

18 PAGES

(in honor of the
increase in
postal rates)

INSIDE JOKE

HAPPY BELATED
ST. PATTY'S DAY

(traditionally
celebrated by
the donnin' o'
the green)

VOLUME I, ISSUE 6

Yeah, another biggie!

MARCH, 1981.

Novelty~

"Aa, the novelty wore off," someone recently told me of INSIDE JOKE. Well, of course it did. That's only logical, isn't it? Anything that occurs more than once theoretically loses its "novelty". A first-time happening is the very definition of the word novelty (no, I didn't look it up in the dictionary but I imagine it's something like that). And I don't associate loss of novelty with loss of interest. I still consider IJ interesting--if I didn't, I wouldn't do it. And I'm not speaking of the parts that I write (except those which take me a lot of time to do and the accomplishment of which I'm proud). I think people are interesting, but I certainly wouldn't describe most of the people I know as "novel". It has been said "there's nothing new under the sun". Even humor is nothing new (and I'm not referring only to Skip's jokes--which, by the way, prove that novelty does not necessarily equal entertainment). The Uncle Floyd Show plays on a bygone era, that of vaudeville. From the one-liners to the piano tunes, it's all reminiscent of "old-time" comedy. Not novelty. You don't have to do experimental comedy to be funny.

But, even though I like a lot of the established formats of IJ, I also like to experiment. Things will change. I'd like to gradually get involved more with comedy in general (as you will see by Phil Bramson's piece inside), and also more with the creative process in general (perhaps pieces on how to write from "experts" in certain fields, like former Second City writer Barbara Hobart, and more poetry and comic essays). I won't be totally abandoning the origin of this rag, The Uncle Floyd Show itself, but hey, it's not my life. Not in the way that a general comedic feeling and mood are. I'm a student of comedy, a fan of comedy, and a devotee of the art, and I want my own creativity to reflect that. And IJ now has enough friends and contributors to be able to reflect the creativity of many. An ensemble bit. I'd like to reach out to viewers and non-viewers, too. Not watching Uncle Floyd doesn't mean you're not creative. But it has limited the scope of a lot of others I've wanted to get involved with the process that is IJ (like Bramson, Bill-Dale Marcinko--yes, you, Bill--etc. Although these people have heard of the show, and for the most part admire it, it is not anywhere near a priority in their lives. Perhaps, as Mary Poppins said, "That's as it should be.").

There are so many possibilities beyond what is now. Not revolutionary, by any means, but evolutionary. I'm psyched, and I hope you are too.

See you in the funny papers,

Clayne Wechsler (CW)

"INSIDE" THIS ISSUE:

INTERVIEW WITH VIN SCIELSA

FLEISCHER NITE

MR. CLEEN LIVE AT CHRISTIE'S
FLAGSHIP, EDgewater, NJ

COMEDY CORNERED

LETTERS TO THE ED.

RUBINO REVIEWS

INSIDE JOKE QUES-
TIONNAIRE #1

UPCOMING EVENTS

"FU-ING AROUND"

Y.K.Y.A.T.U.F.F.W....

ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO
TRUE ROMANCE FOR MEN

MORE...

UPCOMING EVENTS:

MARCH 27—Stage Show, John Harms Englewood Plaza, Rt. 93, 8:30pm, \$7.00
 APRIL 1—RUSS EINBINDER, 21
 APRIL 3—SUE KOHOUT, 19
 APRIL 3—Stage Show, Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College, 8:30pm, \$6.50 (RESERVED SEATS ONLY)
 APRIL 4—JIMMY DOMIZIO, 20
 APRIL 11 & 12—ROCKAGES convention, NY Statler, 7th & 33rd, noon - ?, \$8 daily (see page)
 APRIL 12—LYNN MARTIN, 16
 APRIL 23—DEBBY FUCHS, 24

HAPPY BELATEDS TO---

BOB FERGUSEN—MARCH 9 (22)
 SUE SAPIO—MARCH 10 (21)
 JOE BALITZKI—MARCH 13 (23)
 PAUL FERGUSEN—MARCH 19 (29)

Also, apologies to SUE KAUFMAN for not putting this out in time to publicize the Union High School Thespians' production of "The King and I" on March 20 and 21. Hope it went well!

ALSO UPCOMING: Floyd should be doing some shows at the Bottom Line and again at My Father's Place in April, but as of this writing, I have no specific dates. Also, a stage show is tentatively scheduled for the end of June at Creations in W. Orange.

Got an event—birthday, concert, play, party, etc.—you would like publicized in IJ? Then send me the info by April 10th...

 * INSIDE JOKE is produced and created, *
 * sometimes under duress, sometimes *
 * under the influence, by Elayne, me, *
 * oh, you know...Creativity welcome! *
 * EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler *
 * STAFF WRITERS.....Diane Droppa *
 * Jerry Rubino *
 * Maria Vitale *
 * CONTRIBUTING WRITERS..Philip Bramson, *
 * Jennifer Lynds, Cally Pivano, and *
 * Janet Brown *
 * PRINTED BY COUNSEL PRESS INC., NYC. *
 * c. 1981 Pen-Elayne Enterprises *
 * OUR MOTTO: "But it's all right now, *
 * I've learned my lesson well, ya see, *
 * you can't please everyone, so you *
 * gotta please yourself"—Rick Nelson *

Many of you may not be getting this issue until the middle of April or thereabouts. This is not only because I've fallen a week or so behind schedule (I had two other newsletters besides this one to get out in March), but because I have come to somewhat of a crossroads regarding mailing IJ out.

As most of you know by now, postage rates for whatever-class mail this is (I can never keep those things straight but I'm told it's first, and that third is for bulk-mail) have gone up to 18¢, and will most likely rise once again to 20¢ by the summertime. Even though I can still afford to print IJ, the compounded cost of mailing it puts me in a bit of a bind.

I didn't think I'd be asking you to do this so soon, but I'm afraid I can no longer make exceptions—If you would like to receive INSIDE JOKE every month, and if you know you won't be seeing me in person, PLEASE send me a SASE (self-addressed stamped envelope) of 18¢. It doesn't seem fair, as it never does, when a minority of people winds up giving the majority of the support.

So for those of you who have not sent me a SASE by—well, since I'm behind, let's make it the 10th of April—for next month's IJ, and have not expressed any kind of desire to keep receiving this, I feel it kind of silly to continue sending you this if you seem uninterested...Hope you enjoy this "last" issue...

Acknowledgements this month go to The Allen Dirnfeld Fan Club and Pigeon Society, whom I will thank with initials only, since that title may prove a bit of an embarrassment, and they know who they are: M.K., A.P. and T.P. They did a super job in helping collate and staple last month's issue. Also thanks to donors LINDA CORBY, MARCI MANN, MARIA VITALE (as always) and JANET BROWN for their monetary assistance.

Lastly, I'd like to welcome our two new staff writers, DIANE DROPPA and JERRY RUBINO (surprise!). It's good to have an eloquent expert like Jerry doing music reviews, and Diane's wit is as sharp as her—uh, typewriter keys? In any case, I hope they'll accept this tenuous position and keep writing...

SEND ANYTHING (SASE's, writings, donations) EXCEPT LETTER BOMBS TO:

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

Shorts

BACK ISSUES

CHARLIE STODDARD RECORD NEWS: Yes, Charlie will have a record out very soon. The title, and I don't believe it was intended as a pun or anything on his U.F.S. image, is "Out of My Dreams." Charlie says it's a very serious and emotional song, and he plays every instrument on it, all of the instruments being some keyboard variations (as many who are familiar with synthesizers know, they can be made to sound like any variety of instruments). A demo tape has been made (from what I understand, there's no flip side, just the one song), and Charlie hopes to premiere it on the show very soon. He does not plan to sell the record at stage shows, but will attempt to get it in some local stores, so I will keep my ears open for more info, and pass it along as I get it.

Enter, AND
SIGN IN PLEASE!
Putting on the Ritz! **BARB**
Guest List

Norman in Vital
The Jacks R. R. Better
on 6/3/68
Brown
Brown
Patricia
Carol W. W. W.
Ally
Faith
Tevie
Carol
Fred
S. W. W.
Jason
Edgarre

Chris
Lor
Pam
M. S.
Cheryl
T. W.
Gray
B. W.
Margie
Frank
J. W.
J. W.

'FU'-ing Around

by G. Wiz

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...

It's..."THE KID FROM BROOKLYN"

I don't suppose many of you out there (well, let's face it, you're not in here, are you?) understand what all that stuff above means. Well, I'll tell ya. (No, my major wasn't English!)

It's just my unusual sense of humor (Or humour, if you prefer. I'm flexible). I'm sure that people who know me will agree that I can be a little strange in some of the letters I write.

Well, it all started very innocently (Oh, stop laughing!!!). "The Kid", born and raised on Benson Avenue (Oops! I told a lie!), once had a rather odd music teacher who insisted on referring to all of his students as "kiddies". At any rate (telephone, electric, gas, etc.), I guess the name stuck and those phrases of mine, which I use to close my letters with, are something along the same line as U.F.S. "Deep in the Heart of Jersey."

Anyway, it's just one of those things (Help!). I think it's time that I explain my fetish for "things".

It all began when I was very young and became glued to the TV set (I was playing with a bottle of Elmer's). Well, I was unable to pull myself away from it and so I became a TV child. That's right! Throughout the sixties, I was one of millions of TV children, who went around spreading laughter and handing out TV Guides to everyone I met. Please try to understand, it wasn't easy for me. It still isn't—what with Ace gone to look for his wife at the Willowbrook Mall and the fact that Monty Python probably won't be on public television this year. It's very hard, but although I watch a great deal of TV, I'm not without my favorites.

Those of you (or you, or you, etc.) who know what I look like, will probably guess that I was attracted to "Cousin Itt" of the Addams Family. (ED: Maria, where did you grow that hair?) Close, but no cigar! It was "Thing"! That's right! "Thing"! He (she?) became my idol. I would run around the house, sticking my hand out of shoe boxes, canisters, lampshades—you name it.

It was quite a problem for awhile. The doctors have told me that I'll never be completely cured. I do stand (or shall I sit?) a chance of living a normal life—so long as I don't snap my fingers and stay away from anyone named Fester. Not very easy. Try it sometime.

Well, that's it. This has been an expanded article. Haven't you had fun reading this all the way through? Hey! Wake up! It's your stop! Wait! There's Mr. Smith! Oh, no...his name is...is...Fester!!!

"I didn't get where I am today without noticing a good "thing" when I see one."


(Anyone who gets that deserves a free membership to Channel 13 and a position at Grot Enterprises!!).

As always...


"The Kid"

(Maria Vitale)

(ED. Yes, but, Maria, as Floyd always says, "Here's the thing...")



There is a slight possibility that Floyd will be sponsoring a girls' softball team to be set up in the Newark area. Look for the ad in the upcoming Gazette. I am told that the team is in a tough league, though, not kid stuff, so if you live in the area and you'd like to try out, don't waste your time unless you practice first or know you're good.



BANDING TOGETHER

MR. CLEEN, a/k/a THE VIVINO BROS. BAND
Live at CHRISTIE'S FLAGSHIP,
Edgewater, New Jersey

(review by Elayne Wechsler)

Tucked away at the eastern end of Route 5, affording one a breathtaking view of the Hudson River and the George Washington Bridge, is Christie's Flagship. Christie's offers an intimate bar-type setting, a pleasant atmosphere, and nightly entertainment. Appearing there each Thursday evening is Mr. Cleen, alias The Vivino Brothers Band.

I had the pleasure of catching Mr. Cleen twice in the past couple months, on February 26 and again on March 19. For those viewers who have just seen the Vivino Bros. at stage shows, backing up Floyd and cast, you may not be aware of how much more to them there is than the few songs they may do after intermission or before the show begins. The band effortlessly plays everything from rhythm & blues to Motown to 40's swing to contemporary stuff (Springsteen, The Police, top 40), while at the same time maintaining a casual and warm rapport with their audience.

Mr. Cleen consists of Floyd's brothers Jim Vivino (guitar, vocals, and song arranger) and Jerry Vivino (sax, flute, clarinet, vocals, and the band's booking agent); Frank Pagano on percussion and vocals; and Ed Alstrom (there, I've finally spelled it right! Whew!) on keyboards and vocals. The guys have what so many bands around today lack—cohesiveness, tightness. When they play, you get the feeling you're listening to one person, not four. They almost seem to sense the music instead of just "playing what was rehearsed", and the resulting spontaneity thus becomes a pleasure as well.

The type of crowd may also be a factor in what and how the band plays. On February 26, it was rumored the entire Uncle Floyd Show cast, except for Scott, was in attendance, as were wives and girlfriends of the band members, so the gig took on somewhat of a family-type gathering, a party atmosphere. Skip even got up and did his Bob Murphy impression as the band played the Mets' theme (and yes, they played the Yankees' theme as well). On March 19, it was no less of a party, but the ambience was mellower, and the band was taking requests—Beatles' songs and "Georgia", to name two diverse audience suggestions. I even had the thrill of hearing a song dedicated to me, my favo-

rite Mr. Cleen-performed tune, "Romance Without Finance (Don't Make Sense)"—"Cab Calloway, 1929", according to Jerry, who has a phenomenal memory for those kinds of details. An added attraction, and I believe this happened both nights, was when a fellow named James got up and performed a powerfully emotional rendition of "Misty"—the man has an indescribably beautiful voice. After that, he and a couple of his friends played around with the band on some 50's doo wop.

It was a real treat to get to see Mr. Cleen headlining out on their own. As far as I know, they're still at Christie's each Thursday, but best to call the place itself for more information. The number is (201) 224-5402. Oh, and you must be over 21.

Fan Club Noose

Looks like "FCN" this month starts off suing. A couple of Sue's, in fact. Okay, poor pun, but it's early in the day.

SUE KAUFMAN is looking for people interested in joining the ROUTE 22 FAN CLUB (mainly consisting of people living near Route 22). Anyone interested please write to Sue at 456 Fairway Drive, Union, NJ 07083...SUE KOHOUT's COLLEGIATE FAN CLUB #19 is inducting 8 new members, all of the college status. This brings their total membership to 30. Any of you collegiates out there interested in joining, Sue's address (at college, of course) is P.O. Box 313, Centenary College, Hackettstown, NJ 07840...According to MARCI MANN's always astounding Floydian Press, the FLOYD VIVINO FAN CLUB now has 53 members. They are planning spring and summer membership meetings, and are in the process of getting their own fan club T-shirts. For a copy of the newsletter and info about the club, write Marci at 201 Ridgewood Ave., Glen Ridge, NJ 07028...Lastly, I'm too flattered for words to thank PAUL DIAL for calling his new newsletter, The Uncle Floyd Show Mirror, a compliment to me. It is a terrific newsletter, and worth sending for—628 Powells Lane, Westbury, NY, zip 11590, best of luck Paul...

Fleischer Nite

The New School for Social Research, on 6th Avenue and 12th Street in Manhattan, offers many unique and interesting courses of study. One of the best is an overview history of American animation given by author and general all-around movie maven Leonard Maltin. The course is entitled *Of Mice and Magic*, and Maltin, whose book on animation (see IJ #1) bears the same title, uses both an informal lecture style and audio-visual treats to educate and entertain. On the evening of March 4, the class topic was Max Fleischer.

Although I took extensive notes, as is my wont, on the biographical sketches Maltin gave, I shan't go into too much detail here, but will instead refer you to the book (I believe it's \$7.95 paperback at Barnes & Noble). I will, however, touch on a few highlights of the evening.

Max Fleischer was, in every sense of the word, an animation innovator. More inventor than artist, he began, or made his own, many techniques that we take for granted today, or that seem so old-hat they're corny (like the "sing-along" cartoon). Fleischer invented the Rotoscope, a device which allows the animator to trace live movement, the result being astoundingly lifelike movement. The tests Fleischer made used his brother Dave dressed in a clown suit, and this subsequently became the basis for the "Koko the Clown" episodes, or, as they were called then, the "Out of the Inkwell" cartoons. The best part of these shorts was that they combined animation and live-action (Max played himself), with often staggering results.

Maltin went into much detail on the creation of Betty Boop, and Fleischer's bouts with the "original" Betty, Helen Kane (who sued, naturally—Fleischer got out of this one by presenting five other "original Betty Boops" on whom he claimed the character could be modeled just as much) and the Hollywood Production Code of 1934 (which forbade the animated character to show slips, garter belts, and the like).

The creation of Popeye as an animated character (yes, that was also originally Fleischer's studio) wasn't discussed in too much detail, since Maltin had devoted his first class of the semester exclusively to Popeye. He did, however, display a Popeye poster at the beginning of the class, the kind that used to be put in showcases when animation was as big a business as live action movie features themselves (although the animated short was referred to in those times as the "chaser", so named because it was supposed to "chase" the previous audience out of the theater so the next one could see the feature, the animated shorts were often just as popular, or more so, than the movies).

Fleischer experimented widely in his time, with everything from 3-dimensionality to "weird"-looking characters (well, his studio was based in New York, so the animators must have drawn from experience) and other surrealism (which boggles the mind even today). His last major undertaking was animation of the Superman comic strip, and the style in these cartoons differs so pointedly from all of his earlier work that you'd be hard-pressed to believe you're watching the creations of the same man.

A list of the shorts (short list?) shown that evening, all, of course, Fleischer:

1. "In My Merry Oldsmobile" (1931)—bouncing-ball sing-along cartoon
2. "Sparring Partner" (early 20's)—"Out of the Inkwell" with Koko the Clown
3. "Koko the Cop" (late 20's)—"Out of the Inkwell" with Koko and Fitz the Dog
4. "I Heard" (1933)—Betty Boop, featuring Don Rodmon & his orchestra
5. "Housecleaning Blues" (1937)—Betty Boop and Grampy (with a 3-D process)
6. "Let's Get Movin'" (1936)—Popeye
7. "Little Dutch Mill" (1934)—a "Color Classic" in 2-strip Technicolor
8. "The Bulletiers" (1942)—Superman (incredibly sophisticated)

Also shown were a Hanna-Barbera commercial for Formula 409 using a full-color Betty Boop (never the way she was meant to be) and a newsreel of the Fleischer-Kane trial.

Company at Fleischer Nite included Fred Velez, Derek Tague and John Glasser; I got to meet Jerry Beck, who helped research Maltin's book; and I caught a fleeting glimpse of Paul Dial somewhere...The course and book are recommended, if you're an animation fan...

DAVE

Space won't permit the expression of the feelings of many at the departure of David Burd to, we all hope, "bigger and better" things. Dave was and is much loved and admired, and we hope it suffices to say he's wished all the luck and love in the world...

Open Your EARS

by Jerry Rubino

(INTRO: Says Jerry, "I like this name because I have a strong feeling about all the good music that's out there, but people don't realize it. They're still stuck in the seventies with Doors, Zep, etc. These groups were good when they made music, but this is 1981..." Jerry, a DJ at WJCS [see IJ #5] and employee at the record shop Collector's World in Bergenfield [if you want to say hi, he works there Monday, Wednesday, Saturday full-time, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday part-time], will be writing installments of this column for IJ each month, which, little does he know, makes him a full-fledged staff writer, yahoo...)

KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER—Adam & The Ants (Epic Records)

Adam & The Ants have been quite a phenomenon over the past half year in England. Their second album and three singles, "Dog Eat Dog", "Antmusic", and "Kings of the Wild Frontier", have been climbing British charts since their release. Now with the domestic release of the lp, Adam & The Ants are beginning to burrow their way through American soil.

Even though Adam & The Ants are really only regularly heard on college radio stations, people are starting to pay closer attention. I mean even WNEW-FM is spicing up their usual humdrum programming, and touching on this album. Yes, Scott Muni is turned on by "Antmusic"!

A combination of fun and interesting lyrics, and a strong, steady musical approach, which very unfortunately is very hard to categorize. There's pop tunes, dance numbers, and straightforward rock and roll. All include the double drumming of Terry Lee Miall and Merrick and for the most part gives the music tribal rhythms. Even on the face in intro of "Dog Eat Dog", war whoops, whistles and Indian chants are supplied, giving it true tribal tonality.

If you're adventurous, and looking for something new, charge down to your local record store and demand Adam & The Ants. Just go by the words of Adam himself: "...unplug the jukebox and do us all a favour. That music's lost its taste, so try another flavour...Antmusic."

VISAGE—Visage (Polydor Records)

The initial offering from Visage is built around the basis of electronic and synthesizer sophisticated pop. It follows in the same positive direction as the Ultravox gem, Vienna.

The band is led by Steve Strange who, in fact, has employed two of Ultravox's key members, Midge Ure and Billy Currie. Completing the Visage lineup are John McGeoch and Dave Formula, both of Magazine, and Rusty Egan. They all combine to bring forth a brilliant scenario of progressive music with an uplifting dance foundation. There isn't a bad cut on the album, but "Visage", "Fade To Grey", and "Malpas Man" stand out as my favs.

REVIOOSE

****FOUR-STAR PICKS****FOUR-STAR PICKS****

AMERICAN POP—This "study" of popular music from the turn of the century to the present, and how that music influences four generations of the same family, is the newest creation of the fertile genius mind of animator Ralph Bakshi. In some ways, it rivals Disney's "Fantasia"—music and animation go together smoothly and logically; it employs "state-of-the-art" animation (meaning "the newest—or at least newer—techniques" in the field); and Bakshi's the only one who's been able to get this far with a non-live feature on this scale in modern times. He has conquered the little market there is, and deserves every plaudit he gets for that accomplishment alone. The few disappointments in American Pop—for one, I'd estimate 90% of it uses the animation technique known as "Rotoscoping" (see the "Fleischer Nite" article), whereas Bakshi has countless other styles, just as breathtaking, at his disposal—don't add up against the sheer delight of seeing Bakshi succeed once again at what he does best. This is not a cartoon. The characters are real, believable, and they (and Bakshi) take you with them through a sensory wonderland. See it.

TRIBUTE—Jack Lemmon is superb, Lee Remick strong and magnificent, and Robby Benson surprisingly excellent, in this serio-comic tale of a man who truly lives for making other people happy, but seems to have some trouble communicating with his son. This is one of the only movies I've seen recently in which I honestly can't remember any bad acting. Even the bit players are good. Don't expect a laugh a minute, but there's a lot of poignancy in this one.

Stage Shows

I won't go into too much detail about the previous two stage shows, for a few reasons: I don't want to spoil your enjoyment if you haven't seen one yet, and doing a play-by-play tends to have that effect (besides, I did a play-by-play last month); some time has elapsed since the shows, and describing them at length a full month after their occurrence seems a trifle anachronistic (you can tell I'm looking for good excuses not to write a lot, right?); and I just don't write everything down anymore, so it's hard to remember everything. Suffice it to say (and need I add?) that the shows were up to usual Uncle Floyd par—that is to say, magnificent. I don't know whether it's the professionalism of the cast, the experience, the audience, the ad-libs—each show lately gets better and better.

A few were apprehensive at the Ritz show because it was the first show without David. To be sure, he was missed, but the cast performed admirably anyway, and Floyd graciously explained Dave's absence at the end of the show. Scott Gordon's magic tricks were re-inserted, to the delight of some old-time viewers (love that "magical land of Poom"!); Charlie Stoddard's Sylvester Cavone appears to be gaining on Deacon Jim in popularity. Mugsy never ceases to astound with his song parodies, and Doreen Austria's been given a bigger part to play in them. Especially effective, along those lines, was the Pot Roast sequence "Fat Tub of Gel", using a bicycle outfitted with smoke (the ventilating system being unprepared, I found myself choking a bit before the smoke cleared—one time it was better to be in the back—but of course, no harm was done). Netto's Hula Bula Man got things off to a great start, and Skip's jokes (they do seem to get raunchier and raunchier, don't they? Skip's the best example of a professional who knows what the audience wants and gives it to them in abundance) clicked the entire evening. And if you consider that Floyd was suffering from a 102° fever that night, that makes his performance even more amazing.

The show at My Father's Place in Roslyn, Long Island definitely equalled, if not topped, the Ritz show. The audience appeared to be mostly first-timers, many having picked up the show just recently through WSNL Channel 67. This time it was Doreen who suffered from a little illness, but once again, the old adage that the adrenelin starts pumping once it's showtime and the excitement of performing carries one through was proven true, as she sang and danced flawlessly. I had gone to the show with Chris Healey and family, so imagine my delighted surprise when Chris got picked to take part in Scott's magic trick! Boy, did we get some incriminating pictures of her...Another thing which got me very psyched for that show and future shows was the participation of the members of the Vivino Bros. Band (alias Mr. Cleen), especially Floyd's brother Jerry, in the routines. They fit in to the craziness so smoothly and naturally that it's as if four new cast members have been added!

The Uncle Floyd stage shows continue to garner bigger audiences and break more records, but we must remember to support them as well, and not only with our presence. If your T-shirt's getting worn, consider buying a new one. You're always misplacing buttons, so why not pick up a couple? We who consider ourselves the most loyal and devoted fans should try to prove it in many ways, and purchasing merchandise, or convincing others to purchase things, is a nice way to thank Floyd and company for great entertainment.

SUPPORT THE UNCLE FLOYD SHOW! *Subscribe now to The Uncle Floyd Show Gazette, the show's official newsletter and, as Floyd calls it, "the New York Times of all printed matter" relating to the show. Send \$6 (check or money order preferable) to Floyd Vivino at PO Box 791, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.*

Coming Next Issue:

AMONG OTHER THINGS—

- THE SCANDAL BEHIND THE ALLEN DIRNFELD FAN CLUB & PIGEON SOCIETY REVEALED!
(by Margaret Kuczynski)
- premiere installment of the little-known comic strip WHOZITS (by Elayne)
- A FIRESIGN THEATER REUNION?!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TRUE UNCLE FLOYD FAN WHEN....

(This is the third installment of IJ's most highly successful ongoing feature. Started in IJ #4 by Diane Droppa, this column encourages reader participation, so if you have any suggestions, send them in to me by the 10th of the month...)

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TRUE UNCLE FLOYD FAN WHEN...

- you name your goldfish "Floyd".
- your friend complains to you about something and you say, "Whaddaya gonna do?..."
- you turn on the TV Sunday morning to hear Brother Billy Bobby Booper's sermon.
- you make five mailmen retire from all the Floyd-related mail you get.
- you seriously look for a 1974 yellow Valiant when shopping for a used car.
- you don't understand what your father says, so you ask, "What you mean by that, Pop?"
(submitted by Sue Kaufman)
- whenever you want to catch your friend's attention, you yell "Hey, yo!" like Sylvester Cavone.
- you draw cartoons and doodles of the cast members on your homework.
- you check the back of your head to see if you're getting bald.
- you are on the parkway and if you see a tree knocked down, you think of Floyd.
- you see someone wearing Sassoon jeans and you start to sing, "Ooh, la la, baboon..."
(submitted by Peg Mularz)
- you get very defensive when someone insults Floyd or the show's cast.
- you spend a small fortune on blank cassette tapes in order to tape the show.
- you're asked who your favorite ventriloquist is and you reply, "Floyd Vivino."
- your favorite country & western singer is Cowboy Charlie.
- you take a crash course in Italian in order to understand Don Goomba's routines.
- you go out and buy a t-shirt just like Eddie Slobbo's.
- you see a state trooper pull over a car on the Parkway for speeding and you look to see if it's Floyd's.
- you go to a live stage show and fall madly in love with Rocky Rock 'n' Roll.
- you win a full year's scholarship to the Eddie Slobbo School of Etiquette.
- you ignore the typographical errors in the Gazette.
- you take cooking lessons with Julia Stepchild.
- you get mad when people try to tell you Oogie isn't real.
- you drive to Dover to listen to Skip's radio show because you can't pick it up in your area.
(submitted by Janet Brown, with help from sister Pat)
- you're sitting in a crowded public bus and you yell at the driver to go faster because you're missing the show.
- you need transportation to a show so you announce it over the school's P.A.
- you go to school dressed up like Floyd on the show's anniversary.
- you keep a supply of Uncle Floyd videotapes to watch on weekends.
(submitted by Peggy Gavan)

ROCKAGES

ROCKAGES, billed as the "original rock 'n' roll flea market, concert & film festival", and which has been taking place since 1974, will gather once more this year at the New York Statler (ridiculously easy to get to--it's right across from Penn Station on 7th Avenue and 33rd Street) on April 11 and 12, beginning at noon each day. The brochure advertising this event is impressive, and I'm told the festival is even more so. One of the attractions this year will feature viewer Fred Velez, the UFS resident "Monkee Maniac" (no derogatory meaning intended). As Fred told me over the phone last week, "I will be doing my Monkees Show with my

friend Jerry Beck (ED: Jerry did much of the research for Leonard Maltin's Of Mice and Magic--see "Fleischer Nite" article). We will present two episodes from the TV series, and I'll give a brief history of the group and I will answer any questions about the group. I hope you will be able to pass the word about my show through IN-SIDE JOKE. The more people we get, the better." Fred's not yet sure whether they will present the show Saturday, Sunday or both days, but I suppose you could get that info from Rockages itself (212-631-5057). Cost for the festival is \$8 per day, \$15 for both. Send check or money order to ROCKAGES, P.O. Box 69, Bayside, NY 11361. Advance ticket holders enter show first, when show opens.

nastified ad...

JERSINO-ROMANTICO INC.
"SPRING FLING 1981"
GREATER NEWARK TOUR

(written by Janet Brown)

Join your hosts Jerry Jersino and Ricardo Romantico on a weekend of fun and frolic. You will see sights you never imagined as you tour Newark and the surrounding countryside. The following is your itinerary for a weekend you will long remember:

FRIDAY—Arrive at the palatial Lincoln Motel, located in the prestigious downtown area of Newark. Upon registering, you will be welcomed by your host, Jerry Jersino, who will escort you to a cocktail party at Gino's in your honor. Entertainment this evening will be provided by Floyd Vivino at the keyboard.

SATURDAY—Wake up call at 6:00 AM. Breakfast will be served in your rooms by the local delicts. Board your bus at 8:00 for the tour that has been heralded by the renowned travel expert Mike Botta. Your guide for today is Ricardo Romantico, who will show you the sights you only read about in the police gazette. Mr. Romantico, who himself is well known for his weekly radio show in WRAN, will be available to answer any questions you may have about Newark's social life.

Mingle with the people on your bus, make new friends, for this tour will provide you with many lasting memories to share in later years. Your first stop will be the beautiful Passaic River with many scenic views of Kearny and East Newark. Travelling along Route 21, you will encounter Charlie Stoddard as he makes his way through the truck lanes. Charlie holds the New Jersey record for destroying UPS trucks. The highlight of today's tour will be the world-famous studios of Channel 68 on Central Avenue. Meet with Pete the audio man, who will explain what goes on during the taping of The Uncle Floyd Show. Learn such interesting facts as what Floyd sounds like in the control room when he forgets to clip on his microphone. Watch Clark the Wonder Dog eat Scott Gordon's toast. Lunch will be prepared especially for you by Julia Stepchild, the station's resident gourmet. After leaving the studio, you will travel north to the Essex Toll Plaza of the Garden State Parkway to watch Uncle Floyd try to retrieve a 5-dollar bill from the exact change basket. Return to the hotel for a much-needed rest. The entertainment for tonight will be an old-fashioned hoedown, starring Cowboy Charlie and the Pas-

saic River Valley Boys at Gary's Bar, down the street from the hotel.

SUNDAY—Sleep late or join your tour guide Jerry Jersino on a walking tour of Broad Street. Meet in the parking lot at 4:00 AM. Jerry will lead you past the drug pushers and take you to one of the largest parks in Newark, Military Park, where you will have the chance to take pictures of the rats coming out of the underground parking lot. Jerry will point out some of the landmarks of the Military Park area—S. Klein's department store, and the half-demolished Public Service Building. Continue down Broad Street until you come to the crossroads of the world, Broad and Market Streets! See the sights people come from the world over to see: the Kinney Building, Woolworth's and the former site of Orange Julius. Return to your hotel to join the rest of the tour.

The last part of the tour will be spent exploring the outer fringes of Newark. Board your bus at 9:00. Ricardo Romantico will pass out autographed pictures of himself and answer any questions you may have about his successful advice-to-the-lovelorn TV show. Travel north down Broadway to North Newark, the Beverly Hills of northern New Jersey. View the burnt-out buildings, stripped cars and the famous second river at the end of Newark's border with Belleville. Travel now to Forest Hill to explore the stately mansions on Mount Prospect Ave. Lunch today will be at the hot dog truck in front of the Foodtown near Verona Avenue. After lunch, return to your hotel for a farewell dinner hosted by the etiquette expert for the Newark Star-Ledger, Eddie Slobbo. Mr. Slobbo will show your group the correct way to eat Chinese food and as a special treat, you will have a chance to chug-a-lug a bottle of Pepsi as demonstrated by the hotel's social director, Ken Do. The bus will depart for Penn Station at 6:00 where you will board the PATH tube to return you to your home.

This trip will certainly leave you with happy memories of your stay in Newark.

Interview With VIN SCELSA

(All the way from Goose Creek, S.C. comes a copy of this interview held by the taker of these pictures, viewer JIMMY DOMIZIO. This interview took place in February of last year, and the interviewer and writer of the article is Jim's friend CALLY PIVANO [please, I hope I got the name right!]. Jim sent along the following acknowledgement to be printed with the interview—it is directed to Vinnie. By the way, Vin, I hope you like the interview, and I'd like you and the other IJ readers to know we garnered 30 signatures to nominate you as a Viewer-of-the-Week (or should that be "Voyeur"?...). Good luck! And the message reads as follows:

"Vin, it took us one year and 34 days but we finally got it printed. We thank you for the time you gave us and your hospitality while we visited the WNEW studio on that cold February 3rd morning.

Yours truly,

JIMMY DOMIZIO &
CALLY PIVANO")

Vin Scelsa is a very intelligent, creative person who helps bring the spirit of Rock to life with his broad knowledge and background in music, and a lively sense of humor. He, in fact, did not attend a broadcasting school nor did he study music. He did go to college off and on.

Vin is well-known by his audience as "Bayonne Butch" because he lived in Bayonne until the age of twelve. His family and he then moved to Roselle Park, NJ, but he still attended Marist High School in Bayonne.

When asked what made him want to be a DJ, Vin's reply was, "I fell into it." For Vin, it was a matter of being in the right place at the right time.

It happened in the summer of '67, when FM radio was just beginning to exist. Vin at the time was going to Upsala College in East Orange and was working part-time as a security guard in a copper factory. While working one night, one of his fellow workers left his radio there. With nothing else better to do, Vin turned it on and heard the whole Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band album. Vin was really turned on by this because at the time there was no such thing as hearing an album being played in full on the radio. With that, Vin went back to school and started hanging out in his college's radio station, WFMU. He thought it would be fun to bring in some of his record collection. Vin finally convinced the college station into letting him have an overnight show once a week called "The Closet."

"The deal was that at midnight the closet door would open and out would come pouring all of this weird, crazy stuff," revealed Vin. "Now you've got to imagine, it was 1967 and to play The Mothers of Invention, Jefferson Airplane, and the Grateful Dead, well, there weren't many stations playing these things."

This was the birth of a new career that called for a special kind of creativity. A creativity that any broadcasting or media school cannot even begin to teach.

In 1970 Vin left college to work for WABC-FM (this was when it was a much more free-form station). He soon left when it became the station with the tight format that it is now (WPLJ).



"When I left WABC-FM, I wasn't going to work in radio anymore, I figured it was all over. The kind of radio I wanted didn't exist."

So Vin went back to college, got a degree in English, and pursued a career in teaching that lasted for three weeks.

The following is an in-depth interview with Vin Scelsa:

C.P.: Was your love for Rock a big reason in taking your job at WNEW or would you have been satisfied at any other Rock or Disco station?

VIN: Oh yeah, it's Rock 'n' Roll. I'm not an interchangeable disc jockey like some. There are some disc jockeys who can work at any station, any format and it doesn't matter what music they're playing as long as they're a disc jockey. That's why I left WPLJ when I did, I didn't want to play only the hits.

C.P.: Do you find being a DJ an interesting job or is it hard trying to keep an upbeat show going with hardly if not any audience response?

VIN: Yeah, it's different and interesting, sometimes like any job you don't feel like doing it, and it's very difficult to perform under those circumstances, but it's the same for an actor, dancer, or musician and being a professional is what allows you to overcome it. But as for sitting in a room and talking on a microphone, I love it.

C.P.: Do you ever sit down and write down notes about what you're going to say on your show?

VIN: Well, you're always thinking about it like any creative person. You're always thinking about your art, your craft. But I don't actually write down notes.

C.P.: Are you able to choose records for your show or are you given a list?

VIN: No, each jockey picks their own records.

C.P.: How do you avoid playing the same songs that the DJ before you played?

VIN: We keep a list of everything we play so you're supposed to look at the list to see what the person before you played.

C.P.: How do you feel WNEW is different from other FM Rock stations?

VIN: Well, maybe we're more personable. We're different from WPLJ in that we play a whole spectrum of music, we don't just play the hits. We try to play music from bands that are popular with the people. For instance, bands like The Outlaws, thousands and thousands of people like them and yet the critics would rather talk about Elvis Costello. We try to play Elvis Costello as well as The Outlaws which thousands and thousands of people want to hear. So we kind of fall in between.

(continued on next page)

C.P.: When you meet musicians, are they purposely nice since you're the one who can help make or break their record?

VIN: The young up and coming artists do, but the established artists don't need disc jockeys any more.

C.P.: Do you see yourself with WNEW in the future?

VIN: As much as I can see anything in the future.

C.P.: Do you have any special plans for the future?

VIN: No, I have no plans. I've never had any plans in my life, why should I have them now?...

C.P.: I know we're a little short on time, but I'd like to ask you this last question. Where did you get the idea to use the theme from The Wizard of Oz to open and close your show?

VIN: Well, it's a long story that I'll never tell. In a sense, it was because when I left my college station WFMU in 1969, I never thought I'd work in radio again. I didn't want to. But when I worked at WABC-FM it was a new decade, a new time, a new world, really. There was an enormous difference between 1969 and 1971, so many things happened. To a certain extent, that's what "Toto, we're not in Kansas anymore" means, we were in a whole different world.



ABOVE: The outside of the studio door.

LEFT AND BELOW: Richard Neer, fellow WNEW-FM disc jockey, works with the equipment.

Thanks again to JIMMY DOMIZIO for the photos.



"VOICE of the VIEWERS" (Letters)

Elayne,

Hi! This is just a short note in reply to your paranoia about Alfred the Astrologer meaning INSIDE JOKE when talking about "Groupie News". Your fanzine is definitely not misinformed, nor in any way are you or the other contributors "groupies". INSIDE JOKE is written by fans of the show (that's why it's called a fanzine [ugh, not by me! O, that word! But it's okay, J.L., I know what you mean by it—EW]). NOT groupies! I'm sure you've received many other letters reassuring you about this and I sincerely hope you don't stop putting out IJ because my friends and I enjoy reading it very much!! Keep up the good work,

Love, Jennifer Lynds

Dear Elayne,

In response to last month's "Phoenix": Don't let those few people who find INSIDE JOKE offensive bother you. In a world full of high-gloss magazines that use scandal to sell, your paper uses people, real people.

Keep it going, Bob Fergusen

Dear Elayne,

As far as you quitting all your efforts on IJ—don't be a fool!

At least you care enough to try—that's a hell of a lot more than the idiots that insult you say!

I figure it this way—it's so easy to criticize, especially when you're a fool. So hang in there because there's lots of us behind ya all the way!

Take care, Sue Sapio

Dear Editor (Elayne),

So, I finally got around to sending a "Letter to the Editor".

I'd like to start off saying your newsletter has to be the worst...no, all kidding aside, I really think it is the best publication out. I truly mean that.

You know, I wrote a real funny "Letter to the Ed." but somehow it got lost, so you'll just have to settle for this short boring one. But, my God, how long is the next IJ going to be, 50 pages this time?

Keep up the good work—

Your pal, "The Rat That Roared",
Marci Mann

(ED: Marci's Floydian Press is also in the running for "best publications", too. Check it out, if you can...)

Dear Elayne,

I took it upon myself to take the liberty in making your journalistic career complete. Here, Elayne, is the printed negative feedback that you have been waiting for.

I feel that your rub-on letters have got to go! They are gawdy, ostentatious, egotistical and not worth wasting your readers' monetary contributions on.

Secondly, why must you persist in using Yiddish terms that we goys would not normally be acquainted with?

In addition, what's with all these lobsters? Do you have a hang-up about lobsters or something?

If you must get cute and use colored paper, the least you can do is keep it all one color. The pink and yellow in issue #5 really clashed. Just think, Elayne, about this: skeptics can now legitimately accuse you of yellow journalism.

Overall, Elayne, you chronically take a hipper-than-thou attitude in your writings. Finally, I tend to believe that you take the adage "Think big and you'll be big" as a publishing tenet (examples—nonchalantly referring to your publication as "IJ", copyrights, impressive-sounding names like Pen-Elayne Enterprises).

I'm sorry that I have been overly (and overtly) sarcastic in this piece of correspondence. I hope that I do not come off as a stuck-up snob to your readers who do not know me. Just remember, you're the one who wanted the criticism in the first place. Take note, fellow readers—I am still one of Miss (sorry, I find the term "Ms." degrading to women everywhere) Wechsler's most avid subscribers. Take this letter with a grain of salt (i.e., if you're a goat and you like to eat paper).

Cordially, Derek Tague!

(ED: Taking my "chronically hipper-than-thou" attitude, I won't bother to rebut the above, except to clarify that the money for the transfer letters does not come from readers' contributions, but from my own pocket. The readers' money is spent on printing alone.)

please turn to next page for more letters...

(more letters—cont'd. from previous page)

Dear Elayne,

This letter comes to you from a reader, not a friend.

Having heard some of the comments made about your publication, I felt that I should write a public letter so that all the readers will have something to think about.

Regarding INSIDE JOKE, who the hell are we to question, much less concern ourselves with, trivial matters such as whether or not it should be referred to as "IJ" or even what color the pages are? I mean, does it really matter?

Also, if there are people who don't like it, but read it anyway, in order to be able to complain about it afterwards, then why bother to begin with?

Hey! Life's short, you know? Why don't we all just relax, have a few laughs, and try to get along. Live and let live, all right?

Love, Maria Vitale

Dear Elayne,

I've said it before and I'll say it again, INSIDE JOKE is fair. Only kidding. It's been the best thing (ED: *As the Kid would say, "oh no, not another 'thing'!"*) to come into my tiny broken mailbox in a long time. I can't tell you how useful it has been. My desk has never been steadier. But I jest. It is really good. And no matter what the criticism, Never give up, Never give up, Never give up (knock knock) that ship.

But seriously, us people down (up?) here in the borough of "unquestionable taste" (ED: *The Bronx?*) have really hard shells, man, and you know, like, um, we can't dish it out if we can't take it (not like some people) so keep it up and never let it get you down because all of us serious viewers know that you are one of the most loyal viewers of the show who respects that cast as much as the show as a whole and you would not do anything to hurt either one...

Love, Lisa Bottini

Dear Elayne,

This letter is in response to all who have criticized my review of the Bruce Springsteen concert in the January '81 issue. And it is especially directed to Ms. Peterpaul. I am well aware of what songs Bruce Springsteen wrote during his career. I have been a fan of his long enough to know the difference. My only intention upon writing the

Sincerely, Gloria De Massi

(ED: *Gloria, perhaps I should interject here that the folks who sent me the Springsteen "corrections" didn't mean to criticize, but to clarify—sorry if I've caused anyone to be offended through things that I did or didn't print...EW*)

BABY BONZO is an aunt once more! Her sister BOBBIE (no, not "Bobbie Bonzo") gave birth on February 25, 1981 to APRIL MICHELLE PATTERSON, born 7:37 am, 7 pounds, 4 ounces, 18". Congratulations to all concerned!

X X X X

MORE DIRTY JOKES ETC. FROM JENNIFER

See, it's just that she sends me so many...Without making any value judgments (I just print 'em!), I hereby print the following jokes, submitted by Jennifer Lynds of Wood-Ridge, NJ. Pretend this is a television screen, as I flash the following: "Portions of these jokes may not be suitable for younger members of the reading family—please use discretion, etc."

Q. Why is it easier for boys to sleep on their sides?

A. Because they have kickstands!

Q. Where do cousins come from?

A. Antholes!

Q. What do you call a cow after she has an abortion?

A. Decaffinated!

Q. What did the moron call his pet zebra?

A. Spot! (well, this one I liked...) (oops, sorry about that value judgment...)

review was to inform the people who weren't in attendance at the show, what went on. That was my only intention. I didn't expect to be criticized on my knowledge of songs. I apologize for any discrepancies I may have caused. I was only trying to do my best.

Comedy Cornered

(The premiere episode of Comedy Cornered presents Phil Bramson, late of Arizona State, of all places. While in the Hillel [Jewish social group] chapter there, Phil participated in a mock debate regarding the merits of the hamantaschen versus the latke. Both are traditional Jewish foods, the hamantaschen being a triangular cookie-like pastry with fruit in the middle, usually eaten on Purim, and the latke being a potato pancake, usually served for no discernible reason around Hannukah. Otherwise, the dissertation should be fairly easy to understand—I've always maintained comedy is universal anyway. I should point out that this was Phil's first attempt at comic essay as well, but I for one hope it won't be his last.)

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, my fellow Americans:

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I am nevertheless overjoyed and titillated to have this opportunity to speak out on the bounteous merits of the hamantaschen. I am, as many of you know, an educator by trade, and a Renaissance man by my God-given talent and breeding. I have dabbled extensively in all of the arts, whether they be the fine arts or only adequate ones, and I must tell you, my friends, quite frankly, that the state of the arts is not good at all.

Philosophy has become obtuse and navel-oriented; music has fallen so low that a belch would be enthusiastically received at Carnegie Hall; painting is reduced to sneezing on stretched Saran Wrap; and the theater is a haven only for tap-dancing sadists in curly Shirley Temple wigs and black leather pinafores.

How have we come to this? As with everything from acne to inflation, the fault must ultimately be found in our school systems. And, to be more specific, the problem lies in the school's failure to provide a curriculum which adequately deals with the historic place of the hamantaschen in the arts. The present generation of primary, secondary, and aviary school students has no conception of the major motivational force which the hamantaschen has been, in the fields of philisophy, music, painting, and drama. It is time to set the record straight, to make an impassioned plea for a thorough, hamanistic education.

A word, first, about the latke. In the world of psychology, this is known as the creation of cognitive dissonance. That is to say, in order that you may better appreciate the charms and artistic vitality of the hamantaschen, I must first denigrate and humiliate the latke. Regardless of the past and future claims of so-called experts, the latke is not, in fact, a Jewish food at all. It was invented, quite by accident, by an Italian chef named Guiseppi Bigabelli, alias Bennie the Loser, in 1928, on the infamous South Side of Chicago.

Bigabelli was the cook for a well-known and powerful racketeer, and he was in the process of preparing lasagne for his boss, when the grated parmesan cheese ran out. In justifiable desperation, the cook grated a nearby potato, sprinkled it on top of the casserole, and mixed it with a dash of olive oil. When this entire concoction was completely cooked, the result was not lasagne at all, but rather the latke, on top of a heaping platter of hamburger helper.

The gangland chieftain was furious, and ordered that Bigabelli's mustache be cut off, using the mandibles of three giant black ants. He discovered, however, that he enjoyed the taste of the greasy potato treat, and he ordered it to be prepared for all future meals in the hideout. The latke became such a great favorite of this particular racketeer that he is known throughout the annals of organized crime as Latke Luciano.

Enough said on that subject.

The noble and mystical origins of the hamantaschen, on the other hand, date back to ancient Egypt, around the year 6037 BC. This information comes to us from the translation of recently discovered Suermian datebooks (the Sumerians being a wandering tribe of minstrels and door-to-door idol salesmen of the time). According to these new sources, the hamantaschen is inextricably linked to the invention of the pyramids, and we now know that the designer and major architect of the pyramids was a Jew named Obadiah the Geometric. He hit upon the shape while attempting to design a structure which could serve alternately as a mausoleum and a ski slope.

continued next page

Continued from previous page

It was the scale model that he made which tripped Obadiah off to the miraculous healing powers which reside in the pyramid. Before stepping out of the office one morning, the architect covered his bowl of breakfast cereal with the model pyramid, in order to keep away the flies until his return. When he got back, he discovered that the grains had mysteriously fermented, becoming not Cheerios at all, but a bowl of 430-proof Slivovitz.

Needless to say, the magic of the pyramid became a jealously guarded secret of the Jewish architects' guild from generation to generation. When the time came for the departure from Egypt, they were naturally reluctant to leave the secret behind. Of course, they were, by this time, also sick and tired of carrying around bricks and mortar, for well-documented reasons. Therefore, they decided to bake model pyramids out of pastry dough, and to carry fruits within these models, knowing that the cosmic properties of the pyramid would keep the fruit fresh in the wilderness.

We know that this plan would eventually fail, because the great haste of the Exodus did not allow any baked goods to rise. So it was that instead of bringing loaves of bread and pastry pyramids out of Egypt, the Israelites went forth carrying only matzos and, you guessed it, hamantaschen.

Down throughout the ages, the hamantaschen, like the collapsed pyramid that it is, has been a source of psychic power; a doughy gateway to the archetypal imagery of the collective unconscious. As such, it has been at the root of the creative process for many distinguished artists and thinkers. The great French philosopher, Rene Descartes, in his Treatise on Existence and Carry-Out Danish, wrote "I prune, therefore I am". Critics at the time felt the idea was rather half-baked, and Descartes later discarded it. Martin Buber, in his monumental work I and Dough, expressed the belief that man could enter a more meaningful relationship with his baked desserts once the urge to mentally analyze it down to flour, yeast and spices is overcome.

Johann Sebastian Bach was just one of the giants of the music world to derive their inspiration from the hamantaschen. His most noted work in this department is Opus 59, Number 11, known as the "Dried Fruit Fugue", in which the yeast is represented by the rising crescendoes of the flugelhorn, and the sugar is represented by the 377-voice choir of the St. Agnes' School for Pre-Pubescent Girls. As an interesting footnote, Bach is a prime example of the wondrous effects that the hamantaschen can have on one's sexual prowess. Johann Sebastian fathered twenty-seven children in his lifetime, demonstrating quite conclusively that hamantaschen had removed all the stops from his organ.

The Cubist movement in painting was actually a result of hamantaschen-addicted artists, who began to see the world as nothing more than a series of interlocking triangular shapes, the vibrant colors of this world as nothing more than splotches of fruit filling. The movement reached its zenith, of course, in the person of the great Pablo Picasso—a very reclusive and reticent person, I might add. He was once asked for his views on the inner workings of the creative mind, and his incredibly beguiling but stunningly insightful reply was, "Leave me alone, I'm eating." What vision, what genius!

Lastly, the hamantaschen found its way to the shores of Elizabethan England, where it found an admirer in William Shakespeare, and thus changed the development of the theater forever. A story is told of how Shakespeare once stood waiting in a London bakery shop, watching the behavior of two young lovers. The girl was devouring hamantaschen at a ravenous pace, while her beardless beau feverishly calculated the bill, and mentally matched it against his meager money. It struck Shakespeare that Romie owed whatever Julie et, and this gave him the inspiration for his masterpiece, Hamlet or The Melancholy Danish.

Well, my firnedes, there you have just a brief sampling of the cosmic origins and fantastic history of the hamantaschen. I implore you to attend every meeting of the PTA and your local school boards and to demand that this noble delicacy be returned to its rightful place in the education of our young people. Surely, in this hour of creative stagnation and media mediocrity, the rebirth of the cult of the ancient hamantaschen, from whence all art springs, is a movement whose time has come.

My friends, I thank you.

Philip Bramson

LET'S CATEGORIZE NOW!

(This was originally supposed to be part of the questionnaire, but upon looking at it a second time, I figured it'd take too much room in the questionnaire proper, so I referred everyone to this column. It's much harder, at least for me, to try to categorize types of comedy than to pick favorites among them. There's bound to be disagreement, but my knowledge is still limited, and I'm personally against classifications anyway and just did this to see if it could be done, so...If you can "categorize" any more types, or if you disagree with my matching up types with titles, there's a space on the questionnaire for that too.)

As the questionnaire says, what is your favorite type of comedy?

- a ☐ Slapstick (e.g., Laurel & Hardy)
- b ☐ "Off-the-Wall" Zany (Robin Williams, Steve Martin, et al.)
- c ☐ Cerebral (Dick Cavett, Martin Mull)
- d ☐ Social/Political (Mark Russell)
- e ☐ Satire (Kurt Vonnegut)
- f ☐ One-Line Stand-up (everyone from Brenner to Youngman & back again)
- g ☐ Character-Oriented (Lily Tomlin, Danny Kaye, Peter Sellers)
- h ☐ Sitcoms (Barney Miller, WKRP)
- i ☐ Juvenile/Cutesy Sitcoms (Three's Company, Hello Larry, ad nauseum)
- j ☐ Parody (Carol Burnett, SCTV)
- k ☐ Musical Parody (Tom Lehrer, PDQ Bach)
- l ☐ Musical Comedy (A Day in Hollywood)
- m ☐ Movie/Novel Comedy (Young Frankenstein, Erma Bombeck)
- n ☐ General Comic Strips/Comic Books (Peanuts, Archie, Nancy...)
- o ☐ Adult-Oriented Comic Strips/Comic Books (Howard the Duck, Doonesbury)
- p ☐ Sick Humor (National Lampoon, dead baby jokes)
- q ☐ Ethnic Humor (Polish jokes, etc.)
- r ☐ Dirty Jokes
- s ☐ Puns, Limericks, and other word-play humor
- t ☐ Black Comedy (M*A*S*H, Lenny Bruce)
- u ☐ Burlesque/Baggy Pants/Vaudeville
- v ☐ Other

Editorial

Not wishing to editorialize too much this month, especially since it seems more and more that my front page has taken on the purpose of an editorial, I choose instead to reprint a poem sent to me anonymously by a fraternity brother. I assume it wasn't made up by this person, as I do recognize the last line, at least, but the feelings conveyed are appropo for any time. *ew*

"Maturity"

Maturity is the ability to do a job whether you are supervised or not; finish a job once it is started; carry money without spending it; and be able to bear an injustice without wanting to get even.

Maturity is the ability to control anger and settle differences without violence.

Maturity is patience. It is the willingness to postpone immediate gratification in favor of long-term gain.

Maturity is perseverance, the ability to sewat out a project or situation in spite of heavy opposition and discouraging setbacks.

Maturity is the capacity to face unpleasantness and frustration, discomfort and defeat without complaint or collapse.

Maturity is humility. It is being big enough to say "I was wrong." And when right, the mature person need not experience the satisfaction of saying "I told you so."

Maturity is the ability to make a decision and stand by it. The immature spend their lives exploring endless possibilities, then do nothing about it.

Maturity means dependability, keeping one's word, coming through in a crisis. The immature are masters of the alibi; they are confused and disorganized. Their lives are a maze of broken promises, former friends, unfinished business, good intentions, that somehow never materialized.

Maturity is the art of living in peace with that which we cannot change; the courage to change the things which can be changed; and the wisdom to know the difference.

Astrological Guide to ♥ True Romance ♥

MEN'S VERSION

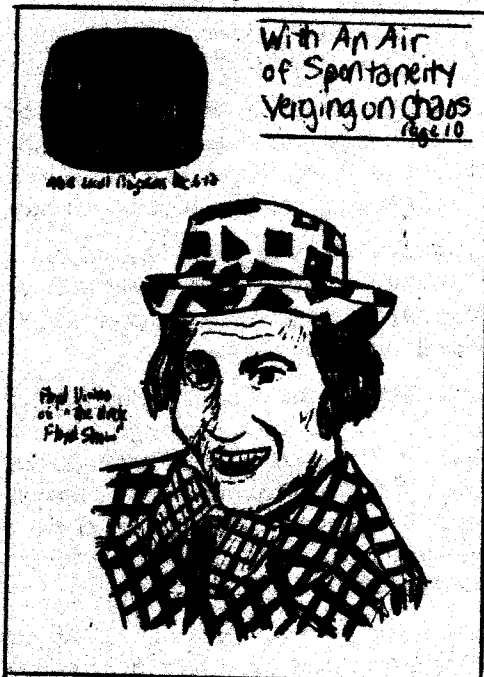
by Diane Droppa

Men, meet your mate through the stars!

- AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19)—You will have perfect harmony, WATER BEARER, with HULA HANNAH when she sings "By a Waterfall".
- PISCES** (Feb. 20 - March 20)—Fry your FISH while AMANDA ACKAWAY freeze-dries her ducks.
- ARIES** (March 21 - April 20)—Let JULIA STEPCHILD heat up your horns, RAM.
- TAURUS** (April 21 - May 21)—Any of ROCKY ROCK 'N ROLL'S EX-GIRLFRIENDS are used to BULL.
- GEMINI** (May 22 - June 21)—Since you don't know if you're coming or going, TWINS, AUNT BLABBY will straighten you out.
- CANCER** (June 22 - July 23)—CANCER, beware of ANITA THE SUN GODDESS in strong doses.
- LEO** (July 24 - Aug. 23)—Since opposites attract, LION, LAMBIE is the one for you.
- VIRGO** (Aug. 24 - Sept. 23)—BABY BONZO will take care of that.
- LIBRA** (Sept. 24 - Oct. 23)—Having spent so much time with an unBALANCED mate, GLADYS will be pleased with your company.
- SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 - Nov. 22)—SCORPION, you will be able to sting TRIXIE THE WAITRESS back when she gives you a bill of \$9.95 for a glass of water.
- SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 - Dec. 21)—As the HUNTER, you should be able to shoot down CUPPY and capture her heart.
- CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20)—MRS. GIAMBALONE could go for an old GOAT like you.

PICTURES off-the-wall

Hey Floyd! This is where you
SHOULD have been...



Laura Schneider

QUOTABLES

T. Gehebe, upon glancing at a blank piece of paper which served as Doreen Austria's "script" for Peter Punk's entrance, My Father's Place, Roslyn:

"This looks like my resume!"

HAPPY BELATED BIRTHDAYS

-to-

"MOMS"

Mrs. HEALEY (Mom of viewers Chris and Phyllis)--FEBRUARY 23

Mrs. FERGUSEN (Mom of viewers Paul and Bob)--FEBRUARY 26

Mrs. WECHSLER (Mom of mine)--MARCH 24

Mrs. VITALE (Mom of viewer Maria)--MARCH 26

IJ Questionnaire 1

WELCOME TO OUR FIRST QUESTIONNAIRE! These will be run every so often just to keep up with the readership of the rag, to give you something to do on the bus or train, to fill up space...you get the idea. Results will be tallied for the next issue. Please fill in the responses in the appropriate spots, and return this with your SASE (remember, 18¢ now) for next month.

NAME _____ BIRTHDAY (mo/day/yr) _____

PHONE NUMBER (optional) _____

1. Besides INSIDE JOKE, which other publications relating to THE UNCLE FLOYD SHOW do you receive? _____
2. When did you begin receiving INSIDE JOKE (month)? _____
3. Would you like any "back issues" (see p. 3)? Check which ones:
#1 ☐ 10/80 #2 ☐ 11/80 #3 ☐ 12/80 #4 ☐ 1/81 #5 ☐ 2/81
4. Most-liked feature of this paper _____
5. Least-liked feature of this paper _____
6. Any features you'd like to see in the future? _____
7. Have you ever been Viewer-of-the-Week? (circle one) Yes/No
If so, which week (and year)? _____
8. Are you affiliated with any UNCLE FLOYD SHOW fan clubs? Yes/No
If so, which? _____
In what capacity (founder, pres., member...) _____
9. LET'S CATEGORIZE NOW (see p. 17)! What is your favorite type of comedy? ☐
(If none of the above, do you have a category? _____)
10. Which category, if any, do you feel fits IJ best? ☐
11. Which category do you feel should fit IJ best? ☐
12. How long have you been watching The Uncle Floyd Show?
13. Do you have any brothers &/or sisters? If so, when are their birthdays and how old are they (for Calendar purposes, of course)?

please use back for more comments & suggestions...return to Elayne a.s.a.p.
(preferably by April 10th)....