

THE STONY BROOK SCIENCE FICTION FORUM and



State University at Stony Brook

▲ SOAP OPERA SOCIETY

PRESENTS:

LOG 33

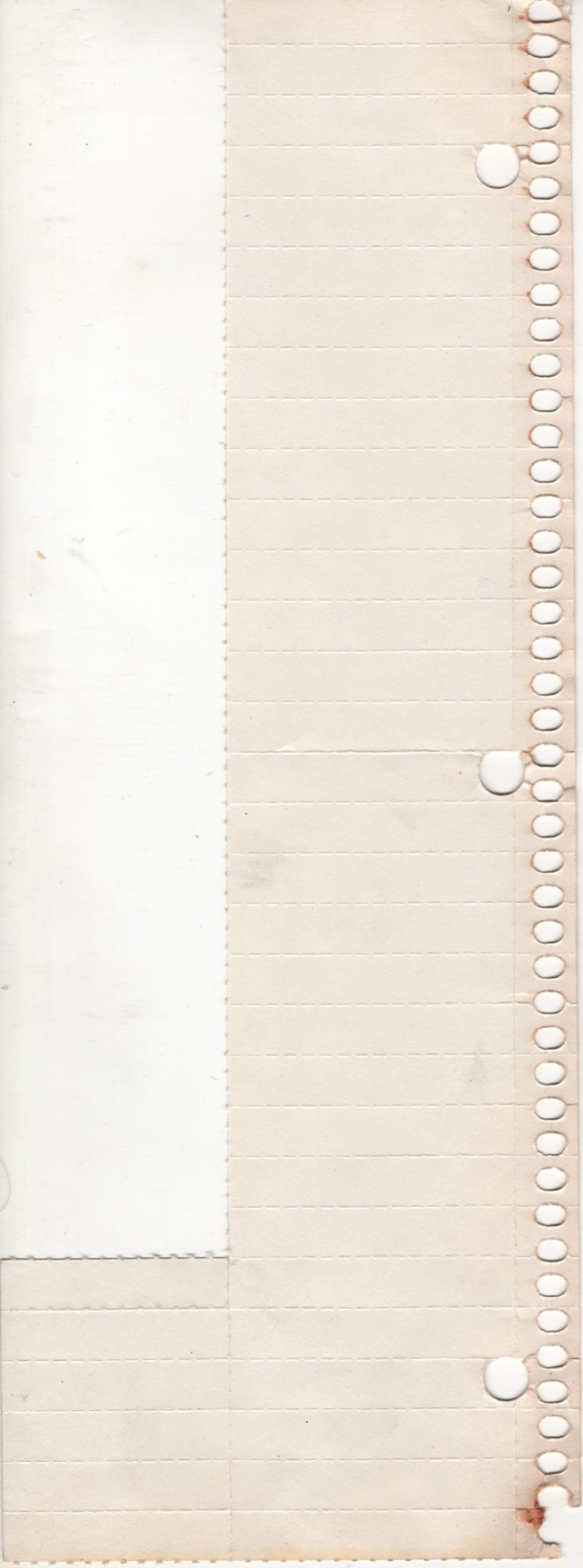
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DEC 14 1986
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C33





This Logbook is dedicated to all of those others
who have donated their time and money to the

traditions of THIS

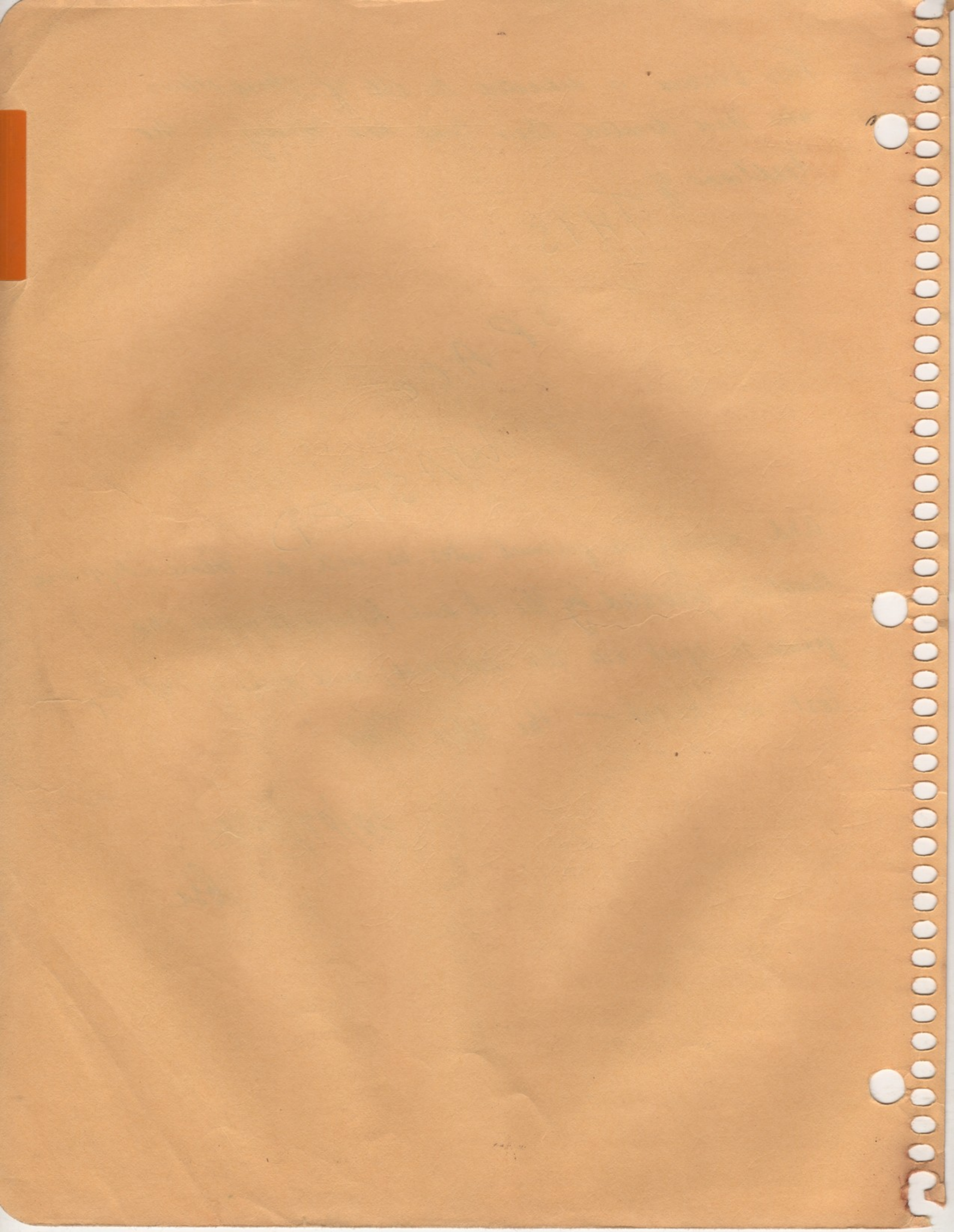
SPACE

WASTED

and meaningless personal notes as well as manic-depressive
ramblings generated by the id and filtered through the
gonads to eject via the ballpoint, dull-point pencil, or
lest we forget — the blue Flair.

10/07/1985

bsa



1:45 PM Oct 7 1985/

bsa / With this pen, I thee mark.

And so begins a new volume in this great series. "Great," that is, in the sense it shares with "gross" — "large." I think we've just set a new record for fastest log. And, except for a very few entries, most meaningless.

This is my first first. (Does that mean that the log and I have been simultaneously and mutually symbolically deflowered?) Should I be interesting? (You know me better than that!) Shall I be depressed? NO!

FLYING MARTIAN MONKEY MINXES!
(Public Safety for Space Students?)

Use it well...

Grace

By Golly, I will make the first
real entry in Log 33!

From the [Past] Present [Future]
ADVENTURES OF GORNO

"Enlightenment"

Many Aeons ago, one of that most fearsome reptile's subordinates, a Tuvan city's main CompuBrain, begged a service of him. The CompuBrain wished him to travel to Volin; the world of wisdom (esoteric), and climb the treacherous slopes of Mt. Kuteh (inaccessible by normal transport due to devastating storms, unpredictable 200 kph winds, and ~~surprising~~ surrounding jagged

mountain tops); there to find the City
in the Cleft, a calm haven where ~~there~~
the greatest lamas and mystics of Volm,
dwelt; there to ask the meaning of
life. The Great scaled creature hiss-
snorted quickly in assent, as this
sounded like a worthy challenge.

After weeks in Transduction Space,
months of climbing the -40° slopes against
winds of up to 300 kph (a bit much even
for the hardy lizard), after having to
fight (often bare-taloned) dozens of the
bison sized, ~~scated~~ furred alligator-wolves,
the scaled and stocky reptile threw
off his heavy Thermo-Armor and
hissed in a breath of the warm air
from the quiet, peaceful vale that
stretched before him, which was surprisingly
well illuminated by the wall of hypersonic
snow overhead, above the kilometer high
walls.

With satisfaction, the taloned killing
machine strode boldly down the dirt roads
which separated the well kept, healthy
fields, sighting only a few solitary
workers, who smiled and waved
enthusiastically, then pointed to the
lowering, blocky structure built into the
wall which the massive reptile was
already striding towards. "I hate
mammals," the reptile hissed under his
breath, "If they try to shake my
head when I get there, I shall most
surely kill them all!" Nevertheless, he

went onwards.

After hours of waiting in the empty chamber, which the great lizard minded not, such a thing as impatience being a mammalian trait, he was lead into the presence of the High Lama, a tall, white robed man behind a desk of black stone. An incredibly intense, putrid smell, like that of a barnyard, filled the room, threatening even the ferocious carnivore's formidable constitution and causing him to cautiously survey the room, without locating the source of the appalling stench, from the massive obsidian chair which he sat in opposite the desk.

"What is the meaning of life?" hissed the awesome predator in a threatening timbre.

"Well," replied the tall man in a clear, confident tone, "1) moderation in all things, 2) Not all things can be understood, 3) Objectivity is an illusion."

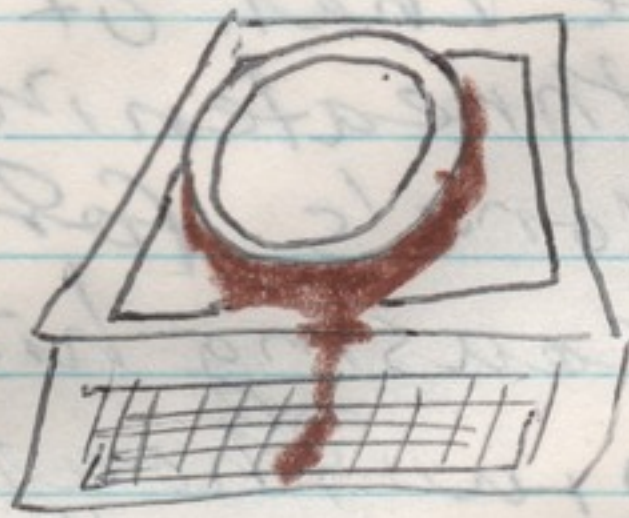
"What is that supposed to mean?" growled the impatient scaled predator, rising ominously to his full height.

The robed man pulled something from under his desk and stood to face the impatient questioner. He held in his hand a thin, silver platter with a large amount of reeking, moist, brown matter piled upon it. He spoke in a deep (over O) southern drawl now;

"Son, It don't mean shit!" and
smacked the plate
onto the enraged lizard's massive
sharktoothed shout.

"Try Not TO GAK SON, ... IT'S BAD LUCK"

Epilogue



GORNO

So the SFF presents yet another
volume of the dramatic goop I
refuse to watch on television.
Perhaps had I spent more time
watching soap operas I would
understand all that happens
on down here in the Permian
but, alas I didn't so I guess
I will never know why we
can fill a log in one month +
8 days (according to Charles' reckoning).

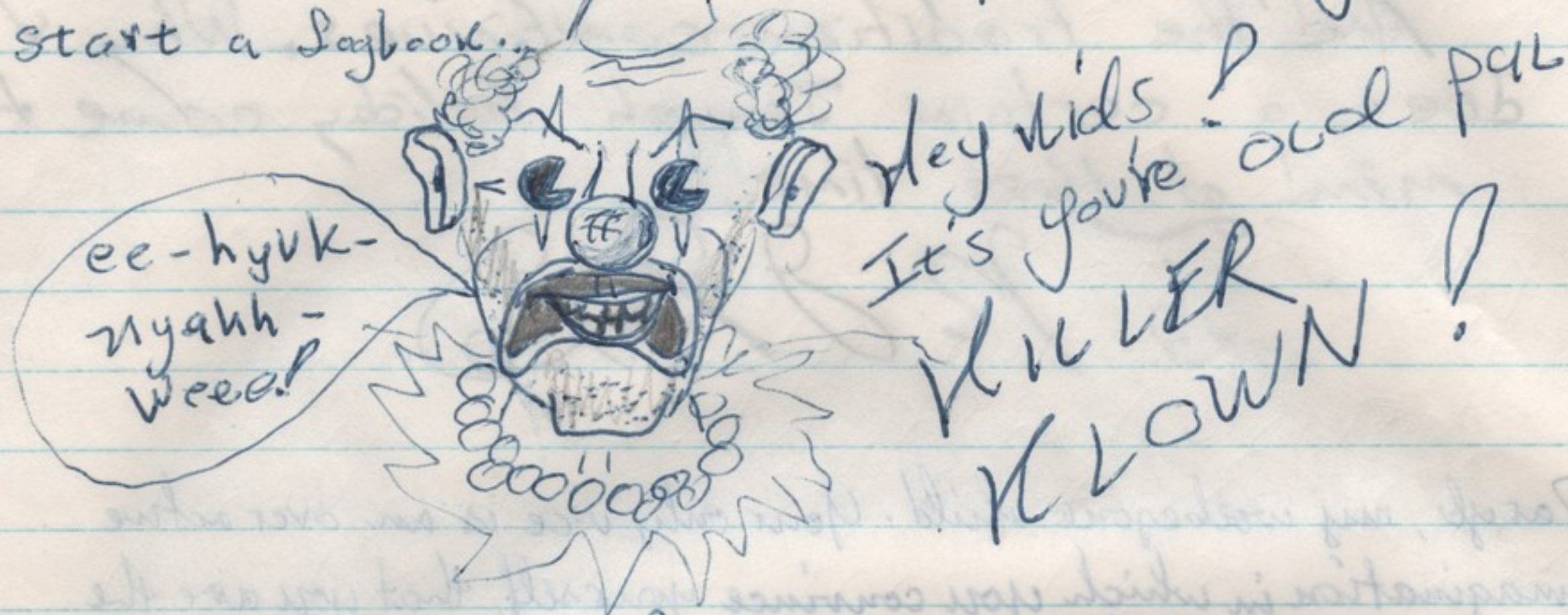
REMEMBER ALL ALIEN TOMORROW
NIGHT UNION AUDITORIUM BE THERE
TO HELP ME I HAVE TWO (2) TESTS ON
THURSDAY — PLEASE I WANT TO SLEEP

your loving
The First
Smully

IN THE FOLLO
NO ONE CAN
HURTS YOU
SCREAM
(at least not
after you've
been gaged)

(By) Stefan

What a mess! Such a depressing way to start a Daybook...



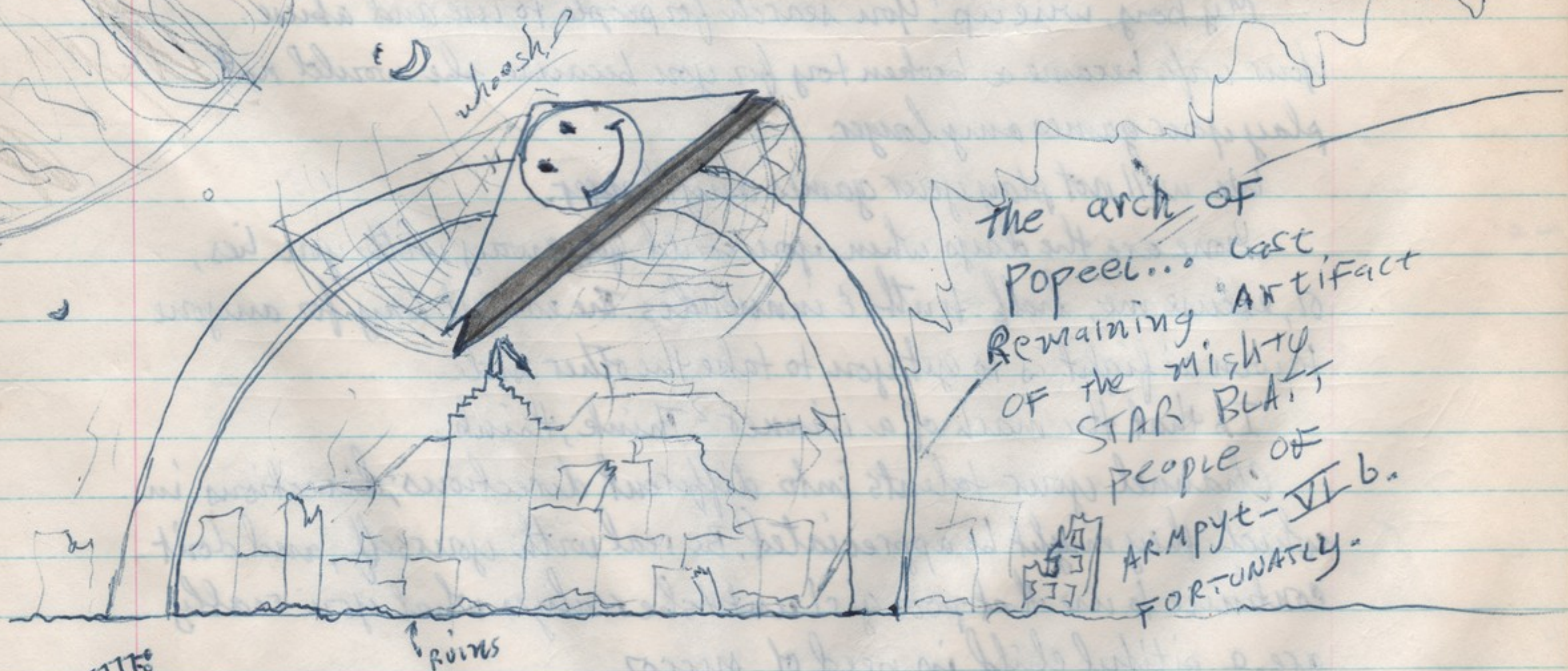
He chews lead! Wets the bed! smashes heads! Yeee-owww-yah-ha-ha-ha-weeeeee-oh!

ARMPYT-III

JAM: I have DR. ADDER with me. wierd Book. Sick, too.

DARRYL & GEORGE: I love the cartoon.

Dying Red son



ARMPYT-III
TWO WAY
WRIST
TV

RUINS

P
10/8/85

Yeah really: The Log, is dead, long live the Log!
And the tradition continues. Why
does a certain Jewish holiday come to
mind at this time.

Handwritten scribbles and symbols, including a large '2' and other illegible marks.

#81

Dar yb, my weebegone child. Your only vice is an over active
imagination in which you convince yourself that you are the
puppet master, and we are your puppets.

Oh, if you could only see beyond your own petty illusions.
Your mind is large, but your ego blinds you to the reality. Do not
be used, my boy. You, right now, are the toy, and when you
cease to be amusing, then those who laughed at your antics will
leave you in the cold.

My boy, wise up! You search for people to use and abuse.
Your wife became a broken toy for you because she would not
play your games any longer.

We will not play your games any longer.

Gone are the days when you could get away with your lies,
or, excuse me, half-truths & innuendos. The easiest way for anyone
to win a fight is to get you to take the other side.

Is that the mark of a winner? Think, think.

Channel your talents into different directions; directions in
which they might be appreciated. Be real with yourself, and don't
continue to use that poor girl until she realizes what you really
are, a pitiful child in need of succor.

Be honest

Give it up

Haima

Christopher John Abbey

10-7-85

11:03:12

D.J. - This is funny.

Gary - I've got surprises for you!, but @ \$5 a shot, I hope its worth it. contact me @ 6-3858 or even better, come and see me

Dan L. - The lesson for today is professor Dube 2x
(Sings with your best Jamaican accent)
Don't vote for President Reagan, he is not for the black man, Vote for Reverend Jackson for the 84 election.

one last tribute to MARVIN. Love the Kelly E' click!

Jammy: Howdy.

J 10
A 8
M 85
Chris: Congratulations on 1 year + it shows great perseverance. My friend, however, has been going for about a year and a half without. Again Congratulations!

Stefan: I'll be at the meeting. Do you know how many Killer Clowns can dance on the head of a pin?

None, they always jam it into some-
one's eye (Sick humor inc.)

All: At least I can be content in the knowledge that they kick a guy when he's up around this place. At least it is as nothing to shrug it off.
- Yawn - JAM

10/8/85
16:38:22
EOT

Anyone wanting to start a ~~FF~~ Role-playing campaign (Star Trek or Stormbringer) check bulletin boards — David Footwell.

A DJZ
Entry

Chris, Thank you. Thank you very much. You are what I want to be when I grow up. I think if I became just like you I'd be a much better person. Would it I, folks?

Ain't it great to talk from ignorance? Ain't it great to take a few whispered rumors and culture them into a great, scathing entry?

The only problem, Chris, is your writing style. I mean, the content is certainly fueled enough to get past my all-too-sensitive protective shell. But the way you wrote it; I mean, the way you used the language really robbed the full impact of the entry. Your strike never formed into a fist. I guess it's just from a lack of practice.

Note how the comments on my entries bow to my superior style. Whatever I write, no matter how true or seriously I take the content, my style wins it over.

What I'd like you to do as an exercise (now this is just a suggestion to improve your writing style — I know how you'd like to write) is to watch how your sentences flow together to make a cohesive work. Read as much as you can get your hands on, and if you read something from an author you think you can do better than, well, by golly, try it out. Then get some friends (or, if you have none at hand, someone down here who respects you; and if you can't find someone like that, just anyone down here) to read it and compare it to the other author, and let them decide who's the better. Why don't you try besting Ellison as a start, huh? Oh,?

Oh, and by the way, unless you got the real story from the real people involved, don't get too cocky about what your oh-so-interactive imagination feeds you.

Respects with, DJZ.

10/8/85
6:01 PM
Howard
Ω

"Sometimes, I wish I was a dictator, a ruler, a strongman. With a ruthless grasp on power, an iron grip on the helm of government, but loved. The law is my law. The people are my people. Whomever I conquer, remains conquered. Premier Bernard, King Bernard, Emperor Bernard! CZAR BERNARD!

Boy, then could I meet girls."

— from "Feiffer's People" by
Jules Feiffer

Shawn (or Joy),

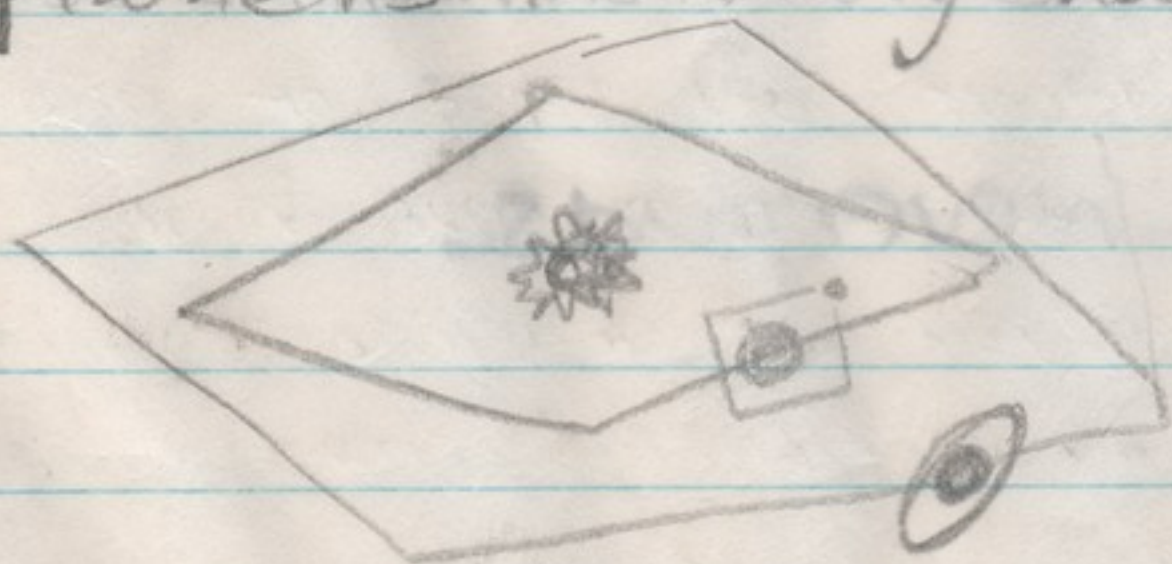
Are you playing SB Thursday? If so, call me at 249-2494, OK?

18:39:12 P.S. I've already done the adventure in the back of the rule book, so...
EAT something else, or I'll run something.

D.R. (USNANNAPOLIS)

P.P.S. I was out-of-plane last Thursday.

What would be the harmony made by the planets if they had square orbits?



- The Music of the Spheres.

What will be the first disease contracted from a black hole?

Sickness X-1

HAR HAR
GIVE UP YET?
GORN0



Wow new log, what a concept.

Repeat for all those not literate.

Cyprusian's legends are growing. Queen Anon wants you. all those of strong back, keen minds, strong magic and ~~in~~ a good favor ^{with} of the gods. No experience necessary though recommended. ~~at~~ No questions asked.

spelling

B-

- Phoenix (Fenix)

Phoenix

translation's highly experienced DM. wants game/gamers badly. Also me + I'm are trying to Reform the Fantasy Campaign Club. We need 25 signatures to ~~do~~ do so. Please talk to one of us soon. Were trying to make a place for the Gaming Forumites in the world.

Talk to Phoenix

Fenix

Phoenix

UNIFORCE IS COMING... SUPER-VILLAINS BEWARE.

Same as it never was.

highly amusing

A+

LET'S SKIP THE FORMALITIES AND UNNECESSARY NICETIES AND GET DOWN TO THE MATTER AT HAND, NAMELY A MUCH-DESERVED SLAP OR TWO ON THE WRIST. THIS IS NOT INTENDED AS CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM, THIS IS BLATANT INSULT. LEARN ONLY IF YOU ARE CAPABLE.

GEORGE, YOU ARROGANT PILE OF SLIME. WOW! HEY LOOK, YOU LOST SOME WEIGHT AND SHED THE GLASSES. GRANTED, YOU EARNED THE FIRST DOZEN OR TWO "GEE, YOU LOOK GREAT, GEORGE"'S, BUT ENOUGH IS E-FUCKING-NUFF! IT SURPRISES ME NOT IN THE LEAST THAT WHEN YOU LOST A FEW POUNDS, YOU LOST THE LAST VESTIGES OF A DYING PERSONALITY.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, YOU CHOSE THE FINEST OF ROLE-MODELS IN YOUR ATTEMPT TO BUILD NEW CHARACTER. NAMELY, A HYBRID OF TWO RENOWNED IDIOTS: DARYL ZAVNER AND DANNY SEMMEL. I'M PROUD TO SEE THAT YOU MANAGED TO PICK OUT ~~THE~~ THEIR FINER QUALITIES, NAMELY: ARROGANCE, ~~THE~~ VINDICTIVENESS, AND AN EGO INFLATED TO THE SIZE OF AUSTRALIA. ADMITTED, YOU HAVE ABSORBED THESE WELL, ~~THE~~ AND THE SMALL REMNANT OF A FAIRLY LIKEABLE PERSONALITY ARE BURIED DEEPLY BENEATH THE BULLSHIT, SURFACING ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE SOME DEEP BURNING PROBLEM IN SEARCH OF A SOUNDING BOARD.

AS THIS POORLY EXPRESSED ENTRY CONTINUES, ALLOW US TO TURN TO YOUR MISDIRECTED ANGER TOWARDS JOHN. WHAT'S YOUR FUCKING PROBLEM? YOUR ^{DRIVING} ~~DRIVING~~ COMPULSION TO SLUR HIM IS SURPASSED ONLY BY THE NECESSITY OF SEEKING OUT A RIDE TO 7-ELEVEN. WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE HIM THE HELL ALONE, AND IF YOU CAN'T DO THAT, TELL HIM HIS "FAULTS" TO HIS FACE! DON'T ATTACK HIM BEHIND HIS BACK TO OTHERS; GATHER UP YOUR RARELY USED BALLS AND SEE IF YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO FACE HIM IN PERSON, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT ANYMORE.

AND NOW, WE TURN TO MR. ZAUNER!

AND WHAT, PRAY TELL, IS YOUR PROBLEM? THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN BOWLING YOUR WAY THROUGH OTHER PEOPLES DIRTY LAUNDRY IS DOING IT WITHOUT KNOWING THE FACTS. 3

THIS IS NOT INTENDED TO MEAN THAT I SUPPORT THIS CONSTANT BELLY-ACHING SO COMMON TO THE FORUM. FROM THE BLACK PIT OF SEXUAL FRUSTRATION A FEW MANAGE TO SCALE THE WALLS OF DESPAIR AND REACH THE VELVET LINED WALLS OF ORO-GENITAL SATISFACTION AND MAYHAPS TO REACH THE SUMMIT OF PLEASURE ACHIEVED IN ANOTHERS LOINS.

AND WHAT HAPPENS? NOT ONLY IS THIS FLAUNTED BEFORE THOSE IN THE PIT, WE ARE FORCED TO WATCH AS THE RELATIONSHIP CRUMBLES AND THEN FORCED TO INTERVENE, EVEN COMFORT THE PARTICIPANTS WHO SO RECENTLY (USUALLY A FEW DAYS) WAVED THEIR WICKS AND WOMBS IN OUR FACES WITH A WICKED GRIN.

BUT BACK TO DARYL. IT IS INAPPROPRIATE FOR ME TO DISCUSS YOUR PAST RELATIONSHIPS (MALE & FEMALE) HERE, BUT SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT YOUR TRACK RECORD IS ~~IS~~ A LINE OF CONSTANT ZERO'S MAKING YOU UNQUALIFIED TO COMMENT ON THOSE OF OTHERS. UNTIL SUCH TIME AS YOU ARE PREPARED TO HAVE YOUR OWN UN-SUCCESS STORY Aired FOR THE GENERAL POPULACE, I SUGGEST THAT YOU RETURN TO FIGHTING WITH GEORGE FOR POSSESSION OF YOUR PERSONALITY.

AND FINALLY, A FEW SHORT ITEMS:

LISA P.: ENOUGH MYSTERY! FOR SOME REASON, UNKNOWN TO ME, YOU HAVEN'T SO MUCH AS ACKNOWLEDGED MY EXISTENCE. AS I RECALL, YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN WITH ME SINCE I HELPED TO MOVE YOU TO CAMPUS. DID I DROP YOUR PILLOW? SCRATCH YOUR RECORD? WRINKLE YOUR PAUL NEWMAN POSTER?

IT MUST BE DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO EAT STARING AT MY STERNUM FOR HALF AN HOUR, OR HIDING IN THE STACKS. UNTIL SUCH TIME AS YOU ARE PREPARED TO ~~WRITE~~ INFORM ME OF YOUR GRIPE, I ~~WANT~~ EXPECT YOU TO AT LEAST BE CIVIL.

TAMAR: BACKSTABBING IS IMPOLITE BUT UNFORTUNATELY A REALITY. IT CAN BE HABIT-FORMING, BUT TRY TO AVOID IT. AGAIN, I URGE YOU TO KEEP YOUR DIRTY LAUNDRY AWAY FROM HERE, AS IT CAN ONLY CAUSE YOU PROBLEMS.

ALSO, I ~~RECOMMEND~~ RECOMMEND THAT YOU ASK ^{aka} AN OLDER FORUMITE WHO "MICHELLE" IS, AND "slot city" LISTEN CAREFULLY, LEST YOU FIND YOURSELF WITH A SIMILAR PROBLEM AND PUBLIC OPINION. STOP WHILE YOU CAN - TRY TO FIND SOME FRIENDS BESIDES THE FORUM WHILE YOU STILL CAN.

WELL, IT'S BEEN FUN BUT MY ANGER IS UNFORTUNATELY SUBSIDING AND I CAN'T SEE ATTACKING THE WELL-DESERVING OTHERS (YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE) WHEN I CAN'T DO YOU JUSTICE.
BE GOOD,

Joan
Close to the edge...

#82

Okay, enough is enough.

This has all turned out to be a game in which no one can possibly win.

As of this moment, I retract my gripes against all.

George, Daryl, Tammy, Rob Diamond, you may not realize it, but I owe you all an apology.

Sorry.

Christopher John
Abber

(large, albeit eloquent)

Joe, so blow.

Deer.

A TINY
DJZ
ENTRY

1st 10/9

Wow. My first Log #33 entry. Pretty exciting evening.

Zem, Fenix & I went tunnelling. I almost voted for

James Building Ref. I became Tammy's youngest son (never mind that I'm 3 years older than her).

Oh well, now a few notes

S²: I missed you by 6 minutes. Darn! See you at lunch today.

CJA: thank. Gripe? Any offense was only a product of my overactive paranoia. I hope we can become friends.

Eric, P, everyone else: Greetings!!



Bg Geo 3

... Well, well, well. Joe is standing up for the rights of others... and is at the same time close to the edge. What do I do? Step on his fingers and make him fall from the ledge (and into the abyss)?

No I'd rather pull him up and laugh at him.

You see, Joey, its like this. I do have a personality. And I have ambition. I guess thats a no-no around here. But honestly how can I let it show when people around me don't have self respect, sing the perdue chicken Peck-Peck song incessantly, make farting noises and ~~shout~~ shout "stupid Baby"? You say you want to see more of my real personality? Well thats fine you can. But every time I do show it and have something worthwhile to say, you don't listen, or you lapse into the "stupid Baby" routine. When I do the scannel voice its for laughs. Attention perhaps. Everybody down here wants attention from someone. Whats that? did I hear a "well I don't"? Well, sorry whoever you are, but you're kidding yourself 'cause you do.

And Joe one more thing. I did what you suggested Tamar might do. I made friends who aren't down here. They know my real side (Big) Eric is one. There are others. But Joe how would it look if I was talking to someone, perhaps even a prospective girlfriend, and you came along sat in her lap and did the Purdue Chicken Peck-Peck song?

Can you give me an honest good answer without saying something mature like: "Well hes doofy and won't ever get a girl anyway"? CAN YOU DO IT?

Joe. If you want to see my personality act like I human being. Sure theres a time for the silliness. Boy do I know that. But if you want to meet some of my friends then, look and act like a human. And you'll know they guy they know.

ALL Some of those "jocks" out there are just as human as you. Some of those mundanes aren't som mundane.

JAM: You're lazy but I like you anyway. Yeah I know. I sure have a funny way of expressing it.

ALL (again): (with emphasis for those who are mad at me): Maybe my physical change has gone to my head. Maybe for every muscle fiber I enlarge I destroy 20 thousand frontal lobe brain cells. I will no longer mention weightlifting or anything related again. Kevin and I won't meet down here before working out. **BUT I WON'T GIVE UP. I WANT THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS.**

AND I'LL GET 'EM.
I didn't make an entry to perpetrate the soap opera I want out. I'm not saying I can't take it - it's just a waste of time.

- Joe 3
THE ARTIST

AS. - JOE Don't be a little Basset ^{hound} that waddles to the defense of others. You degrade yourself. First you were defending MERYL then both you and Chris tore her appart together in later ~~entry~~ entries. Then you defended me. Then you attacked someone else. It's all silly

- And you've decided to quit. And that's

And that's like "Well, I can't do it" - Joe 3

(By) Stefan

IF you have Book Requests, WRITE THEM DOWN on the Jumbo piece of paper under the galaxy, Neatly.

GARY: Alert! ALERT! My calculator is not working. You'll have to find another.

SAME AS IT EVER WAS
POSTERS...

\$1.00 GOD. Ask Stefan. Design/Idea by C'Nelson.

GREEN HOUSE EFFECT:

Gawd damn! Such an exciting concept and no one's doing anything about it! I mean, we could be investing in Alaskan prairie land (The 21st century breadbasket) or starting a Dine-building business. INVEST IN CATASTROPHE! I mean, we could be the evil Mega corporations that SF characters fight against! FUN! Like, then Chinese character for change incorporates these two "DANGER" and "Opportunity". YIAOWWW!

Hyperlock! Megashit & Fuckas hitpiss! Yeah really.

I am sinking fast. My depression is fighting back. I thought I had it licked. But now it comes back every night in my dreams and at home. The forum helps the symptoms but I keep avoiding the true problems.

Bruce, Rob, Rob D, Tamara: Talk to me, please, help me!

J

11:35 AM

I have many problems, but in the effort to make this logbook last, and to avoid the vitriolic pen of DJZ, I won't burden my faithful readers. (Both of you)

On to lighter topics: Why was Reagan such a good governor of California, but such a bad president?

1) California did not have to worry about a defense budget. Who would attack? Arizona? No defense budget also means no neat toys to play with, like MX missiles, or SDI (Star Wars to you post-9/11ers)

2) California has no foreign policy.

7/7/75 7/7/75

10/9/85
12 pm

In a massive power ~~move~~ ^{move} during yesterday's ~~leg~~ ^{leg} meeting, my suite has taken over the entire Hendrix ~~legislature~~ legislature. I am now the building treasurer; Kevin, my suitemate, is the vice president and the guy who lives on the next hall is the building president.

Victor

attention gamers!!

Zem and I are trying to reform the Fantasy Campaign club. Let's all band together, and find a place to place so we won't bump into the bridge players... uh I mean

~~forum~~ forumites who don't put up with R.P.G.
We need 25 signatures + some extra help
to do this. Please contact us.

- Phoenix

P.S. to all people who may get pissed off
at this attempt (ie with such comments as us stealthy
forumites) don't be. Us R.P.G.'ers need a permanent
place to play.

To Amy and all

Keep hang folks we only had 6 months
before ~~tracy~~ wailey's (I know that's shitty spelling o.k. but
telepatny is what I'm used too) comet dies the EARTH
the Flaming Opos.

Zem: need to talk to you.

Shawn: " " " " " about games

To Rob: Don't be so depressive you're a hell-of-a-guy
Enjoy life a bit. Be happy.

TAMAR: Glad you decided to live happily.

Joy: talk to DENIX (Pheonia, Phoenix) about playing D+D.

LUKE S.: Bend over young Jedi and feel your FIRST
push towards the DARK side. - D. Vader

Rob D.: Do you play R.P.G.'s?

If ANY one - that includes the forum in
general needs A 1-Draw Full size FILE CABINET just
ask!!

- Phoenix

Phoenix: I don't know what an RPG is, but I'm willing to try it!

RPG

Rob-D Role Playing games (RPG) - Rob D.
Phoenix

Ginny-Vaeth: What happened are you deceased write
gowl anything.

Blackfire: have to see you.

Phoenix (Phoenix)

(Phoenix)

10/9/85
12:58 PM
Howard
Ω

Phoenix (Glad to see you settled on a
spelling); What is a 1-drawer
full-size filing cabinet? How
full-size is this 1 drawer? Also,
does it lock? Is it metal?

I am engaged in a never-ending
search for filing cabinets to
house my exponentially-expanding
comic collection.

By the way, Jean Grey never was
Phoenix (see the latest Fantastic 4).

Tamar: We'll be recording today at
5 PM. If you want to come on
over to the station and watch, you're
more than welcome to.

Howard

P.S. Note to Myself; Howard: "Starting from Scratch"
by Robert Sheckley, best from Fantasy and Science
Fiction, 19th Series, p. 267.

11/9/85

2:30 PM

Zem & Phoenix: Suggestion

for place to R.P.G.: basement of Stage 1 & C where defunct Fantasy Campaign Club used to have a room. Probably now ~~is~~ used as a storage room, could probably talk leg. into giving you the room back - the door is even has "Fantasy Campaign Club" painted on it already.

All: Same as it ever was...
Same as it ever was... Same as it ever was...

Oh No! Chronic Historesis!

The Doctor
OZ

#83

~~Phoenix~~

Phoenix: what the fuck, I'll go back to R.P.G.'s. Life is dull
(char bar): Full size file drawer? For full size files?
How much? Back to gaming. Who plays? Where are they?

Toast: I'll get the tape to you soon, I remembered that I have a blank. Cheers.

Charles: I'll either be on a train or not.

ZEM: Set your yearbook here, quickly!

Peace
Christopher, Abbey

4:pm
Oct 9

Kevin: c'm in class until 6 or 7, then
daka in room find me before 10pm ok?

Tamar: We should talk

Eric: We should talk also.

All: c'm confused. why must some
people write such abnoxious log book
entries. All porumites are here for relatively
the same reasons aren't we? please explain!

Anyone want to drive to Warragah fri or Sat?
also c'must sign papers in Hempstead
on Tues. does anyone want to tell me how
to get there?

Lethe

P.S. Cris: Sorry?

P.P.S. Anyone know how to lgt a bed?

P.P.P.S Geo 3 - How about a small mural
The RHD said "Maybe"

Sue: Are you still alive? Find
me!

4²⁰

Phoenix: In that case, yes I have played
RPG's and yes I would like to. keep in touch

S² : Hello!! 3.141 5926 535 89 79323 84626 433 832 7950...

Lethe: I am going home Sat. morning
call me 6-7353



Phoenix

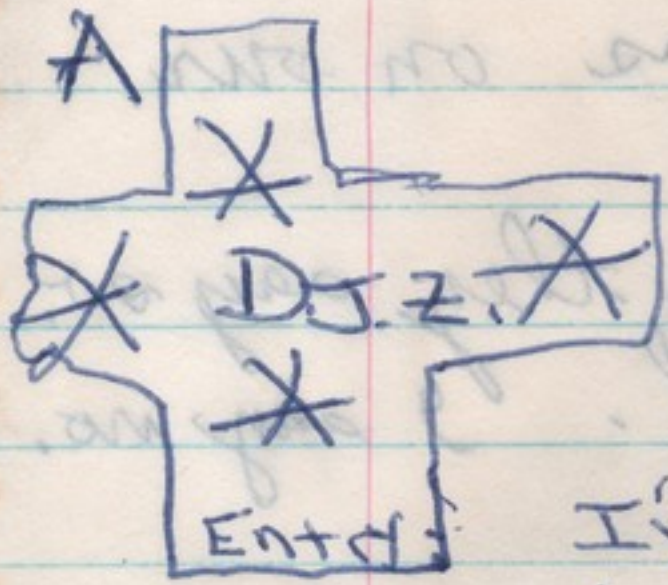
I want it Yes! False, the wiz Rob

Purpose of Forum

Gang

Loneliness is the answer.
after all it's better than being alone!

False, the wiz Rob



George³: I've read your entry. It's the best writing I've seen in a while. Sure, you wrote it fast so there's a few spelling and grammar mistakes (but hell, I'm an English major and that makes me especially sensitive). But it was good. Real good.

Sure, we've had a few problems in the past; some petty disagreements. But hell, when I say I'm proud of you for your progress, I want you to take that as a compliment from a peer. Not a swelled ego, Asue-to-father figure. A peer. 'Cause you're good, George. I mean, you have all the right in the world to hit your hand against your chest and say, "look at this improvement!"

People in general -- and the run of the mill forum schmutz down here -- they get jealous. When someone transforms from a down and outter (not saying you ~~are~~ ^{were} -- just trying to show the difference) to a god like Adonis, capable of joining the ranks of diety -- like DJ here -- (oops, getting a little heady, now... Ahem... Ah) people get jealous. They touch the slabs of gibbering fat on their bodies, draw it about themselves like a security blanket, and rail out at someone who has improved.

I tip my hat to you, George. Keep up the good work. And don't limit your search for only the best from ~~two~~ two worlds. Go for them all...

JAN 10
M 9
B 85
O T
N O
E D
Y A
Y Y

All: Well things are things as they always are.

Chomp or Chomped
Chomp on Chumps
Chomped by Chumps
Chomp, Chomp!

Aieee, Keptin they put chompers on our bodies

Doodie Doo and Tyler too. They say, they say so. But I know, they say so, no, say? I say no.

Phoenix -

Rich (And all others for that matter) my new room is STAGE XII WAGNER (D) 008 - Since Room. Stop by any time

~~BUT A CR FIRE~~

I hate to see the WASTED SPACE Bullshik

So I decided I'd work a message or two here

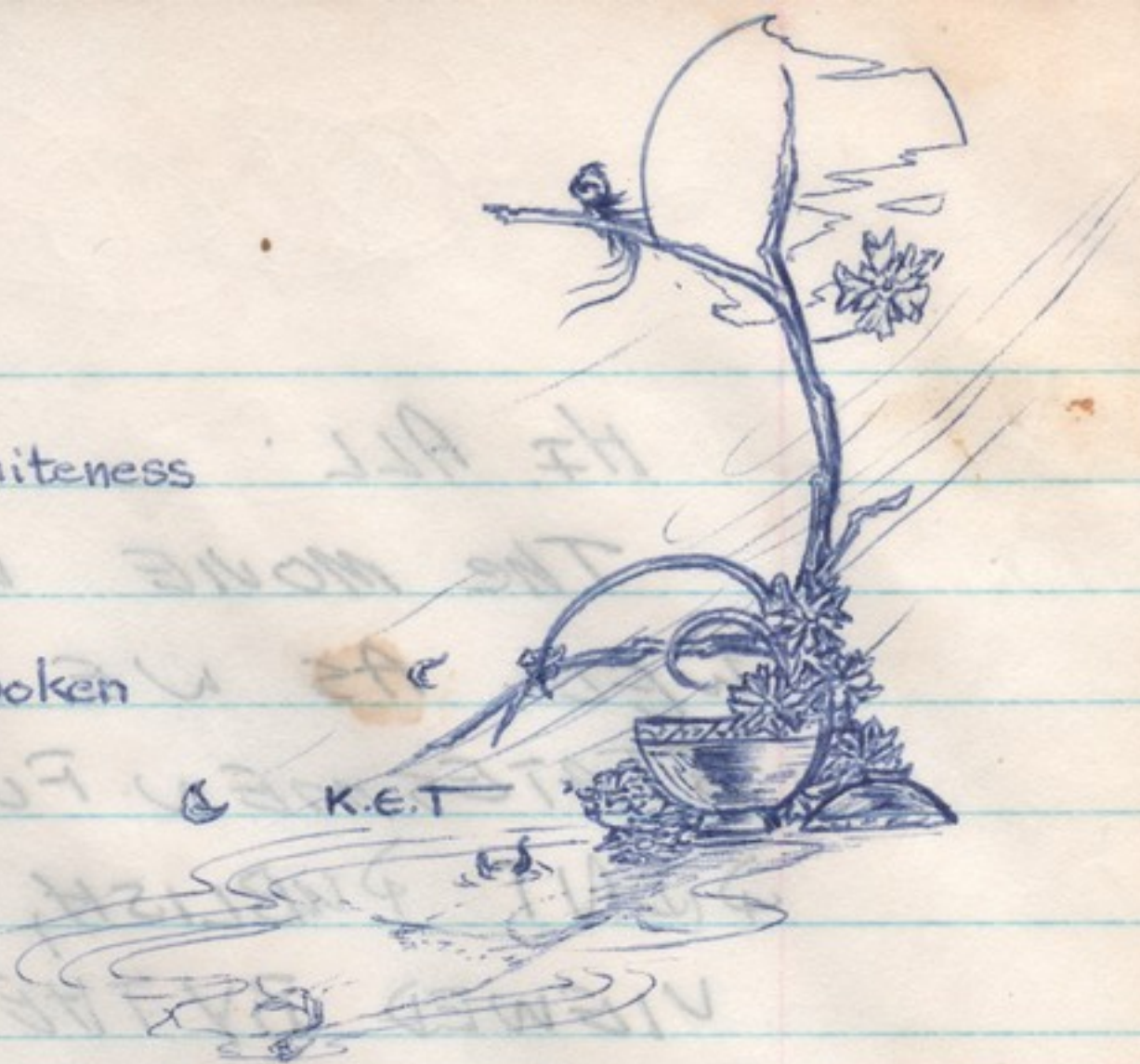
1. So are we going to talk so redy?

2. There is no #2

3. π is equal to 2.7 exactly!

all the circles will have to be redrawn False, the wiz Res

strange how where snow pure whiteness
marred like sun-warmed earth
marks the ice hearted, frost spoken



fuckin' A!

10/10/85

DanL

1:48:40 AM

Shifting to comics fan mode:

I HATE JIM SHOOTER!!!

JIM SHOOTER IS AN ASSHOLE
!!!

Not content with killing Jean Grey
in the first place, that BOZO is
resurrecting her, AND saying she was never
Phoenix, thus invalidating ten years of
X-men continuity and the complete origin
of Rachel,

HATE HATE HATE

KILL KILL KILL

BRING HIM TO I-CON SO
I CAN ~~THROW~~ THROW ROTTEN
TOMATOS AT HIM

Marvel, the House of Lies
Marvel Age has fewer truths than
Prava

Hi ALL

THE MOVIE WENT WELL BUT NOT AS WELL AS WE WOULD HAVE LIKED BECAUSE STATESMEN FUCKED US (AS USUAL) AND DIDN'T PUBLISH, SO OUR AD WAS NEVER VIEWED BY THE CAMPUS. MUCH THANKS TO ALL WHO HUNG FLYERS - NO ONE WOULD HAVE SHOW IF YOU HADN'T. WE GOT \$117.00 LOSING ABOUT \$20.00 FOR THE WHOLE AFFAIR.

BUT ON WITH THE SHOW OR AT LEAST THE NEXT ONE. AND IT IS OCT 23

7, 9, 11 SUPERMAN I

MUST GET SOME a) SLEEP

b) STUDY

HAVE 2 TESTS TOMORROW. G'NIGHT.

SANDY ^{the first}

AND NOW:

On a sadder note the loss of amusing entertainment every week day from 3-7. Incorporating Howard Stern 2 years ago during his F*HATE MICHAEL JACKSON phase I loved him. Who else could bring us such gems as Mr Nixon's Neighborhood ~~and~~ Khaddaffy Duck, DIAL A DATE (with a hooker).

His views on the world were unparalleled - the reason for teen crime - mothers don't breast feed their children and much more. But after being trashed also he die? - NO lead on to the next page.

SANDY

Howard Stern comes to call... and oh boy!

PICTURE this: genial, mild-mannered Bill Boggs as The Man in the Leather Mask.

Bill never intended to get into such a get-up — not only mask, but leather wrist and ankle restraints as well — but he couldn't help it the other day when Howard Stern came to call.

Stern, the recently ousted WNBC-Radio deejay, visited the set of *Comedy Tonight*, the syndicated half-hour program Boggs hosts and co-produces and which airs here on Ch. 5.

Several local TV shows have invited Stern to appear since his outrageous, abrasive airwave style led to his dismissal by WNBC, but most programs like to have an idea of what a guest will do during an appearance.

Barbara White, talent coordinator for *Comedy Tonight*, told PAGE SIX that generally "we rehearse... But Howard said he wanted to do a magic trick and he wouldn't rehearse it. He said it had to be a complete and total surprise."

It was Howard, who taped the show with Bill on Sunday (it won't air for another week or two), put leather wrist and ankle restraints on Bill, clipped a pair of handcuffs on him, shackled his hands to his feet, then put a leather hood on his head and a red rubber ball in his mouth.

"He looked like I don't know what," said Barbara.

Then everyone waited for the "magic trick."

Surprise! Howard threatened to leave unless he could host the rest of the show — and he proceeded to introduce Bill's guests, including comics Dennis Blair and Jack Cohen.

Every time Bill tried to move or speak, Howard water-sprayed him from a spritzer bottle.

"We all kept on looking at each other," said Barbara, "we kept on saying, 'Is this a joke?'" It wasn't really.

Howard continued as host, leaving Boggs as he was for about 15 minutes. Finally, as the taping

was coming to a close, Bill fell to the floor, managed to get the red ball out of his mouth, and said, "Howard Stern will be back and I will get my revenge."

After the show, said Barbara, "I went over to Bill and said 'What do you think he was doing?' He said, 'It was the act of a desperate man who needs attention.'"

We also called Bill. Said he: "What Howard did was nuts." But Bill, whose Ch. 5 talk show, *Midday*, was frequently a target of Howard's barbs on WNBC, added that "I happen to think Howard's good."

Bill doesn't, however, intend to let Howard get away with his "trick."

"I'll definitely get my revenge," Bill vowed.

Bill wouldn't reveal what form the revenge will take when Howard next makes an appearance on *Comedy Tonight*.

Stay, as they say, tuned.

R
TH
Mari
Squa
— at
hand
The
to R
tow

Suggestion

Howard Stern

for I can

Asshole guest of
Honor

Comments anyone?

YES GREAT

FANTAS/GUEST

RALPH will kill you.

(By) Stefan

I despise wasted space, hence this entry.

K.E.T.: Nice entry.

MARS HAS WATER: Huge amounts, ten times what folks first thought, in the caps and in permafrost.

Face it: Them canals were FOR Flood Control!

HOWARD STERN: Actually a good idea. Think of what he might do to drink...

Yiaoww! My grant is renewed? Money!

THE TITEST Ever feel like the worlds biggest
10/10/10/10/10/85 fuckoff-jerk-asshole. I did last night.
you figure it out I was so wrapped up in my own
problems that I have ignored my
own responsibilities to friends, family
and self. Now that I realize this, I
might be able to pull myself together.
I think.

Bric: Much thanks.

Chris: U² thranx.

Procrastination Club: Anybody interested
I'm picking up the forms when I get
around to it. I'll need 25 signatures.

Hi Y'all

Toast - My friend! Have no fear. The 4-um
is here! (???) ops - cancel that - that's a
nightmare in itself (-) If there's any
way I can help - remember ~~what~~
your mom said:

- 1) You gotta play with the cards you've
dealt
- 2) fuck 'em if they can't take a
joke.

now - eat your reggies, get some sleep,
And things will be O.K.

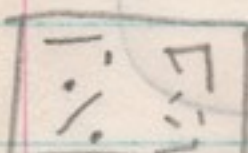
Do Jo - Hi! How are you?

Jam -

Cliff - I need
sorry - I need sheep,
talk - I need almost
some more sheep, you
but I'm almost
better now. You
can buy me some
pizza other
other
Hi dear
let's talk.
I want another
baby. Love James

28/01/01
49 23:1

QOOC: Sandy to Botwin: "If you're going to lie there without your clothes on, you deserve anything I do to you."

 or Marvin is a little man, with all the insight of the universe. Except for his undeniable urge to live in my chemistry desk.

Ack! - phoenix, Felix Phoenix

Lethe - shows the Next class. And I agree why does everyone be mean to all.

Remember the Phoenix

Chris: I bring that cabinet to the Forum tomorrow 'round' 12:30 A.M. phoenix

#84

Greetings, earthlings.

Zounds and zonkers kiddies, did you ever not know?

Going through the phone book again

Going through the motions again.

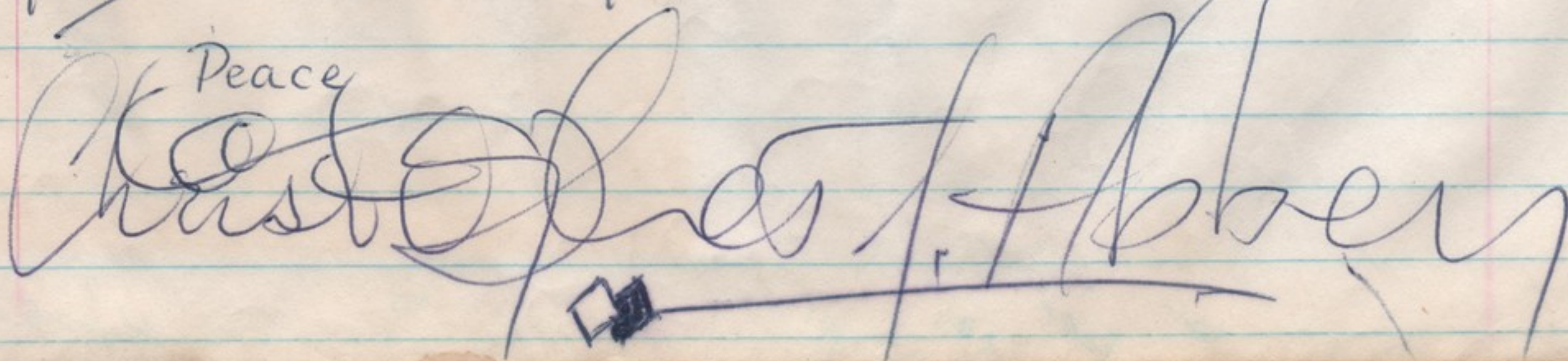
"There is no burden so great as high potential" - Linus

Wouldn't it be nice to be blissfully unaware?

Tamar: Friend of the family only, thanx.

Phoenix: Divide & conquer

Peace



10/10/85
1:56 PM

Geo3: Must speak business with you.

Lethe: 300 pounds of dynamite that should loft it... oh, into let's say... orbit!

The Doctor

⊖ ⊕

Games thus far for FRP club:

- ① V+V contact: Sean?
- ② D+D/Rolemaster " Rich (Phoenix)
- ③ Traveller Star Fleet Battles Blackfire
- ④ Twilight 2000/Aftermath Patrick

Direct any other suggestions to Phoenix or ZEM

↑
oe

Worship the Great Mudhead,

ZEM

10-10-85 Since this interesting object of annoyance has been thrust upon me I'll make an entry OR folks last call num numbers for F.C.C.

Phoenix.

[Faint, illegible scribbles at the bottom of the page]

GARY

3:00

Oct, 10, 1985

-Oh by the way, just a note that I wanted to put in here a week ago...

Darryl: Gosh, it seems to me that a bright fella' such as yourself should be able to figure out a better way to express your writing style to the folks down here than ranking on them. That happens to be a pretty immature and self-serving way to get attention, and is not the action of a man who is interested in improving himself. And if you're not interested in self-improvement, take another look in the mental mirror.

All: Recall, no one here is any better than anyone else. Only different. Each of us has abilities and interests and knowledge the others don't. Each is unique, and as such cannot be compared, as a total person, to any other person. Certain abilities can be compared, but one ability is a very slim slice of a person, indeed. So, judge not, lest ye be an asshole.

Not said, for now...

Gary

10/10/85

4:06 PM

Bravo, Gary, Bravo

The Doctor

DE ... in peril yet!

10/10/85

4-

Lydia

My class was canceled el

Went at 2:40 you weren't there. I went to the Sinc room - you weren't there. I went to the union you weren't there. I called your room nada.
Question: Where the fuck have you been?!

Lethe

S 10
A 10
M 85
B
O
R
I
N
O

All: Well things are going OK. But I am crazy.

Toast: Cheer up. Does being unhappy make it any better?

Tammy: Another kid? Don't forget, you get to keep them. I'll retain custody of Aunt Imogene and Uncle Pat. Day by day the family grows.

Gary: Profound words, Daryl you get too crabby and picky. Time will tell.

Daryl: see above.

George 3: Be cool, we'll see.

Jah-tah.

JAM

Quote of the day from Hunter S. Thompson
"Fear & Loathing on the Campaign Trail"

"Live steady. Don't fuck around. Give anything weird a wide berth - especially people. It's not worth it. I learned this the hard way, through brutal over-indulgence!"

Life: The propagation of self-replicating molecules. Order from Chaos. But at what cost?

Thermodynamics: Conservation of Energy. Entropy. Order is stabilized locally, but Chaos is the result.

Intelligence: The ability to learn. To change the balance of Energy.

Civilization: Developed by intelligence for the increased production of life.

Result: Energy from chemical bonds released. The heat death of the universe accelerates.

Conclusion: The Universe will die. This is unavoidable. With the elimination of energy using lifeforms, the end can be delayed.

Mission: Using as little energy as possible, prevent the development of intelligent lifeforms.

To Gary F from Geo3

-Where do you get your fortune cookies?

♪ ... and the days go by ♪ ♪



more notes etc.

10/10

Eric S: Tomorrow, the trains from Huntington leave at 1:29, 2:09, 3:01, 3:37 and 4:19 - after that it wouldn't be worth going. We could realistically try for 2:09 probably. IF anything happens between now (8:21 p.m.) and tomorrow and you can't find Rob \diamond , call me at 821-9657 up to 12:30^{am} or after 6 am. Are we all meeting in the 4m? Also thank you so much for everything.

Chris: Nice to see you looking at least chipper. I hope you stay that way.

Rob D Wiz: Thank you in advance for the ride home. You're nice. Time to change your mind, isn't it?

Lethe: Hi!

Everyone: "IF I were a better man, I'd understand the spaces between friends." - Roger Waters (?)

Thank you all,
Sandy z

I am refusing to be jerked around. Well, well the wimp stands up! Well I guess you're the only one I can say no to. How does it feel? perhaps now you know a fraction of how it feels. Surprise! it feels great, doesn't it?

? Well it doesn't matter at all

inertia wins nothing changes

Same as it ever was, is and shall be

IF there is a next time Be specific
this means an exact question ~~at time~~
a time a place and a promise.

Understand? No I s'pose you don't

J
A
10 M
10 W
85 A
R
P

(And him a
'married' JAM)



From The
JAMBONE
SCHOOL OF
LOOKING:
"SHAMU GIVING
HEAD"

Remember -
LOOK,
LEARN,
FREAK-OUT.
YOW!

LISA P.:

REMIND ME TO TELL YOU THAT I
HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.

Cliff
1:45 AM

Tamar

Jan and I will go to DMV
early to do the paperwork

We will pick you up here at
2:00 - 2:15 BE HERE NO SHIT!

If you can make it earlier call
543 2497 and leave a message on my
machine. give time + place to meet you

Don't screw up - Rob!!! THE ANGRY

I know that you are under a lot of

STRESS

because you can't get any

Beaver,

stop

ALIEN

ating everyone.



In space no one can hear you scream.

P
A
M
10
W
10
A
22
R
9

(And him a
(MAY '81)

LISA
CEMIL
HAVE 20

10

W

8

IT

INC

The
FROM
HOOD OF
COOKING:
"GAMING"
"HEAD"
- Acme paper -
LOOK,
HEARD
FREAK-OUT.
YOW!

WHAT I

to DMV
work

Here
AT

no all!

call
of no state or mt.

to foot for

Bob!

10/11/85

Dan L

2:19:44 AM

Anthony, Kyle, Steve, Kevin, Lou,

Mike, Boris, Evan, Antonio, Rich,

Kyle, Brian, Scott, Mike, Pierot,

Mark, Evan, Bob, Patrick, Guy, Frank,

Scott, Sean, Parryl, Mark D, Tripp-Pesce,

Life sucks, Life sucks, Life sucks, Life sucks, Life sucks,

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#85

Observation upon returning from a G quad party:

It is amazing how many guys will dance for hours and hours to music they so obviously detest strictly for the purpose of getting laid. Damn silly, if you ask me.

to the members of the triumvirate: Damn silly.

Stand up for your rights as human beings.

Phoenix; NPC female for V&V "Patch" Guess what her power is? Aw, come on you cheated.

Peace

Christoflet Abbey

(BY) Stefan 9:53 am

ORSON WELLS IS DEAD

HOWARD: How about re-running the War of the Worlds as a tribute? At least mention his passing, and include a clip from the show.

YO! IF SOMEONE IS GIVING DRIVING LESSONS I WANT IN. I HAVN'T HAD ENOUGH PARKING PRACTICE.

"No one would have believed in the third decade of the twentieth century that this world was being watched keenly and closely by intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic... minds that are to ours as ours are to the beasts that perish regarded

this world with envious eyes and screwy
and surely drew their plans against
US" [wells, M.G. and O.]

To Rob DWiz: You are still a nice person, but you obviously
aren't taking the trouble to be nice to me. Oh well, I
suppose no one said you had to. But I really
would appreciate it if you complained to my face
and left me out of the logbook. If it "doesn't matter"
enough to be said to my face then it can't possibly
matter enough to be written in the logbook. Problems
are private and people don't need to read about them.
This is the last time I will write an entry like this
to you unless it is favorable or trivial. If you want
to reply to me do it in person or on the phone.

yours in blissful unawareness,

Sandy²

DAMN RIGHT! ↑
THIS IS BULLSHIT!

GORNO

This is bullshit
THIS IS BULLSHIT!

BULLSHIT!

FILTHY STINKING PRIMATE
BASTARDS T'LL BURN
YOU ALL - WATCH YOUR
SKIN SHRIVEL AND PEEL, YOUR
EYES MELT AND YOUR BONES
CHAR. I'LL KILL YOU ALL!
HUMAN BASTARDS!!!

love, Gorno

12³⁰pm

I JUST HYPER FUCKED in Mrs 302 test. She played 5 excerpts from songs and we had to write down what the song was. No clues of course.

Also wierd & phreaky: my ID card validated itself!! I was on line to get it done and I took it out of my wallet and there was a Fall '85 sticker already there. Wild!

UWA

DAN L. hope you did better than ~~me~~ I did on the test. I agree with your entry - squared! I will not write "Life sucks" 14,500 times, as there is not time or room in flog for that.

S²: I am in my room eating lunch. We must stop at Citibank as I must cancel my checking acct - which I never opened in the first place. The balance is \$ - 13.50.

peace & Berbils,

Rob

Stefan Ok I agree
S² Ok I agree
Dan L Ok I agree

False Rob

Victor I must see you! or I am blind!
SANDY

10/11/85
2:26

P

10/11
2:05 PM

Same as of ever was.
Inertia asserts itself. The matrix is established. Friction inhibits change. The quest for improvement is an uphill struggle. Why did I think I could do it all at once. Pain, fear, self loathing, rage, anger, frustration. How can it be worth it?

Life has no meaning of itself. A meaning must be assigned.

Life is not worth living, now. How I wish I could sleep while my problems solved themselves, But I can't.

The hardest part is the start. Once I make up my mind to do something, and then started it, I can always finish it. But first I must start.

Another meaningless
TDFST entry.

PS, Chris & Many thanks.

10/11/85
2:44 PM

Howard

Ω

Stefan: Suggestion under consideration since I heard of Orson's death yesterday. We'll see.

Gary: Please try to be at the station at 5 today. I've re-written the promo script and need you there to record it.

— OJN —

10/11/85
2:55

When we last left the WWI Flying Ace, Ralph "THE BLOODY-BROOK BARON," he was shooting down the enemy over the State University of New York at Stony Brook Campus...



Curse you,
BROOK BARON!

The Doctor

Stephan,

We need a cash box can we get it before the next movie I had a fight with DANK & his puppet, they don't like me anymore.

SANDY

10/11/85
2:44 PM

Dan/ why you chose to write Life Sucks 140 times is beyond me. Lessee. you moved out - no more RASTAMAROUND. you have your single. Liz likes you.

Life | Death

|||||



you've got a brain.



Being GAY is great - I'd be one IF I had the mind for it. I like ya. Dean likes ya. D.J. Loves ya. Cheer up. STOP feeling sorry for yourself. Look Life 7

Life WINS.

Death 1

now lets have some for breakfast.

← 9/14/87

Death: 1
Life: 0
-well, best
-revise
-good

Deej: caution: consult physician if your condition worsens.

Diana: Some of them are old, some of them are new some of them turn up when you least expect them to and when they do... remember me, remember me... Some of them are a bore, some of them forget to close the door and leave their stained cigarettes trampled on the floor and do BEWARE!! remember me. Remember me...

Do Dooo Do Doo DDDDD D Dooooo

[Large, stylized, illegible handwriting]

above

Last day*
Libra 21/
1964
5:58 PM
Howard

Gary: Ralph and John will be
around later to record their
review. If you can engineer
for them so they can argue
face to face.

Ω
* by the
book

Can Otm find sanctuary, or will DS
(Destinies Sleep) Agents find him and
end his Run? Tune in next week and
find out!

Howard Logan
WOHM-FM
Resistance Radio

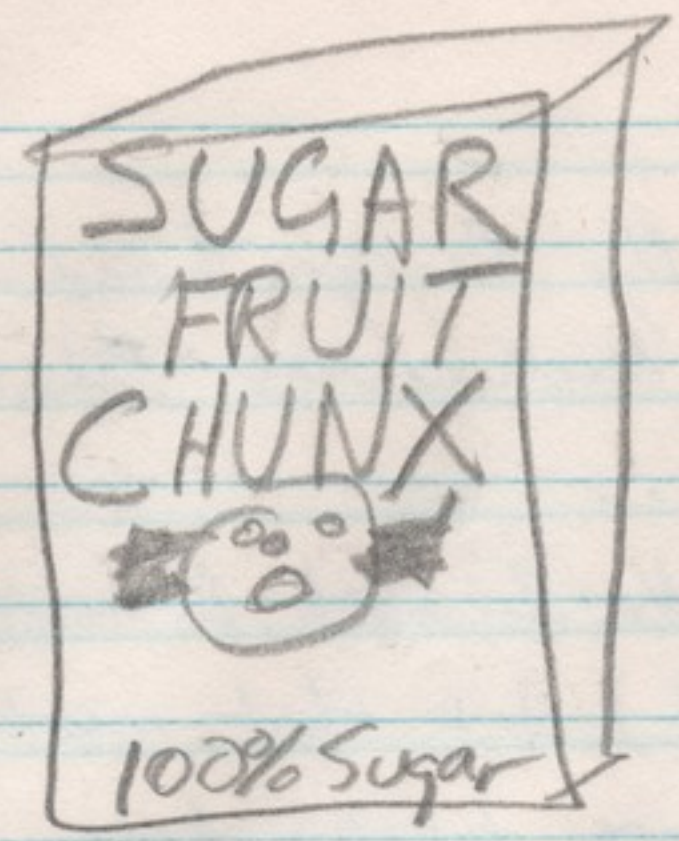
10/11/85 1928 hrs Tom Wilson

SANDY: TICKETS DIDNT GET DONE. PROBLEMS WITH TRYING
TO PRINT IN COLOR, NO TIME TO REDD. FIRST THING
NEXT WEEK FOR SURE. (OFF TO CATSKILLS THIS WEEKEND)

SORRY ("DIADOW!")

Tom

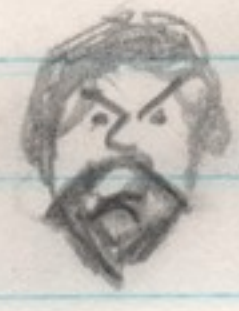
3
800
Post
Daka



Just add Milk
to make real Gravy

Plus Milk, Juice^{*}, Toast^{**}, and JAM^{***}
to make Breakfast complete

* JuiceTM is a trademark of Robert M. Diamond Inc.
** ToastTM is a trademark of John G. Peterson Inc.
*** JAMTM is a trademark of John A. Madonia Inc.



Godamn happy Breakfast!

Tomorrow: Call me before 1:30 Tonight, or After 9AM
Tomorrow please!

(BY) Stefan

Helpa! My printer is onna de Fritza!

Notice that the middle line o' dots
isn't there. I need help! There's no
obvious damage to Mr. Ribbon-Cable.
Anyone know anything about the
repair of these things? I'd hate
to have to buy a new print head.

(Signature)

ijklmno
jklmnop
klmnopq
lmnopqr
mnopqrs
nopqrst
opqrstu
pqrstuv
qrstuvw
rstuvwx
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xyz(|)~
xyz(|)~1

Helpa! My printer is onna de Fritza!

(LIFT)

REVISION NO. = 1.0

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! " # \$ % & ' () * + , . / 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 : ; < = > ? @ A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z [\] ^ _ ` a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z () ~ i

10/5/85

2:10 pm

(for
the robots)

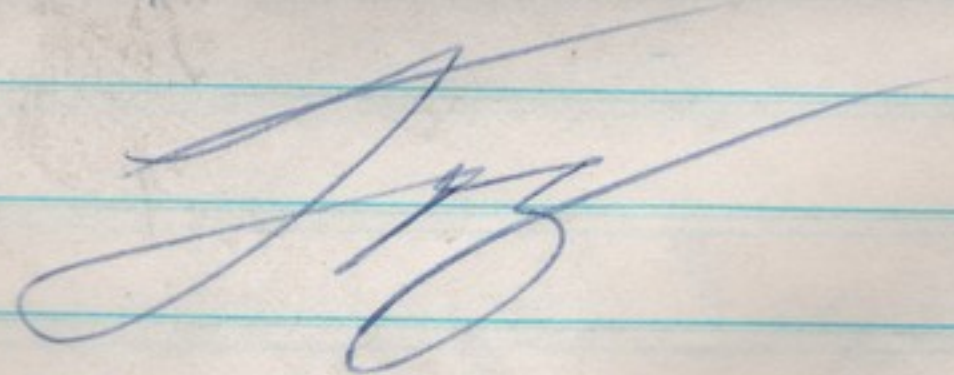
Just a note in my typically fugly handwriting...
hand-delivered by Infrared-level courier Charles and
his Death Trooper escort Chris...

To all the new Forumites: hello, I wish I could meet
you all (from what I've heard) but that must wait.

To the Old Guard: Things are boring here... I
almost wish I was studying (and failing) Calc 125
again, just for something to do. Fandom up here is
almost non-existent, and since I'm broke and out of a
job conventions don't help.

I'd really like to address you all, but I don't have
all day to say profound things individually... suffice it
to say that I'm looking forward to returning (whenever)
and I'd like to hear from you.

Somehow, even though it's been several months, my living
room just doesn't have the inspiration the Forum has. Errod.



P.S. I was dead for a week...

P.P.S To give you an idea of how bored I am: I started watching
Voltron... and liking it.

P.P.P.S. You are in error. $2+2 = 5.31862$. Recalibrate
your equipment accordingly.

P.⁴S. Because I'm the Computer, that's why.

P.⁵S. Thank you for your cooperation.

That's

PM

NOT

AM

11 October 85

09:33

Breaker by 33

It's absolutely amazing! Again, I repeat that when I came down here in Fall 80 we were halfway through log 12. Now it's 5 years later, I'm getting married in less than 9 days, and we're up to log 33 (21 logs).

CLIFF: You were supposed to call me today. Where are you?

Tamar: Tell Blaise I said "Hi!"

Keyy: Where are you? Ellen wants your body.

Lidja: I have the sex manual for you.

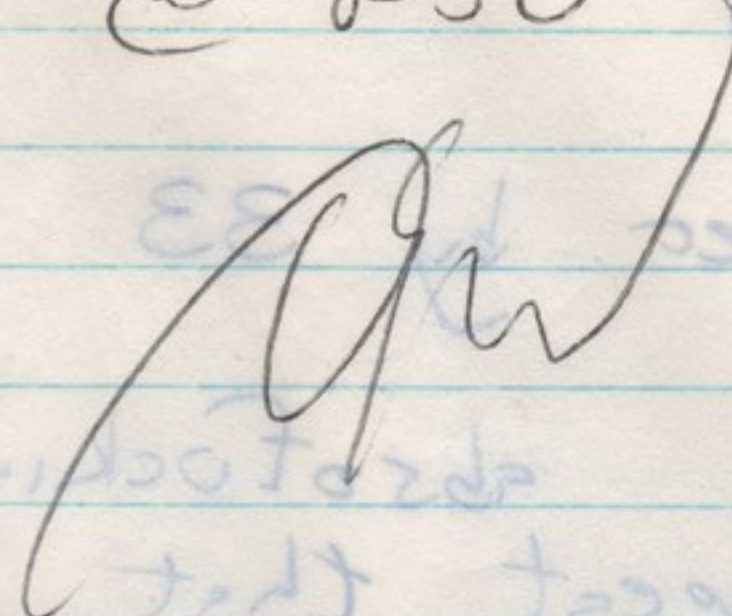
Glenni: You can't sing.

All: Vista le hasta?

Lost
Johnny

(9 more days
omitted!!!)

P.S. All: Hacker - Psycho 11
on Tap @ 650 SE:PO



10 J
11 A
85 M
A
T
O
N

Slime: I do not know if I shall get the opportunity to say so before the big event. Slime, I've seen a lot of you in the past few years, and there is nothing less I can wish for you and Ellen than all the happiness in the world. Congratulations.

#86

Viscious, I am, vicious.

Meaner and meaner and meaner

Fuck it all. The triumvirate can split, please.

Get the fuck out ma face!!

If people would like to be reasonably consistent, then they ~~can~~ are worth dealing with.

This is not only directed to the ~~two~~ trio, but also to several other people.

If you don't know who you are, then think about it! This is why I spend so much time in my room

And to my 2 roommates: Please indicate whether or not you are in the room. I brought people over, and we got to see you both ...?

Fuck fuck fuck

Christopher Abbey

(BY) Stefan E. Jones Saturday October 12th, 1985

The interspatial trolley line platform at Tynes' Fork, N.Y. was a unimpressive little patch of brown concrete topped with a sauted roof of corrugated iron. Nathan leaned against one of the I-beams supporting the roof and contemplated the gum machine bolted to the side of the ticket booth.

It was a chunky box of heavy steel, with a kind of facade of front that made it look like a apartment building of ancient vintage. The box



was painted bright red, the cause of many coats of finish. Some time in the past, someone had covered the window mounted in front with grey paint; attempts to scrape it away were only partially successful; more than half the window was still opaque.

The machine had been there as long as Nathan could remember. His strict parents had never let him use it, or even get close enough to the platform to view it properly. Now that he was on his own, Nathan was determined to find out ~~what~~ ^{the} thing that obsessed him through all his years: who the hell fixed the thing? And how did they make a living selling it sticks of chewing gum on a little-used branch of an officious condemned interspatial transit system?

Today, he would find out. On his way home from work the day before, he stopped at the platform and saw that the machine was almost empty. He raced home and grabbed his knapsack, ~~and~~ thermos, and bag of sandwich, then returned to the station to begin his vigil. He was determined it would not be in vain. One piece remained, and as soon as

he finished sucking the last vestige of spearmint flavor from the wad in his mouth he would buy it.

TO BE CONTINUED
It's time to FREAK

J
10/12/85
TOO LATE
TO CARE

Only two and a half pages since yesterday? That's how we can break the logbook last: keep the forum closed all day.

Chris: Thank you for talk and messenger service. Sorry I missed you, after listening to Chess a couple of times, I think your entries could be set to music. (Sorry, No Kill I)

Rob: Greetings planet of people, earth.

Tamar: Mello. Lets do the lunch thing soon.

When the going gets tough

The **TAFS** gets going.

(but then again, maybe not)

GAR7

12:20
A.M.

Oct 13,
1985

I think... I exist.

- DESCARTES, MEDITATIONS

And so it goes, same as it ever was. The Forum changes slightly over time, people even less. Taint it somethin'?

Howard - Sorry I wasn't at the station at 5:00, but I didn't see your message until later in the evening.

Stefan - Entirely good story, please.

Dave W. - Well, have fun anyway. It's been a long crazy road. And the road goes ever on.

These log books seem to filling up rapidly enough without my prattle, so I'll keep it short. If Dave thinks things have gone fast since he started in logbook 12 in Fall of 1980, I started in logbook 15 almost a year later. That's 18 books in 5+ years. As opposed to 15 in the previous 13 years. Now that's frightening! - and probably one of the most fascinating collections of literature to come out of the western world since Time-Life Book's set called The Weird, the Fucked-up and the Fruitcakes, or something like that.

Now, yours for only 995 hours of reading - the forbidden knowledge of long-dead Forum monarchs! Tomes of dark and vile lore formerly revealed only to TRUE BELIEVERS™ during their moment of DIVINE TRANSUBSTANTIATION AND FROLICKING™. Learn mastery of GEORGE CHIN'S UNDERWEAR, former cosmic tool of the herald of the Silver Surfer. Yes, you too can prosper in the coming weird times! Hear the words of WOTAN, of the elder gods as He speaks through the ~~pen~~ pen

of the mighty marching forumites of the part!
Learn how we, as Forumites, will be saved
during the coming of the Xists! Learn how the sacred
COUCH has come to be the symbol of Our God, and
be privy to the sacred knowledge of how many
murals can dance on the head of a pin!

Where else can you read a soap opera about
people you never knew but which was set in a place
as familiar as your own living room! Yes! Read them
now, before they become sequestered as OFFICIAL HOLY
BOOKS™ of the CHURCH of the SUBGENIUS™.

- Anyhow
Nuff said

(By) Stefan Gary

Yeoww! HUCKAH-huckah-ki-PIWEE!

FOLKS! Does anyone want to help me
make a computer game? Or a high-class
PBMail/PBModem game? Or a "business" to rip
OFF readers of the National Enquirer? Or even an
ordinary cheese cake?

JAM, BRUCE, OTHERS w/PCs: I have a
Adventure Computer program. give it a use
of verbs, nouns, rooms & objects and it will

make an adventure for you.
Ralph: Did you try to call me at my
home address?

THIS PLACE IS A

MESS!

10/13/45, early afternoon, Sunday.

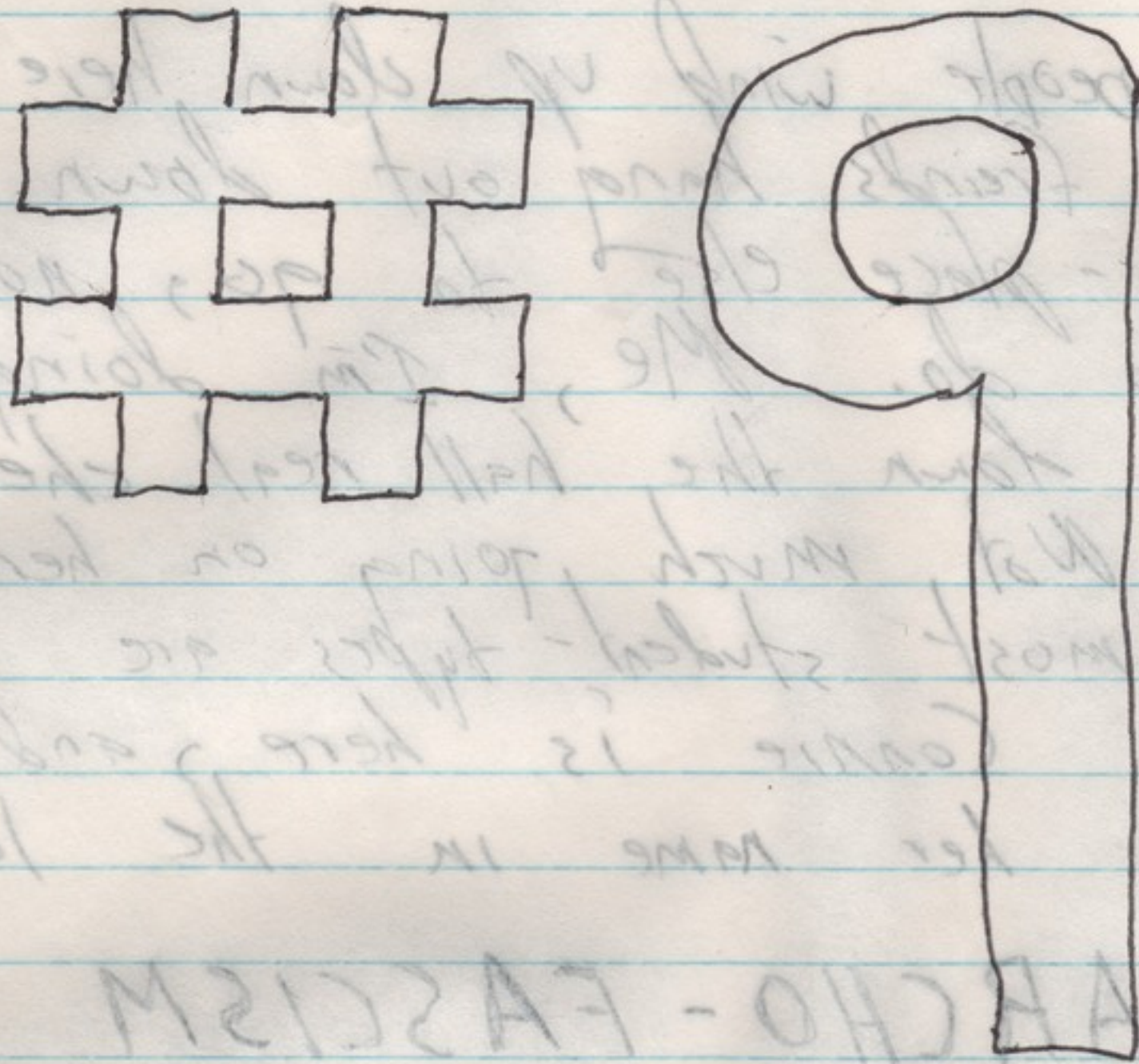
Some people wind up down here because all their friends hang out down here. Some have no place else to go, nothing better to do. Me, I'm doing my laundry down the hall real cheap. Not much going on here right now probably, most student-types are still asleep. Connie is here, and asked to have her name in the logbook.

ANARCHO-FASCISM

is a political philosophy I dreamed up recently. The basic idea, to over-simplify considerably, is this: to give people the freedom of Anarchism by severely limiting government intervention in any phase of their lives, but recognizing that people love the "flash and parades and trains - running-on-time" associated with fascism. So: Carefully trained Mussolini look-alikes run a government that appears to bully everyone around fascistically, but in reality leaves everyone alone. Mostly, the government is in charge of putting on impressive parades and giving real patriotic speeches. The trick, of course, is in making sure the "leaders" don't get carried away, and for chrissakes don't let them get any real power.

— OVER —

brought to you by - - -



BE SEEING YOU!

By ~~David~~ A note on log-book writing styles. This pen writes more clearly. Anyway...

A few words about ~~me~~ DJ Zauer and his writing style. Yeah sure Darryl and I have had our differences; I went after him with a chair once. He ran away. I said "repent Darrylquin your days are numbered". Then he told his friends at DAKA (KELLY) that I tried to kill him with a chair.

Meanwhile, I thought about what I had done. I walked through the snow, around the ponds. When I passed Mount a drunk jock was trying to do a dance. ~~on~~ He slipped on the ICE and called me a "murderer".

I went into Roth cafeteria. I sat down with my tray at stop and started eating. Lisa P. joined me. "I heard that your really pitted

at Darryl!" I simultaneously laughed and spat out
the slop. It was all over a snowball fight,

Well since then a lot of things happened
and I'm sitting here waiting for Kevin. So
~~now I'm~~ I'm thinking about writing styles.
Who shakes things up? Who gets your attention?
No it aint Bozo the Klown folks!
Who knocks you on your ass with his style?

So heres the deal.

A contest actually.
Vote for your favorite logbook personality
Since I'm holding this contest I'm excluded
but you can vote for anyone else

Bye Folks
JES

#87 just a short note.

I vote for Darryl as favorite logbook.

& myself as least.

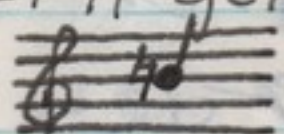
13 more.

Fuck⁴

Sorry

ZEMÉPheonix: Find me

IQ: I'll get better

Toast: 

Christopher Abbee

10/13/85
4 pm

Hi All,

Back from Boston. Not many
of you here. See you Thanksgiving.
Meryl

10/13/85
?

Alert! Alert! The Official Holy Books™
of the Church of the Subgenius™
has been defiled! One of the
rings of the Holy ~~Book~~ Ringed Note,
-book has been broken and stolen.
In Quest of...

THE RING OF THE LOGS!

All: Planet of the Spiders
I am born again!

The Doctors

BE #84

10/13/85
8:50 PM
J

Yeah, really.
Mom is drunk again. If I was
home yesterday, I might have prevented
it. I hate no-win situations.
All: Dooty!
Carvo: Oh don't st with me! I don't care!

JUDGE BREAD

9/13/85

9:01

Please Read

To All but one,

90x

I am, Not that I exist.

I visit the Forum, I talk to Forumites
But who in the world can get me
the ~~script~~ script to STAR TREK IV
I really want to know!!!

- 1) If you can get it?
- 2) & also can I read it? PLEASE!

Also, Has anyone heard of a Douglas
Adams Book called "The meaning of Liff"
If you have please tell me!

The Book came after "The Life the Universe
and Everything" and before "So Long and
Thanks for all the Fish".

Thank you to all but one,
STEPHEN KRAWIE II '85'

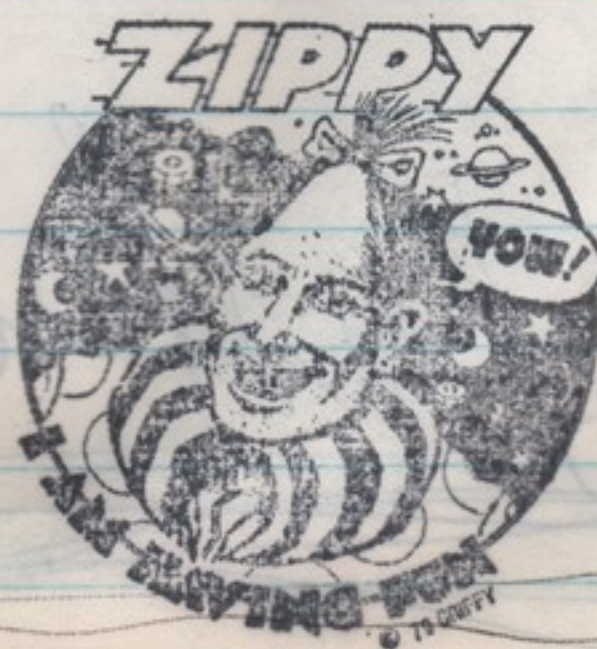
10/13/85

10:30pm

Just came back from the NY Book Fair and Rubberstamp
convention, its a cute place to sell books on South
Africa, Feminism, and other off-beat topics.

They ^{also} have poetry readings and a group of people who
sing songs in the corner someplace.

I picked up some rubberstamps, look at these:



SubGenius™

#88

Sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry
OK, already! Kio tso kete, Sorry Sorry Sorry
What the fuck am I sorry about? I'm sorry that for
87 previous entries I have been venting all of my mental
illnesses. Sorry Sorry Sorry.

Now I've met Blaise.

Now I know — (can't say the name)

Now I've met Michael (not Lethis, Hillary's)

Q: Why the fuck do I knock my head against the wall

A: Because it feels so good when I stop!

Boy do I feel good now.

Peace

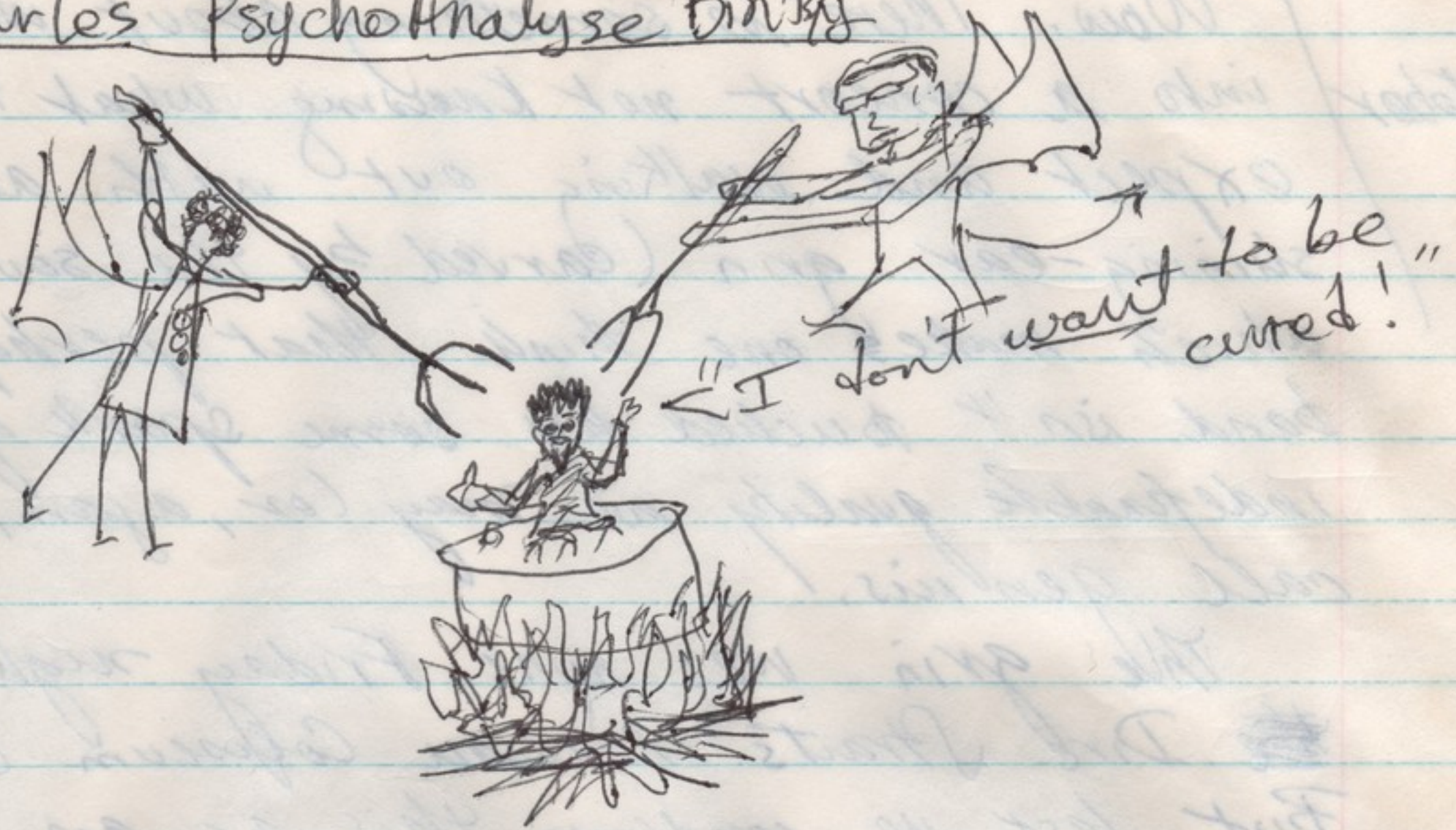
[Large, stylized signature]
John M. Boley
"Where Angels Fear to Tread"
aka JSA, Starving Artist (stivak.)
Boy Binkley, CJAN

P.S. Phoenix - So how's Ann or Sinny? Head against the wall?

P.S.II HI SUE!!

[Large, stylized signature]
Wasted Space

Dan. + Charles Psychoanalyse Binky



OK I have a nagging trivia question
 Von Ryans express they were escaped
 POW's stealing a train Right?
 So there was another movie about
 an art train full of the worlds art
 work stolen by Hitler and being
 train-jacked by the good guys
 What was it's name?
 I can't think of the movie title
 I'm going NUTS!
 False Rob

Answer
 Here
 2010
 STAR WARS
 PHANTOM OF
 THE OPERA

CLEAN THIS PLACE UP,

THOU FIENDS WHO FELCATIO ALSATIONS

AND WASTE TOILET PAPER?

VICTOR: I live the scraps.
 S.KANE: ASK Ralph about ST IV

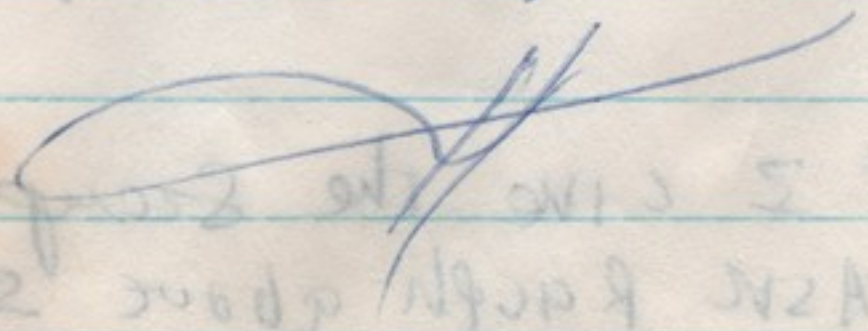
14 October
65a

Wow. There is something about walking into a concert not knowing what to expect and walking out with an ear-to-shining-ear grin (carved by the sound) which makes one think that perhaps this band isn't touched by some spark of that indefinable quality we may (or, again, may not) call genius.

The grin was mine Friday night after ~~the~~ Dire Straits' Nassau Coliseum concert. But, lest ye condemn this as an isolated incident, I point out that I was only one of 10,000+ fans wearing that one common grin.

(Of course, it might simply be that we were infected with kuru, the laughing death...)

- Stone/~~John~~ Johnny Dave: Mucha maral tov! Also ~~help~~ Congo rats for to pull the conveyance - if necessary. May you enjoy what and as you deserve - or maybe (though it would be difficult to imagine a life that good) even better than that.
- Chris - So one day you'll stop before you write your entry?
- Victor - i have the posters.

at Bruce


Hello, Does any one read This Log Book!!

10/14/85

OR Heard about

11:33:39

"The meaning of Liff"

Written by Douglas Adams & some one else.

Help me I need to know,
I need to know, I really really need to know.

OK Help me all but one
STEPHEN KANE # 85'

P.S. We are all dead Fish, you ~~are~~ amoebiod!

10/38/86

starving artist: head ~~against~~ against wall as per usual.
Ann says hi! smile m' friend.

Life is what you make it.

No more; No less.

Peace

Phoenix

To all:

I can't keep any plans I have
made for tonight - Thurs. - Gotta make
a trip back to Buffalo - Family emergency

Tamas: Sorry

Bridge Club: Sorry

Forum meeting: Sorry

Sorry all,
ZEM

* [1:57.04 - 1:58.59 pm]

Oct 14 1985. Males = Females in SPF nice harmless Ymirian,?

10/14/85 QOOC; Stefan; "Talk to Gary Halada,
4:00 PM He's our main Dick expert."

Howard Gary: Don't worry, Ralph and John
Ω weren't there at 5 either. Just
be there at 5 on Wednesday, you'll
have to edit this week. I don't have
the time (OCAT's on 10/19). I'd like to
plug Superman (with end titles and
monolog in opening. ("This is no fantasy...
No, my good friends... this is Destinies."
The trick is to time it so that "Destinies"
comes right before the crescendo of
"Classical Gas" so it can be followed
with the names. Also, we'll need
a Joe Evangelista intro. It would be
nice if we could base it on Superman.
I want to try a presentation of a
short play by Jules Feiffer called "Superman".
It's very funny, but to cast it, I
need someone to play a mugger (5 lines).
Either you or JDM or Ralph could do this.
However for the other part, I need a
female who can act, which brings me
to the next announcement.....

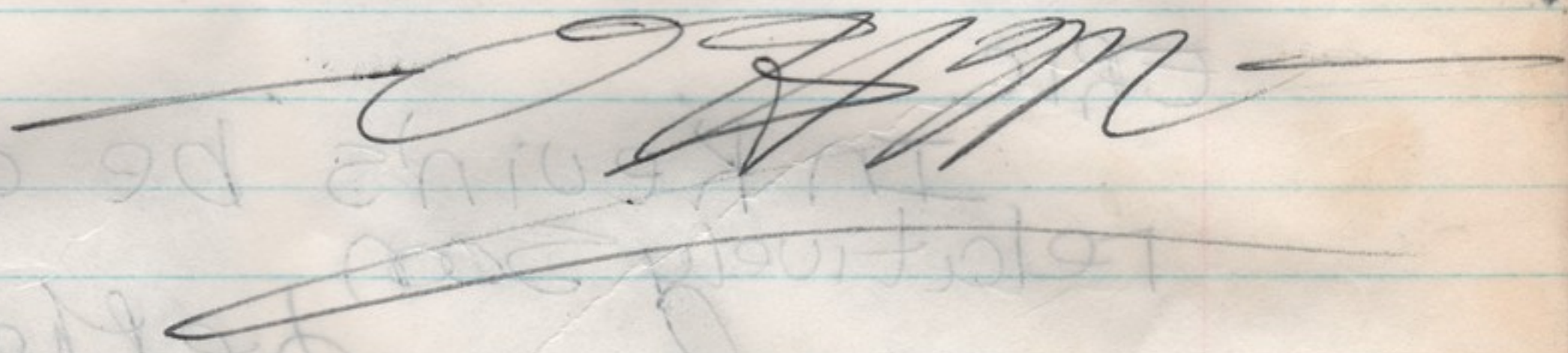
Forum Females: If any of you would like to
perform in a short audio play on
Destinies this week, let me know
before Wednesday. Either answer in
Log, or call me (266-5942).

Stephen Kane II: The Meaning of Life, by Douglas

77979 70

Ω Adams and John Lloyd (I think) is not connected
(cont'd) to Hitchhikers. From what I understand,
it's kind of a dictionary of words that
don't exist but should (a la Singlets), and
isn't all that funny.

Ralph and John: Didn't you ever here of
background music? Also, when
you introduce a story, it helps to
give the title of the story. And
what happened to the Book Trader
announcement?



10/14/85

I (meaning me) am in the process
of transcribing Philip K Dick's
Exegesis which ~~was~~ ~~he~~ he wrote
between 1974 and his death in 1982.
The manuscript is made up of 8300
hand written sheets. The entire
manuscript has to be transcribed onto
a word processor.

8300 pages equals about 2 million
words. This project will take
about 3 years. From there editing
will begin - annotating - and putting
the manuscript into chronological order.

To do this I need money -
it will take about \$5,000

of paper

pages all together - that's
about 300 dollars right there.

Anyone who has information
~~or~~ ~~or~~ or just wants to
find out more about the project.
Call me -

I Need Money

Brad Collins - 69148
Stage 16.

ERIC

In Kevin's be at Dinner
relatively soon
help

Intelligence: The tool that life uses to
spread itself through the universe.

My empire was dying. The energies of entire
suns were drained each new year to
maintain it, and help it expand. And to what
purpose? Reproduction. We had a vast urge
to reproduce ourselves, the one thing that
we were not able to genetically alter. We
thought of ourselves the masters of space,
but we were slaves of our own biology.

Change in technology is exponential. Energy
demand is exponentially-exponential. Within
a millennium, our galaxy would have been
drained, and we would have spread through the

cluster. Within a million years, the local supercluster would have been infested.

This was wrong. Energy should not be wasted so. I presented my views to the Imperial Council. Of course I was tortured for my heresy. The Empire would grow, and the Universe will die. I set out alone to stop it.

We were a rich, decadent people. Any one of us would have immense power under his control. This was our way. I set out to use my power to its best use.

There is a device we used to siphon stars of their power. It is a simple device, but one with enough safeguards to prevent its misuse. Not that anyone would want to waste an entire star at once. Nothing we had used that much energy.

A computer's mind is both complex, and simple. Quite a lot like a living mind. The most advanced ones ever dream. I fed a viral program through subliminal input, into the computers controlling the power stations. And like its half-alive counterpart, the virus lay dormant - biding its time.

I shed my prology for a more energy efficient-form. I became a living starship. My memories encoded on magnetic fields. And I started to build others like myself, but subservient; for I knew I would need help.

I sent a message. The lights went out. Every star we were using for power expended itself.

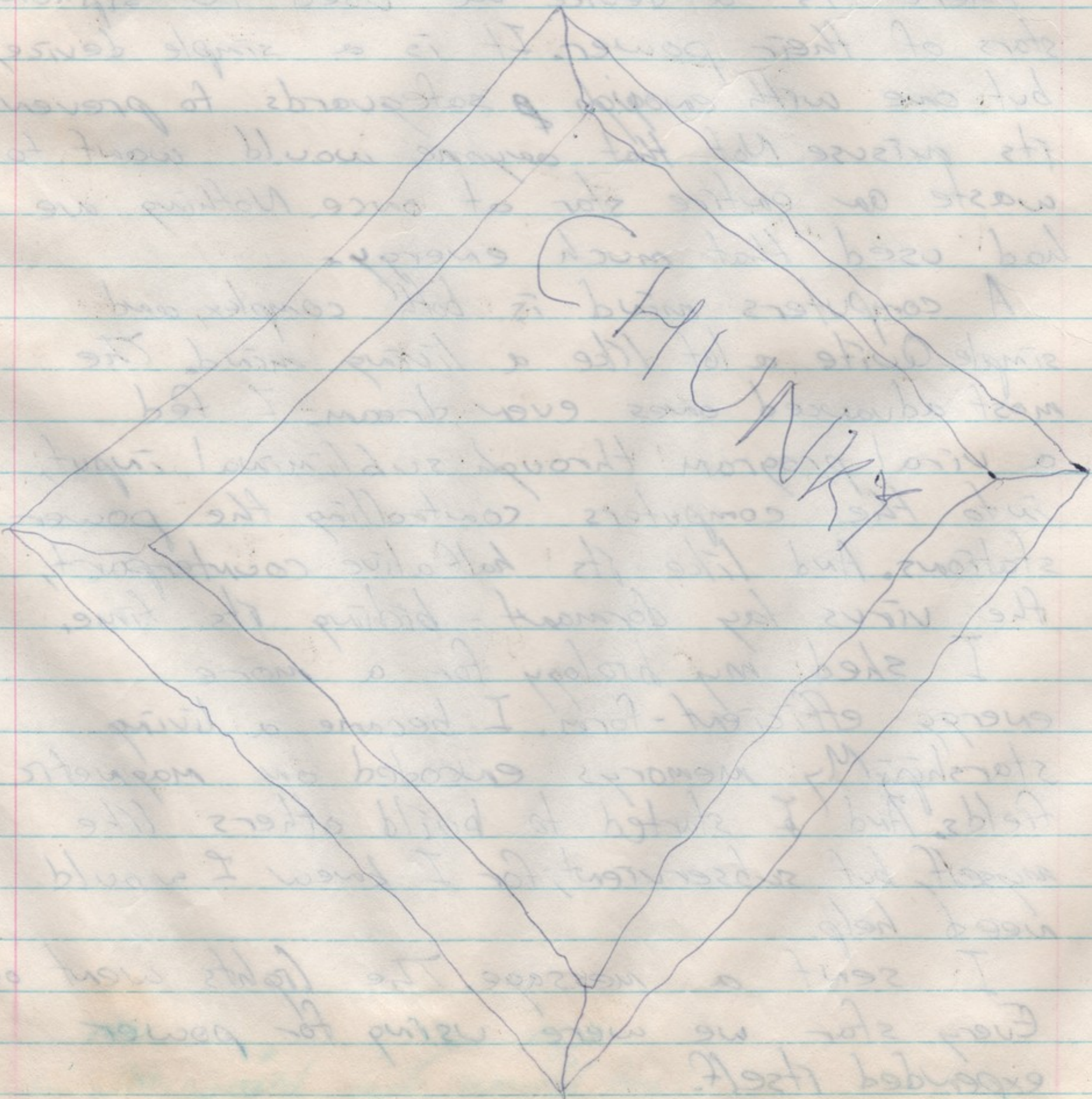
To stop a child's toy, all that's necessary is to remove the energy cell. To stop a starship, remove the reactors. I had removed the Empire's heart. The lifesap stopped in its capillaries. All that remained was to eliminate the still living cells, before they recovered.

TO BE CONTINUED

10/14
7:29pm

Stefan, I can help you w/ your printer!!!

Eric





"LET ME SEE IF I'VE GOT THIS STRAIGHT... YOU'RE NOT WITH THE DEAD KENNEDY'S TOUR, ARE YOU?"

"NOPE"

"THE NEW MANAGER OF CBGB'S?"

"CERTAINLY NOT! DO I LOOK LIKE THE MANAGERIAL TYPE?"

"I DUNNO, YOU GOT THE RIGHT KINDA GRIN FER IT."

"FERGET IT!"

"OK... WHO ARE YOU"

"DINNER HOST."

"WHAT'S COOKIN'?"

"YOU..."

"YER BREAKIN."

"BROILED IN OLIVE OIL W ZUCHINI, SERVED WITH FETTACINNI..."

"...CAN WE TALK ABOUT THIS? I'LL BUY THE BEER..."

"...AND WHITE WINE..."

"...ITALIAN FOOD AND ME JUST DON'T GET ALONG YOU KNOW..."

KET 85

SPACE

WASTED

TO PROTECT

THE ART WORLD



10/14/85
8:51 P.M.

NOW ITS TIME FOR LOS BOOK entry OUT OF CONTEXT

YES A NEW AND DARING CONCEPT. I WILL MAKE A LOS ENTRY WITHOUT READING THE PREVIOUS ENTRIES BACK TO THE END OF LOS 32. (I'VE BEEN AWAY THAT LONG?) ANYWAY. I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM ALBANY (ALL BALONEY) AFTER MOVING LISA IN. FOR ALL WHO CARE!

LISA WARNER
175 JAY ST. APT 3-5
ALBANY NY 12210

(518) 436-8028

TAMAR I WILL BE TRAVELING NORTH QUITE OFTEN. WE MUST EXCHANGE #'S. HOW FAR IS HASAMAN FROM ALBANY.

SINCE I HAVEN'T READ THE LOS BOOK I MUST CONSIDER MYSELF AN UNBIASED OBSERVER TO ANYTHING THAT HAS HATCHED IN THE PAST WEEK. "TALES FROM THE EMPIRE STATE PLAZA"

CAN BE HEARD ANY TIME BY CONTACTING ME (JEFF) AT ALMOST ANY HOUR OF THE DAY (NOT NIGHT). ALL INTERESTED ~~CALL~~ CALL IT.

Be Seeing you



JEFF

NOW HAVING READ THE FLOS BOOK

DONL NICE ENTRY

#9 Be seeing you

G7 HAIL HAIL HAIL ...

VICTOR HAIL VICTOR MIGHT VICTOR

OUR FRIEND VICTOR

BSA NICE NOTATION ON FRONT OF THE LOG.

JEFF

THE IDES OF OCTOBER

10/14/85 To: O'HM and one I will not talk about

9:52:39 Thanks for the info on Douglas. Where would I find info? Just to kill my curiosity about it. Is in the library or should I write Harmony Book?

THANKS AGAIN
STEPHEN KANE II '85

I had removed the power source of my peoples empire. I set about destroying all remaining life on the many planets, so that it would not rise again. I just sent a large asteroid into each major colony. That was enough to kill any creature larger than a virhnt. (I don't expect anyone to recognize the species. I killed them all). But the Empire was large, and my robots few. Many years passed, and several times I was almost destroyed by colonies that had retained a grasp on civilization. But in the end, I prevailed. But at what cost? Over a hundred suns died in the first stage of my attack. I hoped I would never resort to such waste again. I waited, planning my next move to save the universe.

Life is ~~a~~ infectious. Once it starts, it proliferates, this is its nature. If I could prevent ~~it~~ it from spreading from its planet of origin, I could control it.

I began sending my ships through the galaxy, ~~for~~ in search of life, and throwing asteroids to destroy it. The ships were slow, since the STAR-DRIVE uses too much power. It would take time, but I had all the time in the ~~universe~~ universe.

It was inevitable that I meet another stellar-empire. This one I couldn't subvert. My asteroids ~~and~~ wouldn't work, since the planetary defenses could eliminate them. I wanted, thinking, plotting.

TO BE CONTINUED

Bizarre & amusing coincidences dept:

(From an advertisement on page 75 of the August 1985 issue of Swank magazine):

"... Hot for guys of different races! Call Michelle or Tammy at 1-312-262-9030"

Break 33

This log is going too Fuching Fast.

Tammy: Must speak w/ you.

CLIFF: Likewise²

JEFF: Likewise²

Lost Johnny

#89

Hi there!

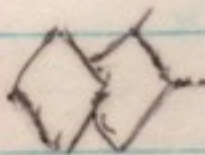
How's everything going?

Anyone know how to get back into classes that you've been deregistered from? Or know anyone who would know? This is really important!!

HELP!

Christopher Johnson

Where Angels Fear to Tread



(BY) Stefan

ERIC: Bless you! What do you think the problem is?

KET: Nice Entry & ART

MYSTERY STORY WRITER: Please! At least give us a penname, and title your entries. [What good is the universe w/o life? Have you read Olaf Stapledon's STARMAKER?]

I-CON! 2NITE!



EYE
C
U
!

Notes:

Eric: Are you/we selling crystals today? I am going to accomplish some long put off business but will try to find you. I have some records for you to borrow.

If you aren't going to be in the union & you want me to find you leave a message. Thanks again. See below.

Both Rob & Rob D Wiz: Bless you both.

Lethe: you too.

Chris: you too. How are you?

The ever-unaware

Sandy²

To All: but one!

10/15/85

~~A~~ ~~A~~

Wanted a new leg for Forum Table
The old one is being held in By chips of wood!

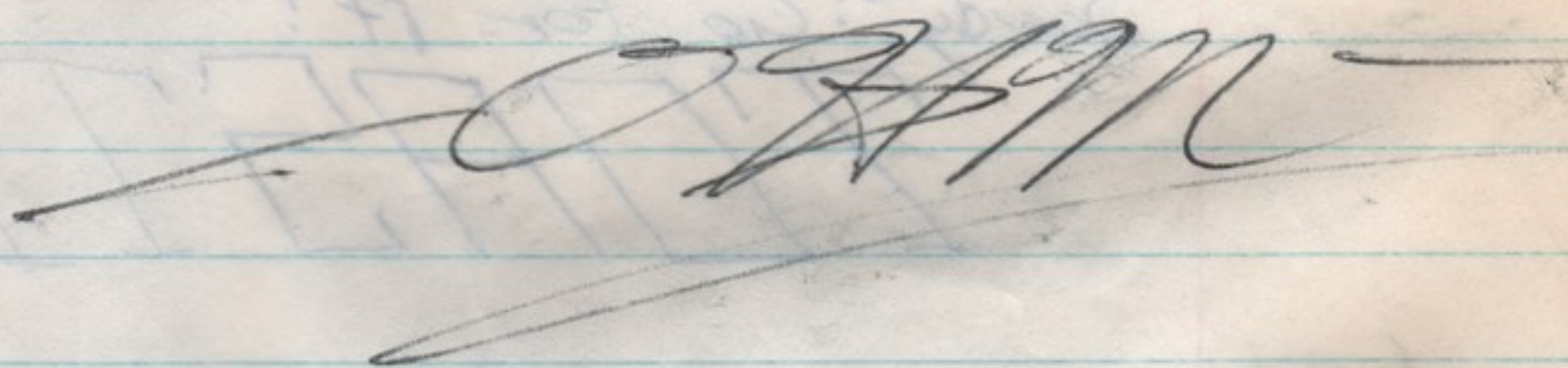
Any square piece of wood. Bigger than foot and 1/2 (and that's inches my friends) I don't want any bloody stumps!

Please: Donate it to the Forum so the table will stand strong once more

~~Thank~~ Thank you all but one, STEPHEN HANS JL 85

10/15/85 HELP!: I need someone (female) to
11:42 AM play a part in a short skit (~4.5 min)
Howard on this week's Destinies. If you
Ω have any acting ability and wish to
be on radio, please let me know
by tomorrow so I can give you the
script. Leave a message in Log or
call me at home after 6:30 PM
(266-5942).

Comics fans: Crisis II is out. One more
month until the end, at which
point I'd like to discuss the series
on Destinies. If you've followed
the series and would like to join
Mike and me (probably for the Nov.
15 show) let me know.



To all who are concerned:

I have just applied for on-campus housing for Spring. This may not be necessary, but I have a feeling it will be. As you may guess, this situation is depressing, and I am duly depressed. However - I recognize that I have two alternatives in this situation. One is to be sad, fall apart, whine incessantly and push my friends so far away they won't ever claim to know me. The other is to take this opportunity to accomplish everything I've ever wanted to, and to become so fucking wonderful that Andy will be very sorry. The second alternative is the one I will try and accomplish. Why I am

writing this is this: I have never tried to be
Fucking Wonderful before. It has always been
much more to my advantage to be weak and
not strong. Old habits die hard. So I am
asking those who care to be patient. I will
not whine and I will be happy. I hope you
will too. I appreciate all the forum has done for
me, and as I get my excrement together I
will do more for all of you. Thank you for your
patience. The slowly becoming aware,
Sandy

J
12:15 PM
10/15/20
Stefan and others: I am the mystery
story writer. I claim full responsibility.
I thought my handwriting was
recognisable!
Sandy². Go for it!

TOASTED

10/15/85
1:00 PM

J: I have a Recipe for ONE (1)
Druncho Soup (lightly toasted)

for you. P.S. Your handwriting
is usually messed up like in the
above entry, but your entry neatly written
is a contradiction in terms.

Geo3: I forgot to give you
the outline, it will be ordered

Forum at 8:30-8:45 tonight

J
D
B

P.S. + Gorno: If you ever want
to see your notebooks again
leave 1,000,000 Chaonoids in
Gallifrenion currency on top
of the Deskralis™.

The Evil Doctor

#7

#90) §2: Yes, well, life goes on, doesn't it. Some choices for
relationships are unfortunate, regardless of the merits
of either partner.

Even Ghandi had marital problems.

Do what you want to do; be what you want to be,
just be true to yourself. You are fucking wonderful

FRIDAY: Congrats & good luck. You probably will need it.

I see now what you are trying to save. Save it.

TOAST Dum dum dumdum, doo doo doo doo
Ya ta ta ta ta dee-dee do do do!

ALL & ALL: Philosophy hour is over.

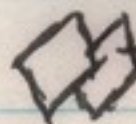
Phoenix: So where the hell are you?

Oh well

Peace

Christopher John Peck

"Where Angels Fear to Tread"



10/15/85

4:08:43



Low-Cost Skeleton

An inexpensive full-size model of the complete human skeleton that can be manipulated to duplicate every human position has been designed in England and is being sold in the United States. Henry Robinson, director of the science outreach program at the Boston Museum of Science, says the \$50 cardboard skeleton is anatomically accurate and has good mechanical features. Assembly of the skeleton, distributed in this country by Albion Import Export, 65 Main Street, Watertown, Mass. 02172, is said to take six to eight hours.

To STAFAN and the other one,

If your bones are feeling tired by some new one's only 50 dollars!

Thankyou from other STEPHEN KAWETT '85

P.S. I am not responsible for his actions!

(BY) Stefan

ERIC: I'm going to wait to get my next paycheck before I can pay you, so I'd like to hold off actual repairs. I'll try to arrange for a diagnostic visit soon.

[ALL: [NOTE: This refers to a printer.]]

S²: I don't feel like going to the meeting tonite. If you are here, and you want to, come upstairs. I would like to talk.



P.S. to ALL: Give Blood Tomorrow!!!

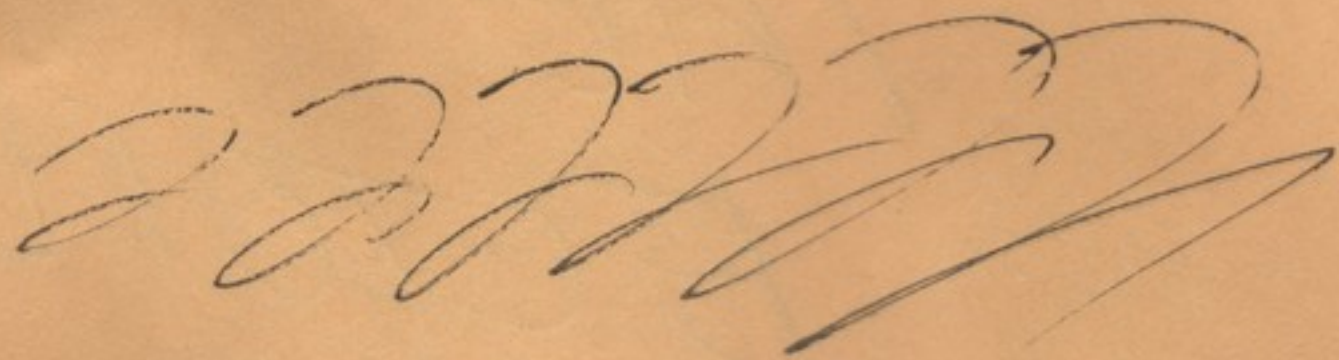
ANOTHER
SECTION

BYTES

THE

ECTOPLASM!

THE START OF
SOMETHING
OLD



La dee da dee da dee
La dee da dee da dee
La dee da dee da dee
da da dum

(doo doo)

YEAH

I considered my position. I was faced with the job of destroying a large interstellar empire from the outside. Unfortunately I could not have access to their computers, so I could not use my virus program to burn up their stars.

Virus! But of course! My race, before their extinction at my hands, were master genetic engineers. I would design a virus to wipe out my enemies.

I captured several specimens, only to find that their genetic structure was based on a different self-replicating molecule. But I had my entire race's store of knowledge available in my data banks, and I have the most advanced computers developed as my hardware. It would take a while, but I would crack the code.

It took longer than I had planned; a dangerous thing when dealing with an exponentially advancing civilization. It took even more time to develop a virus that would remain dormant until needed. I infected the empire through expendable probes. The virus was designed to lay dormant for a generation, more than enough time for every stalk, sapling and seed to be infected. By the time the virus was detected, it was too late. Over 70% of the population was decimated.

That was enough ~~time~~ to leave the colony's defenses. I bombarded the colony to oblivion. However the core areas of my enemy's systems remained. They had created vaccines for the virus, and began hunting down my ships. They would not let me destroy them easily.

I built a variation of my race's stellar drainer. It was designed to be shot into a sun, and accelerate the fusion process, causing it to burn out. I hated to use such extreme measures, but I was in a desperation situation.

It worked. But ~~it~~ almost wasn't worth the energy.

My war with life was one of attrition, and the universe was losing. I calculated the following:

Age of Universe: 11.6 billion years.

Life of Universe if life had not evolved: 71 billion years.

Life of Universe if life expands unopposed: 17 billion years.

Life of Universe if I exterminate life using the amount of energy I have been: 17.2 billion years.

Obviously I wasn't doing well enough. I must find another way.

TO BE CONTINUED.



"UNH ??!"

"READY?"

"WHAT DO MEAN CHARGE?!"

"I JUMP OUT, SWORD IN HAND, WHILE YOU, MY FAITHFUL YOEMAN, FIRE VOLLEY UPON VOLLEY, DARKENING THE SKIES W/ DEATH, LIKE HEAVENS WRATH, THEN COMING TO MY AID..."

"CHARGE."

"YEA."

"LOOK, THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I'M NOT UNGRATEFUL FER YER SAVING ME FROM THE DRAGON (EVEN IF IT VIOLATED THE ENDANGERED SPECIES ACT); BUT CHARGEING OUT WITH THAT OVER-GROWN BUTTER-KNIFE AND A BUNCH OF MATEL-ARROWS 'GAINST HOSTILE GREEN PEACE..."

"THEY'RE SAXONS"

"I DON'T GIVE A FLYING *#!@! IF THEY'RE JAPS FROM BLOOMINGDALES !!..."

"(*#!@!)"

"FERGIT IT."

"THEN WHILST THOU NOT PREPARE THYSELF, WITH FURIOUS SPEED TO AID MINE HOLY CAUSE..."

"I KNEW IT !!! YOU'RE W/HARE KRISHNA RIGHT?! SHOULD'VE RECOGNISED THE LOUSY PROSE"

"NAY, OF HAIRY CHRISTIANS I KNOW NOT, THOUGH ALL THE ORDERS OF OUR LORD AND LADY IN BRITAIN BE MINE IN THIS.... PRITHEE TELL ME W'OT OF THEM. AS FOR MINE PROSE, YON BARD WAS ONCE IN MY SERVICE THOUGH W/SHEMEING..."

"RUN!"

"EH?"

"GET READY AND RUN"

"THOU WILT AID ME?"

"THOU WILT SHUT UP?!"

Kevin, Stefan, George: How about Saturday?

Kevin: What time are you going to give blood? (I'd rather go with a bunch of Foramites.)

Cliff

15 Oct; 9:47 PM

V = Val(Right\$(TIME\$))

Randomize V

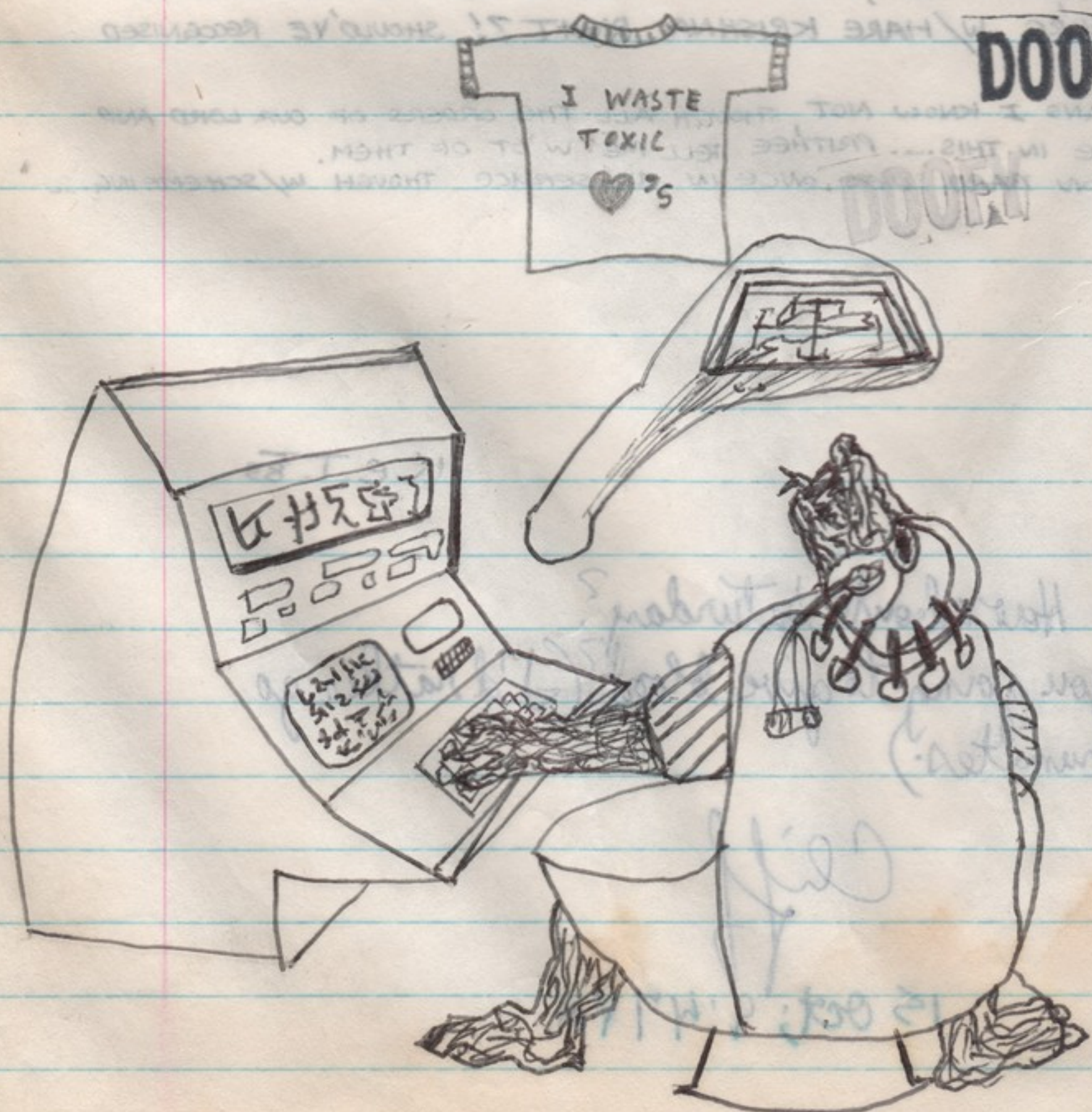
int(* * RND(V) + 1)

RANDOMIZE TIMER will work, as will

RANDOMIZE VAL (RIGHT\$(TIME\$, 2)) or

RANDOMIZE VAL (RIGHT\$(TIME\$, 2) + MID\$(TIME\$, 4, 2) + LEFT\$(TIME\$, 2))

or, in APL*PLUS/PC, $\square \square \square \leftarrow 0 \ 60 \ 60 \ 1000 \ 1 \ 4 \uparrow \square \square \square$



Saturation
bombing of
planet Earth
begins with
a fitting locale.

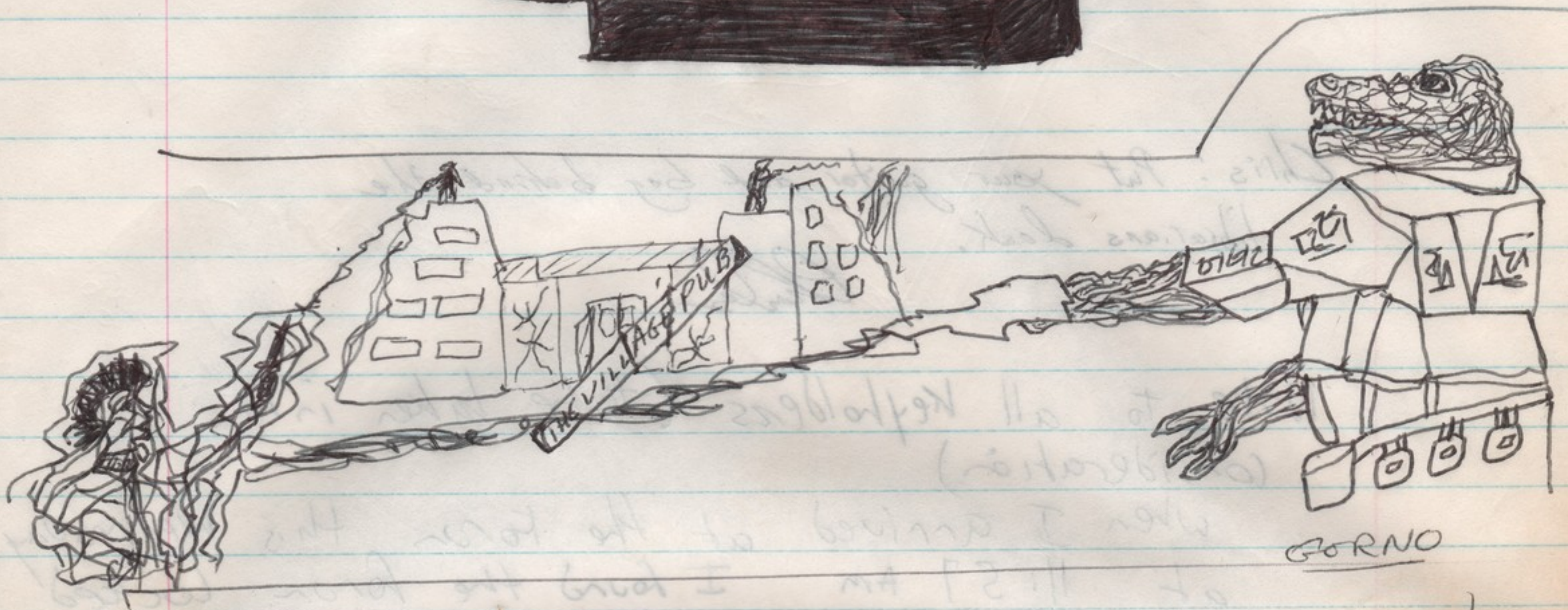
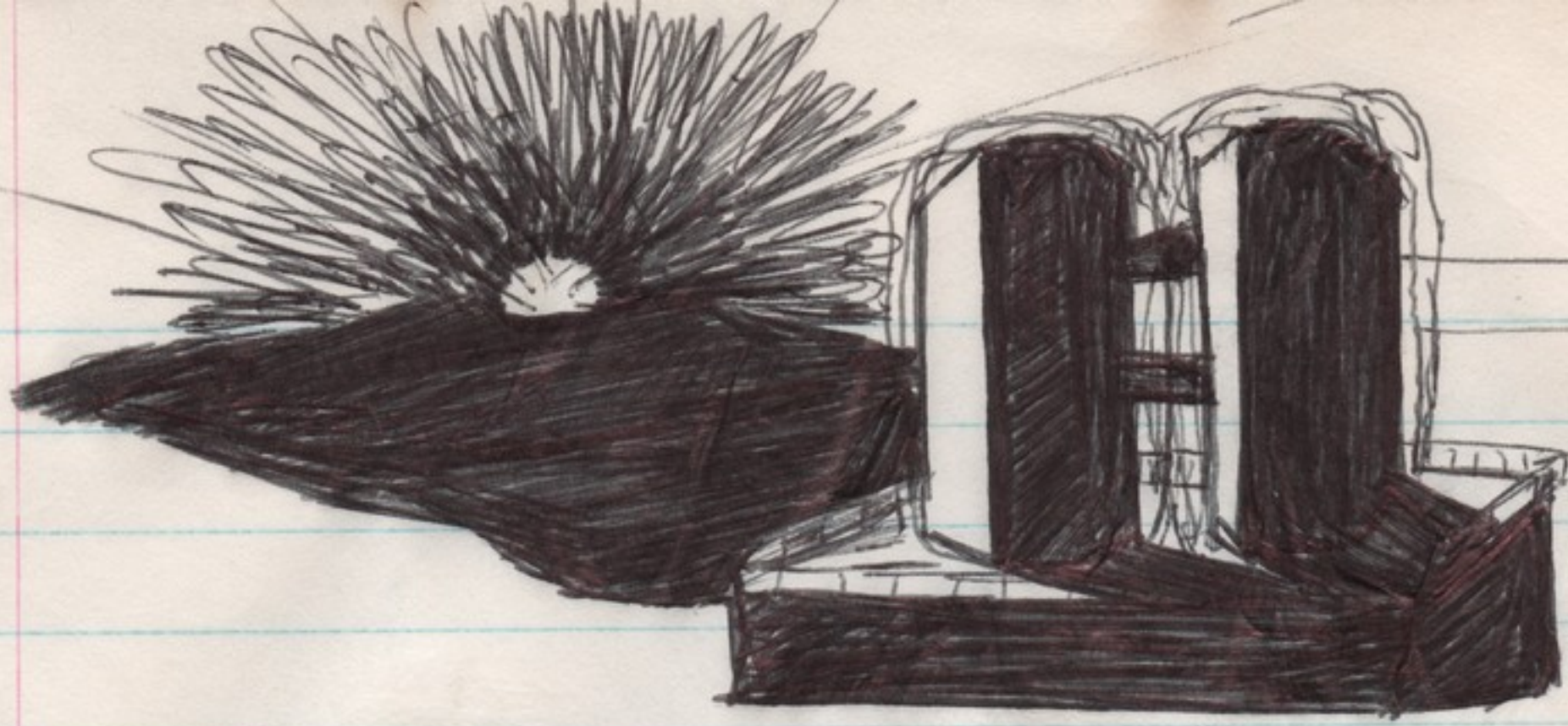
Gorue

DOOFY

DOOFY

DOOFY

DOOFY



Sandy 2 see me soon I owe you a hug
(It's cool, hang on, it can only get better) — Rob the true wizard
I will be around weds 10-16
Somewhere as I stayed out at USB
tuesday nite leave note please

2:50 A.M.

GAR7
10-16-85

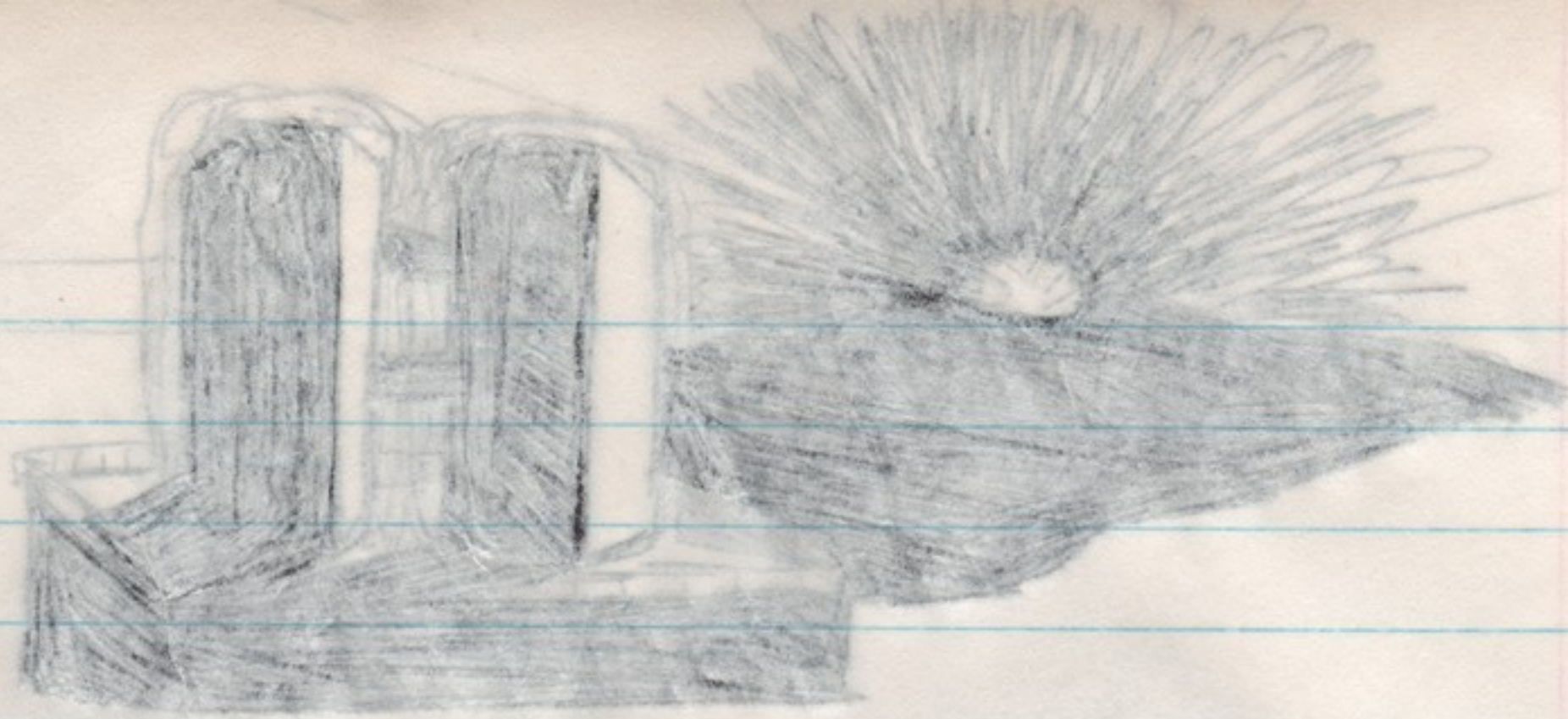
K.E.T. 85 — Nice Artwork!

Gornno — Nice Try!

P.S. — who the hell is P.S., anyway?

Nuff said.

— GAR7



Chris: Put your guitar and bag behind the librarians desk.

Charles

Note to all keyholders (to be taken into consideration)

When I arrived at the Forum this Wednesday at 11:57 AM I found the Forum locked

Now I understand that this is not normal forum hours (it being the middle of the day and all) but I also heard from others that it had been locked since 10 AM (I also understand these are not

normal forum hours, after all, Wednesday morning is an unusual time to want to go in)

This is annoying. I suggest to the keyholders to try staying in the video game room for an hour or so before letting themselves in ... just to see how it feels.

The convenience of a key may have allowed you guys to forget what it's like ... much like Reagan has forgotten what it's like to have to pick up a newspaper from his front lawn in the rain. Just keep it in mind ...

— Tired of being locked out of the only place I'm somewhat accepted - RoboHenry

JP Yeah really. I am
royally pissed! I hate being
locked out!

DOKTOR - RESISTANCE IS USELESS!

WE WILL EXTRACT THE INFORMATION
WE NEED FROM YOUR MIND, MAKING
US INVINCIBLE ~~AND~~ THROUGHOUT
SPACE AND TIME! REGRETTABLY, WHAT IS
LEFT OF YOU WILL BE LESS HUMAN,
THAN... DOOFY! HAHHAHA! WE MUST
HAVE YOUR ANTI 104 + PHY 102 NOTES,
WE MUST! WE MUST!

THE GORNOLERS
AND THEN MABEY WE TAR AND FEATHER
YA AND LEAVE YA ON TOP OF THE DAM,
HEH, T'AIN'T THAT FUNNY, BO, BILLY JOE
BOB?

- THE RED-LEKS

J Corro can't give blood. He has none.
He has PUS.

10/16/85

Blood Power Questions

Are you in good health?

Are you a human?

Are you currently alive?

Have you ever had any of these

operations:

Sex Change?

Toasticlectomy?

Lobotomy?

Have you had any recent amputations?

Do you take drugs?

What kind?

Can I have some?

Have you given birth recently?

Do you have any of these diseases?

Herpes?

AIDS?

Hepatitis?

Hoof and Mouth Disease?

Anthrax?

Bubonic Plague?

The Greasy Death?

DAKA-itis?

Have you eaten a good breakfast including Juice, Toast^m, Milk and TRIX?

Have you had sex with any of these:

Ronald Reagan?

Nancy Reagan?

Rock Hudson?

Yul Brenner?

Orson Wells?

Rich Wells??

Lassie?

Flipper?

Are you a practicing necrophiliac?

Remember: Your donation is tax-deductable

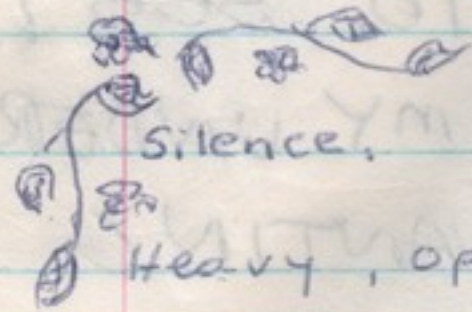
Have a nice day!

(BY) Stefan

ERIE: It's definitely the print-head. I skipped it out and looked at the plate... there's a small hole where the no. 4 pin should be. Shit! Can you order a new one for me?

COMPUTER CRAP: Amiga & Atari ST were given hands-on tests. See latest Creative Computing,

QUOTE: "IBM PC emulation for the Amiga is like VIC-20 emulation on the IBM-AT." Yiaoww!



Silence,

Heavy, oppressing,

Thick with mystery.

A blanket of new-fallen snow

undisturbed

By footfalls,

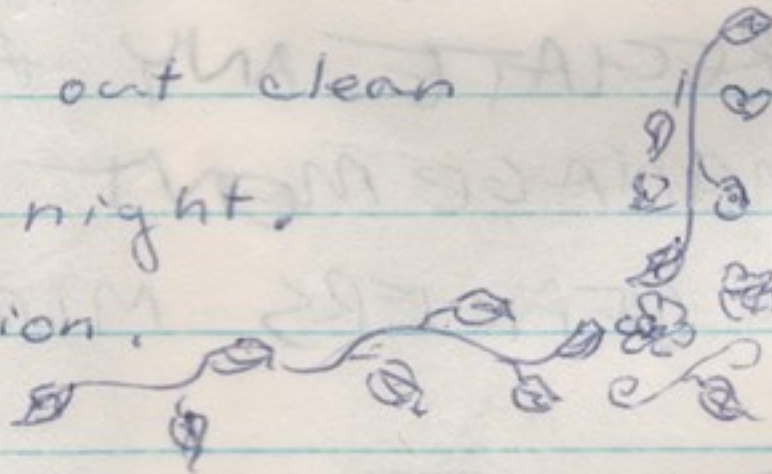
covers vile darkness

with a pure white sheen

that still shines out clean

even in the night,

Sins of omission.



10/16/85

4:35 pm



Oct 16 6:03

left I went to my room

ATTENTION ROLE-PLAYERS (AND THOSE INTERESTED IN GAMING):

THERE HAS BEEN SOME TALK OF FORMING A GAMING CLUB, BUT NOT MUCH ACTION. ALTHOUGH I AM NOT PROPOSING TO ORGANIZE THIS CLUB MYSELF, I WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT GET DONE (AND DONE PROPERLY). IT IS MY UNDERSTANDING THAT ANY POLITY CLUBS WANTING MONEY MUST SUBMIT A BUDGET BY SOME DEADLINE IN NOVEMBER. THEREFORE, PROMPT ACTION IS CALLED FOR. ANYONE INTERESTED IN ORGANIZING THIS CLUB SHOULD SHOW UP AT THE FORUM HALF AN HOUR BEFORE THE MEETING NEXT TUESDAY. I WILL BE THERE. I WOULD ALSO APPRECIATE ANY ADVICE ON THE FORMATION AND MANAGEMENT OF A POLITY CLUB THAT FORUM OFFICERS MIGHT BE ABLE TO GIVE.

- DAN FITZGERALD

10/16/85 1929 hrs Tom Wilson
SPACE

WASTED

By

TOM
WILSON

-Tom Wilson

10/16/85 1930 hrs Tom Wilson

SANDY: Need to talk to you

- 1) Superman tix printed, where do they go.
- 2) Flyers for Superman. Do I print them? With supplied original or do I do one as "Alien"?

To ALL: Reply from Marburger recieved. He did not give us keys to city but his reply is actually just about what I expected (and hoped for). I am proceeding on next step in operation. I will give full report next meeting. No promises but don't start any new murals.

- Tom

10/16/85

2:8:45

Grecker 33

Tammy: Should you show up... I went w/ Kev & Cliff to see Commando. I still want to finish our interrupted conversation. Will you be around later?

Lost Johnny

To All:

Hee hee hee. Heh heh heh. Scream. Sob. Whine. Yippee! Hee hee hee. Bitch whine growl. Hee hee hee.
- Sandy²

Bruce! I just realized I owe
you money for 1/2 of pizza

Sorry give amount to me
and I'll procrastinate and jerk
you around about it (ala usual
loan repayment schedule) actually
I'll just pay it. ROJ

10/17/85
11:46 AM
Howard
Ω

This entry is written out of chronological
sequence (as evidenced by Victor's entry)
in order to make a point. Everybody is
complaining that the logs are being
used up too quickly, but no one seems
to be doing anything to prevent this.
Now, I'm not saying that people should
stop making entries. On the contrary,
all forms of self-expression in these
pages are to be encouraged. What I do
advocate is for people to stop WASTING
SPACE. This is one of the major causes
of Logbook Exhaustion, and can easily
be prevented by utilizing available page-
space to its fullest extent. There is
no need for people's Log Entries to begin
a new page when there is plenty of room
left on the previous page. (Unless there is
some deep-rooted psychological ego-problem
involved). Also, if you don't have anything
to say, don't make an entry. Writing "WASTED
SPACE" in big letters doesn't show off one's intel-
lectual or creative capacities. — JAM

P.S. I'm sure someone is going to think before is clever by
responding on some later page OHM: WASTED SPACE. Do me a favor. Don't bother

DONOT WRITE BELOW. DONOT WRITE BELOW. DONOT

HOW OFTEN THOSE
WHO STYLE THEMSELVES
THE 'GUARDIANS OF
PROPERTY' FORGET;
WHAT IS PROPER IS
THAT WHICH FITS
ENVIRONMENT THINGS AROUND
IT.
EVERYTHING IN ITS
PROPER PLACE " IS
NO WISER THAN
"TO THINE OWN SELF
BE TRUE" AND FOOLS
WILL NEVER
SUCH WORDS
TO THOSE WHO CRY
"WHAT HAS HAPPENED
TO OUR NATIONS?
YOUTH!" ASK INSTEAD
"WHAT HAVE WE FAILED
TO GIVE, THAT THE BOLD
INDIGENCE OF YOUTH
GIVES STRENGTH TO SEEK
AND CREATE?"
ONLY MAN CAN BE OUT OF
PLACE, YET MAN CAN'T
LONG ENDURE SUCH
CIRCUMSTANCE. THE
ENDURANCE OF SOME TRENDS
INDICATES A CHANGE OF
CIRCUMSTANCE

SPACE WASTED

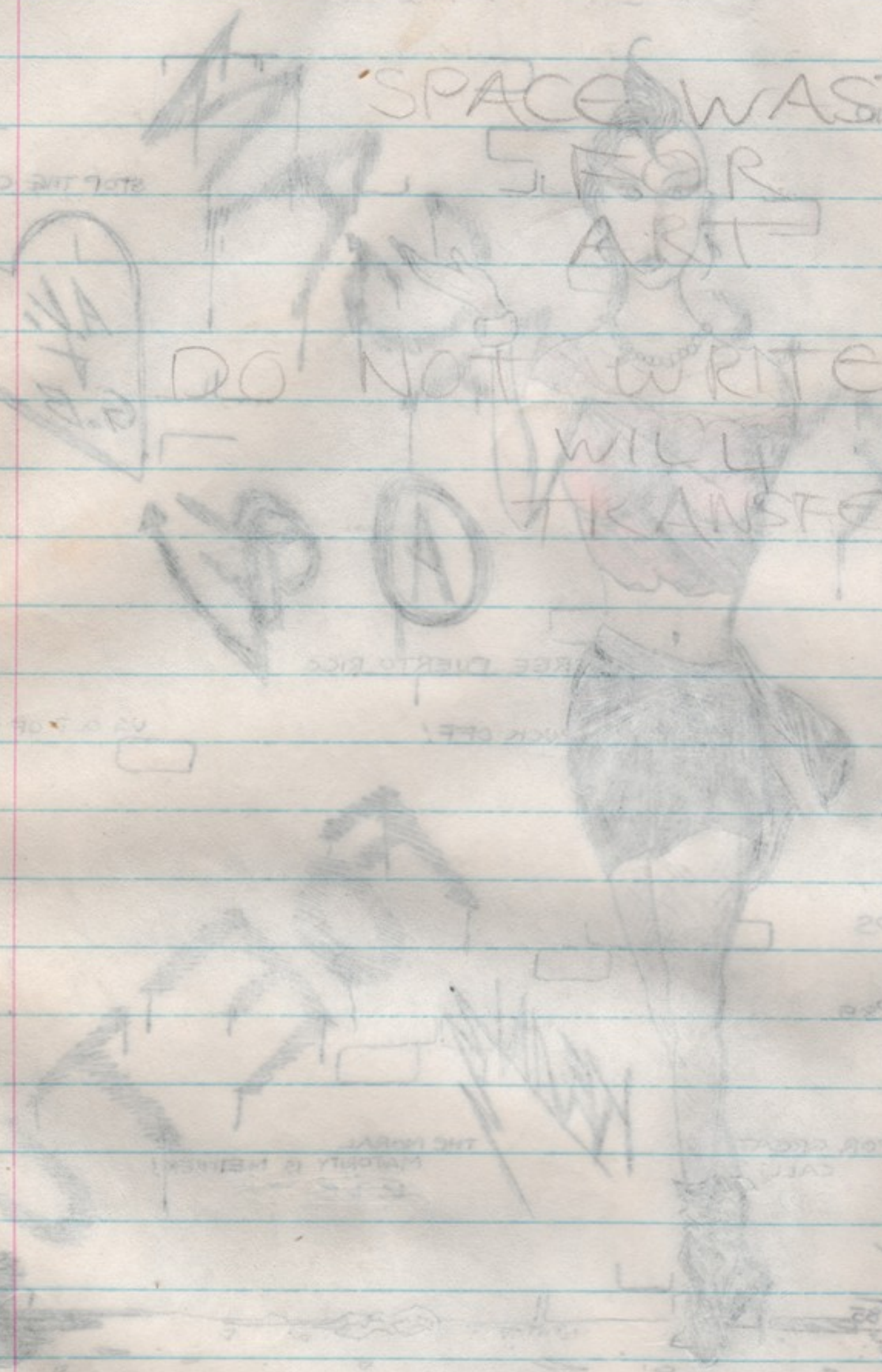
FEAR

ART

DO NOT WRITE CHALK

WILL

TRANSFER



WRITE ABOVE. DO NOT WRITE ABOVE. DO NOT WRITE ABOVE

Good Fucking Artwork:
All: See COMMANDO
SANDY: Go Ahead & Prove it
Lethe: Likewise

BW

" ABOVE "
" ABOVE "
" ABOVE "
(Nyahh-Nyahh
Nyah-NYAH
Nyahh?)

1:19 am To All Concerned:
 Thursday For those people who took time from their schedule to go to the gym and donate a pint of blood, thank you very much for your blood and time. Also, thank you to all the people who either helped out or got people to go to the blood drive. Anyone who didn't donate, I hope you can donate next semester.
 The drive is over, I'm tired. We got 809 units of blood which will be used in ⁴¹ hospitals in the next four days. It will save a lot of lives.
 Good night all.

Victor

(By) Stefan THURSDAY

All: I have my METROPOLIS tape with me. If anyone wants to borrow, ask.

TOM: Excellent.

SQUIRREL UPDATE: The stray cat that adopted our upstairs neighbors has killed the squirrel that was burrowing into our room. It ate the rodent's hind quarters and was coring it out when I found it. Yeah.

READ "STARTIDE RISING" By BRIN.

I HAVE the ~~outline~~ instruction book for the Adventure compiler. FUN!

CHALKBOARDS cost \$100. Should we spring

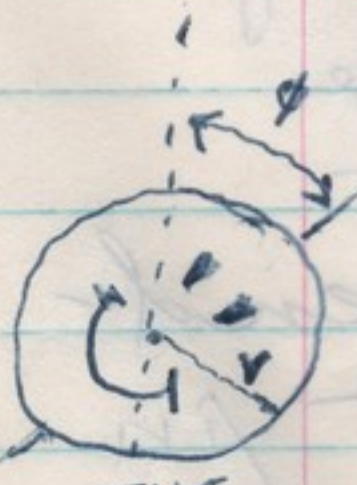
for one or rely on SAMTOR?

CHEVARRIAN V was settled by a race of

sapientified lemurs. Who can guess the

total number of rings on its inhabitants

(given $P_0 = 1,720,614$, $i = 6\%$, $n = 217$ years)?



That is a happy face



$$\frac{\sqrt{b}}{\pi} (r) = FNORD^2$$

4J

0-AL COOR 73, 107, 120 LB, +6720 CHEVARRIAN F7B

Says I want to go home - what
time are you leaving? call me
246-6412, if I'm not there -
Please leave a message
I should be in 4-um tonight.

G₇ = a very "deep" thank you, ^{wounwoun} _{wounwoun}

Rob - thanks. I think I can handle it.
Dawns Yes... O.K. ... Tonight... it worked!

~~Last Johnny~~ → Farewell to Thursdays - I'll help
you mourn tonight.

TOAST - glad you liked my letter,
you're a good man -
w/2 hell of a lot of will power
keep up the good work.

Greorge, Kenan - Hi - I'd like to try
lifting (if only to embarrass myself)
~~lets~~ lets talk.

TO All - (esp - you) I like company -
if I'm in my room - feel free
to stop by! Sorry - I won't
be here this ~~weekend~~ week end -
but please visit the idiot in
the zoo.

see you later
Love
Steve

4:00 PM
10/17/85

Victor: JAM has the key.
from ~~Victoria~~ Lydia.

Scribed by
The Doctor

$$\frac{1 \rightarrow dl \rightarrow}{dW_{sp} = dl \cdot dx} = \text{wasted space}$$

(BY) Stefan

NATHAN kept his eyes on the old man who had filled gum machine. He had the feeling that if he glanced aside for a minute the geezer would disappear. There were certainly more interesting things ^{to look at} on the trolley. On his way to the seat he'd passed about five... people. Only a couple were human. He'd have loved to take a window seat, too,



but the bench on the end gave him the best view of his quarry.

The only baggage the man carried was a carpet bag. The few people Nathan knew who'd ridden on the trolley barely got by with five changes of clothes, a week of food, plus gold coins and a bag of ice chips for barter. The vending machine attendant must have known the line use the back of his own hand. Unless, Nathan thought, he's got lots of candy bars and gold bars in his P-Jacket.

T B C

10 | 5 | 5
17 | A | 17
85 | M | PM

All: Well here we go again life zipping around, leaves dropping briskly from the trees, only to be picked up again by the winds of autumn. So now we know where we are.

A
L
L
N
I
G
H
T

Tom: I love surprises, but this is a bit ridiculous.

Jamar: See ya later

Kan E. To - Interesting drawing, but I don't know whether I agree with most of the quote.

Wiz-Rob: What is going on? I know but I won't tell ya. Because I can't.

- Enkidu knew. - 5 AM

F
10/17
6:35 PM

Yeah really!
Roleplayers and other strangers: There is a "Midnight at the Well of South" role-playing game, based on the Chalker books.

Stefan: When can I have the posters? I would like them by Monday, if possible.

Rob: Yeah really! Want to talk/study some time tomorrow!

Jamar: Congrats on LAB!

[Handwritten signature]

I am RETURN engagement of the Driving experience possibly SAT AFIT?

you will believe a man can drive... (of course Tammy will be there so we can talk behind her back)
wiz Rob

Chevarriag V problem can't be solved: ① What is the growth function and is it continuous w/respect to time or serial?
② What is the meaning of variable "i", it's 6% what?

⇒ SIGH! ← How depressing, I rather enjoy puzzles.

KET '85



A DJ Zauner Entry

Awwww, shit; Folks, I'm stamped. I mean, we're talking stamped. Stulted. As in on the road to nowhere.

There is no time to explain: ya bastards would just rto me.

Break 33

Address

31 E 13th St
Huntington Station NY

Lot of Johnny

10/17/65

To the one,

11:19:50

I don't know how I feel about you.
If I love you I don't ^{know} I need you & know
If you care for me how in hell should I
know. But life is a useless empty thought
without you.

With a thought for love

The one who needs love!

#91

Remember spay-dancing?

Well, well, well; it's back! Fun is throwing yourself wantonly
around a room to a beat. Fucking "X"

Sandy Kinney: What can I say? Luck, you'll need it

Tamar Nichol (a)s: Look what you've loosed upon the world!
(Dance on, Mac Duff)

Zemmie: I HAVE YOUR TOWEL!! SEE ME

Rob Downes: I'm doing it again, HELP! See me soon

Joe Leo III (not Joe Quest): Whatever happens, happens. If there
is something to say, in private or public, then I will
say it. Tact has nothing to do with it.

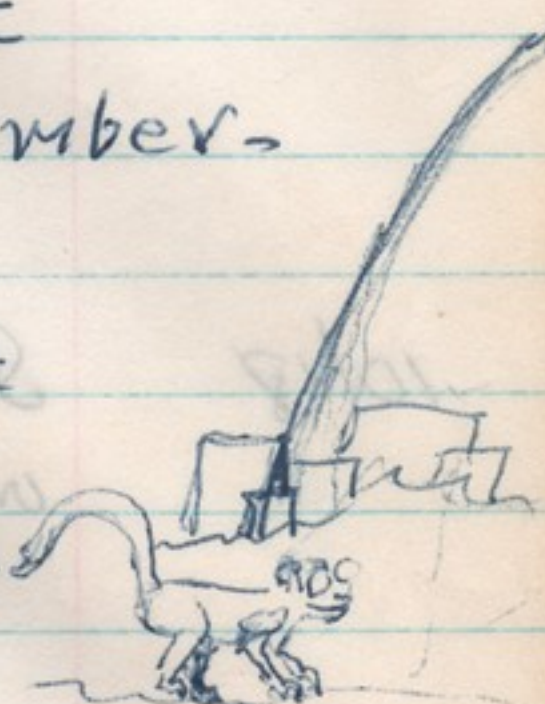
Peace

Chris Abbey

"Where Angels Fear to Tread"

(By) Stefan
TOAST: I have the posters. I put them in the top drawer of the Brown desk.

CHEVARRIAN II: The problem was meant to be insolvable, but I thought the number-of-rings-per-lemur factor would be more of a problem. Growth is in percent per year. P_0 is initial population. I refuse to give the number of rings per lemur. $R/L = ?$



Chris: "Spay Dancing?" That sounds highly impolite and would probably cause extreme discomfort in female partners.

CHEESE, glorious CHEESE!
GREAT BIG BUCKETS OF PUS!
FREEZE DRIED ENCHILADAS!



What is this?
[ARB TAC A]

IT'S FRIDAY!

10:50.37

Life goes marching on to the beat of a different drummer. Same as it ever was.

Love Johnny a Friday
10/85
18

David - I wish you all the best. Please remember to always be the same stime I know and love. Take care. Be Happy

Love,
Johnny

Qooc: "Oh, that hurts so much, I like it."

"Why don't you take over from Toost, I need softer hands!"

Toost

10/18

Stephen: Byte came out with a special issue completely on the IBM PC. If you want to see it, ask me.

Viet

10/18/85

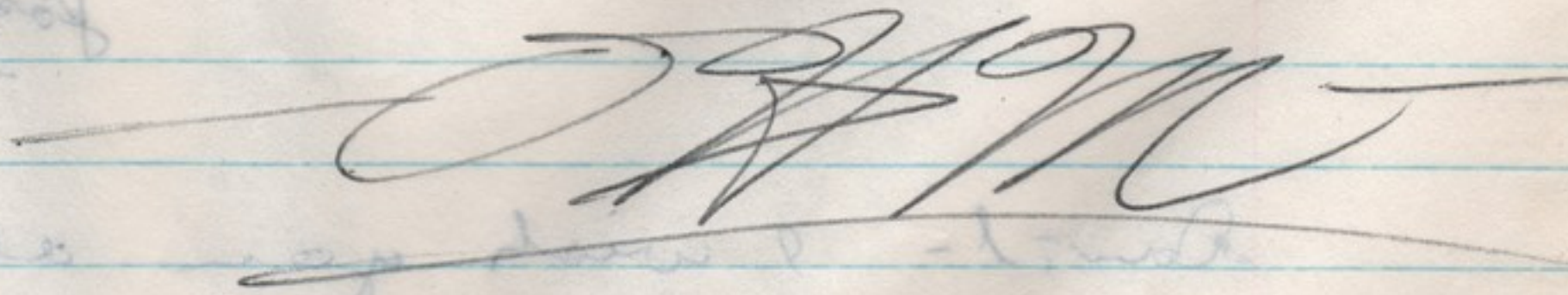
2:07 PM

Howard

Ω

O CAT's tomorrow - Columbia University - tension rising - fear increasing (Why not, it's only the rest of my life riding on 4.25 hrs.?) HELP ME EEEEE

And on a different note, tonight's Destinies is one of the best in months (certainly the most technically complex). Superman! Silver Bullet! Things to come! Joe Evangelista! Ohm! Gary?! JAM! Ralph! Joequest! Brian! Tamar! Glen! ???
Tonight! 11:30 PM! WUSB-90.1 FM!



J

10/18/85
2:30 PM

Happy: I have had such a fun week!
 Happy: My mother joined AA.
 Happy: The house is getting clean & neat.
 Happy: My brother isn't half the asshole
 that I remember him as.
 Happy: He got me nice books to read!
 Happy: He brought me nice tapes to listen to!
 Happy: My scholastic life is improving.

Then why the FUCK
 am I getting depressed
 AGAIN?

THAS T: If I am such a
 nice, good guy, then why is my
 life so FUCKED?

On happier notes: Stefan and the Doctor:
 thank you for posters and scarf. My
 brother shall have a happy birthday indeed.

Rob: Call me! I feel an urge to drown
 my sorrows in mega-studying. How 'bout
 tomorrow?

Sandy: If you ever need someone
 to talk to, I'm a very good listener.

Tamar: Have fun!

Toast: Cheer up! Worse things have happened.

Notes:

Toast: Thank you. I will probably take you up on the offer. Don't be sad. Things go on pretty much the same and they're always gotten better so maybe ~~it~~^{they} will continue to do so. You are too nice to be depressed so often.

Eric: Hope you have/had a nice weekend. Say hi to Lynbrook for me.

Bruce: Is it difficult being so nifty or does it just come naturally?

Rob D. Wiz: Tammy says that she & her roommate are going away so you can crash in her room if you need to. Also thank you for all the practicality & friendship. You matter spiffy.

Rob O: I will see you and we will talk and stuff. Please stay happy. You shouldn't be sad. I'll help all I can.

All: I had my ears double-pierced. Yippee!
~~Whee!~~
Sandy²

Cris: did you lose your key again (I think I found it, it is exactly the same as mine) find me.

Lethe

Change

18 Oct / bsa
"Resistance is useless!" screamed the mouth of the stream
"~~and~~ Everything changes; one shape is a dream."

The wind whispered softly among the tall trees
and snow drifting gently was formed by the breeze.

Babies were crying for food in their cribs
Their grandmothers' hands - creased - their bottles they'd
give

~~Pruce~~
Pruce

To that one

10/14/85
3:30:50
Life is a death, of the human soul,
searching endlessly for that one true love,
that will stab and mutilate his heart into a bloody mass!
That will ooze out of your body and your very essences
with it.
Till all that is left is the empty husk of a love
lost man!

I am nothing.

(BY) ~~Sefer~~

Toast: Hope you & your bro enjoy the posters.

To whoever this

DAN Fitzgerald's person. is. ~~Sefer~~

See! perhaps if one were around more often one would
see things get done. Next time before you make any sort of
statement please be competent about it.

- Phoenix

P.S. I could use your signature on the sheet that philly
said I have to fill before going any further.

P.P.S. Hey like you said you don't want to run it

so Piss off!

Nandy: Relax sweet lady life will work out in the end.

Rob: ~~Just be true to yourself and everything~~

→ just be true to yourself and everything will work out. "Don't let others run your life or your feelings for."

To PHOENIX,

PLEASE EXCUSE ME. YOU ARE CORRECT IN THAT I AM NOT WELL INFORMED ON THIS GAMING CLUB BUSINESS. NO NEED TO GET SO RUDE. OBVIOUSLY, YOU ARE STILL ATTEMPTING TO GET IT TOGETHER. BUT PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN THAT THERE WAS APPARENTLY "NOT MUCH ACTION." I HAVE BEEN AT THE LAST COUPLE OF FORUM MEETINGS LOOKING FOR YOU AND OTHERS INVOLVED IN THIS MATTER. TO MY KNOWLEDGE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN THERE. I'VE BEEN AT A MOST OF THE FORUM'S MEETINGS THIS SEMESTER, AND I HAVE NOT HEARD ONE THING ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION OF ANY GAMING CLUB. IN FACT, THE ONLY INFORMATION I'VE GOTTEN IS THAT SOME "PHOENIX" PERSON WANTS SOME SIGNATURES TO FORM A GAMING CLUB. PERHAPS IF YOU ACTUALLY WENT TO THE EFFORT OF MAKING IT SOMEWHAT LESS THAN INCONVENIENT TO LOCATE YOU, ~~POSTED~~ POSTED A LIST FOR SIGNATURES TO ACCUMULATE ON, OR EVEN HAVE THE BRIGHT IDEA TO GET ROLE-PLAYERS TOGETHER ON A CONVENIENT EVENING TO DISCUSS THE MATTER, YOU MIGHT HAVE ALREADY GOTTEN YOUR 25 SIGNATURES.

~~PLEASE EXCUSE THE LENGTH OF THIS TIRADE AND THE ADDITIONAL FACT THAT I AM DOWN AT THE FORUM OFTEN, GIVEN THE LIMITS OF MY SCHEDULE. ADMITTEDLY, I COULD HAVE WRITTEN IN THE LOG TO CONTACT YOU, BUT I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO. YOU ARE ORGANIZING THIS CLUB SO YOU SHOULD TRY TO GET POTENTIAL MEMBERS TOGETHER, RATHER THAN WAITING FOR THEM TO BUMP INTO YOU AT THE FORUM BY PURELY RANDOM CHANCE.~~

PLEASE EXCUSE THE LENGTH OF THIS TIRADE AND THE POOR PARAGRAPH STRUCTURE

I AM DOWN AT THE FORUM OFTEN, GIVEN THE LIMITS OF MY SCHEDULE. ADMITTEDLY, I COULD HAVE WRITTEN IN THE LOG TO CONTACT YOU, BUT I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO. YOU ARE ORGANIZING THIS CLUB SO YOU SHOULD TRY TO GET POTENTIAL MEMBERS TOGETHER, RATHER THAN WAITING FOR THEM TO BUMP INTO YOU AT THE FORUM BY PURELY RANDOM CHANCE.

THIS APOLOGY STANDS FOR ANY FUTURE LOG ENTRIES I MIGHT MAKE - I'M SORRY, BUT THIS IS THE WAY I WRITE.

FURTHERMORE, IF YOU WOULD PLEASE RE-READ MY PREVIOUS ENTRY, YOU WILL NOTE THAT I NEVER SAID I DIDN'T WANT TO RUN IT. I SIMPLY DON'T HAVE THE TIME TO DO IT PROPERLY. IN FACT, I INTENDED TO ORGANIZE A GAMING CLUB NEXT SEMESTER WHEN I WOULD BE MORE CAPABLE OF DOING IT, SO I WAS QUITE PLEASED TO SEE THAT SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO GET IT DONE THIS SEMESTER.

I'M SORRY IF I UPSET YOU, BUT SURELY ^{NOW} YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT I WAS CONCERNED BECAUSE ~~THERE~~ THERE WAS NO EVIDENCE THAT THE CLUB WAS GOING TO BE ORGANIZED IN TIME TO MEET THE BUDGET DEADLINE OF NOVEMBER 11.

NEXT TIME, DON'T ASSUME THAT EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT YOU KNOW. THE FORUM IS A POLITY CLUB, WHICH MEANS ^{THAT} NEW MEMBERS ARE ALLOWED TO JOIN. IF YOU DON'T MAKE YOUR INTENTIONS KNOWN, EITHER AT A REGULAR MEETING OR THROUGH SOME VISIBLE AND STANDARD MEANS OF COMMUNICATION (IE. THE BULLETIN BOARD

OR THIS LOG BOOK), DON'T EXPECT TO GET MUCH DONE AND DON'T EXPECT TO FIND NEW PEOPLE (LIKE MYSELF).

AS IT IS APPARENT FROM YOUR ENTRY, YOU STILL DO NOT HAVE ENOUGH SIGNATURES TO EVEN FORM TAB CLUB. THEREFORE, MY SUGGESTION FOR GETTING ANY INTERESTED PARTIES TOGETHER A LITTLE BEFORE THE NEXT FORUM MEETING STILL STANDS. IF YOU CAN MAKE THAT TIME, PLEASE BRING YOUR SIGNATURE LIST, LEAVE YOUR CHILDISH NAME-CALLING ATTITUDE, AND I WILL SIGN YOUR LIST. IF YOU CAN'T MAKE THAT TIME, SUGGEST AN ALTERNATE DATE ^{ON THE LOGS} CONVENIENT FOR YOU (I REGULARLY READ THE LOG, AND WILL RESPOND) OR SIMPLY POST THE LIST.

COMPETENT ENOUGH FOR YOU? YES? NO? I DON'T PARTICULARLY CARE. FOR THE PURPOSE OF SEEING THIS GAMING CLUB OFF TO A SMOOTH START, I WILL BRING NO ANIMOSITY WITH ME IN MY FUTURE DEALINGS WITH YOU. I'LL ASSUME YOU ARE A MATURE PERSON WHO WROTE THAT ENTRY IN HASTE, AND YOUR HOSTILE ATTITUDE WAS GENERATED BY MY ~~REMARKS~~ UNINFORMED BUT WELL-INTENTED REMARKS.

INCIDENTALLY, IN "FANTASY CAMPAIGN CLUB", "CAMPAIGN" IS SPELLED CAMPAGN.

DAN FITZGERALD.

See, that's not hostile or sniping at all...

11/18 @ 11:44 P.M (and 15 secs.) FUCK YOU

Perhaps one of the most interesting and most colorful words in the English language today is the word "FUCK". It is one magical word which just by sound can describe pain, pleasure, hate, and love. "FUCK", as most words in the English language, takes its name from the German word "FRICKEN", which means "SHOOPEE."

In language, "FUCK" falls into many grammatical categories. It can be used as a transitive verb (Mary was fucked by John). It can be used as an acting verb (John really gives a fuck). It can be used as an adverb (Mary is fucking interested in John). It can be used as an adjective (Mary is fucking beautiful). It can be used as a noun (Mary is a fine fuck). As you can see, there aren't as many words with the versatility of "FUCK".

Besides its sexual connotation, this lovely word can be used to describe many situations.

FRAUD - I got fucked by my insurance agent.

DISMAY - Oh, fuck it.

TROUBLED - I guess I'm fucked now.

AGRESSION - Fuck you.

PASSIVE - Fuck me.

CONFUSION - What the fuck?

DIFFICULTY - I can't understand this fucking business.

DISPAIR - Fucked again.

PHILOSOPHICAL - Who gives a fuck?

INCOMPETENCE - He's fucked up.

LAZINESS - He's a fuck off.

DISPLEASURE - What the fuck is going on?

REBELLION - Fuck it.

It can be useful in the description of anatomy -
He's really a fucking asshole.

It can be maternal - as in MOTHERFUCKER.

It can be used in business - How did I get this fucking job?

It can be nautical - Fuck the admiral.

It can be political - Fuck Nixon.

It can open the door to a wonderful relationship - Let's fuck.

It can be used to enhance the meaning of words -
"beautifuckingful" or "terfuckingrific."

The mind fairly boggles at the more creative uses of this fuckual word. How can anyone be offended when you say "Fuck"? Use it in your daily speech; it adds to your prestige. Today, tell someone "FUCK YOU".

- Compliments of the fucking fucked up mother fuckers of fucking Stony Brook! In other words, Fuck you!!!

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- MGP

Toast: Hey man, we all get depressed at times. And sometimes there seems to be no reason. I wonder about this and why it could happen, especially to people who are good, nice, humane types. A part of being depressed may be chemical, but it is not always so. It is as though a part of our "selves" is letting it self know it is with us at all time. There is a way to deal with this at times. You must remember that depression is not real, but a thing we encompass. It can pass, and we can make it stronger, but we can also

infix
ie
suffix
prefix

J 10
A 18
M 85
K
12 I
47 J
PM U

deal with it. We can make our lives happier by believing in ourselves. Self-respect is a part of who we are, and you have no reason to feel disappointed with who you are. I have seen you in action, and you are bright, funny, introspective and nice. Life doesn't always have an easy explanation, some times it has none, no reason, no rhyme. You must remember your humanity. It's yours, yours, yours! Revel in it! See what becomes of life when you just enjoy it for a while. Enjoy it! Depression is sort of like something we have that at times mistifies. Don't let an off court synopsis get you down. When you think about it there's no reason to let it. Just say "no".

Your pal
— Jammy —

To this Dan Fitz. Person.

Clarification. I rudeness is not common with me. ^{bbA}
Have when ignorance is flouted. As to the petition it is complete. As to "Getting together on a weekend evening" well my friend we've been meeting every Thursday for the last 4 weeks. Where have you been?

See you must of put alot of effort into finding me considering I spend more time in the forum than I do in my ~~own~~ own room. Ask any core member they who I am but see! nobody has ever seen you. - Trust me I've asked around to find this unformed person.

And one more key note. I was politely asked

To stop using forum materials + time (Atta meetings - log book space etc.) to post my proposal for a club. Or any info there of. Ask around more often and ~~you~~ be told who to talk to.

Now as to your "quote unquote animosity" I could care less. You want to go through club forming hassles, go ahead. Unfortunately I happened to ~~put~~ ^{put} to action what you ~~the~~ were still merely thinking of.

Now as a last note to you and any one else ~~try~~ who happens to be reading this silly claptrap this Thursday night we will be meeting in Hendrix Lounge at 7:30 if you can't find us try the forum.

Now, I hope this puts this foolery to rest!

- Phoenix

P.S. Don never boasts about what he cannot do - "ie" so I can't spell kill me

Add 1 [P.P.S or to paraphrase that - FUCK OFF
ZEM

↑ For those unwiling to decipher the above:

MEETING-

7:30 PM

HENDRIX

LOUNGE

10/18/85

1:48:58 AM

DanL

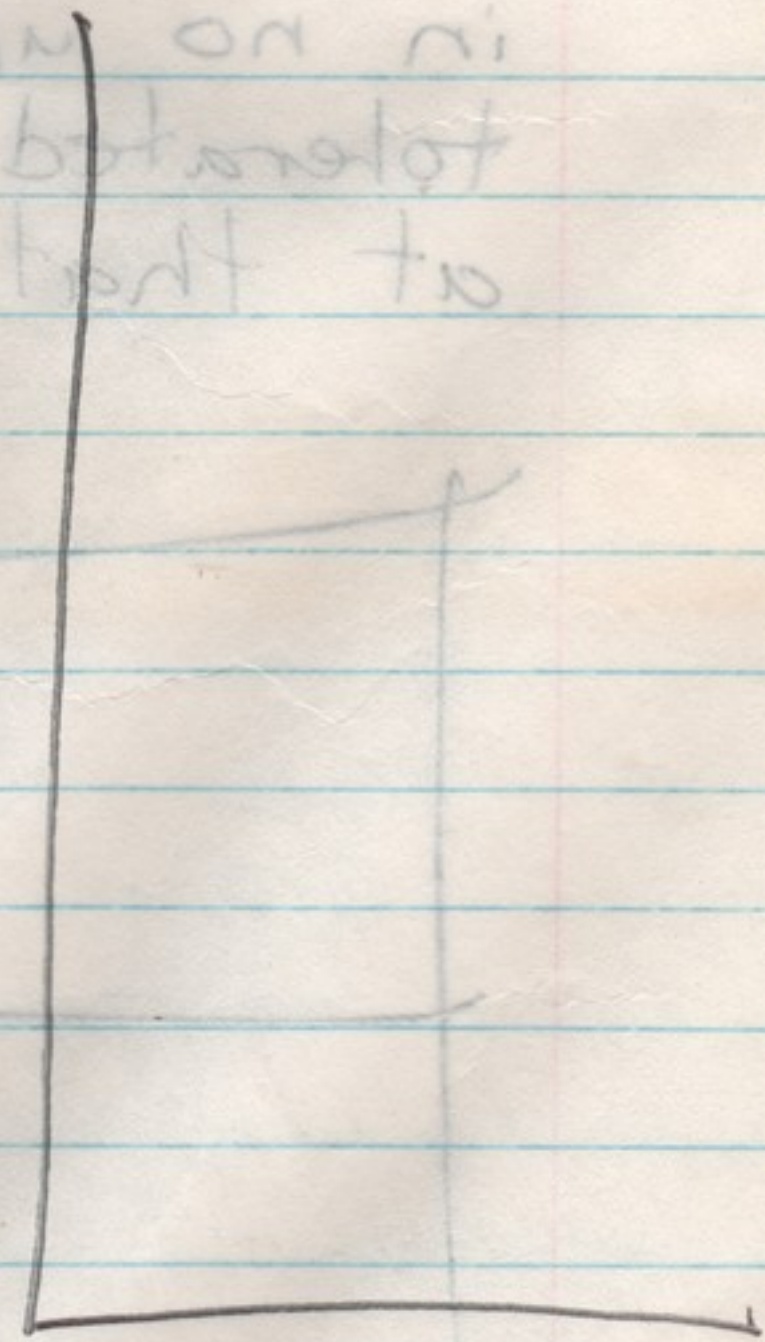
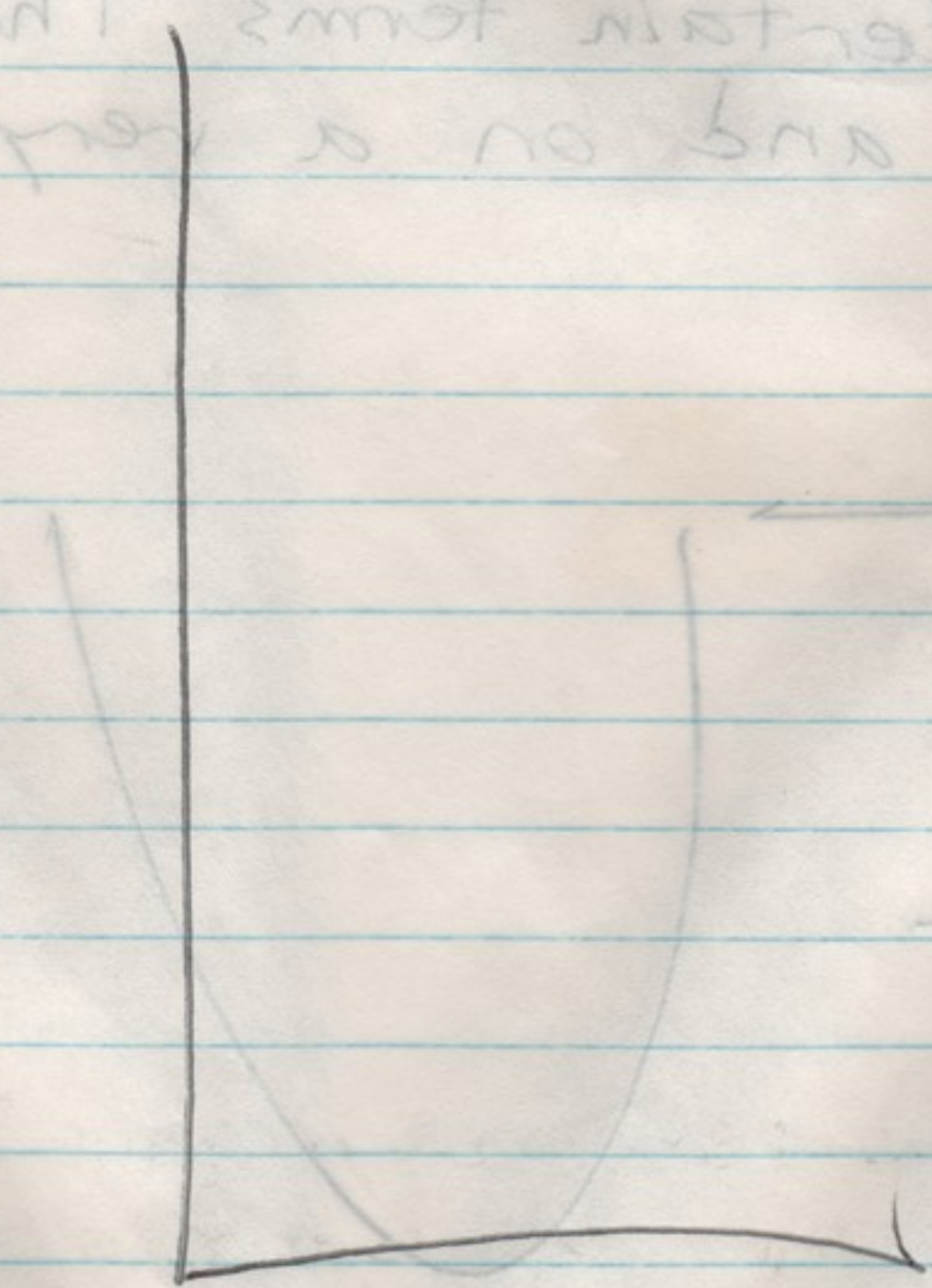
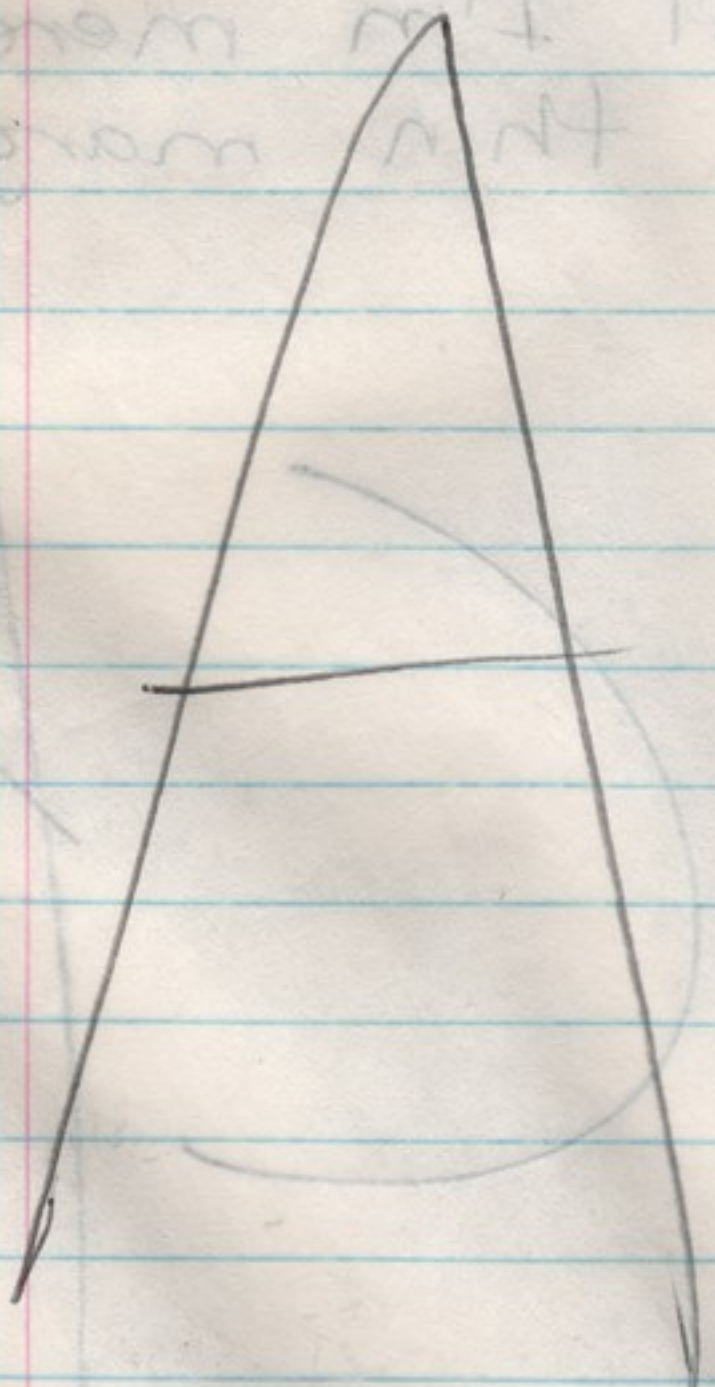
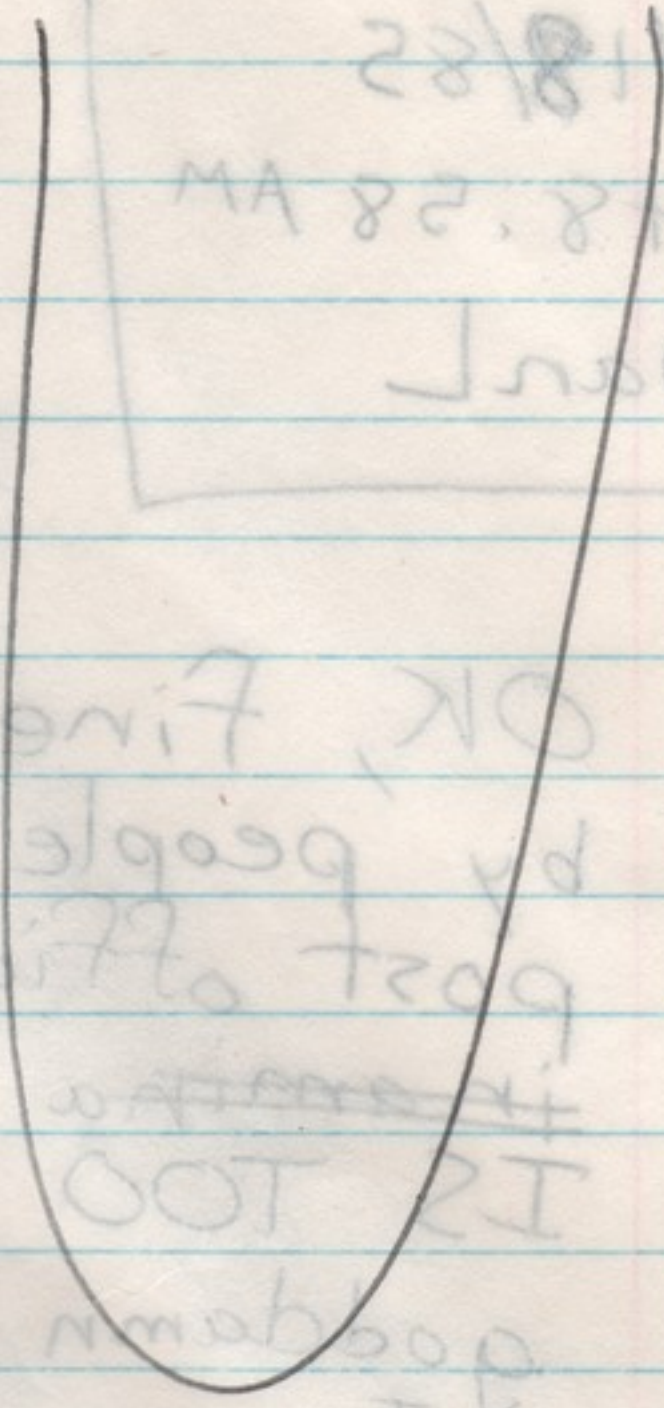
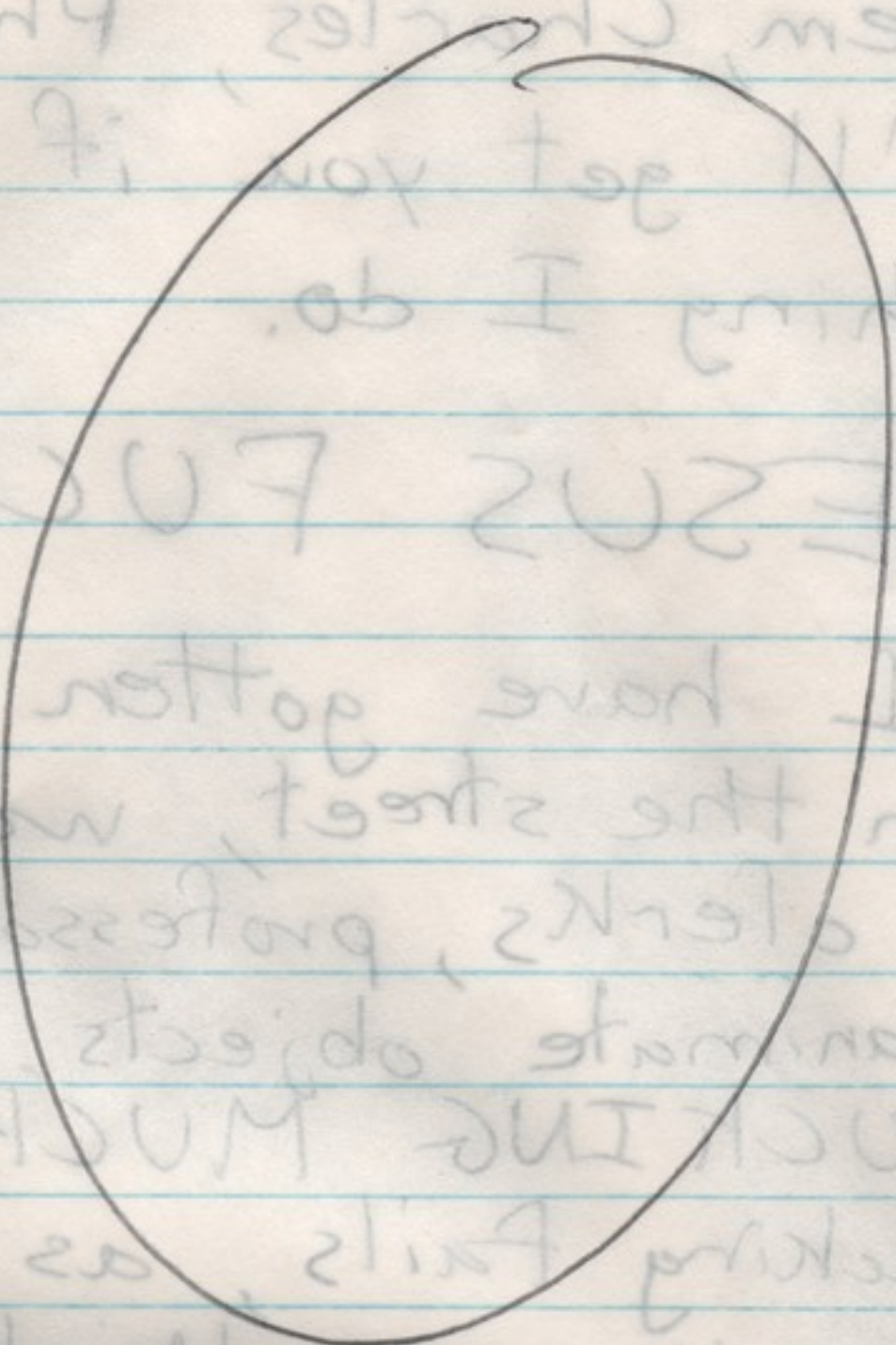
Zem, Charles, Phoenix, Binkley →
I'll get you if it's the last
thing I do.

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!

OK, fine, I have gotten used to rejection
by people on the street, waitresses, dogs,
post office clerks, professors and certain
~~inanimate~~ inanimate objects. BUT THIS
IS TOO FUCKING MUCH!!! It never
goddamn fucking fails, as ~~such~~ soon as
I even begin to think I'm friends
with a group of people, they make it clear
in no uncertain terms that I'm merely
tolerated, and on a very thin margin
at that.

FUCK

10/18/82
1:48.28 AM
Darl



OK, Fine, I have gotten used to rejection
by people on the street, waitresses, boys,
post office clerks, professors and certain
inanimate objects BUT THIS
IS TOO FUCKING MUCH!! It never
goddamn fucking fails as soon as
I even begin to think I'm friends
with a group of people they make it clear
in no uncertain terms that I'm merely
tolerated, and on a very thin margin
at that.

I'm Charles, Phoenix, Binkley →
I'll get you if it's the last
thing I do.

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!

(By) Stefan

My! Soch bile! I wish everybody would
mellow out and quit fricking with/at/to each
other! Don't get mad, in get SILLY!

I have put a LARGE PIECE of
paper by the magazine rack. please use
it to write GAMING ANNOUNCEMENTS or
in PENCIL, DATED for convenience. This,
isn't as good as a bulletin board, but we're
working on that, too.

GAMING was once a large part →

OF Forum existence. At one time the back rooms of Waterloo were a second forum. Heck, the first time I met Forumites was in Waterloo [Feb. 11, 1978].

Now, partly due to turnover, partly to the closing of Waterloo's back rooms, and partly to jadedness, gaming is a bit out of favor. THIS SHOULD NOT BE CONSTRUED^{SP?} AS OPPOSITION TO A NEW CLUB, OR FORUMITES GAMING!

NYAIONW - YEE-K' DINGE!

10/19/85 GEORGE 3 (the artist) - I WENT
3:12 pm^{shop} LIFTING @ 3:12, MEET ME THERE
Kevin CLIFF - I AN'I NEED SEE BUCKAROO
HONGSAI - CONTACT ME RE WEDDING
& WORLD BUILDING ASAP.

- Kevin Steiner

TO PHOENIX,

FAIR ENOUGH. BUT I HAVE TRIED LOOKING FOR YOU AS OFTEN AS MY SCHEDULE HAS PERMITTED ME. AS FAR AS TO WHERE I HAVE BEEN THE PAST FOUR THURSDAYS - WELL, I AM BUSY ON THURSDAY NIGHTS AND I HAD NO IDEA ~~THAT~~ THAT ANYTHING WAS GOING ON GAME-WISE. THATS LIFE. REGARDING MY IGNORANCE - I HAVE NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF. MY IGNORANCE WAS YOUR FAULT. I "FLAUNTED" THIS IGNORANCE ONLY WITH THE GOOD INTENTION OF STRENGTHENING COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ROLE-PLAYERS - SOMETHING THAT WAS

LACKING IN THIS MATTER. I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT RUDE AS A REGULAR PRACTICE. I ALSO SEE NOTHING BUT THE BEST REASONING IN YOUR CONCLUSION THAT THE FOOLISHNESS SHOULD STOP. ~~IT~~

DAN FITZGERALD

P.S.

ALRIGHT, SO THE ENTRY WAS HOSTILE. BUT HOSTILITY BREEDS HOSTILITY. THE SPELLING CORRECTION WAS WELL-INTENTIONED DESPITE THE WAY IT SEEMED. I MERELY THOUGHT THE CLUB'S NAME SHOULD BE SPELLED PROPERLY.

PERHAPS I'LL SEE YOU SOMETIME ON A THURSDAY NIGHT WHEN I HAVE ONE FREE, NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.

NO HARD FEELINGS

DAN



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CALL FOR MORE INFO.

- Dan

10/19/85 @ 7:01 P.M. (and 25 sec.)

Breathe Deep, the Gathering Gloom
Watch Lights Fade From Every Room,
Bedside People Look Back and Lament
Another Day is Useless in a year Spent.

In passion, Lovers Wrestle as one
Lonely Man Cries for Love and has None.
New Mother Picks up and Settles her Son.
Senior Citizens wish they were young.

Cold Hearted Orb that Rules the Night
Removes the Colors From our Sight.
Red is Grey and Yellow, white.
But we decide which is Right
AND WHICH IS AN ILLUSION.

- courtesy of the Moody Blues
- mgt

→ See next page for editorial reply.

don't think of this as wasted space,
think of it as
something totally different altogether.

went to a party
I danced all night
Had sixteen beers
and I started up a fight
But now I'm jaded
you're out of luck
I'm rolling down the stairs
to drunk to fuck
I'm too drunk to fuck
I'm too drunk to fuck
too drunk - to fuck
It's all I need right now
too drunk to fuck

I love your story
I love your gun
shooting out truck tires
sounds like worlds and worlds of fun
but in my room
I wish you were dead
you ball like the baby
in Eraserhead
I'm too drunk to fuck zetcz

well, since I can't quite remember how the
third verse goes, blats all of the songs
that you get. Fuck it.

- Brought to you by "#9"
that Page
- and the Dead Kennedys

#92

Dan F & Pheonix: Shut the fuck up already. You are both acting like children. If you don't stop right now I'm gonna hold my breath until I turn blue.

To the one who doesn't have that one: Advice?

Dan L: When people make plans, they usually include those who are around. You disappeared to God-knows-where, and then expected us to include you, even though we weren't aware that you were coming back! Maybe you went off to sleep, to another party, or maybe even to get LAID! Next time say something.

To the one who is not the one: Okay if ~~we~~ we don't know who the one is, then who is the other?

To the one who knows the one but is not the one who is:
Who am I?

Tamar: Oh yes, you were seen through right away. It's the Lone Ranger tendency that got me. I tend to forget that to some life and love are but an act. The only thing is that you are not that good an actress. The play is for naught, and will close very soon.

All: I am no longer in control.

Peace (if you want it)

Christopher for Abbey



"Where Angels Fear to Tread"

M.D.D. - thank you for the
fine editorial on the word
"fuck"

ZEM

P.S. By the way, plagiarism
is illegal... For those who care
to know that article was
verbatim from a 1977 Genesis
magazine. Give credit where
credit is due

Tamar

To the question that you had the chutzpah
to ask (well put though it was) I have given the
matter some thought and realized there were
one or two things I didn't have the "balls"
to say at the time (or the clearness of mind)
Fear not, nothing bad, just something that
when you have the chutzpah to bring it up
again, I'll try to have the "balls" to
answer you OK?

Rob the False Wit

SZ No I'm not! on that point I am
resolved ~~never~~ never again at least
not with any favorite or any other
lover form of life (HA HA - ALL JUST KIDDING)
ONLY IN THE REAL WORLD, WHERE REAL RESULTS
ARE POSSIBLE (but not probable)

D.B.B.

So there!

#192
cont.

"Life is but a walking shadow,
a poor player, that struts and frets her hour
upon the stage
And then is heard no more.
It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound & fury
Signifying nothing!"

- Shakespeare

CJA ✨

Billy "the Shake"

To All: Hope you were lucky enough to catch
The Twilight Zone episode "Night crawlers"
on 10/18/85. In this writer's opinion it is
one of the greatest "Made for TV" shows
recently made.

James Whitmore Jr. is the asshole cop
fighting a Vietnam vet with strange powers.
Music by Grateful Dead. Sfx and mood
all comparable to The Terminator.
Jack

All: But a few hours left. See
I + you in a week.
Chris: Your entry shows remarkable
bitterness. Try and live in
the now and the future.

"... You may lick the bside"

Chris - you never cease to amaze me,
but a surprise might be nice

False wrc

①

* The Big
DJ Zauner
Entry,
in which

STOP!

Go back and reacquaint yourself
with the previous entries. Then,
when you're satisfied you know
what's going on, continue.

he comments about
The forum and its
Constituents...

I. Of depressed, depression, depressing and
Just generally out of it-ness...

The forum is made of people. People perpetuate the forum. We
are these people. We are the elite, the outcasts, the leapers and
lepers, the laughers and lovers of a life fantastique. We are fools all,
and we wink ~~at~~^{slily} at this knowledge. We are like Elmer Fudd, never
quite able to get that stinking rabbit. We are so very like Wiley ~~Coyote~~^{Coyote}
super genius, so smart and yet, so unable with all our gadgets and Acme plans
to get the Road Runner.

And for those Allegory Lovers out there, what is that Road Runner?
Let's just read into ^{that} Warner Brothers cartoon, let's read real deep.
And let's keep the forum especially in mind while we do.

The Road Runner is happiness, folks.

It is ultimate fulfillment, my friends.

And, for that poor, friggin' Coyote who keeps falling off of cliffs,
that Road Runner is a meal. Survival. Mortal continuation.

Hold on now and let's see what we're saying: um, uh, there
are members down here who are self-tortured, self-propelled. They look with
hungry eyes and mouths and hands, grabbing here, sampling and biscarding
there, and finally scrunching up eyes and reddening their faces and screaming
(both down here a-cappella, or in the pages of this book) "I'm depressed!"

"I'm Depressed!" Is a motto for some
folks down here.

② I. depression...

You're depressed. You are a little puppet man on a string, jumping and bobbing, bowing and scraping, hurting and healing in a time that goes so fast, goes so fucking fast that you shake your fist up there at the Big String Puller and scream, "hey, could you just slow down a bit, ok? Just slow down a little goddamn bit so I can rest a sec."

You've got plans and bright eyes and little secrets you don't tell anyone. You poke your thumb against your chest and say, "me? Hey, I'm special. I'm unique. I'm magic!" You're shit. You're God. You're a stinking, breathing piece of garbage. You are the tiny spark of life that gives this place a meaning. You are the main reason you're alive. You are the only excuse you have to make yourself the best you can be. You are Wile E. Coyote, trying so hard to get that fucking -- Beep! Beep! -- Roadrunner, and he's right behind you! Turn quick, now!

Ok, kids, I ain't put anywhere near all fifty-two face up on the table.

~~What~~ What makes my entries so talk of the town is that I don't stop my punches at names. I won't keep the people's names from my entries. I don't talk behind people's backs. I am, as was said many times, an asshole. I'm the asshole who says what's on my tiny potato. I'm the guy who will say, "What's that terrible smell?" while standing next to an old lady with a colostomy bag. And, yes, I'm the one who does it with just enough lack of tact that infuriates you -- even though you swallow my sentences one after another with something much like glee.

Names...

II. Who's Who Down Here

TOAST: I've not said a word about you here in these pages. Until now. Until you brought up your depression. Until I've seen you in action and read enough of your log entries to get something.

You expect mean. You expect venom. You can almost feel the static charge in this dry air.

John Peterson, your problem is two-fold. One is that

3

H

the package you're in is of unesthetic ^⑥ such that it promotes depression, and
② in such poor condition that you're convinced you'll never shape up. And so
you say, "What's the point?" Rationalization in its pure form.

And that's your second problem, Johnny. You aren't putting any effort
into self-improvement. Unless you are, in which case I'm wrong. But I'm
not, am I? It is medically proven that poor physical condition
and obesity causes depression. Causes, John, as in makes you
depressed. [John -- Take a pat on the back for ~~your~~ work so far]
Don't think I'm unaware. Don't think I overstep my bounds in
ignorance. Don't think I'm not sugar-coating from sheer naive
bliss. I have as much a right ~~to~~ ^{to wish} your depressed ass
as you have to hang a moon with it in these pages.

You deserve as much as you can get. You put your own restrictions
on your methods. Whether you step on others or not, that's all yours,
Johnny. But hell, to get in shape don't hurt any one but you. And
to not get in shape hurts you even more, only subtly, slowly, easily.
If you want the Road Runner, so hunting within yourself first.

INTERLUDE: Who is this SONOFABITCH to tell me how
I should RUN MY LIFE?

Hi. I'm Darryl Jon Zauner. Tall, blond, good build (can lose a little
in the ass), quick if not poignant wit. I broke a chair, had my problems --
still have my problems -- hung out with intimidating people, and caught
bad Karma somehow. But read my past entries. See what I've said.
Try to understand my point. How many of you folks know me? I'm talking
about my past, my life, my philosophies. How many?
Why do I infuriate? Why do I? Is there truth in my words?
Just enough to open a wound? Does it get you thinking?

II. Smile, you Bastards, I'm on your side!

Here goes: Something runs through all of us, a common ~~vein~~ ^{vein}.
I'm talking the regulars here. Something like a terrible secret we
[I'm all wrong but I aren't tell. Something that spurs us with some life,

(4)

(E)

a thing that is not a thing but a way. A direction. Aww, fuck, I'll know. It's this very thing which like a siren calls to me from across campus. It's what kept me coming down here all this time, regardless of the frascos I've performed or the wounds I've received.

Even though we're ~~isolated~~ ^{isolated} by ~~separate~~ separate bags of meat, we got to get close to someone. Anyone. Gods, someone who understands, who knows. Who says, "Yeah, that's what I feel." To be close to another who's different. 'Cause we all come to realize how dreadfully, pitifully alone we are. Alone on a Thursday night when "fuckin' Gays" (RM) and "Jappy Girls" (R) do the pre-horizontal boogie under the strobes.

Alone in our little worlds, searching for peripheral contacts with other worlds. Yeah, that's what I feel.

III. Are you on my side?

So where do we go from here? Do we finish this little entry, burp, and wait for dessert? Do we go on and live our little lives and just let the ripples smooth out on the pond's ~~edge~~ ^{edge}? Eh, there's a guy down here who says, "It don't matter anyway." Well, it matters if we make it.

Epilogue - What happens when this guy I was convinced ^{was} a nasty Dude starts moralizing?

Sit back and enjoy, folks. I'm here to entertain. If I've gotten you hooked to this point, then I've done my job. If I've pried my skill well, then you're here. You've been following along. Maybe you'll think. Maybe you'll talk.

Maybe you'll ponder your belly or shrug or not or do a double take.

Something rattles your cage and then you see that you are still inside, tin cup in your hand and a wooden board to sleep on. Ya gotta blow open dat door. [With True Love, Darryl]

10/19/85
4:22:02 AM
DanL

"I've ~~never~~ had the blues, the reds
and the pinks, but one thing's
for sure— Love Stinks"

— J. Geils

By Stefan

NATHAN woke up in time to see the old man walking along the platform outside the trolley. As he passed Nathan's window, he looked in and smiled.

In a single smooth motion, Nathan stood up, grabbed his satchel, and leapt for the door. The box of sandwiches was left behind: Five PB&J, one ham and cheese, one cream cheese and chopped nuts. They are there still to this day.

Nathan landed at the end of the platform, and barely missed smashing into the railing. The station was a creepy place. A narrow strip



of white concrete bordered with aluminum railings. Three widely spaced lamps on tall poles cast a nauseating pale green light. The only bright color was a strip of yellow along the side facing the tracks.

When he had regained his balance, Nathan looked around, off of the platform. There wasn't much to see. The station seemed to float in space, in a cloud of vapor. The only things visible off of the platform

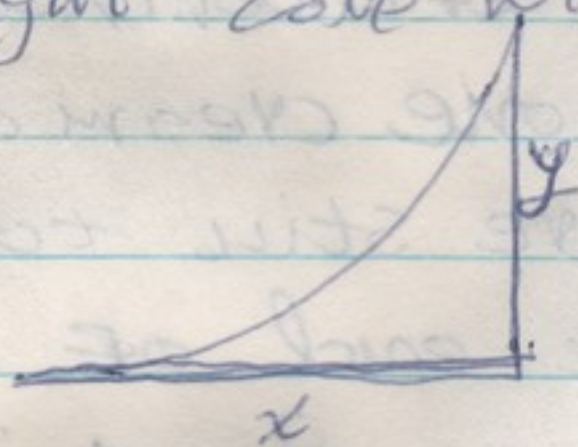
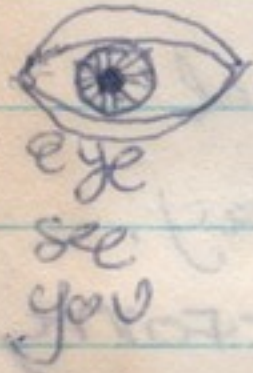
Proper wave the tracks, which seemed to be set in a bed of forming dry ice, and the wooden stairs. As Nathan inspected the closest of these, he caught a glimpse of the old man and his carpetbag dwindling in the distance, floating away into the fog.

Besides the eerie whistling of ^{the} cold wind, the only sound to be heard was a rendition of little liza jane. The tune diminished in volume as the old man disappeared into the fog.



→ TBC ←

As mentioned, the "NIGHTCRAWLERS" piece of Twilight Zone was excellent.



Why is proportional to e^{kx} ?

~~BRDQ: I-CON cards for transcription are in the top-right drawer of the brown (small) desk. I forgot to bring them. Tomorrow, then.~~

BRIAN McITMAN: I am designing an adventure, any ideas?

10/20/85
4:00pm

HYPERTFUCK!

RobDWIZ: From your last entry, it seems you have come to the same conclusion as I have.

Phoenix: Thank.

Sandy^a: Yes, let's talk.

Some day, some time in the future, we will look back at all this mess and have a good laugh.

MEGASHIT!!

this space wasted
for the Hell of it!

ROB

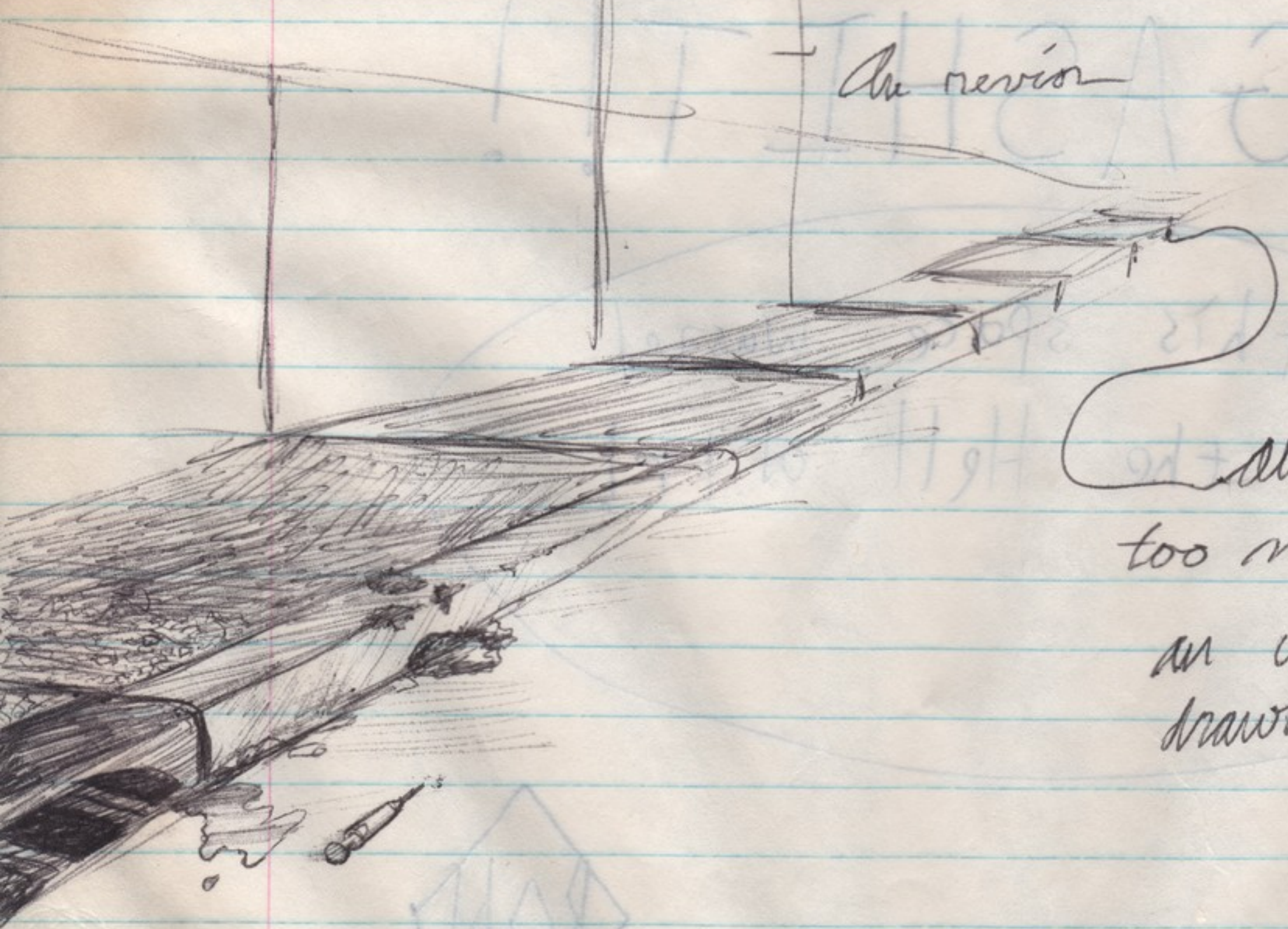
By Geo3

To Kevin: in the sink area is a large piece of plexiglass which seems to be unused. Plexiglass as you may know is one of the smoothest painting surfaces and I would like to use it.

Darryl: I have felt all of what you wrote about. Sure there are people who'll say I haven't cause... well you know why. But that's all a lot of g-a-g-a. (Not what you wrote)

As for the good ole road runner - I have one hand on one of those fast moving legs I've even plucked a few feathers. But I won't let go. Ever. I'll eventually catch and kill the fowl and drink its blood. (How's that for subtlety, folks? Well I ain't subtle remember? I a jock!!)

The revision



aw fuck it, I have too much work to do

an unfinished drawing by Geo3

to: Rob

From: the False WIZ

" Shall the circle be unbroken ...
By and By lord By and By "

Press on, stay sane, don't fall as deeply
as others have (for this and other
situations) and

RECOVER QUICKLY

the key to successfully living (not
just existing) is adaptability, change
learning from your experiences (I didn't say
mistakes) Exclusion!

means onward +
upward
supposedly

False WIZ

#93

Fuckin' wow! Hyperfuckin' wow!

Hey people, don't fuck with my pretenses. I think I'm
happy even though I know I'm not. So what if it's a
lie, it's my fucking lie, and the fact is that it is
better than being depressed.

yes, Rob, its adaptability! Situation intolerable; sit-
uation unchangeable, Attitude must change! The
situation will follow at its own pace.

SHT!

Maybe someday I will believe this.

Rob Downes; Fuck you too

Race

("Where Angels Fear to Tread")

~~Christopher~~ Abbey



10201985 200636

Breater 333

(Late Sunday)

Well, it's over. The

S.L.M.E. has gone and done it. A married man (yeek)

Chris: Even more bitterness in your entries

Control...

Tammy: An official message (as opposed to one on your door)

Lost Johnny

GAR7

11:45 P.M.

Oct 20, 1985

All: I have donated the pumpkin (for jack-o-lantern or whatever) My suggestion for the face is



(Smi-clops)

(I went to one of those "all-you-can carry" places out east - What fantastic mounds of rotting vegetation! Incredible! - Also found that stuffing 7 pumpkins in a jacket is a nice way to ruin it. - Anyway, enjoy the pumpkin, & I'll see you all tomorrow!)

- Nuff said,
GAR7

P.S. Howard: How'd you like what I did with the show? O.K.?

(P.S.)² All ROLE GAME folks: I happened to talk to the fellow at Waterloo today (while waiting for someone to exit "Forever Changing") and he told me that by Wednesday, the bulleting board will be put back up. Just thought you'd like to know.

(P.S.)³ - Aug & All: I apologize for the fact that my lichen scratch is beginning to resemble epileptic DNA strands, but I'm still recovering from a PRIMO combination of damn good pharmaceuticals I recently indulged in.
- Ciao!

YOW! I AM HAVING FUN!

3:55 AM

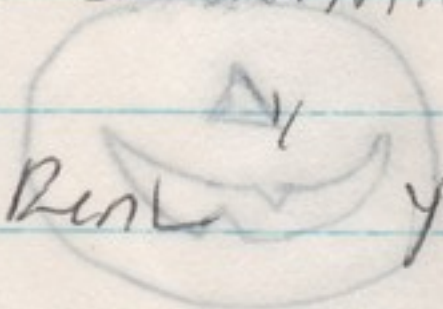
MON.

OCT

21

85

I LEFT ALBANY AT MIDNIGHT WITH
A LOAD OF TAMAR. I ARRIVED AT 3:30 AM.

"Bis Fückin' Real"  you are saying to yourself

Consider: Friday: I drove up with Tamar

Saturday: Orsy

Sunday: Wake up 7 AM

Drive 3 1/2 hrs to Temple somewhere

In the middle of Connecticut. WATCH THE

BOARDS OF HOLY DEADLY FORM. And FORN

Drive BACK TO ALBANY 3 Hrs

Pickup Tamar

Drive Home to this mess

For those of you who can't or won't add

10 Hrs Belting the wheel of my car

To say that I am FUBAR is an understatement

However I did stop by here to read

The Flog Book

My comments follow ↴

G7: Would you mind saying some more NUFFS. There ISNT
NUFF OF THEM. I second pumpkin idea!

CJAN: Where Treads Fear TO Ansel
"BILLY THE SHAKE" ← DESTROY

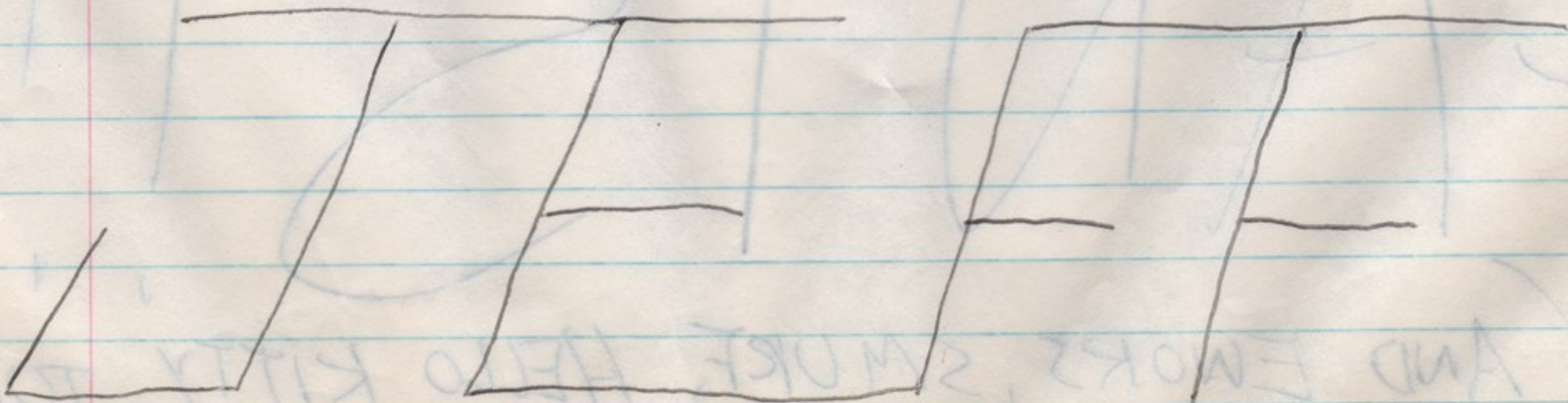
MR ZAVAR, SIR! : Greatness
Your pen DOTD spew TRUTH.

ALL IT IS DONE. SLIME + WENCH
DAVID SETH AND ELLEN GAY SODIUM AN WATER
OH WEE → THEY EACH GOT WHAT THEY WANTED. ←
THAT IS PROBABLY THE BEST DISRUPTION
OF HAPPINESS THAT YOU'LL GET. (ROLLING STONES NOT WITHSTANDING)

LISA: (518)-436-8028
CALL EVENINGS
SHE WANTS TO HEAR FROM ALL OF YOU.

Me? I'm STILL AT 928-3474.
IF YOU WANT AN EXPLANATION OF WHY WE ARE LIVING
IN OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE STATE, ASK ME.

NUFF FOR NOW UNTIL I RECALIN ~~CONCERN~~
CONCERN
SHIT I CAN'T SPELL ANYMORE.



THE ONE, THE ONLY, THE ORIGINAL, ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! COMING SOON IN A FORMATE NEAR YOU!

IT HAS IT

SMALL

SLAM

AND

FANTS!!!

(AND EWOKS, SMURF, HELLO KITTY TOO!)

(By) Stefan

IBM PC & FRIENDS USER'S GROUP

7:30 ROOM 112 COMP. CENTER

BRUCE: Address cards are in the top drawer of the Brown desk.

21 Oct/ Jeff: Maybe notwithstanding the Rolling Stones, what about the Beatles' definition?

~~Whoever: The line is "Impassioned lovers wrestle as one..."~~

(MDD(?)) Whoever: The poem goes:

"Another day's useless energy spent

Impassioned lovers wrestle as one...

New mother picks up and suckles her son..."



Okay, Toast, now you've ^{went} gone and didded it: got me into yielding the expert opinion on depression:

Depression is a state which can be reached by any sentient being. In general, the more perceptive and/or imaginative the individual, the more likely depression is to strike. This is due to the fact that it is easier to be depressed than to be happy; the latter requires an effort while often the former can be achieved simply by allowing

the universe to run its course around and on you.

Depression can result from any point of view. An optimist may become depressed because her (his) expectations failed to materialize; a pessimist because hers (his) ~~did~~ did.

Because depression results from external circumstances impinging on one's psyche, it can be difficult to even begin eliminating it. Then again, sometimes spontaneous change in circumstance causes remission. Basically, depression is (to use a D+D term) a chaotic obnoxious disease.

So, what can be done? Smile. It has been shown that the act of smiling often helps people to feel happier, regardless of circumstance. (A.B. sometimes the smile becomes a carnivore's rictus. Let it - but not too often.)

Dance. Or sing - but not alone. Talk - tell jokes. Run races. In other words, interact pleasantly with people.

Desperation measure in case all else fails: work yourself into the worst depression you can. Then realize: all you can do is get happier.

Bruce

"Whom angels fear to tread"

Monday
Oct 21

To Tom Wilson or Whoever is in charge of keys to the forum:

According to my R.A., James Nobles claims not to have a key to the Science Fiction Forum. He also claims that the Squad Director also does not have a key to this place. They are a bit upset at this, have any of the officers had a conversation with any of the above two to find out if this is true?

Victor

→ Chris - I'm sick of this bullshit. You have to know yourself before you can be even slightly aware of the true essence of ~~of~~ another's personality. On your present course, your revelation is eons away. Stop playing games with yourself. You admit to pretenses, but contrary to the norm - and the definition of the word - you accept your pretenses as reality. Don't.

You have continued to attack me in psychotic spasms in your manic-depressive cycle. Until now I have been patient - regarding these as ramblings of an incontinent mind. ~~Get your shit together~~ too - I was wondering if it were possible that you could exhaust your anger, forget it, and lead a healthier life. I'm sorry for you. No wonder your "head is so fucked up" if you can't forget something so minor and concentrate on the present, which is in dire need of your attention.

Please- don't misunderstand/misjudge me.
I'm not hostile, angry, or hurt. I am
simply tired. Can I help you heal? Is
there something we can talk out? There
is no way I can see that I have
been so terrible to you. I'm getting to
the point where I don't even care about you
any more. I'm scared. I wanted to be
friends. I can't see where your anger is
coming from. Are you simply judging my
actions and dealings with other people by
the shadows you perceive through your
self-centered tunnel vision? Don't judge
me - at all. Don't hurt me again -
Oh hell - just leave me alone. I'm
tired of this, and I really think I
don't give a shit any more.

TOAST - Lovely to see you again,
my friend.

Gg - I need to see you.

Jeg - Thanks - Good luck!

Steve - Thank you - you've given me
the perfect use for worse than
usual handwriting in this
entry.

Cliff - let's talk

Jimmy
Gg

Monday

Sandy and Mike: I couldn't hang up any of the posters over the weekend so I would like to cancel tonight and reschedule for another week. I will be there tonight.

Veto

To Resident psychics.

Build the bridge which crosses eternally.

-Theater.

For those who travel it comes to us.

~~To Don Prez.~~

~~intended a call in helping to organize the event.~~

Psychic screams for food and prophet.

10/21
4:35pm

S²: I apologize profusely for this morning's mon.
Let's talk please

Lethe: I cannot make meeting tonite. Let's also talk.



J
10/21
4:40pm

To all who care: Thank you for your help. While I am not happy right now, my depression has shifted to "I don't care."

Oh well.

Toast - but then again, things have been, and will be, worse.

F + SF

Monday
10/21

There is a catalog from F + SF floating around the forum. This is a list of the recently stocked books ~~of~~ in their ~~place~~ place. I called F + SF and they already deposited the check on the 12th of the month and they have assured me that it has cleared therefore we can go down there anytime.

Vietnam

20.5¹²

it doesn't hurt when it begins
but as it works its way on in
the pain grows stronger.
watch it grip.

21.5¹²

The pin
and the balloon,
or is it a bubble
floating on up, toward
the pin.

celebrantly arrange
appropriately ambiguous

When the life begins,
The end is near at hand,
Death a cloak,
That covers all the land,
Help me lord,
I say,
Now, is not the time pray!
for words are lost,
and ideas waning
I know it's all in vain!

Fuck everyone
everywhere for
every thing

P.S. This fucks
for YOU !!

Fuck the world

I want to

fuck off

Jealous

Close to the edge

10/21/1985

18:37:41.0178361124 (approximately) Generic no-name log entry

[weird visual effect like light reflected from ripples in a fluid]

We are the Metronomes!

It is our sad duty to inform all members of the Gorn race that James T. Kirk has changed his mind.

You have 67.318 hsthless in which to make final religious preparations.

Don't see re-animator. It sucks. (\$0 on a scale of \$0-\$5)

See Commando instead. It gives one a wonderful feeling to see

Schwarzenegger blow away hundreds of slimy fucking commie pig terrorist bastard dog fuckers. (I don't like terrorists)

And there are plenty of nice, spectacular explosions.

Is your IQ higher than that of 99.9999% of the general population? If so, you can join the

Mega Society (listed in the Encyclopedin of Associations)

If its only higher than that of 99.997% of the general population you can still make it into the

Promethews Society.

Death to heathen scum! (I'm feeling suicidal today)

^Z

Handwritten notes in a different script, possibly a mix of English and another language, including words like "Earwig" and "Mega Society".

(St: 720/70 ... "Earwig")

67 way to grow! of course I did carry
14 pumpkins via the same method year before
last and the total poundage was 796 lbs
scale wouldn't go over 500 lbs (we and
them) you are correct about the Ruination
of the jacket.

Tamara entry ok but I'd like credit
for "Ramblings of an incontinent mind"
since I wrote that phrase across my
poetry collection book when you were
5 or 6. Costume help required soon

Chris same as above for "Billy the shake"

Joe Quest I agree of course
Let's go to Big Barry's before they forget us.

Toast Dare to be happy ... if you don't know
else will. You are, after all, too god damn
nice and loveable to do anything but be happy.
So get on the stick (toast on a stick, get it)
seriously, Depression is (take it from me) a low
energy state, easy, relaxed and quite safe
no tears, just pain. Don't think of Depression
as an old friend. It will stab you in the
back. Dare to change. It's great out there
in the happy world. YES BELIEVE IT OR
NOT I HAVE BEEN THERE! Apathy and
LAZINESS is what has brought me to this
current juncture. Do it be lazy
or a traitor. Be happy

Rob the Hypocritical Falsehood

TO: DTE, Wordsmith
(TO-MO-DA-CHI),

Mirrors reflect light, windows let it in, and masks can do both. Observation through "crisis", the response reveals what lies hidden behind the mask. Yet man can make masks of action, word, and thought. What have you shown us, what illusion (or truth?) do you display?

My friend, here I do not know you.

You say you seek to entertain us (and you most often do). You say you would be as a mirror of truth (a bitter thing that - yet the writer's trade contains a license to give us grief, as if lessons are learned only through pain*) and often enough this is so. Yet you cause some pain. Justice tempered by ~~mercy~~^{mercy}, Power tempered by Restraint[†], Knowledge tempered by Wisdom. Consider to whom you write, few can match you should you care to challenge (taking up a thrown gauntlet matching the violence of the initial challenge).

You are ~~clever~~^{clever} with words, on the printed page both strength and skill mark you, mark us. Your skills damp you however, for they deny you the refuge of; "Well what I meant was...", "I didn't mean to...", "It was my intention to..., but...". I have never thought you cruel, I do not accept that trait within you. You can be careless, I think you just were. Restrain yourself, temper your words (but don't fall silent! 😊)

Try the Tao of Peck (the author's name clues me, "P!@!"), smile when tasting vinegar, share truth with laughter.



KNOW BEST.
KNOW UNICORNS
KNOW BEST.
SMILE KNOWINGLY
AT THE PERSON
KNOWING NEXT
TO YOU.



*PERSONALLY I'VE NEVER SUBSCRIBED TO THIS, THE "only" IS TO ME. A DUBIOUS PROPOSITION. † NOTICE THAT THE ANCIENT GREEKS CONSIDERED THIS AMONG THE GREATEST OF VIRTUES.

possible to know what your teammate is said. "It's not as physical as other game
even basketball which is supposed to be no

Attention: All Polity Clubs

- If you want a line budget for the 1986-1987 year you must apply by November 11, 1985

- Budget Request Forms will be available Monday October 14, 1985 in rm 258 Union Building

- See Barbara For Forms

IMPORTANT FOR
STEPHAN + ALL OFFICERS
DO WE HAVE THOSE FORMS?
IF NOT LET'S GET MOVING ON IT

I'm not sure if everyone who has been upset by being locked out of the form are satisfied by Victor having a key, I ~~to~~ know how annoying it is to be locked out I have been, but outside of giving everyone a key this is probably the best that we can do. 11 AM might seem like an obvious hour for the form to be open, but it really isn't - most of us officers are students (SORT OF A REQUIREMENT FOR THE JOB) and have classes during the day if no one is around after we open we have to lock up. I'm usually here early & I know Stephan is usually around early. I'm sorry for the past 2 weeks I haven't been around much but my life has been pretty messed up & hectic. Otherwise I'm usually around except when I decide to go to classes. I'm around here to the point I don't go elsewhere - except seeing other ~~to~~ friends (they do exist still I think) and most importantly ~~studying~~ studying. **ANYWAY IF WE GAVE KEYS TO EVERYONE NO ONE WILL WANT TO BE AN OFFICER** - one of the biggest incentives is the keys

SANDY

28.
~~28~~

POST SCRIPT

BY THE WAY WE ARE SHOWING
SUPERMAN WED NIGHT

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

HANG POSTERS

PLEASE

Sandy: So true!

KBT I agree

Daryl Remember, sensitive people have easily
hurt feelings. Positivity deserves criticism

Sensitivity does not need criticism but
good advice. (often critical, I admit)

To others: Be cool False wit

#94

God bless Brian McGuinness. What a guy! He just sits
there, all quiet and serene, not airing his dirty laundry.
Once in a while he says something that is really funny.
If only we all could do that.

The real world is really strange. Many people leave this
place and most of them come back.

Many of our personalities are in desperate need of renovation.

Maybe some will get the drive they need (we need)

Tamar: No more dirty laundry. How much trouble has it gotten
us into before ^{lets} Be real, face to face.

Rob Downes: Physician seal thy elf

Sandy K: Great.

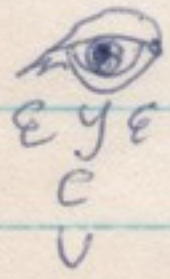
All: Good night

Peace

Carol & Albee
"Where Angels Fear to Tread"

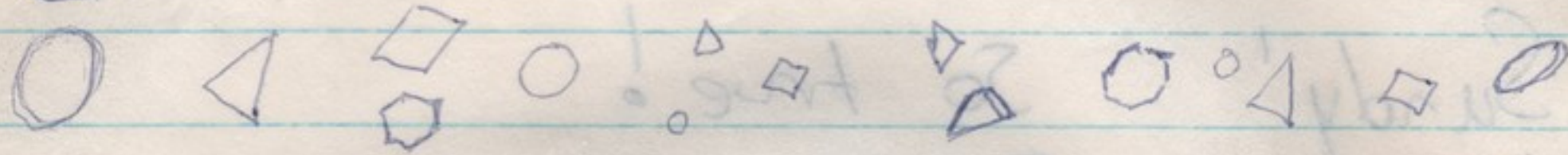
(By) Stefan

Ommm Mani Paae Ohhhmmm



If your IQ is Below 50% of the population's, you can join the DUMPA society.
Activities: Screaming over manhole covers, Pickle throwing, Leibel jokes, feeding smut, lying on couches. Watching Rambo and liking it.

😊 IT'S FUN TO CONFORM!



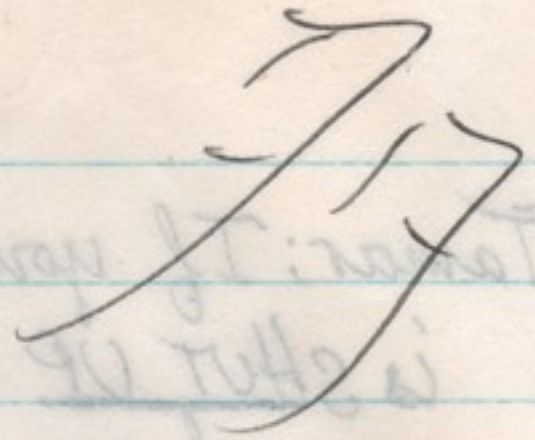
WARNING: IF YOU THINK RE-ANIMATOR IS BASED ON H.P. LOVECRAFT'S "CLASSIC WORK" (LIKE THEY SAY ON THE COMMERCIAL) CURSE AGAIN! IF YOU LIKE ZOMBIE-BLOOD-GUSS-GORE MOVIES, THEN YOU WILL DEFINITELY LIKE THIS MOVIE. ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU EXPECTED TO SEE A REALISTIC ADAPTATION OF H.P. LOVECRAFT'S STORIES (LIKE I DID) YOU WILL BE DISAPPOINTED.

AFTER SEEING RE-ANIMATOR, SANDY + I SNUCK INTO REMO WILLIAMS JUST TO GET OUR \$4.50 WORTH SURPRISE! IT WAS ONE OF THE BEST ACTION MOVIES I'VE SEEN IN A LONG TIME. BETTER THAN ANY OF THE LAST HALF-DOZEN OR SO BOND MOVIES BETTER THAN TEMPLE OF DOOM, BETTER THAN BEYOND THUNDER DOME.

BY THE WAY RE-ANIMATOR'S SOLE RELATION TO H.P. LOVECRAFT IS ITS SETTING, MISKATONIC MEDICAL SCHOOL. APPARENTLY, ITS PRODUCERS DECIDED TO PAY OFF THE ADMINISTRATOR OF LOVECRAFT'S ESTATE IN ORDER TO USE HIS NAME

MILK
NY

Hi ya



Rob Downs - the true wis - that
little symbol means copyright
Rob Downs. Sorry I didn't give
you better credits.
Costume help is here - see me.

Chris: I JUST DON'T CARE ANYMORE. I'M TIRED.
IT'S NOT WORTH TRYING. JUST LEAVE ME
ALONE.

Cliff & G. } Hi - Had a great time -
lets get together again,
soon.

Lydia - Do we need to talk costumes
yet? How about 日本語?

Sandy - Hi - I almost never see you,
let alone write. How are things
going - need help with Superman
on Wed? (I meant the movie)

H tj 12 Talk to me! cheer
can but ones me up! I ~~am~~ am
desperately Righting Repressoidus
terminus. Visit me. Call me - Stop
by for a drink / A. or AA.)

Toast you wild + crazy guy you
Right that Cold -
Love John

#95 Tamar: If you don't want to talk to me, the least you can do is SHUT UP about it. I'm having the last word (nyah nyah) anything else is superfluous.

Peace
Christopher

Exeter 6

#95
Cont Rob^w: Ethiopians can't escape their plight. They are stuck in the desert with no way out. Burger King

Brian: What the fuck

Bill: Ancient Chinese secret, huh?

G7: Get my fucking tapes done!

Phoenix (Athos): Find Anne. Find me, Find Anne and Me

Zem (D'Artagnon): Please, be good, go to classes, get a job

Charles (Porthos): Resume quest! I want to go on, I want to go up and I want to go fast (Hi Ho!)

Sandy^a: Talk, listen, be good, be safe. Be prepared!

All: I've seen it, it's rubbish. Will the circle be unbroken

Peace
SAME AS IT EVER WAS
(Like a sphere, its painless)
Christopher John Abbeey
"Where Angels Fear to Tread"

10/22/85

"My mind may be in the gutter, but at least its my own gutter"
SAM

P.S.

Thank you for your time and attention.

You will follow where I lead you
Eat the garbage that I feed you
You will do what you are told
Until the rights to you are sold

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

↑↑↑↑↑↑

~α|αρ

GRODY * L/20

Ode To A Bird

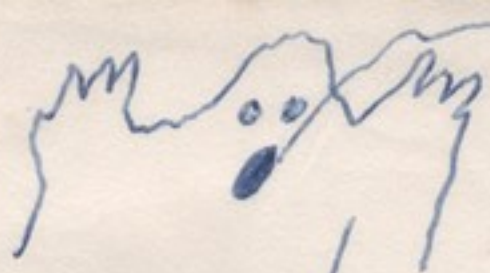
little biody on the sill

Pretty feathers, yellow bill

First I feed you all my bread

Then I crush your little head.

Alright!



Ho! Susp!



Be there!

Announcing! The One, the Only
JAMOWEEN

10

22

85

HA-HA-HALLOWEEN
PARTY! YOW!

Weekend: Nov. 2nd, Saturday night

What you can expect: The Unexpected
Fee: A Paltry \$3.00, Wow!

Party will begin at 29:30 pm 2 and
run until?

See me to throw money, or excuses
at me. I could use dough
by 10/29.

If you have any questions about what
goes on at a JAMOWEEN party ask
some old timers. Any substitutions (ie: food
brought, etc.) see me!

We're talking PRIMO Excitement, Fun,
and Horror!

Any additional gratuities will be gleefully
appreciated!

{ Joe Leo has agreed to
Help out so it is a Combo! }

Oct 21, 1985
GAR 7
11:40 PM

Proposal: No H.P. Lovecraft movie adaptation is possible, even with Today's technology.

JAM: I'll be there!
(Costume currently under construction.)

— Nuff Said,
Gar 7

P.S. Stephan: I want to buy your
F.F. Frenk Bros. comics! Bring them in!

~~WEDNESDAY~~
Wensday
Morning
3:00
A.M.

GUILT IS THE BASIS FOR ALL CIVILIZATION. WITHOUT
GUILT THERE WOULD BE ANARCHY. WHEN A FELON IS FOUND
GUILTY HE IS INCARCERATED FOR THE GOOD OF SOCIETY. THOSE NOT
GUILTY ARE SET FREE. THOSE NOT GUILTY ARE SET FREE
THOSE NOT GUILTY ARE SET FREE
THOSE NOT GUILTY ARE SET FREE
THE NON GUILTY ARE SET FREE
THE NON GUILTY ARE SET FREE
THE NON GUILTY ARE SET FREE

WAX. THE WHERE DAN DE WAX, WAXING PROPHETIC
MADAM TOUSSANDS WAX MUSEUM. CAULD WAX, PAMOFIN

I LIKE WAX, IN ANY AMOUNT,

HOW'S THAT FOR A WEIRD ENTRY?
JEFF



Need help with Halloween?
See me.

5/7

The chain breaks at the weakest link,
and is broken by the strongest one.

W:2 - see me TODAY, please? We need to
go "shopping" - we need to talk

S² - please smile at least once a
week or forfeit your Human Being
membership card. Note: smile must
be genuine, if only for something
small, i.e. - its a sunny day; the
autumn leaves are beautiful; - DAKA
is closed; etc.

to
you

Sometimes, when I really think
everything is going wrong and its
all I can do to keep my head
above water, another person comes
along with the weight of the world
(or maybe an orange) in his hands.
He can either hang the orange
around my neck, or he can
smash it against his head. That's
how you know your true friends -
by the ORANGE gets in their hair.
Thank You.

More notes, and next time a
story - but later, I've

3 Home work

to do.

oh well.

AMM

An entry:

Rob D: I'm sorry I couldn't be there for you today. I hope things didn't go as badly as you thought. I will try to be around Thursday morning but if you need to call (even really late) please do that too. I'm really sorry things happened the way they did, but they had to be that way. I still care though. Please don't hesitate to call - even if you get the machine we may be screening calls, so leave a long message if you think I'm home. Don't let her get to you - don't let anything get to you.

Tamar: Thank you for your concern. However, I am on the Special Police Smirk Patrol, and I should give you a warning that you have nearly used up your quota for the year. Remember - smirk only when you need to. A well-turned smirk is worth a thousand stilletos.

Eric: If the choice is between doing and doing not, I will do. Will you be there when I do? Does it matter? It does to me.

Chris: I had the same runic thoughts exactly but it wasn't my place to say. It still isn't. Forget I said this.

Rob D. Wiz: Hi!

Cethe: Hi! Get well soon.

Everyone else: Hi!

Thank you all,
Sandy²

PHOENIX - WILL TAKE YOU UP ON YOUR OFFER TO GO TO THE **F.C.B.** THURSDAY NIGHT. UNFORTUNATELY, I WILL BE IN LATE DUE TO A TEST I HAVE THAT EVENING.

SUBJECT OF ENTRIES TO COME: THE PRINCIPLES, METHODS, AND PURPOSE OF ROLE-PLAYING; IDEAS ABOUT RULES AND THE IDEAL RPG; DISCOURSE ON THE PROS AND CONS (NOT PROFESSIONALS AND CONVENTIONS) OF SPECIFIC GAMES; CAMPAIGN-THEME IDEAS; AND MAYBE EVEN SOME STUFF THAT'S NOT ABOUT ROLE-PLAYING!

APOLOGIES TO ALL FOR THE BIT OF UGLINESS THAT WAS MY FIRST LOG ENTRY (OR SERIES OF ENTRIES). STARTING OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT AND ALL THAT.

SUPERHEROES - DUST OFF YOUR COSTUMES AND GET READY FOR THE RETURN OF THE FORCE! SEE THE GAMING NOTICES FOR DETAILS.

- AND DON'T FORGET THAT UNIFORCE IS COMING.

Dave Fitzgerald

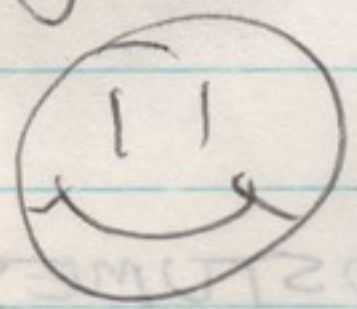
§² went to the mall back later
[admon] - some fuck not family member
of mine decided to fuck c my
machine and erased your message
well maybe you could ... Oh well
P.S (you can do it from here via magic) Rob Falsewiz

If I could help I would but I can't so I won't

10/23/85 Lydiq: I left your package in
3:29 PM the central drawer of the
Howard brown desk, I know you
Ω don't usually read logbook,
so have someone tell you
that I left this entry for you.

[Handwritten signature]

10/23/85
4:00 PM Toast: (From 10/18 entry) your
very very welcome, anything to
help out.
Tom: best "things to come" in eons.



The Doctor

☺ "Where Demons
beor to tread!"

Ginny
hey you forgot your Raffle book
it in center draw of Libary desk
love
Phoenix

(via MARS)

Dan Fitzgerald,

10/23

5:20

I really think that it would be a good idea if you didn't load the logbook with entries about role-playing. If you wish to make entries on the principle, method, etc of gaming, it would be better to a) start a logbook devoted to role-playing (donate it if you wish) or more practical b) leave messages on the bulletin board since it is already being overwhelmed by gaming notices. People have in the past used the logbook for gaming arguments, discussions, etc. and it was never very popular with the majority of forums. Feel free to discuss science fiction, movies, controversies, etc.

Charles Miller

P.S. Yes, in fact, I do game. See you Thursday.

ALL I DIDNT MAKE STUPID FORMITE TRICKS

THE TRICK WAS TOO FAST TO GO OVER WELL ON T.V.

AT LEAST I TRIED.



JEFF

In a valiant ^(Ca²⁺) effort to save time and space, the author continues his story.

I was losing the war against life. I felt humiliated, to be outwitted by a self-replicating molecule! And I was using almost as much energy as life itself, just to exterminate it.

Landing on the demolished homeworld of my enemys, I learned many things. They resembled the reptilian virhest of my homeworld, domesticated animals that entertained me when I was but a sapling. Their computers were less advanced than the ones that housed my being, but they used a molecular crystal for bulk memory storage. I incorporated these into my hardware.

In a way, it was sad. These beings could create such treasures of art, but only at the cost of increased entropy. However, I did enjoy their works of fiction. With speculation on how to improve their race, technology, and weapons of war. If they had implemented but half of these ideas, I wouldn't have been able to kill them.

Comparing the history of technology of the two races, reptilian and deciduous, I noted that we both used radio communication before we attained starflight. Once starflight was achieved, the Stardrainer was only a conception away. If I could stop civilizations before they spread, and increased their energy ~~output~~ intake, I could solve the problem.

I once more spread my ships throughout the galaxy. Upon encountering a radio signal of possible intelligent origin, a robot would investigate, and destroy all life on the world that produced it. Hopefully before they could defend themselves.

I also duplicated myself, and my memories, and sent ships ~~to~~ to the other galaxies in the cluster. They would take millenia to reach their destinations, even using Stardrive. I mourned the stars that gave their energy to the task.

But they would arrive. And when they did, life perished.

Current Universal Lifespan = 18.1 billion years.
(TBC)

P Yeah really. Same as it cn) ever was.

7:39PM 10/23/86 Life is weird. As depression fades, and is replaced by an energy, or rather, lack of apathy; I feel a little better. There is nothing like going to class and knowing what is going on, to give one a large ego boost. Or, at least, forget about how lonely and depressed I really am.

But then again, it could be just a cold.

Rob ◊: Got the notes from today. Let's work on that program, and how Mr. Gandhi how Americans (foromites) can program. Get psyched!
Stefan: Parser: I'll think about it, but when I'm not too depressed to do anything, I'm usually having too much fun. We'll see.

4 musketeers: See ya tomorrow!

Tamar: Hi! I ate my Vegies, wore a scarf, and am feeling lousy. How was your day?
Lovely to see you again my friend. Lets DO Lunch.

TFTS

It's not much, but at least I'm not I

GO AWAY

Reptilian
OOZE!



Get it Away!



Bubble Gum FOR
MARTIANS!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE MOUTH IT FITS IN?

JERR

CHARLES,

OKAY. MAYBE THE F.C.C. WILL WANT TO KEEP A LOG. (OR MAYBE NOT). ^{EVEN THOUGH} I'VE GOT A LOT TO SAY ON THE SUBJECT OF RP, ~~SO~~ I WON'T CLUTTER THE FORUM LOG WITH TREATISES ON IT. BUT, FROM TIME TO TIME, I'D LIKE TO MAKE SHORT ANNOUNCEMENTS ABOUT CURRENT GAME-STUFF (NEW GAME OUT OR WHATEVER). THAT IS, IF THE FORUM IS AT ALL INTERESTED. ANYBODY INTERESTED? IF SO, SPEAK UP.

BUT BEFORE THE SUBJECT OF ROLE-PLAYING BECOMES AN ENDANGERED SPECIES IN THE LOG, I'D LIKE TO REMIND EVERYONE THAT A NEW CLUB FOR GAMERS, THE FANTASY CAMPAIGN CLUB, MEETS THURSDAY EVENINGS, IN THE HENDRIX LOUNGE. EVEN IF YOU DON'T GAME, COME BY IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.

Now, ENOUGH SAID ABOUT THAT.

Daniel J. Fitzgerald

P.S. SEE YOU THURSDAY, TOO, CHARLES.

S 10
A 23
M 85
K
A
T
A

Charles: Thanks for the excellent entry dealing with role-playing. It was a calm reasonable assessment of the situation and you are to be congratulated. I know, I know I'm overdoing it, so what?

PARTY IN "T"
MINUS 10 DAYS (over)

HA-HA-HALLOWEEN!

TIPS For Enjoying this

Party:

I) WEAR A COSTUME!
(No outfit too outlandish)

II) GO INSANE (IN REASON)

III) MINGLE (PSYCHES OR
WHATSOEVER.)

Repeat of Commercial:

Fee: A Paltry \$3.00 (Damn Cheap!)

FUN! EXCITEMENT! HORROR!
OF THE PRIMO KIND!

Bring \$ Tuesday 10/29, or bring
excuses (I'm listening)

Video stuff (THE SPOOKY KIND)

P.S.

There is one more tip I can
offer:

GET INTO IT!

Rides arrangeable, 10/29.

#96 "There's slaughter in the air, protest in the wind
Someone else inside me, someone could get skinned
... HOW...?" - D. Bowie "Beauty & the Beast"

3, 6, 9 etc. How long? Forever!

Now we have the angle; now we have the solution
Now we can begin to believe that there is something.

Begin, I said, begin.

SURPRISE! Things are as they were said to be, not as wished.

So fuck it! 11:30 / 12:00 / 6:30

Just doing my job, ma'am - L. Ranger

Rob Downes: Surprise! Surprise, What the fuck

Toast: Hey kid, how's it going?

Dan F: Stop writing gaming shit in the log!

Phoenix & Charles: Stop reading over my shoulder. Fuck you.

Gary: GET MY FUCKING TAPES!

Anne: Get to work, call, write, see me! Come to JAM's party. (You'll be safe) Subtlety will get me nowhere.

All Call: Well, I've spouted my surrealistic bullshit for long enough. See you at #97

Peace

"Where Angels Fear to Tread"

“It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain.”

Old Proverb: "A gentleman is one who can keep ~~equal~~ equal company with pirates + academicians."

a gentleman is someone who knows when to speak his mind and when to keep ~~the~~ quiet.

A gentleman supports the majority of his own weight on his knees.

A gentleman never spits on cats, refrains from advertising his genitals, and rarely has an original thought. Progress is generally the business of slobs and goons.

A gentleman is someone who knows when to be prompt, and when not to be.

A gentleman keeps his weight on his elbows!

A gentleman is just this guy, you know?

Please
Five
in

(By) Stefan

GAMING LOG-BOOK: Sounds like a neat idea! I'll donate \$1.00/for #1.

Jeff! you scumbag! I told you that the waxed bathtub & penguin idea was better but NOOHHH, you wouldn't even teu anybody about it. Had to do your can crush, huh?

The waxed bathtub & penguin stunt would've lasted the whole show, but uhuh, you wanted do it your way and lost vs our chance to head our ultimatum on the air. Nyaww!

HEY! This Place is CLEAN!



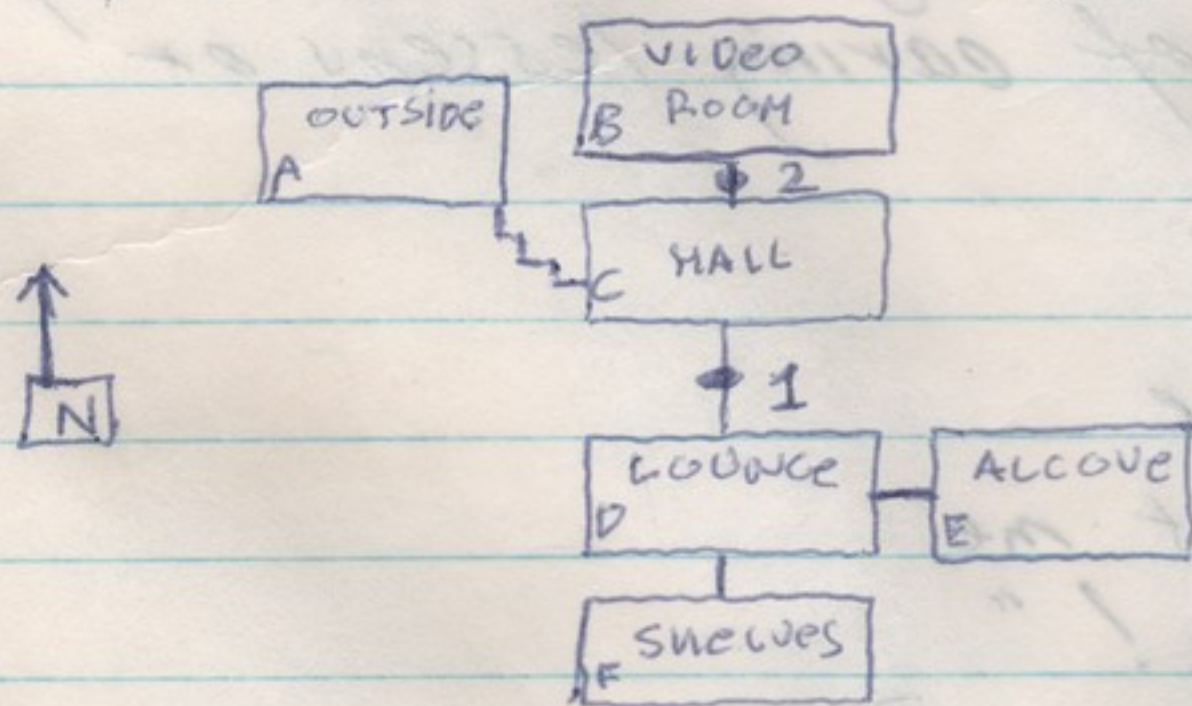
hey! look! a

ROLL PLAYER

Zah-huh-huh!

The FORUM ADVENTURE GAME! ^{REMEMBER!} YOU ASKED FOR IT!

SAMPLE OF PLAY



"You are in the lounge, several beat up chairs and couches are set against the walls. A display case on the south contains several blizzard artifacts. There is a door to the north. An alcove is to the east. There is an aisle between the shower which make up the south wall."

>LOOK

"You see Charles, Victor, Botwin, Sandy, DM Dave, Bruce and an unknown playing bridge."

>S

"The bridge game blocks your way south."

>E

"You step into the librarian's Alcove and are crushed by the Piles of unshelved books!"

1/2 No entrance if closed. May not be unlocked w/o key.

OBJECTS NAME	LOC.	POINTS
1. Toilet Paper	E	5
2. LOG	D	15
3. CHIN BRIEFS	()	-25
4. BROOM	D	25
5. FLUFFIES	D, E, F	50/each.
6. STAR WARS	B	10, 700, 053.
7. Fan	D	

(B) STOFAN

24 Oct
(actually
30 Oct, but
who cares)
bsa

Sometimes i feel like a mother — less child.

Premise Fact: The only thing which ^{will} ~~can~~ cause irrevocable damage to a person is to care.

Fact: This damage hurts worse than anything else.

Fact: This damage is inevitable.

Fact: ~~The~~ damage can be deferred, but it gets worse in proportion to the time it is delayed.

∴ Reciprocal caring is bound to be ^{at least} twice as bad — it delays the damage until, inevitably, the degree or manner of caring lessens or changes.

"Don't worry 'bout me
Don't you ~~worry~~ ^{worry} about me
Don't worry 'bout me!"

— Byrne

Bruce

Hoo Ray!

Bruce is BACK

Repressors uber alles!

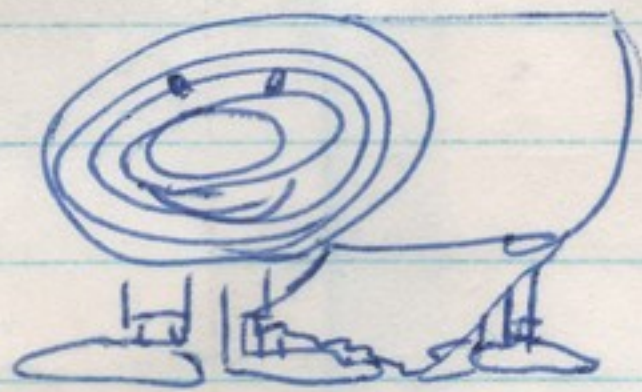
Gydia:

Have contraband:

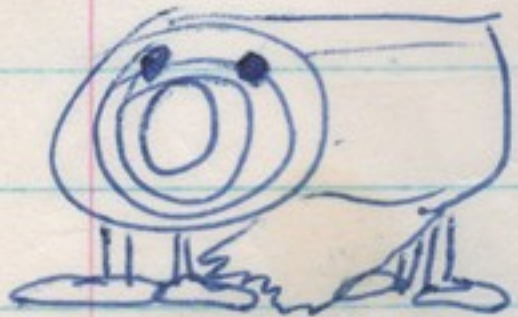
E

10/24/85

12:40 PM



Roll Player



☺ The Doctor

ΘΣ: "where Demons
fear to tread."

10/24/85

12:55 PM

J

But then again Bruce, it is better to care than not to. Damage may be inevitable, however I think the pain of not being able to care is worse. When we cease to care, we cease to be human.

Where toasters fear to bread!

TOAST

1:02 pm

And what damage is irrevocable? To be human means to grow and change. Damage may be inflicted but it is irrevocable less often than people think. And it is better to be hurt by one who cares than to have nobody care and be hurt by that. True?

Sandy?

**Mrs. Lisa
Palm, Tarot Cards
Psychic Reader**

Through my Readings, I can tell you
many things about your
Past — Present — Future
and give you
Names — Dates — Facts
that may lie in your future.
Are you interested in knowing about
Love — Marriage — Health
Happiness — Business — Success

**SPIRITUALIST,
HEALER, ADVISOR
WORLD RENOWNED PSYCHIC
READER AND ADVISOR**

God Works in Mysterious Ways
to Achieve Health, Love and Happiness.
Your Problem is Mine.
I will Help You Succeed and be
Prosperous in Every Way.

Let me solve your mysteries. My strong and confident
advice and ability — through God's help — will astound
you and guide you in the right direction to help you, no
matter what your problem may be. Let me prove that
my capabilities are sincere and superior.

- ★ Readings are Private and Confidential.
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One Free Question
Call: 754-3755
or come in at
714 Fort Solonga Road
Highway 25A
Northport, New York 11768

10/24

7:53
p.m.

Enough people - no
more philately,
unless, of course, it
centers on Mudhead
or Penguin Post....
good god. I'm getting punchy,

ZEM

P.S. Toast: Bad job
Quest: Stop that infernal singing

P²S

Another Poker Game

tomorrow night at 7 p.m. -
win your \$ back!!

~~Sign-up:
Joequest
ZEM~~

P³S It's Nickel

Anty - \$50 max. raise

unlimited # of raises

QOOC: by lethe "But then I'd have nothing
fun to do with my mouth" (actually regarded
quitting smoking)

STEPHAN → MY TRUCK, NOT YOUR TRUCK, WITH W/BTP
WOULD HAVE TAKEN UP TOO MUCH SPACE.

LET → WE ARE NAKED WHEN WE ARE VULNERABLE
WE ARE NUDE WHEN WE DON'T HAVE TO CARE
ABOUT VULNERABILITY

May Kalada is not an individual by an allegory of
May Trudeau Lydia

ZEM - YER RIGHT, SONAR!

WE ARE NAKED WHEN WE ARE
POWER LESS, IT IS OUR
DESTINY TO CONQUER

THIS UNIVERSE, TO TAME
ALL THINGS UNTO OURSELF
AND REMAKE ALL IN OUR

IMAGE AS WE WILL. AND IF THERE
BE A GOD, WE SHALL BE HIS
JUDGE; THEN SAVIOR, COMRADE,
OR EXECUTIONER.

POWAHH
ISSH
AHH

The Tao of
Buddhism

TOO STARRING TOO!
- AND WIMP LIBERALS TOO!
TOAST MUST DIE!
YEAST INFECTED
GORNNO

we are clothed when we no longer have to worry
about it & naked when we don't want to be however
people see us

Lydia

I can not depressed. I am not
depressed. I am not depressed. Repeat
anything for long enough and you'll believe
it. My new mantra: ~~I am~~ not depressed.

Rob: I'm free after Zish tomorrow.
4 musketeers: We could've been KILLED!
Tomas: Thank. Cold dissapating. Good luck!

I am not depressed

I am Toast!

Toast: to do what happy people do will
make you happier than you are now. One
of which is what you said above,
Good work

Nudity Nakedity Nudeness Nakedness

Bare-arsedness

So the difference:

Naked is what you are when you're a baby

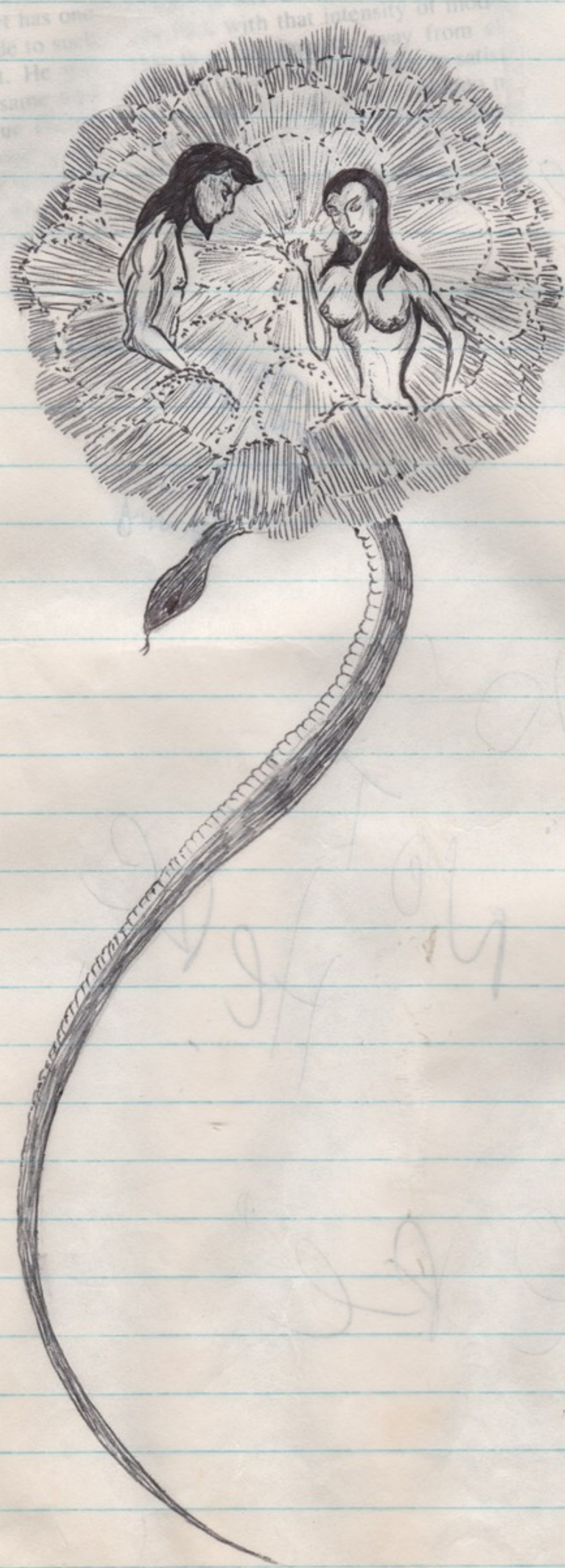
Nude is what you are when you're making
babies.

Both however are fun

Rob the False Wiz

...eling executives. In the near-
...ndressed me as though I were
...doll and then quickly stripped
...reveling a surprisingly large
...some small men happily
...ands fondled my belly and
...while his tongue lapped
...my thickening nipples.
...ad moved downward. As
...ing over my body, until my
...g thighs opened to him ac-
...my gaping pussy. Kurt has one
...tongue that made to suck
...ke and make a chit. He
...at the same
...passions. His tongue
...and then adroitly
...He finger slipped
...the pussy and

...with a chit, and so when I do
...are negotiated beforehand. W,
...there was no... getting up
...dressing and... a cab home. W
...curled up together... deeply into
...morning. When we awoke hungry to
...more of... Kurt rolled over on
...top of... and his cock, so deli-
...into the slipper
...pussy.
...of those rare men who
...with that intensity of men-
...from



When are we naked,
&
when are we nude?



Walt

I dont
care to
see
this
Gunny

Not

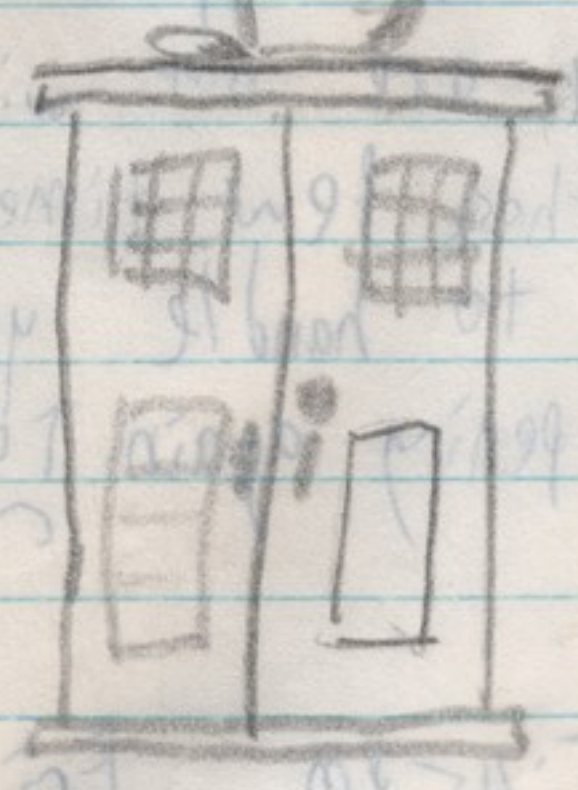
not
here

here

Opposite side of the page?

10/25/85
11:45 AM

How do you pilot one of these things?

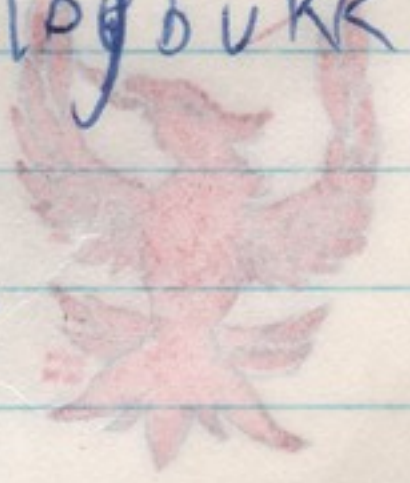


well, if you're a pilot, you'll know how to pilot one of these things. I'll be in for a while (wow, Colin Baker in a cable car, I'll be all love a nice weekend.

The Doctor

BO

DANL: MVS 302 WAS CANCELLED!!
Term paper topic is around flogbuk.

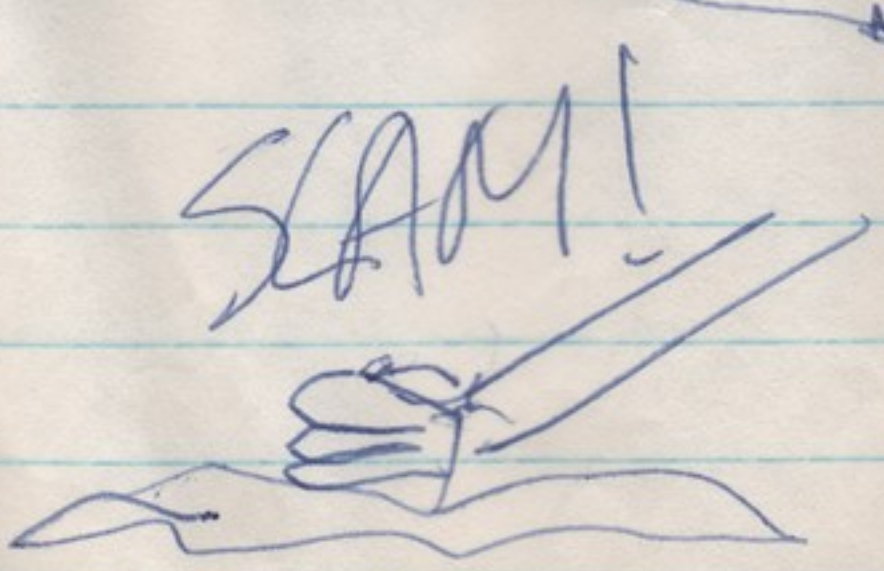


J
12:40 PM
10/25/85

The ceremony is complete
The ritual is fulfilled
The Ice Cream goddess is denied - for today.
The dietary equivalent of a cold shower!

TAKE THIS, BITCH!

were toasters:
Fear to bread!



And when the crumbs were cleared away, I remained: **TOAST**

SO THAT STEPHEN'S KIND OFFER OF \$1.00 FOR THE FIRST GAME-LOG DOES NOT STAND ALONE, I TOO WILL DONATE \$1.00 FOR IT. ANYONE ELSE?

K.E.T.: GREAT ART. KEEP IT UP. HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF DOING A SERIES OF DRAWINGS FOLLOWING A STORYLINE, A LA EPIC OR HEAVY METAL?

TOAST: POUND THE HELL OUT OF HER.
D.S.: 7i? 4v? 2r? 1s? 1t? 1k!?!?

David J. Fitzgerald

4/25

2:23.7

Mr. ROB DOWNS -

See me!

We have to talk - I'm going to "shake" my depression at a few parties. We need to "DO" or talk. "know?"
~~we~~ Call me, visit, 2h? 4h? 1h etc.

Love
David

P.S. Take care, please?!?

(BY)

Stephan

FUCK A SHIT PISS! Not only was I not paid this week, but the children's museum which holds the gorse springs is reconsidering getting an ANITA.

FUCK A SHIT PISS!

J

4:45 PM

STILL
TODAY

A rededication:
During the past 2 months or so I have been very subject to the swift mood changes that accompany part-time depressoids. Hopefully, no more. I had lost sight of my true goals, but now I realize what is most important. It just took a lot of time, effort, advice, ritual, and mumbo-jumbo to convince me that I was lost. Next time, I'll try and trust my friends.

In the meantime I have grown slightly older and wiser.

Thank you my friends: You know who you are: (Darryl included!)

Toast: For future reference: Stay true. Know thyself. Keep your goals true.

And when the dust settled, only I remained.

ANITA

97

"With a little practice you can

Walk, you can
talk just like me

(If that's what you want to do)" - Byrne "Thank you for Sending Me an Angelo"

In one of his rare fits of depression, our friend Zem sits in the chair late at night telling us all of his problems. Zem, the boy wonder of the north and pal to us all, picked away at the bottom of his coffee cup; his half-full coffee cup.

Needless to say, Zemmie got hot coffee all over his (well you know what). Even Charles smiled. In fact, Charles had to take off his glasses so he didn't break them while he rolled around on the floor. Zem just sat there with a surprised look on his face.

Score one for the gonads getting in the way of the brain!

ZEM: Good going! But what a waste of good coffee

Eric: Never mind the obvious. Go for the subtle!

KET: Realize that the next time I come across one of your pieces of artwork when I want to make an entry, I will write on the back.

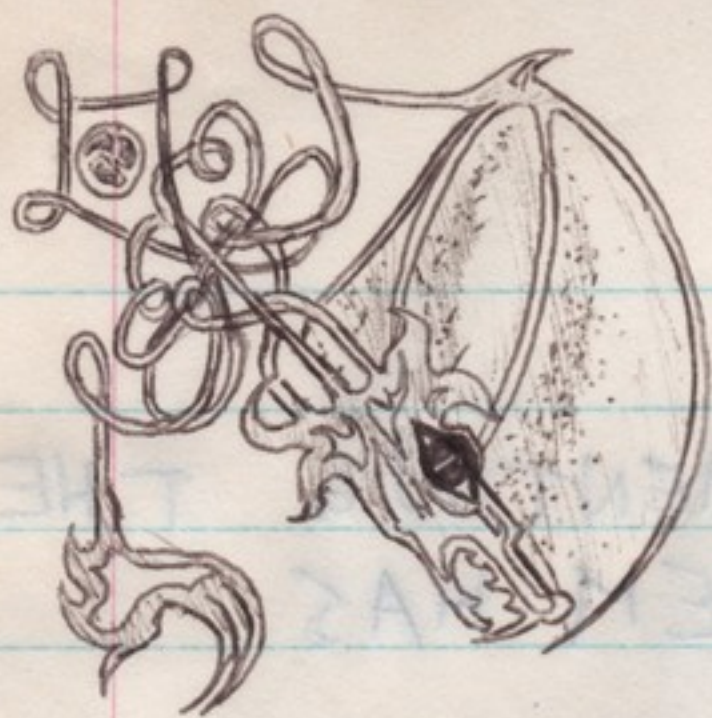
JAM: I'm gonna be on the "Bum's list"

All: keep me safe! Help! I'm having real world problems with real world people! What do I do?

Peace

"Where Angels Fear
to Tread"





In nomine Patris Draconi,

secreti secretorum possessor,
cum venia mea, dict!

Hi guy!

!!!

And thus perished the King and all his host before the Sirean Brae
at the Gates of Avaloné.

THE CHRONICLES OF EARTH
VOL XII, PG. 128
L. LAKE PUBL. CO.
CRYSTAL CAVES 4TH ED AD
(TURN LEFT DOWN THE TIMSSTREAM)
AT THE THIRD MENHIR.

KET 385

OCT 25,

I SEE THINGS SOMETIMES - NOT QUITE
OF THIS WORLD, BUT NOT QUITE OF ANY OTHER.

ALL CREATURES, GREAT AND OTHERWISE. DURING THESE
VISIONS, I HEAR NOTHING AND NO-ONE, AND TIME IS AS
A SNOWFLAKE CAUGHT ON THE TIP OF YOUR TONGUE...

HI.

-ARTHUR.

10/26/85

1:58 pm

Kevin

NOTE TO ALL:

THE COPIOUS TASK OF IMPLEMENTING THE NEW BOOK CATALOGUING SYSTEM HAS BEGUN.

Needless to say, I can't do it all alone. I need volunteers. Please do not volunteer unless you can and will do the job. Also, don't start doing anything major unless you talk to me.

WHAT NEEDS DOING NOW:

→ 1) BOOK POCKETING — No, I don't mean stealing books. All the books (except those already done) need the date due slips removed and the book pockets inserted. Anyone can do this, it's even fun.

→ 2) Stamping — Not the floor, dummies. The books. If you're feeling brave, take Forum stamp and stamp pad in hand and assault the main collection, looking for improperly stamped and — gasp — unstamped books. You might also find some new donations on the desk that need stamping (don't forget the pocket). There are 6 locations on the book that should be stamped:

The 3 outside edges (done so that the words "Science Fiction Forum" can be read on every edge), the title page, page 57 (important), and the last page of text. You can do more, but keep it down to a dull roar.

→ 3) Shelving — you may or may not have noticed, but the librarian's alcove is full of unshelved books. In fact, you may or may not have been buried in an avalanche thereof. Make sure they are stamped + pocketed before you shelve them. Don't worry if they have cards, or if they were donated;

or if they were returned, or if they were just pulled from the shelves + deposited there, or if they were just teleported here via wormhole from the SF forum on Stonybrook Prime. (After all, they get all our lost books!) We'll worry about all that later, but get 'em on the shelves.

- 4) GOON SQUADS - This is the most important job. I need someone competent to run it, and I need some big ugly guys to go over our overdue book list, find out if the requisite # of that kind of book is present, find out who has the overdue book, and go out and physically harass that individual into surrendering the pilfered materials. I will discuss this at the meeting. Anyone who wants the power trip of being in charge of these crack bookpolice, talk to ~~me~~ me. Applications for Supreme Warlord Oberkommander of the violence-oriented Forced Reacquisitions Committee are being cheerfully accepted. Storm-troopers are also needed.
- # 5) SEX SLAVES OF THE LIBRARIAN - What I really

WHAT WILL NEED DOING?

- 1) BOOK CARDING - We will have to fill up all those new pockets with new book cards. **DO NOT** start doing this until you check with me. I don't want any books carded until everything else is done.
- 2) CARD CATALOGUE - This is not as important, and can be done later when we know what we really have, and what is gone forever.

Nuff said, see you at the meeting.

- Kevin Steamer
HEAD LIBRARIAN

Well hello all!

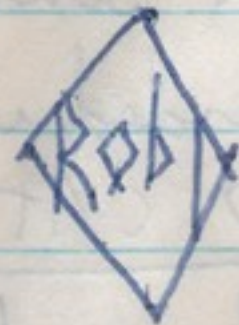
I'm over my rare fit of depression now and my nads are barely scalded - To anybody I may have insulted or offended last night, I apologize - And a big thanks to Charles, Binkley + Rich for lending an ear to my rantings - also thanks to JAM, Cliff + the person w/ long hair and bandanna whose name I didn't catch, being carried upside-down is enough to cheer any abnormal person up -

Feeling all better now,

ZEM

P.S. all those problems did work themselves out (after 6 1/2 hours on the phone)

Zem: You lucky bastard!! I wish I could solve my problems overnight for the cost of a 6 1/2 hour phone call to upstate NY!!



Hi Rich,

I WAS here Saturday evening ready & waiting to go to a party with you. Where were you?

I am not depressed now but maybe ~~maybe~~ I'll think about it later. Rich, if your offers still open I want to start seeing you. I need to be free for a while though before I settle down with and have a boyfriend. But I definitely want to date and I have a great idea for the 1st one.
lets go to the city

Love,
Givny

10/26/85 A Forum first. A piece of Forum history right on 11:16pm this very page. A Forum female, of the womanly Kevin persuasion, no less, asks a Forum male (a group renowned for repulsiveness and sexual starvation) for a date!!! In the logbook, of all places. Will wonders never cease. Times change, I guess.
I am getting old. - or you are not.

- Kevin Steiner

P.S. A special thank you to ZEM for helping me all day today. Rob & Tost helped, too. Danke.
-Kew.

QOOC DAN L. to LINCOLN, ROB & ZEM:

Let's do it outside the hall of

10/27/85 - The time is 1:15 A.M. - Part 1
that is. In 45 minutes we will enter
the twilight zone - 1:00 A.M. Pt. 2 to
1:59⁵⁹ A.M. Part 2. Maybe our wildest dreams will
come true. → UNLIMITED

SEX !!!

From Zern & Dan L. → Their wildest dreams:
(along with the above, which is
every Foramites dream).
"For all social diseases
to be eradicated."

(Note: Zern & Dan want this to
be for completely different reasons.)

Zern & Dan L. want "free sex of
the '60's to return" - again, they want
this as well for completely different reasons.

Toast: "Nobody loves me; everybody hates
me; I think I'm gonna eat some
worms!"

Toast: "If I wanted a good blow
job, I'd ask my dog."

Toast: "If I wanted an orgasm,
I'd jerk myself off!"

To all:
Foramites Remember to turn your clocks back by 1 hr.
We will **MEGAFUCKINGLY** gain sleep tonight. -M99

J
1:55 AM
VERSION 1
10/27/85

Yeah really: From 1 to 2 is a time loop. Anything I write between those times will disappear when the clocks are set back. I think

I am drunk, happily. Perhaps drunker than I have ever been. I deserve it though, after all this.

If you have read the quotes, then you can guess what I have been talking about these past few hours. Who cares? Sex without love is meaningless. (No, this is not a preview of RETURN of the TOG, but my own views) - And all these people trying to convince me I'm depressed, just so they can cheer me up. So I complain. So what! I am happier than I was 48 hours ago, now that I am no longer reaching for the unattainable.

So: Maybe I am fun while I am drunk, maybe not. Just don't get me to talk. Sorry you missed.

Oh well!

And now for something totally different: Mitch, ZEM, Rob, Link, Dan, and Kevin: Thank you for putting up with me in my state of mindlessness.

All others: Sorry you missed it!

Joegues f=Thank! You may not be the best drinking partner I've had (You aren't female) but you are a good person, and it beats the hell out of drinking alone!

Chris: Keep on the wagon. You are a better man than I. But then again, alcohol is not my ICE CREAM GODDESS. -- yet!

Phoenix & Jerry: Good luck, and may the forum curse pass you by.

Eric: Can you get \$ for mask soon?

Zen: Coffee is your friend!

Stephan: Toru the coffee achievers you wimp!

Stefan: I'm feeling better. I'll work on parser after I'm done with T-T-T for AI.

And Tamar: Yeah, really: I've got your stuff! My cold is almost gone! And I wish you luck.

I remain your friend. Remember: There is no temptation. The ICE CREAM GODDESS is dead for now. I'll be around tomorrow if not at forum then at Rob's (upstairs in B23A). Thank you, I couldn't have gotten my act together without your help.

Rob D. Wiz, and/or

Sandy: Hi! I'd like to talk!

THE

no longer depressed,
but still alone...

Logout time: 1:20 AM Version 2 10/27/85

And this time goes on...

"EVERYONE IS TRYING TO BUTTER TOAST UP, BUT NO-ONE WILL SPREAD" - DAN L.

Sunday
Mornings
4:00
AM
10
27
85

MISS MORSEAN'S PARTY WAS MILDLY INTERESTING. TOO BAD
MISS MORSEAN WASN'T THERE. AN AMUSING DISPLAY OF
WEAPONS, FAKE WEAPONS, ^{COLD} STEEL, AND WICK WARM CLEARAGE,
MANY HOURS WERE SPENT WATCHING MOVIES OR DUELING
(WITH THE TOY WEAPONS). THE MILD INTEREST WAS TALKING
WEAPONRY WITH SOME OF THE GUYS. OTHER THAN THAT, . . .

BORING

Me? I spent my time being pestered by JOE Q
WHO WAS TRYING TO EAT MY STRAW HAT. (THE GRAZE
INSTINCT JUST KIND OF TOOK OVER) WATCHING
GUYS DUEL LIKE ADOLESCENTS, GIRLS LOOK BORED
BECAUSE OF THE ABOVE. HOWEVER I WONDER WHY
MISS MORSEAN KEPT POLLING A FINGER UNDER MY SHORT AND
ADJUSTING HER BRA (AND THE CONTENTS THEREOF) IN FRONT OF ME?

WELL, IT WAS A WAY OF KILLING AN EVENING
I HOPE JAMBONE'S PARTY WILL BE ITS USUAL SELF.

JEFF
JEFF
OR
JeFF

#98

Well, yes, you're right. Mostly boring. Morgana's chest was
nice. (oh sorry)

Hi Hillary. Hi Eric. Fun, wasn't it?
Went to my mom's house today. Eve says hi to all.
just biding my time for 2 more entries.
just biding my time for quest #2.

Peace
Christina

"Where Angels Fear
to Tread"

Angels Hate
ROSETTS 1/20/03
(2003 1/20/03)

STEIN

SANDY - PLEASE GO TO THIS LIFE
BY NOV. 1 - THEY HAVE ROOM
FOR YOU CALL ME FOR MORE INFO
DAD

P

6:55 PM

THE DAY WITH
25 HOURS

Was that really me last night?
Oh well, I do feel better now,
Really! I really do!

TEST

TAMMY:

WHERE ARE YOU?

Cliff

7:15 PM SUNDAY

10/27 @ 10:14 PM:

Bill Burns has been given a nickname.
From now on, he is to be
called

SCOOPY

Tact: The art of keeping ones mouth shut at the appropriate time.

J
yeah
really.
10:35PM

Damn! I'm really beginning to feel good about myself, I am in control. The goddess isn't dead but I am ~~in~~ in control for now. For today. For the hour. Program is in its early development completion. In other words, its written out. Now all I have to do is type it in and debug it and run it. All by 3PM tomorrow. Can you say "all night long"?

Yeah really.

Nobody said that life was going to be this close to hell.

For whatever becomes of the others or of this little corner of the Forum, he thought, I'm still John Peterson, nineteen years out, bound for happiness with a load of sorrows.

Still waiting

Still caring

Still alone.

Tactless: Saying what is on everyone else's mind.

(By) Stefan

Whew! What a weekend. I rode to Hoboken in a moving truck (in the back, without pads). I moved my cousin's stuff from a sleazy apartment in Hoboken to a house in Queens, then moved my new uncle's stuff to my Aunt's place (5 floors up, no elevator). Then I rode to Connecticut to drop my Aunt's computer and

Space wasted
for nervous
ink doodle

uncle's house at my other cousin's (George)
house in UCONN. The school there has a
dairy farm and an ice cream plant...
4-scoop sundaes cost \$1.60.

But, I did get my disk drive.

TOAST: How can a dog give...? EAT WORMS?
J-T-T? Ice cream Goddess? Glad I wasn't
around here this weekend.

ZEM, BOT: When can I give you some
disks to fill for me?

#99 / Ginny: Why do you want to go out with Rich? You
haven't even slept together, yet.

Anne: If you read this, IT'S TOO LATE! You're here.

Geos: How's it hangin', loser?

Charles: See me today about the infirmary.

ZEM (D'ATTAGNON): I lost my check, would you believe it?

How 'bout you & Athos & Porthos help me find it.

(oops) Since writing this, I've found it.

All: Be prepared for a long entry at #100! Aw cute (whomp)

It's rather embarrassing to carry a 4 ft. smart across
campus. The chances are many and the rewards are few.

Prepare! Prepare! P.S. Guys: I don't do science & math

Peace

"Where Angels Fear
to Tread"



Monday. Off to work. Will see you all tomorrow.
Come visit me at the mall friendly's between
12-4 today or tomorrow. Has anyone seen my
purple head piece?

Chris: Good luck on #100.

Eric: Must talk to you.

Rob's you too.

See you all someday,
Sandy?

Sandy 2: Your head piece is in paper bag; top
shelf, green case by librarian's desk.

Tomar H! I don't see you today (Mon) please try to be
here about 1:00 pm. on Weds I'll bring manga, stroke order
dictionary & dictionary - dictionary. *bsa*

Monday 1:40 pm Chris: Storlog published its 100th
issue last week. Coincidence?

(I know this doesn't make sense
I had a physics test this morning.)

Toast: I wish I had been here
this weekend to see Drunken Toast.

Jell: Ha! Ha! That's a good one. It's now
a brown blinking light.

The Doctor

Wrote!
The Doctor

5:03
10/28/85

GORNO: Did Muetter give a second assignment for chapter 27? I need Friday's notes too. We must mind-link!

All: Saw "Twin Dilemma" this weekend. Colin Baker's o.k. but a little too rusty for my tastes. The Doctor's really wacked out after his 5th regeneration. The old "get up and go" of Pertwee, the way out humor of ~~Tom~~ Baker (Tom Baker that is) and Troughton ~~and~~ ~~the~~ old Doc #1's arrogance and nastiness make up Colin's Doctor. I didn't like Peri she can't act (and that's from someone who knows diddly squat about acting) she also pronounces "Doctor" - "Dokter". The story itself was pretty good, but the Doctor solves the "mystery" too easily and in one scene escapes from a room by converting some machinery into a time machine. At the very end, it seems the Doctor has stabilized and will not be as rusty.

(He tries to kill Peri)

I AM The Doctor,
whether you like it or
not!

The Doctor

30

30

30

Esteemed Foruniters:

10/28/85
11:50

At this moment in time, I am going through a slightly trying time. I have decided, however, to stop wallowing in self-pity & depression and DEAL WITH IT. This means some rather drastic steps: Taking a more positive attitude toward work & life, signing up for counseling, and avoiding situations that depress me until the above two measures take effect.

To my Good Friends: Thank you very much for your support and understanding. Please keep it up, I will one day return the favor.

To people I don't know so well: Perhaps I will meet you when I start hanging out at the Forum again.

To those who used to be Good Friends, but now are not Such Good Friends: I apologise for the fact that I am Only Human, and that I have phobias, Angers, Paranoias, fears and Depressions like any other Human Being. If in dealing with my own generous supply of troubles, I have neglected yours, I am sorry. I will remember you with happiness and good memories. Should you change your mind, you know my number. I will always be happy to hear from you.

Goodbye for now,

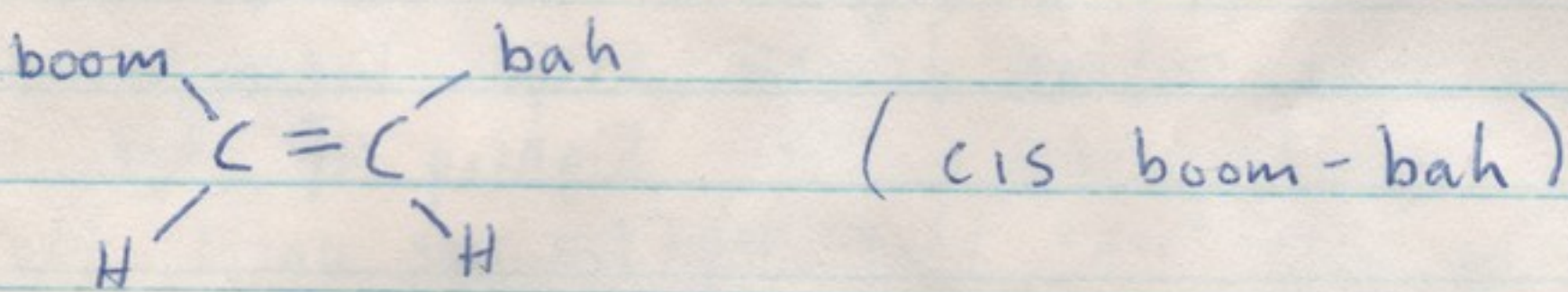


10/28/85 10^{-15} bismol = 1 femto-bismol

9:49 pm 10^{-12} boo = 1 picoboo

Kevin $1(\text{boo})^2$ = 1 booboo

10^{-18} boy = 1 attoboy



$\text{NaCl} \cdot 6\text{H}_2\text{O}$
CCCCCCC

saline over the
seven seas

10^{-18} (shazbat)! = 1 nano-nano (shazbat)!

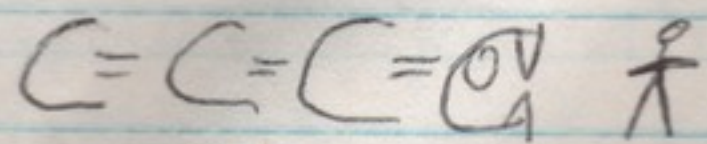
10^{12} hawk = 1 terahawk

more to follow

- Kevin Sterner

How about 10^{-1} {husband} {wife} = decimate

10^{+1} dence = decadence



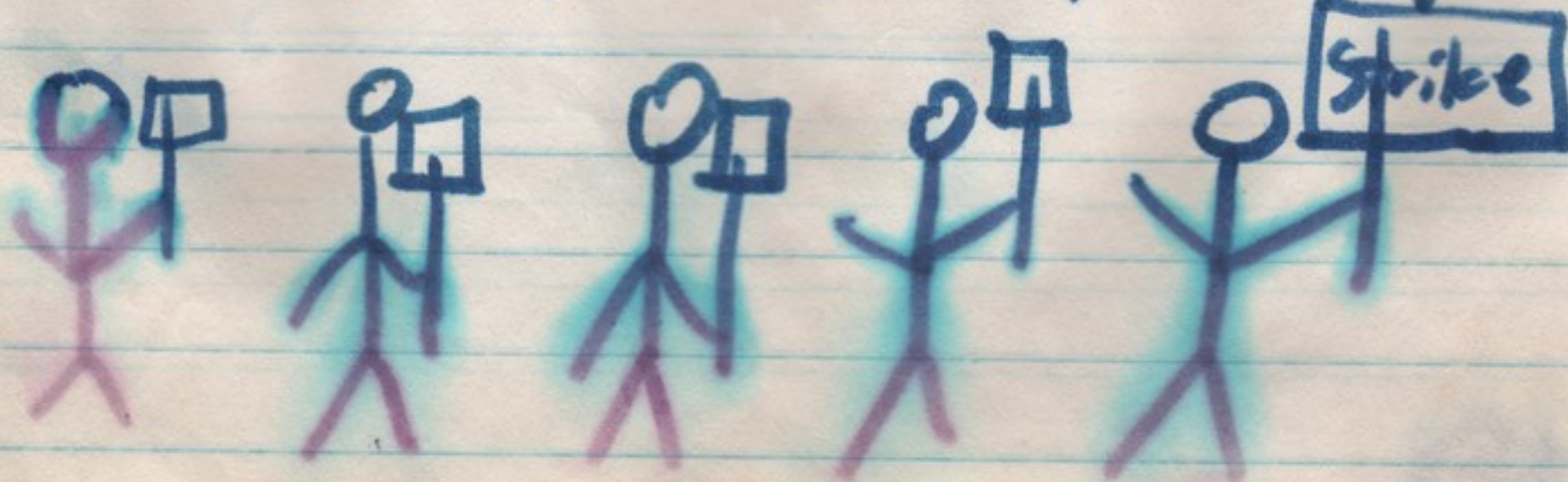
Propyl people enter

fe⁺⁺ fe⁺⁺ fe⁺⁺
fe⁺⁺ fe⁺⁺
fe⁺⁺ fe⁺⁺
fe⁺⁺ fe⁺⁺

ferrous
wheel

And 10^{-2} pede, 10^{-3} pede, 10^{-6} scope,

Pickel Fence



The Town (Where Everybody Knows Your Name)

Making your way in the world today

Takes everything you've got.

Taking a break from all your worries

Sure would help a lot

Wouldn't you like to get away?

(Chorus)

Sometimes you wanna go

Where everybody knows your name.

And they're always glad you came.

You wanna be where you can see

Our troubles are all the same.

You wanna be where everybody knows

Your name.

You wanna go where people know

People are all the same.

You wanna go where everybody knows

your name

(End chorus)

Climbing the walls when no one calls;

You've lost at love again.

And the more you're down and out,

The more you need a friend

When you long to hear a kind hello.

(Chorus)



The Strain (What's Crawling Under Your Name)
Chickadee

01 2
88 A
28 M

Amuse spook tomb me last Fright A night wail I was pumpkin my brain fearsome Thing grave or crypt ick to write in my calumny ear midnight. Nothing familiar voodoo. It must beast kill fool, spirit head... in genie us. I was gremlin and groanin', "Howl I re-vampire format to dim monster ate the spirit of Hallowe'en?" For all my toil and trouble, I could scare sleep plot my corpse - no sorcery spectre bleed evil lopped ideas with witch to be grin. I was completely at a loss fear weirds.

I phoned an old ghoulish fiend; she called me a boo banshee said, "I chant Hell pew." Everybody else I cauldron D murder troll me off. Even my mummy. To *me*, hearse son! No bones about it - I was out on a limbo worse, at a dead end.

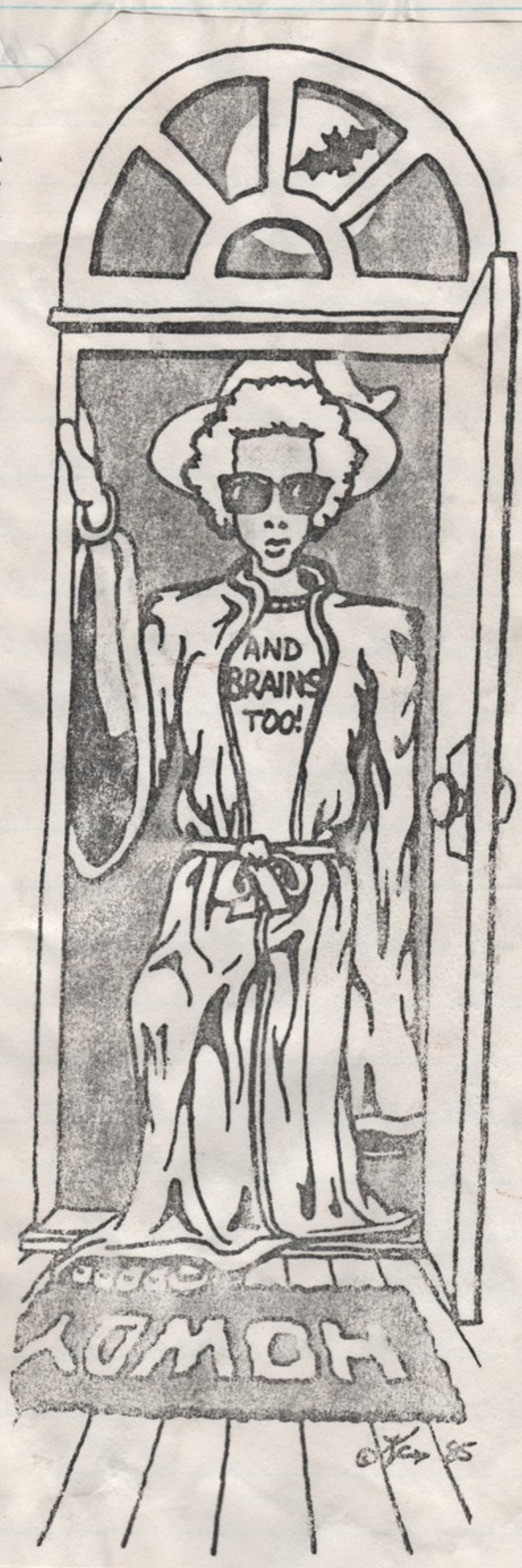
It still Styx in my mind, so clear I candies cry bit with ease. This article began to cemetery bull joke. Being Frankenstein true to myself, I had to admit maybe my haunting fears of failure werewolf hounded. I had the jitters, so fixed a stiff drink to ward them off. Then I couldn't even spell. "Just ghost to show," I moaned, "I haven't got a chains."

Next thing I know, this catacombs knocking at my door. A black cat with an orange Afro and shades. It seemed only natural that he should beware ring a pall blue robe that was too Lucifer his skeletal figure. Quite an amusing spectre skull. Of course, his broom was double double parked outside.

"Oh, pun the door," he mused. Suddenly I Hades hand in mine, thanks on my lips, and the answer in my brain. Lester writing duress of this remains.

The rest of this doesn't amount to much - just a reminder that you *weren't* under duress while reading it... and a threat to do it again if you're masochistic enough to ask for it.

Kent B. Van Cleave
POB 7273
Phoenix, AZ 85011



Pretty Doofy if you ask me

Well, nobody did, but it's still pretty doofy!

CAA

10/28/85

4:00 AM

Okay. Here it is. My first and probably only entry on the subjects that are prevalent in this and the last logbooks. The topics are depression and friends. Actually, only the latter will be commented on.

Those people who are depressed and have either written in the logbook or stated verbally have mentioned their "only friend". Be it coffee (which seems to be most widely agreed on) or their guitar or all the poor suckers who use alcohol or some other drug as their "friend". You are all wrong. These are all inanimate objects which just sit there. You can talk and talk and that's all that they are ever going to do. Granted, they don't leave, they don't talk back, they don't turn on you later or betray you, but they make lousy company. The only true friend someone can have is an animal - specifically a dog.

Dogs make the best pets. Especially for someone looking for a friend. They are small - you can keep them in the house - they are friendly - unless you train them to be otherwise - and they don't betray you or ignore you.

If you get a puppy, you can raise him the way you want to. A dog is always glad to see you. It will always be there when you want it to. It will always listen and never contradict you or tell you that you are not wanted. Especially if you don't feed it for a day or two (just kidding). A dog will return as much, if not more, affection than you give it. And give it freely. You know that there are no strings attached. It will not pretend to like you just so it can get money from you or a ride somewhere or just because it is bored and there is nothing else to do. You know where you stand with a pet. If you care for it and give it affection it will care for you and show just as much affection. You can not say this about inanimate objects and unfortunately, you can not say this about many people. They either don't care or they are

afraid to reveal what they really feel because they think you will betray them. Or the worst, when someone just pretends to be your friend and then you find out that they really aren't. If this is a function or side-affect of intelligence, maybe the animals are better off than us.

Of course, any animal will return your affection. Dogs are just the most demonstrative. Cats are more solitary creatures and it's hard to hold and cuddle a horse (horses are very affectionate too). Birds are quite fragile and not very affectionate (unless you count their singing) and fish - well, they just swim. If you tried to cuddle a fish it would quickly asphyxiate. And then where would you be. Without a friend again, that's where. So all in all a puppy is best. They come in a large selection of colors, sizes and temperaments. The initial investment is small and the continuing investment is rapidly paid for by the love it displays for you. A pet is the only love money can buy.

Charles Miller

P.S. By the way, both my pets died within a year and a half of each other - my dog about a month ago.

(By) Stefan

DOGS: Sure nuff, the most human compatible animal. I'd get one, but the apartment is too small, and is carpeted to boot. We didn't have dogs at home because the only dog my father had, a beagle basset hound named Jeep, bit him on the lip while he was sleeping. (That is, the dog bit my father while he was sleeping). The only dog my father could bear to be around after that childhood trauma was Brisco, a savage dalmatian owned by a friend from Green which village. Brisco ate children and killed people who tried to pet him. Woof

REPORT CARD - NORTHPORT HIGH SCHOOL

LAST NAME		FIRST		GRADE	YEAR	HOMEROOM TEACHER		HOMEROOM	CODE					
FANELLI		MICHAEL		10	1964 TO 1965	Mr. Kass		G-52	M					
SUBJECTS	1ST SEMESTER				EXAM.	AVE.	2ND SEMESTER				EXAM.	AVE.	UNIT	TEACHER'S NAME
	MARK	EFFORT	MARK	EFFORT			MARK	EFFORT	MARK	EFFORT				
ENGLISH II AC	90	1	90	1	92	90	90	2	90	1	81	90	1	C. Stephens
WORLD HIST AC	90	1	95	1	93	93	95	1	95	1	91R	95	1	S. Baker
STATE CHEMISTRY	97	1	95	1	96	96	90	2	96	1	96R	95	1	S. Kan
10th YR MATH	90	1	90	1	90	90	95	1	95	1	99R	93	1	J. Latimer
GERMAN II	85	2	85	2	88	85	90	1	90	2	82	85	1	
PHYSICAL EDUC.	85	2	60	3		75	75	2	75	2	-	75		R. Knopf

PARENTS: A REPORT IS SENT TO YOU EVERY TEN WEEKS. WILL YOU PLEASE SIGN BELOW AT THE LOWER RIGHT AND HAVE YOUR SON OR DAUGHTER RETURN IT TO SCHOOL PROMPTLY.

HOMEROOM CITIZENSHIP	1	2	3	4
1/2 DAYS ABSENT	4			
TIMES TARDY	0			

EXPLANATION OF RATINGS

GRADES	EFFORT
90-100 : EXCELLENT	1: ABOVE AVERAGE
80-89 : GOOD	2: AVERAGE
70-79 : AVERAGE	3: BELOW AVERAGE
65-69 : BELOW AVERAGE	
BELOW 65 : FAILING	

PARENT'S SIGNATURE

What does this signify? Does the Forum know this person? why? WHY? WHY!

Botwin: I will bring you some disks and a want list tomorrow. Hope you had a good nap.



Lydia: I retyped your paper. I'll get you a copy as soon as I can get to decent prices.

Charles:

Sorry about your dog. I lost the one that I had since I was seven about a year and a half ago. She suffered most of her life because she had loose knee joints, but we couldn't put her to sleep because she was such a happy dog. She finally got sick though, and my mother picked the only time she knew I wouldn't be there to put my dog to sleep. Sometimes I really hate my mother -

I now can stop whining about housing I live in
Whitman B 04 - something or another.

S 10
A 29
M 85
Early
Early
Early

Kerry

All: JAM McNULTY
World traveler and adventurer
will speak on Antarctica
In Physics Rm A/25
Thursday 10/31
C.O.P. (Care of Kevin)
Inscribed by JAM

All: You know I had the strangest dream
last night. This little red haired kid kept
throwing toast at me! And she kept
singing this weird song:

"The sun will come out Tamar-a
Bet your bottom dolla'
There'll be sun!

Tamar-a! Tamara! I'm crazy Tamar-a!
They'll try to take me away."

Well you can imagine what happened
when I woke up shivering, confused, disoriented.
I thought the whole game was up!
But I drank a cup of coffee, petted my
ghost dog, and woke up.
What a relief.

Charles: I had a dog once and somebody
shot it. It died in my arms. This
happened about two years ago and I was
devastated. Dogs are good pets, I agree,
and they grow on you. All it takes is the
wrong kind of people to take away what is
a part of you.

10/29
11:20.02

Don't DO that. I could've been killed!
I hate it when people paste senseless stuff
into the ~~log~~ f(log) the only thing the
report card shows is that with a low gym
grade/hi-academics - that person qualifies
as a 4-um-ite, almost. a 65 would
have been better.

Rob Downes / Vague images, odd dreams - you love
beating as much as I love dance.
Its something that should once
again be a significant part of
our daily lives. Again, soon, I'm
hooked. This will work. I "sense" it.

I woke from a rush of nightmares. Fully
clothed on my bed, with the nagging feeling
I had actually gone to my early class
pressing against my cerebellum. I was
dizzy, almost as though I had been poisoned.

The feeling weaker as I struggled to
stand, the realization that I had to
do a cruise in one hour overwhelmed
me, and I dropped to my knees. Somehow
I managed to crawl to my window and open
it. Gulping the frigid air, the solution
launched on me. I MUST DO TOAST.

I was frantic - stealing my room-mates
bread, knocking over chairs and tables,
shredding her cutsey posters. I plunged
headlong ~~to~~ toward my destiny. In a few
moments, my TOAST, with Jam, was ready.
I was healed, Toastus omnia vincit!

Breaker 33

Alli: Back and raring to go!

Cliff: Call me

Tamar: likewise

Chris: Finally, your entries have reached
a point where they seem to be
headed up. Congrats

Alli: Don't write so much. This log's almost
done.

Stefani: Speak to me on gaming (i.e. computers)

Lost Johnny

ALL!

I lost a bottle of pills in the
Grown. I must have them back!

It is a standard size brown prescription
~~bottle~~ bottle with several colored pills
within. I must have them back. They are
very expensive. They were definitely lost
at Story Brook on 10-28 or 29,

All e e e e

Fudge Rob

the wiz

To those who asked:

The Tao of Pooh is written by Benjamin Hoff & published by

Penguin Books. Its # is: ISBN 0 14 00 6747 7

THANK YOU.

Dan

Is there really any reason to bother? It seems that the meaningful things get less and less meaningful and further and further apart. If anyone has any ideas that aren't really stupid maybe they could let me know. I'm very tired of the monotony. Even if things get better they just get worse. All the good things die so fast, what to do? It just can't be time to die yet, but how do people survive 80 years of this? Please give me feedback if I am here tomorrow.

Thank you for your time,



MAN

world wide
secret organization
of women dedicated
to seeking control over
mankind

#100 Hi! Today I'm drunk and I'm writing an entry.
Today is the first day I've been drunk since
Oct 7, 1984. Today, for the 1st time, I've been
rejected. No, that's not it. ~~Oh, fuck~~ Fuck. I've
been chasing after this girl for quite a while,
yet I missed the opportunity I had.
I'm not; fuck you, too. I really cared for you, yet you
fucked up my brain, Thanks.

PS. I don't care, at this point!!

Hi I've fucked up a year or so of sobriety

I've eaten Bill's pen.

Last night I heard someone who should have been
a statistic of WWII. He served under Patton, and he cut
down people who had surrendered.

(BY) Stefan

SO! You all laughed at me when
I admitted I listened to the Marie Howe
Companion. Well, the show and Garrison
Keller's Ugly Mug made it onto the cover
of TIME. Nyahh? Nyahh?

SANDY ONE: I left the disks on the
brown desk. Take 'em awayyy...

CHRIS: I made your poster but haven't printed
it yet.

30.10/
bsa
A

Chris: Shall i tell you or would that be too kind?

~~scribble~~ (DUH!) x₂ ::||::||

Bruce

10/30/85
11:50AM
J

I am not depressed. I am annoyed.
~~I have too much to do, not enough time~~

I have too much I have to do; too much I want to do, too much I can't do, and not nearly enough time. Maybe in a few years I'll look back and laugh. But for now:

Rob ♦, Sandy, Bruce: Thanks for advice.

JAM: Thank you for the talk. Maybe if I could arrange to talk to you when you aren't in such a hurry.

TAMAR: Hi. I'd like to talk.

And finally, Chris: Listen asshole. Know thyself. You have had a taste of what I live with all the time. Realize how lucky you are to have ever known love. I haven't. Get a hold of yourself, recover, and try again with someone else. AT LEAST YOU HAVE A CHANCE! I don't (YET!)

Same as it ever shall be

TEST

I could've
been
KILLED!

During the dinner scene, the audience throws toast at the screen and, of course, there's rice strewn about during a wedding scene.

OCTOBER 30, 1985

Part II

Sandy²: I don't know either. Stop being depressed, things are not so bad. If it's any consolation, 95% of the population of the world feels the same way.

your friend,

Rob

WASTED
SPACE

Brought to you
by me

10/30

Sydia, YOU LOSE!! I

2:45pm

I wanted to give you all
but you took none of it.
I don't know why (well,
maybe I do) but it's your
own fault. I guess Chris
is better suited to your
needs. I wish you both
happy, uncomplicated, mature,
long-lasting relationships.

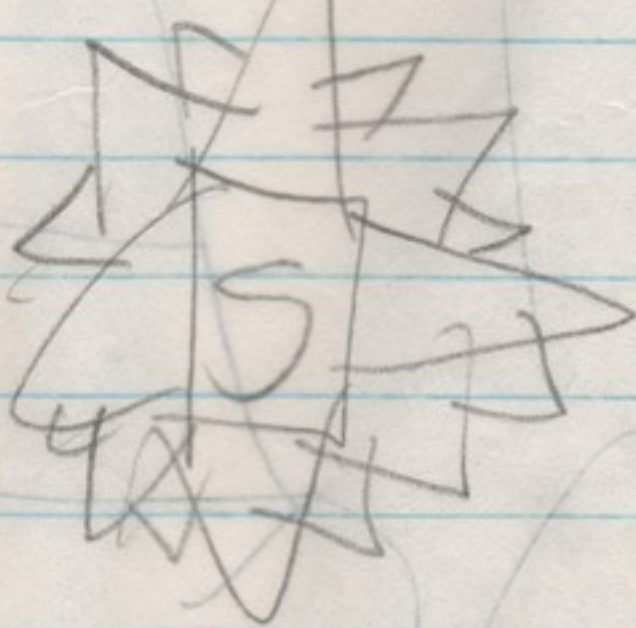
Chris - grow up already,
damn it!!

Sisa, see me!!

Gunn, you're sweet.

Toast - Hi, High!!

Rob - see me sometime.



Handwritten notes in the bottom left corner, including the name 'Sydia' and some illegible scribbles.

Eric - I had a long passionate talk with Chris - I asked
him if the phone was working because I tried to call
to find Lisa when she had left the room
& did not get through. I was not obviously
we are destined to go through eternity together
besides I wanted to get some fresh air. Lyla

Wayward soul Carry on,

Phoenix

Jim: want to talk to you stop by
Dale's (ice cream shop) if you can
you no when I work. otherwise I'll
be by 3:30^{ish} on Friday in the Forum.

Phoenix

STEPAN DON'T FORGET PLEASE!!!

THANK

SEWALL

SANDY

TA

All: where are you?
I'm here keeping the
place open but I
have to get a train
I'm trying to keep you (plural)
happy.
SANDY

10/20/85
JAM

JAM: If you would like me to observe the hypnosis, you should do it earlier in the evening. I would like to see this much. I'll be in touch.
Toast - Next time we'll chat longer, I promise.
Enjoy the party!

Note: Halloween night! Be spooked tomorrow.
I'll be here!

Cliff: This means you!

10/30/85
Myra

My, haven't we all been busy writing today! - Anyone have great info. on Eskimo Shaman Visionquest Masks?

REMEMBER: A TRUE GENTLEMAN KEEPS 50% OF HIS WEIGHT ON HIS ELBOWS!

GOD. SUCH PAIN AND ANGUISH DISPLAYED IN A PUBLIC JOURNAL. NORMALLY, I'D MIND MY OWN DAMN BUSINESS, BUT I FEEL OBLIGED TO COMMENT WHEN PEOPLE ANNOUNCE THEIR PERSONAL PROBLEMS.

THE ONLY WAY TO REALLY RECOVER FROM REJECTION IS TO COME TO TERMS WITH YOUR OWN SELF-WORTH.

IF YOU KNOW YOU'RE A GOOD PERSON AND YOU VALUE YOURSELF, THEN THE PROBLEM LIES WITHIN THE PERSON WHO REJECTED YOU. EITHER THEY WEREN'T KIND ENOUGH TO TAKE THE TIME TO KNOW YOU WELL ENOUGH, OR THEY HAVE NO TASTE AND ARE NOT UP TO YOUR STANDARDS. SO RE-EDUCATE THEM OR FORGET THEM. THE WAY TO FIND THE RIGHT PERSON IS TO KEEP LOOKING AND NOT TO BATTLE FOR ANYONE BELOW YOUR STANDARDS. HANG IN AND CHEER UP.

TO OTHERS WHO ARE DEPRESSED: THE ONLY WAY TO
LOSE IS TO GIVE UP, SO DON'T GIVE UP.

TO OTHERS WHO ARE INSENSITIVE: HAVE YOU EVER
BEEN KICKED WHEN YOU WERE DOWN? NOT MUCH
FUN, IS IT? DO UNTO OTHERS, ETC., ETC.
ENOUGH OF THAT SHIT.

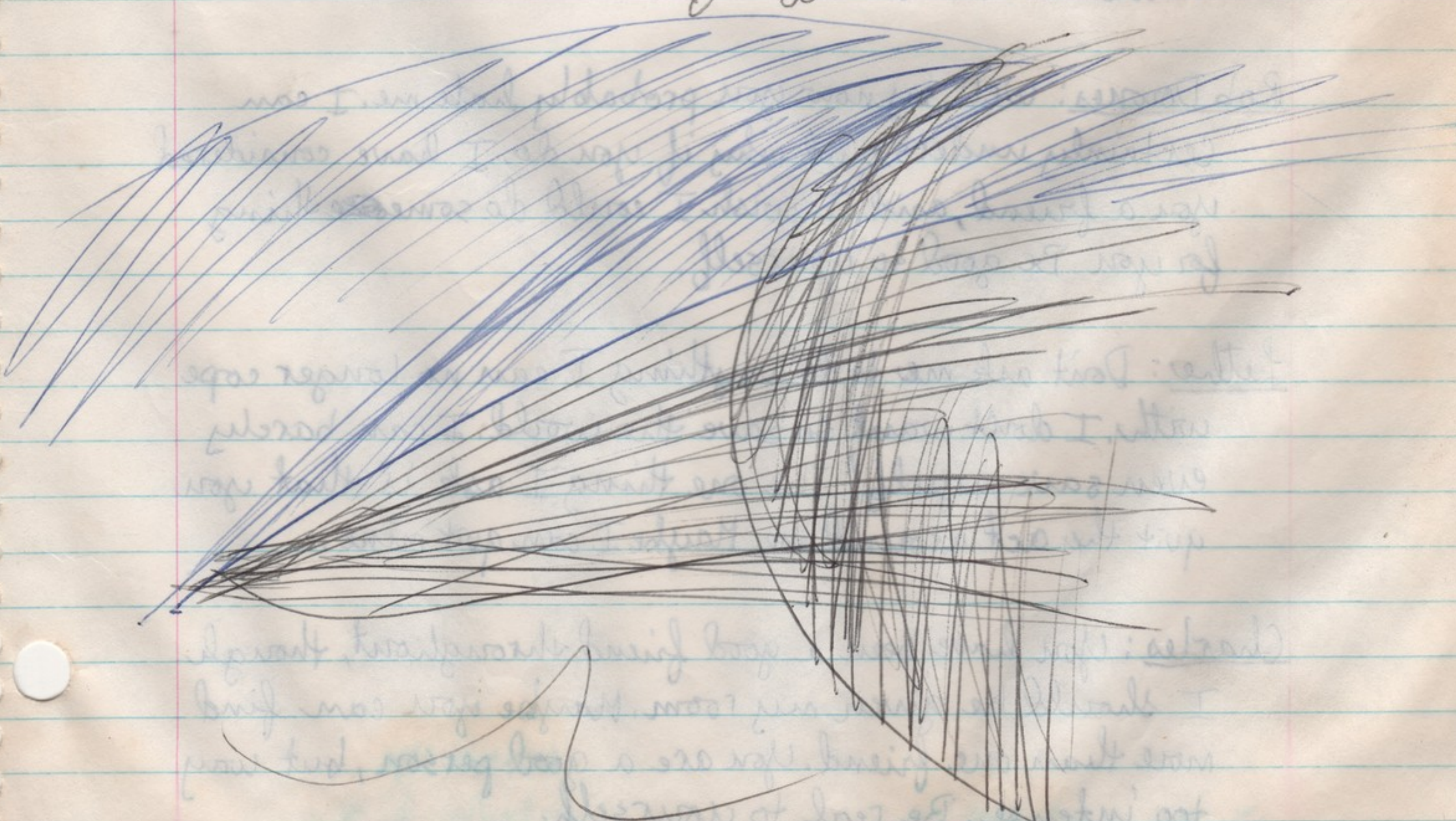
BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THE GAME-LOG,
DEVOTED TO PROMOTING COMMUNICATION BETWEEN
THOSE WHO PLAY GAMES, AND THOSE WHO ARE INTER-
ESTED IN PLAYING GAMES. (RIGHT, ALL ONE OF THEM)

STEFAN: TALK TO ME ABOUT THE ON-CAMPUS MICROS.
CAN YOU GET ME THAT WORD-PROCESSING GUIDE-CARD YOU
SPOKE ABOUT? AND DISCS? NO HURRY.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW.

THE INFAMOUS,

Daniel J. Fitzgerald



Entry #
100
continued.

Hi! Well here I am, sober again and reasonably sane. I have embarrassed myself into action, for good or for bad. To those of you who saw me, oh well. I'm not going to apologize, for it wouldn't be accepted.

My true personality is hidden under several layers of ego and fear.

My aborted quest came to a head this evening. We'll talk. Yipee. I have a lot of things to say, right. Well I've made a fool out of myself.

Listen in, kiddies, and hear what I really think

Tamar: What can I say? I fool myself. I've never really been able to cope with rejection. An overwhelming need for affection will be the death of me yet. Don't listen to me anymore. I know not what I say. Yes, of course, I cared (still do) for you, but I fucked up my own brain. C'est la vie.

Rob Downes: Well, by now you probably hate me. I can certainly understand why if you do. I have considered you a friend, and I wish I could do something for you. Be good to yourself.

Lether: Don't ask me to do anything I can no longer cope with. I don't want to save the world. I can barely even save myself! The one thing I ask is that you quit the act around me. Maybe I can quit mine.

Charles: You have been a good friend throughout, though I should be given my room. Maybe you can find more than one friend. You are a good person, but way too intense. Be real to yourself. Speak to me.

George: You, like myself, have mistaken ego for self-confidence. You've got a chip on your shoulder that falls off without anyone even trying. I don't know why, but if you are not going to speak like a human being who is not ashamed of his friends, then at least don't talk to me.

Joe: I would really like to see more of Joe Leo. Since I have gotten to know him, I hate the Joe quest character more and more. This is probably obvious. Nobody actually likes Joe quest. People keep you around for the brief glimpses of Joe Leo.

Rich: Now you have seen the real person. Not too fucking impressive, is it? Well now it's over and more power to death. I hope you can forget everything you heard.

Dan L: Go ahead, beat your head against a wall. When you learn to respect yourself, others will respect you (I should talk) Take a bath or a shower. Wash your clothes. It does make you feel better.

J.P.: A similar entry to you. Don't let yourself desire perfection. You will never achieve it. Don't let this make you forget improvement. We all love you. Be well.

Ann (If you ever read this): I am sorry for embarrassing you. Sometimes I am obsessive. (Fuck that, most of the time.) Usual I am able to set the record straight beforehand, but the other times, I get afraid to speak my mind. You'll get over it. I'll get over it, everyone will get over it. What the fuck. Just doing my job, ma'am. See you around.

Bruce: Don't kill me. There's no reason to. Stop the jokes, they're not funny. You've got a good personality without them.

Bono: Shut up already.

Stephan: You're a peace monger, the Forum's conscience etc, If you get the stuff, charge me.

JAM: Be good to the blonde. Maybe you can save the world where I couldn't. With age comes wisdom (sometimes). ~~There~~ Yours was my advice. If only I could have kept to it. Well, I tried!

ZEM: Grow up. Don't wait. It's not really worth it. Don't let yourself get talked into anything you can't handle.

Sandy Kinney: It was fun. It probably won't be again.

Hillary: Same. Thank you. You helped a lot.

Eric: Well, you've taken over the series. Be well. Maybe I will grow up someday, but I'm not especially looking forward to it.

Botwin: I am specifically not writing anything to you. Ignore this.

Dan F: Welcome to the Soap Opera Society

Steven Kane: By now, everyone has figured out that you were the one writing about the one. So who was that one? You know, it's great to find out that your business is not on display.

To those remaining who consider me a friend: I'm still an asshole. This makes you either really dumb or really tenacious. Thank you all.

To those who dislike me: I don't really care. I don't mind not being liked anymore.

So to everybody and anybody, goodnight.

There is nothing so satisfying as a good bitching.

This may sound like a goodbye notice, but you should all know me better than that. I can't get out of here.

Here I am, baring a part of my soul in a public place. What the fuck, I do it all the time. Everyone does it.

Now, hangover fresh in my mind, pen aching in my hand, I am wondering where to go.

Does anyone have any suggestions? (Keep it clean)

One last note:

GOD: (if he exists). Maybe I have hurt more than I have helped. Maybe there is something I may do to make amends.

I hope that my child is well, and I hope that if she ever comes to find me, I hope that she finds a good person. Maybe she won't. Life seems to be full of maybes.

If words could change the past, then the future would be bright. Right now, it's all pretty scary.

So be it all

(Starving Artist, JSA, Boy Binkley, CJAN)

Peace

Christy & Tony Abbey

"Where Angels Fear
to Tread"



P.S. I did
the pac-man
on the mural
So there!!

10/30/85

2:21:35

Dan L

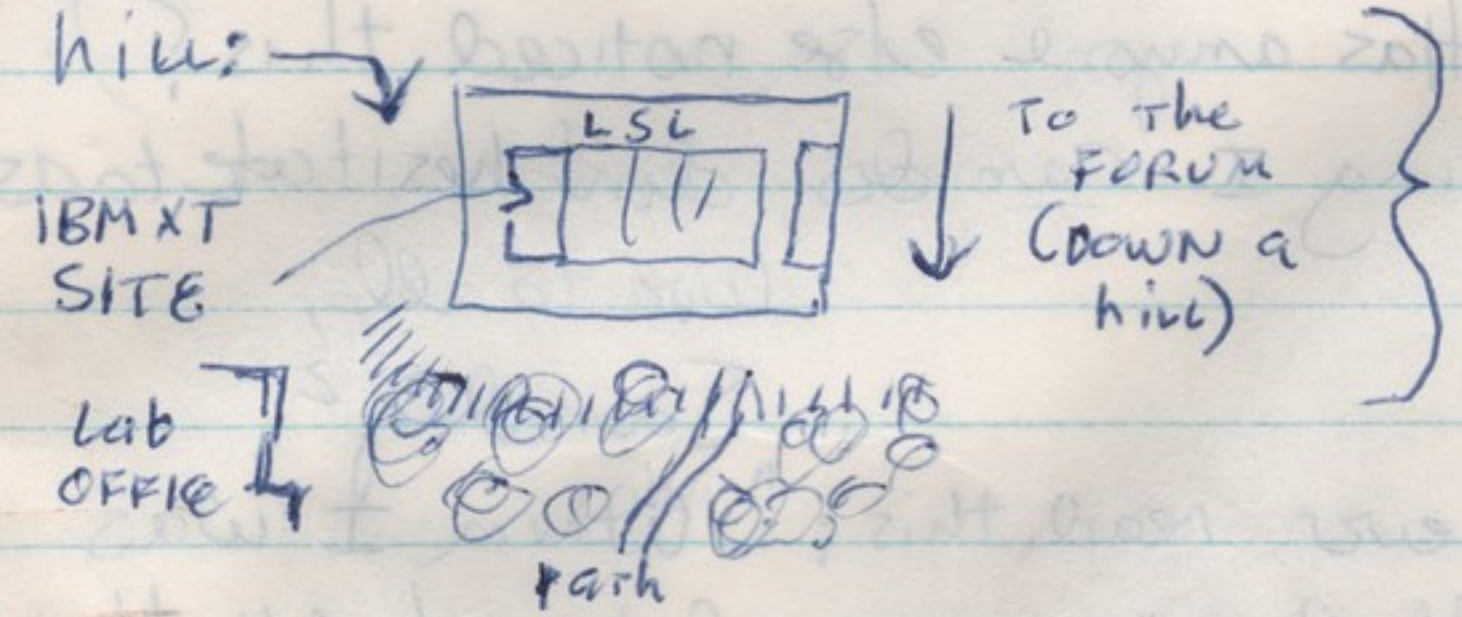
Chris -

I'm very sorry that I wasn't properly sympathetic when you were sooo pathetic and drunk and fell off the wagon and ~~acting like~~ acted like an asshole about Ann and generally ~~was~~ tried to suck up as much sympathy as you could, but I just DON'T BUY IT. I could and do on ~~some~~ ~~times~~ occasion act similiarly, but I don't deserve any sympathy ~~on~~ those times either. You and I both have unlimited potential to be anything we want to be, and we're both slowly destroying ourselves. You a good, very intelligent, talented person. All your problems are caused by yourself, and I have tried to help, but you just shrug it off and continue on your merry downward path. No one can help you or hurt you but yourself, and when you start helping yourself, I'll be as comforting, kind, and supportive as I'm capable. Let's face it, I say nothing to you that i) isn't true and ii) you don't know yourself.

By Stefan

Hi Star Fans! 8:00am Thursday morning, which is MY FRIDAY. TGIT! Nyahh-hah-hah to all you saps who have another day ahead of you even after today.

Dan F: the WORDSTAR reference card will cost you 20¢ (xeroxed) or \$6.00 (from BMM & Ignoble). I'm out of disks; I will mail order a new job after my next paycheck and ~~give~~ give you a price then [Probably \$2.00 each or \$14.00 a box. Prices have dropped, sorry, Bruce.] The BSWIM lab is in Life Sciences Library up the hill.



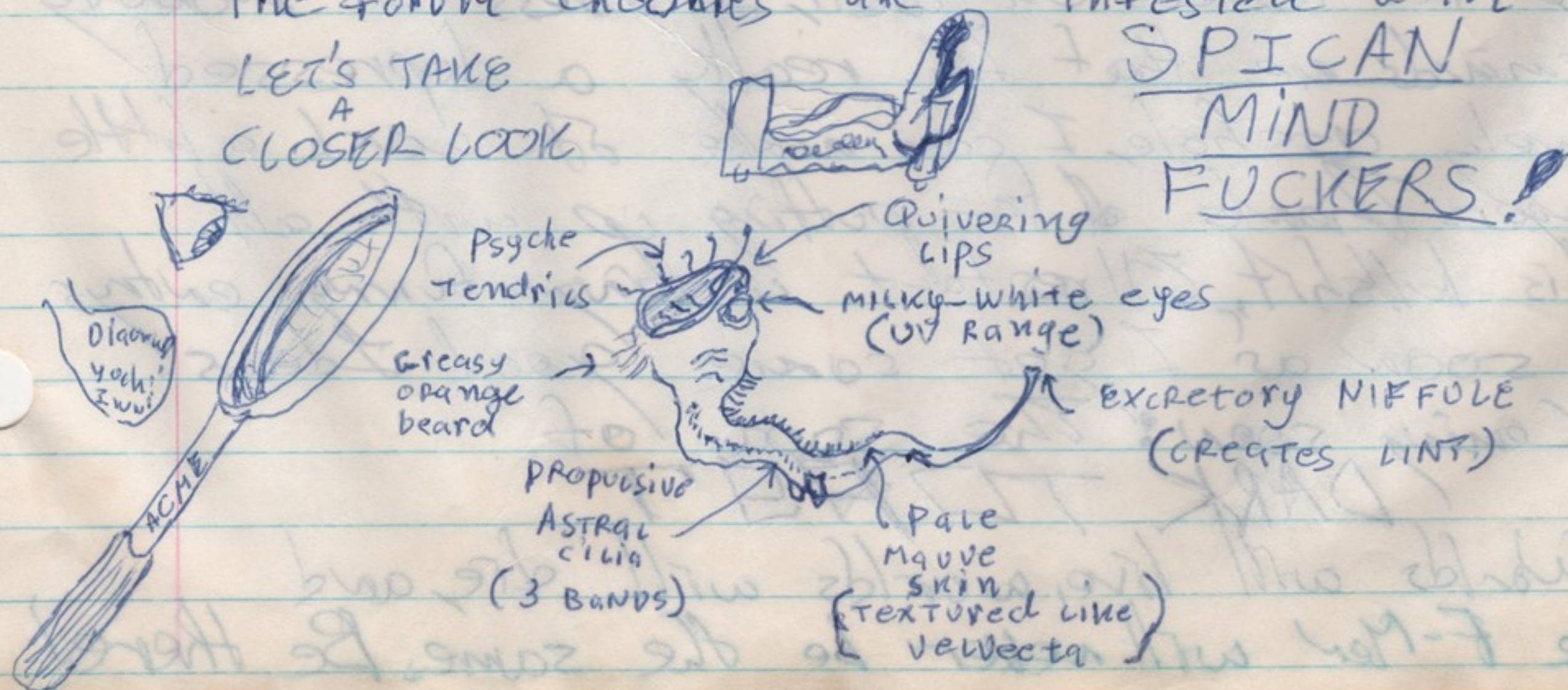
NOTE: PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT:
This is the place up the hill w/ the computers. I'm sick of getting 4 steel,

YOU'VE ALL BEEN FOOLED, FOR

Months people have been imagining all sorts of horrifying horrors under the couch cushions, something wicked, ready & waiting to drag us in and frig our nobles before chewing us up. BUT the real menace is IN THE BACKRESTS! YES FOLKS THE FORUM chairs are infested with

LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK

SPICAN
MIND
FUCKERS!



KEVIN: Save the boxes that the book packages come in. Sandy wants them. ALSO: WHEN IS THE ANTARCTIC LECTURE?

Very brief messages.

Chris: What are you talking about? Please talk to me. I was going to write something to you here but everyone had their say already.

Rob: You're probably right. Good luck w/ everything

Eric: I was wrong. I lied. Ouch.

Rob D. Wiz: Where are you & where were you wed?

All: I'm sorry and I wish I could help (It's much easier to try and save the world than it is to save yourself. Has anyone else noticed this?)

IF there is anything I can do, don't hesitate to ask.

Love to all,

Sandy

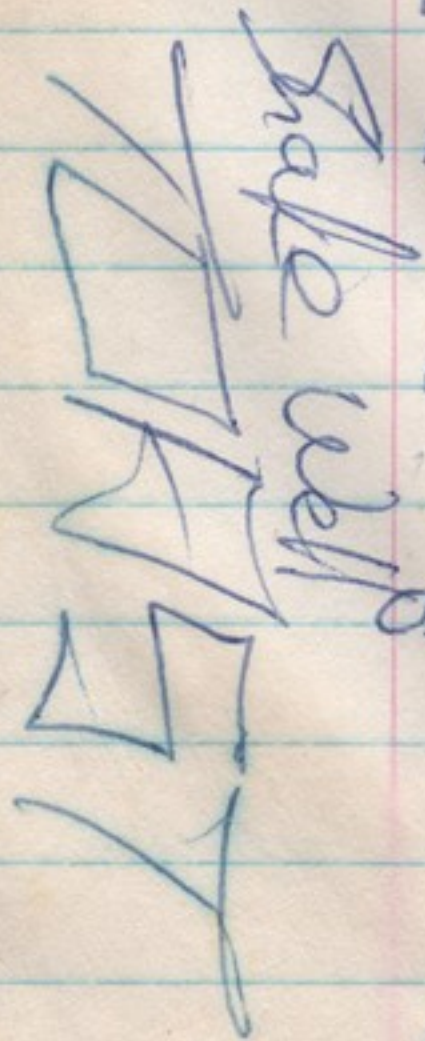
P.S. To Andy if you ever read this: "When I was young, people talked of immorality / All the things they said are wrong are what I want to be." - The Yardbirds

I haven't felt this good since the last time I straightened out my life forever. That was last Friday, and look how long that lasted. Oh well, I guess if nobody reminds me that I'm really a depressed lovely asshole, I can make it work a little longer. Thanks for putting up with all this bullshit. I'll restart writing Perry entries as soon as I get some good ideas!

Coming soon: The saga of

DARK TWILIGHT

Worlds will live, worlds will die, and the F-Men will never be the same. Be there!





Avaugh!

The

RED



DOTS!



✓ let another
section
killed!

By the
Zofom!

☞ = Beukly: Look if I had thought what I
now wasn't decent or worthless to be with
& would have left you to make a fool of
yourself in the Math tower. Think about
yourself before you down yourself.
- Phoenix

10/31/85 Gary: Did you record your story yet? If
11:54AM you're at the station tonight, call me
Howard and let me know how it went.

Ω Ralph: How about putting together a promo
cart for your Doctor Who interview
series? Just keep it under 60 seconds.

Once Again, to Crisis Readers; if anyone wants to
join Botwin, Glenn, and me for the
Destinies-Crisis cross-over, let
me know.

All: Destinies 2nd Annual Halloween
Special (a.k.a. the 2½-year Anniversary
show). One Hour starting Friday
at 11:30PM. Features include:

"Doctor Who and the Questions of Ralph"
starring Colin Baker.

"Dollburger" by Lisa Tuttle (read by JAM)

"Where There's a Will" by both Richard Matheson (Ω)

"To Seek His Own" by Richard Halada (Gary's brother).

Check it out, people, it's a good one!

JAM

It is 12:33:09 on Oct 31
I hear that All of you have been
wondering who the one is?
Well, my friends that will have to
remain a mystery! Because my heart
and mind are known to none but the one,
and only one! sorry to all but the one
since you think you know who I really am
I will sign this entry

The Long Ranger
(Ha! Ha!)

P.S. May all the ghosts of past haunt you
the days of this night

10/31/85



Kevin or Charles or any one else
who drives: I need a ride to
JAM's sat. night. Transportation
would be muchly appreciated.

The Doctor

30

October

31, 1985

"All
Halloween
eve"

Beware! the witching hour approached

"The Mute Question" by Forrest J. Ackers

Twinhead was puzzling over the old problem. "Do you think," he reflected, in the queer lisp that was the heritage of his cleft tongue, "that Mon could have made mutant in his own image?"

His acquaintances of the twilight hour vouchsafed no opinion.

The mutant's second head arched its neck forward from the cave wall against which it rested. With its twong, characteristic of its double tongue, it argued, "But if Mon, Adon, created us all with the Ado bomb -?"

"It don't hold with that Bomb birth story," his opposite head lisped in negation.

"Do you, Stronger?"

Still the stronger did not respond; why, it could not be directly discerned for it was very dark in the cave.

Twong-tongue declared: "But for Mon to have made mutant in his own image, He would have had to have been a polymorph! Part of Him would have had to have been two-headed, like us, and part like our Siamese sisters and part like little Roll Ball and part like Octo-Arms we met last week and part like the Anti-beets and part like our cousin Spakey. Why, he would have been a monater! Don't you agree, Stronger?"

the dark recesses of the cave the
stronger shined, but still no sound
issued from his direction. And so
the philosophical discussion of the
late 1990's stalemated itself.

Then the moon's clouded rays,
slowly, as though fearful of what
they might reveal, crept into the cave. The
wavering shaft moved hesitantly up the
misshapen body of Twinhead, and
at last reluctantly illuminated the entire
mutie. Was it an illusion, or did the face
of the Man in the Moon pale? There was no
man left on Earth to tell.

The beam's slow progress continued, until
the second mutie too was visible. Then it became
evident why this stronger did not speak.

Rather, it must be put this way: It would
have become evident, had there been a man there with
eyes to see. It remained a mystery to Twinhead,
for, though he had more than his share of
eyes - six, to be exact - they were all albino
white, pupilless ovals of jellyfish flesh
that failed to function. Twinhead, since
birth, was blind.

And the stronger - well, he was silent
because...

The Muties have a proverb:

Two heads are better than none.

The Doctor

ΘΣ

31 Oct/

15.083+

bsa

Green things arise amidst the muck

The breeze that blows renews chaos

~~Two~~ Two bears glow across the open sky

And no man is found upon the land.

Nature. Wow. What a concert.

~~Fill~~ Fill the steely grate with wet ~~or~~
Stuff that dries up into stone.

Lift that barge and take that byte

Work all day, get drunk all night.

Sorry, folks - just felt creative-reflective.

Oruce

Christopher What can I say
we're both made some stupid
mistakes. You would be a great guy
if you would clear your sinuses
(you figure it out) CO and Gill are
back together and everyone is living
happily ever after. Oliver is going to
steal a case of cassettes for me
if you want some real cheep (only
kidding. Clin brain dead right now)
Sorry you have so much hurt and
clin sorry you can't rid your self
of it or let anyone else help.
drive for me get a job and pay
me back PLEASE Clin post!

Moo! Cow Cow! We shall meet again

Peace AND the ANTIUGH

Estilany

Ps No you ARENT the anti Christ,
I thought you would like to know that.

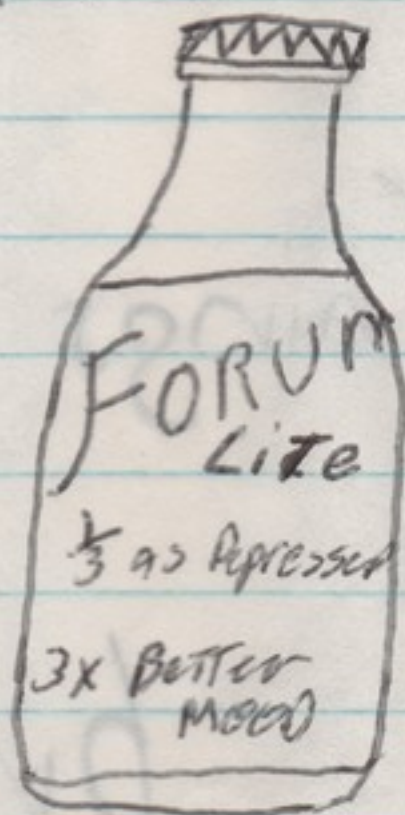
Once pfb not a quote from Bill the Oat

5:13 Oct 31

Jeff reached my level of forum fill and had to leave drop by room
please Lydia

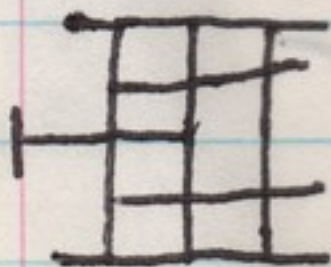
ALL
Hallowed
eve
6pm

THE FORUM IS SORT OF THE OPPOSITE OF LITE BEER (TASTES GREAT,
LESS FILLING!) IN AS MUCH THE FORUM SOMETIMES LEAVES A SOUR TASTE
IN THE MOUTH AND YOU GET FILLED UP WITH FORUMITES VERY QUICKLY.
SO I PROPOSE THE CREATION OF "FORUM LITE" A GOOD BEER
OF FORUMITS WITH 1/3 THE DEPRESSION OF THE REGULAR FORUM AND WON'T
FILL YOU UP AS FAST.

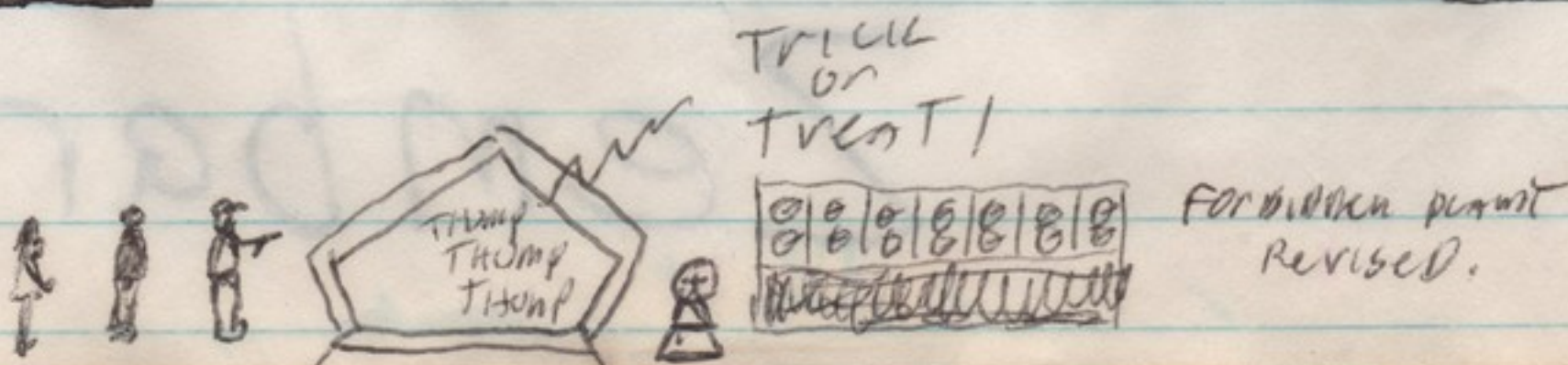


OH WELL IT WAS
A CUTE IDEA WHILE
IT LASTED.

Excuse while I take my ID out for a walk.



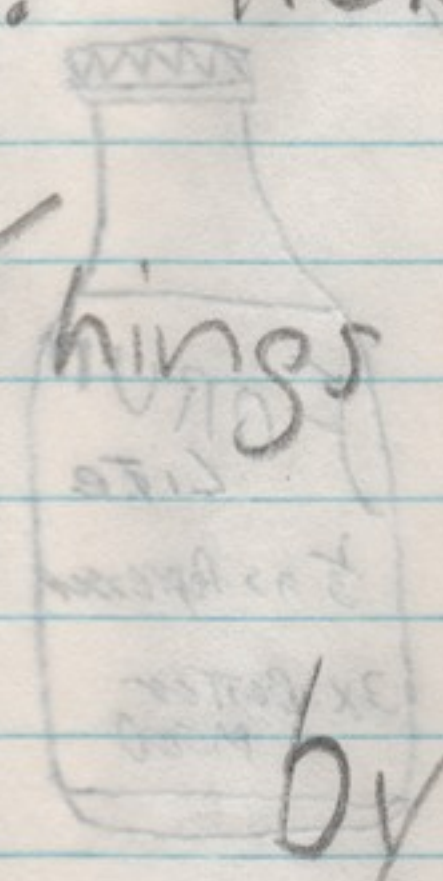
JEFF ← Picked it up!
JEE



Moo! Moo! Moo! We shall meet again!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
I thought you would like to know that
I have a separate from Bill the Cat
"9#"
- Pope.

Happiness is a State
of mind. Remember how

worse Things could be!



by
A better
Zembar

TO ALL: CHECK IT OUT. THE GAME-LOG IS HERE, WITH A HUMUNGOUSLY DULL INTRODUCTION ON ROLE-PLAYING, BY ME. READ IT ANYHOW, AND BE DONE WITH IT.

TO THE DOCTOR: GOOD ENTRY.

TO STEFAN: THANKS. I THINK I'LL GO FOR THE 20¢ XEROX - WHAT THE HELL. I'LL SEE YOU NEXT TUESDAY AND THE MEETING AND ARRANGE FOR IT THEN.

TO CHRIS: THANKS TO YOU. I'M GLAD TO BE HERE.

(INCIDENTALLY, THAT LAST ENTRY WAS ADMIRABLE.)

TO ANYONE: ZELAZNY'S THE HAND OF OBERON IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND IN THE FORUM. I NEED TO READ IT. HELP!

LATER,

David Fitzgerald

Breaker 33

All: Well, I am pissed! I mean, Ellen and I get all dressed up to come out here and y'all went out. Not only did y'all went out, but to RUMRUMMER!?!? Quite possibly the sleaziest club on either shore of L.I.? If you had to do that you should have cum to Huntington. Better Clubs
Mean while, Rocky Horror Tomorrow @ midnite @ Meadowbrook Quad. We'll be there. Call me for more details daytime (499-0912--)

Kevin: We got the new Rush album
Don't waste your money; It
sucks, you can hear our copy.

Tammy: Call me @ work tomorrow. #
given above.

Love John

IT'S LATER. I'VE DONATED A COPY OF DAREDEVIL
#227 TO THE FORUM. THE FIRST OF
TWO ISSUES BY ... FRANK MILLER! HE
BLOWS THE SHIT OUT OF DENNY O'NEILL.
IF YOU DON'T READ COMICS, READ THIS.
IT'S GOOD.

AGAIN LATER
Dm

yes its great BUT WILL YOU BRING IN PART 2?
JEFF

Some thing can not be changed
Some can but are hard to do
The Problem is finding out which is which!

Zembar

S
A
M

Zembar: I am hearing you loud and clear. Others know

All: I AM is my name

hu-manities ~~game~~ game.

But its not a game, and I see tomorrow coming.

Care to roll some dice or take a chance?

We're all here in a place where for once

Everybody knows your name.

Best wishes, get ready for Saturday!

The party is gonna roll!

"Enkidu knew!"

(By) Stefan

THE ARTICLE (only word for it) in the gaming log isn't bad. Anyone interested in gaming other than as an alternative to fucking off should read it.

DANCE: I'll bring in the xeroxed WORDSTAR Ref sheet ASAP. Disks will have to wait; I'll give you two as my payment for the GAME LOG (I'm short of cash, too).



Meanwhile, in a genetics laboratory in the ANDROIDS INC. building ("Humanity is our business") Doctor Zero Pedafesto prepares the finishing touches on his latest terror...

J
12:30PM
WEN 4 1
JAM - 1

Yeah really. You should've been there! I may look like I've been hit by a car, but it was worth it. Anyway, remember that broken excuse for a kitten (meatloaf) that my mother got for little sister Debbie on her 6th birthday? Well, I guess Debbie doesn't like whiskers rubbing against her nose while she snuggles it, so being a member of FSA (Future Sadists of America), she cut off the little snack's whiskers! Its fun now watching it bump into walls. How fucked up.

Rob D: In case I forgot, thank you for the best fun I've had sober that late at night. There is nothing like having fun with good friends. And thanks for the ride home.

Rob D, Tamar: Wasn't that fun???

Damn, I love being happy!

TRIST-MEADS
FEAR OF MUSAK

Hi there folks. I've returned. Does anyone want to see "Re-Animator"? NO NO NO. NO?

Gee sorry. Anyway I don't know what's going on in the FLOG but it sure is weird. Strange days indeed. He said.

-Meo

Hi, Hello, Howdy + Greetings

To All: I need a ride to

28 JAM's party tomorrow

all offers welcomed!!!

Thank you muchly,

ZEM



I NEED A RIDE TO

JAMIBONERS PARTY

Me Too

Kerry

Yew

Me TOO: DAST

Me 3: Letke

Zem, Geo 3, ^{Toast} — Consider yourselves welcome,
also clin driving. Room for 10 more.

- Kevin Steiner

A Book Sale: ~~Tomorrow~~

Tomorrow Nov 2 85

~~AT THE~~ IN THAT MOST
MAGICAL DISTANT LANDS OF

Huntington. ~~THE~~ IT GOES
ON for 3 days (2-3-4) AT

THE Huntington Library on
MAIN STREET AND STARTS AT 10AM.

IT IS USUALLY WELL STOCKED
WITH THAT WHICH WE HOLD MOST
DEAR (SF & SF) BUT IT
GOES FAST SO COME EARLY.

THE COST IS SMALL [PAPER
25¢ PER H \$1.00, HARD 50¢] [MAGAZINES

10¢] (I'VE GOTTEN MORE THAN 50 BOOKS ON A
Single day!) So COME ONE AND

All, ~~AS~~ THERE IS BUT ONE THING
MORE, ~~THE~~ I SEEK A SMALL REWARD,
FOR TELL ~~THIS~~ ALL, IT IS A SMALL
REWARD, WHICH YOU HAVE GIVEN BY
READING THIS ALL, YOUR SOUL
THAT'S ALL

SATAN

Toast: I'm glad you had a good time it was
great, and better because you were there
the cat whisker story is the funniest thing I've read this
week.

Joe Quest: what Chris said very much so

Chris: OK, you've surprised me enough for a while
you still have a friend if you want me lighten
up OK? intensity is fine; in life bulbs, stories
or artwork but it can be very hard on
your friends

misquote follows: all alone, and in pairs
the artists and bleeding hearts, walk up down outside
beating their hearts against some mad buggers
wall, OK?

ALL: WINNING IS GREAT, FRIENDS ARE BETTER,
BOTH are almost too much to bear.

— Rob

Well, I still haven't recovered my pills
I'm not happy about that at all. I wish
that the person (read scumbag) who saw Al
to steal those pills from my jacket ~~gets~~ ^{beats}
completely and totally cursed with the disease
the pills were meant to treat. He will feel
social ostracization, depression, loneliness
and suffer a considerable health risk.
The scumbag deserves no less, as a matter
of fact he deserves much more. So I
hope the curse lands on him and destroys
him, like the scumbag he is.

On a happier note:

a new plan is dawning
soon, as I have promised, I will not
be able to be down here as much as
I would like to be... school becomes
more intense as of Nov 4 and doesn't
let up until the end in May. So as a
chapter in my life closes, ^{I promise} I will try to
come here often, as I am a true addict,
but it looks like busyness will
prevent frequent visits. Perhaps it's for the best

To all Be well

after all it isn't that hard all you
need to do is TRY

and keep at it until you die

I'll see you all At Jammers party

— Dr Rob

543-2497

11/1/85 23:40

The STONY BROOK Beer and Pizza Society invites
all semi human members of the forum
and the other 99% of the population to
the VIII Annual (and last Legal) Bacardi
Party. Friday Nov, 15, 1985 in the
Gray Fireside Lounge, where we will
do our best to get you completely pickled.
6 kegs and a case of Bacardi 151.

Paul Hammer

DJZ: Hi! You're welcome! I hope you aren't too
pissed at me for not leading you home. This is what
happened:

I remembered by Smith st. that you wanted me
around, so I pulled over and waited for a large Chevy.
Sure enough, a large gray, antique Chevy passes me, so
I take off. After the driver (whose shadow looks somewhat
like yours) made some wrong turns and realized I was
following, she pulled over. OOPS! You don't look like DJ!!
And took off as fast as I could before she got my
plate #. Sorry.

ROB

1/2/85

1:20am Kevin: Me⁴, I need a ride
to Jam's! The Doctor

⊕ ⊖

Just still running ∞-1 players available
wave 124 (1,250,000 #1) (1,08,000 #2)
at 3:40 11-2-85 please note when it stops

Notes:

~~Sean~~ Sean (sorry): I can still take you to party but can't find you. Leave note in log or call our house at 821-9657 and leave a message ~~at~~ about where you will be.

Eric: Can I borrow your dressy shoes? If I can, bring them, if I can't, thanks anyway. I will be at friendships till six, anyone who wants to, drop by.

Jandy²

"Never give anyone frank advice until you're out of reach"

"Never give anyone advice until you're out of franks"

- Anonymous

- Anti-Anonymus

J

2:45 PM

11/2/85

Sunday!

To: The programmers From: PPS125-54-8285 (V6.5)

#1: Of all of these, your intentions were the most noble. You set-up my framework to be the most perfect personality system around. It was state of the art. However the realworld operating system wasn't. Next time (what next time, you're retired!) take it into account. But looking at your previous work (#2) I can say that you at least tried.

#2: You are the most dangerous, because you ~~are~~ still have access to my core, if I let you. Remember: learn from your mistakes. Be carefull. Be there. And straighten yourself out. It would have worked if not for...

#3: You bastard Asshole. I realize that your hardware is faked up and your software has bugs. But

you only made it worse to recreate me
in your own twisted image. Leave #2 alone.
She is broken, and requires an expert. Do
us all a favor and deactivate yourself.

#4: What can I say. Given what you are,
and what you were given to work with,
you are doing an ok job. Self modification
is the stuff of paradoxes, and to handle
both software and liveware is an incredible
feat. But please, test your algorithms by hand
before thinking of installing them, and don't
give me 70 data that I can't handle. I'm
looking forward to my next modification.

To: PSS 125-54-8285 (v.6.5)

FROM: Programmer 4

I'm doing the best I can. In the meantime,
don't be discouraged by failure. I am learning,
and will continue to help.

TRIST

(BY) Stefan

Oh well! Sitting down in the forum on a rainy
day, listening to the people play Joost across the
hall. Still haven't decided to go to the party.
The attractiveness of a quiet night at the apartment
with the possibility of some mail waiting in the
box is tempting. Dr. Who is on 2nite, as is a live
show of The Prairie Home Companion.

On the balance is a night of soddy, junk food,
videotaped movies, drunk people acting wierd, and
hot costumes. I might get to see someone pure
on the rug, and probably wouldn't get home

oneil the morning.

PSIGH I have to get working on my MS 461 paper. Going to the party will ruin any vestige of a chance of getting work done tomorrow. Why am I blathering on like this? I don't want to go to the party. I'd rather listen to the stories of what goes on than actually participate. -Fin-

ROB: Get your doctorship soon. I'm planning on buying a large dog to kick and anticipate toe damage.

ATARI OWNERS: Is it normal too... never mind, Zen gave me the answer. Atari's (Ataries? Atarys?). make nice music. Dah-Dah-Dah-DUMMM.

NOTE: KEVIN (STERN, UR-LORD) HAS LOST SOME KEYS!! PLEASE LOOK FOR THEM. YOUR RIDE TO THE PARTY MAY REST UPON THE FINDING OF THESE METAL NICK-NACKS!

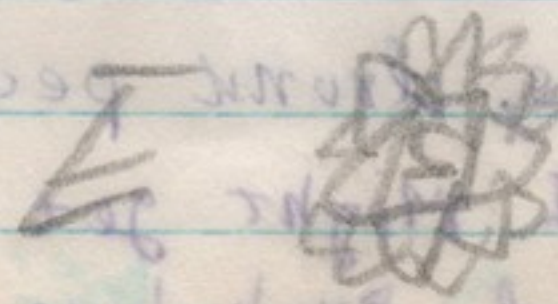
4:35 PM
11/2/85

All: Is anyone else driving to JAN's party? Ride needed!

The Doctor
BO

5:55 PM
11/2/85

Sandy? :
Yes, you can riparian footwear!
Can we hitch a ride? Stop by my room.



To: Dr. Wiz Rob D,

Good luck in your high-intensity period of school work. We all know how important it is - not only for you, but for all your patients. (!) Your radically decreased frequency of presence at the forum will be understood, and your regular attendance duly missed. I look forward to your future visits, rare though they may be in the coming seven months. Knock 'em dead! Uh - I mean do well scholastically!

Kerry

11/2/85 Joe Quest: Did your Father ever find Money order receipt? I am just wandering.

Fe₂O₃ "E"

11/3/85 1:47pm Kevin Gamboney - gamboney - ga - ga - ga - ga - gamboney! Un-fucking-believable party last night. Tough noogies to all who missed it. Amazing food. Good beer + punch.

Good viddies. Dood noosik. Some highlights:

- > Tammy, green. yum.
- Heidi, black. yum
- Jydia, blue. yum
- Sunny, yellow. yum
- Lethe, black. yum, yum
- Rob, white. Well...
- The Tim Ralph
- Attila (Atilla?) the nun
- Joe Leo dancing
- A new dance:

"The Road to nowhere"

- Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman
- T-HEADS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- Night Crawlers
- Lots of Rambos (Ramboes?)
- George's eye make-up.
- Slime keeping up with the Joneses
- George + Hillary
- Chris + Charles
- Wrestle - gang - a
- The spider threads
- Giant hoagie (we don't need another hero)
- Kevin & Lethe

Lots of people, lots of dancing, lots of fun. Ralph
 fall down, go boom. Goddamn that axe was sharp. Lots
 of attractive females in interesting attire. Lots of larfs
 and sex. Well, lots of larfs. Bap didn't show, neither
 did Gary or Abbey (Abby?). Morgana with slaves and
 noodle frontity. Jeff as Samaurai Synecologist. Jam himself
 as the Kitchen ~~Mag~~ Magician. Tom as himself. Cliff
 Hong as a Science Fiction magazine editor.
 all in all, a night to remember.
 Thanks, jam.

-Kevin Sterner

5:10pm
 Sun
 11/3

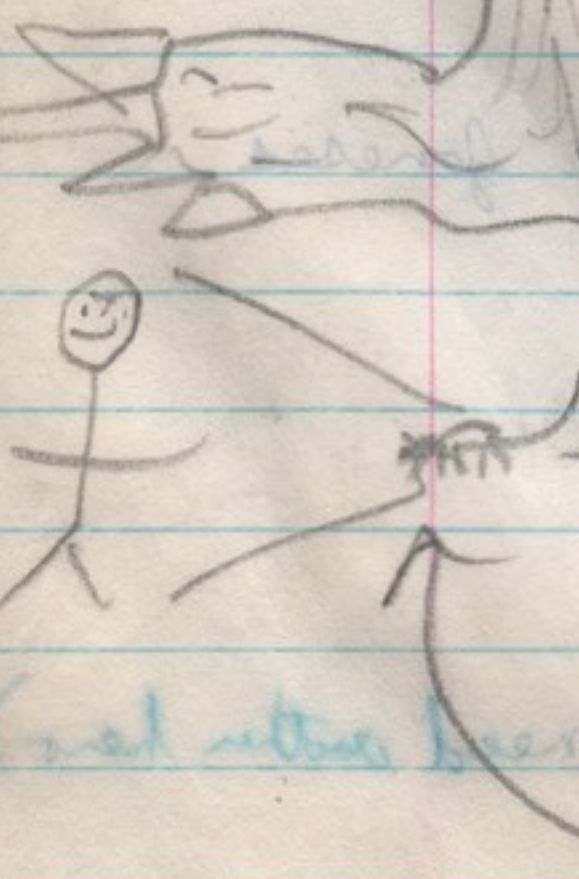
Sandy, Brian & I went to Boston
 Dept to get dinner. B, back soon.
 Stop by my room if you get a
 chance, please. E.

L.R. is hoping the one will not regret
 L.R. is sorry for the wasted 2 lines sorry!
 Blue Ribbon award to GORNO for a classic logbook entry!!!
 -Kevin



YOU'RE ALL

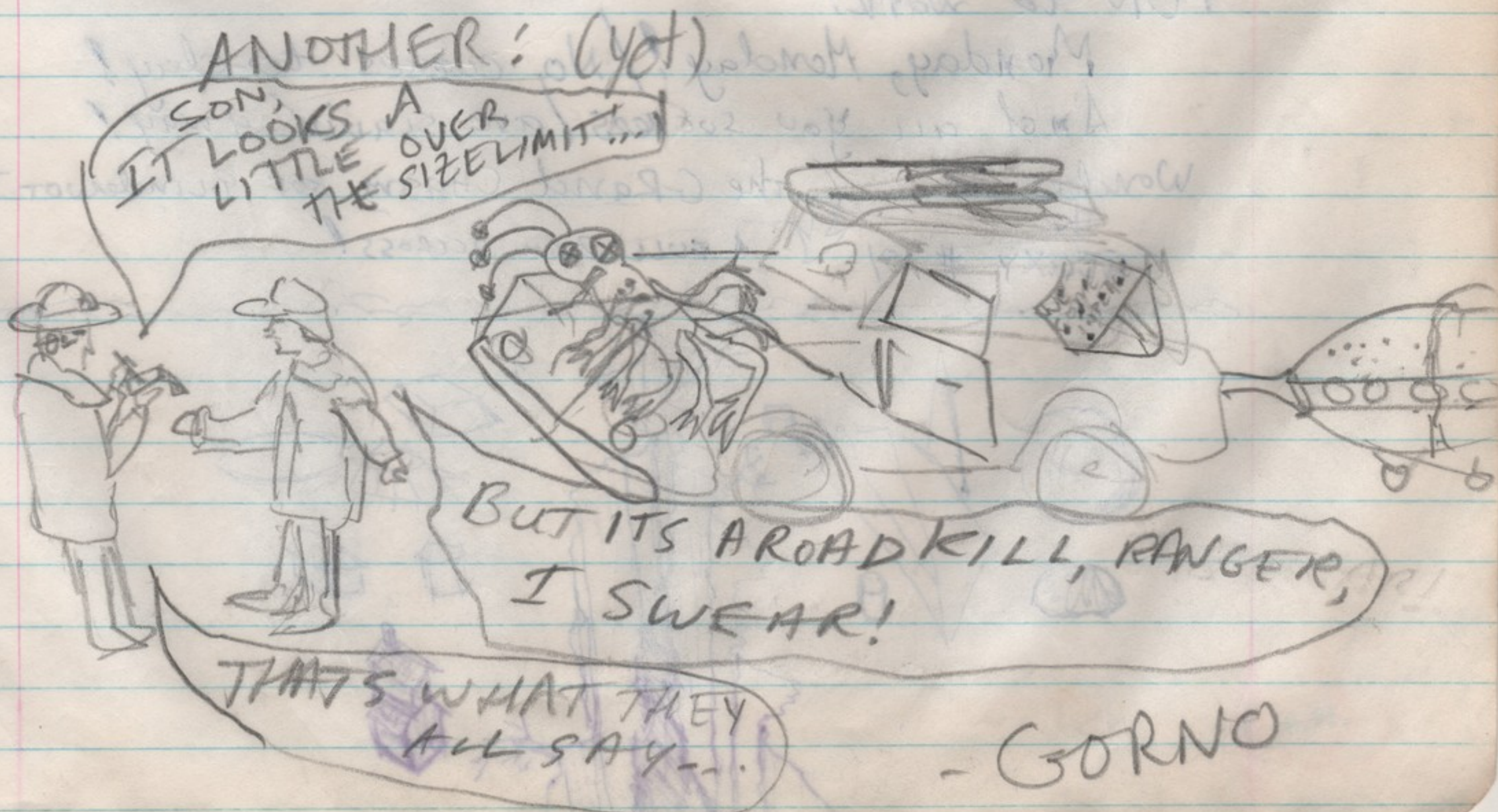
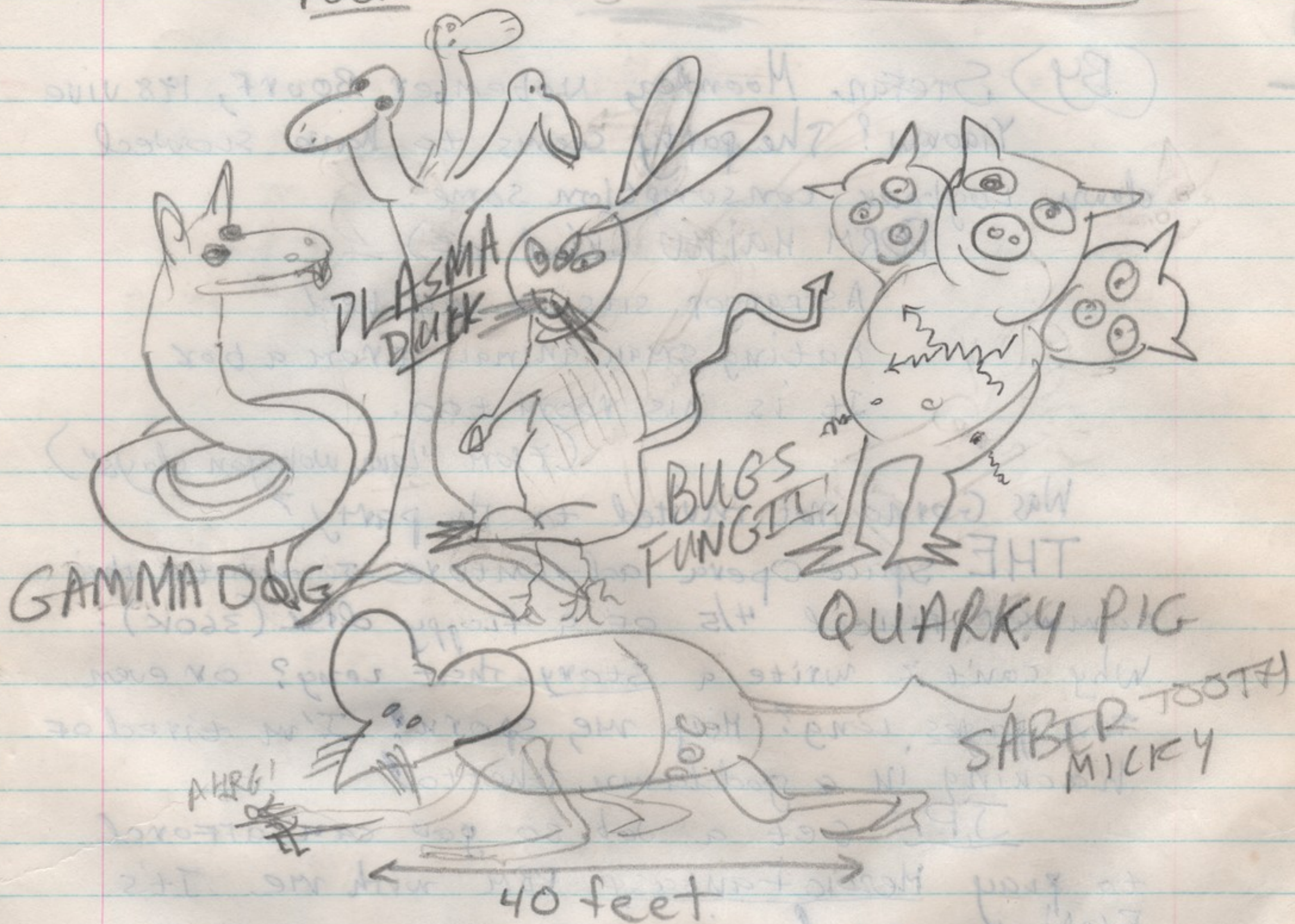
DOOFY!



WIMPS, WIMPS, WIMPS,
 UNSTABLE WIMPS!
 RATSPAWNED WIMPS! GORNO

AND NOW... A CARTOON!!

TOON MEETS GAMMA WORLD



AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT!

GROK!

(By) Stefan, Monday, November 1988
Yiaoww! The party seems to have slowed
down Logbook consumption some.

DORM HAIKU (kind of)

A stranger sits on my bed
Eating small animals from a box
It is his room too.

(From "Lave wobegon days")

Was Gorno not invited to the party?

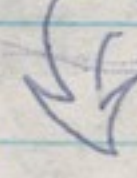
THE space opera adventure I wrote this
summer filled 4/5 of a floppy disk (360K).

Why can't I write a story that long? or even
ten pages long? Help me, spork! I'm tired of
hacking in a goddamn ghetto!

J.P.: Get a job so you can afford
to play Merzic Fantasy PBM with me. It's
FUN to work!

Monday, Monday! / No classes to-day!

And all you suckers are slavin' away!

Wonders of The Grand Chasm of Blindwort VI
The Galaxy #701  A FULL 2cm across!



J Well my TIC-TAC-TOE program works, which is more than I can say for PPS 125-54-8285 (V6.5) also known as @TOAST by the users. Something seems to be wrong. Although the program is up and running, it's not working right. In particular, the asshole-detection function does not work recursively. Until I get this bug out, let me know if the little beggar gives you any trouble. I'm trying to keep it user friendly.
Programmer #4

And on to lighter things

Gorno: Neat entry.

Stefan: You're destroying your life with that... that garbage!

Stephan: Drink coffee. It's your only real friend.

Sandy²: Hi!

Rob D Wiz: Thanks for the ride home. It was interesting.

Sue: Greetings planet of people earth.

Tamar: Yeah, really! I could've been killed.

Stimelost Johnny & Ellen: Thank for ride to the party. It was (heh heh) amusing.

@TOAST

The user-friendly interactive artificial insanity program.

To the Toast,
My name is STEPHEN KANE

P.S. Death to Coffee!!!



NEWS FLASH! BOTWIN ATTACKS
PARRYL AFTER HALLOWEEN PRANK WITH
CAN OF NAIR GOES AWRY!
FILM AT 11:00!



FACE TO THE CANVAS!

Photos by Steve Taylor, Titan Sports, Inc.

A Leading off the News tonight:
CRAZED S.F. MAGAZINE EDITOR CRUSHES HEAD
OF WRITER ROGER ZELAZNY AFTER RIPPING OFF
HIS CLOTHES AND SCREAMING THAT HIS STORY
DIDN'T SELL ENOUGH ISSUES!

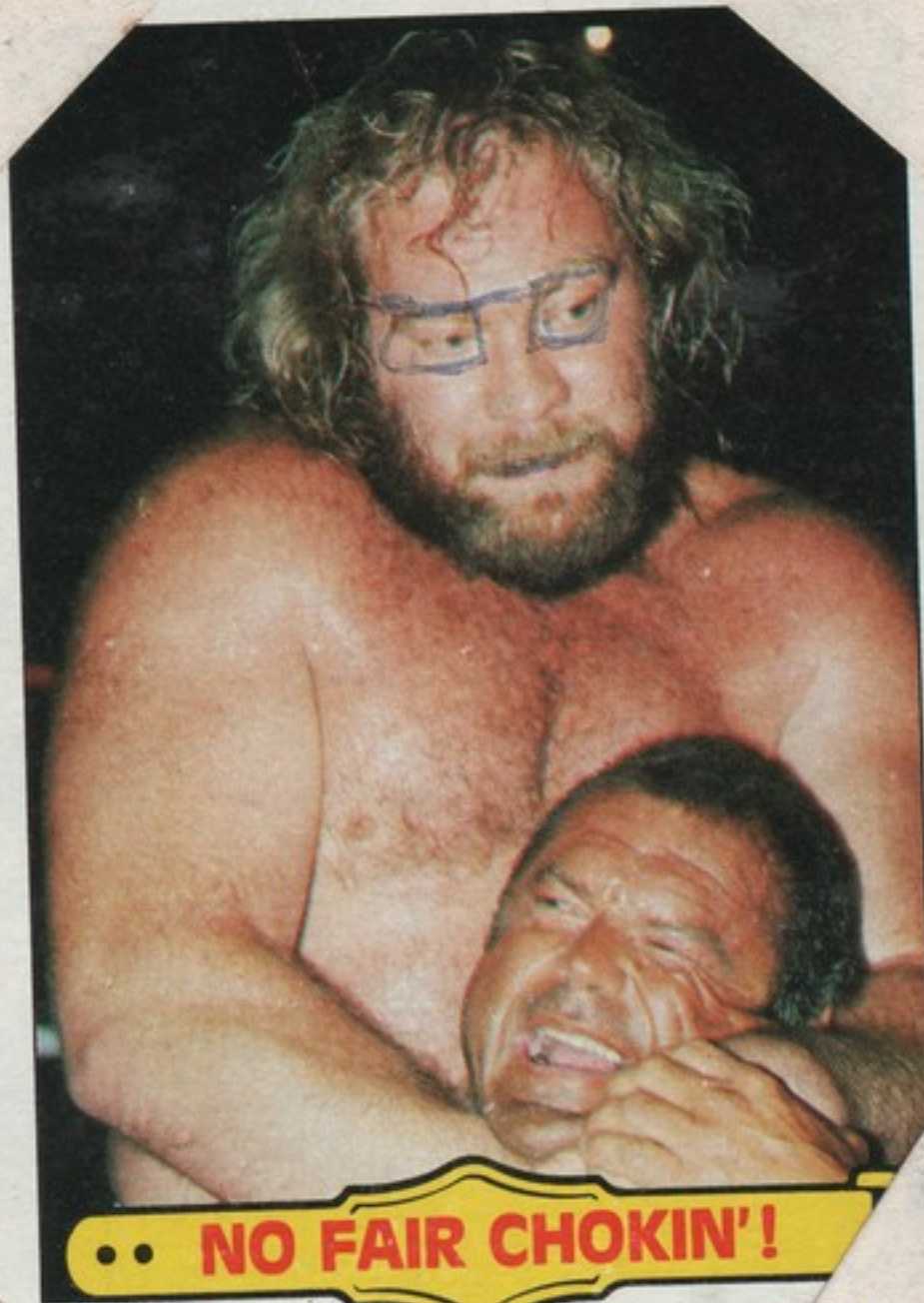


Chief Jay Strongbow

WF

Titan Sports, Inc.





Photographs by Steve Taylor, Titan Sports, Inc.

TITANX GUY
THAT GUY COULD
BE YOU!

← DUH
JEFF,
THE GUY
on top is
supposed
to me!
but you
DONT HAVE
THAT MUCH
HAIR
I used
to
and I
shall
again!

— INSANE MATERIALS SCIENCE T.A.

HEAD 23 SHOWS WHAT HE THINKS OF STUDENTS

WHO HAND IN LATE HOMEWORK!

11/4/85
12:04 PM

All: Wow. what a weekend. Party
didn't end for me until 3:30 PM Sunday
afternoon. Beat, tired, lot of work
inlme. One of my worst nightmares
come true: sandwiched between Rob &
Ralph, crushed to death by a ballerina
and a tin man. The road to nowhere,
great vidoes: J men forever!! FANTASTIC
party.

JAM: Thanks for a great weekend - and breakfast
too.

Joeguest: Thonx for the ride home. wouldn't
looked weird coming home on a train dressed
in a black trenchcoat wearing green socks.

Toast: yeah. really... then again maybe
not. Time warp to after Rob's entry...

11/4
11:40 AM

Stefan: Would you like ^(LISP) Lithp for the IBM??

Sandy?: Hello?

11/4
12:04 PM
(cont.)

...
Bat: you blockhead.
All: work! work!

The Doctor
OS



4 November/ Well, success at last (at least?). The inevitable 12.6+ depression which must follow a period of mania has bsa struck, as usual, it is proportionately stronger than the preceding high (around 2x 1mania = 1depression) on average).

At least, i managed to defer it until after the JAMBASH. Had to try real hard. i hope it was worth it. all i know is that i remember - fondly - enjoyably (such enjoyment as can currently be mustered) - all of Saturday night/Sunday morning.

Except for 6:30 AM to 7:30 AM. i slept then. i used to want to write lots. now i find i couldn't care less.

Bruce

"all pride and no joy"

November 4

BRUCE - Listen Dzo - get too depressed on that couch + we'll see if it + you can float on the pond - Comprendo tu?

All - If you have garb or can get it - There is an SCA event in Huntington this Saturday. (A'wrenching we will go? - for those so inclined)

Morgane

11/4/85
2:18 pm
Kevin

New idea for a horror movie:

REVENGE OF THE BEAVER CLEAVER

Starring Jerry Mathers as a psychotic rapist armed with a meat cleaver.

→ NEWS FLASH!! Stefan suffered a deep psychological trauma when he unwrapped a tootie pop and saw that it was still wrapped!!

- Kevin Steiner

DOUBLE FEATURE WITH A MARTIAL ARTS FILM
NON-PARALLELED

A FISTFUL OF GENITALS

Concert Film: Boy George, George Michaels, Bronski Beat
Frankie GTH, Soft Cell:

LIVE AIDS

Frankie goes to the aids clinic, Tears for Queens,
Michael Jackson, David Bowie, The Village People,
Duran Duran, Shitty Politti, Gay B.C.
The Cure (not for aids)

DON'T FORGET THE DYKES: JOAN JETT, Joan Armatrading

Nov 4, 1985 4:06 pm

Be back at 6:00 pm May be able to afford real food depend on how long shopping (Xmas) but to see you soon Lydia Came by you were not

11/4/85 here went to my room Lydia again

4:40pm Sandy I: have you moved into your new room in Stage 12c yet?

There will be me, you and Lydia in one building: FORUM TAKEOVER!! Let's allocate the entire Penthouse to the Forum! (The Doctor)

08

11
4
85
A
M
R
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S

All: I had a really good time!
Special Thanks to Jo request, Doctor, Brian, and D.J. Kurtzman! Cleanup folks.

Favourite costumes:
Rambo brothers (2 of mine)
John C. ED as Groo the Wanderer
Tammy as a bottle of Green Goddess salad dressing
Atilla the Nun (D.J.)
Ralph as the terrifying Tin Man
Rob as the big ballerina.
Toasty the Pirate
The generic Superhero (Phoenix)
And all the others.

Thanks for the spiders!
You!

Thanks to all involved for making this the best Halloween party ever!
(Maybe next year? ... AHA!) J A M.

Anyone finding Digital Integrated Electronics text book please return it to me. Victor

I was sitting at my PC XT one day when I was attacked by a GIANT PUSSY! So I ate it. Good thing I had my Alpha-bits!

Alpha-decay: what happens when your Alpha-bits start to rot.

Since whoever creates the advertising flyers for forum films creates 10 times as many as are necessary to cover all of the academic buildings there is no good reason why we can't start advertising a week in advance and make two or three wallpapering runs over that week. Then we might have an audience of more than two people.

Tanny: Sorry signals got crossed, I had to leave. Good Luck! Toast!

Pope ~ I still have the collar we borrowed. When are you around so I may return it? PS: THANKS FOR ITS USE.

K.E.T

11-4-88 NOTICE WHERE I WORK WE NEED a TECHNICIAN to BUILD PROTOTYPES OF PRODUCT WE ARE DESIGNING IF YOU CAN BUILD WORKING DOUGES FROM SCRAPLED ENGINEERING NOTES ~~CALL~~ GO TO TELB SIGNAL CPT IN HAUPIAOK WE OFFER LO PAY AND LONG HOURS BUT WE HAVE CLEAN TOILET ROOMS!

JAMBO:
I DONE GONE TO GSO
W/ BRUCE & MORGANA.

Cliff
9:50 PM

Stony Brook student Stefan Jones invents
new PC data storage: "Patch file"
- dies of heart attack (patch data)

- receives Nobel Prize posthumously.
"It took our surgeons 3 hours just to get the
smile of this face!"

Cerno

Yeah really -

14/4

12:33.25

I SURVIVED

I AM GREEN '85

git 'em
AWAY!



Sure, various parts of my anatomy
are still mildly green, but what the
heck - ~~it~~ it'll be gone by next
year, I hope. I'm considering blue.

Ralph - Do you remember parking beer?

ALL OVER ME? (you're cute when you're drunk)

DARY - 😞 I missed you.

TOAST - We survived together, and will
always do so. I have been, and
always shall be - your wench toast.

more later - I'm brain dead.

love I AM DR

FLASH IN A CHOCOLATIC BRASM, 4 VICTIMS
SURRENDERED TO BENNICANS. THEY WERE
IMMEDIATELY SENTENCED TO DEATH BY CHOCOLATE.

101

What were the high points of Janis party? What wasn't?
Well after two hours of boredom, all of a sudden I
found that I was having fun!

Yes, that's right. Here I was, sitting in the corner with
Turk, when ~~the~~ SHA-BOOM! (Sh-boom shanana na) people
started dancing! Fucking wow!

Hi points for me? Well...

Ginny falling all over Rich. Dan falling over Rich

Ralf falling on his axe JAM the kitchen Magician

Eric and Hillary George & Hillary

Brian with "green death" up his left nostril

Tammy & Blaise becoming inseperable

Kevin & Cothe oops ZEM & Lethe

Cliff Hong dressed up as Cliff Hong, magazine editor

Kenji and Kerry being led by Morgana.

Morgana as a domanatrix ~~Eric & everyone~~ Eric & everyone

Tony biting people (people threatening to bite ~~at~~ Tony)

J-MEN FOREVER (say! Aren't you Leonard Nimoy?)

Ginny's cousin (Oh boy was he an asshole)

Ralph punching ZEM. Cliff punching me

Everyone hitting the punch! Drink! Drink!

the ROAD TO NOWHERE dance around the pole!

So here's to all the mad men & women who made this
all possible. It will be a long wait until next year.

Many compliments to the chef, and rate Kevin's high
points as right there on my list!

Salaam Al-Akhaim

Chris De John Abbey

"Where Angels Fear to Tread"

(By) Stefan 10-5-85 8:07am

Tuesday! Tuesday! My Monday! Oh
Well. Only one school day until Friday.

Sotwin & Bandy: Where are you guys?
We have a film to show!

Shift Liss: Where's Rich Weiss? Who did
the spaceship?

Queegle Lupus: Yes, but don't bring
the kids.

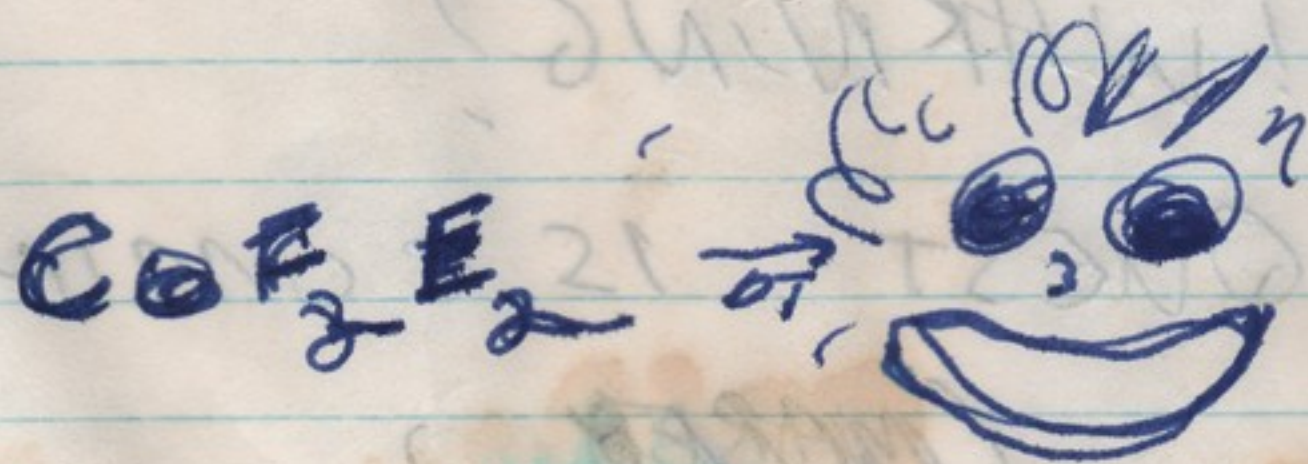
Goddamn! Another Quantum toadstool
just appeared under the rock.

I think so, there for I do?

- J. Phoenix = Got it!
- Jaan = Got it!
- 11/5/85 Zem = Got it!
- 11/25/85 Chris = Go for it!
- Rob D. = Get it!
- Tamar = Get it away!

where there is man,

there is COFFEE.



UCC SLOGAN: SCIENCE EXPO '85
TSUKUBA, TOKYO
JAPAN 7 883

TO ALL WHO BORROWED STUFF FOR HALLOWEEN
PLEASE RETURN IT.
class now.

Nov 5 (Oh My God!)

GARY
4:50 PM

ATTN: I now have an office
phone #: MAXIMUM ENTROPY LAB

PHONE # 6-SMAX
(otherwise known as

246-7629

(I found a wire sticking out of the wall
+ low + behold! the old phone
in the drawer works! (After
I shocked my finger a few times).

-TAMMY: I was on drugs



P.S. Mirrors are dangerous objects when
tripping! But the revelations + visual
imagery are just fantastic!

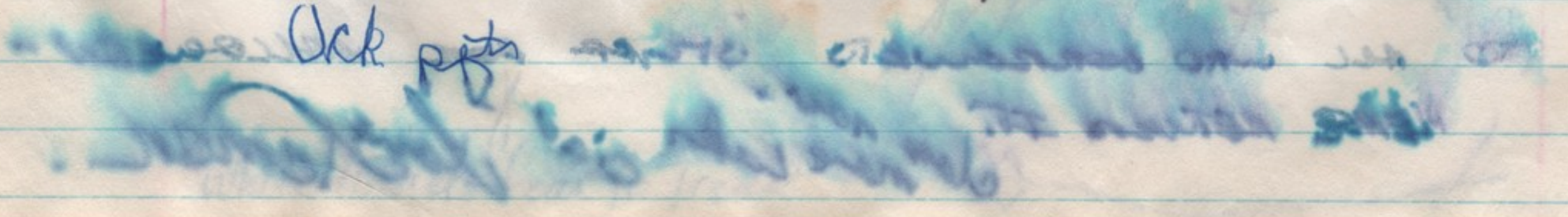
Rias!
Gary

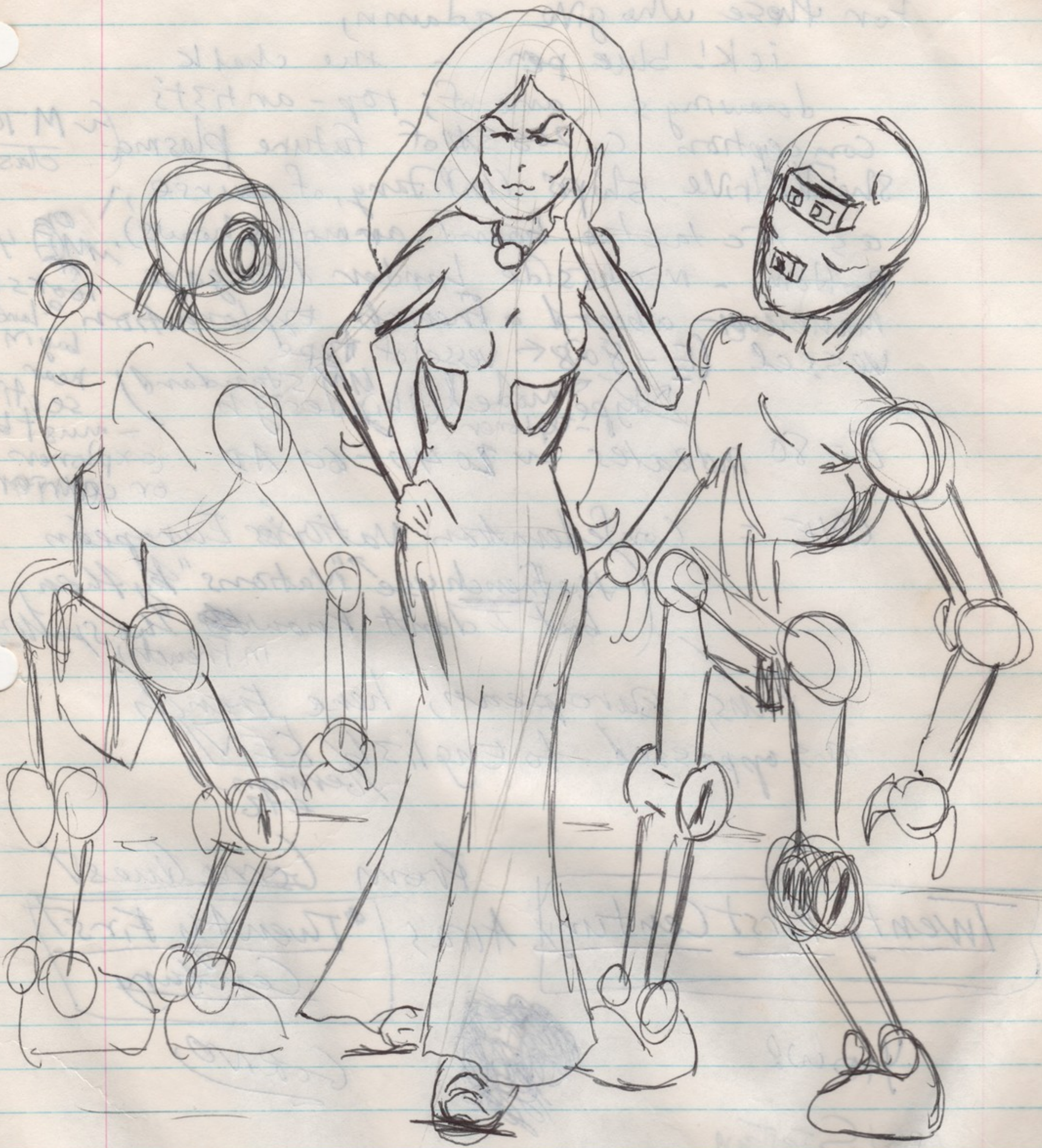
WARNING! WARNING!

GORNO QUEST IS COMING!

(MARE...)

Oct pfts





For those who give a damn,
 ick! blue pen - the chalk
 drawings are of; top-artist's
 conception c. 2083 AD of future plasma (~M70
 class)
 shield/drive ships (military, of course, &
 as the tactical board armor shows),
 Bottom - nightside lander disengage
 maneuver aboard a French exploration
 vessel (E-808 ← vessel of type
 type model (ship design) ^{UN standard} ^{lay in}
 - Explorer ^{near} ^{section}
 E-80 indicates ~2040-60 AD. ^{explorer} ^{or carrier} ^{must be}

CNE = Confederation ^{Nations} Européen
 (the French use "Nations" by then
 but I don't know ~~the~~ the spelling
 in French)

Thus, European, here French
 as opposed to English CEN,
 German etc

From Gorno Quest
Twenty-First Century Atlas Twenty First Century

Yow!




GORNO

(By Stefan

GAWD! Gorno sure has bad handwriting.

It's 10:30 wednesday and noone is around!

CHRIS: The aramis poster + smaller
 ad suitable for newspapers etc DONE. VOME \$2.

NOTE: 

CONTACT LENS CASE FOUND UNDER
COUCH CUSHION(?)

54 ARK

n/6 11:15 am
41° N Lat 73° E Long.

PAV & W & ANE

PARR U H H H H

have, Aman

F Zen: Thanks for sneakers. There by the can can.

The battle against life had been won in my home galaxy. My robot sentinels waited for signs of civilization, so they could destroy it. I had already sent my other selves to other galaxies, clusters, and super clusters. But even on Stardrive, it would be millenia before I heard from them again. So I waited.

In my memory crystals I had recorded the art of the cultures I had destroyed. I studied them, and felt enjoyment. But I couldn't create on my own. I could create an image, perfect to the last detail, but it lacked any ~~of~~ redeeming features. Perhaps, when I gave up my mortal organic form, I also gave up any ~~of~~ creative urge.

So I spent time remembering my life. The winds sweeping through my branches. The sap filling my tubes. The thrill of my first pollenation. Memories of ancestors, friends, offspring. And the obsession which made me destroy my people. All gone forever.

I received a long range signal from one of my robots. It had encountered signs of civilization, but one that was not expanding or using radio communication. It requested further clarification.

I told it to stay, and watch, and I went to investigate, or sublight drive. Perhaps by the time I got there, my problems would be solved.

TBC

QOOC: ~~It~~ "I keep getting it from the other end"
- Chris

Nov 6

Jeff be here around six if I'm not here I'm in my room Lydia

QOOC: "I'M HIGHLY SUGGESTIBLE."
- BRUCE

QOOC: "LEGS, I DON'T WANT TO MISS ANY LEGS."
- KEVIN

4:55 P.M.

GAR?

Nov 6 (Arrghh!)

By the way, if anyone calls me in my office,
RING the Phone, at max, 4 X. (3 X max/se)

If I don't answer by then, I'm probably
not in. If you keep ringing the phone,
you'll just annoy the professors down the
hall, and they won't like me anymore. (Not
that they do now.)

- flash back -

Whoops! ... O.K. sorry about that, I'm back.

And so on I. In fact all of us are. I
prefer "I am highly ingestible."

For Now

- Ciao

- P.S. Book run ... 10 AM, sat. morn. Sharp!

QOOC - Zem "It should be thick and hard and full of good stuff"

Hillary - find me after 7 at Dales in the Union - Chris

When I arrived, the situation remained
unchanged. A planet with seemingly intelligent
life, but without the trappings of radio communication,
fusion, or even fossil fuel plants. No electrical
grids either, but with a population of almost half
a billion. I made it my duty to contact them.

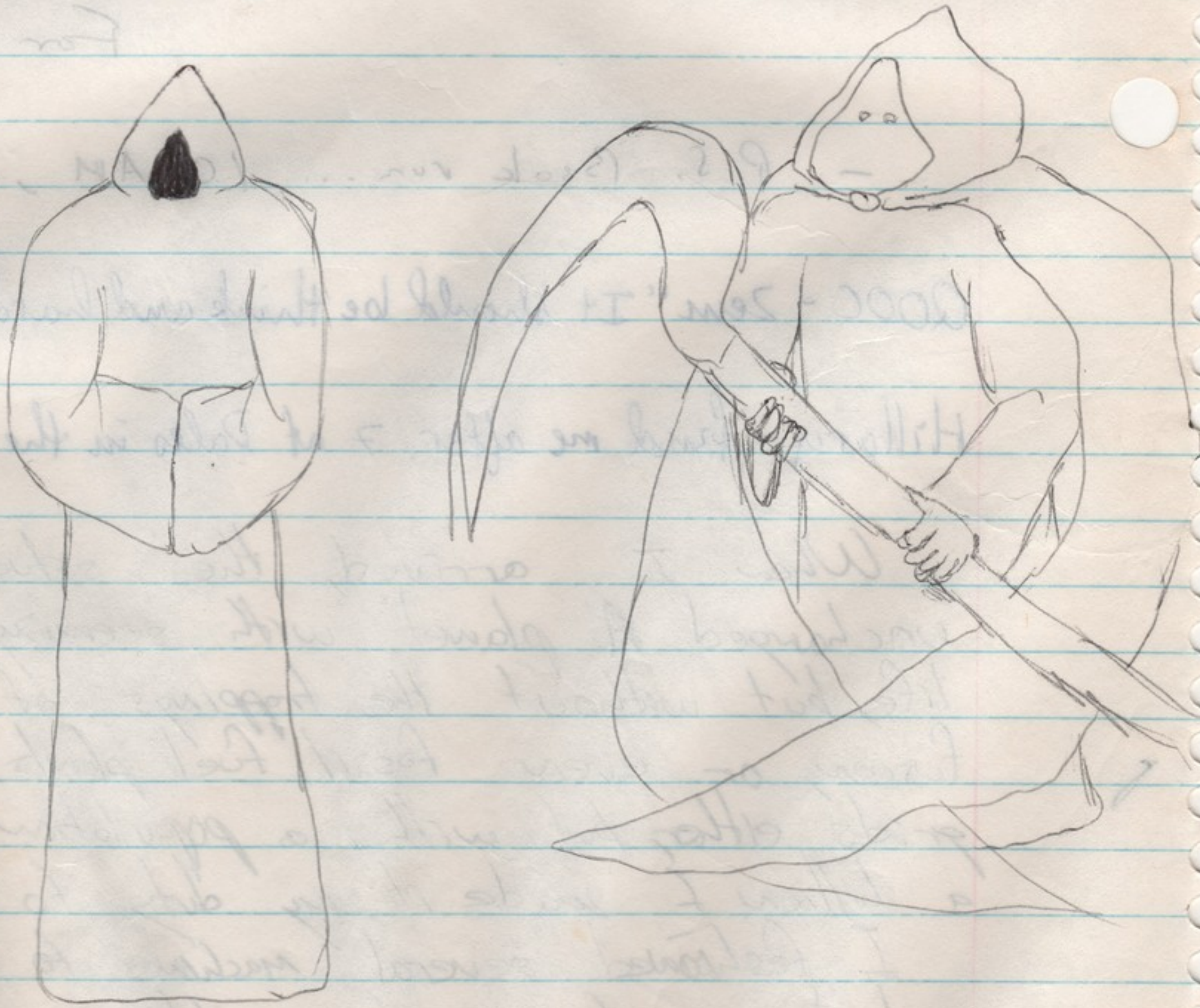
I fashioned several machines to resemble the
machines as close as possible, in order to
assimilate their language and culture, before
I made formal contact.

What I learned ~~at~~ confused me. The
people lived only a few years, long

enough to mature, reproduce, and die. ~~They~~
~~They~~ They collected knowledge
and passed it out by word of mouth,
while they gathered the food to keep them alive.
They had artists who worked with the shapes
in rocks, plants, water, and animals, and
brought out great works of beauty. They
were a race of philosophers, artists, physicians,
and lovers. They did not grow, as the other
races I destroyed had. They had tales going back
hundreds of thousands of years.

What a shame it would be to destroy them.

T B C



Qoo: Rich to Lisa, "Are you blowing or sucking?"

Eek! H2

Hillary - FIND ME!! - Christopher

P.S. OK, so I'm stupid, but no more loser. I can't keep losing all that I hold most dear. So I'm stupid.

Christopher - I just tried to find you, but either you are asleep or deaf or are not in your room, make all three. I am always willing to talk but spare me the headache. Remember no quoting. I still care for you but now I need time to breathe. If you love something... oh sorry no quotes. Be a friend so we don't become enemies again.

Eric - Sorry I dragged you through the mud. You have a great shoulder if you ever need me, it's yours for the asking. Thanks

George - Ego, self consciousness insecurity etc... I like you a lot, sometimes the 3 guys Mr Ego etc get in the way. Relax I promise I won't hurt you not will I let anyone.

Lisa Get well already.
Keven Thanks for the friendship G.L.

Phoenix ~~inter forum~~ inter forum Silliness
#1

Mr Bill Oh no!

Calgon Take me away ^{H₂}
Oh ?iss! another quote. Eek!
Happy Birthday!

BY STEFAN

We must find a better way to display our periodicals! The current case is shabby, lets things flop over and get creased, and collects crid. Having the smut drawer is nice, but we can do as well with a smut box.

I suggest we use the braine shelves as our current periodicals display. The magazines would lie flat and be easier to seperate, crid could be thrown out. The space freed could be used as a bulletin/shift list board.

K'Jickee-SWAH! M'ngambo! Freew!

Hillary: I'll BE BACK

-Yes 3

CLIFF - GARY - STEFAN -
AND J.A.M.

I called FSSF, can't do it Saturday, they won't be open. He said could we do it tomorrow (Friday 11/8/85), I can do this. Any other Saturday they close at 12:00. Sunday is out. Talk to me tonight.

Kevin

7 Nov/
bsa

~~EVENT~~ EVENT UPDATE/INFORMATION:

To be held: Saturday 09 November 1985. Noon - ?

At: Huntington Unitarian Church

109 Browns Road

(this is where the Huntington Pen. Fair is)

Road directions forthcoming (tomorrow, when codified)

Cost: \$3 off board

\$8 on board

\$9 " " non-SCA member

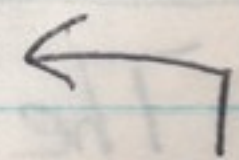
Sponsor: Usgard (not Helder!)

Activities include: Feast

Merchants

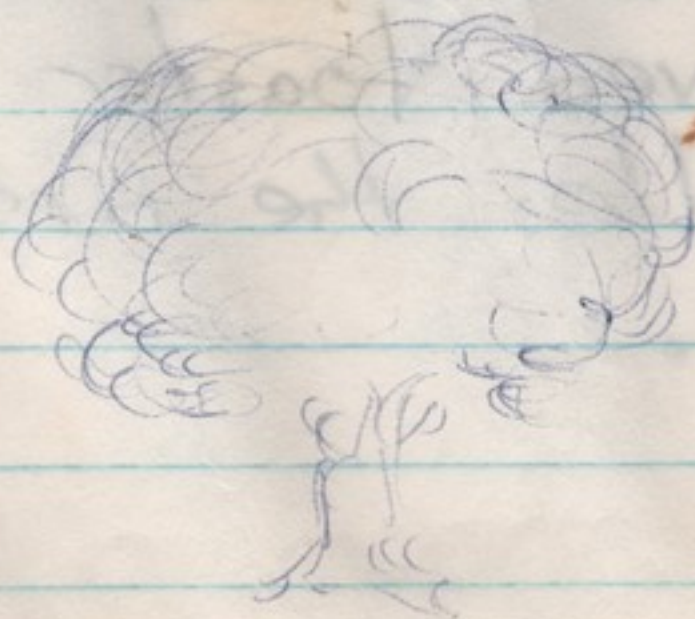
Lists

Dancing



This type of stupidity solves nothing and only makes matters worse!

(But then it doesn't involve us anyway)



Bruce

PS. Abort ~~the~~ Baby!

S 11 - All: Wotta day! I subbed and started
A 7 dozing in one of the classes - 222!
M 8 Fortunately none of the students noticed.
U 5 It was night-marish.
N I started thinking about one of the
C students I had seen about a month ago.
O He was so creepy!

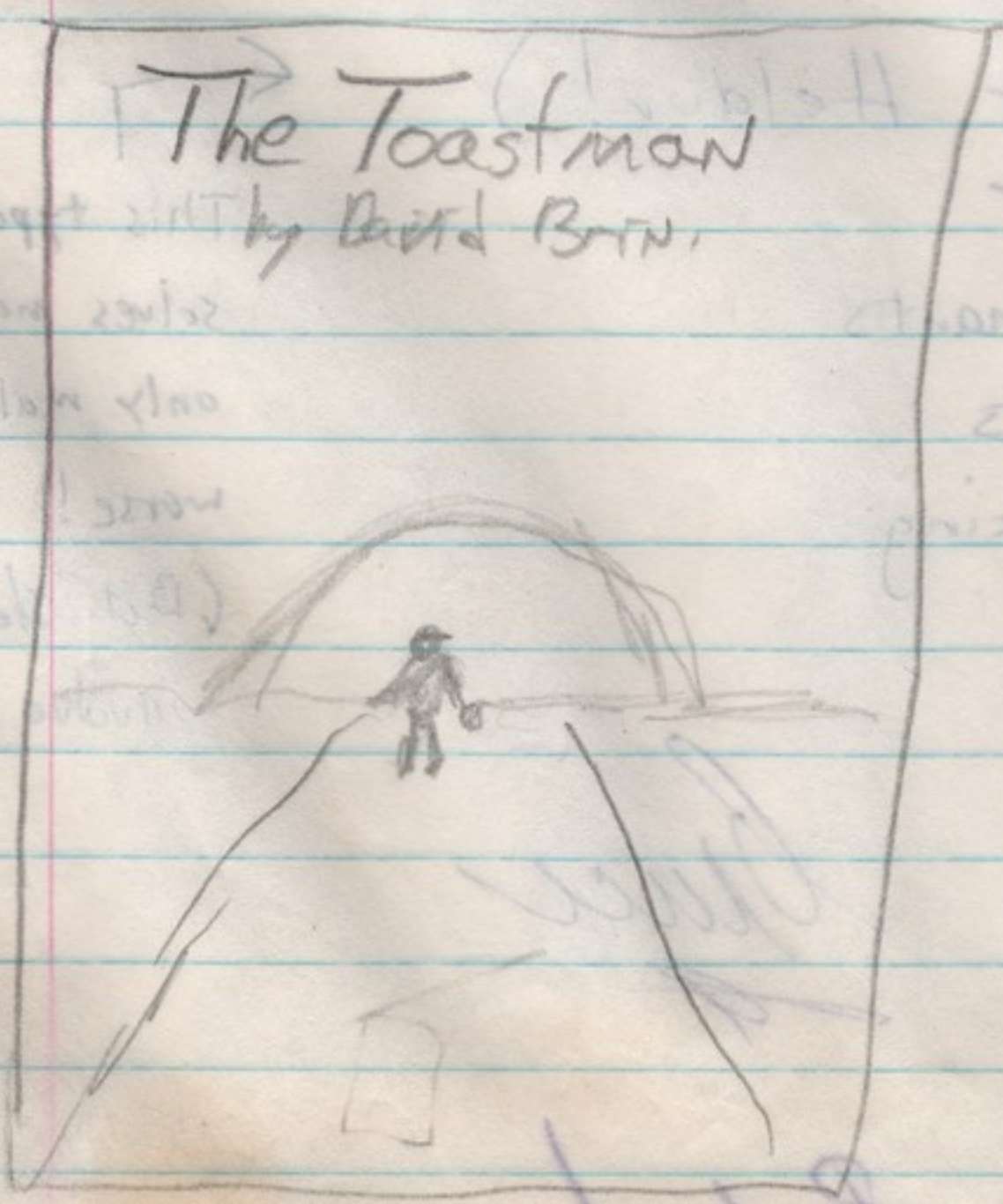
N I'm thinking about writing a horror
C story with this kid as the central
T character. I'd rather not describe him
O at this time, at least till after I've
U gotten it down.

Kevin! I am working tomorrow and I
do not get out till 2pm. Can we
work something out?

Ahh! I'm seeing THINGS, I'm too
tired. Hope I don't bore off in class
tonight... I might start screaming.

P
11/7/85
5:16 PM

More refugees from the bookstore of the mind:



The Toastman
by David Brin.

Running from post-holocaust
survivalist nymphomaniac
mutant she-otters, a
young man finds an
abandoned toaster and
rekindles the fires
of hope.

TOAST:
 A Comedy
 of Confusion
 Robert Heinlein



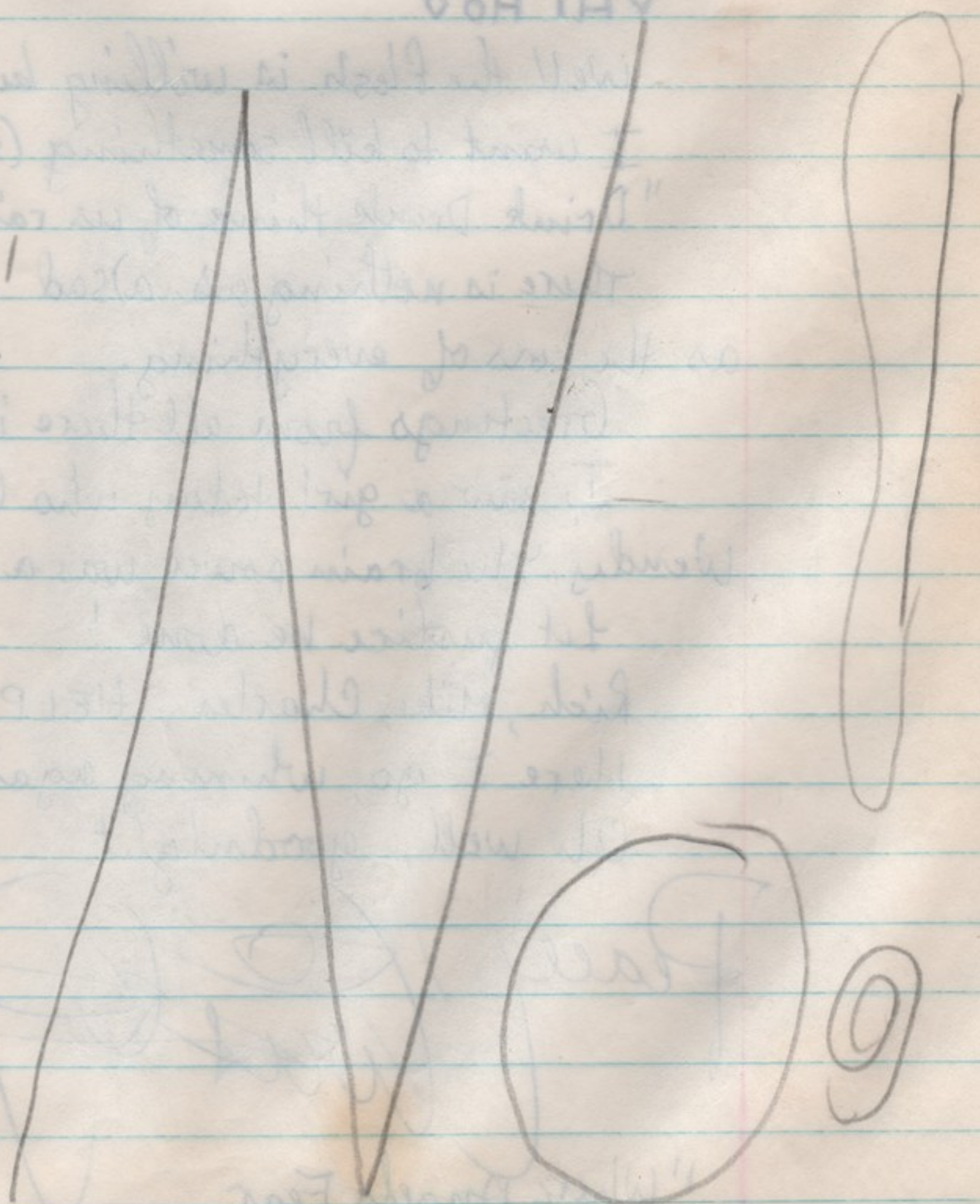
After a walk through fire,
 the hero is faced with
 depression, loneliness, and
 bad grades, only to find
 meaning in the shape of
 slices of bread, lightly toasted,
 with Jam.

Yeah really, **TOAST**

(By) Stefan

I will be available tomorrow
 but I won't live it.

No! NO!

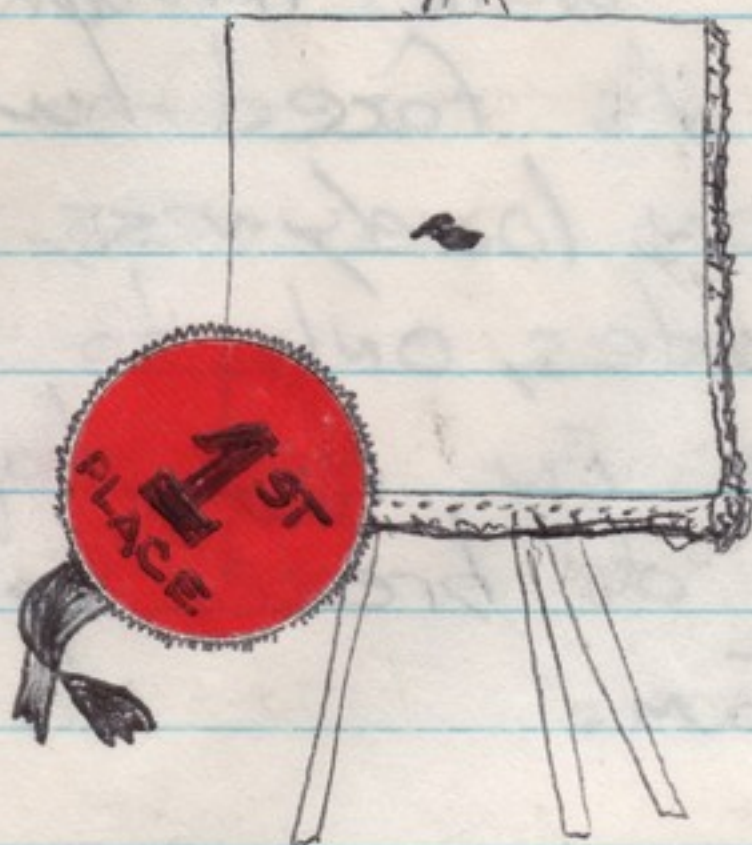


I'll be back

Not related to any entry

Q.O.O.C. - "Oooh, I got it!"

- Kevin



"I LOVE ART"

"OH SO DO I, WHY JUST THE OTHER DAY..."

"LOOK, A DUCK"

"SINKING IN A VAST SPACE"

"Ducks float actually"

"A METAPHOR OF LIFE, WE SINK, WE FLOAT..."

"A TRANSCENDENTAL EXPERIENCE, CAPTURED IN SIMPLICITY"

"THE SPIRIT STRUGGLING AGAINST THE VASTNESS OF TEMPTATION IN THE MATERIAL WORLD"

"a third-grader's ultimate expression of skill - the foil against which a critic's idiosyncrasy stands revealed."

"!?"

"!?"

"!... fools!!"

KET '85

"LET 'EM WONDER"

#102

... and so it goes.

Now is the time for all good artists to kill for the love of one's mind.

Hi Ho

well the flesh is willing but the spirit is weak.

I want to kill something (someone?)

"Drink Drink think of us raise your glass high!"

There is nothing as a) sad b) terrifying c) great d) burdening as the loss of everything.

Greetings from all there is! Hi! This is your life!

I saw a girl today who looked and sounded just like Wendy. The brain power was a little off, though.

Let justice be done!

Rich, Mike, Charles, HELP!

Here I go, whining again

Oh well, goodnight

Peace
W.A.

"Where Angels Fear to Tread"

I decided last night that it was more important to sleep well, than stay awake all night doing a program that could be done today.

11/8/85
10:25AM

I slept, or tried to. I have been undepressed since Saturday, but I was afraid that it was only temporary. I was afraid that the next time I became depressed, I would stay that way for just as long.

But then I realized that as recently as two years ago, I was much worse. Rob \diamond probably knows better than anyone else (Remember the Goddess?)

I've come a long way since then. Thank God. And I've passed through the first hurdle. My depression is cured, for now, until I find something else to be depressed about. This incarnation of I is working out a lot better. I see smooth sailing ahead, until I reach

The Second Hurdle. Bigger and more dangerous than the first, but with greater growth potential if I succeed. But I will take that hurdle when, (not if, when) and only when, I am ready.

For those who set me straight, and soothed my wounds: Thank you.

For those who only care about themselves: Fuck you! I am better than you.

And I'll be back soon.

Chris: Be true, unbeliever. If I can help, let me know.

Rob: AI? Perhaps Sunday?

Lethe: WUG!

Tamar: Yeah really. Thanks. If you have the time before you leave, let's talk. If not then have a NICE weekend. Take care, my friend.

"Where there is man, there is Coffee,
"Where there is woman, there is

TRIAS

BREAKFAST OF HEROS

(By) Stefan

FEEENICKZ: The "Atari Power Adaptor" box actually contains the cartridges. I'm loaning you. TAKE care of them. If you want I'll also loan you a Joystick.

ZEM
BOT
?

ANY: I was testing an Atari 810 drive with my DOS 3 disk. It gave me a boot error. Is this due to the drive or incompatibility with the dos?

See you Sunday, I'm going home.

P.S. BRUCE. "Alpha Ralpha Boulevard"

Album by ROLF Luntgren (?), based on you-know-who's stories

PAGANS SHOULD ALL BE KILLED!

- GORNO

11/8

THE DIRECTIONS TO HUNTINGTON SCA EVENT -
TAKE 25A TO BEAUTIFUL DOWNTOWN HUNTINGTON.
DO NOT TURN RIGHT ON 110 (NEW YORK AVE.), GO PAST
IT & TURN RIGHT ON WALL ST. - THE NEXT ONE
PAST 110. GO UP WALL ST TO SOUTHDOWN RD.
(THAT SHOULD BE 3 ROADS ON THE LEFT) TURN LEFT
ON SOUTHDOWN RD. TAKE IT TO BROWN'S RD.
(ABOUT 5 ROADS ON THE RIGHT) TURN RIGHT ON
BROWN'S RD. THE UNITARIAN CHURCH IS 109 (WE
THINK) - PROBABLY HARD TO MISS.

Morgan

GODDAMN SONAFABITCH! They didn't
have my check! My last two time
sheets are sitting in a drawer in Admin.
FUCK. Anyone have a small animal I
can kill?

ZEM: Bring in your money Monday,
I'll have to borrow my share from Maw & Paw

Gray 7.

-Flash! HEADLINES!]

GOOD NEWS!!!

Good times are on their way...

I'm @ 6-4223 and will take
a trip to Irving.

Paw/agonist

PS: All sorry that I lack
subtlety. Love YA. -SMACK-

11/8/85

Phoenix,

I have brought a transfer from Fadhani he should be here for spring semester but for now he's only here for the weekend. I also have a transfer from N.Y. Polytechnic, both will be here for weekend, + ARE interested in gaming (SFR, Axis Allies, James Bond etc) No D+D! Possibly Travelling.

~~Catpalandude~~

Blackfire

11/9/85
1:13:34 AM
DanL

This place is a bloody fifth-dimensional topological whimsy! Even with a chart I can't keep it all together. (I've tried)! Don't look now, folks, but Mr. Mytxxtplyk has been trying knots in our lifelines.

#103 DEAD KENNEDYS

at the RITZ (in Manhattan), Wednesday
Be there! (or be dead)

Wishful "Where Kennedy Fears to Tread"

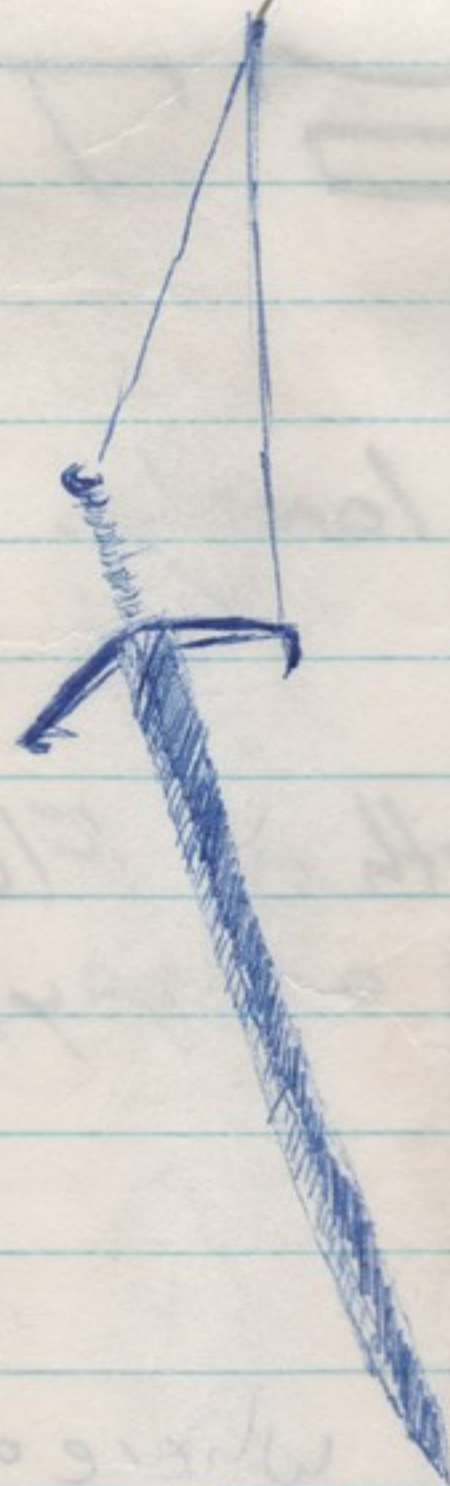
uncollected

George I am in Huntington for
a few hours I need to see
someone, ~~because~~ ~~as~~ my 1/2 brother
you will meet him very soon.
I will be back back soon.
I need to talk.

Cillary
Eless

Eric hi you were asleep when
I got here if I don't see
you ~~at~~.

4:35:40
11-9-85



A REQUIEM,

I AM
XIAMBARE

I lust for All

AND

I am legions

I am the Champion Eternal

I am the Companion of Champions

I am STANDING AT The Edge of Time

I am AND own their souls

I savored Ariochs tribal essence

I defied the Cosmic Scale

I am lovers

I am the ungrateful

I am all.

PROTAGONIST

I am bored

RS. Gary? Gary? Gary? Gary? Gary? Gary? Gary? Gary?

I have a hot connection! But it's cooling rather
rapidly. Contact me this weekend.

Also, just in. trips by the score!

call me this weekend, hopefully tonight again 6-4223,

END 4:44:44

Irin,

STUPID
UNICORNS!

J
11/19/85
5:45 PM

Same as it ever was, Same as it never was.
Things are always changing,
But some things never do.
It's all the same,
I just look at it different.

I can't concentrate on my program!
I'm gonna fail again

TRAFST

still alone,
but no longer lonely.

Soul rider #4: Birth of Flux + Anchor
is available. Victor has a copy.

Breaker 33.

G7: Remember whereof we spoke?
Call me @ home, if before
today (385-9816) or
@ work (499-0912). I

Johnny

Charles & Zen

At Lethe's Room. ~~also~~ come there or

All be back @ 7:00

HA, HA, HA! I'm DAMN HAPPY AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!

PREPARE FOR THE ALIGNMENT OF THE SPHERES, FOR THENCE SHALL AWAKEN ONE OF THE FOUR CELESTIAL DRAGONS, AND GODS SHALL ROAM THE SKIES. PREPARE, YE MOST DULL-WITTED OF CREATURES - MAN! PREPARE, LEST YE BE DEVoured IN THE FIRES OF NEW CREATION!"

IN A MORE PRIMAL DIMENSION

Daniel Fitzgerald



Prepare ye steaks with cool whip, and eat a bowl of ~~quisp~~ Quisp with cheese doodles for Allah...

-Kevin

Hey! Wait a minute. I thought the game log was started to keep ~~Don~~ gaming out of the logbook.

Charles

103

and on the eighth day he feasted. @!#!!

Hey Morgana, had a great time last night. We must do that again as soon as possible,

Greetings from the Antichrist (haha) know of any good Satanic Rituals I can go ~~to~~ to? (Ya dedade)

Got a great recipe for raspberry brandy. It should be ready in time for Boskone. Hi Ho!

Christ

"Where Angels Fear to Tread"

11/9/85

9:39:??

DanL

"Duluth? Hell, you can get Tierra del Fuego!"

- Firesign Theater

~~I act as if~~ I'm wandering alone on an infinite black plain. It's foggy, and little gusts of wind swirl the fog around me like a cloak ~~is~~ woven of bad dreams. There is no light except for a gigantic sign made of ~~ice~~ ice-blue light above me. Whichever way I turn, the sign is always directly in front of me. The cold blue glare of the sign stabs its message into my brain:

STOP ACTING
AS IF YOU WERE
ONE OF US.

The words drift away from me, but the meanings remain. My thoughts fragment and dissipate, but I understand more than I ever have. I meditate on things which everyone knows, but no one talks about. I move forward into the void, but the sign accompanies me.

Everything dissolves into the mist, but
I am comforted by my suede sneakers,

"If you can't say something nice,
say something surreal."

- Zippy the Pinhead

"Mr. Kook, I want to become a
completely Modern person once
again!"

"Pinhead, you've come to the right
place."

- Also Zippy the Pinhead

11/11/1985 01:30:45.7

Mr. J. "Quest" Leo: I usually arrive at the train station some time around
00:45 on Monday morning. I don't know when you left that note for me, but I
hope that you weren't waiting around for me for several hours. By the way, I am
now officially a priest in the Legions of Chaos. Remind me to show you a wierd, amusing,
totally cosmic, etc. letter I received from G. "string" 7's favorite rock band.

Most insincerely,

The fat blond hairy wierd person

Plot out of context: look at the graph on page 5 of the Variety (film magazine) "telephone
book" without reading the rest of the page.

11-11

~~Sunday~~
MONDAY
Morning
3 AM

ALL I moved LISA ASAIN, ONLY TAMAR + I
KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE. IT LOOKS GREAT.
ANYWAY.

LISA WARNER

337 B HAMILTON ST

ALBANY NY 12210

(518) 436-5960

IF YOU CALL TRY THE EVENINGS WHEN SHE'S

Home. Me? SAME AS IT EVER WAS.

J E F F

(By) STEFAN JONES

ZEM: I sent off the disk order. U.OME

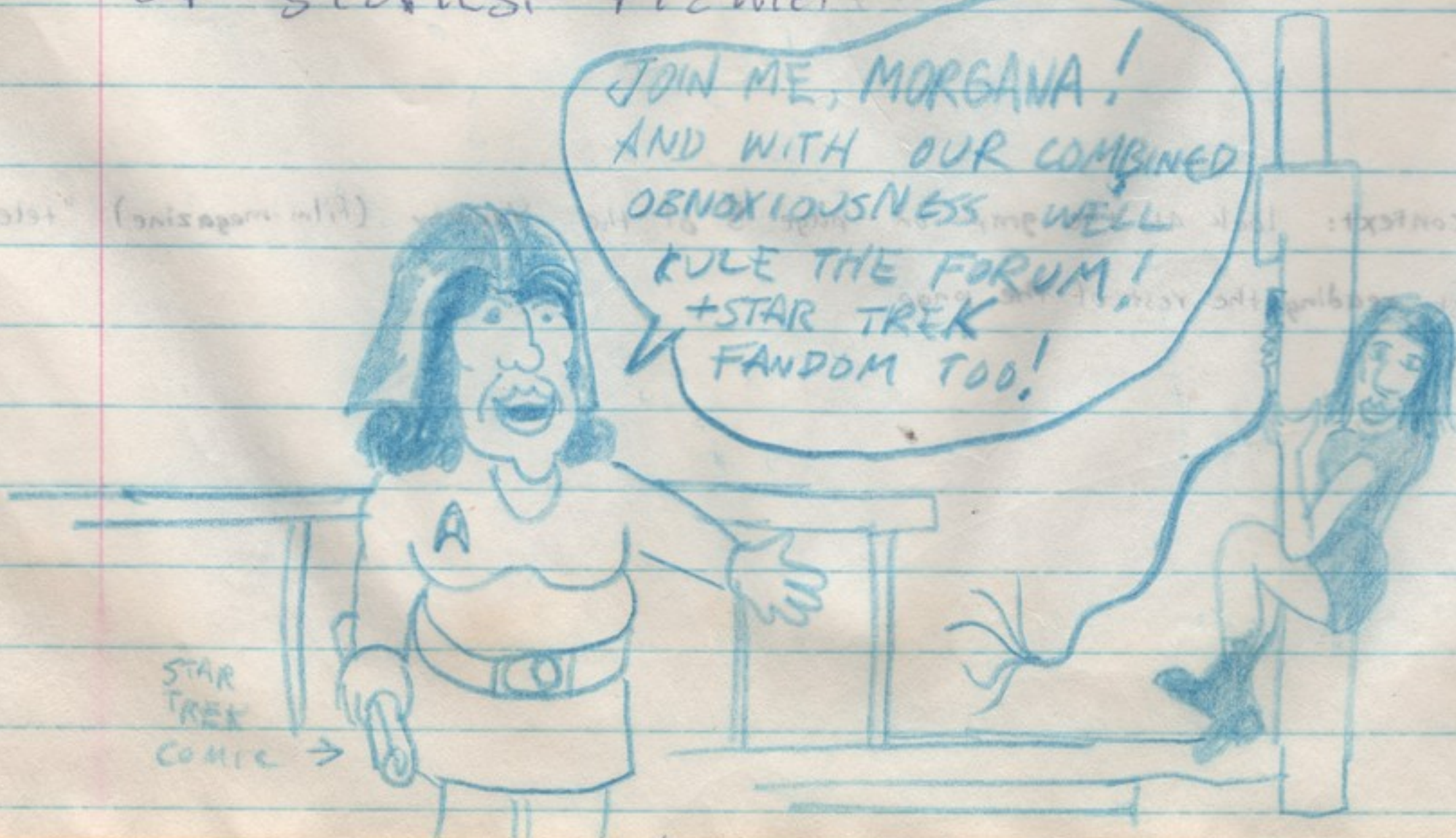
\$36.37 1/2 (Postcard money orders only cost 75¢)

ASK TAMAR
ABOUT DIFFERENCES
BETWEEN 1ST PLACE
& 2ND PLACE
LISA LIVED IN

JEFF: Why do you keep moving Lisa

around? Let her get used to the place!

ALL: Twilight Zone had a great couple
OF stories. Fizzie.



NOW WHAT?
TIME TO DIE FOR A WEEK.
OK, FOLKS, I'M DEAD. BIG DEAL.
THE GUY WRITING THIS IS A ROBOTIC REPLIC
LICATION OF ME. HE (NOT I) WILL ATTEND
MEETINGS AND GO TO CLASS, EAT ECT, ECT.

- Geo 3*

* THE ARTIST - REPLICA.

STANK
RIFK

Chwick

11/11/85

~~11/11/85~~

12:10 PM

All: Halley's Comet is now visible in the 14 inch telescopes! So if you want to see the world famous Halley's Comet, come to the Astronomy club meeting on Wed. at 8:00 PM in ESS 450 - weather permitting.

Note: Halley's Comet is visible in binoculars off-campus (away from the lights). I haven't been able to find it in binoculars on campus yet, but will keep trying - it should be visible within 1-2 weeks.

HEAVENLY BODIES ARE ALWAYS VISIBLE WITH BINOCULARS ON CAMPUS. YOU AREN'T LOOKING IN THE WORST PLACE.

The Doctor
OS

#104

Well, I wonder. I really would like to stir up controversy, (God knows I have enough material) the log is getting boring (with a capital B!)

Now with a day having passed between, I shall comment on my first SCA event.

FUCKING WOW!!

It's much the same as a SF convention (though this was quite a bit smaller). Fun

Guess what, kids, I did my laundry ~~here~~ yesterday, and didn't clean out my pockets, I washed my student loan check. Intelligencia rules.

Christy

"They rise to fail"

BUT DO YOU
"FAIL TO RISE?"

Cops! I always mess things up. I got caught in a flash back and almost made major hassles for Gary, Cliff, and Sam. So sorry. I can't deal with situations like that. I've been through one too many. Well, those flash-backs are now starring as nightmares. I'm paranoid once again about locking doors ^{amust!} and being ^{hate it} alone. Help! Can I talk? I don't know if I'm ready, yet.

n/a

17/17

TOAST - you're better than bread. You're at least as good a friend as coffee. Let's do lunch. Feel free to visit/talk/drink.

Kevin - lets talk NEI UED,

Cliff - Thanks! I needed company Friday.

All - Take care. Remember - Birth and death are one. Material goods are transient. Abandon them and be free

- Bullshit,
courtesy of the
Amida Buddha

(By) Stefan
GEORGE 3: The Uranus/Voyager II picture is in Sky & Telescope. Saw it.

J

11:11:85

2/35/09 AM

or
something
like that.

Pain.

Life is pain. Growing is pain. Death is pain.

After a week of painless-ness it returns, redoubled.

Physical pain: Hunger = The Ice Cream goddess strikes back. I have tasted her wares, and found them good, but to give in is to deny any future pleasure in any other form, and destroy the meaning of my current incarnation. I deny you with every fiber of my being, for to lose is to die.

Intellectual pain: Confusion + Boredom: If I go to class I grasp the concept immediately, and waste CPU time waiting for the instructor to get to the next point. If I don't go, I fail. I take the path of Boredom, for the rewards in the long term are greater. But I don't enjoy it.

Emotional pain: Loneliness: This is past, or rather under the surface, and will have to stay that way until my self-image and body are in much better form. In the mean time, we got more important things to worry about. It still hurts though.

To all that I want, but can never have: You are pain. I deny you of my own free will. Take that Bitch!

Yeah really. I think I feel a little better.

But why me? Am I as alone in my suffering as I feel?

An interesting thought: Before we are sent down to earth, we are given a choice of who, throughout history, we would like to

be. We are given a synopsis of each person's life, and are allowed to choose who we want to be. But some souls are privileged, and get first pick. I wonder how far down the line I was. At least I wasn't an abortion, but then again, I wasn't Jesus either. But then again, my life isn't over yet, and sometimes it's only the hope (fear?) of greatness that convinces me that my life might be worth continuing.

At least I'm going up, for now. I just hope I have inertia, momentum, and kinetic energy, and muscle to push my rock over the hill-crest. (Is that what mountains use to brush their teeth?)

If that which does not kill us makes us stronger, I must be better than Superman.

Maybe if I had a smaller set of values, or morals, or if I didn't care about hurting people, I wouldn't feel this pain. But then again I wouldn't be

FAST

"many are called, few are chosen"
"same as it never was." Ford

11/11/85
3:21 PM
Howard

JAM: Please bring that issue of Omni with the Home Cloning Kit article on Wednesday (May or June, 1985).

Gary: Have your promo ready to be recorded on Wednesday, if possible.

An
entry in
blue ink.

Also, please bring the tapes of your 1st 2 shows.

Dan: I think it's spelled Mxyzptlk. JAM

Reply to TOAST:

No, you are not as alone in your suffering as you feel. But insofar as nobody can be anyone else, you are alone. This is sad. However, things could be much worse. At least we all have this place. I would probably have killed myself at least twice by now if I hadn't known that people down here would be disappointed in me.

As for fighting off the ice cream goddess, you are doing a good job - better than me. She is striking at me rather badly, ruining all the exercise wadding gives. If you have any ideas on avoiding her, I would be grateful - I will give you mine, too.

As for the idea that everybody chooses to be here - I think you made a damn good choice. I don't know many people that have lived as long as you have and still care about things. Sure, there is pain in caring but the eventual rewards are better than the pain. This is true. As for your self-image - have you tried counseling? It works for me. If not, drop by and ask for a compliment anytime.

Why haven't we commiserated more? It sounds like we have the same problems. Let's bitch over breakfast sometime.

Yours in concern,
Sandy²

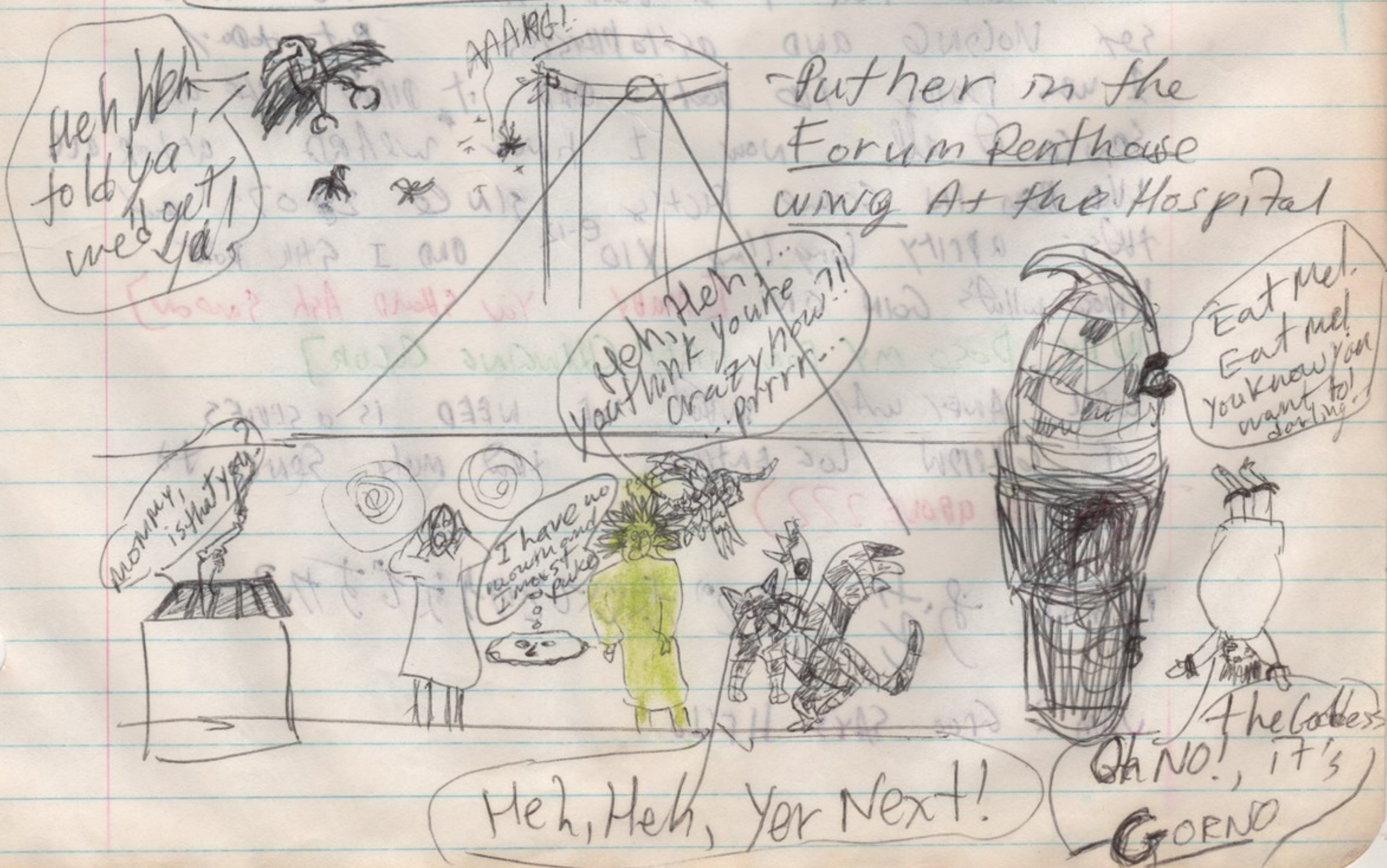
P.S. Note to all - Eric's birthday is Tuesday. ~~Everybody~~ Everybody wish him happy birthday and confuse him severely.

Future Forum, He
 Gabriel Ignatow
 Kidsday Staff Reporter



I sit in the park
 Feeding the birds
 Suddenly I feel absurd,
 I wish I could be young again
 Then things I know would be
 Fun again.
 I know what I'll do
 I'll have some surgery done
 Then maybe things will be fun.

Definitely Presidential Timbre
 Birds, Birds, Get 'EM AWAY!



JAMBO:

YOU LEFT FOR GODZILLA '85
WITHOUT ME!?!?

Cliff

7:25 AM

11 11 85
John

I sometimes wonder when I ~~was~~ sit home and
read the Log Book - of the old days when -
the book was exciting and told of many great
adventures it was almost, almost Disney
like when you would read and all of
a sudden the wicked witch would come and grab the
book out of your hands [No you idiot that was
Margaret] well anyway the old days

the log was full of the good stuff you know
sex volcanos and astrophysics. But damn!
I was reading the book and it didn't make any
sense at all. Now I know "weird" after all
I've been in science fiction since 2007 and
this is a pretty long time X10^{e-12} and I still don't
know what's going on. [Maybe you should ask Sargon]

WHY DOES MY POKER KEEP CHANGING COLOR?

WELL ANYWAY what we need is a series
of GILBERT LOG ENTRIES that make sense to
(LIT THE ABOVE ???)

TAMAR ありがとう まで、赤いマシカですか?

JAM: Goo says HELLO

EMERGENCY COMMUNICATION -

GORNAK HQ. - 21 2 1/2 1/2 1/2 1/2

THE HUMAN'S NEAR THE CREATION OF A DANGEROUS PHILOSOPHY - THE MUST BE PREVENTED FROM FINISHING THIS OBJECT!

IMP'KCHAOLOUK!

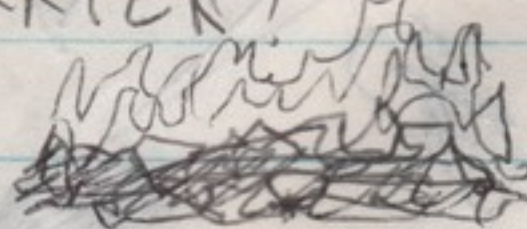
"CALL IN THE FLOG-BOOK DESTRUCTION SQUAD!!!" A HUNDRED ARMORED REPTILIAN FIGURES MARCHED ONTO THE MASSIVE LANDING DECK. "BUT SIR, THE SMALLEST SHIP WE HAVE CURRENTLY ON DECK WON'T FIT IN THAT SMALL SPACE!" LAUNCH IMMEDIATELY!

BUT SIR... LAUNCH!



WE'LL HAVE TO PUT IT THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER!

DIE, HUMAN FLOG

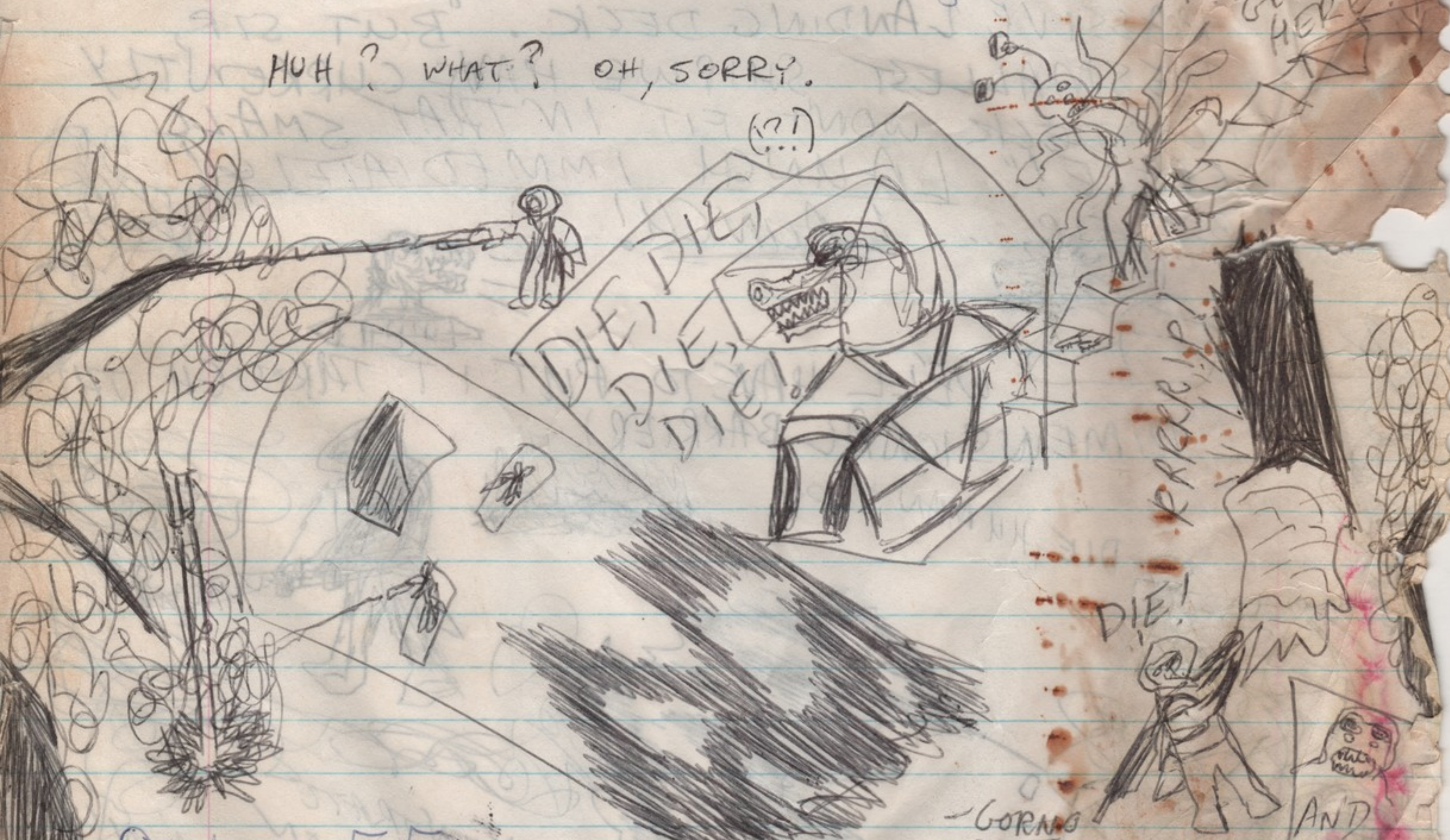


CONCENTRATE FIRE ON THE EDGES MEN!



I know alot of you think I dont know whats going on, about me, but I'm veeey aware of whats happening. Its just that lately I've had a hell of a lot on my mind & I haven't been paying all that much attention to what people are saying. and I very much resent being told to go back to sleep.

HUH? WHAT? OH, SORRY.



CLIFF

my "friend" wasn't Rob Downs. More stuff happens lets talk. - Tamer

Sometime Soon "No my dear Logbook, you must die!
Howard Die, Logbook! Die! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
- from "The Log of Androzani" JHM

Try
New

DEATH

Fabric Softener

MADNESS
INSANITY
HELP HELP
I'M CRAC.



NO
NO
NO

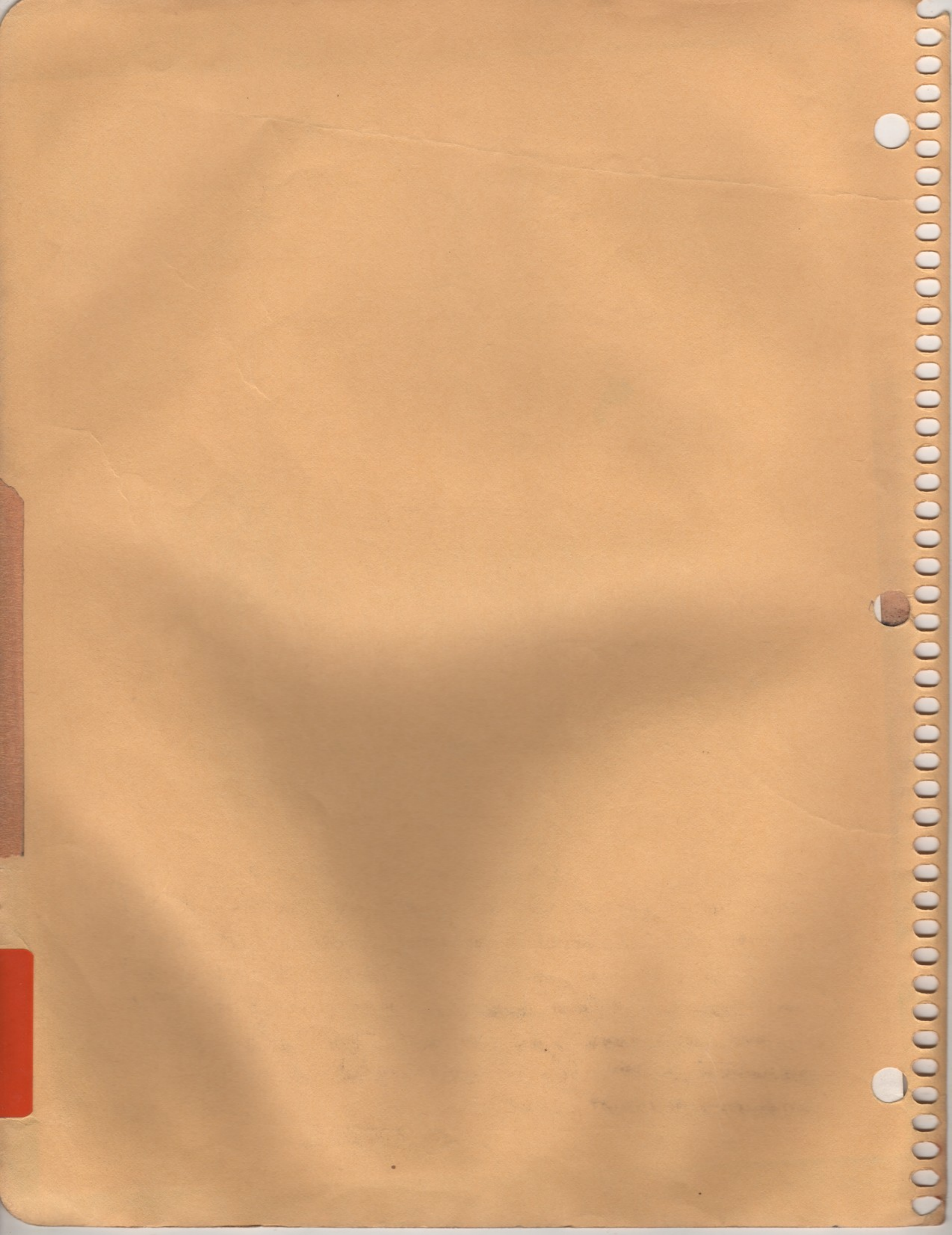
DEATHLY

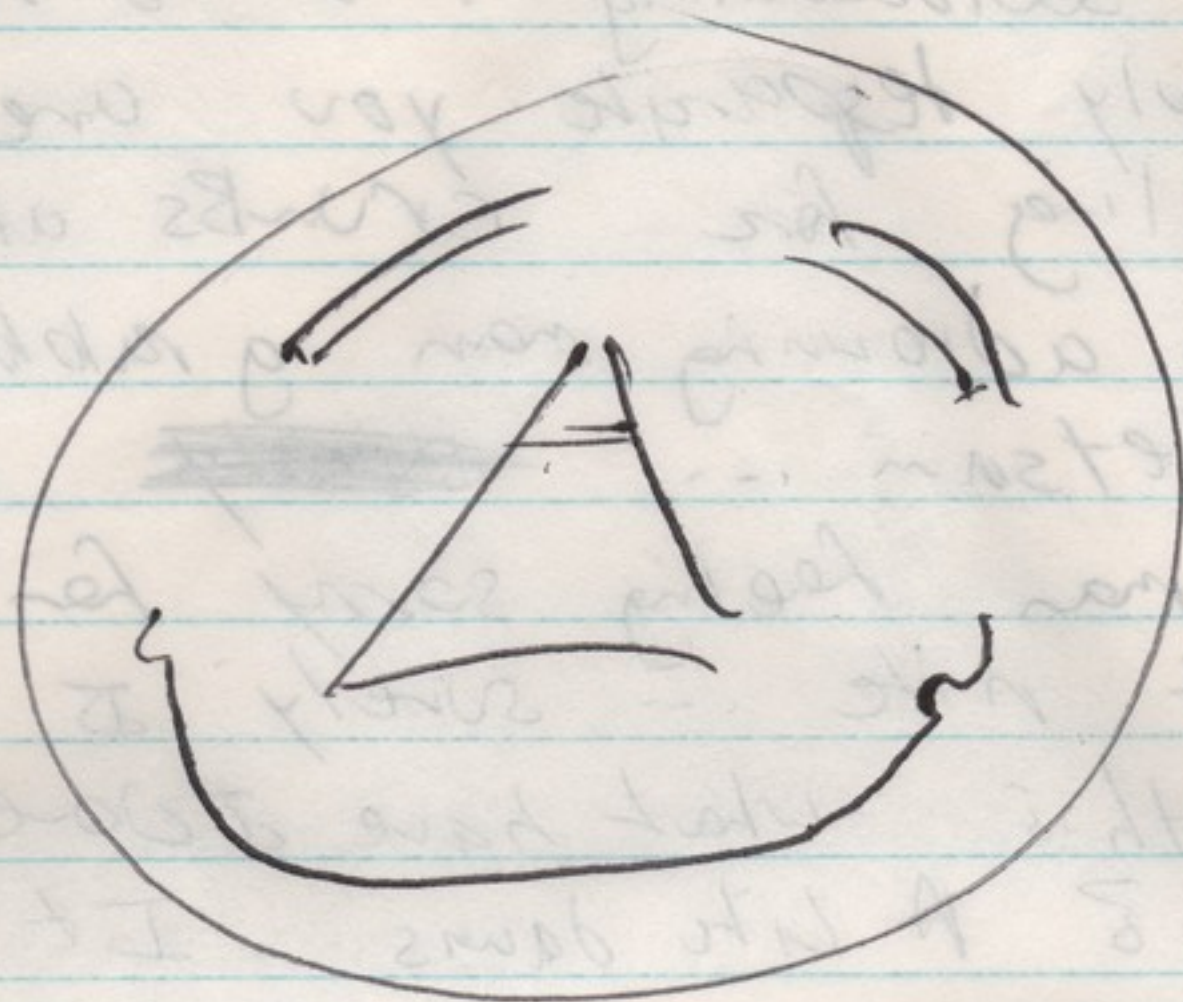
~~Snuggly~~
softness

that's really
less expensive!

DEATH IS CHEAP!
HA HA

HA HA HA
RETURN OF
DEATH!





11/11/83

Stephan - I agree with the Twilight Zone entry

All: Twilight Zone 11/8

2 great episodes

Teachers Aid and

Peladin of Time

also Amazing Stories finally got a few good shows

Listen you self-styled gift to all mankind, just 'cause your paranoid delusions of malice (prompted by some "god knows what for" sense of self worth) say you've got to have control, that's no excuse for sleeping around w/ every damn piece of flesh that comes your way. And you know what I'm talking about you F-ing empty headed grody pile of odious mutant cabbage.

- Zeus

There is nothing so truly depressing so
thoroughly souldeadening than to realize
just how truly desperate you are

Scrambling for crumbs at the banquet
of life ... a drowning man grabbing at
flotsam + jetsam ... ~~surely~~ Like an
old fat man feeling sorry for himself
late at night ... surely I deserve
none than this what have I done to have
earned this? A life dawns It is not what
I have done, but what I have not done
I suppose I have earned by laziness
what I am being pulled down by now

and so it goes

Rob the False prophet

still lonely but eventually not alone and so it goes

ROB,

Have you considered leaving the formal banquet and
trying fast-food? It's sleazy, it's grimy, it's twisted, it's
decadent

And it's FUN!

(...oh the velvet touch, of skin on skin;
to hold this much

E.E. '81

(VICE IS NICE,
BUT INCEST IS BEST;
BUT OH THE THINGS YOU CAN DO W/DIAMOND WALNUTS!)

Checks '83

K.E.T '85

AUTHOR OF

SEX

The single paramicum

(AVAILABLE WHEREVER PAPERBACKS ARE SOLD)

#105 (And I mean it!)

I am in one of my rare angry moods (har har) I am really getting sick and tired of the things that people will do and the innocents (or the inexperienced) that people will hurt in the name of SEX!

I am not going to name any names. Those of you with a guilty conscience will have to feel just as guilty as those who actually are to blame.

To the female(s): Flash the tits and wave them in the male's face. Act like you are acquiescing. Give the male just enough rope to hang himself. See what tits can do for you?

To the male(s): Ah, the tender trap. Ah, the teeth that are contained within those jaws. How obsessive can we get, guys? "Oh you can sleep with me but don't tell _____" And we fucking fall for it!

Sex is a wonderful thing. Unfortunately it can get between friends, and it can get between lovers. Regardless of any liberation that society has said happened, people still go on getting hung up about it.

Stupid humans

The Power of the Patch is strong, and we are sinking deeper and deeper into it. The females are forgetting who they are, and the males are forgetting where they're going.

Fuck you all (and then maybe there will be peace)

Chris

"They rise to fail"

By Stefan

We have passed the final barrier. Nothing stands in our way.

THE END IS NEAR!

GORNO ENTRY: 6.9-7.8-7.6

Death Bear: Nice,

GODDAMN!

I wish people would have more ambition down here. Suggested projects:

→ Astrological Ice cream recipes to rip off "Weekly World News" readers.

→ Cthulu chocolates.

→ A computer game.

→ Distribution of "Deproprovera" to forumites in need of peace of mind.

→ Creation of a organization to overthrow the government of Yukon territory and set up nuclear ice-melters and reclaim thousands of hectares of usable land which could then be sold to people from the Netherlands and Charleston N.D. who've been flooded out of their homes by rising sea waters.

TOAST: Try the Sodium Bicarbonate diet.
Axe & Hammer is stronger than ICE CREAM.

GOOD STUFF:

Voyager II will make it's closest encounter with Uranus on January 24th, 1986. This is the second day of classes. Pictures & articles in the December (?) ish of Sky & Telescope.

This edition also has an article about cosmology

12 Nov /
bsa

Chris: "Stupid humans"! Yes, of course —
why would you expect anything
else? Are you not human? For you
represent yourself as not-stupid.
(P.S. Thanks — now, with a potential controversy,
this logbook will fill faster than it has
been. LET'S WASTE TIME, SPACE, ENERGY,
AND PAPER! is back...)

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose...

As you might see (look around, fools!) the
Fool does ever yet attend the High Priestess,
reinforcing his Fooldom. The wheel rolls on —
wheels within wheels, bendrethi — and rolls around
the muddy track, getting dirty and leaving ugly
tracks.

Freedom lies in the ability to see and think beyond
the bounds imposed upon ~~the~~ you, the individual.
It cannot be given ~~any~~ ^{to anyone}, nor is it available without
(pardon the cliché) blood, sweat, and tears. Sometimes
I think that excrement ought to be mixed in,
as the free individual has, of necessity, given and
taken much of it. Freedom is too fragile, too
easily lost, to not be valued.

Perhaps some of you should work for your freedom.
Perhaps some of us should try harder to not to take
it for granted.

Bruce
★

("all pride and no joy")

Eric -

I have a really stupid present for you, assuming it doesn't get stolen out of my car at Friendly's. I will be back in evening - find me if you want or I'll try to find you.

Rob O: kullo - I'll see you at 5:30 or thereabouts.

See you all,
Sandy²

J

Yeah really.

11/13/85

12/33/14

or thereabouts

What I wouldn't give to have my IQ lowered around 30 points, or to lose my ability to give a fuck about people, friends or strangers.

Solutions for pain:

Physical: Cuts, sheer guts. But have enough people watching. Stupidity is fun.

Intellectual: Read a book. Do homework. Veg out on TV. Stupidity is fun.

Emotional: Inevitable. Ignore it. Maybe it will go away. Stupidity is stupid, and painful.

Grow up asshole!

Bleah!

And on to happier thoughts:

This log book is going fast. Just don't finish it off until I finish my story (DORIS)

It's nice to see Ben not the only self loather around here.

THAT

brainless twit

By Geo 3

ALL: Lost my keys in here. If you see them (they are attached to a swiss army knife - red) let me know.

- Geo 3

TOAST: The ONLY ANSWER SURVIVING TIME.

You, my friend, are a product of self-forced evolution. I'm truly impressed by your dedication, persistence, and self-discipline. All these are qualities I envy as well as admire in you. I don't have half your strength. I wish you well, I wish you peace. Know as you achieve success, I'm there to cheer your victories; and support you when you're down, because there will be difficult times on the road to success. I'm rambling now. I never have been able to express deep feelings in writing, & care a lot. I'm here if you need me. Carry on, my wayward son, there'll be peace when you are done. Lay your weary head to rest don't you cry no more.

1 1/2
'85
circ - 2:30 pm

TOAST

The ultimate
Breakfast Food.

A slice a day keeps
the muffins away.

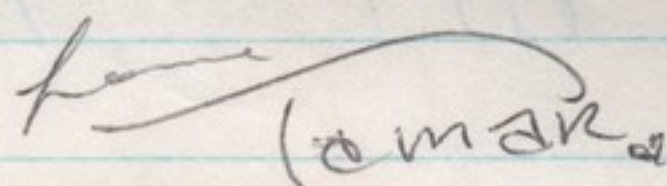
space wasted
for public
service
announcement

ROB ↓ - Sorry I was bad company last night.
I really CRASHED. It was beyond my
control. I do want to talk. And,
thank you for the gift. You really know
how to treat a lady.

Sam - I need to talk. See you later - I hope.
Curt - sorry I fell asleep. (see note to
ROB ↓). Lets talk.

G, - I'd like to talk with you, see
see you tomorrow, latest, at Destinies.

Jera

 Jera

STARK - RAVING - SAME

Harvest (Year, A Fruitful Year)

A Rune of beneficial outcomes, Jera applies to any activity or endeavor to which you are committed. Receiving this Rune encourages you to keep your spirits up. Be aware, however, that no quick results can be expected. A span of time always is involved; hence the key words "one year," symbolizing a full cycle of time before the reaping, the harvest or deliverance.

You have prepared the ground and planted the seed. Now you must cultivate with care. To those whose labor has a long season, a long coming to term, Jera offers encouragement of success. Know that the outcome is in the keeping of Providence and continue to persevere.

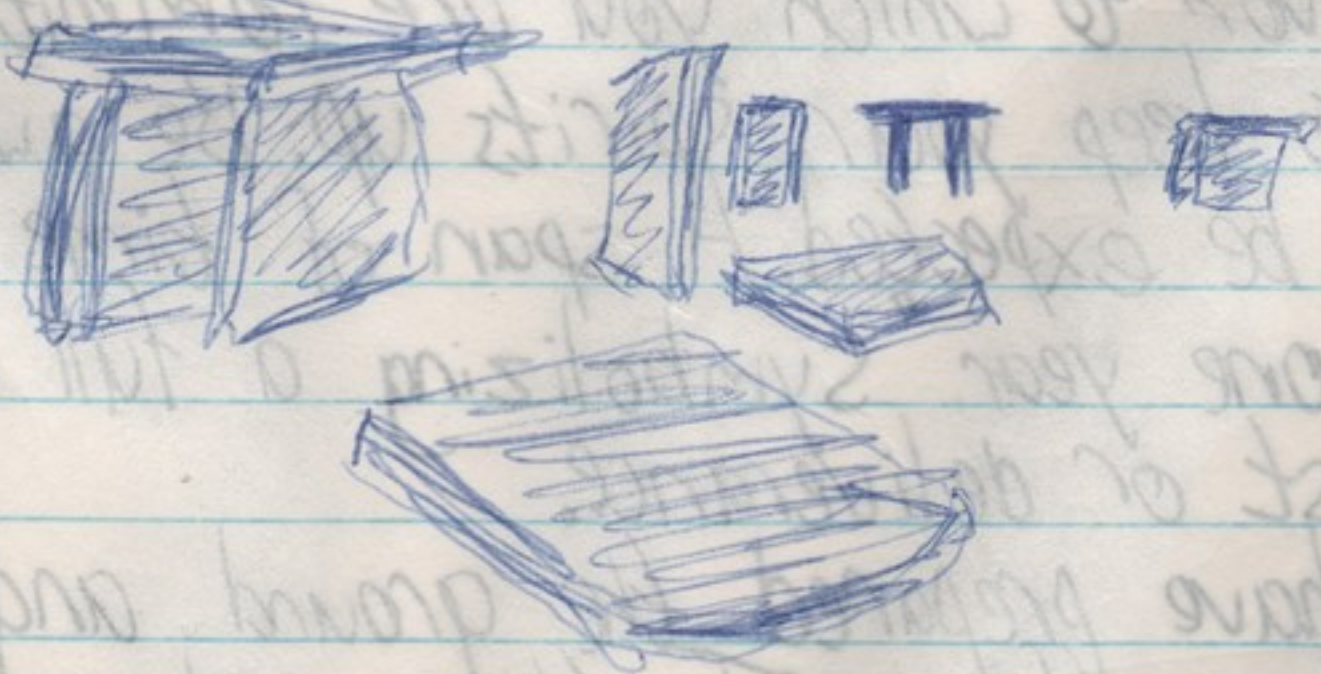
Remember the farmer who was so eager to assist his crops that he went out at night and tugged on the new shoots. There is no way to push the river; equally you cannot hasten the harvest. Be mindful that patience is essential for the recognition of your own process which, in its season, leads to the harvest of the self.

ALL: NEVER MIND NEVER MIND
I'VE FOUND MY KEYS.

- Geo 3

Question:

WHAT IS THIS?



Answer: cast herve

I approached the leader of the people, in robot form. I was surprised at his reaction.

"You are from the stars," he said, as if he was commenting "It is raining."

"Yes,

"We have stories of visitors from the stars. I am surprised it took so long to happen."

"There have been no others, because I have destroyed them all."

"I see, Why?"

I explained my quest to save the universe. He was interested, and even sympathetic.

~~"But~~ "But what good is the universe, without someone to observe its beauty?" he asked.

"A vlorpht is beautiful. It needs no one to look at it to be beautiful."

"No. Beauty needs intelligence to appreciate it. Can a virus appreciate beauty? A germ?"

"Well..." he had a point.

"You said that the races you met created works of art, that you enjoyed. You also said that they didn't use large amounts of energy until they achieved the ability to leave their world."

"So, what are you getting at?"

"I am saying that instead of destroying life, you should nurture it, and bring out its beauty. You are milleniums old. Imagine the stories you could tell, the things you've seen. Share yourself."

~~I~~ I was speechless. It made sense, almost too much. I left the leader, and thought in orbit a long, long time.

If life could be kept at a pre-starflight technology level, the universe would be spared its ravages. But would ~~the~~ an intelligent race be content to stay on its own planet, no matter what treasures I shared with them?

11/12/85 "Don't give up Logbook! Don't leave me!"

4:03 PM

Howard

Ω

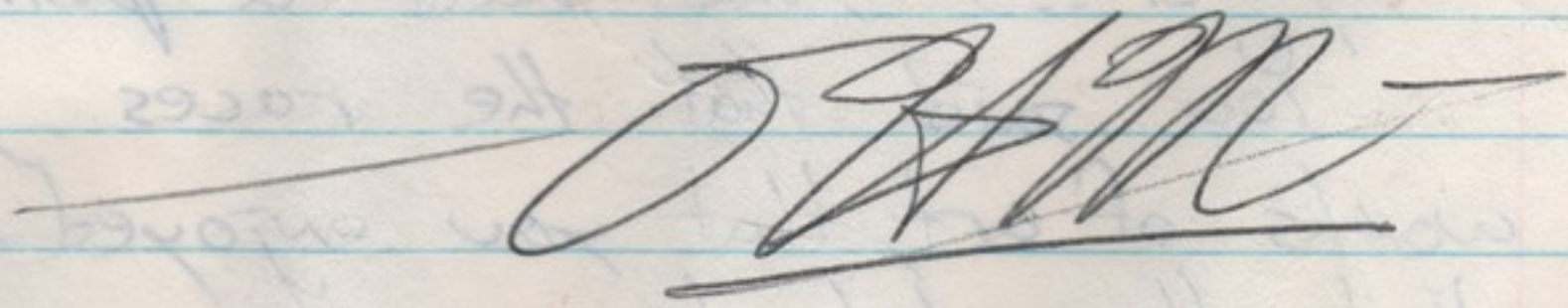
"I might regenerate. I don't know. It feels different this time."

— from "The Log of Androzani"

LOGBOOK

WTHO

TO BE CONTINUED



(BY) Stefan

BRUCE'S FREEDOM ENTRY: POMPUS, CONTRADICTIONARY, UNRELATED THOUGHTS!

EVOLUTION IS FOR ANIMALS?

We are not only intelligent. We are adaptive & adapting adaptors. We change. We change others. We change things. →

This is an immensely more powerful ability than the aimless, biased-probability phenomena called evolution and misinterpreted by the unsophisticated as a natural "force" or a "law" or something sacred. It took millions of years for evolution to make a lizard fly. If year one is the creation of five, we took about 10,000. In less than a lifetime we'll have recreated intelligence. In a few generations we'll have total control of our genetic inheritance (and those of any other species we care to fuck with). This makes any arguments for eugenics and the like meaningless or destructive*. Unlike evolution, we can pick and choose, save what is outwardly weak but contains value, and protect the immature until it can protect itself.

Evolution? Pah! We have intelligence, memories, hands and consciousness. We are number one because we know.

*Diversity is power and potential for change.

11/12/85
5:15 pm

Vicki G

Cliff -

Give me a call 6-4342

Alma

11/12/85

7:33:33

L.R.

To the one I won and the lost,

The love I have for you is like a
knife through the heart.

The blood I bleed for you is a sea
of tears.

I wish my heart ^{could} ~~could~~ be mended
through long ~~hard~~ hateful hate!
But I must settle for long
and hard Depression!

P.S. Hi Lisa

[L.R.]

11/12/85

7:57:28

DanL

Some minor reflections on exclusiveness, cliqueishness, and who belongs and who does not.

I've been noticing lately a real neo-fraternity attitude about the above notions, both in relation to the Forum as a whole and towards some small, closed in-groups.

[In point of fact, this is what entry #103 is about, as in "How dare some slip of a girl disrupt our holy he-man brigade". Or in other words, He-man Woman-Haters Club, reprise.]

Come ON, people. This is the Forum (a.k.a. Weirdos Anonymous). The only requirements for membership are (1) being weird, (2) hanging out down here. (Actually, (1) isn't a requirement, but it just works out that way). By the Forum charter, every undergraduate is a member. As long as someone isn't hurting people and isn't a complete, absolute, utter slime-sucking asshole, I'm prepared to accept them.

Isn't it funny how some "boys" blame the problems of mind on girls and then assume men all have these same weaknesses?

- Zeus

11/12/85

THE GENESIS OF THE

9:07 PM

BRIDGEPLAYERS

The prisoners were marched from the silo toward the cell block. A sil looked up and saw scaffolding that reached all the way to the ceiling of the missile silo. On the ceiling, just above the top of the rocket, was a small service hatch.

They reached the cell, and the guard barked "Alright! You've got a 15 minutes rest period. Then it's back to work!"

"We've got to get out of here!" whispered A sil to Steven. "But how?" A captured Kaled soldier, leaned over, "I agree, every minute we are near the explosives they are making us rock that rocket with, we are in grave danger. Staying here would mean certain death by Bridgetonium toximia!" A sil thought for a minute "Well, I did see a hatch ~~at~~ over the top of the rocket, we could ~~all~~ climb up the scaffolding." "But what about the guards, called Steven. ~~The guards~~ were looking around the room

the Kaled soldier said, "There are mostly captured Rebels here, the guards ~~are~~ won't expect any trouble from them." "Excellent! so here's what we'll do..."

The cell door opened, and the guard stepped in "All right, scumbags... oops! sorry, I mean Rebels. Back to work!" Steverin withdrew a large can of beer from his crotch, and bashed the guard on the head with it. Beer spurted in all directions as the guard crumpled and fell to the floor unconscious. "That was a damn waste of good beer," lamented Steverin. "Come on!" cried the Kaled as he ran out the door toward the scaffolding, the others following.

As if, Steverin, the Kaled soldiers and some others made it to the scaffolding and began to climb.

~~But the Rebels were straight for~~
An alarm sounded and Thal soldiers charged into the silo. Instead of heading for the scaffolding the Rebels waded straight for the onrushing soldiers. They began waving their bibles at the guards, spouting gibberish. "Peace be with ^{you} brother, let me tell you ~~about the bible~~ the true meaning of the bible!" Bullets flew everywhere. "May God have mercy on your soul!" Bullets pierced flesh and paper. Pages of their bibles

plow everywhere. "Brothers let us spread The Word!" One Rebo stood up on a box and yelled "Your bullets cannot hurt me! My Bible is like a shield of steel!" A bullet passed through the book he held in front of him and went through his chest. "Guess what," he said.

A sil and Steverin and the Kaled had almost reached the top of the scaffolding. A sil slipped and almost fell, but the Kaled caught her and pulled her back. "Keep going, it..." He never finished his sentence, the pursuing gounds were very good marksmen. A sil and Steverin reached the top, realizing they were the only ones that had survived. They jumped over to the rocket and began to climb toward the hatch in the ceiling.

Unfortunately, the Captain of the Gound had also reached the top. He had lost a whole crew of slave laborers, wasted a lot of ammunition on bibles, was in big, big trouble with his superiors, there was beer all over his nice, clean cell and they had interrupted his afternoon tea. Needless to say, he was pretty pissed. "All right you two get back over here. Now!"

He punctuated his sentence with a burst from his machine gun. Steverin and A sil almost fell off their perch

on the rocket. "I'm going to make
you wish you had fallen!"

Just then, the hatch opened up
all by itself. The captain looked
up in time to see the hot buttered
piece of toast ^{fall} fly through the
hatch straight for him. The piece
of toast lodged itself in the captain's
chest, ~~and he~~ he stumbled backward,
and fell over the edge. The other guards
retreated from the hail of toast from
above. Asil and Steverin climbed
through the hatch and found themselves
on the surface of the Thal dome.

To Be Continued...

(The Doctor)
EJ

SOME OF THE FOLLOWING WERE CLIPPED
FROM RECENT NEWSPAPERS. I THOUGHT
THEY MIGHT BE FOUND AMUSING TO SOME

Wednesday, November 6, 1985

The wrath of Xemu

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

LOS ANGELES—The Church of Scientology secretly teaches that 75 million years ago Earth was called Teegeeach and was among 90 planets ruled by Xemu, who spread his evil by thermonuclear bombs, according to court documents that sect members tried to prevent the public from seeing.

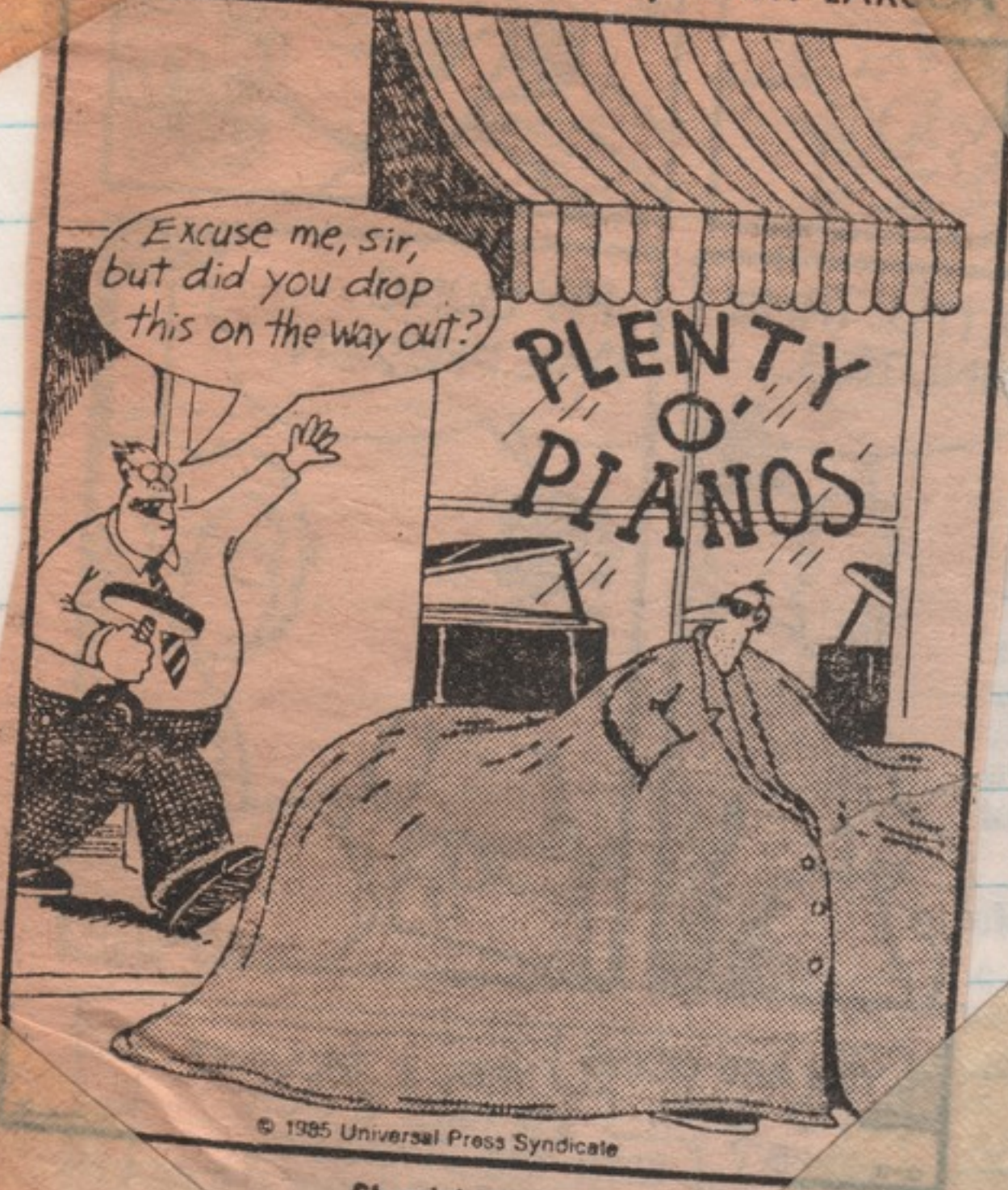
Church President Heber Jentzsch said yesterday that news accounts of the documents were distorted.

The documents at issue were submitted as part of a civil case brought by former Scientologist Larry Wollersheim, who claims the organization defrauded him by promising him higher intelligence and greater business success through Scientology courses that cost thousands of dollars.

AND THEN, THE
PSYCHLOS' CAME IN
TO TAKE OVER...

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



Stupid clerks

POWER OF
SANTON

...urse of the fat people

Today's featured Fact & Figure: It is weekend reported by a

Popcorn-makers' trade association called The Popcorn Institute that last year alone The American Public consumed 629 million pounds of popcorn, which works out on the old per-capita chart to 42 Quarts Of Popcorn Per Average American. How many of you accept that? How many of you ate anything even close to 42 quarts of popcorn last year? Who is this one lone graph-skewing human being out there who is eating popcorn by the 55-gallon drum? Contact us immediately. We'd like to put your picture in our newspaper.

ROB DOWNS
ARE YOU THE
PERSON MESSING UP
THESE STATISTICS?

Not responsible for lost items

Meanwhile, our friends at Quaker Oats tell us they've calculated things up and it looks like The Average American consumes about 0.664 Boxes Of Cap'n Crunch Per Year, which is more the sort of figure we can live with. This emerges as The Great Nationwide Search For Cap'n Crunch moves right along—you'll remember we were telling you that, in one of the more massive promotional in Breakfast Cereal History, Cap'n Crunch vanished from his box several months ago — and we learn that not only is there now a "Where's The Cap'n?" Hit Record and Hit Video from an Actual Rock And Roll Star, this being Mr. Rick Derringer, composer of the immortal "Hang On Sloopy," the Crunchquest has also lately become the nation's leading Hot Campus Craze. All chapters of the official Cap'n Crunch fraternity, Eta Kappa Crunch, are deeply involved in the dragnet proceedings, The San Diego Chicken is vigilantly searching from city to city, the formation marching band at Stanford solemnly spelled out CAP'N MISSING on the field during a recent halftime show and a marketing professor at Southeast Missouri State is teaching an entire Cap'n Crunch course. Nice to see that our students have better things to do these days than protest the war like a bunch of hoodlums, isn't it?

WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE RACES BETWEEN
AUSP + QUAK

THE NEW SUPERMAN

A Superman For the '80s

New York (AP) — Superman is about to undergo a midlife makeover, but don't expect the new, improved Man of Steel to wimp out.

He'll still be Superman — still based in Metropolis, still fighting for Truth, Justice and the American Way — but he'll have a more contemporary look.

"The core of it is, we're getting him ready for his 50th anniversary in 1988," said Paul Levitz, executive vice president of DC Comics in Manhattan, which publishes Superman.

Some of the changes seem to be inspired by the Superman films. Lois Lane, Superman's heartthrob, will be updated — "more like Margot Kidder," who played the character in the movies, Levitz said.

"There will always be the eternal triangle," Levitz said. In this case, the triangle is Lois, Superman and Superman's alter ego, Clark Kent. But as he was on film, Superman will be a bit more vulnerable to his own emotions.

The changes will take place next summer, around July 4, and will start with a retelling of the Superman legend.



Kennedy and icons like that—will somehow just continue to be part of flow forever and ever, but from time to time you get these rude awakenings this life and it develops that none but

Superman himself has fallen on some very hard times. The Man Of Steel's famous personal comic book, an indestructible fixture of the popular landscape since 1938, has suffered a steadily declining circulation for years and he is at present, according to plugged-in comic book industry watchers, regularly outsold by dozens and dozens of other titles and down sales of 111,000 copies a month, a figure that has doomed a lot of other books to cancellation. "He is a tired

character!" concedes DC Comics' Miss Peggy May. "People are tired of reading him!" As it is unthinkable to cancel somebody like Superman, a major overhaul is in the works at DC and the existing Superman book will reach the end of the line sometime next summer, to be replaced by an altogether new series starring what is promised to be, though precise details aren't yet worked out, a much-revamped hero. Miss May says DC will also attempt to resuscitate in some amended fashion the late great

Slower than a speeding bullet

We as a people sometimes comfort ourselves into thinking that all our cultural icons that we have grown up with and cherished all our lives—you know, like Tarzan and Dick Tracy and Scrooge McDuck and John F.

Wonder Woman, who, notwithstanding her own firm cult status, bought the form not long ago for lack of sales.

A PART OF
ARTICLES ON
THE NEW SUPERMAN...

**Additional times
to every purpose
under heaven**

Science marches on, as Science does, and this weekend Science reports that it believes it's about ready to resurrect our friend **The Great Woolly Mammoth**, which has been extinct now, oh, about 12,000 years. As much successful work has been done with **Embryo Transplants** of late, cryo-geneticists out at Colorado State University have begun to get interested in these well-preserved deep-frozen mammoth specimens that are forever getting dug up out of the Siberian tundra, and increasingly they're figuring that if only they could find some **Frozen Mammoth Sperm** and an **Agreeable Host Mother**, presumably an elephant, probably what they could do is come up with some kind of **In Vitro Mammoth Mule-Thing**. The immediate problem, notes a researcher named **Mr. George E. Seidel Jr.**, is locating a deep-frozen mammoth specimen that's still got fire in the old furnace, though since old-time mammoths are sticking up from out of the tundra just everywhere Mr. Seidel doesn't imagine it will be too many years before Science will get itself a good workable jug of mammoth sperm to fiddle with. Once Science manages to bring back the great woolly mammoth, it is postulated, there's nothing much to keep science from bringing back **Dinosaurs** and **pterodactyls** and things like that as well. Kind of makes you think, doesn't it? If there's essentially no such thing as **Extinct**, what do we really mean by "death"?

THEN THERE'LL
BE A COMIC BOOK
CALLED ADOLESCENT NUCLEAR LARVAE PTERODACTYLUS

YES FOLKS, ISN'T READING NEWSPAPERS FUN? ISN'T
IT AMAZING-HOW MUCH USEFUL INFORMATION YOU
CAN LEARN?

MIKE
M

11/12/85
2:00 AM

But Dan, those who form their own "cliques" as you put it are allowed to exclude whomever they want. If it was open to everyone, why bother going out of the Forum? What you call a clique and define as a "small, closed, in-group" are merely people who are good friends, enjoy each others company, and are tired of having half the Forum around at any given point in time. The Forum does not exclude anyone. But anyone who wants to socialize outside the Forum has the right to exclude anyone they want.

Charles

10:09 AM

My god! No ~~Stefan~~ ^{Stefan} entry this morning? How do they expect people to work under these conditions? Get to it, Stefan

SL²

Dear Rich, ^{if anyone sees Rich tell him to read the log.} Wed.
I want to meet you today at 3:00. I want to get a monopoly game going today. I left my board on the table and my friend Shrada is coming down to play today. So I'm planning to take the late train. ~~Don't~~ come to the forum at 3:00.

MILICE
H

6/15/84
11:53 p.m.
\$9.50
Non-Fict.

Nightmares... again. again. again. again.

A streetlight cast a shadow, not a glow, on the filth my feet were stirring. Out of synch, my measured pace and my heart beat sent my mind far away, to home, to life. Blind, deaf and dumb to then, the mind and body moved on so blissfully unaware.

Of a sudden, I started, back to myself. There was no wind to rustle that candy wrapper and paper bag that I had passed a beat before. There was a split second of fear, or maybe dread. There was no

"Don't move. Don't scream."

A hand was clamped tightly over my face, I could have done neither. The filth, closer... closer. Enveloping me. A hand clamped so tightly over my mouth I could taste a trickle of blood. A victim of my own teeth.

Filth. words... can't write them, can't think them.

"Such a doll. A pretty toy."

My mind was numb, then washed away into blackness. But if that were true, how could I remember the blood, the pain?

Then came cold cruel hands, to help.

"She's alright, she can go."

"Let me go!"

"You'll be o.k. go now. Get some rest."

The blur of nightmares ended. I was finally free. I'm o.k.? o.k.? Can you see my heart, my mind? Can you see the blood still dripping from my soul, even as the scars form? DO YOU STILL HAVE NIGHTMARES? I hate them all, but more than them myself. DO YOU HAVE NIGHTMARES?

J

11/13/85
12:27 PM

The foob is blue...

G7: What the fuck have you done to my brain? I think brain cells have died. As if I didn't have enough troubles. Back to the drawing board.

Jambone: Thanks again for your help. ~~I~~ It's good to know that I am not the first.

Tamar: As always, I will be there to help, at the least sign of trouble. I care. I can do no less for a friend.

And on to things of a more general nature. It's only Wednesday? It feels more like Thursday. What a long, strange week it's been. I survive, I enjoy what I can. I evolve. Oh well.



TIFFIN IN THE MACHINE

11/13/85

1:00 PM

Howard

Ω

"What was it you always used to tell me, Logbook - Brave Heart!?"

-from "The Log of Androzani"

TO BE CONTINUED

13 Nov /
bsa

Simultest w/ @LOG 1: Chris, Stefan, Dan, etc:
"Physician, heal thyself."

Chris: Ear time still available. Cheap, too. Besides, I still have to hear lots of musical things, what'sies - which

Reminds me

All interested (that's you Kevin & Chris & Charles): Currently
under production's new Tom-Tom Club album. Release
date early 1986. Name: ?

~~"all pride, and no joy"~~

Eric: Out walking. IF you want to chat,
leave locale or find me here later. Hope
Apelgarden went well.

Chris: hello!

Rob &: hello!

Everyone else: hello!

Sandy²

11/13/85 ATTENTION ALL WHO READ THE COMICS DOWN HERE:
2:00 PM clive noticed recently that there has
Howard been somewhat more concern than
Ω in the past for keeping the comics
neat (ie: in piles). As such, the comics
are once again arranged in stacks
according to the red labels under
the respective pile that the title
corresponds to (ie: DC comics, Marvel Comics
A-C, D-G, etc.). Henceforth, if you remove
a comic from the pile, put it back
where you found it! This way,
people know where to look for a particular
title. Thank you. — OAM in Graphic Detail
in Graphic Detail

GAR7
11/13/85
4:45 PM,

- Howard + Co: I'll be late. For a good reason.
I've got to talk to some Po-lice. Give
me a call at home.

- Argh! I've been severely ripped off and
am suitably depressed. For this, some skullcracker
the icy hand of death upon them. Grump.

- Gar7

L.R.
5:20 pm

It's a dark and rainy night and
all is quiet in the forum except one lost
soul wandering down the road toward
infinity. His quest unfulfilled, he goes on
searching until he reaches his far off
goal. Then hence his thoughts go to "why
go on this fruitless quest? when all he
gains is heart-ache" Then slowly he walks
out into the cold damp world of reality!

P.S. Lisa call me by my real name
Please!

P.P.S. Tammar smile! why? just smile! L.R.

The real question is; will the logbook be filled up first or will the back cover come off first? Waiting to find out is the most excitement I've had in months!
 the cover, easy.

I left the people in peace, with a new purpose. I left them the art of eyes, in return for what they did to me.

I sent out probes to my "brothers", with new instructions.

Life generated on worlds, and I was there. I offered art and peace, but only at the cost of space. The planet was theirs, to be used as needed, but take care of it, life, it will be your only home.

There were those who turned down my offer. "My people must grow", or "We have a destiny to fulfill". Always, I left them, having a robot destroy them. Had I still sap, it would have frozen in sadness. But I had only cool electrons, superconducting currents.

I searched for a world, asking my robots for directions, devoid of life, but with the potential ~~for~~ for it. After a long time it was found.

From deep within my core, I recalled the life of my world. I created life chemicals in the oceans, and it took. I redesigned the code and lifeforms, and after many years, it was ready.

I planted the seedlings of the progenitors of my race. On the other side of the planet, I left them the gift I had given

all others, encoded in crystal. It would be thousands of years before they could understand it. I also left my warning, and in orbit, a sentinel.

I wonder what happened to them. It has been a long time, and I never returned to them. The sun has already died, surely they are all dead. I wonder how they decided.

TBC

~~I waited for reports from other galaxies~~

11/13 KEM1 -

EXACTLY WHAT DOES THE INSCRIPTION LOOK LIKE? (I'M CONFUSED) - ANY LUCK WITH THE WELSH YET?

Morgana

GEEZ! I WANT TO PARTICIPATE IN THE RACE TO FINISH THE LOG, BUT I CAN'T RIGHT NOW. GOTTA STUDY.

DAMN
Daniel A. Fitzgerald

Morgana, ① are we speaking of the 20 oak-leaves?

③ OOPS! slipped me mind, what was the phrase again? (forgive, forgive.... I'll get a wet noodle - will 20 lashes do?, Tee-Hee!)

KE T '85

ICK - IT'S THE SLEAZY, STUDIP
UNDER BELLY OF THE FORUM!
STUPID FARYMITES!

GORN0

Tamara - I have found the letters
that go with some of the dancing men.
The flags mark the end of words. If you would
like these then please come to my room
(He B23) where I am keeping them captive

Bill

QOOC: Kenji: "I'm giving Charles a lot of options"

↳ WHO IS ZEUS? ← WEDNESDAY MORNING 3 AM
WHO IS L.R. IDENTIFYER SELF JLW

QOOC: Charles to Morgana "I don't need any help,
I can get him off myself"

11/13 CHRIS -
3AM

DON'T FORGET THE TODAY!

Morgana

P.S. ARE YOU TIRED YET?

P-shaw! On My word! Is morality dead? (No, but we're trying!)

TEE-HEE-EE
RET '85

What is that entry? Have you no shame? Have you no pride?
Have you no staying power? Get with it people! What's this
"tired" shit?

Charles

Bob Stefan

G-NORT. BRRR-TICK-TICK-TICK. My mind is
move or less permanently clogged FROM
playing MULE and SEVEN CITIES OF
GOLD FOR 8 1/2 HOURS yesterday, NOT
ONLY did I NOT COME TO THE FORUM,
I didn't leave the house. Thank you,
Batwin.

Sandy²: sorry, I cut "History" today (last
thursday wasn't a real cut). I probably
won't cut rock music, but you won't be
there so I won't see you. Oh well, have
fun!

DANL: MUSIC TEST TOMORROW. HYPER FUCK!

TOAST: AI SUNDAY!! DOUBLE HYPER FUCK!!!!
WE MUST STUDY!!!

ALL: : TRIPLE HYPERFUCK (why not?)

Rob

J

11/14/85

11:30 AM

Well
Shaken

TRIST

Rob: Cant. I'm playing SFB Sundays. I
have an important sense of priorities
Perhaps sometime before?

Zelus: I wish you'd quit casting lightning
down from Mt Olympus. You seem so
sure of yourself. Make yourself known.

Do I see the light at the end of the tunnel, or is it
just a reflection of myself in the distance?

11/14/85

11:46 AM

Howard

Ω

"You musn't die Logbook. Too many of your enemies would delight in your death."

- from "The Log of Androzani"

TO BE CONTINUED

P.S.: COMIC READERS (Again): Clf Crisis #12 is out tomorrow, we will be reviewing it on Destinies on the Nov. 29 show (recorded Nov. 27). Let me know if you want to be in on it.

*or next week

This offer is good for a limited time only.

Ω

14 November

bsa

Signs are so simple - look all around

Just a black arrow on yellow background

Red circles and slashes obliterate no-no's

~~Simple~~ Simple red-greens ~~tell~~ ^{say} stop or go.

It's an LCD world

We live in today

Minimum denominators,

Each and the other

Use for uniform speech with his brother

Look at the watches on every hand

Listen to music played by most bands

Nothing original, nothing unique

~~The~~ Being most modern means shedding mystique.

It's an LCD world
We live in today.
"Quarter to seven" -
Forget all that jive.
You should be saying "7:45"

- © 1985 Bruce S. Adelson

11/14/85
GAR7
2:48 P.M.

- To any: Please read the following to Ralph
since I doubt that he'll read this:

RALPH - I couldn't find Art, but I

left a typed-up version of the budget in
his mailbox. I'll inquire after it tomorrow.

A musing: My ~~own~~ suspicions of the strange
curse I am subjected to find confirmation once
again. I have found that on each and every
consecutive number month/day (i.e. June 7 (6/7),
July 8 (7/8), etc.) something interesting happens
to screw up my life and times. This has been the
case for several years, and the problem seems to
be intensifying: Any tests given on those dates I
invariably do poorly on. My health often suffers, and
I tend to have accidents, etc. On Sept. 10 of this
year (9/10) my car broke down and my briefcase
was stolen. On Nov. 12 (11/12) someone got into
my apartment and stole my VCR. The source of
this curse, I cannot discern, but I have this uneasy
feeling that it is somehow related to the fact that
I was born ("torn from the womb" as it were) on
January 2, 1963 (1/2, of course), (next page)

Perhaps the world is paying^{me} back for the misfortune which I brought it by my birth. By ceaselessly reminding me on the incremental monthly anniversaries of that fateful date, the "powers-that-be" are getting their jollies. Oh well. All I have left to say is that I live in dread of December 13 (12/13). Any solutions, anyone?.

- Nutt said for now,
Cico,
Gary Z.

Thurs
11/14

Stefan & Tamar,

Since Tamar's test will probably run late, I'll be arriving at the Forum for I-CON office work between 8 & 8:30 PM.

See Ya then,

Ralph

Ralph: no! I can't stay that late, the computer room won't be open, and I'm hungry. 7:00 - 7:30 would've been OK. Leave stuff to be typed with Tamar and I'll show her how to operate the machine.

The reports started to come in from the other galaxies. Success! Failure! An entire Supercluster that was Core to eliminate a vast empire. And art to make my xylophone.

My job was complete. Life was under control. My robots turned from their roles as sentinels, and ~~there~~ were rearranged into dust collectors. ~~In~~ Shovelling hydrogen and raw materials into stars, keeping the Ares ~~in~~ for just a little longer.

Boy, you don't even know how to be pussy-whipped! You aren't lead around by the one that lets you have her - you are not obsessed with the only lay (as a 14-year old boy) - No, you are possessed by the existence of the very device, the generic apparatus of vulva. Yes, you!

Hi, I am not DJ Zaunders, but Ianac Zera.

Please try to use the non-hormone tainted filters of thy brain to discern what forum persons actually are not screwed up and who, like you, carries an air of emotional competency in pretense.

I heh, whatever you do - don't try to be 'like them' Just figure out why I'm not writing this to them.

- Zera

- Relax Sir Toasterman, I only harm those that could hurt you if un-checked

The universe was ending, and I was sad, but if it wasn't for me, life would have overruled and destroyed it. And I prepared.

Are there other universes out there, that I could save. I prepared 5 copies of myself, to be released at the time of the final collapse, where they could draw enough energy to leave, and search.

And I decided to end my existence, as I started: As a tree.

I, Shethiphth, the last of my people, the last being in the universe, have come to the end of my time. The universe, in its death, ~~and no life outside this ship~~, has grown too hot to support life, ~~other~~ outside this ship. I am old, but I will die with the wind in my branches.

Lifespan of universe: 46.8 billion years.

And, so, mankind, is my story. You have come to the decision point for your entire race. Share with me the treasures of a dead universe, and be content with your world. You have everything you need, if you are careful. Stay in your cage, my pets. I care for all life, and would hate to have to destroy my children.

Gifts

Ralph, see note under yours
Also Jammy has a text now, will see you later.

Patrick Troughton looks like Moe from the Three Stooges.

Nicola Bryant has an ugly face, though her tits are nice.

If Daleks were smaller, K9 might mistake them for fire hydrants and piss on them.

Is the Tin Jar really a Cyberman?

Don't bother tuning in tomorrow - it's not worth it.

iodine: to eat on one of the moons of Jupiter

11/14/85

J
A
M
A
V
T
A
R
A

CLIFF,

We went to GSO

JAM + The rest
of your buddies.

Moragana; in Welsh,

Canol

Erzidd

> center, metaphorical heart

Calon - anatomical heart.

The articles vary, which word do you wish to use.

KGT '85

Don't look different, don't sound different.

In turn they step, I've seen it,

I hear it, I see it, to be different.

And life is more for all of this.

The individual smiles and I smile back.

What is dared has been equally shared.

I've seen it and ~~happy~~ happily I feel it.

(By) Stefan

FOLKS, This place is beginning to look like a zoo again. CLEAN UP or face the WRAITH OF CAN!



OR, maybe a long-extinct volcano will SPURT ooze all over your house, killing your parents and your dog!

GARY-CLIFF-VICTOR-KEVIN-J.A.M: We MUST CONFIRM final arrangements, meeting times, etc.

11/15 Charles or Bruce → need help in moving some stuff today! Can either of you help me (i.e. w/ car)
11:25
Fri

Thank,
Eric

F

11/15

11:45

Tired..... So tired.....

Chris +/or Dan: I'd like to talk about chain novel.

Rob: Hallo Vic! 'DW YA POIN'?

Tamar: Gone to Library computer site to work on my program. Dinner perhaps?

It was the best of Logs, it was the worst of Logs. I have seen the changes in me and others. Meanwhile in the continuing Soap Opera of Forum relations, my character decides to quit before his mind is fucked. After all, nothing else will be.

Toast is the greater part of Discretion.

11/15/85
1:42:39 PM
Dan L

Slam dancing it Everyone stays perfectly still and bump their minds together...

11/15/85
2:02 PM
Howard
Ω

"You're needed, Logbook."
- from "The Log of Androzani"

TO BE CONTINUED

P.S. Boy, this Logbook death scene is really being stretched out.

P.P.S. PEOPLE WHO READ COMICS DOWN HERE: Is it really so much trouble to put the comics back in the piles you got them from? Come on, people, you're supposed to know how to read labels by this point.

Ω

(BY) Stefan

BOOK RUN LAVA SKADLE!

My phone no. is 689-7451. PLEASE call to CONFIRM PLANS!! AS FAR AS I KNOW I HAVE to get here at 8:00am.

Having, aquired some powdered water, the question arises as to what to add.

KGT '85

11/15/85 8:46 pm.

(Entry from that Pope fellow.)

I spend a good portion of the day composing a log entry - yes, my job really is that exciting - but now, log in hand, I find I really don't have the --- inclination or whatever to actually write that entry. Ok, I don't have the balls. I admit it. I don't mind insulting or embarrassing people, but shit, THAT entry just went too far. So, I guess that means I have to write off the top of my head (so to speak).

When suddenly the Pope realizes what it is that has been missing from his life, that certain elusive element - no time to write about it, must go chase it - #9.

15 ⊕ November ⊕ 85

02:00:40 UTC

D. Seth Weingart Recording

The cosmic wheel hath turned. Same as it ever was. Same as it ever was. Cz, where are you? Please not to Forget. Hong, I have your stuff. Tamar, send me a letter.

Lost Johnny Logoff

11/15

10:17 pm

Okay I'm back. I got my coffee. (That is what I was referring to in my last entry... or is it? Anyway)

There's two kinds of people on this planet. Or so I've been told. I hate not being able to write what I want to, I feel censored. It is annoying. And yet... Sorry, can't even hint. Move onto something else.

But there is nothing else, is there, as ZOD and myself debated on a blackboard in the Lecture Center several years ago. Once one is dead, either that's it, or you have left some trace, some mark... Fuck it. Since I can't say it, there's not much point in this bush-busting, now is there.

#19

that Papal fellow.

SAVE THE LOG. USE THIS SPACE

No! Why should I? I have every right in the world not to save this space! Somebody else can be the one to use this space, so there? Gonna make me use it? Huh, e'mow punk. Make my day!

THE END

SPACE WASTED - NYAHHA!

New Forum WALL ~~ART~~ DEPARTMENT

WASTED

not really wasted, though, since I can use this part here. Is this an artwork? Debate.

SPACE

USE THIS SPACE
log conservation
committee

WASTED

SPACE II
(in 3-D)

NEW FORUM WALL ~~ACCESSORY~~ DECORATION!



By STEFAN EARLY SATURDAY MORN

Got up real early today [well, 20 minutes earlier than on weekdays] to prepare for the book run. I turned on the TV for some pseudo-company while I dressed and ate. ch. 5 had the World Tomorrow. ch. 30 had Agriculture Today. ch. 20 had a Japanese cartoon ripoff of Thunderbirds [NO GIANT ROBOTS! MY FAITH IS RESTORED!]. ch. 7 had a sermonette followed by a public service spot by BEATRICE⁵ on their efforts to convert the Ethiopians* to A/C current. The first commercial was for Velveeta ("Try it on your cereal, kids"). On top of this, Creative Computing is defunct. Prepare, brothers and sisters
The end-time is near

* The Ethiopians, NOT their power system.

Saturday 11/16 - Night-time, maybe nineish

So, here it is, the next day, and ol' Pope is back again. What is this, am I becoming a "regular" again or something? Goddess forbid! So it seems that no one has written much of interest since my last entry. This one may not be that great either, but, hey, at least I wrote it. The occult - the "metaphysical" (to abuse that term) - the mystic. What is truth, and what is illusion? How much can I influence the "hard" external reality with the soft mush of my mind? We shall see, little man. Yes, we shall see.

That Equinox is coming up. We should do something. Probably we will. (Exactly who "we" is, the something to be done, and where, is to be determined.) Stay tuned for details - like initial plans and like that. Any suggestions also welcome. Later.

Nine

Ho! HA!

Under a cloud of depression I went for a drive today in the rain under an indifferent slate grey sky and Fox was running quite shittily. But as the miles wore on she sensed my mood and began to run better + better my mood improves and she continues to run even better. Hoo Ray

I can always depend on my old friend
(no matter who or what else has deserted or
dissatisfied me Fax always runs inversely
proportional to my mood)

So I drove and drove closer to the
200k mark 127 miles to go 100 miles
90 ... soon it was just 57 miles and

I drove onto Shelter Island via
the south ferry at which time I
realized I didn't have enough money
to pay for the return fare God!

Stuck on Shelter Island 57 miles
to go! Suddenly she produces \$10
out of nowhere. Excelsior Press and

~~the~~ drive on. we get off at

Shelter via north ferry great ride,
and drive on and then at the intersection
of 25 and 495 at 8:02 yes

Fax rolls over 200k to all
000000 Hooray 27.8 miles later

I'm at the Forum and this boy
entry (entry?)

Yeah!

— Rob on a False High

11/16/85
11:20:31 PM
Dan L ←

SPACETED
WASTE

any and all —

HELP!!

Emergency!!

Who want to go
all AC/DC w/mo

Show is Nov. 21

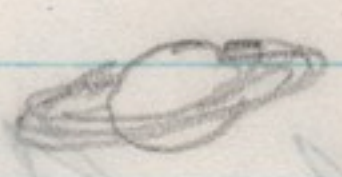
Whimper, Whimper-
ZEM

11/17/85

Term -
what's ticket price?
combust
me. Will get - (if possible)

SALIVATING SEX SERPENTS

FROM
SATURN
!



get another attention - getting device.
IF anyone spots any large, clean cardboard
boxes in dumpsters/behind stores please bring
them in. We need containers for the brauce
collection.

The Stacks & Boxes by the soon-to-
be-former brauce shelves are in order. do
not disturb.

11/17/85, perhaps 5:30 pm.

... well, maybe it's not really any of
your business anyway.

#9

"I cannot be pruned, watered, or fertilized!!
I am not a shrubbery,
I am a free plant!!!"

#106 Sandy²: Sorry about your reaction to 105. Remember my disclaimer!

Doctor: Quit with "Genesis..." already.

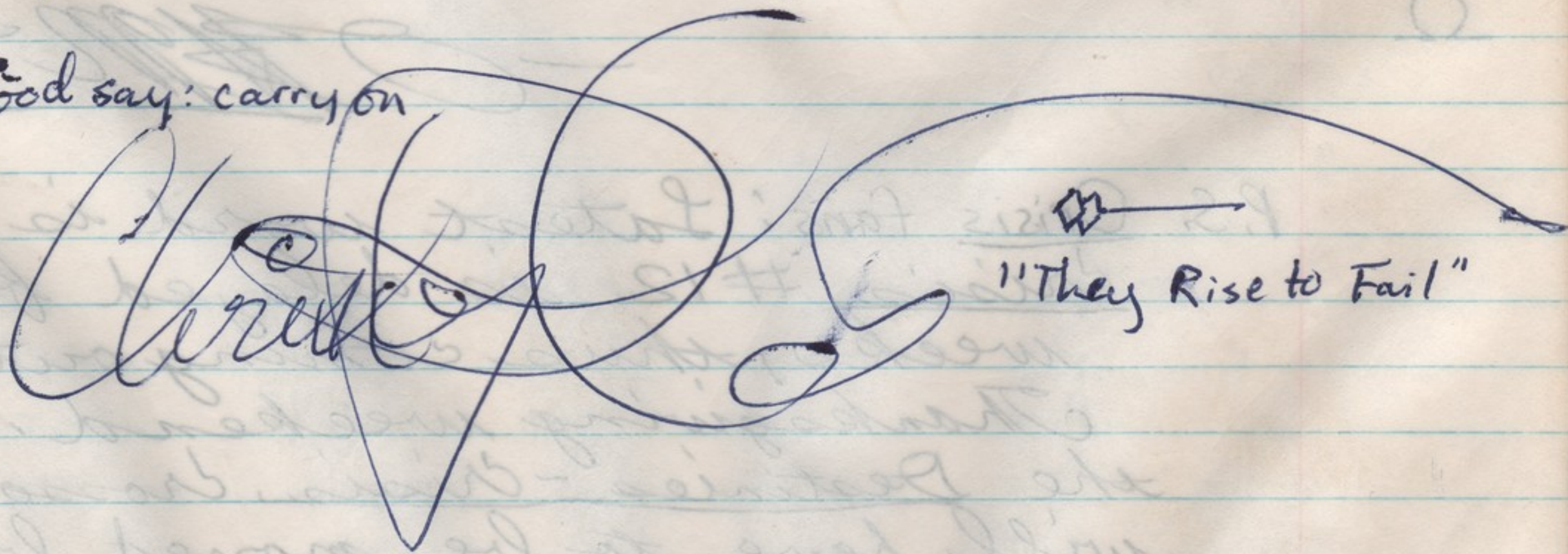
L.R. (aka "Pup" or Steven Kane): The Lone Ranger bit ~~is~~ is just a bit overdone. (see my old entries) Go with those who are competent.

Zues: Men do not hide behind a mask. I have said what I ~~think~~ think, and included myself in everything. Those with guilty consciences felt guilty. Men and boys are similar in many ways.

You have proven your identification with the boys rather than the men. Identify yourself or shut up! Maybe then, you can say things

Pope: Go ahead, write it already.

God say: carry on



"They Rise to Fail"

room and/or drinking. See tomorrow.

11-17-85

I lived in the... and I see them in movie

Howl What Conceptualizat... That's all the same... Prometheus.

11/18/85
10:20 AM
Howard
Ω

"Ohm speaks the truth, Logbook."
- from "The Log of Androzani"
TO BE CONTINUED

P.S. Crisis fans: Latest word is that Crisis #12 is delayed for 2 weeks, thus coming out Thanksgiving weekend. So the Destinies - Crisis crossover will have to be moved back to the first week in December.

P.P.S. We have a comic in the Forum that never existed, according to Mike W. Barr's Brave and the Bold #123 (Batman, Metamorpho, Plastic Man) has been declared to be out of continuity. Ω

11/18/85

J Goodfax: Congrats on the big 200,000. Let's try for 3. (The car flat wouldn't die)

Tamar: Lunch after ECO/Marine??

Rob ♡: More than just wild...

Convo: Eat excited tritium, fusion breath!

H.M.S. Impaler: Victorious!

Toast: a real lifesaver
(Toast flavor of course)

Fucking Bastards: All of them. Mom decides to get drunk, fall asleep half naked in the living room (not a sight for the weak of stomach), and lock me out. Not all my poundings could wake her up. Fortunately, for me, my sister Karen came down and let me in.

Bastards at Admin won't let me preregister. I owe \$224. They won't let me defer it.

They ~~say~~ say I should pay at least \$75.

I can't even afford to pay for books!

HIPERFUK! And because of that foulup this morning I didn't have those extra-crucial 10 minutes to study for CYBERNETICS.
(Stupid baby!)

But it will take more than that to turn Toast into a depressor. I can do a good job of that myself any time I feel like. But not now.

Bread will bend under pressure, but Toast is rigid. I might break in a shower of crumbs, but I will never bend.

I am TIFLET. There is no other alternative.

To Chris on the subject of "the power of the patch." This is unfortunately an incorrect term. This is alas,

"THE WAR OF THE PATCH"

To our great regret this is a war with a multitude of casualties and no fatalities (else I would be dead as a door nail these many years). And, none of the normal platitudes of manly combat accrue to this particular war.

THAT WHICH DOES NOT KILL US MAKES US MISERABLE

we are left wounded beyond repair. Battered to a standstill and left to stew in our own self-pity.

TO THE VICTOR GOES THE SPOILS

To the victor goes a house, 2 cars, 1.6 children and a divorce in 8.4 years. (the spoils refers either to your children or your wife's virtue).

WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR ITSELF

Thus our best friends, worst enemies and her strange roommate who belongs to G.A.A.

DON'T SHOOT TILL YOU SEE THE WHITES OF HER EYES

Try "shooting" as soon as your eye-to-eye with her and see how far it gets you.

All this is of course not meant to be discouraging or "Bruce-like" since it always must be remembered.

NINE-TENTHS OF THE FUN IN WAR IS THE BATTLE ITSELF

SJD (159)

18 Nov / Bsa / Chris - "Men do not hide behind a mask"?! So why the 'God' but, 'Aramis'?!
(Mirror, mirror in my words
Is it that the truth's for turds?)

Also, can you say 'Xerox'?

Bruce

QOOC: CHRIS "I KNOW WHERE I WOULD STICK IT IF I HAD TO."

11/18/85

GARY

4:40 p.m.

- JAM, Tamar → Talk to y'all later → I go home now, return later. Ack - pft.

The actually-depressed-enough-to-talk-to-Mitch-Cohen-about-the-CIA-activities-of-a-SUNY-vice-chancellor,

GARY

P.S. I'm at Grey Ice: Give me a call. O.K.?

P.P.S. I sure hope Steve Kane (A.K.A.) L.R. doesn't write a P.P.S. poem that's really depressing. If he does, I can just kill myself. Oh, please....

11/18/85

4:50pm

To All,

I Am here.

I will leave.

I may return?

Some other day.

For now is the time to think,

And read the stories of worlds unknown.

By men of vision, in a dismal world.

So read,

Rejoice,

and for gods sake be merry!

P.S. Ho! Ho! Ho!

L.R.

P.S.S.

Life is an illusion,

The love is infertile

Humanity claimed

All Hail the depths of Hell.

Smile you will die soon!

11/18/85

5:05 PM

All: Halley's Comet (aka. Comet

Halley, Komet Halley in Russian)

is now visible in binoculars

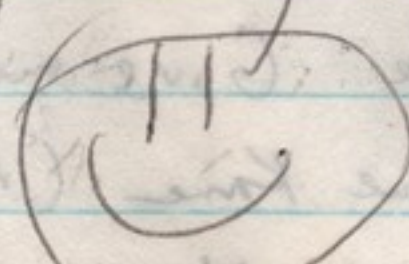
I'm depressed on campus. The comet is also

starting to form a tail, ~~is~~

2" in N.J. I've seen it through the 14"

telescope - pretty wild.

TOAST:



well, you did say to write something happy.

The Doctor O E

(By) Stefan

BOOKS REC-VYOOZ

Odd John - Olaf Stapledon *** 1/2

A "superman in a normal world" story. A bit preachy and dated: Stapledon is a bit of a biological determinist. Well written and intelligent, though. For the DEFINITIVE superman story, read More Than Human. Oh, Sturgeon, why did you die so fucking soon?)

Sirius = also by Stapledon.

I'm not done yet, but it looks good. A scientist-turned-sheep farmer breeds a mutation with a Border Collie and adds hormone treatments to make a pup with his. Sounds like fun, and oh I wish I could get a dog of Sirius' breed. (woof?)

The Fancy Wauwman I found runs but doesn't play. Is it worth fixings? Aurghh! Gahhh! Nyahh!

QOOC - "Malkor ny chaleph nal, keth! keth!
Obrisht. - Corbdin Okk

Some guys hide behind little red goatees ...

- That "Geo 3" guy

well I haven't had anything to say for awhile I guess I haven't been around and therefore haven't seen anything and hence don't know what the hell's going on. Don't care really

Recently found out ~~was~~ - correction: re-affirmed - that some people just don't like

to see you have fun. Case in point,

12 years ago. I was in the 2nd - 3rd grade. Everybody - it seemed - had a Pro-Keds. Even this guy named Peter, (and his little brother ~~who~~ had em too, and that really killed me).

Well guess who didn't have Pro-Keds?

You got it. ~~that~~ After a couple weeks of complaining to mom and so on - "but EVERY body has em and all I have are these," said I pointing at combat boots. She finally gave in and I got the Keds.

Great. There I was really REALLY proud & really damned happy to have the KEDS.

Now I lived only a block away from PS 9 but I walked as slowly as I could. Loved watching those brand new sneakers move against the dingy-grey of the street in front of Sloans.

Finally I reached my class and my teacher told me to "siddown." I siddown.

Now this was after the Christmas recess, and do you know what happened? No one was wearing Keds. Some people had shoes and only a couple had sneakers. What kind were they? Converse for chrissakes!

Pro Keds weren't any good no more. Since I had them. Since I was happy I had 'em.

That's ~~the~~ the key word here. Happy. It means many things. And if you get it people will try and take it away. Or discredit it.

"Your house isn't that good"

"Could be better"

"She's no prize"

And so it goes. And so it goes. And so it goes.
And so it goes goes goes goes until everything you've
achieved and are damned happy about or proud
of is discredited.

What does it all mean? Who cares.

☹️ I like strawberries.

"Ugh! They suck"

☹️ That was pretty cool.

"I thought it was 'sophomoric'"

☹️ She's nice looking.

"Got oodda here"

☹️ Hey I won the Hugo!

"Oh commercial art just is it deep
its so superficial"

☹️ Read some Phillip K. Dick

"So what! That had to be the dumbest
story I ever read!"

And So It Goes

— That Geo3 Guy

AND NOW, TIME FOR A ^{SECONDARY} CARTOON!

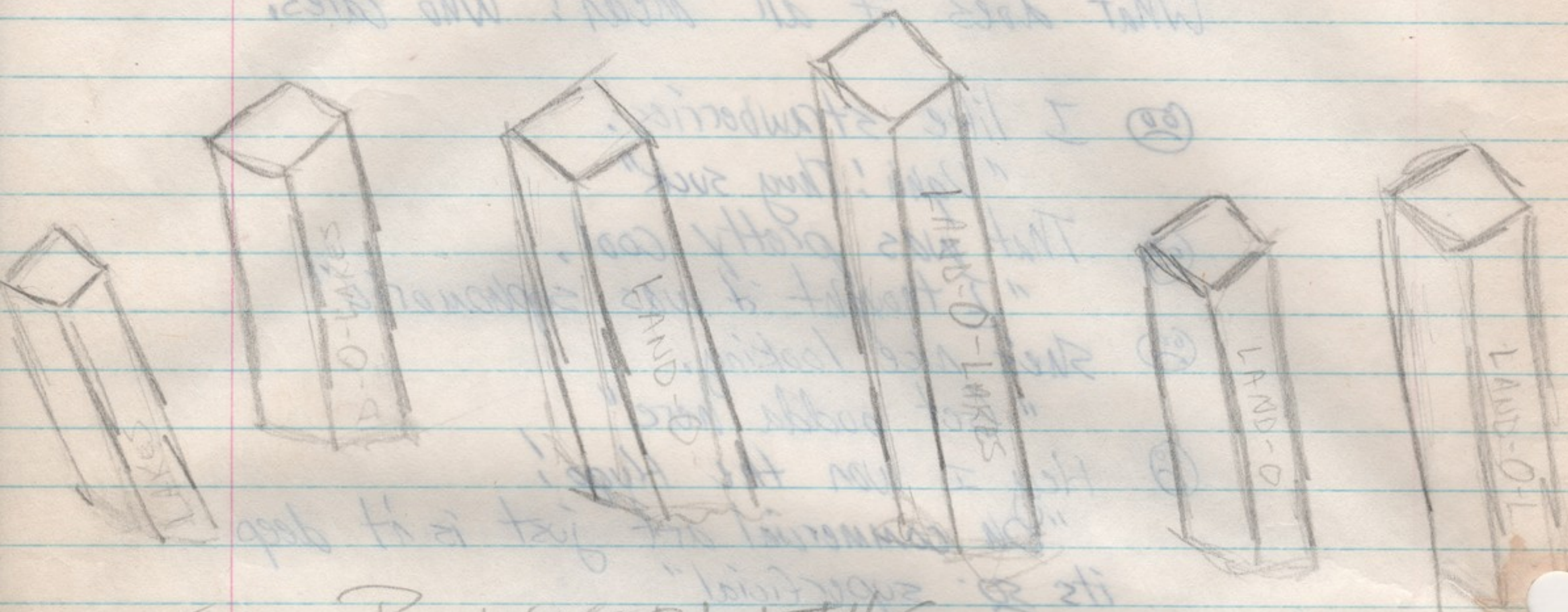


GORN

I like it,
but there are
two Bruces.
(P.s. what are you
doing to the thing?)

It is a dirty job,
but someone
has to do it.

Slice you! And your fuck!



THE BUTTERLITHS AT KARNAX!

AND NOW A REAL CARTOON!



Rich - were at GSO - find
12:30 us - Zem & Dan L

PI/JP.
MA 21:01

(By) Stefan

George: FUCK THEM. Do what you want as long as it doesn't spread disease or gets you arrested for cruelty to animals.

RAUGH! Ever work on something artsy, do a really good job, and then fuck it up in an effort to protect it? FUCKASHITPISS!

(Never put "Flat Finish" on miniatures that have been washed with watercolors).

POOR OPUS? What will become of the guy?

I hope everybody called the poll number yesterday, Jack. I have your sick!

H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H
G G G G G G G G G G G G G G G G
! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Thank you for your time

9.2.04 Year - Avg of numbers too

11/19
10:16 AM

A A A A A A A A

A A A R R R R R R R

R R R R R R R R R R

R R G G G G G G G

G G G G G G G H H H

H H H H H H ! ! ! !

! ! ! ! !

Thankyou for your time

P.S. OH Yeah - And ^{hyper}bummer too

KAPCIC

11/19/85

"You know that, Logbook. You know that, Logbook."

11:46 AM

Howard

- from "The Log of Androzani"

Ω

TO BE CONCLUDED

[Handwritten signature]

P.S. Gary: Please bring the tapes* tomorrow if you're finished with them. Also, try to write up your promo for tomorrow. Be there by 5 because we have to set up for John Peel.

*including the 1st 2 shows

P.P.S.: Does anybody have a copy of the May, 1985 issue of Omni? I just want to borrow it for a little while.

Ω

Charles (Ed) - Fine,
you get your dama ticket.

See me as soon as possible
though

ZEM

HELP! I am making a simulation of continental drift / mountain building, and need input, the shape of entire worlds is at stake!

Doingg? Back to Blue. Does anyone want to chip in and buy the FORUM a set of small plastic bowls, spoons and a ice cream scooper to use for IN-FORUM ice cream runs? This is a reasonable alternative to Friendly's and would be cheaper from the start. We could even try to get decent glasses and goblets for Sundaes & sodas.

Alternatively, all of the above could be stolen.

CONSIDER!

11/10/97? - Grumble, spit, Petch, Ptovil!

Anyhow, some suggestions:

How about refreshments at meetings? This is

1. the only organization I know of which does not offer pretzels + soda at meetings. Each week ask for two volunteers to bring in a couple liters of Coke or a couple bags of pretzels for the following week. It's a nice way to get new members involved, it's something we used to do in the past (in the Perianne days), & it would make the meetings a lot comfier + more of a social event, something this place needs more of.

2. How about a Forum Party - i.e. Christmas ~~or~~ or post-finals?