LOG #8

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3 SUBJECT NOTE BOOK

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Fred Coulter PO 218 Stony Brook, NY 11790 (ask at 516 751 5258)

Lisa Seltzer see Fred's address (tapes are sent free postage, just write free matter for blind where stamp goes)

(CONTINUED ON OTHER COVER)

Fred: As the person who bought this <u>huge</u> book, I write first. Ha! For those out there in whatever-land, this is the largest book Pathmark sells. I looked for a No Frills book (because it would fit this group) but couldn't find one. I then toyed with having No-Frills Beer to write on, but realized the pages were a bit small (and curved). Also, there are lines on them, which would make Louis extremely happy. So,..... You're stuck with it. If you don't like it, write

BIG

2

page 586

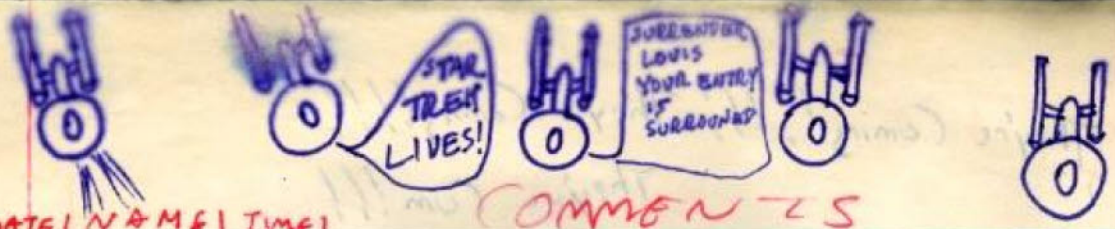
Lisa: I get to write second in this book because I was stupid enough to ride in Fred's dilapidated vehicle and chased Fred around Pathmark so he wouldn't buy No-Frills Beer.

Will: I'm so proud of you.

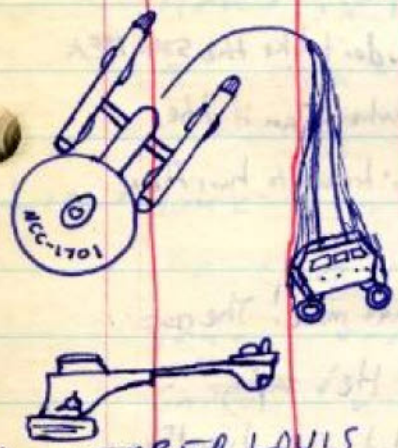
Tom: I guess you'll have to do without certain companionship tomorrow because you didn't care enough to call me when you were supposed to. I couldn't go to lunch anyway, as I have an appointment. If you wish to call me, do so! I would have possibly made some sort of arrangement. Now it's a little too late. Sorry.

I enjoyed Body Snatchers. Fred tried (and succeeded) to scare the shit out of me on the way back. Lynch him (ed. note: NO, NO! NO!)

DATE	NAME	TIME	COMMENTS
4/2/99	Louis Epstein	9:34	THIS IS PAGE TWO. Don't let anybody tell you otherwise!! AND WHY NOT?



DATE	NAME	TIME
4/3/79	Louis Epstein	12:11 AM
4/3/79	LOOK AT ALL THIS WASTED SPACE, I THINK I'LL USE IT	
	EVERYTHING DEVELOPS BLIGHT IF ITS AROUND YOU LONG ENOUGH → RNS	
	REMEMBER LOUIS I HAVE A MUCH LARGER FOOT TO STOMP WITH → RNS	
	What's going on with our trip to Washington this weekend? Ralph	
"	"	12:22 AM
"	"	12:25 AM
"	"	12:27



COMMENTS

Well, have now seen the end & beginning of Body Snatchers (had HIS 271 test, so couldn't see all of first show) — I am not in the least frightened, as pods develop blight when near me.

Sam Sochet of Sanger IS related to the Alexander Sochet who's been on the no-no compilation / Register of Bad Ones / Codex Demonacum / Shit Taboo list all these years. And he will bring the book, which is in Queens (Alexander is in med school in Europe). However, some of the bad time is a frameup, as Alexander did not come here until 1972.

Ralph — Star Trek is DEAD, long live Galactica!!!

! STAMP OUT STAR TREK

! STAMP OUT RALPH

This is the first log since #3 that has nothing by Donna in it.

This is the first log since #2 that has nothing by Andrea in it.

This is the end of my entry.

WAIT! A NOTE! John of Gor (Lange/Norman) will be at B. Dalton on Saturday. Lynch mob meets here.

4

They're Coming!!! They're Coming!!!
They've Com!!!

4/3/79
Kurt
3Am

Wow!!! Great showing last night. About 600!!! people!
Thank you Jay for running the 8mm to the best of your ability
and in helping me transport them.
Thank you (New)[2] Bill for facing the crowds.
Thank you Tom for printing up the flyers
And the rest of you can go suck eggs!!!

WE CAN'T LET IT SPREAD

Louis: If I discover that the STAR TREK calendar has
been moved in anyway which is annoying to me I will cause you bodily harm
(no matter who moves it). Look at it this way: Many people here don't like
you but we don't remove you so therefore just because you don't like the STAR TREK
calendar doesn't give you the right to deny us of looking at it. When I am in the
Forum I often have a need to look at that calendar and I don't want to have to go
find it. Please don't remove it. (I'm trying to be polite)

Wait a moment... Whats that I hear? That music! The roar
of a matter-antimatter engine! And someones voice! He's saying:
"Warp 5, Mr. Sulu" Can it be!? Do my patented, rubber tipped ears
deceive me? Yes, it's true!! STAR TREK LIVES!!!!!

WE MUST STOP IT AT PAGE 3

Ug!! Now on to Calc, Astronomy, Physics Labs, + Music Tests Ug!!!!
I may not survive.....

P.S. Somebody left the key on the door of the
storage room! DUMB!! It goes back in the hall. Don't forget

PREPARE TO WARP BACK TO PAGE 3 MR. SULU

BUT ADMIRAL WHAT ARE EPSTEINS?

KLINGONS TURNED EGOMANIAC OBNOXOIDS

OH YOU MEAN LOVISITES

Fred: This is my last shift entry for a while. Do to time problems, I am unable to attend my shift (or go to many meetings). I realize this puts many in a bind (inc. Lisa), but I feel I must do so.

By the way, a kind person from Hendrix just brought me and Lisa a cake. Thank You!

Lisa: Due to the fact that Fred has to quit his shift, I need some very nice person to do shift with me. Any volunteers? If not, then I will have to quit my shift, for I can not do it alone.

Gregg: I'm sorry I can't be here 8-9 but something very important came up.

Tom: due to the fact that you don't care about calling me, I resent your writings about wanting female companionship. After all, isn't

6

a female. Anyway, I have to talk to you. So call sometime this year.

4/3/79 - Bill

I rise from my feverish delerium (studying for computer science test) to make a few comments:

(1) Sign on 3 Mile River Nuclear Plant:

GONE
Fission

very subtle.

(2) Body Snatchers was excellent - though for me it was "Body Squishers" or nearly so....

(3) Interesting thought: Spock (and all of Vulcan) are a race taken over by Body Snatchers...

(4) Body stockings?
Sneakers?
Snackers?

SPACE WASTED BY KURT

4/3/79
Kurt

- Calc. Test: Augh!! Ow!!! Yech!!! Bleah!! OOOAAA!! Aaii!!! Moan!!! Grrrr!!! GROWL!!! Brrrr!! OOWW!! PAIN!!! OUCH!!! GRBCXOXB!! gl xxxx yy rb!! wait! what's this? Chocolate Fudge cake!!! Mmmmmm!! Yummmm!! AAHHH!! YEA!! Goooood!!! OOOOOO!! mmmmmmm!! Thank you. I feel much better

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/3/79	Sound Epstein	9:50

RNS

Ralph Nicholas Schiano M.

NONSENSE

NONSENSE

NONSENSE

NONSENSE

NONSENSE

NONSENSE

NONSENSE

COMMENTS

In case anyone is wondering, RNS stands for Ralph's Not Sensible.

→ Maren Jensen loves Bradbury & Clarke [the works of]. Star Trek will be the Metropolis of the 21st century.

If I ever re-expand my SUSB MMXIV, I will add to the Forum's history that in 1983 Donna was hired as the first full-time Executive Secretary, and gratefully murmuring "ZZZ" she sunk her head down on a desk someplace and slept there for twenty years, a faint smile on her face, until after a lifetime of being shy and retiring she finally finished retiring.

Kurt – the test wasn't that bad.

All – Tomorrow's Senate meeting may begin supplemental budgetting! Be prepared!

RUN FOR POLITY OFFICE!!

SIGNATURES ARE ALL YOU NEED!!

8

4/3/79 It's been busy many people hurt - good movie showing. Tuesday target on the frontiers our literature course starts thes-F period soon, hooray! This ends my first entry in this new log more better entries to come until then

Greg

4/4/79 Kurt

Con Com meeting was supposedly now. TOM where are you?!?! Nothing accomplished

Louis: I believe that you have signed your death warrant in spray paint. Beware!!

what do these words have in common:

snork
glub
sniddle

what Lewis says?

WHO IS THIS - LOUIS

WIII 4/4/79 He strode the earth when it was young. When the lords of grammar and slang did battle, He was the last emperor of obnoxia.

HOW NICE OF YOU TO REFER TO ME AS GOD

This is a tale of Louis before he became known as Kinslayer, but after he became known as:

Q. Should I inaugurate a new series, "Will, Fool of Day"?
YES NO
NO, IT WOULD BE QUITE BORING.
AH, WHADDAYOU KNOW?

11

"Emperor Louis, you misspelled something on your last document."
"What!" yelled Louis, swinging around to look at the sheet. As he did so, Raccoon brought the hilt of the sword down on his head. The last ~~words~~ thing Louis heard before collapsing, ~~was~~ was fate again repeating "You are the eternal PUTZ." NONEXISTENT TERM
He felt compelled to agree.

HAH!

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/4/79	Louis (Universal Overlord & Paragon of Life) ~~Eyetem~~ THE F.A.	5:08 PM
	HAH!	5:16 PM

COMMENTS

I did not paint SFLS on the wall. And I physically restrained the person who did from
1) painting the door orange
2) Burning the Star Trek calendar
3) Burning Donna's picture.

You see I am the person in SFLS most tolerant of you loons. Here, Donna, use lines for once

SPACE WAS(ED) BY DONNA

Wasted Effort By Louis

HAH!

4 April
Donna

Not being supplied with the last parts of Log #7 which have been absconded with, I may need to backtrack at some later date and fill in comments.

Took out The Earth Book of Stormgate today and took out & read City of Illusions yesterday. I suspect the infamous "Fred McManus" of the psych. dept. of being a member of this very organization. Am I correct?

Not too much to tell you folks today. I had planned on seeing Metropolis (did you get music for it?) Monday but The Scarlet Letter was starting that night. It's pretty well done but unfortunately I cannot see tonight's episode. Tomorrow the thrilling conclusion! If you males are interested in female beauty you should check out this Meg Foster who plays Hester. It's not fair!

Fred: Tom!!!
We need you. Come upstairs!
To night

4/4/79 - Where is the shiftperson (9:00)??
I come down here expecting solace, but
NOOOOOOOO!!!
JOE (Rogers) Emergency (EMERGENCY)(!!!)
Get in touch with me before vacation....
My # is 6-7832
Bill Bianco

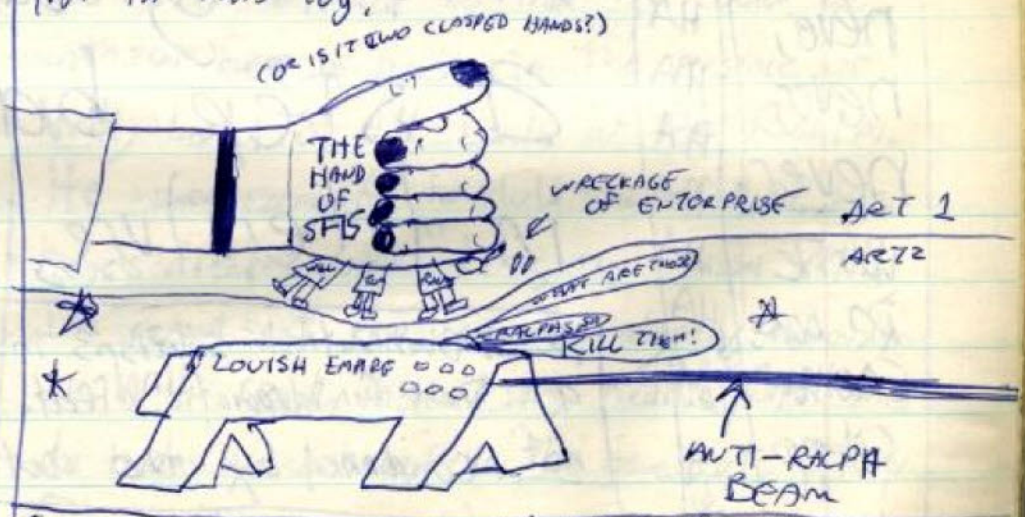
COMMENTS

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/4/79	~~Louis~~ (Ralph, you're not supposed to write in this space— STID, KT, KAST, STID, STID, STID!)	11:35 PM
BULL SHIT	~~Epstein~~ President SFLS	TOO BAD YOU KIRP
BULL SHIT	Club Joke SFF	
BULL SHIT	Leader NTL	
BULL SHIT	Chairman MP	
BULL SHIT	Chairman ALAHBA	
BULL SHIT	President IPSS	
BULL SHIT	Maker of NO TRUCE WITH SLANG	
BULL SHIT	Author of The Curse of Benet	11:59 PM

Donna — why no comment on my vision of your future?

Tom — too bad you weren't around. I hoped you would thank me for saving the door from vandalism.

Larry, Tom, Linda, Marla, Joes — Where are you? Not in this log!



Everybody — the Senate will do budget after vacation.
So long.

4/5
Kurt

Louis: I hold you responsible for the SFLS and its actions since you are its life dictator. (note: no capitals)

RESPONSE

To Everybody: Have a great vacation!

I love you all — Kurt !!!

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/5/79	~~Sound Easter~~ President & Life Dictator SFLS Club Joke SFF Supreme defender of the position that Ralph should never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, write in non-Comment Columns !!!! !!!! [STID!]	5:12 I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO VOTE HA HA HA HA HA HA HA Rob STEP

~~Comments~~

Kurt — Life Dictator (note: capitals) is a title. If I called myself Perpetual Tyrant, one would use lowercase when calling me life dictator. But I call myself Life Dictator.

Since my poll (con pg. 33) produced no negative votes, I herewith present:

With great pride, a step backward in literature,

NOTE: Grammatical solecisms in the following are there for dramatic effect. They are certainly not condoned by the author.

NO STID!

PRELUDE BEGINS NEXT PG.

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/5/71	Louis again	5:23

TO LOUIE ← FROM RALPH

Louie, are you sure about STID & Think to be STED → STAR TREK IS DEAD !! ← STED

STID → STED

Stupid Twit Epstein the Dido

Lowa bugger dat you squeeter, d'im mature

PRELUDE & STORY

The five-and-a-half-foot-tall street punk stood in the center of the room. All about him his subjects cowered. Everyone there was afraid to the point they dared not move. For the punk was...

WILL, LORD OF SLANG!

Through the multitude of cowering slangese a functionary threaded his way. Like most high-ranking officials of Slang he had been blinded so that he could be, without fear or nausea, in the presence of Will, Lord of all Lords of the Realm. He wore earmuffs to dull the effect of his liege's dreaded voice. "Like, man massa Wllll, Ise repawt-gat faw yez", he intoned sonorously.

Will regally inclined his head. "Spillum da beans youse have, fella", he gave out distantly (It was the polite reply).

"Dat Looteran' fragh am heah agin, boss-man.

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/5/74	Sonia Epstein	5:30

STAR TREK IS DEAD

JOIN THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF KINDNESS TO ROCKS!

COMMENTS

Him sez 'at Louis o' Obnoxia been actin' orfel gramatikul dese heah days. An' him sez 'at Rackoon's fixin' ta be guv o' Obnoxia."

Will smiled at the functionary. The non-blind present covered their faces. "Ise hohd dat aweddy. Him Rackoon's nokked dat boggah Louis out aftah him wanted ta spel rihte. Ise jes' ritten dis all down in da log o' de Slang Fuckahs Fawum. Him Rackoon, him gonna be real nice 'n' slangy."

The functionary spat politely at Will, who returned the compliment, and turned to go. Before he reached the door, he turned back to his liege. "Boss-massa heap big W/////, what gonna happen to dat Louis suckah?"

Will smiled even more evilly than before. Some subjects committed suicide in response. "Now him's no got powah, him gonna duh," he pronounced.

Suddenly, the heavens parted, a light shone through, and angelic choruses began to sing. And who was that shining figure in their midst? Yes! — IT WAS LOUIS!! Down from the heavens came the shining patron of Good. With one blow Louis sundered the temples of Slang.

The Slangese looked up at their savior

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/5/79	Louis	5:45
	PRONOUNCER OF STEDS	
	TO LOUIS FROM ALPH	
	At least I got you to stop wasting our much space on your wand, your asshole!!	
		5:57

Comments

beyond hope. Louis had come to rescue them from Will, their oppressor from time beyond memory. They clutched their hidden grammar books, their concealed spelling primers, their illicit etiquette manuals.

Will shook with terror for the first time in his life. He nervously directed his courtiers to laugh at the approaching enemy of all things slangy. But after a few titters their resolve broke.

"AVAUNT, AND QUIT THIS GREEN EARTH ERE I SMITE THEE!", quoth Louis. The shining sword and armor of the now-arrived enemy threw the court of Slang into confusion and flight. Only Will remained.

"Ah WIIIIIIIIIIIIII nevah kiss yaw ass, man!" Will cried.

"I HAVE NO DONKEY!" cried Louis and clove Will in two with one hand while swatting Ralphs with the other.

The end of Will's reign was greeted with jubilation, and the people of Slang, once Louis made it clear that he had to leave, elected an underground English teacher king and renamed the land Lexiconia. THE END

Thursday April 5 RALPH

It now all seems a vague nightmare, occasionally touching the edge of my conscious mind. Things so terrible that the mind condemns those images into its depths, keeping them there only as a reminder to what depths horror can be experienced. Still now I shudder to recount one of man's grossest inhumanities to his fellow man. A creation so seething with evil, so vile it makes even the most passive and innocent desire to crush the last strains of life from its repugnant husk. A disease, a blight upon humanity that would have destroyed all things good if it had not been stopped. I now relate to you this account in the hope mankind will never again tread in to such hideous ventures.

I bring you now the story of:

IF YOU LOOKED IN A MIRROR EH?

NO LOUIS NITEVERYONE LOOKING IN A MIRROR HAS THE SAME EXPERIENCE YOU DO! HAH!

Prof. Walter Eppenstein is the Executive Officer of the Physics Dept. At Polytechnic

YOU GET A GOLD STAR FOR THAT BIT OF USELESS INFORMATION

USELESS?

19

EPPENSTEIN !!!

(Frankenstein was nothing compared to it!)

Baron von Eppenstein was quite pleased at the offer of a professorship at Stony Brook University. His research in the frontiers of molecular biology was known throughout the world but in Germany there was a great deal of repression with regard to his current project. In an American ~~the~~ university he was sure he would be permitted to complete his life's work. He arrived at Stony Brook in an ~~and~~ aura of optimism, he would certainly receive the backing he ~~and~~ needed to complete his work. ~~Thus~~ Much to his disappointment the only thing he received from Stony Brook was the shaft. He was doomed to spend the next few years studying the effects of ~~the~~ television on impotent ~~rats~~ rats.

Beautiful Ralph - M.T.

The professor baron soon become discontent at being unable to complete his life's ~~and~~ ambition, an artificially created intelligent being. He began pilfering

not hard to do - Pr. T.

supplies and equipment from the biology department and set up shop in a small room in the basement of an undergraduate student dormatory building sometimes known as "Jimi Hendrix College". Experiments ran quite slowly until one day he came across a small hobbit like creature named Fred willing to do anything for money. With Fred's aid they robbed every fresh grave within a fifty mile radius. Von Eppenstein's laboratory soon became crowded with piles of rotting dead flesh. From these corpses he collected the most hideous and malformed components, (especially those w/ red hair)

These parts were slowly and carefully assembled into a thing just barely resembling a human being. He had decided if he could bring life into this disgusting pile of flesh, he could bring life into anything. This was the reason for his choice concerning the addition of the creature's final component; it's brain. This thinking machine was poured into

a bent molecule H—O—H

with E. coli + all!

the cranial cavity, a solution of 50% water and 50% human feces. A life long ambition was soon to be fulfilled, to create the first living, thinking shithead.

His efforts rapidly came to their day of fruition. Fred had just set up the lightning rod on the top of "Hendrix" and was cackling with glee at the thought of another being coming into the ~~rock~~ world which had his temperment. With the inevitable lightning bolt the impossible happened, life was ~~beginning~~ beginning to stir in his creation. The living horror sat up and looked around. An evil look grew in it's eyes and it began to speak! "Did you hear about the time that Ferdinand Feque was on the electrical planet?..."

"Oh no" the Baron thought as this creature rambled on never stopping to take a breath.

"...I want to go ~~Ohm~~ Ohm daddy HA! HA! HA! HA! . This place is

terrible, its so sloppy. I think I can run it better, ~~[illegible] Baron Baron~~. As a matter of fact I know I can do anything better than anyone else!"

At this point the creature stood up and walked ~~of~~ over to the Baron's desk. He snatched up a pencil and compulsively began searching for grammatical errors in the Baron's notes and correcting them. Fred screamed with joy, at last a person (or thing) an order of magnitude more ~~obnoxious~~ obnoxious and annoying than himself. He knew they would be friends (or the closest thing to friendship this type of creature can have). The professor baron on the other hand was looking for a blunt instrument to beat the life out of the thing. Before he could do so, the creature slipped out the door. This ~~[illegible]~~ monster, or Eppenstein in recognition of its origin, had begun its reign of terror on the Stony Brook Campus. Tales of its atrocities began to ~~[illegible]~~ spread, students and faculty alike

lived in fear!

HOW CAN IT BE STOPPED?

YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT
TILL THE NEXT EPISODE
TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS!

SAME BAT TIME
SAME BAT CHANNEL

BAT – BIG ALMIGHTY TREMMER

LOUIS ← LOUIS

NOTE: With regard to your recent graphics, the mighty hand of the SFLS will be broken and your mighty hammer will be shoved up where it hurts most.

I propose that in keeping with the spirit of Easter we crucify Louis next Friday

STED!!!

Have a nice vacation everybody

MARLA CAN'T BE HERE TONIGHT BETWEEN 8PM + 10PM. IF ANYONE CAN TAKE HER PLACE IT WOULD BE GREATLY APPRECIATED

4.5.79

I was able to make it!
Beautiful entry Ralph!
Kurt - congrats on pulling off the movie. Was Pippin good? I saw it on Broadway with the original stars, Ben Vareen, etc.
** Whoever cleaned up the library - THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
I'll buy you icecream at Mount on Monday, the 17th of April.

Marla

DUE to Vandalism by the SFLS, there remains only one thing left for us to do - SPANK LOUIS!

He is acting like a spoiled child and should be treated accordingly. How about spanking him at our next meeting? I don't mean

beating the poor redhead up, I mean spanking him — or worse - writing a letter to his mother informing her of his actions!

Mark

So all — happy, happy vacation!

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/6/79	Louis (The Wonderful Epstein	8:50 Am
4/6/79	YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE	
WITH THE ITEMS BROUGHT TO OUR ATTENTION BY YOU AND JOE YOU SURELY WILL MEET GREAT SUFFERING		
	Ralph	8:53 AM

COMMENTS

Once again — were it not for my physical restraint of the person who had the spraypaint this room would now have an orange door. I think I deserve your thanks for averting this. And if you look at the lower right corner of the Star Wars calendar, you will see the effects of the fire he started and I blew out.

I SUGGEST THIS CLOWN MICHAEL BE REPORTED TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES Ralph

Joe Brenner 4/6/79-F

Louis - You brought the asshole down here. If you weren't so fucked up you wouldn't have to get slimy characters like that to play your games with you.

I suggest that all further attacks on Louis (or simply messages to) be written in

20

the "SFLS" log book. I see no reason why we should waste paper on him.

Who stole our hotplate!!?

I wanted to steal it to cook up smoke bombs. Now I'll probably have to do it on a stove or something. Don't you people know that there's a war on?

Incidently, I did not mean to imply that I thought Louis was responsible for this, I don't have any idea what happened to it.

4/6/79

GOODBYE LOUIS

Soon will be your judgement day
And when it comes, all I'll say
Is: Goodbye Louis
You certainly tried to screw us
You think you're quick, you're not so fast
Now all your life is in the past
Cause when we get our hands on you
We'll break your stinking arms in two
And when we crush your shitfilled head
All we'll scream out STED, STED
Of Course you will be mentioned never
We'll be glad, STAR TREK FOREVER!!!

⇒ EMERGENCY: ANYONE READING THIS (EXCLUDING LOUIS) PLEASE BE Here between 2 pm & 3 pm TODAY (FRIDAY)

The FORUM IS IN GREAT DANGER.
ACTION MUST
BE TAKEN
TODAY!!!

Ralph

3.13.79

Paula What danger, Ralph?
Welcome back everyone.

4/14/79 That notice was from 4/6/79 and was a result of the latest information on Zonis's criminal activities. Ralph

SPACE WASTED

BY SIR LARRY

28

Sir Lan (an entry by)

First, let me tell you my reaction upon returning to Stony Brook. I thought to my self ...

"OH MY GOD!

WHAT A SCUZ PALACE!"

I've got to be here for two whole days - how can I stand it? Will tortures never end?

Second, let me tell you my reaction upon reading the logbook. I thought to myself.

"People never learn"

4/14/79 HELP! While visiting in Rochester I began reading a book there written by Jack Vance called "City of the Chasch" It is the first of Vance's "Planet of Adventure" tetrology. I haven't

been able to find these books on Long Island! I'm hooked on the series. Someone please helped me find them !!!

THIS COLUMN:

ONLY FOR DATE	ONLY FOR NAME	ONLY FOR TIME
4/16/9	Jonas Epstein	4:32

Ralph

COMMENTS

I will ignore the ludicrous comments of my moronic opponents and proceed to a tale of the macabre that shall chill your bones.

* * *

It was nearing full moon in Postsylvania. The man looked up into the cloudy night time sky. Suddenly he howled. His body changed. Hair sprouted on his face and he tugged at it with strangely changed hands. The call of the wild siezed him and he cried out in a feral roar, devoid of human intelligence: "STARRR — TREKKK — LIVVESS!!!" IT DOES!!!!!!! — STID!

* * * * *

The Farmhand ran and ran. He ran panting through the village gate. His overall-clad legs pumped as fast as they could; his checked shirt was soaked with sweat; his straw hat's brim whipped in the

kinky — NO!! THE WORD IN THE SENSE OF WHAT YOU DO TO SPEED UP A BIKING

i.e. FLAPPED

I'm getting tired!

howwwwl!!!

oh, pleasure, wind, why do you offended the days bright?

so? hmmm?

THIS PUNK PUSHED WRONG FOR I D!

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/16/73	Sam's (Wonderful) Epteri	4:50

CONTINUATION OF STORY

wind. The piece of hay that he had held in his teeth had been crammed between them like a piece of dental floss to avoid its blowing out (though he had let it blow out twelve times ~~to avoid~~ before taking this step). His bare feet blistered on the cobblestones. Finally he reached the residence/office of Inspector Levi Chan, the town's Jewish Oriental police chief. He tugged the knocker, and upon receiving permission to enter shuffled in and cried: "Inspectah! Yez nevah Am buhleivin' what ah jews am seed!"

The curt Levi Chan had just recieved another matzoh-ball-in-tea from his No. 1 Bubbala, and now curtly dismissed that meshuggeh person with a curt nod. (he was obnoxiously poor and wore triangular size pants) Calm down now, Dumb Will, what is it?"

"It wuz uh monstah! It am heighted ubout six fut faw — It have hair on him's face — It make tough swipes wit da hands —" Dumb Will fell down in a faint.

Inspector Levi Chan turned to his companion. This companion was usually known as Rumanon (pow! — THAT'S IMPLICIT) of Mont blue, but every full moon week he discarded his sedate green robes & wand for

yum, ohhh... YOU'RE AN IDIOUND FAN!

no, just wore dental floss

zircon encrusted tweezers
dental floss
Mondaly etc.

a stownie none-the-less. A sexy one. Do you mean to say that Kurt is a sap? A misogynistone.

YES, THE INSPECTOR COMES FROM THE FABLED BLUE CITIES.

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/16/70	Sonis (The Great) Epstein	5:00

ANYBODY WRITING HERE AGREES TO SUPPORT RALPH'S EXPULSION

THIS IS THE INTERNATIONAL SON OF THE RALPH-KILLER

CONTINUATION OF STORY

an absurd costume that actually divided in two below the groin (WOW! - YES, IT IS A BIZARRE STYLE) and insisted upon being addressed as Dr. T. C. Wilschmidt. But his squeaky voice & thin beard let you know it was Romanon.

"Do you think Dumb Will really saw anything?" The Inspector asked.

"I doubt it --"

"Where are Rowan & Martin, where are Rowan and Martin --" The jeers of children heralded the arrival of Old Biddy McLaughin, the Town Mouser. She was very good at catching (slaughtering) the town's grey mice, not so good at roasting & delivering them.

"Hello, Biddy McLaughin," said the Inspector. "Have you finally brought my mouse pie?"

"Oh, I forgot." The Mouser blushed. "I just dropped by to give you some news - Mad Fred disappeared last night!"

"Disappeared?" cried the Inspector, as Biddy McLaughin went along with her mouse-scythe. "Then Dumb Will's monster does exist! Six foot four! I've heard Donnas have baby brothers this size —" (five — will said "about")

"No!" The Doctor was insistent. "This peril is far more serious - to us at any rate - than a Donna's baby boother!"

The Inspector paled. "You don't mean —"

2B

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/26/79	Sonia Epstein	5:20

WRITE HERE IF YOU HATE ~~RALPH~~ LEWIS NO, SCHMO!

TITLES & STORY

Louis Z. Arkoff presents

A Louis F. Zanuck Production

of

Louis Cukor, Louis Zukor, Louis Goldwyn, Louis Cohn, and Louis Warner's

log — film

THE RALPH MAN

"Yes! A Ralphman!" cried Doctor Wifschmidt. "DON'T LET HE ME GET!" screamed Dumb Will, who had just come too. I MEAN, REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS! Ahhh

The Inspector patted Dumb Will on the back and gave him a map of the path back to Farmer Brancov's homestead. Dumb Will had lived in the village orphanage for thirty-six years, until he had lost the election for Village Idiot to Mad Fred. The village council had undertaken to pay Farmer Brancov to let him work on the farm. However, he could still not remember the half-mile path.

with spited gloves

NOW, NOW, KIDDIES NOT THE TIME FOR HOTZES WILL!

The village idiot is actually very intelligent — NOT THE ONE!!

JONTES PYTHON

STORY

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/16/79	Sonis Eastern	5:30

WRITE BELOW IF AND ONLY IF YOU HATE RALPH

BELOW IS A RELATIVE TERM THEREFORE I'LL IGNORE IT

GO SUCK EGGS COWS

Ralph

HA!

Oh the joys of philosophy

What does this have to do with the story

"This calls for immediate action, Inspector!" cried Wilschmidt in his reedy mezzo-soprano. "We must at once procure folk remedies from our nearest hokum artist! In my experience as the emcee of the Leonard Pith Garnell Bad Horror Film Festival, I learned that this was the only thing to do!"

Inspector Levi-Chan agreed that this was the only thing to do. He put on his silk robe and yarmulke and followed Wilschmidt out the door and through the winding streets of the town. On the way they passed the gates of the castle once occupied by the infamous Donna, a bloodsucking creature only vanquished when the entire populace had sat on Lord Jim and burned copies of Cordwainer Smith.

They came to the hovel occupied by old Marleva, the witch-woman (a few years previously, she had changed her name from Marla Ouspenskaya). Upon entering they found her murmuring an unintelligible song to a casserole of cockroaches. "Marleva!" they cried. She looked up. Her frizzy hair and glowing eyes ~~and~~ and peculiar attire could not altogether hide the fact that she was

DATE	NAME	TIME
8/19	Louis Cassion	5:45

WRITE BELOW HERE ONLY IF YOU HATE RALPH!!

STAR TREK IS DEAD

STORY

quite bonkers. "So you have heard about the Ralph man?" queried Wilschmidt.

"Ralph man? Good dear me, no!"

"Then what is that a cure for?" — I KNOW YOU LIKED COCKROACH CASSEROLE

"Cure? It's my lunch — Biddy McLaughlin forgot my mouserolls." She rose up. "Ralph-man — let's see —" Murleva leafed through The Arcane Book, Vol. VI (Postsylvania: The Arcane Press, 2204 B.C.), and found the entry. "Ralph-bane (plesa kilschiano) will keep them away," she said. "It appears as a mauve- and ultraviolet songbird, but has natural markings that say RALPH STINKS, STID, STID, STID on one side." Murleva then snorted some cockroach powder and went to sleep. (with whom?) — ALONE!

WRITE — ABOUT WHAT?

The Inspector and the Doctor left. "Now, let us procure blessings," said Inspector Levi-Chan. They came to the Church of Theological Engineering. The Rev. Larry, the Chief Engineer, met them at the door.

"Hiya! What can I do for yez?" he said in his usual open way. FUCK ME! — NAH! THAT'S REPRODUCTIVE ENGINEERING!

"We need blessings —"

"Ah, the joys of bein' a theological engineer!" Rev. Larry interrupted. "Just sittin' here all day thinkin' of the Creator — in this story that's Louis — he's a cool guy —"

OH, LARRY — YOU MEAN "HIYA, LARRY!" A MARVELOUS NEW SPELL

so where's he? HE WAS IN ORDER / now HE'S HERE

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/26/74	Doris ~~[illegible]~~	6:00

ONLY RALPH-DOTTES MAY WRITE BELOW

STORY, cont'd

Inspector Levi-chan and Dr. Wilschmidt said almost simultaneously, "I - don't - think - we - want - to - be - blessed - in - the - name - of Louis!" And off they went to a grove of mauve and ultramarine jonquils. They passed it on one side. "None of these are Ralphbane", they muttered glumly. Then they turned around to the other (marked) side. "But all of these are Ralphbane!" they gurgled jubilantly, pointing to the same flowers. And they picked them.

POPPYS...? → No, it says SOMEWHERE

After that they lost interest until the next morning, when they were awakened by a ring on the candlestick phone. It was Burgermeister Brennehoff. "VHERE ISS MY MOUSE CASSEROLE?" ranted the Burgermeister to the Inspector, who answered the phone while Wilschmidt clambered down from a beam. "BIDDY MCLAUGHIN HASS NOTT BEEN HERE! UND TO ME SHE ALVAYS DELIFFERS ON TIME!"

why? → SHE WAS BRIBED.

"Uh - where was she last seen?" muttered the Inspector sleepily.

"She vas going to the voods for field mice! the voods behind Biancor's farm!" And the Burgermeister hung up.

IT'S TOO TOUGH! → Yuck!

"Biddy McLaughin has disappeared!"

DATE	NAME	TIME
9/16/79	[illegible]	6:15

ONLY RAUH-HOTORS MAY WRITE HERE

COMMENTS

cried the Inspector.

The Doctor nodded. "Well, let us check the first stop on her route – her delivery route?"

"The schoolhouse."

The Inspector left the police department in the hands of Constable Rotchartz and Turnkey Trokey. He and Wilschmidt tramped towards the village's one-room schoolhouse. "I've been meaning to ask you about the new teacher," Wilschmidt said. "She looks so much like Donna—"

"Nonsense!" snorted the Inspector. "Preposterous!"

The teacher met them at the door. She was medium tall, had short, curly fair hair and light skin. Wilschmidt muttered under his breath, but concluded that her glasses were different.

"Has Biddy McLaughlin been around with the roast mice yet?"

"No! The children are so hungry, too!" cried the teacher (she had given her name as Dahna.) Wilschmidt's attention was attracted by a listless child with a bandage around his neck. He leaped forward. "No, don't!" cried the teacher, but Wilschmidt leapt forward. He whipped off the bandage to expose two small red marks on the child's jugular. (yum) (NO, MARKS NOT UNTASTEFUL) "Insect bites!" he laughed. "And to think that I thought-

YUM!

YOU CAN HAVE MY HELPING, OWEN!

eat Aztec — SHOT "GOODS" WITH TOTE TOW SHE LOOKS. IT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA.

yum!

DO!

---AND HE DOES!

NO, THAT'S GOOD!

STORY

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/16/79	Sonia Epstein	6:33

RALPH — NOTES ONLY MAY WRITE HERE

The two took their leave and left.

"I wonder—" said Levi-Chas. "Could she possibly be Donna?"

"Nonsense!" snorted Wilschmidt. "Preposterous!"

They marched on. "Friend, I have been ruminating upon our situation. I have come to the conclusion that our attack on the Ralphman will require brainwork."

"Oh dear." they said to each other. "We'll have to call on Aztec." And to her apartment they went.

The Inspector knocked on the door. "Could you let us in, Aztec?"

"Well, if I didn't, it wouldn't advance the story line much, would it?" came the bemused reply from behind the door.

Soon the door was opened and Aztec stood there. She had long dark hair, a flawless face, and a height of about six foot two, making her taller than either of her callers. She wore a floorlength diaphanous green gown that was translucent enough to show her full (and exquisite) form, but quite opaque enough to pass most censors. "What's the problem?" she asked.

"We—uh—need someone who can think." NEVER!

the most mature attitude about sex is apathy, Lewis

YES. BEAUTY IS NOT SEX.

I REALIZE THAT COMES AS A SHOCK TO YOU.

38

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/6/79	Sonic Epoch	6:46

ONLY RALPH-HATERS MAY WRITE HERE

STORY

bad usage — no it isn't!

said the Inspector.

"Well, that's my function in this story," responded Aztec.

"Why are you in this story, anyway?" asked Wilschmidt.

"Well, some people feel that a story needs a beautiful "girl" to succeed, and since none of the girls in the Science Fiction Forum, the main source of characters for this story, are worth a second look, our wise creator Louis decided to create me. And also, none of you have much reasoning power, and I do."

"Ah, well," sighed Wilschmidt.

mate — "Creator" better used this way, this will make sense

The three of them set out toward the north gate, along the isolated forest road. The sun was setting. Soon they came upon a mysterious form lying on the road. Levi-chan and Wilschmidt chattered their teeth and ducked off the shoulders, crying "The Ralph-man is lying in wait!" Aztec kept going unafraid, and laid a hand on the form, looking upon it in surprise and sadness.

watch for rape! — no it's not such a forest.

it wasn't locked? — if it was, the police chief would search have a key.

"Come back", she cried. "It's Biddy McLaughlin's body."

* * * *

STORY

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/16/79	~~Doris~~ ~~Epsom~~	7:03
OR	HMW	H

Yum!

YOU WANT TO GET HIM? HE'S TOUGH AND STRONG.

Meanwhile, the Ralphman was wandering nearby, licking the blood off his hands. "STARR — TRREKK — LIVVESSS!" he roared.

And he came to the hut of Blind Liesa the Hermit.

He stood there in the door. "Who is it?" she asked, looking up with a smile. "Are you finally back, Mad Fred?"

"STARR — TRREKK — LIVVESS!"

"I can't quite hear you right. Did you say you were Dr. Wilschmidt?"

"STARR — TRREKK — LIVVESS!"

"Oh, never mind. Come in and sit down. It's been some time since someone came by." The Ralphman did so. He clutched his toy Enterprise.

"~~Care for~~ Some coffee?" Liesa started to hand the Ralphman a cup, then felt the toy Enterprise he was holding. "Oh, you already have a cup." She poured coffee into the toy Enterprise's shuttle deck and over the Ralphman's hands. The Ralphman rose in anger.

"STARR — TRREKK — LIVVESS!" With his scalded hands he threw the ship to see if it would fly. Then he threw Liesa to see

Leaves has no need for a cup

I DO PREFER TO USE SOME BUT WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO WITH THIS TIME?

* kept it up.

KEPT WHAT CUP? I'M SPILLING HOT STUFF!

STORY

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/16/29	Louis Epstein	7:29

ORAMA

if she would fly. He scarcely brushed a tear when she broke her neck — then he closed in on her body, for he was hungry again. (I know you want to, Levis sp — PFAH!!)

* * * * *

"Where did the Ralphman go?" asked Levi Chan.

"Where did the Ralphman go?" asked the Doctor.

Ae, DC { "I'll go left." said the Inspector.
"I'll go right." said Wilschmidt.
"I'll follow the footprints," said Aztec.

NO, JUST CROSSING ALL FINGERS

The others fell into line, as she followed the trail, which led toward Liesa's hut.

"Say, Aztec," asked Levi Chan, "why did Louis name you Aztec?"

"Well, since Space: 1999 and Cliffhangers had a woman called Maya, he decided that it was time for a woman called Aztec."

"Hum." (Yum). (no, nun.)

They trod on. They came over a hill and saw Liesa's body lying outside the hut, with the torso eaten down to the rib cage. Wilschmidt and Levi Chan blanched with fear. Aztec fearlessly walked forward, and shaned by her example they

TROD, NOT RODE — THEY DIDN'T HAVE KNOCKERS BEHIND THEM

they went — banging them coconuts together as

she wanted a prec! — SHE'S NOT LIKE THAT!

STORY

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/18/79	Sonia Epstein	7:47 (TIME FLIES)
OR	HMW	

followed.

"Amazing!" said Wilschmidt.

"Analog!" added Levi Chan.

"The wart from her cheek has been torn off — and eaten!" cried Wilschmidt.

"There's no grounds for supposing that", advised Aztec. "It's impossible to tell what was done with it."

"But," Wilschmidt protested, "that made a good line in Doctor X!"

Awww... YES! AREN'T YOU THRILLED?

"But Louis is writing this", counseled Aztec. "And he doesn't allow things like that." really??? — YES.

Suddenly ~~the~~ a noise of footsteps was heard.

"It's the Ralphman!" cried Levi Chan, and disappeared shrieking into the woods.

"No it isn't", said Aztec, standing calmly. (she still wanted her peace NO!)

"Yes it is!" said Wilschmidt, and followed Levi Chan.

The noise grew closer, and it turned out to be Burgermeister Boennehof and some villagers with torches they hadn't been able to light. "Ve heard you vere lookink for the Ralphmann", said Boennehoff. And off they went, with Levi Chan and Wilschmidt bringing up the rear end — NO, THERE'S A PLACE TO GO.

A howling and a roar of "STARR-TREKK-LIWESSS" were heard.

no sweet mystery of life... NO! LOOSE THE STORY

92

DATE	NAME	TIME
9/6/70	Doris Epstein	8:12
OR H M W H		

Story

"That's nothing", chorused the posse.

"No, it's the Ralphman", corrected Aztec.

And it was.

The Ralphman, being at least as stupid as any one there, blundered into the middle of the group and was surrounded.

He attempted to break toward Levi Chun — and was repulsed with a blossom of Ralphbane.

He attempted to break toward Wilschmidt — and was repulsed with a blossom of Ralphbane.

He attempted to break toward Dumb Will — and was repulsed by some Ralphbane someone had tied around his neck.

He attempted to break toward Aztec — and she rather ruined the atmosphere by pulling out a grenade and blowing him (it) into the air.

The Ralphman lay on the ground. A strange change betook him. His wire-rimmed glasses changed shape. His hair lightened, and his beard disappeared. His body shrank.

* * *

"And to think", said old Marleva sombrely (her mouth was taped down at the corners), "It was Mad Fred all the time."

Great, huh? On the edge of your seat, huh? Oh well...

Except Aztec who allowed herself to be made a lewd joke by

NO EXCEPTIONS!

ADMIT IT! SHE'S THE ONLY THINGS IN THE BUNCH!

how was her technique?

OK - SHE'D BEEN IN THE MILITARY.

" " 8:35

Kurt
3/16

Vacation was nice but everytime I go home something terrible happens. Once our plumbing went, and once the termites returned. It was like the 10 plagues. Unfortunately this time fate tried the first born trick. My sheepdog at this very moment is near death. Something has caused him to be extremely anemic. Only a slight improvement in his condition Does not look good. I'm very upset (heavy sigh.)

I agree with Joe: Any more "novels" pertaining to Louis should be put in his Logbook. Louis: Any more stories about us should also be put in your logbook.

Greg: Financial Troubles - Contact Me!!!!!

Yom

I ain't not into listening to SFF business so I'll occupy myself with nonsense.

It seems I've gotten a reputation, and a title - existential engineer, theological engineer, something like that. If that's the way you people want to think of me, I don't mind reinforcing the idiotic image.

It occurs to me that there are two kinds of people in the world - naïve and happy people, and perceptive but depressed people. WRONG LARRY - MT

Why is the perceptive person depressed?

The perceptive person realizes that he is a product of random events in the universe, his existence was not planned rather it was an accident. Nothing that he does in his life can have any effect except on a very small, inconsequential scale. Realizing this he becomes depressed because there is no purpose to his existence.

The naive person, not sophisticated enough to see the absurdity of his existence, just rambles on, thinking that everything he does has a significant effect on the world.

PROBABLY BILL BLANCO →

Larry, the perceptive person (but depressed) doesn't know even where to look...
look, and you will find happiness

People never learn!

AZTEC LIVES!

0

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/10/79	Doris Epster	11:48 pm
	ORAMUH	
LINE SPACE FOR RECEPTION OF THE WORKERS		12:56 pm

COMMENTS

Inspector Kurt: The SFLS log is only to be used by SFLS people for SFLS matters. The cavalier disregard SFF people have shown for SFLS property (i.e. due-date/cataloguing sheets) does not appear much to reciprocate. But you can not expect us to do more than reciprocate in regard to SFF property.

Rev. Larry: One must be perceptive in order to figure out what unpleasant realities to deny in the search for happiness.

My existence is not absurd, but ideal. I urge you all to emulate it.

So long.

SPACE WASTED BY WILL

Will 4/17/74

TO Larry: A perceptive person is only depressed so long as he is not perceptive enough to realize that it doesn't matter that his life has no meaning. Life is its own meaning.

Lisa: Forget it, now it's too late. I was going to write a message.

4/17 Will (Franco) Larry:
If there is no happiness then it is the human's job to create it. A purpose, too Really....

(Lisa) → How would you characterise yourself, anyway
Bill → Brainless Engineer
Lisa → Naive Engineer... unhappy engineer??

Lisa → (1) Lars, blind people are not that stupid
(2) It's only a story, but a little offensive
(3) It's not a wart; it's a birthmark

DATE	NAME	TIME	COMMENTS
4/17/79	Louis Epstein The Great & Powerful	8:59	Larry – shouldn't it make someone happy that no matter what mistakes they make, they can never cause consequential foul-ups in the grand scheme of things?
		9:01	Tom – Stop being a hit-man for paranoids.

4/17/79 No time for story entry as I have much work waiting to be done, so I'll have more time

Greg

4/18/79 I don't have the time for my next literary entry. It will be (in keeping with the competition) 1000 pages long & really just say one thing. I can't stand Louis. So maybe I won't bother with it, then again it depends on what kind of mood I'm in. I haven't read all of Louis's retalliation yet, I thought my entry was pretty bad, Louis's is pure Louis crap. With regard to his last entry it's quite obvious that Louis will heed no warnings. He'll just go on and plot how the SFLS will take over the library and eliminate SFF and he'll keep on annoying the hell out of

everyone till he gets the shit kicked out of him or ~~thrown out~~ banned from the library or both. With regard to three pages that were scattered throughout this book. They were not ~~many~~ entered in the fashion of a log entry ~~were~~ is entered, they did not acknowledge an author, and were basically juvenile vandalism so I tore them out. Retalliation by the aforementioned juvenile will be dealt with severely.

What happened to the pictures on wall behind the door. I suspect the worst.

At this point all I have to say is: Lets just throw Louis the fuck out so we can get ~~back~~ away from all this bickering thats surrounded the club for months and get back to SCIENCE FICTION

Ralph

Yes!!! (LOL, sort of...)

RALPH TORE OUT A PAGE

S1

4/18/79 - Bill

I've just introduced my girlfriend to the wonders of the forum and logbook. (No, Not any other wonders... none that I'll tell, at least) (tee-hee) Anyway, gotta run + get her to the train soon.

"Prepare to leave orbit"

"Aye-Aye, captain"

"Mr Sulu, Ahead... warp 2"

(faint music in background)

"Produced by Gene Roddenberry"

star trek lives !!!!! (Take that, Louis !!) | SMART!!

4/18/79 - W Joe Brenner I bow gracefully to Donna (actually stagger unthinkingly away to discover she had stolen it.)

18 April Hah! I usurped The Lone Commuter!

Donna Pippin here was pretty poor! But perhaps I was spoiled by 2 Broadway Pippins.

Sir Larry - was that a beard the other night?

re: perceptive people. Life is a tragedy for those who feel and a comedy for those who think. So start thinking.

My long-delayed case of senoritis has arrived in

full force. I've stopped doing my reading for classes.

Hey! I have freshmen dusting after me! Why am I forever the last to know about these things? It took Phil (among our departed members) a year or so after he graduated to declare his lust for me. Complete surprise. My housemates said they knew it all along. It's ridiculous! Just think of all the beds I'm passing over out of ignorance! O woe is me!

ONCE AGAIN!
Joe Brenner
4/18/79-W

	naive	perceptive.
happy	TYPE: H.N.	TYPE: H.P.
unhappy	TYPE: U.N.	TYPE: U.P.

Larry suggests that there are only two types: H.N. and U.P. (the descending diagonal)
Louis suggests the possibility of H.P.,
and Donna reverses Larry's theory,
taking the ascending diagonal: U.N, and H.P.
((The space below is not wasted, I leave it blank for effect))
WELL, IT GIVES ME ROOM TO SHOW YOU HOW TO SPELL NAÏVE.
L.E. 4-19

To unify Larry and Donna's theorey, all <u>four</u> types exist. ~~the U.N. may be The U.N. may a~~ The Niave may be happy if circumstances happen to work out so that they satisfy their system of values (or if they are <u>so</u> niave, that they can make themselves believe the world satifies their desires).

The Niave may also be unhappy, however, if they are perceptive enough to realise that things - are not - right - in - the - world (from their own point of veiw of right).

Similarly the perceptive ~~are unperceptive~~ are happy or unhappy depending on whether or not their value system matches the state of the world.

As for how the ability to effect the world comes in:

1) It is incredibly rare for the world to match an idividual's idea of the ideal world.

2) It is incredibly rare for anyone to believe that this so,

SA

Does this mean <u>everyone</u> is unhappy?
<u>No</u>!!
It just means that I'm an asshole who's been writing philosophy papers for too long.

Let's analy~~a~~ze s e s z e e e e
- why I can't spell.

No, seriously folks, let's try again.
I think my basic mistake was in assuming towards the end that happyness only occurs when a person's ideal image of the world matches reality.
This <u>might</u> be true, I guess, but if so then "ideal images" can get complicated.

Boy this is Bullshit.
I'se confused.

I don't want to write about Nuns.

Lets pretend this page (and the preceeding) doesn't exist.

RALPH TORE OUT A PAGE

What I started out intending to prove is ~~that I haven't the purpose initially~~ that there are <u>some</u> <u>people</u> in this ~~fortunate~~ world who (in my opinion) <u>need</u> to believe that their actions are insignificant in order to be happy. Because, if your actions have an effect on the world, then ~~[illegible]~~ it follows that you should <u>think</u> about them. But if you're actions aren't important, then it's ok to waste your time on wargames and S.F. conventions (as opposed to S.C. confrences). The belief that your actions are unimportant is ~~necessary in order~~ sometimes an excuse for being ~~to be~~ self-centered. That way you can still appear to be altruistic. (Not that many people <u>care</u> about ~~[illegible]~~ appearing altruistic these days).

IMPORTANT, NOT BULLSHIT! <u>SUBTLE DIG</u>

NOT ABOW!

N.B. I am quite happy, Joe. S.C. Fans

Didn't notice anyone that this sloud've been crossed out??

Boy that was a ridiculously long entry, soon I'll get started on the issue of ~~[illegible]~~ optimism, I mean and pessimism...

SPACE WASTED BY SUE (WHO?)

58

4/18/79 – Sue – (Joe) He really doesn't know what he's talking about! Why won't somebody ask me what I think about naive/perceptive/happy/unhappy/people? I have all the answers!!! (Obviously I don't fit into his category of people who need to be insignificant.)

who's Sue?

P.S. It's always slightly too warm in here. Although it has had some interesting side effects.

DATE	NAME	TIME	COMMENTS	ADVERTISEMENT
4/19/79	Louis Epstein	12:40 AM	Ralph – stop misjudging the motives and goals of SFLS! You're incompetent to judge it, it's been around here longer than you have.	Tired of Ralphs tearing out pages out of the log book? Get an ACME RALPH-SWATTER
	So has the plague		It's interesting that everyone in the bickering, on all sides, just wants to win and get back to SF as fast as possible.	
	So why leave the matter	don't and	Donna – there are people in this world who don't lust for you.	
			Sue – you can't possibly have all the answers, I haven't given them to you.	
"	"	12:58 AM	Joe – get a grammar book.	

NOT HERE!

you settle

BEGONE I AM FIRST

LIKE LOUIS THE PAGOCITE

I AM NOT PARAGOTTED

← RALPH

SPACE	CAPTURED BY RALPH	SFLS APPROVED
4/19/79	LOUIS I DON'T NEED A SWATTER FOR YOU MY FIST IS QUITE SUITABLE	ACME – a sub-sidiary of STID Inc.

so bye-bye." the commands were given; gunports opened and lasers fracked
Things looked grim for the Earthmen.

What happens NOW...
Answer soon...

Date	Name	Time	Comments
4/20/79 Mr. Justice Stevens's 59th Birthday	Louis Epstein	12:12 pm	Marla — I don't write sex stories. And I must respond, on behalf of Aztec, to your libellous remarks. Aztec is not oversexed — and certainly not attracted by the human swill who live in the town — nor is she a cannibal. She is just a person who is 1) nice 2) smart 3) beautiful. These are qualities quite foreign to SFF members, I realize, so your misinterpreting then can be laid to your ignorance. It is a shame that you are unable to appreciate Aztec's looks in an aesthetic rather than a

HEY LOU!

64

DATE	NAME	TIME
4/20/79	Louis Epstein	12:20 pm

I DIDN'T MEAN THAT OF ALL PEOPLE TO TALK OF TRUST & UNDERSTANDING

HOW CAN YOU EXPECT PARADISE WHEN PEOPLE LIKE YOU ARE AROUND

AS A MATTER OF COURSE

BY NO STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION IS THIS LIBRARY PARADISE.

OH YOU MEAN THE SAME SORT OF UNDERSTANDING AND TRUST YOU DISPLAY IN THE FORUM HA! HA!

Ralph

11 11 12:36 pm

COMMENTS

prurient sense. Well, depraved morons like you (I'm speaking to the Forum at this point) are the reason there are censors. Stop taking advantage of sexuality and it'll stop hiding itself.

Another revelation that ~~may~~ will come as a shock to you: Paradise is a wide open land of forests and fields of green, lakes and streams serene, rain in light and tingling measure that never drenches and chills, fragrant blossoms that last indefinitely, trees of good health, structures that blend with the land they are in, a very feeling in the air that one can march on forever and ever, seeing vistas, of ~~windswept~~ pools windswept and tranquil, of rivers great and small, of high mountains and rolling hills, of vermilion sunsets and tide born waves, of wide savannas and forest glades, each more wondrous than the last — yet when you retrace your steps and return to places you feel must surely be lesser, you know them better, and appreciate them all the more — and of personal relationships based on full mutual understanding and trust —

NOT a grungy motel room packed with sex maniacs, stimulants and contraceptives.

Well — you'll never learn.

4/20
Kurt

Perceptive people need not be depressed if they just keep everything in perspective.

Donna: Now that you know that I lost for you what are you going to do about it? - I saw Pippin on campus and enjoyed it and I also saw the Broadway show twice. I had a very unusual seat though: up on the catwalks. (that's for the campus production - not Broadway)

Bill + Joe: You guys are depressing me. Spring is here and I don't have anyone to love + care for (etc) I was just starting to accept that when you introduce me to your girlfriends. They are both extremely nice (and beautiful) And I'm feeling lonely again. *sigh*

Hurray! Kurt

Louis: Your description of Purdue is beautiful but a motel room filled with sex maniacs can be fun too. Don't knock it till you've tried it.

KNOCK KNOCK! (I'm HERE!) ME WHO? Louis Epstein 4/20/70

Ralph: Is Louis worth all the energy that you put into arguing about him? Someone who wants to hold an officers position in an organization should not let himself be obsessed with anything so unimportant. Think it over and then approach the problem logically. ← Any disruptive or undesirable entity is the concern of an officer. My logical solution was eliminate the entity.

I wish I had someone whom I could hold and would hold me and mean it. Since you people don't choose to so, the problem is festering. Don't take my entries so seriously, it's my time to waste Ralph

Ww! Someone (Ramon Sanchez) just returned an overdue book!

DATE	NAME	TIME	COMMENTS
4/20/70	Donna Epstein	9:13pm	Poor Larry — he is perceptive and depressed, and is trying to make a positive thing out of it by rationalizing that only the depressed are really perceptive. He is wrong, of course.

66

4/21
11:30AM
Kurt

Beautiful Day!!! I was just out on my morning jog and decided to drop in but after seeing those noble young females in those very small bikinis sunning themselves by the pond, I think I'll stay awhile before continuing my trek.

Joe R.: Your preregistration form is here.

THIS

SPACE

WASTED

BY

KURT

RAGE TURN OUT!! 69

4/22
Kurt

God is dead... HA!

... and so is my Dog.

WHY!?

It's not fair! (It never is) He was young. He never hurt anyone (the only person he ever bit was me) All he asked of life was someone to scratch behind his ear. And if nobody would he'd do it himself. He was good. I'm so lonely.
He was always there when I needed someone to talk to, We understood each other. He never complained about anything. He always made the children laugh. It hurts so much. If it were possible I'd trade places with him He knew only of love It's not fair! WHY!!?

THIS SPACE DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY
OF

KURT'S DOG.

Sgt. Brenner
[redacted]
4/23/79-M

Louis - "personal relationships based on full mutual understanding and trust" sounds OK. But I had the impression that you were interested in keeping your motives obsure, in making sure that no one understood you.

Let me herby declare that I would like us to try and understand each other sometime...

But I should point out that what we may wind up understanding is that we can never trust each other...

4/23/79 KURT -

SORRY ABOUT YOUR DOG. MY DOG IS ABOUT 3½ now & IT SEEMS AS IF HE'S ALWAYS BEEN THERE. I THINK MORE HIGHLY OF MY DOG THAN I DO OF MOST PEOPLE. I WOULD PROBABLY KILL ANYONE WHO TRIED TO HURT MY DOG WITHOUT THINKING TWICE ABOUT IT. DOGS ARE LOYAL & STRAIGHT FORWARD, THEY LACK MOST OF THOSE BAD HUMAN QUALITIES. MY ADVICE TO YOU IS GET ANOTHER DOG, IT WON'T BE THE SAME AS YOUR OLD DOG, BUT DOGS HAVE A TENDENCY TO GROW ON

SCIENCE FICTION FORUM

YOU & I YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT ANOTHER ONE.

On other subjects, last week I saw "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century" aside from some beautiful scenes of a futuristic city, it wasn't much more than a "Battlestar Galactica" type show with slightly different fighters and spaceships. Incidentally this was brought to you by the same people who brought you "Galactica"; Universal Pictures.

I saw advertisements for something called "Star Crash" I get the feeling its in the same class as the above mentioned. Oh well, better things are on the way, including STAR TREK - THE MOTION PICTURE on Dec 7, 1979. So I'm still optimistic about this year having some good science fiction movies.

WANT GOOD BUT POSSIBLY BE BETTER THAN?

With regard to our emblem I keep thinking of the Spaceship and Sun emblem of the Empire in the "Foundation" series. I've seen renditions quite similar to this.

Ralph

Joe Brenner
4/23/79-M

Me again. I was just wondering if anyone has been to Xenocon. Probably not.

DATE	NAME	TIME	COMMENTS
4/23/79	~~Louis Epstein~~	4:31	Kurt - I lost a couple of dogs to epilepsy some time back, I know how you feel. The ones I (we) have now are okay, though one has a bullet graze and the other (an unbelievably hybrid mutt) has lost all his teeth.

EAT SHIT LOUIS
YOU WOULDN'T ACKNOWLEDGE IT BEING GOOD NO MATTER HOW WELL IT TURNS OUT

BECAUSE OF YOUR PIGHEADED, PSUEDO-ELITIST, OBNOXIOUS, PAROCHIAL, ~~[illegible]~~ ATTITUDE.

Ralph

"Pigheaded" - Yeah.
"Psuedo - Elitist" - No, he is elitist.
"Obnoxious" - Yeah.
"parochial" - ?? How so?

Joe Brenner
(again)
4/23/79-M.

Above we are faced with two conflicting attitudes, one optimism, the other pessimism.

(over)

Pessimism is assuming, ~~that~~ without evidence, that things will go wrong.

Optimism is assuming, without evidence, that things will go right.

Assuming anything without evidence doesn't really make alot of sense (not ussually).

We'll ~~see~~ see what happens with the Star Trek movie.

Joe, I'm assuming nothing, I'm just waiting & hoping, but ~~to~~
for ~~have~~ Lou to condemn it before seeing it is assinine. Ralph

23 April Dorma

Kurt - now that you know you lost for me what are you going to do about it?

It is over a year now that my dog had to be put to sleep. I still look for him ever so often. You never ~~will~~ really stop missing the beasts but it becomes, eventually, a nice thing to have known them more than a ~~[illegible]~~ hurtful thing to have them dead. Time heals.

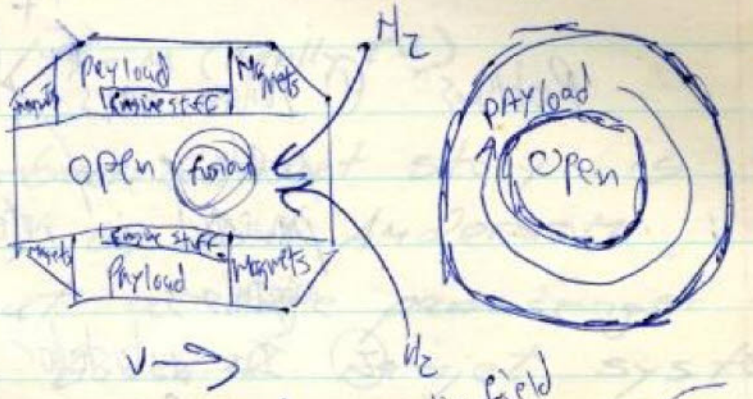
Something I've wondered for many years: what is a Bussard Ramjet?

Kurt
4/23

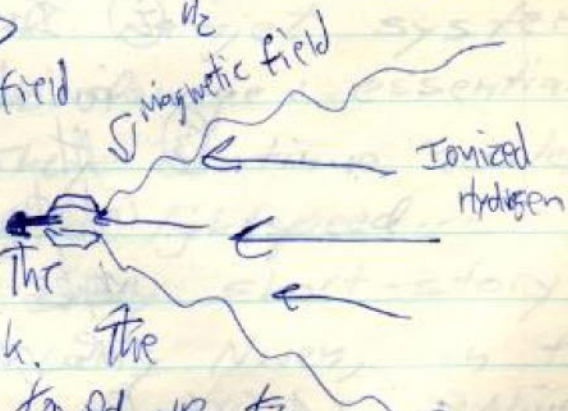
Thank you everyone for your concern. Beware of the pipe monsters.
Louis is acting like a human being in order to get elected as soph. rep. (hahaha)
Donna: You ~~ca~~ answered my question with a question. (You must be jewish)
Time out... time for a concern meeting.

4/23 - Bill

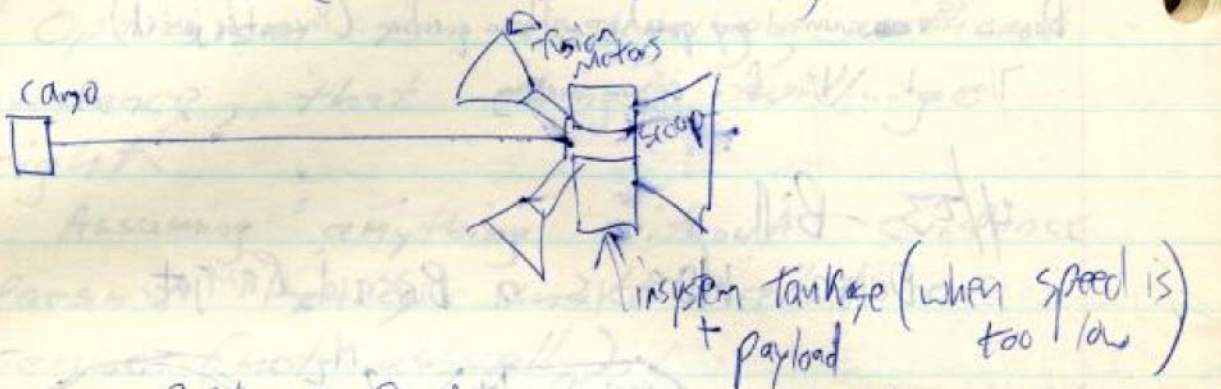
Donna: Here is a Bussard Ramjet



~~Also~~ A monster magnetic field is created that scoops up ionized hydrogen and compresses it in a fusion reaction. The exaust goes out the back. The ramship does have to be towed up to a certain initial speed - so as to get the minimum hydrogen flux for a fusion reaction, but you do have a almost limitless fuel supply.



Larry Niven has made extensive use of ramships. One design (in A Gift from Earth) is below



Problems: ① Niven says that there may be problems w/ magnetic fields that powerful in reference to human organisms

② Is interstellar hydrogen ~~of~~ sufficiently ionized for such control? Maybe....

③ At near lightspeed, the Gamma radiation is frightful problem.... tho maybe magnetic fields ~~the~~ can channel the gammas away

See A Gift From Earth, (SFF has it) pp 10

Any questions...

Bill

P.S. You are rather lustaylen, after to be sure. Tho don't get worried...

Kurt again

Con Com meeting over. Donna: I always knew from the first time that I met you that I lusted for you. Anyway, since you insist that I make the first move, when are you available to get together to discuss our lust (Oh yeah! are you lusting after me? or shouldn't I ask?) and start doing something about it.

Joe B.
4/23 (really 24 by now) / 79 - M (really TU)

Another basic ramjet story is Tau Zero, by Poul Anderson. It's about a large passenger ship using the Bussard ramjet system that sustains some damage: essentially it gets stuck. They continue accelerating, closer and closer to lightspeed...

A good ~~hammer~~ ramjet ~~story~~ short-story is "Hammer" by Larry Niven, in the Nov '71 GALAXY (which we have). Niven later expanded this into a mediocre novel (A World Out of Time) which is not really worth reading.

I have just finished crossing off all titles in the Master File that were also on the S.F. Bookshop

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catalouge. This was done to give anyone going out into the field a rough idea of what we already have. Hopefully will will willfully wilt over here before he goes shopping.

A minor attack of Stan Lee-ism up there. Sorry.

I also have discovered in interesting fact: We had enough space inside the Double drawer unit to fit all of the cards from the single drawer unit. I shifted said cards, we now have more desk space and an extra filing cabinet (which Louis will hopefully not use for a certain play of his without checking with Marla).

thanx Joe

Incidently: Marla, are the above changes ok with you? yes!

Another possibility: Stack both desk top filing cabinents on top of each other. This would make it possible to move the table

which is now adjacent to the desk, should we so desire.

8A ((cheap pathmark paper))

Loose Notes:

~~The~~ Sue is Sue Warga, the girlfriend of mine Kurt refers to. AS IN WARGAME?

Louis: Sex and Love (mutual understanding, appreciation of beauty, etc) are not mutually exclusive. In fact some (even I, in fact, indeed) would argue that they are complementary, in many cases.

Will; I apologise for the conclusion of my rambling disjointed entry of 4/18/79. It is obviously an over-simplified model of a complex situation. A generalization based upon insufficient data. A hypothesis of doubtful utility and minimally verifiable by ~~eper~~ experiment: BULLSHIT.

Almost one third through this Logbook. This sucker will hopefully dissapear from sight and mind soon.

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DATE	NAME	TIME	COMMENTS
4/29/10	Sonia ~~Upston~~	3:33 PM	Battlestar: Galactica has been cancelled.
			Money torpedes the economy.
			Earrings are barbaric.
			Poul Anderson is a great writer.
			The World Wars would have been averted
		3:35 PM	if Kaiser Friedrich III hadn't had cancer.

① (Above)
② If man were made to fly, he'd have wings
③ The world is flat.
④ All asprins — alike!

Truisms come and go...

DATE	NAME	TIME	NOTE
4/29/10	Sonia ~~Upston~~		Those are truths, opinions, & speculations, not truisms.

THIS SPACE WAS TOO BY GREG