

THE SABBATICAL COMMUNIQUE
of Thomas V. Taylor, international and interplanetary
traveller and raconteur who,
unfortunately

tries to make his living as a professor at Biblical Seminary
when he is not on sabbatical leave.

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This is, in all intent and purpose, the last of the communiques. By the time it is published the academic year will be well worn down and its subjects rather tired with it. I hope it has been a good year for you. The sabbatical has not produced all that it might have but neither has anything else I can think of. So we take all things thankfully and look to the Lord for direction in the days ahead. As noted earlier, I appreciate Mr. Pakala's keeping a Weekly format going and the Press might let him do it ad infinitum...The Weekly costs the Editor a couple hundred dollars a year to produce and he might easily put that money into a boat fund! But we will see. Mrs. Taylor and I did get to the Seminary banquet and laughed again at the senior skit with its very lifelike characterizations of Dr. Peterson, Dr. Newman, Dr. MacRae and Mrs. Mangum, but thought the exploitation of the Editor's role could have used a few more funny lines. But, as always, a noble effort and all the faculty enjoyed it greatly.

But I have been telling you of my extraordinary travels to another planet in yet another galaxy...if I have the terms correctly. In an earlier communique I described the library and the system of writing. Alas, there are so many things I would like to detail to my friends but time is of the essence and your patience is probably long lost.

Two things came to my attention on this second visit. First, the Kuisbeighners seek to immortalize anyone at the height of one's fame, a practice performed at one time by certain Appalachian American Indian tribes as well. The idea is...when you have attained a very high level of fame...your life should end and you will never be less than very successful. When it is determined that maximum hero status has been attained, one is sent to the glazery where an immersion in a powerful glaze compound is performed and the individual will be statuzied forever in the shape of the glazed image. Some heroes have objected to this and the immortalized forms are a little less than satisfactory. It is a safe area for most scholars however, since their acts of heroism are not known until long after their normal departure. Near the glazery is published a list of heroes to be immortalized so that the public can attend the spectacle and on the list, to my shock, was the name of King Jorge, King of all the dogs of the planet Earth.

Of a more positive find was the writing discovery I mentioned before. It occurred to me that I could write a lot of my books on Kuisbeighn and simply return to earth with them...having no time loss and no big literary endeavor since I could just think them out. I did not have my research materials with me, of course, but out of the old head could flow a lot of ideas and I could bind the research to it later. With unusual energy I went to work and in a few Kuisbeighn days I had thought out at least two full books without research or footnotes of course. I had an armload of the smallish sheets and carefully b