Please?

All: If I don't see/hear/feel/taste/smell you before the next semester, or if I don't see you again to be well. If so, that's <u>your</u> problem.

Slime: Pretty please?

Jeff Gear

a/k/a

Bruce Schulsohn

5-15 4PM

FROM UNCLE BOT: MERYL + RALPH:

DON'T WORRY. I GOT THE RECEIPT IN ON TIME.

Fred: Enjoy your anarchic, every one for him-self, to hell with all the others society.

FRED: YOU ARE A HYPOCRITE. ABOUT 5-10 MINUTES BEFORE YOU MENTIONED MY INFRACTION OF THE RULES, YOU WERE GUILTY OF THE SAME ACT YOURSELF. YOU DRANK A SODA OVER THE CARPET. TAKE YOUR RULES AND ~~TAM~~ THEM, I NEVER AGREED TO THEM.

M.

5/15/82
(2/04/82)
CART
12:1AM

MERYL: I STILL HAVE ~~A~~ APA's & Hair Clip.
Drop by and pick them up.

Mike: Where the Hell is my barouche?
(Kenneth Bulmer must die.)

ANY INTERESTED: MY OFFICIAL REVIEW OF CONAN MOVIE:
BEGINNING SUCKED. TOO MUCH DELAURENTIS STYLE.
ACTING WAS POOR TO MEDIOCRE (THERE WERE A COUPLE BRIGHT SPOTS.)
IMPROVED WITH FANCY SWORDPLAY AND GORE TOWARD END. FIGHT SCENES WERE O.K. ACTION CAME IN SPURTS. WITH THE BLOOD
STORY WAS AS CHOPPY AS THIS REVIEW. (continued →)

WORTH IT TO SEE IF YOU LIKE SNAKES + SWORDS + BLOOD.
(WORTH ABOUT $2, if you can find popcorn on the floor and you don't have to buy it.)

At's all,

(H)7

All: Here's something that I learned in EGL 314 (Journalism Practicum):

Truth is one of three absolute defenses against libel.
(I forgot the other two)

Absence of malice is only a defense against a public figure (Mayors, Movie Stars etc)

I wrote the first line in reference to other entries I have read in this log. (or a copyrighted one)

I am not sure if you [redacted] must libel in a public document in order to libel (this being only the former.)

Nancy A. D'Ambrosio

P.S. All: HAVE A GREAT SUMMER.

P.P.S. or P.S.S. I will be residing in beautiful Irving (okay if anyone wants to stop by that will be in the area (the Zoo, or anyone else around the Mall market).

Fredi For Sure #4

5/16/82
7:56
GART

HUGH: LEAVE THE REST OF THE RECATALOGING TO ME. I CHANGED MY METHOD A BIT (I'M UP TO "K") YOU CAN ALPHABETIZE CARDS BACK IN FILING CABINET, IF YOU WISH

H

5-16
11:40
UNCLE BOT

DUE TO A LACK OF INTEREST MONDAY 5-17, WILL BE CANCELLED BUT TUESDAY WILL GO ON AS PLANNED THANKS TO AN ACT OF GOD AND A GRANT FROM THE EXXON CORPORATION.

NH

8205.16
00:09

Tom: I kinda need to see you, if I don't I'll call you. (That's a promise, not a threat!)

Nancy

P.S. ZK's for [redacted] illicit [redacted] You and your [redacted] Nystrom's help in moving in. In return for a dinner (coupon's acceptable?) and a date at the theatre (R.P. Live on the Sunset Strip!).

Nancy

5/17/82
I:IV V
GAR7

ATTN: DUE TO THE GREAT RECATALOGING OF BOOKS:

ANY FORUMITES RETURNING BOOKS: (wishful thinking)
JUST LEAVE THEM ON THE EMPTY TOP SHELF ABOVE THE 'A'S
DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THE CARDS, I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!

'UP TO N AND STILL GOING STRONG'

BAROUCHE OR BUST!

SPACE BAROUCHE
STYLE 1

Kurt Levitan
5/17/82

I have returned this last time to write my final entry. Final entries have been a long standing tradition for members who have graduated from this hell-hole of a University. Mostly this is a note for future historians who may wonder whatever became of me. But first I'd like to say goodbye to my good friends who remain here. You know who you are. I'll miss you very much.

To start off with all accusations of my being egotistical, self centered, obnoxious, and whatever else are all true.

When I first joined the Forum 4 years ago we lived in the small room across the hall. It was overfilled with shelves and books and some beat up furniture. At my first meeting there were about 4 or 5 old members (average turnout for those days) and about 10 to 15 new members of which about 6 stayed. I was elected activities co-ordinator that day. Our budget was under

$200. I knew nothing about the campus polity, the Forum running activities, or even much about SF. (I was and still am a Trekkie) (Yes Lisa, I'm actually a 13 yr old girl who loves Spock) Our meetings were loud, argumentative, not always productive. But they were always friendly and a hell of a lot of fun. The first film I organized was Dr Strangelove and it was shown on the wall/ceiling of Roth cafeteria. These were the best of times in my memory. The only person I didn't like eventually became one of my closest friends and has been my roomate for 2 years. I quickly learned the ways of the University and I became ambitious. I thought that the SFF could do wonderful things. If only we could get more money and more members. If I can be accused of having any part in the current status of the Forum (which in my opinion is very bad) it was due to my over ambitiousness. I (with a little help from my friends - hell, I'm egotistical, remember - I was almost totally responsible) was successful. Our membership and funding continued to grow. In my second year I was appointed as Vice President. The position did not exist in the constitution although I believe that in the past people have held that position. (Such as Lee Burberry). I was running against Marla for the presidency. Everyone knew she would win (I only voted for myself because it would look silly not to) Her first act was to appoint me V.P. and then to nearly rape me. Those were very good days. I believe that it was during this time that Louis Epstein came into our mists. He was a genius of a megalomaniac. Words cannot express him, you had to experience him. He tried to destroy the Forum. Everyone stood together to resist him <u>without</u> violence. We were successful.

We continued to grow. I was elected President the following year. Our budgets (ASC) climbed to $500 per semester

But as we grew so did our problems. There was A Moronic Quad office who wanted to change our lock without telling us. We also had Dana and Howard - The first assholes. Fortunately they were fairly harmless. (But Dana was really a schmuck) Unfortunately tolerance for them was dropping. Arguments and more problems arose. Meetings were not always so much fun. It was during my third year that I arranged to move the Forum to its present location in Hendrix (as of this writing). We needed more space to fit the books and the people. (The membership had a choice of rooms. Either this one or the much larger one a few doors down - Why they picked this one I'll never know) Still more people joined. Unfortunately the GPA's of many members started dropping. I don't know why. Maybe it was the new trend of science fiction that was making the scene. It was mostly "popcorn" stuff. Perhaps it attracted people with "popcorn" minds. Many member were very childish (and still are). They believed that they were the only important people here and that they should do whatever they wanted. The main problem was that the more mature members became wimpy and let the others walk over them. The results are documented in these log books. After my term as President was over I decided not to be involved in Forum Politics. But this was not to be. The "Lock-Change Scandal" (as I have heard it called) was a well thought out plan which I will take all credit for. (It was not my idea and it took a lot of urging from other members to get me to do it but I basically organized it and I take full responsibility). It was to serve several purposes. One was to divert anger from the elected officers which they did nothing wrong to deserve. I thought that a single common enemy (me) would help in uniting the Forum again. The second purpose was to place control of the Forum (keys, etc) into the hands of people who cared. The results were mixed. My entries in the log stopped at that time and I have not read the log since. I did not leave the Forum though. I still attended meetings. What finally did cause me to leave the Forum was a total lack of concern for personal rights. This is too detailed to go into and I don't really care to. Perhaps the log

can shed some light on this topic. All I could see is that hardly anyone cared about each other or the Library anymore. Oh sure you all went through the motions but for most of you it was empty. I had and still have no desire to be a part of such an unfeeling organization.

I hope that things will improve (I think they will). I wish all of you luck. Sorry about this being so long.

I'll end this with a brief summary of my accomplishments over the past 4 years (Remember: I'm egotistical)

I've run the Student Blood Drive for 3 years with donations increasing from 350 pints per semester to 600!! (alright: 599). I consider this my most important accomplishment.

I was technical advisor and Vice President of the Astronomy Club for a year (at each position)

I have been published in the Stony Brook Engineer (Spring 82) and have 2 more papers in the works.

I was awarded the Sidney Gelber Senior Research Grant, and the Senior Student Leader Award. (Hot ish, it!!)

I'm now going to Georgia Institute of Technology where I'll be making big bucks as a Grad Student working my way toward a PhD. (Not bad for 4 years at Stony Book U.)

Take Care and I'll see you on the Dark Side of the Moon.

Live Long + Prosper!! Kurt Harlan Levitan

Fred Marc: If you have a gun and don't have safeguarded and some else kills some one with it, you are liable. I had my drink safe guarded since I realized any damage done with it I was liable for. The rule broken was that above.

To All: I nominate Gary for librarian.

All: Read Kurt's entry. You'll see why I get bitchy about this place.

5-17 Just Came BACK from a weekend Business trip to MAN HATTAN (NEVER GETTY 70 POUNDS OF ELEGANT PANTS AND CHASE AN N TRAIN AT the SAME TIME)
I visited the Capital Strategy and several Comic Book Shop's IF YOU EVER need Comic related STUFF Go to "FORBIDDEN PLANET" ON BWAY AND about 12ST
I WENT BACK TO MY OLD NEIGHBORHOOD which HAS turned NICELY PUNK (it USE to BE a NIC HIPPY NEIGHBORHOOD ADJECENT to AN ITALIAN, POLISH JEWISH UKRANIAN NEIGHBORHOOD)
MARK; POPE I DISCOVERED A LITTLE SHOP CALLED "MANIAC PANIC" ON ST MARK'S PLACE IT'S the LOCAL PUNK SUPPLY STORE. They had PINK MOHAWK SHIRTS AND PINK AND ORENGE HAIR DYE (I thought about it BUT my MOTHER WOULD KILL ME) The EAST VILLAGE AREA HAS CHANGED BUT IT STILL STAYS the SAME.
LISA When you FINALY GET SETTLED PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL YOU AND JEFF COME AND VISIT ME AT GENETIC LAB'S
NANEY - SAME AS ABOVE THIS TIME MABY WE CAN GO AT the SAME PLACE AT the SAME time
DALE You DIDN'T GIVE ME YOUR ADDRESS BUT YOU HAVE MINE SO WRITE
FRED, RUSTY, BAP, GREG, BRUCE or ANYONE WHO WILL FREQUENT WATERLOO I'LL TRY to STOP BUY SOME ~~SEMOR~~ SATURDAY SEE YOU THERE
MARGARET GOOD LUCK AND HAVE FUN ON YOUR MOUNTAIN AND STAY AWAY FROM AFRICAN DANCE'S THEY MUNCH ANTENNI
MERYL HAVE FUN IN ISRAEL
JAMA REMBER ALWAYS KEEP YOUR BAROUCHE WELL MAINTAINED
TOM HAPPY SUMMER
BOB KEEP YOUR NUNCHUCK'S TIGHT!
GARY IF YOUR IN the NEIGHBORHOOD; DROP IN!
TO ALL ELSE HAVE A HAPPY VACATION AND GOOD LUCK ON THE FINAL'S

MESSAGE ↓

MERGE SEE FRED AT PRINT SHOP

~~4 to FIVE TUESDAY~~

UNCLE BOT

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

JUNE 4 - STAR TREK II THE VENGEANCE OF KHAN PRESENTS

STARRING THE

NEW, NEW, USS ENTERPRISE:

HAIRPIECE

DON'T MISS STAR TREK II ON JUNE 4

5/16/82
10:36
GAR?

MERYL: WHATS MIT DIS GREAT ADVENTURE BUSINESS?- GIMME CALL TOMORROW (TUES.) OR DROP BY. OR LEAVE NOTE IN LOG. OR YELL VERY LOUD. USE SKY WRITING. ANYTHING.

#7

P.S. ALSO, WHAT ABOUT THE BUDGET STUFF YOU TOLD ME ABOUT? I WANT INFORMATION... INFORMATION... INFORMATION.

BOT: WHERE THE HELL DID THE SERVANTS PARK THE BAROUCHE? ITS SO HARD TO GET DEPENDABLE HELP THESE DAYS.

Margaret: Please finish mural

Tom: Come on. (Mother is the best bet. Don't let the Devil draw you too fast.)

#4.

"Rup"
(5/18/82)

all: Well, this is my last day here. I hope you all have a wonderful summer, by the way, would you people cut it out with the barouche jokes.

WHAT BAROUCHE THEY

Today my finals are over and now I can sit and write strange things to even stranger people. I have had a rather boring semester as semesters go and it unfortunatrely was no challenge to me.

I will miss you all in the summer. Come see me in sleezy Irving rathole place which I wish I could avoid. Life will be boring, otherwise. No strange people to upset the little Frosh with.

Margaret, I am sorry I did not see you as much as I would have liked but I had a lot of sleezy papers to write for drunk professors.

Bot, where the fuck is my Dano? Wherever it is it must be having a lovely time doing whatever it is it is doing.

T.B., I am glad you joined us but wish you would cheer up. We could talk a lot this summer and do fun things as well as talk.

Fred, I will be in touch. Maybe Tom will remember to do your tapes someday.

Which reminds me that Tom, Fred's tapes are still not done. Let's get going on that before he is 25. Hi, I loved painting on your wall.

Heidi, get to work on that mythology! Have a great summer.

All else except Stime who will be devoured by something carnivorous before he can read this, have a happy and come visit!

From "The Awful K" as if you couldn't tell by the typing errors

TO WHOEVER SHOWS UP AFTER 1:00 A.M. PLEASE STICK AROUND. I WILL BE BACK LATER. MARGARET. CAN I MOOCH OFF YOU ONE MORE TIME? PLEASE? (Oh let him mooch. After all, we need to keep one token yellow demon after Cliff graduates)

To drivers of Great Adventure Trip:
We are meeting at the first Ho-Jo after exit 10 on the NJ. Turnpike heading south. The time will be (hopefully) between 8:30 - 9:00 in the morning, depending on traffic. Wait for all the drivers before you leave. The expected drivers: Meryl (others please sign)
Fred
Lincoln (Wizard)

Are there any other drivers? Mark, who is leaving at 8am, will probably not make it in time to meet us.

My car is full. Riders at present are Janet, Janet's little brother, John F., and Margaret (picked up in Yonkers.) Everyone but Margaret be here (the SFF) at 6 AM on Thursday. Promptness pays.

Rides ~~[illegible]~~ offered (2) to Great Adventure from North Nassau ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ (North of Northern State Dr. ~~[illegible]~~

Below:

Name	Location
1 _____	_____
2 _____	_____

Wizard (Lucky)

To Some: well, this is it; I blew my wad for the semester and shall sit in the corner until round three. So long to my friends (?) and good bye to others.

Pope: I'll be here directly after my 3:30 final. I am sure that it won't be later than 4:30. Another person you know is taking the same final.

FRED - change in plan - I'm not being picked up - Meryl & I are dropping my shit off in Yonkah on my way to G.A. please take either Gary or Bot in your car! (6 is a crowd)

MJB

5/19
12:37 PM All - Yes, it is I. I needed to pick up more commencement tix & a cap & gown for Sunday. Anyone who wants to show up & gawk at me in black robes, etc. can head out to the athletic field and stand somewhere or go over to Fine Arts for the big reception after the central ceremony.

If you are going to Chicon, Joe Hall & I have a room at the Hyatt Regency with crash space. If you are interested, let me know (122 Grahmans Lane, Plainview, N.Y. 11803 or 516-433-9077) sometime before Labor Day.

Have a nice summer. If you are not returning, good luck in whatever it is you'll be doing. If you are graduating, congrats! If you are staying here, you have my condolences.

I still haven't heard from Downstate, but expect to hear real soon. In any case I am fairly confident of getting in to N.Y. Med and won't be around much after this summer. I will probably be at the '83 Worldcon I am already a member) if I have the cash. You can all write to me at the above address and I will let the Forum know my med school address once I have one.

— Pelrianne

TO ALL IN MY CAR (GARY, Margaret):

Be ready to load car by 5:30 am!

This is so we can meet Fred by 8:30-9:00 am. It will take time to load Margaret's scheiss. Any questions call me.

Meryl

pss Between, no - you can't take your banuche with you.

FRED - DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSE OF BOTWIN!
½ MILE WEST PAST BALDWIN L.I.R.R. STATION ON SUNRISE HWY. LOOK FOR DIPLOMAT MOTEL. MAKE LEFT TURN ONTO CHARING CROSS ROAD JUST BEFORE MOTEL. MY HOUSE IS 3RD ON THE RIGHT HOUSE # 1 2266 CHARING CROSS ROAD. PHONE # IS 546-3166

ALL: HAVE A GOOD SUMMER, HOPE TO SEE YOU ~~[illegible]~~ THIS FALL AND HEAR FROM YOU THIS SUMMER

MERYL: MY OFFER STILL STANDS!

M

ALL (ESPECIALLY CLIFF, JACK, JAM + GARY): RALPH SCHIANO
UNCLE HAS TOLD ME THAT THERE IS A SUPER SNEAK
BUT PREVIEW OF STAR TREK II TOMORROW IN THE CITY.
5-21-82 IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN GOING, RALPH IS PROBABLY
7:30PM GOING TO BE AT KELLY'S TONIGHT.
I MAY BE INTERESTED IN GOING MYSELF, SO
PLEASE GET IN TOUCH WITH ME AT MY HOME
PHONE #: 546-3166 SOMETIME EARLY TOMORROW,
IF PEOPLE ARE GOING.

5/23
RALPH

CLIFF, GARY, JAM & I WERE 1ST ON LINE TO SEE S.T.
STAR TREK IS ALIVE AGAIN!
WE WAITED FOR 18 HOURS & IT WAS WORTH IT
CLIFF, JAM & I WERE ON TV

I GOT INTERVIEWED BY CH7 & CH2 AT 6 PM SAT
I GOT INTERVIEWED BY CH7 at 11 PM SAT

JAM + I WILL BE ON ENTERTAINMENT
TONIGHT CH9 MONDAY
I AM IN SUN. NY TIMES

THE NEW STAR TREK MOVIE
IS EVERYTHING THE FIRST
MOVIE SHOULD HAVE BEEN

STAR TREK LIVES

Ralph

STAR TREK LIVES

Ralph

5/23/82 All: What a treat the Star Trek
JAMES Movie is. A joy to the eye &
T. ear. The acting: A-1
Kirk The story: Beautiful A-1
The effects: A-1
This movie should go over well
with everyone!
Star Trek lives (and we all prosper)

5/25
Tom Alone at home (with a dog)
- Do murals (w/o static or fear of interference.)*
- Fix furniture
Will he do it or just jerk off? Stay tuned. I hope some help show up.
- Bring wife home and straight to work with no hassles.
Tom

* if this sounds paranoid maybe it is. I put time into my work.

6/2/82 TOM: YOUR WORK IS APPRECIATED.
2:00 PM I AM IN THE PROCESS OF RECATALOGING/ORGANIZING
GAR7 BOOKS. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT (AS I AM USING
MY OWN SYSTEM)
GIVE ME A CALL CONCERNING MACHINISTS' TOOLS
AND SUCH A.S.A.P.

ENJOY THE SUN,

(H) 7

(WHAT?!? CLASSES ARE OVER? AND HERE I JUST THOUGHT THE PROFESSOR WASN'T SHOWING UP AND THERE WAS A VERY HIGH ABSENTEE RATE. OH WELL...)

6/14/82 TOM: In the course of the past two weeks,
12:51 PM your working implements have moved little
GAR7 and dust drifts down upon them (Where
are you any way?)

Cliff: I'll be right back, wait here for me -

... And summer passes with the speed and pleasurable aspect of a dead slug floating in a ripened cesspool.

(But again I wax emetic...)

(H) 7

14-June-82; 1:15 p.m.
Tom: Where's the mural?
Gary: What's brown and sounds like a bell?
Cliff

6/23/82 : Crazy stopped by no sign of you
JA 4

7/1/82 I'M HERE
GAR7
11:14 PM

7/12/82 AGAIN I RETURN. HOW BORING.
GAR7
11:18 PM

7/12/82 You all suck! We need Frosher down here.
Slime I spoke to Herr Doktor the other night. Not bad!

7/28/82
GAR7 Any:
4:15 PM I WAS HERE, BUT
NOW I'M NOT.

Does it matter?
What if
I had written
11:20 AM?
No one would
know the difference.

Catalogued some more.

Mystery of Life?

If a person enters
a room + there is no one there to see him, does he
really exist. Is he in the room. Could he be
in Cleveland instead ??? Can no one answer
these questions?

H 7

28-July-82; 5:00 p.m.
Gary: Where are you?

Cliff

Aug 6-1982
Well, back again. Big Shit!

FROM UNCLE BOT. YES, I WAS HERE.

CLIFF: I'LL GET THEM TO YOU AT MERYL'S PARTY

ALL: YOU KNOW, MY BAROUCHE IS STILL IN THE SHOP AFTER ALL THIS TIME. SOME MECHANICS CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT.

TOM: WELL, TOM YOU HAVEN'T DONE MUCH WITH THE MURAL, WERE ALL WAITING.

GARY: DID YOU FINISH RECATALOGING THE BOOKS?

ALL: ONCE AGAIN, THE FORCES OF DARKNESS AT THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING HAVE VANQUISHED YET ANOTHER ADVERSARY. AND WHAT'S MORE, I'M STUCK HERE TILL 5:30 TONIGHT!

WELL, I'LL SEE YOU ALL AT MERYL'S PARTY OR WHEN CLASSES START, DEPENDING. CIAO!

UNCLEBOT

SCIENCE FICTION FORUM

P.S. GARY AND/OR CLIFF: I TOOK THE FILM CATALOGS!

8/10/82 I'ZE HERE
(2/192/82) CLIFF: If you're here (You didn't call me, +
GAR7 I forgot to call you) I'll check back in
11:20 AM in a little while (oneish).
(or PM for
that matter
since it doesn't really
matter, But if it doesn't matter does that mean it anti-matters?
And if it anti-matters will your brain explode when
you read it, since all your thoughts are based upon
matter or what matters, and since this here anti-matters
it would therefore be a source of anti-thoughts???
And the combination of THOUGHT AND ANTI-
THOUGHT WILL SUDDENLY FUSE YOU BRAIN
INTO CHARTREUSE MARMALADE AND RIP YOUR
SKULL IN TWO, NAY CAUTERIZE YOUR
VERY SOUL ITSELF??!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

An impressive display of sarcasm →

Summer fun! Oh goody! YIPPIE!

OH MOMMY, WHERE DO I ?

Oh, well. It doesn't really matter.)

Do I Ramble On?

(OH YES. AIEEEEEE! "TOM & KLISH")

BOT: No. I'm not done with the backs, so set off my back, Huh? Who the hell you think yer are any way, boy? And what'ya think yer doin' sneakin' around campus during the summer!!! Just get yer gosh damn Baroude outa my freakin' sight and be off-world by sundown, or I'zE gone staff you in your baroude and blow holes the size of basketballs through both of you (and spray NAIR on your face, to boot!)

8/12/82 The summer is ~~past~~ passing

TOM 1) Does anybody care what I did? ~~[illegible]~~

It is now August. My computer schedule file has said "Mural-August" for two months, and now I suppose I can't escape. Seriously folks, I'd work more if I had the time free. As it is, I hope to get the grotty work done before school starts so people don't trip over my paraphernalia. Already my mind peruses the model possibilities. Oh well, first things first.

Working up
Tom

P.S. I just pulled out the pegboard to work on it and it was crawling with roaches GROSS ME OUT!

Fer Sure! We gotta bomb this place. I mean I just freaked out at all those grotty little bugs.

T

OH, WHERE WILL
PINKNESS LEAD?

THINK PINK!

WHAT IS THIS A PICTURE OF

PINK PANTHER in THE GSU

8/13/82
11:00AM

Just stopped by for a sec. (That's SEC. NOT sex)

GARY

TOM: You been seeing a Valley girl or what?

11:30AM

As for your discovery of roaches, well, gag me with a spoon, gross out! Actually the roaches were part of an elite guard who keep the room safe against unauthorized intruders. Tell me what day you'll be here working in case you need any help. I've got some 1/8"-27 taps but thats all so far. I got some more taps, dies, drills, end mallers in also a boxed set of pin punches. Let me know if you're interested.

CLIFF: —— UH, well I guess that's about it then.

GARY: You have to stop writing entries to yourself

GARY: Oh, but its fun!

GARY: oh, all right.

Meryl - Sorry I missed your symposium (party)

ANYONE: What's lacking around here is some decent legend. Well, how's this for one:

I bet you all think that people become president around here through some silly election. You're wrong, so I'll tell you the way it really works. One night, toward the end of last semester I was stumbling to the Forum from my slimy mudhole in Carlsazo, when suddenly, the Thing of Roth Pond (reputed to be an idiotic former member thrown in some years ago by Ralph, still others say it is Ralph himself doing part time underwater exploration) its hairy green arm clad in the purest shimmie, held aloft the spear, Chuck, signifying that I, Gary, by divine

ignorance, was chosen to be your President, Today, that spear, Chuck, with its gleaming bamboo shaft, Lackman (RIP) fork on the end (with tang bits of rancid jello still clinging to the tines, as it does to the teeth of those who have ever eaten Lackman swills), and paper napkins on the back, remains as a symbol of authority, power, and lack of foresight in fending oneself elected to miserable positions. (and not to mention TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND the UKRANIAN WAY).

O.K., so its not much of a legend but what can you expect from the holder of the great and mighty Chuck.

Gotta go,

CH

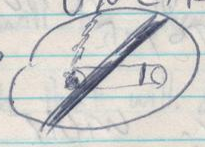
8/13/82
4PM
UNCLEBOT

TOM: WELL AT LEAST YOU MOVED THE PEGBOARD TO PROVE THAT YOU REMEMBER WHERE HENDRIX IS.

ALL: JUST TO PROVE THAT THE PRESIDENCY IS NOT THE ONLY OFFICE WITH LEGEND BEHIND IT HERE WITH IS THE STORY OF THE ACTIVITIES CO-ORDINATOR:

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A

SIGN. NOT JUST AN ORDINARY SIGN, IN FACT TOTALLY UNLIKE HIS FRIENDS STOP, YIELD, AND →



FOR THIS SIGN SAID ON IT "CO ORDINATOR", HE WAS SUBJECT TO MANY CRUEL PRANKS FROM THE OTHER LITTLE SIGNS IN THE NEIGHBOR HOOD IN FACT HE HAD FEW REAL FRIENDS IN HIS EARLY DAYS BECAUSE HE WAS SO DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS.

ONE DAY HOWEVER, HE WAS FOUND BY THAT MARVELOUS PHILANTHROPIST GARY, WHO OFFERED A HOME TO POOR LITTLE "CO ORDINATOR" IN THE DEN OF INIQUITY KNOWN AS CARSCRAZO TOWERS. WHEN THIS SIGN WAS DISCOVERED IN GARY'S ROOM, THE MEMBERS OF THE SCIENCE FICTION FORUM ~~DECIDED~~ DECIDED TO START REFERRING TO GHT AS ACTIVITIES CO-ORDINATOR TO KEEP HIM FROM THINKING THAT HE WAS THE CO-ORDINATOR OF ANY THING IMPORTANT.

BUT THEN CAME THE FATEFUL DAY THAT GARY PISSED OFF BECAUSE HE HAD JUST FLUNKED A PHYSICS TEST, TRIED TO EAT THE POOR LITTLE CO-ORDINATOR SIGN. KURT SUMMER TRIED TO HELP HIM - NOT BECAUSE HE TOO HAD FLUNKED A TEST, BUT JUST BECAUSE HE FELT LIKE IT.

WELL, THAT'S WHEN I WALKED IN. SEEING THOSE TWO BRUTES, I DECIDED TO HELP THE SIGN. SO I KILLED GARY AND KURT AND MOVED ON (THE GARY AND KURT CURRENTLY IN VOGUE ARE CLEVER CLONES CREATED BY CHUCK)

AND SO WITH THE COORDINATOR SIGN IN MY POSSESSION THE TITLE OF ACTIVITIES COORDINATOR PASSED ON TO ME

JUST ONE QUESTION: WHAT IS AN ACTIVITIES COORDINATOR SUPPOSED TO DO?

SEE YOU ALL WHEN CLASSES START OR AT MERYL'S SOIREE TONITE

UNCLE BOT

3/19/82 Here for a bit to do a little work. The wall
TOM looks good. I cut the pegboard to fit, Patched the hole in it and the next step should be to place it on the wall. Thats a bitch of a wall to fasten something to, I think the only thing that's gonna work is lead anchors. Hand cut and Masonry nails just bounce off. ITS - SUPER WALL!

Having problems with color values. The blue on the wall just isn't dark enough. I think I'll peruse the paints at Fergusment tomorrow morning. What makes it harder is the fact that the lights in the alcove are brighter than

they will be when we put in 2 blacklight fixtures. How much that will darken the area is tough to estimate. The ballasts in the flourescents are such that taking out one bulb on each side makes the other bulb go out, too. And two bulbs on one side w/ none on the other sheds little light on the subject.

The wall is not that flat either. This leads to problems associated with cabinet building. I dread cutting that piece of lexan. PLEASE DON'T BREAK IT, FASU-FASU.

I must try to write more legibly in future.

I gotta go home. The cricket outside sounds exactly like a dot-matrix printer.

Semi-rationally.

Tom

PS Form 3576
May 1978

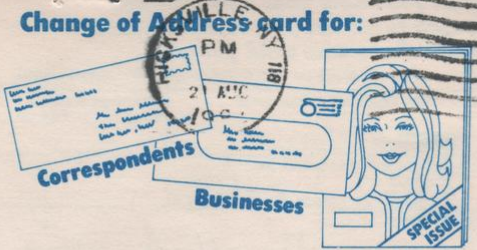
As soon as you know your new address, mail this card to all the people, businesses, and publishers who send you mail.

For publishers, paste old label over name and old address sections and complete new address section.

Your Name	Print or Type–Last Name, First Name, Middle Initial Perianne Lurie	New Area Code and Telephone No. if known
Old Address	No. and Street, Apt., Suite, P.O. Box or R.D. No. 122 Jochmans Lane City, State and ZIP Code Plainview, New York 11803	
New Address	No. and Street, Apt., Suite, P.O. Box or R.D. No. (In care of) 17 North Lawrence Avenue City, State and ZIP Code Elmsford, New York 10523	
Sign Here		Date new address in effect 8/23/82 Account No. (If any)

Receiver: Be sure to record the above new address in your address book at home or office.

Change of Address card for:



Name THE SCIENCE FICTION FORUM
c/o LISA SELITZER

Address P.O. BOX 564

City STONY BROOK State NY ZIP 11790

☆U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1981 334-902

19 August, 1982

All - Welcome back to Stony Brook. I (as you can easily ascertain) am not here. By the time you read this I will be in Westchester, starting my second week as a medical student at New York Medical College. I didn't find out about my acceptance until the 16th and I had to be there on the 23rd for registration. Classes started on the 26th. [It all gets rather confusing writing in past, present, and future tenses all at once.]

Since I did not know I was going until practically the last minute, there were (of course) no rooms left in the dorms. Fortunately I was able to find an apartment 1½ miles from campus. (~~The address is at the end of this entry/letter~~) It's not much to look at, but once I put up all my SF posters and stuff, it should be habitable.

I also have (had?) very little time to

scrape together enough money to pay for school, books, microscope, food, rent, etc. They will defer my tuition until my loans come in, but at least part (2-3 months) of everything else must be paid for up front. I should be able to scrape up $2000 or so (if I pay it back quickly) to tide me over, but things will be very tight. I probably won't be able to get a phone right away (unless my roommate pays for it), and Chicon is out of the question. Oh, well, there's always Baltimore next year.

I have read 5 or 6 SF/fantasy books this summer (excluding anthologies) and probably won't have time to read another one until Christmas. The Many-Colored Land (a 1982 Hugo nominee) and The Golden Torc by Julian May are the first two books in an epic series (4 or more books, I'd guess) in the style of Farmer's Riverworld. Chelsea Quinn Yarbro has

finished her vampire series with The Path of the Eclipse (1981) and Tempting Fate (1982). The final volume is especially good, a fitting climax to the series. Special Deliverance by Simak is an interesting "jigsaw puzzle" story with some pretty bizarre characters but little plot or motivation. Starburst by Fred Pohl is better. It has some really clever plot twists and a great deal of character development. (If I say too much, I'll give it away.)

I also read many shorter works (mostly Hugo nominees). I especially enjoyed "Emergence" by David R. Palmer (Analog, 5 January, 1981) and "Absent Thee From Felicity Awhile" by Somtow Sucharitkul (also from Analog and in Wollheim's '82 Annual World's Best SF).

As far as movies go, Tron is a lot better than I expected, Star Trek II - The Wrath of Khan was 100 times better than the first ST movie, & Blade Runner is a great atmosphere

movie, but short on plot and characterization. I haven't seen ET yet, but I intend to some day.

There are still some details to be worked out with my apartment (lack of a roommate being the prime concern at this moment [11 PM]). Without a roommate I cannot afford the afforementioned domicile, so I may have to live elsewhere (I have no idea where!). Therefore, I will not include an address in this entry, but will send a change of address card to the Forum when I have an address. Until then, my parents should know how to reach me. You ought to have the card by the end of August, anyway.

Fred - You still owe me $5. Send me a check when you get my address.

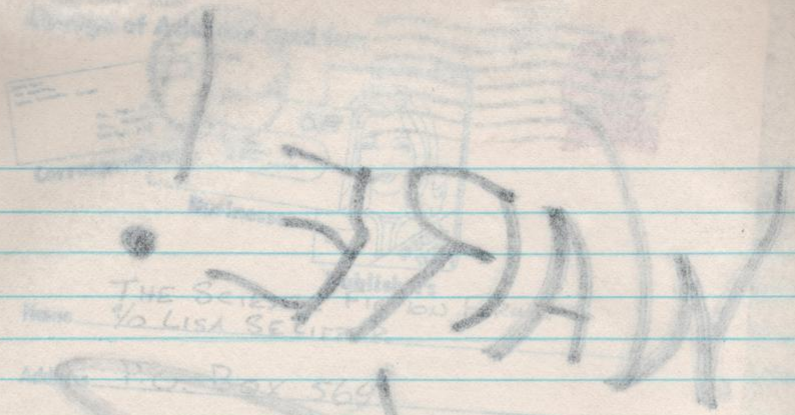
Nancy - Hang in there!

- Perianne

WARE!

I

HAVE



Package I didn't arrive until the 14th and had to be turned in on the 23rd for registration. Classes started on the 26th. I don't feel gets rather confusing writing in past, present, and future tenses all at once.

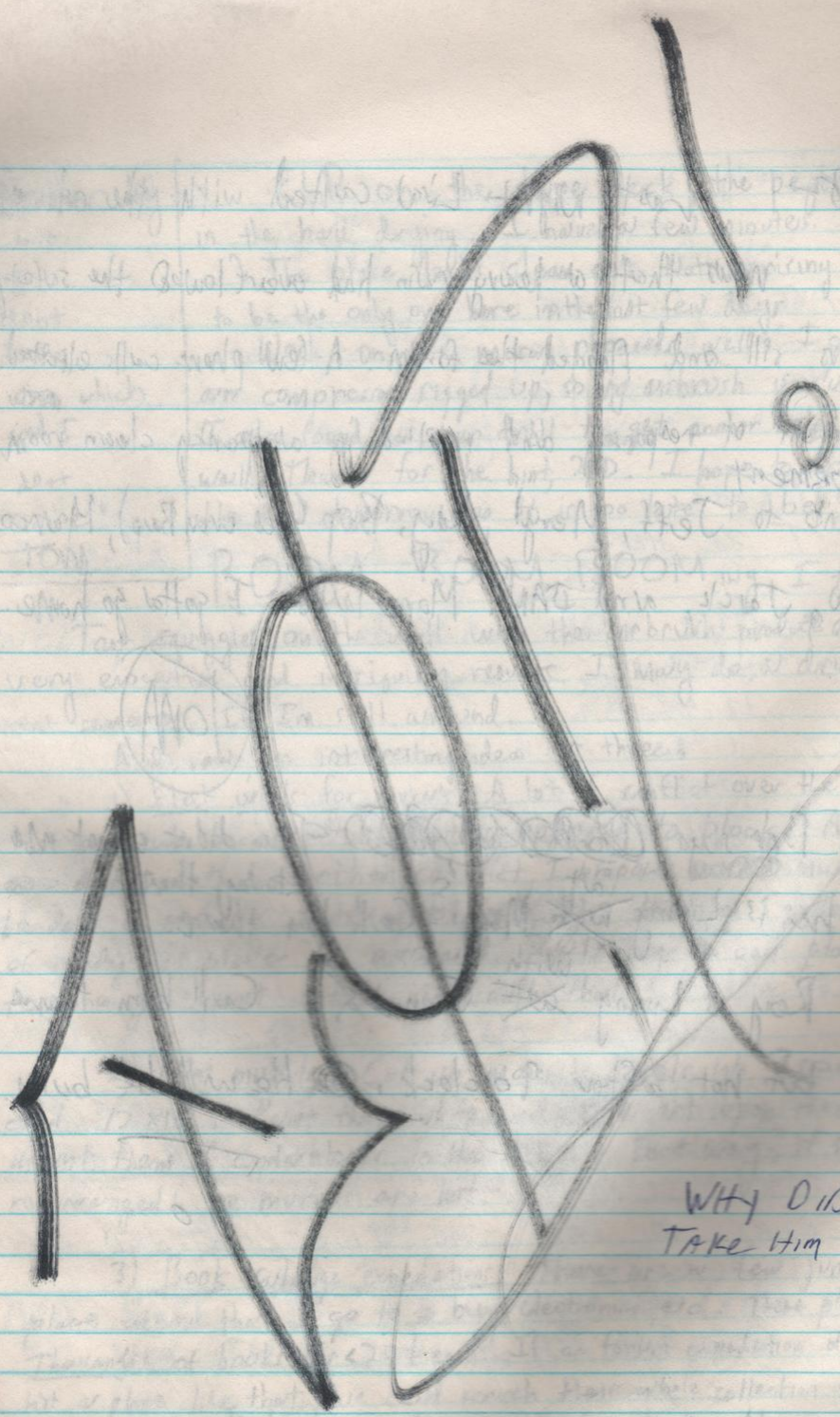
Since I did not know I was going until practically the last minute, there were lots of no rooms left in the dorms. Fortunately I was able to find an apartment 1½ miles from campus. The address is at the end of this entry. It is relaxed. I lack [illegible] once I put up all my posters and [illegible] should be habitable.

I also have (Pg. 17) very little [illegible]

RETUR

PEN

RETURN



WHY DID YOU
TAKE HIM AWAY?
JW

8/24/82 Last Night Lisa called with the alarming
TOM news that a heavy rain had overflowed the safety
0028 hrs sill and flooded the forum. A few phone calls elicited
a torment of response, and resulted in a spanky clean room.
TORMENT
Thanks to Jeff, Meryl, Ray, Barp (yes even Barp), Marco,
Lisa, Jack, and JAM. More later, I gotta go home.

TOM

PS Barp says [illegible] <[he didn't want me to say that
he is Living ~~with~~ at Meryl's. Call him there.
Ray is Living ~~at~~ with Janet. Call him there
but not after 9 o'clock. He will be busy.

T.

"Another day but I dont know which and I dont care"
TOM

ELP on the tape deck, the pegboard in the hall drying. I have a few minutes.

The place looks clean still. Not suprising as I seem to be the only one here in the last few days.

Work on the mural proceeds well. I got an air compressor rigged up, so my airbrush is running. I also found a star drill to get anchor holes into the wall. Thanks for the hint, 2ØD. I hope to try out the drill tomorrow as it is too late to be

BOOM, BOOM, BOOMing, I think.

Test squiggles on the wall with the airbrush produced some very evocative and intriguing results. I may do a drug dream next semester, If I'm still around.

And now an interesting idea or three:

1) Flat walls for murals: A lot of conflict over the wall last spring was because it is flat as opposed to block. As a deterrent to further conflict, I propose murals either be done on masonite fastened to walls, or that a 5 gallon bucket of ready mix plaster be purchased. 2ØD says one can plaster any texture you want onto a wall with that.

2) Mini murals: Cut up masonite panels into 2 sizes 6x12" and 12x16". Paint them white and art upon them. Then mount them on cinderblocks in the shelves. That way, if shelves are rearranged, no murals are lost.

3) Book salvage expedations: There are a few junk/salvage places around that I go to to buy electronics, etc. These places have Thousands of books for <20¢ each. If a forum expedation of 10 people hit a place like that, we could search their whole collection in an hour and get a load of books for a very few bucks. No money yet? why dont we all kick in 2.00 and donate the books?

Enough for one night.

Tom

26-AUG-82; 11:50 A.M.
gary: I'll be back soon, gotta find parking.

Cliff

26-Aug-82
I'ZE HERE Too busy to write more.
GARY

27-Aug-82
12:44 P.M.
GARY (?WHY HAVE I STARTED WRITING THE DATE + TIME ABOVE ENTRIES LIKE CLIFF DOES? COULD IT BE CONTAGIOUS? WE SHALL SEE...)

ALL - 1ST REAL MEETING - MON., SEPT. 6 at 10 PM - 1st Day of Nominations for officers (Those 3 who come up for election) + much more excitement

Book recataloging nearing completion (WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME FOR YOUR MURAL, EH? TOM (HINT, HINT)) - I'D LIKE TO SEE THE THING FINISHED BEFORE CLASSES START.

I am now moving stuff in upstairs
See you all soon.
Your ever-lovin' leader, (dare I say it?)

GARY

P.S. - from GART -

WELCOME BACK

(oh, you fools!)

Cliff - WE NEED MORE INDEX CARDS! Fetch.

8-28-82
6:32 PM

WELL, WELCOME BACK TO STORY BROOK...

* * *

WE INTERRUPT THIS LOG ENTRY FOR A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: THE BBC-TV SERIES "THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY" IS PREMIERING ON CH. 21 WLIW WED. AT 9P.M. THATS THE TV SERIES OF HITCHHIKING WED. NITE 9P.M. CH. 21.

WE NOW RETURN YOU TO OUR REGULARLY-SCHEDULED LOG ENTRY, ALREADY IN PROGRESS

---

* * *

...AND HOPE TO SEE ~~[illegible]~~ LOTS OF ALL OF YOU THIS COMING SEMESTER

UNCLE BOB

Tom
8/28
6:38 pm

The first incarnation of the Wall has come and gone. After mounting the pegboard, I began to paint. Things went well for a while then complications set in. The patient died about 30 minutes ago, ~~Resuscitative~~ Recusitation proved ineffective, and the body was ~~covered~~ buried ~~by~~ by Roy while the ~~the~~ surgeon wrote this entry. Perhaps I'll do better tomorrow

Tom

GARD
8/28
6:56

— O.K. So the meeting isn't on LABOR DAY, Sept 6* — Big Deal — new ~~DATE~~ to be given shortly

(B)

* Only Slime noticed. We sure do pay attention, don't we?

(I ought to have it on labor day just out of spite — so there.)

8/28
2:41

Well, here I am, back at Brook, and what a reception! I mean, I try to tickle Danni and as I grab her stomach she [illegible] my hand to her chest. Then, I go to tickle her again, and [illegible] up grabbing her [illegible]. Finally [illegible] stop.

If she wants these things, she should put a message in the log. With a room of horny Fen, there should be no problem. HAZESK —

8/29
GART
?

THERE IS NO ELECTRICITY IN THIS BUILDING, I CAN'T SEE WHAT I'M WRITING. I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I'M IN THE FORUM, OR IF THIS IS THE LOG BOOK. ALL IS DARK I NEED MY ELECTRICITY. MY STEREO IS DEAD + MY FOOD IS MELTING COULD THIS BE THE END? HAS MAN FINALLY DONE HIMSELF IN? I FIND NO WHERE TO RECHARGE MY BATTERIES... DAISY, DAISY

ALL:

8/30
12:15AM
GART

THE FIRST MEETING SHALL BE:

WED, SEPT 8
AT 10:00 PM

1st day of Nominations for Head Librarian
A.C.
Sec.

(H) ? PRES?

T

8/29/82

Hey T,
what's up! How's your new quest!
Hope everything is O.K. Talk to you soon.

T³

8/30/82

JACK - I HAVE THE SHUTTLE ITEMS YOU ASKED ME TO GET. I HAVE NO PHONE YET. I WILL TRY TO FIND YOU (PERHAPS AT AN "F" MEETING)
GREETINGS FROM FLORIDA!
-CAROL

8/31/82 Tom: what is this file you refuse to in your Entry of 8/24/82 "Electronics and "Books" !!!!

8/30 TOM: I FEEL A STRONG URGE TO INSULT YOU, YOUR "ART-THINGIE", WHICH YOU CLAIMED YOU WOULD FINISH BY THE END OF THE SEMESTER (LAST SEMESTER, TOM) HAS BEEN BARELY BEGUN.
NO INSULTS, BUT TOM,
WHAT GIVES?

ROY: (EXCUSE ME, TRY AGAIN.)

ZØD: where are you? where is my money? Come on... please... I have these little dolls... and PINS...

4 out

30 - August 1982

1) I'm back at TSUONYASB

2) Why not use computer cards for the card catalogue? (they are free at the Comp. Cent.)

August 30/ Jon.

Slime: Y'all just said it.

All: Moreover, add from Danni: Large hug & see you at Thanksgiving, or (exceeding slight likelihood) Halloween.

Gary - Thought I'd make the suggestion official & open - can we get some carpet or sound-absorbing stuff for the ceiling? And a few automated lasers to keep it in one piece!

And now, the business at hand/foot/tail (etc?) We all hath returned. Greetings, all ye and may yer hair become baby Vermilion Knuds.

We proceed now to the curse for ~~our business~~ stupid/obnoxious/boorish clods, and Mundanes: When comes again the Hood, you shall be granted the boon of drowning in molten sapphires.

And, to our enemies (the 'our' is of people with tapeworm and invisible Matie friends - the Management) we shall rejoice in your presence, that we might reveal the endings of ~~the~~ your nerves and expose them to

neutronium - 1 gram at a time.

Ever funny,

Teddy bear

8/31 [redacted] ~~0000~~ NRS

#4 - WHEN WAS YOU HERE, OH EXALTED ONE? CONCERNING UNITS OF TRADE - YOU HAVE THE WORST POSSIBLE TIMING. LEAVE ME A # I CAN REACH YOU AT & GET MERYL THE FUCK OFF ME & MY KEYS. OH, AND ABOUT THOSE DOLLS . . . . . I HAVE THIS PENTAGRAM . . . . - AND THESE CANDLES . . . . AND THIS KNIFE —— BUT WHERE THE HELL AM I GOING TO FIND A VIRGIN AROUND HERE !?!

GARY 7: DON'T FORGET - MY METHOD OF PROCURING DESPERATE ACESS COULD BE RESOLVED.
OH YEAH, LABOR DAY? WHAT'S LABOR DAY?

MARGARET: I LEFT MY KEY TO THE PAINT BOX WITH ~~[illegible]~~ GARY 7, IN CASE YOU WANT TO BE ARTISTIC —— STUPID OUT ~~00~~ 19

ZOD

OUT ——
00 18

82.08.30 - 11.45 *Rat*

GAR7: I will meet you here after 3:30, or whenever my 2:15-3:30 class ends.

All: I'm told we're not officially open, so don't complain about the mess; I will begin cleaning before the first meeting. Meanwhile, there are three stables in Greece I should get back to.

Ref out.

8/31/82 WOULD YOU LIKE TO RUN FOR DOG CATCHER?

GAR7 JLW

2:10 - 2:32 pm

Jon - Two problems with using computer cards.
1) - A filing cabinet the right size to keep them in.
2) - Transferring the info on 2-3 thousand books (ugh.)

Nuff said?

FOR ANY TOO LAZY TO LOOK BACK A FEW PAGES:
1ST MEETING - WED, Sept 8, 10:00 pm.
(NO, WE ARE NOT OFFICIALLY OPEN UNTIL AFTER THE FIRST MEETING)

IF ANYONE CAN DONATE A FEW 3x5 INDEX CARDS, THEY WOULD BE MUCH APPRECIATED (AND THE DONOR(S) REMEMBERED FOR TIME IMMEMORIAL (IMMORAL?)) PLEASE

BOT, DANNY, HEIDI - THERE WAS THIS GUY WITH NO HANDS WHO WANTED TO OPEN HIS REFRIGERATOR TO SEE IF THE LIGHT WAS ON AND...

PS THE THING ON THE CEILING the illustrious LOOKS LIKE BREAD MOLD.

IT IS BREAD MOLD! HOW SHIT THIS BUILDING IS MADE OF STALE WHITE BREAD! NO WONDER TOM CAN'T DRILL INTO THE WALL!

LTZW

31 Sept. Hi All,

① Our budget is presently $1050.00.

② We have had 10 yrs. of back Analog donated to us (pick up there).

Meryl

Bap - where the *!@# are you? I waited for you in Eng 205 but you'd left. I checked the library, etc.

DUH, MERYL & I SEPT.?! DUH!!

HOW DID YOU LOSE A MONTH SO FAST?

(to Gary): I MUST SPEAK WITH THEE, ABOUT VARIOUS & SUNDRY MATTERS

UNCLE BOB

8/31 Maurry doats and doarry doats, and ~~the~~ liddle lambry divy, but whaddaya ~~eat~~ feed a hungry Well computer? (Answer in next month's issue of Universe Creators' Magazine)

Teddybear

8-31-82 JAM (And All Others Interested In Procuring A Siren Ring (Whoppee Whistle):

"Siren Ring... Top of ring is a siren that blows."

Is available from:

Roberts Company
180 Franklin St.
Framingham, MA. 01701

For .29¢ Ea. Ask for Siren Ring No. [redacted]
SM-129

My work # is
281 5900 Ex 24

Jack: Thank you again for your lovely birthday present. So why Dont you call?

All: Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Corps.
General Membership Meeting
Wednesday, Sept. 8th @ 5:00 (I think!)
Somewhere in Lecture Hall
Look for Signs On campus and in Statesman.

Stony Brook Safety Services (First Meeting Of The Semester) We teach American Red Cross First Aid and CPR Courses.) Tuesday @ 8:00 in Union Rm. 231
Nancy A. DiFranco

Lisa's First entry of the semester

ZOO and anybody else who was cleaning the Forum Where is my STAPLER!

Tom Where is my Braille writer. I have a paper due Thurs and I need it NOW!

ALL Tis good to be back I will donate index cards with the unknowing aid of Mr pickman. come by and visit.

SLIME Congratulations to you and Wench.

The awful K!

8/31 GART M. BOTWIN - I'M UPSTAIRS IF I'M NOT SITTING HERE (?)

Bot - you left your carrying thing? baraache? - up in my room come get it.

Lisa and my entire supply of index cards about 42 or so (You mean you don't have a supply of index cards in your [illegible])

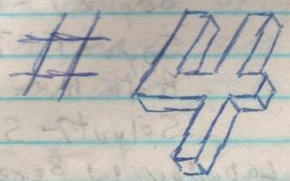
LOVE HONE IS a IN414

thank you WILLARE

9/1/82 at 12:10 pm

Heidi: "lum, lum, lum, lum; lum, lum, lum, lum."
ZOD: I shall return! If you are around sometime I am, maybe we can discuss post-existential hedonism and shit. Re virgin: If you start very early in the semester, you may be able to find a fresh~~man~~person from Iowa or Utah...
Bap 9000: You may call me "Lord God KING Pope SIR". Or, "General Lord God King Pope SIR".
All: I can be reached. Try 483-0279 and leave a message with my P+M. They know me as "Dave."
Tom: You covered up all the beautiful graffiti and shit for THIS? (Couldn't resist a cheap shot.)
Yellow Demon: Have you gone back to Kansas by clicking your combat boots together and saying "There's no place like Home" or what? Come back, Oh, Slanty-Eyed One!
Fred: Can I be a musician on your record, oh please please? I promise to keep my amp turned way down.

Later All:



7:30 - ish.
Heidi and such went for car-rides. Be back later.
Menu-type-person: I don't require crash space tonight. And isn't "exchanging oral obeisions" a much more aesthetic term than "swapping spit" or (worse) "eating face"?
4.

9/1/82

Hi All - I could write the Forum roster with it in front but, I'll save Jack
paperand end Here.

To Eva + Carole; or anyone else who cares
Give me a call at work
(# 516-289-5800 Ex 24). I checked on your room "C - B04," Room-mate claimed you don't live there!
Jack

9/1/82

There once was a man who thought he could move mountains by pure thought. One day he did. Unfortunetly when he stopped to rest he was killed by it's avalanch!
Zembov

9/1/82 Space Up Date
STS-4 Took place over Summer
4th of July Return
Soyuz T-6 crew had first Frenchman
Soyuz T-7 crew had second Soviet woman
Both have returned
Salyut 7 - Soyuz T-7 still up with
crew of Lebedev and Berezovoi. - Jack

My Darouche wouldn't work - The Horse Died!
Does this mean you're pregnant? No the one born in 1977

9/2/82 THE STORY IS TOLD BY QUEEN ELIZABETH, OF A MAN WHO LOST BOTH HANDS IN THE WAR. ONCE A MUCH SOUGHT AFTER INTERNATIONAL BAROUCHE-FIXER, THE MAN WAS FORCED TO FIND OTHER MEANS OF EMPLOYMENT TO SUPPORT HIMSELF. AFTER A BRIEF, SATISFYING THOUGH UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT AT BECOMING A PIZZA-MAN FOR DOMINOES OF LONDON, THE MAN WENT TO NOTRE-DAME TO APPLY FOR A JOB AS A BELL-MAKER.

"YOU CANT RING THE BELL!" CRIED THE GROUNDSMAN WHO WAS TO EMPLOY HIM "YOU HAVENT GOT ANY BLEEDING HANDS!"

"HEY, NO SWEAT. I'VE GOT THAT FIGURED OUT." ANSWERED THE MAN. "GIVE ME A TRY!"

"OH ... ALL RIGHT."

THE MAN AND A CLERIC WERE SOON STANDING ON THE BELFRY AFTER A QUICK CLIMB UP THE 3-STORY LADDER.

"RIGHT! RING THE BELL!" CRIED THE CLERIC.

THE OTHER MERELY NODDED, BANGING HIS HEAD INTO THE BELL, WHICH EMITTED A SLIGHT "ding!"

"THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH!" CRIED THE CLERIC.

"OK! WATCH THIS!"

HE WENT OVER REALLY HARD, STRIKING THE BELL FIERCELY ON THE RIM. IT GAVE OFF A SLIGHT "dong!"

"LOOK, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!" CRIED THE CLERIC, WAVING TO A MAN IN A BLACK GALAXY DRIVING BY. "YOU DON'T HAVE ANY HANDS; YOU CANT RING THE BLOODY BELL - I'M SORRY, BUT YOU DON'T GET THE JOB."

~~WE NEED SOME~~

"PLEASE?"

"NO! WE NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN RING THE BELL SO THAT THE WHOLE TOWN CAN HEAR IT, NOT SOME ARMLESS TWIT."

"RIGHT! NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! YOU'VE MADE ME MAD. WATCH THIS!"

THE MAN STEPPED BACK AS FAR AS HE GO, ~~RUN~~ TOOK A RUNNING LEAP, DOVE STRAIGHT AT THE BELL, (WHICH RANG SHARPLY) SLIPPED ON A LOOSE FLOORBOARD AND WENT PLUMMETING DOWN THE ~~BELL~~ CHUTE TO HIS DEATH.

WHEN THE CLERIC (L.G.) GOT DOWN TO ~~THE~~ WERE THE MAN ~~WA~~ HAD FALLEN, COMMISIONER GORDON WAS LEANING OVER THE PULPY MASS, HIS BROW KNOTTED FIERCELY.

"BLOODY BRIDGE." HE WHISPERED. "DID YOU KNOW HIM, BROTHER JOEY?"

THE CLERIC ~~[illegible]~~ THOUGHT A MINUTE.

~~"WHAT'S THIS WE SHIT, BETWIN? YOU GOT A CAT IN YOUR~~

"HE NEVER DID TELL ME HIS NAME, BUT HIS FACE RINGS ~~@~~ A BELL."

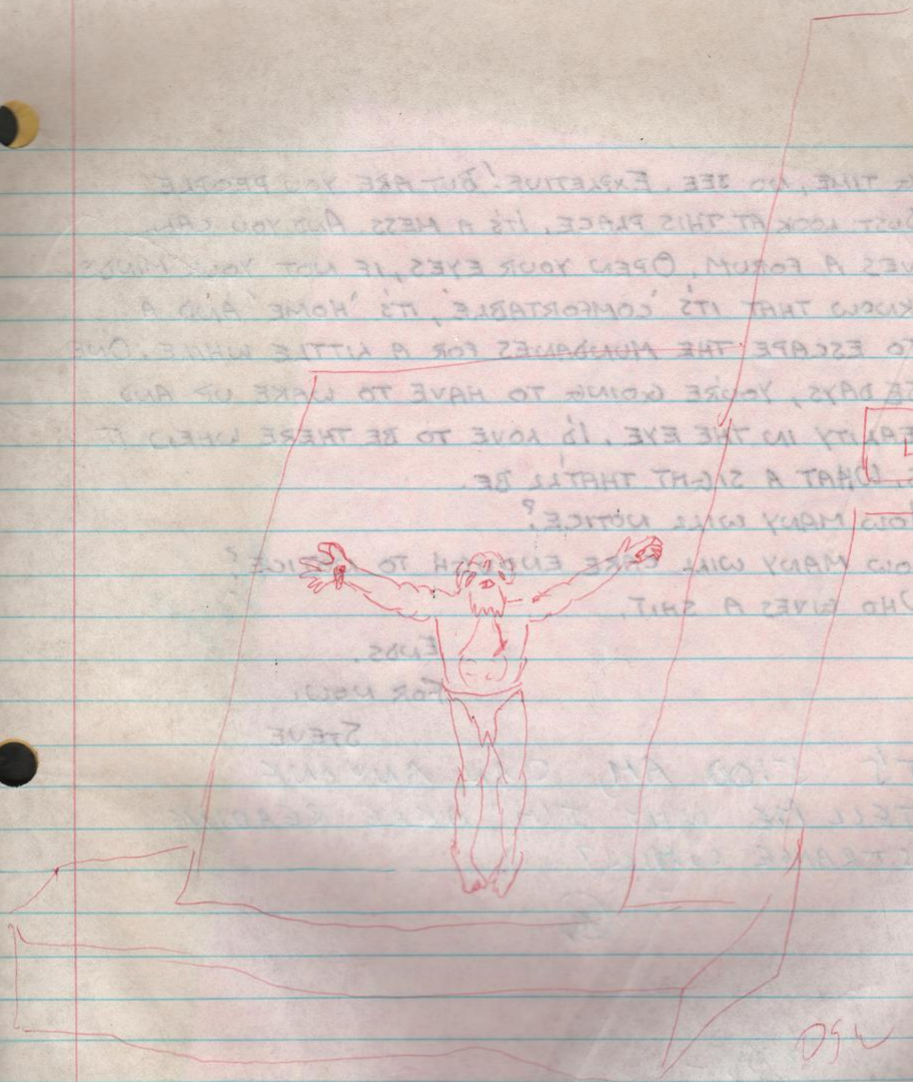
BROTHER JOEY WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN, BUT FARREL DID EVENTUALLY WRITE A NOTE DENYING IT ALL.

* * *

9/2/92 Danny 5:30

~~Dear~~ Betwin, Heidi or whomever: You want to eat, you talk to me. I'll be in ~~the~~ my room.

Danny



Sunday @ SUSB

LONG TIME, NO SEE. EXPLETIVE! BUT ARE YOU PEOPLE BLIND. JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE. IT'S A MESS. AND YOU CALL YOURSELVES A FORUM. OPEN YOUR EYES, IF NOT YOUR MINDS. OH, I KNOW THAT IT'S 'COMFORTABLE', IT'S 'HOME' AND A PLACE TO ESCAPE THE MUNDANES FOR A LITTLE WHILE. ONE OF THESE DAYS, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WAKE UP AND LOOK REALITY IN THE EYE. I'D LOVE TO BE THERE WHEN IT HAPPENS. WHAT A SIGHT THAT'LL BE.

HOW MANY WILL NOTICE?

HOW MANY WILL CARE ENOUGH TO NOTICE?

WHO GIVES A SHIT.

ENDS.

FOR NOW.

STEVE

9/3
GAR7
5:00 AM

IT'S 5:00 AM, CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHY I'M HERE READING STRANGE COMICS?

(B7)

8/3/82 Bye all -

transferring to Princeton

- Paul Sr.

PLEASE POST

STONY BROOK

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Physics Weekly Bulletin

September 11 through September 15

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Tuesday, September 12

Physics Department Colloquium
Professor Ellen Zweibel
University of Colorado
"Theory of the Galactic Magnetic Fields"

4:15 p.m.
Room P-137
Harriman Hall

It is generally accepted that magnetic fields were not created in the Big Bang, but that at some later epoch the universe became magnetized. Magnetic fields have been detected in clusters of galaxies, galaxies, stars and planets. Galactic magnetic fields in particular play a significant role in the dynamic and energy balance of the interstellar gas in which they reside. In this talk, I will review the properties of galactic magnetic fields and their dynamical interaction with the ambient medium, with special emphasis on processes related to the maintenance of the fields and to their origin.

Coffee and tea will be served at 3:45 p.m.

Wednesday, September 13

Nuclear Structure Seminar
Dr. Gerhard Baldsiefen
Rutgers University
"Shear Mode Bands in Pb Isotopes"

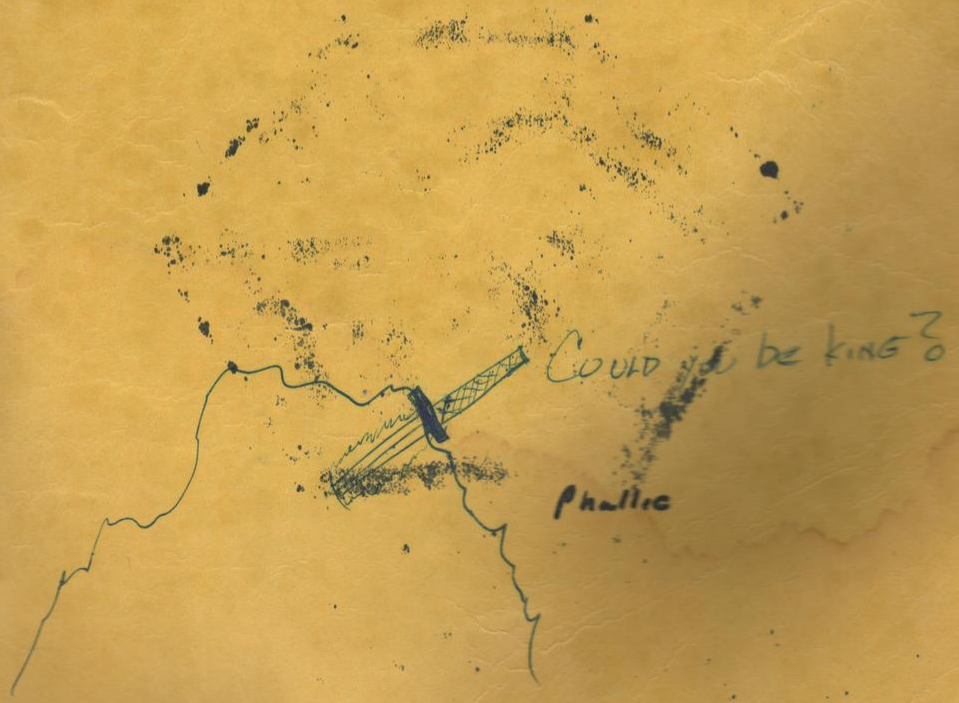
4:00 p.m.
Room C-120
Grad. Physics

Friday, September 15

Condensed Matter Seminar
Dr. Alexander Zaitsev
Institute of Radio Engineering
& Electronics
Academy of Sciences, Moscow
"Interference Phenomena in Mesoscopic
Superconducting Structures"

1:00 p.m.
Room B-131
Grad. Physics

VIVE LA DIFFERANCE



PLAN AHEAD

#18

#18

ZOD

BOTWIN:
INFIDEL, UNIVERSE, QUASIMODO, DIMENSION X, SPELL WIZARD, "C", DONKEY KONG JR, RETURN OF HERACLES, JAMES BOND, BRUCE LEE, JAGGILINES, BALL BLASTER, 835 AMODEM, + MORE! CALL DEATH [246-7500],

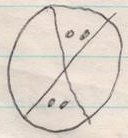
- DEATH

~~0~~04:25

3:15 ANDY: TITAN?

230 KEVIN: IT'S TIME FOR A LIBRARY OPERATIONS SEMINAR.
ALSO AN I-CON IV MEETING SHOULD BE CONVENED SOON. ANY COMMENTS?

GEORGE



Review of "V": A. C. CRISPIN
"V" is a well written adaptation of the TV series of the same name. The book follows the miniseries quite closely, but the author doesn't seem to take the story very seriously. However he does include some very funny comm-

ents. A good example: One of the characters surveys a wrecked Visitor ship and sees the snake like skin through their masks. He comments: "Damn shame. You'd have made great luggage". Ha Ha. The second part — The sequel for TV that was never shown — gets progressively worse. I won't spoil it for you, if you really take this stuff seriously. All in all — no bueno. Lots scientific inacuracies... do well. The story is also left open for a sequel, very much like the first "Star Wars" movies.

George 3

4-25-84
Gerhard

~~Michelle~~ MICHELLE BOWARD of The PSUDO HUNGRY it's CONTAGIOUS
LESLIE I like Your ENTRY.

TOG
(#2)
4/26/84
1:10 am...

... Think of time as a sheet of white paper... unlined... pure. Stretching out to the edges of eternity... just waiting for someone to come along and CREATE. There are those who create great works of art on that sheet of endless paper... those who write fantastic fictions and truths... and then there are those who just doodle and scribble all over it. Well, whatever turns you on.