

SPECIAL  
E-X-P-A-N-D-E-D  
ISSUE

# JINSKIE

ELAYNE WECHSLER  
418 East 3rd Avenue  
Roselle, NJ 07203  
Don't Avoid "Uncle Floyd"

VOLUME I, ISSUE 3

15¢ SASE

DECEMBER 1980

## "RH" Factor Positive

I have come to believe that the only other cult happening in this area fit for comparison with The Uncle Floyd Show is the film "The Rocky Horror Picture Show"--not in terms of content, necessarily, but more in the way respective audiences have reacted to these two shows.

When the movie of "Rocky Horror" ("RH") first came out, it was a phenomenon restricted to specific areas like Greenwich Village or college towns, and it was seen by the same sort of people who had frequented the stage show. Gradually, "RH" evolved into a fairly organized cult, and the (mostly 18-35) crowd came to collectively invent and repeat certain remarks in-between lines of dialogue, create dances and gestures to correspond with specific scenes, and make up unusual (to say the least) things to display and even throw in the air during moments in the movie. An example of this last bit: in the beginning of the plot, friends of the "hero" and "heroine" have just gotten married, and the wedding guests standing on either side of the church steps throw rice as the happy couple emerges. Thus it became "traditional" for an "RH" devotee to bring along a cupful or so of rice when going to the flick.

All this occurred way back when it was fun to see "RH". During this period, I trooped to the nearby Art Cinema in New Brunswick, two blocks away from my dorm, at least five times with friends for the "RH" experience. From "LIPS!:" all the way to "What's your favorite TV show?", we had a ball shouting every line out in its correct time and place, seeing who knew the most gags and who was the most clever ad-libber.

Then a funny thing happened--or rather, a very unfunny thing. "RH" started getting around, filtering down to the masses. It wasn't quite as "special" anymore, because it wasn't quite as private. Worst of all, the people who were now finding out about it had absolutely no way of appreciating the sheer simple joy of it all. Most of them were high school kids, who saw the movie as an excuse to hurl things in other people's faces and make general nuisances of themselves. First-time viewers, who had affectionately been referred to as "virgins", could no longer hope to attend the film, at least not if they wanted to hear the words and figure out the story. Rude kids now dominated the scene, yelled obscenities during the dialogue, and spoiled the fun for the people who really wanted to have a good time.

Is the same thing happening with Uncle Floyd stage shows?

The signs are there, especially in rock clubs. The biggest drawback of clubs, as far as the show is concerned, would seem to be their sale of drinks. It's not their fault, of course, how the hell else would they make their money--it does tend to make those who can't hold their liquor anyway a little bit worse. When you're bent on being rowdy in the first place, that's bad. And whereas the characters on a movie screen aren't affected by what occurs in the theaters, performers doing a live act definitely are. In either case, fellow fans, people who come to the show expecting a good time, and not expecting to be bothered, are becoming more and more disappointed. I've given up "Rocky Horror". I really liked it, too. It was a little bit of madness in my all-too-orderly world. I pray viewers don't get so turned off by this rude, immature minority that they start feeling the same way about The Uncle Floyd Show.

So what can we do? How can the folks who really care, and who want to keep having a good time, hope to ignore these intrusions on our special world by imbecilic idiots? Well? Think on it...

## NOT "INSIDE" THIS ISSUE:

Atlas of the World  
Things to do with Ken Do  
Purple Warts  
Misspellings (well?)

## UPCOMING EVENTS:

- December 14 - Alwilk's, Cedar Knolls  
(Morris Mall), noon
- December 18 - Stage Show, Montclair  
State College, \$5
- December 19 - RANDY PINKHAM RETURNS  
for ten days
- December 25 - Gentile Holiday
- January 1 - "drop your balls"?
- January 4 - Stage Show, Club Bene,  
Rtes. 9/35 S., \$10  
(RESERVATIONS ONLY)
- January 4 - CINDY ROSNER, 15
- January 8 - JERRY VIVINO, 28
- January 10 - JIMMY VIVINO, 26
- January 11 - STEVE BIEBER, 22
- January 11 - KAREN BENEDEK, 29
- January 29 - Anniversary Stage Show,  
Bottom Line, \$7.50
- February 4 - Floyd heads for Fla.  
(to visit Randy?)
- February 21 - "PUTTING ON THE RITZ"  
PARTY at my place, in  
conjunction with the  
Stage Show, Ritz Theater,  
Elizabeth (see below)

## "Putting on the RITZ" Party

On Saturday, February 21, The Uncle Floyd Show will play live at the Ritz Theater in Elizabeth. In honor of this suspicious occasion, I would like to have a "PUTTING ON THE RITZ" PARTY at my place, either before or after the show, depending on whether it is in the afternoon or evening. All cast members and viewers are invited (yes, Terrie, band members too), and refreshments will consist of RITZ CRACKERS plus whatever you can think of to put on them. Everybody who attends is asked to bring their favorite thing(s) to put on a Ritz cracker--the only exceptions being stuff that isn't Kosher, as we keep a Kosher home. Check with me if you're not sure. I, in turn, will supply the place (obviously) and 5-6 boxes of RITZ CRACKERS, or reasonable facsimiles thereof. You may also bring whatever you like to drink, and I'll have soda there.

I'd like some feedback on this idea. If everyone is amenable, and makes a commitment to attend so I'm not out a lot of bread and crackers for nothing, more information (and directions to my house) will follow in the next issue.

## Once Again...

At the risk of incurring the considerably justified wrath of Lisa Vitale (and my semi-avid readership), I regret to announce once more that due to extenuating circumstances (yes, I will list them, just so you know I'm not faking--nothing this bizarre could be made up!--my room went through total remodeling and renovation, which took 2 full weeks, thus leaving my belongings in a temporary state of disorder; I have been rather ill for the past few weeks [what fun to stay in bed on your birthday!], leaving my body in temporary disorder as well; with my new job, I've been so busy getting adjusted [and so tired at the end of each day!] that I haven't had time to transcribe the interview yet, much less edit and prepare it for reduction and printing; and to top it all off, a rather amusing thing has happened recently--I've gotten so many written contributions from readers this past month [very flattering, I assure you] that once more, there really isn't the room to give the interview the proper print space it merits. Lisa and I discussed the possibility of presenting it in installments, but I opted against it, as I would like it done up all at once and I'm not fond of the "grabber" concept), MY INTERVIEW WITH LISA VITALE (probably revised and updated quite a bit by that time) WILL, BARRING ANY MORE UNFORSEEN CIRCUMSTANCES (what's that I hear about New Jersey sinking into the Atlantic?), BE PRINTED IN ITS ENTIRETY (and then some) IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF INSIDE JOKE. Thanks for your patience--and believe me, there's more than enough stuff in this issue to occupy your minds and reading time. Next issue--I almost promise...

\*\*\*\*\*

\* INSIDE JOKE is produced and created \*  
\* by me (EW), and is written for and \*  
\* by fans and friends of The Uncle \*  
\* Floyd Show. Written and monetary \*  
\* contributions are never overlooked. \*  
\* \*  
\* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler \*  
\* CONSTRUCTIVE CRITIC.....Lisa Vitale \*  
\* PRODUCTION ASST....Margaret Kuczyski \*  
\* CONTRIBUTING WRITERS...Dennis DeLeo, \*  
\* Steve Bieber, Robbie Wise, Terrie \*  
\* Gehebe, Derek Tague, Maria Vitale \*  
\* \*  
\* c. 1980 Pen-Elayne Enterprises \*  
\* PRINTED BY COUNSEL PRESS, INC., NYC. \*  
\* \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

# R·A·T·T·P·A·C·King

Thanks once again to TERRIE GEHEBE for the grand tour of the Rosedale Swamp, et al. Among other things, we created the infamous "Mr. Cleen Information Pamphlet/Newsletter Which We Promised Not to Do". If you're interested, Terrie's got plenty copies left...FAITH FASANO was there, too, and some rather shocking revelations came to the surface--Seems Faith had a rough childhood: "When my mom was pregnant, she was scared by Doc Severinson. See, she always wanted a trumpet, and I was born instead...You don't know what it's like when somebody tries to press your spit valve..." Had a strange time with MARGARET KUCZYNSKI (a great help to me this issue, thanks) the other week at the Linden Theater; it was to be my definite last venture to "Rocky Horror", given the audience (see cover page)...For the past month, CAROL PHILLIPS has been trekking it, via the Somerset Bus Co., every Saturday into Roselle, but five lousy blocks away, and hadn't called me or come over once! That situation was finally remedied on the 22nd when we got a chance to spend the morning together. I feel it only proper to apologize to Carol for the exciting way in which we spent that morning, however--the Union Marketplace wouldn't have been so bad if she'd brought money; but I must admit, spending an hour on Route 22 at Berman & Rossi must have been thrilling...at least Carol got a copy of Devo's "Whip It" at the nearby Platter Puss. And to top it all off, what could be better than watching me open up my mail? Whoopie...Nice to meet Kathy Hille (I think she thought Scott was a lamppost--just kidding, Kathy), Arlene Adams, and Diane Droppa at the Fast Lane. Terrie has a full review in the Trib, but all I wanted to say was, Ace Derkins was magnificent as a first-time bit, and even though nobody got Skip's last joke, I thought it was the funniest one he ever did...Also met Mike Szorentini of WSOU-FM there (by the way, congrats to Rich Nisiovocchia, the only big-time viewer to get through on the WSOU call-in to the cast); he gave LJ and Terrie's Trib nice plugs on his radio show afterwards. Only thing was, he couldn't find my address. Try looking under "Subscriptions", dear...

Belated birthday greetings to GLENN CUTLER (17) and DANNY WISE (20), on November 17th; MARGARET KUCZYNSKI (16) on the 27th; JOHN GLASSER (22) on December 8th; and MARTIN VAUGHN on December 10th. Geez, guys, if youse don't tell me, how d'ya want me to find out, osmosis? Also a very happy anniversary to KAREN AND BOB BENEDEK, their 8th, on December 2nd (hm, that date rings a bell)...My brother JAY has some Floyd-type news to report from his and my alma mater, RUTGERS UNIVERSITY in NEW BRUNSWICK. Seems Wednesday, with apologies to Tom Carvel and Prince Spaghetti, is "Uncle Floyd Night" at Brett and Tinsley dorms...Also, Cheap Thrills, a record store in N.B., stocks Floyd's singles, so if you're ever on George Street...First I go to a high school reunion last month and meet an unknown Floydie in the guise of former classmate GARY HEFFERS (who told me a wonderful story about getting Floyd drunk at St. Rocco's last year); now from the woodwork comes my very own cousin-by-marriage, BEN ROTH, who admits to being one of the many(?) Rockland County (NY) viewers. Just the thing to discuss at family get-togethers, huh?...JENNIFER "My-jokes-are-sicker-than-SUE-DiNONNO's-any-time" LYNDs has a little Bones Boy she carries to concerts with her--and a band called The Swinging Madisons took quite a fancy to it, introducing it to the crowd at Club 57 and dancing with it on stage... Read SUE ROSNER's reaction to STEVE BIEBER's "Parables from the Pavement next ish...Steve's pavement really is new, by the way--the city dug up and replaced the sidewalk around his block... and he does have a job (if only temporary, but we hope not) at Macy's, hoping to get in their management-training program or at least in the public-relations department...Speaking of department stores, LYNN MARTIN has her picture (modelling) in the Saks Fifth Avenue Xmas catalog, and soon will be in their commercials... Lynny's manager, Robert Stica, used to be Jodie Foster's manager...more next time...

# "FU-ing Around"

As always, from the underground of questionable taste, in downtown Bensonhurst... High atop the second story building, overlooking fashionable Bay 20th Street... Across from the renovated skyline of frame houses in Eastern Bath Beach...

"The Kid From Brooklyn", pen in hand, places her own special brand of weirdness on paper, then places paper inside envelope, envelope inside mailbox, and we thus receive the following three letters, the first two of which are parodies, if you haven't guessed yourself, of "The Twilight Zone" and "Star Trek" TV themes, respectively. The third I won't attempt to explain...

1

"You are travelling through another dimension (Essex County)--a dimension not only of sight and sound, but of smell. A journey through a wondrous land (?) with the boundaries that of survival. There's a signpost up ahead ("Newark--Next Exit"). Your next stop--WWHT, Chammel 68."

2

"UHF--The Final Frontier. These are the adventures of the corporation Wometco. Its ongoing mission: to explore new foreign language programming ideas; to seek out new jokes for Skip Rooney and concessions for David Burd; to boldly go where no subscription station has gone before!"

TO THE READERS:

YOU HAVE BEEN UNDER CLOSE OBSERVATION FOR SOME TIME NOW. IT HAS COME TO OUR ATTENTION THAT THOUSANDS OF EARTHLINGS EACH WEEKNIGHT INSTILL THE OPERATION OF A DEVICE KNOWN AS A "TELEVISION SET" AND STRUGGLE TO GET A DECENT RECEPTION OF A PARTICULAR STATION LOCATED IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY--CHANNEL 68. THE PROGRAM VIEWED AT 6:00 P.M. EARTH-TIME IS KNOWN AS "THE UNCLE FLOYD SHOW".

A PRELIMINARY STUDY HAS SHOWN THAT THESE PEOPLE SIT THROUGH ALL SIXTY MINUTES, IGNORING THEIR DINNERS, LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY, AND EVEN WRITING LETTERS TO FRIENDS DURING RECORD COMMERCIALS, WHICH ARE REPEATED FREQUENTLY.

WHY THIS BEHAVIOR OCCURS IS INEXPLICABLE AT THIS TIME AND THE PURPOSE OF THE PROGRAM IS NOT COMPLETELY UNDERSTOOD, BUT RESEARCH WILL BEGIN SHORTLY AND THE RESULTS WILL BE SENT TO HIS HONOR, THE GREATLY FEARED KING NIELSON I. A DECISION WILL BE RENDERED AND SHALL BE FORWARDED TO THIS PUBLICATION AND TO THE STATION IN QUESTION...(LOOK FOR FURTHER INFORMATION IN THIS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS IN THE FUTURE)

(NEXT MONTH: Maria moves from science fiction to children's shows in a new feature I would like to entitle "One Trip Beyond"--you guessed it, "OTB"...she will be taking U.F.S. parodies one further, and massacre poor Mr. "Froggies"...)

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

FLOYD VIVINO, who was nice enough to give me a "scoop" last month on the last two singles to be coming out on the BIOYA label (see "Contest"), "the orange one and the pink one". Of course, the content of these singles was then divulged to the rest of the world over WSOU and in the Gazette, so I didn't have exclusivity for long. I always get really good news right after IJ has come out for the month...

SKIP ROONEY, who used my gags on the December 4, 5, and 8 shows. Yes, I take full blame, sorry they were as bad as they were, but please don't blame Looney...

LISA VITALE, for her patience...

THE GEHEBE FAMILY, for their hospitality when I visited on 11/16...

MIKE SZORENTINI, who has my permission to read aloud anything he wants...

DEREK TAGUE, who helped out on the Demento article, got my Montclair tickets, and rode with me on the subway back to Port Authority...

LISA BOTTINI, MARIA VITALE, CAROL PHILLIPS, and MARGARET KUCZYNSKI for their wonderful and unexpected birthday presents (and, of course, all of you who sent cards)...

and lastly,  
SHARON, MARIA VITALE, and KATHY HILLE for their donations--however, Maria and Kathy, I think writing "Hiya Toots" and "I Don't Avoid, I Watch Uncle Floyd" on dollar bills is illegal...

# Fan Club Noose

Another one bites the dust, we're sorry to report--From Robbie Wise comes this news: "We have disbanded FAN CLUB NYUK (Oceanside, NY). To quote Maria Vitale (in LJ Issue #2), 'the only way that I ever want to see it stop coming out is because you're tired of doing it, not because you can't afford to put it out'. That's basically what happened. We got very little response from the second newsletter plus Danny and I couldn't come up with any fresh ideas. We wanted everybody to contribute something, but we refused to write another newsletter by ourselves. To try to stir up a little anger in the club we blamed the well-known viewers for being star-struck, hoping some nyukers would write back saying 'how dare you print something like that'. Well it all fell on dead ears. Don't be mad, we were only kidding!" To quote from the last issue of FC Nyuk's newsletter, so you'll understand the reason for Robbie's apologetic explanation, "We're a little angry. Some of the 'well-known' viewers want to be as important as the stars of the show and although we really enjoy watching The Uncle Floyd Show, we think a fine line should be drawn between the cast and the audience." As I said before, the quote is intended as sarcasm only...BLADES AND BAGELS (FAN CLUB 731) celebrates its 5th anniversary (Dennis DeLeo says 5, Terrie Gehebe insists it's #6, but since Dennis is "Blades"... in the Bronx this month. Catch Dennis' nostalgia piece elsewhere in the rag...FAN CLUB 312 in Linden now has 72 members, and, says pres John Schroth, "I'm trying to get more--I'm greedy." Schroth and VP Mark Kuni are currently making up posters to advertise stage shows, in conjunction with David Burd. FC 312 is located at 1900 Grier Avenue (07036)...Cindi Rosner, VP of the BI-BOROUGH FAN CLUB, has tried to start another one at Christopher Columbus (a.k.a. "Son of Sam") High School in the Bronx, but, according to older sis Sue, "Everyone keeps saying, 'Floyd who?'" Good luck, Cindi...Lisa Bottini's FAN CLUB 42D (there's a good number for Joe Balitzki's mind to play with) is looking for members. Says Lisa, "We want to

come out of the closet but we still have room so we're still inside." Borough or state doesn't matter--apparently, it's an equal opportunity fan club (hey Lisa, can I be Honorary Pres. of Vice in this one, too?). Write Lisa at 2319 Belmont Avenue in the Bronx (10458)...FRIENDS OF FLOYD is no longer headed by Maria--Mike Orosz of the ELMWOOD PARK (07407) FAN CLUB is now in charge--his address is 208 Rudolph (how timely!) Ave....

## ROSTER

As of this printing, these newsletters are still in print and in touch with me. If you have a newsletter and would like to give it free publicity, let me know.

THE U.F.S. GAZETTE  
(the show's official newsletter)

PRICE: \$6.00/12 issues

EDITOR: Floyd Vivino

P.O. Box TV68

Newark, NJ 07107

---

THE FLOYDIAN FILE

(Fan Club 312)

PRICE: ?

EDITOR: John Schroth

1900 Grier Ave.

Linden, NJ 07036

---

THE FLOYDIAN PRESS

(Floyd Vivino Fan Club)

PRICE: SASE(?)

EDITOR: Marci Mann

201 Ridgewood Ave.

Glen Ridge, NJ 07028

---

THE 422 TRIBUNE

(Fan Club 422)

PRICE: 50¢/issue

EDITOR: Terrie Gehebe

248-13 139th Ave.

Rosedale, NY 11422

---

ON THE AIR

(Fan Club 16)

PRICE: SASE

EDITOR: Jeff Muller

439 Faitoute Ave.

Roselle Park, NJ 07204

---

THE U.F.S. REGISTER=no club

PRICE: SASE affiliation

EDITOR: Wayne Hastrup

285 W. Webster Ave., Roselle Park 07204

# "VOICE of the VIEWERS" (*Letters*)

I received the INSIDE JOKE a few days ago. I found it very interesting reading. You have a wonderful flair with the pen...I am looking forward to the next issue. Until then,

Devoted Closet Fan, Sharon

Both your INSIDE JOKEs are real gone (that's a rockabilly term for fantastic). Please don't ever run out of ideas for INSIDE JOKE. Now that Reagan is gonna be prez and he starts banning rock music, newspapers and Mork & Mindy (heaven forbid, Uncle Floyd!), your paper will be the only thing left to read!

Robbie Wise

Dear Elayne,

I know I've told you this in person but I felt it should be mentioned in print. I think your newsletter is great. I find myself reading it over and over again. (ED: Well, what else are you gonna do on your dates?--uh, joke, really, just a joke) It's a lot more interesting than some of the television shows on in the afternoon. In the November issue, you gave the viewers a stern warning to keep away from the new studio. I've only been to downtown Newark once, but I must say I agree with you totally and I hope people listen to your good advice. To sum it all up, keep up the good work, and I look forward to reading the next issue.

Carol Phillips

Dear Elayne,

I just wanted to tell you how much I loved the "INSIDE JOKE". I think it's one of the best newsletters I have read so far.

"Screamin'"

Mimi Quaglietta

Dear Elayne,

The "INSIDE JOKE" is entertaining because of your writing style. Thanks for sticking it in my drunk little hand. I don't know if you remember me. I was at the Fast Lane and I thought "this (you) is an okay person". Little did I know you had such talent. Wish you all the best, keep up the good work! Looking forward to your next issue. Sincerely,

Kathy Hille

(I include another letter from Maria Vitale here not just because she's a friend, nor because she insists on writing almost daily which is crazy 'cause there's no way I'd ever write back that often, BUT because of my undying gratitude to her for spelling "CONGRATULATIONS" correctly in her last letter! With a "t", folks! Why do you think it's abbreviated "congrats"? Please, the only thing that makes me cringe more is when people spell "A LOT" as one word...)

Dear Homarus Americanus,

(For those of you who don't have your encyclopedias handy, or are just too lazy to look it up, it's the scientific name of the common American lobster.--No offense intended towards Ms. Wechsler, or course!)

Hey, man! This "rag" is really getting great! Glad to know that "The Kid" can "contribute" and I want to say that we're all real proud of your work, don't ya know! Keep it coming!

Also, my donations will continue to flow over to Roselle as long as my parents don't notice the missing money!

Another thing, (What's that thing doing there?) thanks again for "AFL UPDATE". The idiots who write these letters haven't got any brains, so, to hell with them! Hey, Floyd! We love you!!

One last thing, (There it is, again!) The "INSIDE JOKE" and "The Floydian Press" really do justice to the show, its cast members and its loyal viewers.

If I may, I'd just like to say to both you and Marci Mann, in an open-letter manner, congrats (ED: See, what did I tell you? With a T!!!) and keep up the great work!

As always, "Fu"-ing around,

Maria Vitale - "The Kid" - "DYK"

P.S. I just had to throw this in (with regard to LJ): "Can you imagine taking the time to make something like this?"

I couldn't resist! M.V.

A RIDDLE (ANSWER  
UNPRINTABLE)

What do you get when you cross a rooster with an owl?--Submitted by J. Lynds

# "Parables from the NEW PAVEMENT"

The date is November 25, 1980. It's two days before Thanksgiving, and thoughts of stuffing my mouth with turkey, candied yams, etc., should be foremost in my mind. But they're not. Close Floydians know that although I've been associated with the show since 1976, I've been watching "Uncle Floyd" since its first appearance on Channel 68, way back in 1974. And November 25 marks the sixth anniversary of that first program on old WBTB. As an old-time veteran of the show, I'd like to present a capsule summary for more recent viewers of what it was like to watch Channel 68 in those halcyon days.

I found out about Channel 68 in April 1974 through a Daily News article entitled "Hopalong Cassidy Rides Again". The article stated that WBTB would come on the air sometime that September. It would run vintage reruns such as Cassidy and "The Bob Cummings Show" while experimenting with what a spokesman called "over-the-air subscription television". As a 15-year-old TV addict, I welcomed the prospect of another station on the scene. It would help my mind turn to mush that much faster.

Channel 68 went on the air for the first time at 7 p.m. on Saturday, September 29, 1974. The first program aired was a Hopalong Cassidy western. It was followed at 9 p.m. by the first episode of "The Time Tunnel," with James Darren and Robert Colbert; and at 10 p.m. by the first episode of "The Monroes," another 1966 ABC failure. At 11 p.m. the station suffered its first technical difficulty (which turned out to be the first of many!) and went off the air.

Following a week of forgettable programs, WBTB pulled a disappearing act and went off the air for a month. It reappeared the first week of November with a set weekday afternoon lineup (Channel 68 came on the air at 5 p.m.) that included "Dobie Gillis", "The Bob Cummings Show", "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea", and a nightly "B" movie hosted by the one and only Phil Brito.

But the strangest part in Channel 68's lineup was the hour it set aside for "children" from 5 to 6 p.m. It consisted of 1965 videotaped reruns of "Bozo the Clown" mixed with 1950's westerns such as "Broken Arrow" and "Tall Man". (A hideous station ID slide pictured a cartoon Bozo standing next to Michael Ansara as Cochise from "Broken Arrow".) A typical show would start with Segment A of "Bozo" immediately followed by Segment A of "Broken Arrow" and so forth. The other three days of the week saw Bozo teamed up with such cartoon greats as "The King and Odie", "Uncle Waldo" (the bogus title for "Hoppity Hooper", a Jay Ward cartoon), and Rick Springfield (!!).

This arrangement lasted all of two weeks. On Monday, November 25, 1974, "Bozo" was replaced by the first program to be produced at the old Channel 68 studio on Eagle Rock Avenue: "Uncle Floyd and His Friends Starring Floyd Vivino." At least that's how the artcard read.

First "U.F." listing ever in TV Guide: The first portion of the show lasted about 20 minutes. It consisted of Uncle Floyd and Oogie and the Pictures on the Wall. It would be followed by a cartoon, and then by a musical bit. The bits were performed by Senor La Basura (solo, no Donkey Oakie--he'd lip-synch a Spanish song), Rocky Rock'n'Roll, Mr. Bonas or Love Bug. Another cartoon would follow. Floyd would then spend another 10 minutes with other puppets, such as Mrs. Green, Mrs. Small, Tommy the Policeman, or Sunshine. The last cartoon followed, and Floyd would end the show with a contest for a John Gnagy art set or an ant farm. Any attempts to criticize this show are pointless. Its purpose was to create harmless entertainment for five-year-old kids, the same audience that Floyd Vivino brought into the UA-Columbia studio in Pompton Lakes for his cable show there. (Cont'd on next page)

## Saturday

AFTERNOON-EVENING  
DECEMBER 21, 1974

- 59 BRANDON--Western CW  
McCord is left to die in the desert by a man he saved from the same fate. McCord: Chuck Connors.
- 61 DREAM OF JEAN VIE--Comedy  
Thanks to Jeannie's beauty cream, Mrs. Bellows becomes the belle of NASA. Jeannie: Barbara Eden.
- 63 MISTER ROGERS--Children
- 65 WALSH'S ANIMALS
- 67 EL JUICIO
- 69 FACULTY CONVERSATION
- 71 CARRASCOLENDAS--Children
- 73 UNCLE FLOYD--Children

N.Y. TIMES  
12/30/74

## Channel 68 Off the Air

WBTB-TV, Channel 68, licensed to Newark as a future pay television outlet, has gone off the air with its experimental signal. A spokesman for the station, which is owned by Blonder Tongue Broadcasting, attributed the blackout to technical problems that began Dec. 29. He gave no indication when the station would resume operation. The station's telephone has also been disconnected. WBTB-TV for several months had been broadcasting syndicated programs and films.

# "PARABLES" cont'd.

"Uncle Floyd and His Friends" (also known as "Cartoon Caravan"--see note over TV Guide listing on previous page) lasted only a few weeks on Channel 68 in 1974. The last show aired on December 28th. The station went off the air the following day (see New York Times article on previous page), not to return until September 29, 1975.

Floyd estimates only three thousand to five thousand people watched the show on Channel 68 in 1974. If you were one of those viewers, consider yourself in a privileged group. You've seen what this show once was and can appreciate how it gradually evolved into the unique program it is today. Now go down to your nearest Social Security office and apply for old-age benefits!--Steve Bieber

(And speaking of "Parables from the Pavement", rebuttals are very welcome. Terrie Gehebe had one which she wanted to share with us...)

## *Com-parables* by Terrie Gehebe

Since I too am "pounding the pavement" (ouch!), so to speak, I would like to add my experiences to what Steve Bieber had to say last month about getting a job in the broadcasting field.

I didn't graduate college, but I got my radio experience from hanging around with people from a radio station called WGBB (1240 AM) out here on Long Island, going to remotes and stuff like that, when I was sixteen. I had dreams of being another Allison Steele or Bree Bushaw or Ellie Dylan, who were pretty big back then. But when I became old enough to do anything about all this, where did my "connections" go? Well, Ric Morgan, who worked the 7pm-midnight shift, is someplace in Florida so he can come back to get a job at one of the network-affiliated stations; Alan Michaels, midnight-6am, is God knows where; and Greg Monti, weekends, is working at WPTR up in Albany. Well, I figured, if I'm gonna do it, I can do it alone.

So I enrolled at Nassau Community College, which was all I could afford--if you ever have a career in mind, don't go there. While at Nassau and still dreaming, "This is Terrie Gehebe on Musicradio WABC", I wrote a letter to John Pichitino, telling him how I wanted to be a DJ and asking him the usual questions like how he got his start, etc. Well, John, being the nice guy that he is, sent me back a 4-page letter telling about practically his whole life. The part that got to me the most was his invite down to the studio to talk (that was about a year ago, by the way.)

John's talking to me about the radio business seemed to have gone in one ear and out the other when he took me into the control room during a taping of the show. The minute I walked into that 2x4 foot place they called "Master Control", I knew it was the TV biz I wanted into. I mean, broadcasting my voice to people in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut would've been great, but working with a team of people and adding a picture to it and then being able to say "That's the shot I took", or "That wipe was my idea", and then seeing your name credited at the end (no matter what Floyd may say about credits), now, that can really make a person feel good.

So finally realizing that one can't get shit out of Nassau, I enrolled at the Television Studio School of New York (now the School of Television Arts), a 4-month course teaching the techniques of directing, producing, camera, etc. I graduated from there in August as the top student in my class (I've got the student evaluation papers to prove it); since then, I've been looking for a job at the networks and the cable stations and the production companies and also looking for maybe a distant cousin in the TV business. That's the catch in this business--you gotta know somebody to get in. I don't care what John Pichitino said about "banging your head against the wall long enough, something's bound to break", with my luck it'll be my head...See, Pich has his first-class radio license, a requirement at Channel 68 and a very tough thing to get, just ask people like Dennis DeLeo. Pich had been fortunate enough to attend a high-class Catholic college in New Orleans for four years, graduate from there and then go to one of those schools down in Florida that drum the answers to the test questions into your head so you have to pass...That's great if one has the money, but some of us aren't so lucky.

So, I agree with Steve when he says being in the right place at the right time helps, but most places want experience and a great typist. If you don't have that, an uncle in the business is a big help.



# Nostalgically Yours

(Dennis DeLeo of the Bronx, known to many as "Blades" of "Blades and Bagels", has written a nice reminiscence of "the way things were" that I thought you might get a kick out of....)

Back in December 1975, I discovered a real live "kiddie show" on a U.H.F dial. What caught my eye was the ten years of cobwebs it knocked off of the memory cells. It's been that long since a T.V. host announced a list of birthdays and showed artwork supplied by ten-year-old viewers--a potpourri of drawings of family pets, fourth-grade teachers, and the host himself, "Uncle Floyd", decorated the wall. When was the last time you heard a TV host addressed as "Uncle"? In 1965, Channel 5 had Uncle Fred Scott and Uncle Fred Ladd. Channel 9 had Claude Kirschner & Clownie, and 11 had old Officer Joe Bolton. But this was 1975! I was infatuated.

Curoisity got the best of me--What's a Win-a-Cake, a Soccer Bopper, Oakland Twin Cinema? Who's Steven Geecus, Richard De Rienzo, Kevin Kyle? Why was the man in the plaid beach hat and huge bowtie giving away a John Neggie Art Set?

The show's format differed no more than it does today, only it was directed at pre-teens. Floyd would come on with a "friend", be it "No-Name", Mrs. Small, Mrs. Green, Sunshine, Pookie the Dog, or Cecilia. At least twice a week, Uncle Floyd would play straight man to his wooden pal, Oogie.

Then the birthdays were read. Seldom were there more than six of them to announce; often baseball players and TV celebrities were blended to pad out the skimpy list.

Floyd would then display his wall full of stick-figure houses and "dot" pictures. He'd point at each one with his flair pen, commenting on the subject matter, making wisecracks to the amusement of chuckling cameraman Mark Nathan.

After a PSA (public service announcement) on dental hygiene, Uncle Floyd would do one of his nutty characters. Sir Cecil, Brisco T. Fardell, Mr. Grouch and Señor La Basura were the most popular characters at the time, but not a week went by when Rocky Rock 'N' Roll didn't pay a visit.

At the time, Floyd had no supporting cast. This was when Pat Cupo came on once a week to do a magic trick.

The Charms Blow-Pop commercial comes to a close and the winner of the cake is announced. Floyd goes to the piano and rattles off a tune that 98% of the audience has never heard before in their lives.

Uncle Floyd reminds us to "be good and bye-bye"....

In February of 1976, I mustered up enough courage to participate in the kiddie jubilee. At the time, there were no more than 30 clubs and I remember Floyd expressing bewilderment over our first entry. Why would a couple of 18-year-olds from the Bronx (ED: Dennis and Tim "Bagels" Halecki), labelling themselves "Blades and Bagels", crash the innocent atmosphere of a bunch of pre-pubescent participants of the wall?

Our first entry was a drawing of Oogie with an Uncle Floyd puppet on his hand (since then, I've seen dozens of them on the wall). Uncle Floyd was amused, but he said, "These guys don't want to stay with the order! We don't have 731 clubs yet... Notice I put the "yet" in there..."

Floyd confessed, upon our first visit, "I was expecting to see two guys in leather jackets and chains." Tim and myself became frequent visitors to the show, our characters ranging from Señor La Basura's moving men to attendants at a fly hospital.

Aside from Derek Tague, I consider myself the oldest "old-timer" and contributor to the program that has become such a huge part of my life. Yes, I am addicted to this hourly retreat from the real world. I'm damn glad I am.

It still seems like it's put on in somebody's basement, but in a world where we're taught to play it straight, it's great to have a few minutes to revert to insanity!

Dennis Deleo, Pres. F.C. 731

# ~CONTEST~

This month's entries are for  
"THE SHORTEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD"

Like I said last issue, all entries are counted as "winners". Some are real winners, believe me...

BOOK	CREATOR
"The Las Vegas Fire Prevention Manual"	Randy Pinkham
"Men I Have Refused", by Baby Bonzo	Baby Bonzo
"The Book of Cities Where Scott Gordon Does Not Have Relatives"	Dennis DeLeo
"Things to Do While Sober", by cast members and U.F.S. viewers	Peggy Gavan
"Loin 'ow ta Speel Wright", by Marci Mann and Wayne Hastrup, edited by Floyd Vivino	
-and-	
"The Rise and Fall of Tom Thumb" (get it, "short" book?)	Maria Vitale
Lastly, Derek Tague <u>really</u> took me seriously...	

"Restaurant Tabs that Marci Mann did Not Pick Up"

"My Years of Innocence", by Baby Bonzo

"The Joy of Winning the Viewer-of-the-Week Award", by Elayne Wechsler

"Post-1979 Personal Appearances Not Attended By Terrie Gehebe"

"Words Spoken By Faith Fasano"

"Clean Jokes Told By Sue DiNonno"

"Floyd Fans Invited Back to the Tick Tock Diner"

"Unedited 'Little Rascals' Shorts Shown on Channel 5"

"Stephen Scharff's Guide to Classical Music"

"Bad Things I Have Said About Bruce Springsteen", by Adrienne Peterpaul

"Personal Appearances I Have Driven To", by John Glasser

NEXT MONTH'S CONTEST: What name do you think Floyd should give his new record label which he's starting in 1981?

Send entries in by the 5th...

*Coming Next Issue:*

"Banding Together"

Randy Pinkham's Words of Wisdom

"One Trip Further"

REVIIOOSE--"Nurds", by the Roches  
INTERVIEW W/ LISA VITALE!!!!  
and The Usual Stuff

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES at  
My Father's Place, Roslyn, L.I.,  
November 22, 1980 by Robbie

→  
R  
E  
V  
I  
O  
O  
S  
E  
→

Once again I'm back at the place Uncle Floyd vowed never to appear again. But that didn't stop me from coming to see Siouxsie. I've been waiting two years to see this band perform in the States. It was their first trip over here from England and I hope it's not another two years before they come back. I've seen them all: the Stones, the Who, Brownsville Station, T. Roth but nothing can compare to Siouxsie and The Banshees. With new members John McGeoch on electric and acoustic guitars and drummer extraordinaire Budgie the band performed selections from all three albums (of which only one was released in the U.S.), some "B" sides of singles and a couple of new songs. When Siouxsie first walked on stage up until she limped off nobody in the place could take their eyes off her. She was stunning and surprisingly graceful. From the opening song "ISRAEL" to the encore of "SWITCH", I was mesmerized. I have never been so satisfied of a performance by anybody before. Thank you for your time.

## PUZZLE

by "The Plague"

Looking into things, at least Lisa Vitale won't have to change her initials. come to think of it, she won't have to change the second letter in her surname. But what about the rest of her name? Change "tale" (something Terrie Gehebe specializes in) to "vino" (Italian for "wine") by altering one letter per step and remembering that each step must consist of an English word. There are three possible solutions:

1. T A L E
2. \_ \_ \_ \_
3. \_ \_ \_ \_
4. \_ \_ \_ \_
5. V I N O

(Answers in next issue)

## A RIDDLE

Q. What did the elephant say to the naked man?

A. "How do you breathe through that thing?" (Submitted by J. Lynds)

# DEMENTIA DAY

On Sunday, December 7th, I met Maria Vitale and Lisa Bottini at 1:30 in the Port Authority bus terminal, where we were immediately "accosted" by a cute young wino who asked Maria, among other things, where she grew her hair. But she can tell the story of John much better, so we move along to the steps in front of the Chemical Bank on 34th and 7th, where we all gave the pigeons a massive dose of shish-ke-bob-induced acida. Then it was off to beautiful downtown Greenwich Village (what is this, Ricardo Romantico's Win-a-Date?), where we discovered, in among the rubble and the Pink Pussycat (alias "Baby Bonzo") Boutique, a wonderful place called Le Flea Market, over on Bleecker Street. Floyd, ya gotta go to the record shop they have there--all these great old albums, dirt cheap. Lisa B. has her heart set on a Woody Allen collector's item priced at \$24 (any rich kids wanna buy Lisa a Christmas present?)--I picked up two Tom Lehrer albums for \$4, and shall return for the \$4 Smothers Brothers LP. They had a button place there, at which Maria purchased "The KID is Back", Lisa got a Three Stooges and a Springsteen for a friend, I picked up "What If PRINCE CHARMING Never Shows?", and we all got Marci Mann a Beatles button for her birthday. Maria and Lisa were also sweet enough to buy me a screw-on (you have to be careful when dealing with screws) brass lobster stick-pin...Well, we arrived, finally, at the Bottom Line to meet Terrie and Faith for dinner and "group Turtle initiation", at 5pm, where we found Derek first on line, ebullient about having met the Doctor himself moments earlier and getting a second precious autograph. We spotted the perfect parking place, almost directly in front of the club, and Maria and I stood there until Terrie brought her car 'round. Since no one was hungry, we strolled through Le Flea Market again...

Now to the show--Floyd friends on hand, besides us, included Allen Dirnfeld and his mom, recent Viewer-of-the-Week Diane Droppa, Alan Reiss, and Sue Rosner. Prior to the start of the show, I formally initiated Faith, Terrie, Derek, Lisa and Allen as Turtles (Maria sat too far away--sorry, Kid, next time). Also, ballots for a live "Funny Five" had been passed out to us, with a listing of the 50 or so most popular "demented" hits (Derek copied the list, if anyone's interested). "Deep in the Heart of Jersey" was not included, so Floydians rallied and placed it in write-in nomination. Floyd and Lisa showed about 8, and while I talked with Lisa about fun Rutgers stuff like Child Psych and late fees, Floyd was subjected to a mini-personal appearance session by some not-so-closet fans. Next to their table sat Benny "Shaving Cream" Bell, his wife, and his son, so I got a chance to chat with Mr. Bell about my favorite "SC" anecdotes...Floyd came out on stage, in costume, to introduce Dr. Demento (I don't know who got a bigger hand), who entered with "Woo, woo, woo, wwwind up your radios, Dementians and Dementites!" to a sparse set consisting of a square table filled with various horns and whistles, strange pairs of glasses, a microphone, and two record turntables. Admittedly, it wasn't as visually exciting as, say, Floyd's show, but getting the chance to listen to some of the best gems from the Doctor's humongous collection more than made up for it. And there were films shown...He began with Donovan's "Intergalactic Laxative", followed by a showing of the Marv Newland short ("Marv Newland Produced by Mr. and Mrs. Newland") Bambi Meets Godzilla. Spike Jones and His City Slickers' "Cocktails for Two" came next, then Dr. D. brought out the "OK" Laughing Record (also another of a different body sound). The Zanies' version of a phone call between Carter and Nixon circa November 1980 blended into "Religion and Politics", rhythmically performed by Scott Beach. Then came "Transfusion" by Jimmy Drake, a.k.a. Nervous Nervous, and a "bloopers"-type promo for the movie The Caddy by Martin & Lewis (breaking up at the time); "I Saw Mommy Screwing Santa Claus", presumably by Jimmy Boyd (?); some sound effects from Barnes & Barnes; and, in person, Benny Bell, who performed "Only A Shanty in My Own Backyard", "Jetta", and "Matches". After intermission, the Doctor offered another visual treat--an old 1930 Fleischer cartoon combining live action with animation, and featuring Louis Armstrong (live and animated), Betty Boop, Bimbo and Koko (remember him from the "Inkwell"? No, I guess you don't), entitled "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You". As Balitzki may well guess, that was the highlight of Demento's repertoire for me. Monty Python's "Sit On My Face"

**"go directly to next page"**

# Further dementia...

## Editorial

was next; the Professor, Tom Lehrer, did "The Vatican Rag"; Allan Sherman sang "Member of the Ivy League"; Steve Howell did "Ayatollah" to the tune of "My Sharona"; John Hartwell sounded like Artie Johnson's Tyrone on "Hey Babe, Ya Wanna Boogie". Then Floydians got another, and quite unexpected, thrill as Floyd came out to play "Josephina". Oh yeah, and in honor of an anniversary couple in the audience, "Oh, how we danced On the night we were wed We danced and we danced Cause the room had no bed". Another film was shown, featuring a Foreign Press Association award (honoring Cantiflas) with Ronald Reagan, Jayne Mansfield, and Mickey Rooney ("Andy Hardy Goes to College").

"WHAT TIME IS IT, DEMENTIANS AND DEMENTITES?" "IT'S FUNNY FIVE TIME!" No. 5--"They're Coming to Take Me Away" by Napoleon IV; No. 4--"Another One Rides the Bus" by Weird Al Yankovic; for No. 3, Dr. Demento played the film clip of Barnes & Barnes "Fish Heads" featuring, among others, the Doc himself; No. 2 was a little ditty called "Existential Blues", given a consummate live performance by Connecticut-born Tom "T-Bone" Stankus. And Number 1? Well, stuffing the ballot box definitely paid off, as Floydians showed our might, etc. etc. "Deep in the Heart of Jersey" made it! Floyd remained on stage while Benny Bell came out once more, and the three performers sang "Shaving Cream" (verses old and new), Floyd accompanying on piano.

Well worth the \$6 ticket--by the way, if you're one of those willing to rally behind the "Get Dr. Demento Back to the NY Area" cause, the place to write is the only station worth having them on, WNEW-FM. Long as they don't pre-empt Vin.

Lisa Bottini's pictures will be reproduced in the next issue, I hope.

Stay Demented!

## HOUR OF MADNESS

Anyone into the Dr. Demento show and misses him, and lives on Long Island, tune in to Dan Harris on the "Hour of Madness" on WNYT, Cablevision channel 28, every Friday night at 11. Dementia and Uncle Floyd live on "The Hour of Madness".

First off, I realize I got kind of serious on the front page of this month's issue, and that can get to be a downer this time of year, so, sorry, but I had to let it out...Anyhow, there are lots of thank-yous to go out to all of you for making my 23rd birthday very special for me.

Most people don't realize the importance I place on birthdays. Ever since I was a kid, I've always felt that a birthday is the one day of the year when one would be justified in acting egotistic. I try to give unselfishly to others most of the time, etc., I'm usually the one who does things for other people, performs favors without being asked, but on my birthday, I like to feel special, catered to. I realize this is very immature, but I can't help it, that's how I feel.

When I was in college, I was accepted into a fraternity. "Fraternity" is supposed to imply friendship, brotherhood, togetherness, that sort of thing, right? In all the years I participated in Alpha Phi Omega, I tried never to forget a single friend's birthday, because I assumed it would make them feel as good to be remembered as it made me feel. It took a little extra effort, and a little extra money to buy all those cards. And I felt I'd get it back in thanks and appreciation. Maybe even in reciprocation. Well, every once in awhile, somebody thanked me for remembering, but not that often. And what hurt most was that not one of these people cared enough to even think about when my birthday might be, much less give me a little 25¢ card or something. It was even left off the fraternity calendar most years. And I was forced to drop a couple really tacky hints ("Guess what's coming up in one week?"; "Boy, I feel so old already!") just to elicit a "Really? It's your birthday today? Happy...", which was usually said with little feeling anyway. All of which made for miserable birthdays these past years...

This year, at the Fast Lane, I got some nice wishes, even a present, some singing, and a lot of warmth. Folks, you don't know what you've done for me. So it wasn't announced on the air (sob! for the first time since 1977)--maybe the postcard was lost or whatever. But people remembered.

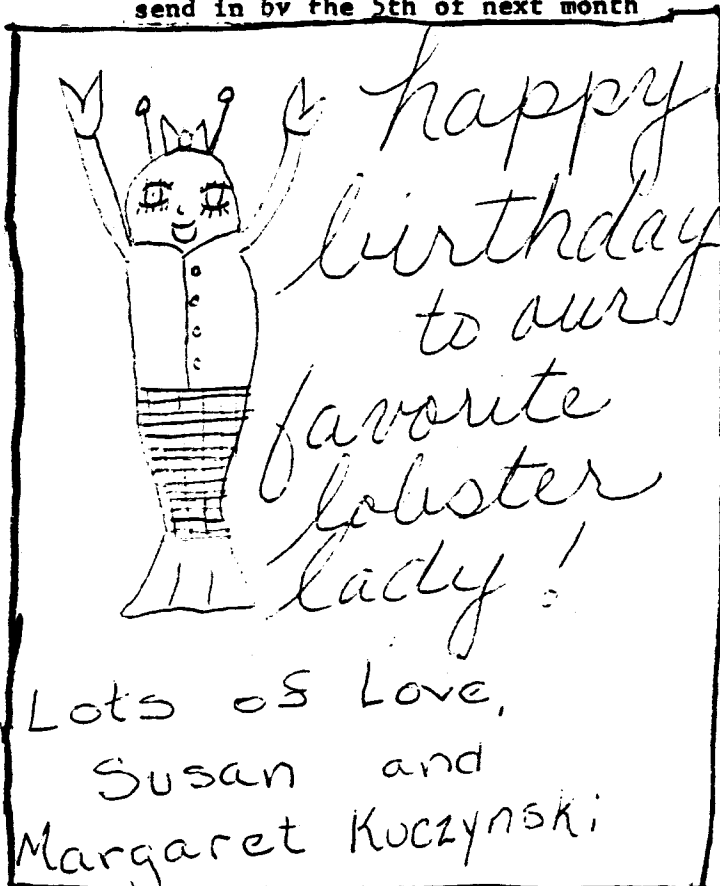
Oh, yeah, I do like to reciprocate. If you'd like to see your birthday announced in IJ, you gotta tell me... *ew*

## Late - Breaker —

On December 7th, at the Doctor Demento show, Floyd announced that the cast of The Uncle Floyd Show will perform a special stage show in honor of the 7th anniversary of the show (or, as he likes to put it, "the beginning of our 8th year") at the Bottom Line, on January 29th. Yea, I finally got a scoop! The folks at the ticket booth inform me that tickets will go on sale for this show (I assume it's only one show, it being a weeknight and all) "in about two or three weeks". Translated, that means either Christmas Eve or New Year's Eve, since Bottom Line tickets go on sale on Wednesdays. Floyd URGES all viewers NOT TO BUY TICKETS FROM SCALPERS, so please follow his advice, and you won't get scalped. For more information, you can bug the Bottom Line itself--they are located on the corner of 4th and Mercer in the Village, and their number is  
If all goes as it has gone before, the tickets will probably be purchased by Maria Vitale or Terrie Gehebe--however, since it is Christmas Eve, likely, I think we may be able to talk Steve Bieber into doing a couple favors...

## PICTURES off-the-wall

submissions should be  $\frac{1}{2}$  page or less--  
send in by the 5th of next month



## AFTA

My dear genius friend and producer, Bill-Dale Marcinko, is now in the process of putting together issue #4 of a magazine he named AFTA (yes, he is getting sued but that's another story). What this rag is to The Uncle Floyd Show, AFTA is to the world of entertainment in general. I like to consider it "the thinking person's Aquarian". Issue 4 should be out by the end of January. It will contain (in its entirety, I hope) a 4-page (about 2000 words, minimum) article about the show, written by me. Plus pictures. AFTA is available for \$2.00 from Bill-Dale. For information, write to him at 153 George Street, New Brunswick, NJ 08901. WARNING--The magazine is for "mature audiences".

THIS ISSUE DEDICATED,  
IN LOVING MEMORY, TO

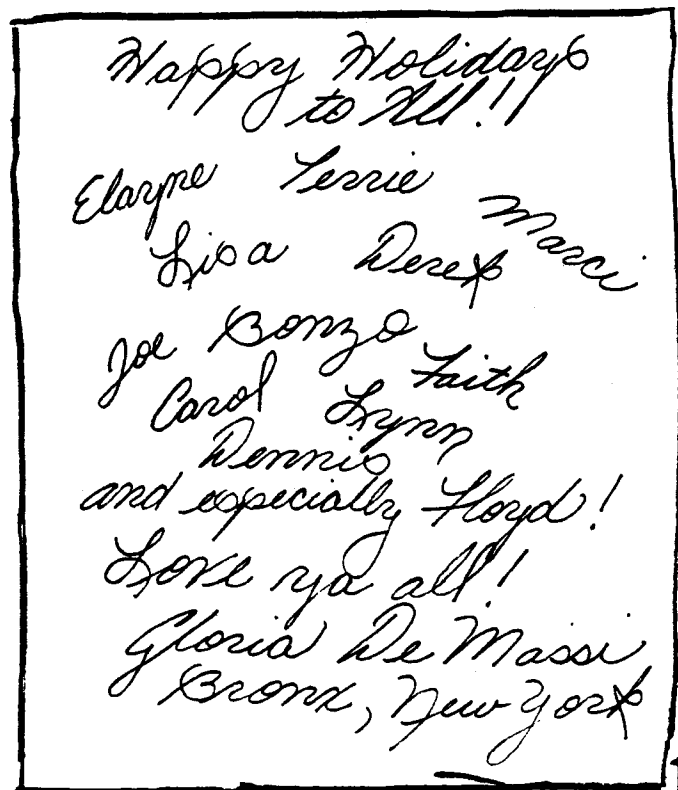
GEORGE RAFT,  
the meanest of the mean;

MAE WEST,  
the best of her kind;

DOROTHY DAY,  
the first hippie;

and  
JOHN WINSTON LENNON.

R.I.P.



# Collective Christmas Card

**JINGLE  
BELLS..  
FA-LA-LA-LA..  
i'm DREAMING  
OF a..  
LA-LA-LA-LA..  
DICKINSON  
FA-LA..  
JINGLE ALL THE  
WAY**



**.. ELF  
CRAP  
!!**

BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS -

A peaceful, healthy holiday  
Season and coming year is  
wished for everyone - may 1981  
be good to the show, to all of  
you and yours, and to our brothers  
still in captivity...

"GOD NEVER FORGETS"

*Love, Clayne*