

20
PAGES
ONCE MORE!

JUNKIE

(uh, you all
buy me
a stamp!
I guess...)

VOLUME I, ISSUE 8

JUNE 1981

On Having Words

"In all major socializing forces you will find an underlying movement to gain and maintain power through the use of words." - from Children of Dune by Frank Herbert

Until the day when our self-important society reaches beyond the physical and factual boundaries imposed upon us by our own meager evolutionary state, the most widely-used method of communication will be words. Whether transformed into blips and bleeps, twisted pun-like to hilarious proportions, or lovingly put to melody by aspiring Nashville-bound teenage balladeers, words are probably the single most effective way we can send and receive information and emotion. Whatever intimacy may happen between two or more people is always followed (and preceded) by talking. Through the interplay of language and thought, erudite evangelists of education can either bore students stiff or inspire them to great heights of...well, whatever. Politicians are (or should be?) elected on campaign promises made in long-winded, repetitious speeches. Great actors can incite stage audiences to tears with moving soliloquys. And unthinkable atrocities have been committed with the aid of mind-searing propaganda.

Words can, therefore, be weapons or tools, depending on their conveyor. When used by a sadistic and immature mind, they are marvelous revealers of hypocrisy. When employed by creative thinkers with harmless intentions, they can cut through the bullshit ("the pen is mightier than the sword") and sway the imagination. Words carelessly spoken can betray and alienate; words carefully chosen can endear and command. Words can bring on guilt or admiration. Science fiction writer Frank Herbert, again in Children of Dune, said, "The gift of words is the gift of deception and illusion". They're the best manipulators we have. But how often they manipulate us!

A lost love of mine once remarked, "It is assumed that, at best, a word can portray the lie closest to the truth." Words give our weaknesses away when we lie to people's faces or gossip behind their backs. But words hurt others just as much when we unleash upon them an excess of truth, especially when it is couched in vengeful sarcasm. Where does one draw the line, more so if one is raised with a fervent belief in total honesty and suddenly encounters "deception and illusion" all around? How can one avoid the pain, on either end?

A few of my old teachers used to intone, "Before you say something potentially stupid and damaging, think your words through seven times. By the seventh time, if it still seems worth saying, then speak. Chances are there will be no adverse consequences." Admittedly, that's a bit drastic, but I'm sure the answer lies along that line. We editors, journalists, and other creative writers have an inherent responsibility and obligation to think things through before we set words to paper, to offend and attack the fewest people possible (ideally, none)—unless it is the purposeful nature of your writing to offend and attack, as in satire, but that's another story. It takes a mature person to realize this wisdom, so a word to the wise will suffice. A word to the unwise is futile breath—in other words, sad to say, there are those not worth wasting words on.

See you in the funny papers,

ew

"INSIDE" THIS ISSUE:

FIGHT BACK

EXPOSE BY MAGGIE K.

POETRY

LETTERS TO THE ED.

METaphorically SPEAKING

TEST OF FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS

PARTICIPATION PAGE w/ PUZZLES.....AND MORE!

UPCOMING EVENTS:

HAPPY BELATED BIRTHDAYS TO:

MIMI QUAGLIETTA - 15 on 5/12

DUFFY IAPPELLI - 13 on 5/23

STILL TO COME:

JUNE 11 - JILL SMITH (15)

JUNE 12 - LISA BOTTINI (20)

JUNE 18 - PAUL McCARTNEY (39)

JUNE 21 - CHARLIE STODDARD (23)

JUNE 21 - STEVE REARDON (11)

JUNE 26 - Uncle Floyd Stage Show, 8pm (?),
Creation, West Orange, \$6; for
more info call (201) 731-3900.

JUNE 27 - PAT & CAROL SILVERBERG (14)

JUNE 28 - CARL KORZ (18)

JUNE 30 - DAN REINHARDT (20)

JULY 1 - BETH MANN (7)

JULY 4 - FIREWORKS!!!!

JULY 9 - MARGIE FRIED (16)

JULY 9 - Uncle Floyd Personal Appearance,
Wayne Golf Center, Hamburg Turn-
pike (beware the jughandle!)

JULY 10 - PAT & JANET BROWN (33)

JULY 11 - Uncle Floyd Personal Appearance,
Saddle Brook, NJ

JULY 14 - MARIA VITALE (20)

JULY 14 - MSG Concert - *The Moody Blues*

JULY 16 - Uncle Floyd Stage Show, 8pm (?),
Community Theater, Morristown;
call (201) 455-1777 for info

JULY 17 - JAMES CAGNEY (80+)

JULY 17 - SUE ROSNER (23)

JULY 18 - LINDA CORBY (?)

(If you have an event you want publicized,
or a birthday for you or a younger sibling
[kids get a kick outa that sorta thing],
let me know by the fifth of next month..)

* INSIDE JOKE is produced and created by *
* Elayne Wechsler, I'll do the thinnin' *
* around here, Baba Luey, and don't you *
* forget IT! Contributions welcome!!!!!! *
* *
* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler *
* PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS..Margaret Kuczynski *
* Tracy Prieto *
* STAFF WRITERS.....Sue Kaufmann *
* Margaret Kuczynski *
* Sue Rosner *
* Jerry Rubino *
* Maria Vitale *
* CONTRIBUTING WRITERS: Joseph Balitzki, *
* Philip Bramson, Janet Brown, Paul Dial, *
* Aubrey E. Drummond, Morgan la Fey, *
* Steven Scharff, and especially Bill-Dale *
* c. 1981 Pen-Elayne Enterprises *

Editorial & SUBSCRIPTIONS

"When people get ratty, I start packing".

I said that a few months ago upon explaining the reason for the termination of the RATT-Packing column. A new chapter has begun ("again? she does this every month!"). You, the reader, are one of only 100 to receive the original of this issue. The "dead wood", those individuals to whom I owed nothing but sent free copies of IJ anyway, have been "eliminated". You, on the other hand, are a) thoughtful enough to realize that there is a subscription rate for IJ, that being one self-addressed, stamped (18¢ at present) No. 10 envelope each month, preferably in to me by the 10th; b) a person for whom I feel great affection or friendship, to whom this is a personal gift; or c) somebody I've run across in person and to whom this issue is probably your first, given in the hope that you will find it interesting and entertaining enough to make it worth your while to share your talents or submit your monthly SASE. From now on, that's how it's gonna stay. Be forewarned...

Oh yes. The Uncle Floyd Show, keen as it is, is not the be-all and end-all of the world. Surprise! Two currently running newsletters I know of cater to and deal exclusively with UFS—the Gazette and the Save Reel. Two others, the UFS Mirror and the Floydian Press, contain mostly UFS-related news but offer more in the way of the editors' personal creativity (i.e., Marci's superb Lennon tribute). INSIDE JOKE, ultimately, is about comedy and creativity. Not only retrospects and reviews, as does COMEDY magazine in NY. And not only Floyd, although yes, the show is comedy and creativity and deserves a place in the rag.

But "there are more things in heaven and earth" than UFS, folks! And one of these is your creative processes, in which I am extremely interested and to which I will always lend space, or "air time". I hope you will decide to continue along on the journey with me, as IJ moves slowly into the realm of "undreground national paper" (circulation a good 500 or so) and becomes a break-even enterprise. I'm very psyched...

Thanks to Paul Reardon for his monetary contribution, and to all those who gave money by buying back issues. It helps defray...

All contributions, written or otherwise, may be sent to me...try "by the 5th"...

418 East Third Ave., Roselle, NJ 07203
Henceforth, no explanations, no excuses.....

Selected Shorts

Below are the tabulated results from our first Questionnaire, run in the March issue. Questionnaire#2 will be in the July issue, by the way.

AS OF JUNE 10, 1981:

RESPONSES RECEIVED (of 100 possible subscribers): 25 (25% return rate)

OTHER PAPERS RECEIVED:

Gazette - 20
Save Reel - 8
Floydian Press - 9

MOST-LIKE FEATURE OF IJ:

YKYATUUFW... - 10

FU-ing AROUND - 8

ALL/MOST - 5

LETTERS - 4

COMEDY CORNERED - 2

INTERVIEWS - 4

EW's WRITINGS - 2

REVIOOSE - 2

OTHER - 3

LEAST-LIKED FEATURE OF IJ:

NOTHING - 15

REVIOOSE - 2

OTHER - 7

FUTURE IDEAS - SEE MAY IJ

WHICH CATEGORY OF COMEDY FITS IJ BEST?

P - 2 B - 4 A(!) - 2 (Most people were totally stumped on these categorization questions. Good, that was the idea.)

For any other info you wish revealed, or if you want any extra questionnaires, let me know...

OOPS...

Sincere apologies to Patricia Silverberg. Pat lives in JAMAICA, NY, not Brooklyn as erroneously noted in last issue. Somewhat of a difference...Also, the poem with which she graced our pages last month was written for her English class, not her school paper (the latter being rather difficult, as her school has no paper)—by the way, she got a 96 on it...And lastly, Pat, I'm sorry if it bothered you to be put in the "Newer Viewers" column after having watched UFS for two years, but it was the only place in which the poem fit...I'll just have to make up a catchy slogan for older viewers, I suppose...No apologies to anyone else...except Mimi, of course...

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thanks to Mike and Bob and Frank & Nelson

★ "For those who understand,
No explanation is necessary.
For those who do not understand,
No explanation is possible."
Jerry Lewis

BACK ISSUES

Prices for back issues are as follows:

#1 - 50¢ plus SASE #2 - 50¢ plus SASE
#3 - \$1 plus SASE #4 - \$1 plus SASE
#5 - 50¢ plus SASE #6 - \$1 plus SASE
#7 - 50¢ plus SASE

For information about specifics concerning these issues of IJ, ask me. You will receive copies of copies, unfortunately, as original templates no longer exist.

POETRY:

COMMING LOVE

by Aubrey E. Drummond

Day come's
Night goes
Bringing with it
The morning Sun.

Love come's
Hate goes
Filling your heart with
Strange desires.

Joy comes
Self goes
Never do you wish
To be alone.

A BEARDED MAN

by Morgan La Fey

"To Al with all my love"
A bearded man comes stealing by,
With silent feet and shining eyes,
Golden brown, his gilded hair,
So lithe you never know he's there.

A bearded man goes wisking by,
To catch a glimpse, it's hard to try
To find him in the shadowed halls,
He doesn't answer when I call.

This bearded man, so poised and calm,
So quietly comes, and then is gone,
Like a spirit slowly floating by,
His voice just like a silver sigh.

He paints his pictures in my mind,
His heart is of the sweetest kind,
I'll try my best to understand,
The meaning of the bearded man.

Fan Club Moose

Over Uncle Floyd-way, just a couple bits. GLORIA DeMASSI writes, "I just wanted to tell you that BRONX FAN CLUB 1019 has officially folded as of this month. It isn't because of the \$3.00 put out by Floyd [for official fan club registration], but it is because of the immense lack of interest in my fellow members. I didn't feel we were any longer worthy of the number 1019 [which stood for Floyd's birth date, 10/19]." The remaining members of FC formerly 1019 will probably join up with NY's largest, FC 422 in Rosedale...On the good side, PAUL REARDON, "Master of Prestidigitation" [uh, don't tell Scott Gordon, Paul!], has this news: "I have started a new fan club in MAYWOOD. I'm looking for members in and around Maywood. I'm still awaiting official number." For more information, write to Paul at 68 Cedar Avenue in [where else?] Maywood, 07607... Elsewhere with fan clubs, I refer you to the roster list for Monkees stuff, PDQ Bach, and miscellaneous. Oh, and as far as I know, the BARTH GIMBLE FAN CLUB is still in operation. Write president BILL-DALE MARCINKO at 153 George Street, #1, New Brunswick, NJ 08901...



The first rule in dealing with complaints is not to be too sensitive. If you let yourself become emotionally involved when critical remarks are made about your company, you're complicating an already unpleasant situation. Taking criticism personally merely adds fuel to the fire and gets in the way of arriving at a reasonable solution.

THANK YOU
PETER KEAN and
MARK WHITMAN

As a public service, we present for your interest and (hopeful) enjoyment:

THE GAZETTE

Editor: Floyd Vivino

Subscription Rate: \$6.50/year

This is the most complete and the only official newsletter about The Uncle Floyd Show, a vaudeo program shown on UHF channels 60/67/68 in the New York/New Jersey/Connecticut area. Put out by the "star" of said show, the newsletter highlights local articles written about the show, upcoming appearances, and much other pertinent information. A must for serious "Floydians".

P.O. Box 791, Paramus, NJ 07652

THE MONKEES, BOYCE & HART PHOTO FAN CLUB

Editor: Catherine Greskovics

Subscription Rate: \$3.50 + 8 28¢ stamps/year

Possibly the most comprehensive and detailed publication about the Monkees, Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart that's put out today. A good 20 pages an issue. Important events, song lyrics, convention information, well-written articles. There are more Monkee fans out there than you would believe!

3946 Colgate, Minnetonka, MN 55343

THE PETER SCHICKELE RAG

Editor: Prof. Peter Schickele

Subscription Rate: \$1.00/issue

"The Rag appears intermittently but at least twice annually", says Prof. Schickele, alias, among other things, the "discoverer" of pitiful composer P.D.Q. Bach, "a pimple on the face of music". Puzzles, music, concert info, PDQ galore...

P.O. Box 325, Woodstock, NY 12498

NOT MELLOW

Editor: Chris Estey

Subscription Rate: 75¢/issue

Highly intelligent perzine put out by someone who's supposed to be too young to know such things. Chris calls it "a personal letter to those who like to think; no—to those who have to/MUST THINK." Not for anal retentives. Small type, writing in margins, reviews of interest.

200 S. Kent Street, G #45
Kennewick, WA 99336

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

(Fifth installment in an ongoing series. Contributions welcome as always!)

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

- ...you keep sending in your contest entry for the Ricardo Romantico Win-a-Date contest.
- ...you just happen to find yourself driving by Floyd's house to see if he's home ("Ahhh") and you see his famous car in the driveway!
- ...your father comes home every night from work to find you glued to the TV set watching The Uncle Floyd Show and laughing hysterically!
- ...you wait on line to see the live show for hours just to get good seats plus skipping dinner and the show that night!
- ...you never sit at the dinner table anymore.
- ...you find yourself singing to the commercials selling those albums.

(submitted by Cathy Korz)

- ...you get interested in jazz 'cause Floyd likes it.
- ...you start eating toast a lot.
- ...you take up ventriloquism and learn real good so you could teach Floyd to do it.
- ...you start singing songs that are released between 1925 and 1945, 'cause Floyd sings those type of songs.
- ...you wish you were Italian.
- ...you go to Florida just to look for the Fountain of Youth for Mugsy.
- ...you want to buy a plaid jacket.
- ...your year-old nephew tries to snap his fingers and you go to him, "Snap it pal!"
- ...someone asks Mugsy's age and you sing the first line from "I Write The Songs"—
"I've been alive forever..."
- ...you take out insurance on your trees in case Floyd comes by...
- ...you travel 20 miles to Platter Puss record store just to get the new Floyd single.
- ...you look for a job for Charlie in a Castro Convertible bed store.
- ...you think Neil Yuck sounds a lot like Neil Young!
- ...you buy a Yankee shirt and sing "We don't care about the Mets" though you're a fan of a hockey team and don't like baseball.
- ...you know the punch line to Skip's jokes.
- ...you work hard on making something for Floyd to give to him at a personal appearance.
- ...you tell some 30-odd penpals (even if they are in Japan) about the show.

(submitted by Peg Mularz)

- ...you start calling your boy/girlfriend "Pookie".
- ...you call up Aaron the Guard to ask how the Knicks are playing.
- ...you look for Netto in pictures of the Grateful Dead.
- ...you petition the Turnpike Authority to have a rest area named after Floyd.

(submitted by Sue Kaufmann)

- ...you spend 20 minutes trying to explain your "Snap it Pal" button to a friend.
- ...you wear your Netto t-shirt to your sister's wedding.
- ...you spend all study hall recruiting fan club members.
- ...you're late for graduation because you just had to see Eddie Slobbo.
- ...you only read the paper to look for articles on the show.
- ...you check every van you pass on the Parkway to see if one is Scott's.

(submitted by Morgan La Fey)

- ...you wear a fake nose in honor of Uncle Floyd.
- ...you go to a fancy restaurant and order fish in honor of Charlie.
- ...a friend wants to see "One Trick Pony" and you refuse because of Uncle Floyd.
- ...you go to an IHOP and order "toast to go" to bring to Scott at a personal appearance.
- ...you and a friend spend the entire biology class talking about UFS until the teacher yells.
- ...you rename your teddy bear "Netto".
- ...you wear an outfit just like Floyd's for your prom.
- ...you get bored in history so you start writing, "You know you're a true Uncle Floyd fan when..."

(submitted by Tracy Prieto)

(continued on next page)

'FU'-ing Around

by Maria Vitale

*****ADVERTISEMENT*****ADVERTISEMENT*****ADVERTISEMENT*****ADVERTISEMENT*****ADVERTISEMENT*****ETC.***

Hi. Ted Ruby here, and have I got a record offer for you!

I, along with the folks at Buona Fortuna Records, have put together a great collection of today's hottest sounds, all of them at the top of the charts, for this year of 1984.

Just looks at the sample of what's available:

- Rod Stewart & Kim Carnes, their new double album—"Songs to Get Hoarse By"
- Boggles—"S & M", contains their new single—"Video Killed the Little Green Thing"
- Uncle Floyd, his first album, a classic—with such favorites as: "Deep in the Heart of Philly", "We Don't Care About Charlie", "Pete, the Audio Man", and many more.
- Slim Whitman, volume 42. Yes, he's back and in this record he sings love songs of the Grateful Dead!
- Lawrence Welk—as only he can do it!—"The Best of Crash Course in Science" and "The Plastics"

There's plenty more to choose from, so why not join now! Just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (along with a blank check, of course) to:

1984 Remembered
P.O. Box GOOGOLS and GOOGOLS
Barfville, N.C. 80001 (?)*

*Hey, c'mon! Who remembers their zip codes, anyway!?

YKYATUFFW

continued, even...

...as a devoted Met fan, you ignore Skip's jokes about the team.

...you do an impersonation of Uncle Floyd in your acting class.

...you call the cable company to tell them Channel 68 is "acting up" and it's three minutes to the start of the show.

...you buy a yellow rain slicker like Dr. Carl Pagan's.

...you go out and buy a dress like Cuppy's to wear to the senior prom.

...you try to get people to subscribe to INSIDE JOKE and the Gazette by bringing copies to work.

...you get a wrong number at work and spend ten minutes explaining The Uncle Floyd Show to them.

...you find "Can you imagine..." slipping into your conversation without realizing it.

...you go to the local store to find Helpfull Harry's books.

...instead of working, you spend the day making drawings for Pictures on the Wall.

...you actually look forward to Skip doing Hula Hannah.

...you wear your "Snap it Pal" t-shirt to Willowbrook Mall and someone stops you and asks where they can buy one too.

...you seriously consider taking piano lessons, even though you don't have any musical talent.

...you spend 1½ hours trying to talk to Floyd on a radio interview and miss the interview because you were on the phone.

...you stop strangers on the street and ask them if they ever watched the show.

(submitted by Janet Brown)

METAPHORICALLY speaking

by Sue Kaufmann

(This is Sue's first installment as our official sports reporter, boom, there it goes, let's go to the videotape...)

P.S. DESPITE THE STRIKE!

Yes, friends, here's yet another member of that group that gives masochism a new meaning—the Met fans. I could fill columns and columns with Met info, but I know there are a couple of you out there who DON'T CARE ABOUT THE METS! (I have a feeling it's two people with very large mouths). My objective in this column is to talk about sports.

Just to set the record straight, here are my favorite teams, in order of my liking of the sport:

Baseball - Mets
Basketball - Nets/Celts
Hockey - Rangers
Soccer - Cosmos (who else?)
Football - Jets (so I like Shea Stadium, ok?)
Trying to get Springsteen tix - me
Running for Governor - Netto

Now that's out of the way. Keep that list so you can shove it in my face when I start getting preferential in my writing.

Be assured, readers, that I don't take responsibility for these teams. If there's one thing I hate, it's when people say "Your Mets lost last night!" Hey, I didn't know I had any. Did Nelson Doubleday die and leave me Dave Kingman in his will? No thanks, I'd rather trade him for a Neil Allen...

One reason I'm glad I don't take responsibility for the Mets is the 1981 Yearbook (WO HO!). For \$3 the die-hard fans get plenty of full-color pictures but no hard-core statistics; no minor league numbers at all. The biographies of each player contain useless facts such as Mike Jorgensen's favorite TV shows. If I want to know stuff like that, I'll listen to Bob Murphy someday. The only good part of the Yearbook is the giant poster with pictures of every Met ever to come down the pike (or down the tubes). Long-time fans can try to recall all of the 69 third basemen ever to play for the Mets (and you can look it up—but don't try to find it in the 1981 Yearbook).

I just realized that this article hasn't been very funny, so since you didn't ask, here are my totally unscientific predictions. Keep in mind that I'm only guessing on reports from the American League since I don't keep an eye on it.

NL - East - Montreal Expos (bet the ranch on them)

West - Los Angeles (against my will; as far as I'm concerned, the Dodgers belong in Brooklyn)

AL - East - Milwaukee Brewers (it was a coin flip)

West - Oakland A's (Billy brought his spitball coach when he came West)

ROOKIES TO WATCH: Montreal's Tim Lincecum; Mets' Hubie Brooks; LA's Fernando Valenzuela; and Yankees' C.M. Calam (just checking!).

One last note - Met pitcher Craig Swan recently broke a rib getting hit by a throw to second by catcher Ron Hodges. Met coach Joe Pignatano (a.k.a "Piggy") recalled he once broke Karl Spooner's jaw on a throw to second, but the best story came from the Yankees. Yogi Berra once tried to throw to second to throw out a base stealer, but pitcher Tommy Byrne leaped to catch the ball. There's no explaining some people.

Well, folks, I suppose that's about all. Tune in next month and you might see the following: mascots, baseball flakes, spitballers' favorite methods, and the scandal behind the Pirates' organist. You'll see them if I don't get fired, but heck, I'll get them in. I'll do just about anything to get my name in print!

See you in the box scores!

And remember - Chico Escuela was a squealer!

Coming Next Issue:

EXERCISES IN FICTION (1, 2, 1, 2...): "Voice of Your Choice", part I

Stuff by Steve Scheiner, once he's noodged enough

THINGS (!) I didn't have room for this issue

AND - SONG PARODY: "Stairway to Willowbrook Mall"

BE THERE - ALOHA!

For those of you who subscribe to this shmata (that's Yiddish for "rag") on a regular basis, you may remember an open letter to Steve "Where-is-he-now?" Bieber [sorry Elayne, Mom had to cancel the chopped liver mold at Leonard's; can't have a chassanah without a chassan] about getting a job in the "exciting world of broadcasting" (is this an actual quote from the Connecticut School of same?).

Well, sound the trumpets, because yours truly got a job in the "exciting (?) world of broadcasting". Now, I know that a lot of you are in the process of watching the ink dry on your brand new diplomas and thinking, "Hey! If she can get a job in broadcasting, anybody can!" Yeah, probably, but wipe that grin off your face, because it took me one very long year to find one. The job is only part-time and the pay stinks, but heck, it's better than watching "Gilligan's Island" reruns. So let me take this opportunity to poke fun at my new employers. The names have been changed to protect the guilty—namely, ME.

The first thing one must do when one arrives at any job is to punch a time clock, except in my place, we have a time clock that doesn't tell "people time". It doesn't even tell "army time". Minutes are recorded in hundredths of an hour; thus, it is possible to punch in at 14.88. This proved to be quite confusing when I punched out for lunch and tried to figure out how long I had taken. It was impossible for me to compute "time clock" time into "people time", as I had left my "people time" dictionary home.

The nice thing about working in radio is that you meet all kinds of people. Imagine my shock when I met one of my co-workers—Jim Hendricks. "Funny," I said, "you look pretty good for a guy who's been dead for over a decade. But Jim, death hasn't entirely agreed with you. I don't know whether you've looked in the mirror lately, but all the color has gone out of your face" (you guessed it, our Jim Hendricks is white).

When you receive slave wages, no one expects you to dress like Jackie O. One of my co-workers came to work in ragged jeans. "Hey Alan," my boss said, "if you're going to come to work in jeans, at least wear designer jeans." I would've answered, "What for? Gloria Vanderbilt doesn't wear my name on her tush."

I was all excited when I was issued my press card. "Great," I exclaimed, "I can use it to get into the Yankee games!" Wrongo, Batgirl! All it's good for is cashing my paycheck.

One of my bosses (let's call him "Sheldon") wears really loud jackets to work (yeah, I know, in radio it's the music that should be loud, not the clothing). Of course, I asked Sheldon if he bought his clothes at the Uncle Floyd Flea Market. Naturally, I have nicknamed said boss "Floyd"—and sometimes even "Lindsay"—(if I keep it up, I'll see you on the unemployment line!). Next birthday, I'll buy Sheldon a porkpie hat—that is, if he doesn't already own one.

[Possibly coming next month in TAKE ONE—the Subway Game!]

EXPOSE by "Maggie K."

by Margaret Kuczynski

I'm sure you've all heard of Frank Bird-doo. But, I'm sure you haven't heard the latest exposed news. Frank is a really strange guy, he cares a lot about his chickens. Why does he care so much? Read on, folks...

Frank, as a young man, met many good-looking "chicks". One day, he met Joanie. He soon fell in love with her, he loved everything about her. Joanie had one true love, she loved to eat chicken. Barbecued, baked, fried and every way imaginable. Frank, being madly in love with Joanie, wanted to prove his love to her. So, he bought a chicken farm (and began to build an unexpected empire).

Well, Frank started off as a young, innocent man trying to sweep Joanie off her feet. As you can imagine, Joanie soon grew tired of chickens and asked her husband, Frank, to get rid of them. Frank had become so attached to them that he refused.

Frank soon became a very lonely man, so he turned to his chickens in order to keep from missing his love. (This is where Frank really gets a-weird.) He dedicates his life to raising strong, healthy chickens. "To have strength, what do you need?" asks Frank. "I'll need a lot of spinach and a gym where the chickens can work out." Mr. Bird-doo built a regulation gym and trained the birds. He grows his own spinach and works very hard on feeding. He even keeps his chickens from getting lonely by dating them personally. Frank Bird-doo is a very wealthy eccentric (and lonely) man. The world is full of men (and yes, unfortunately, some women too) just like him.

(Did I tell you that he's really a strange guy?)

Open Your EARS

by Jerry Rubino
taken from the
SECAUCUS HOME NEWS

Trust

Elvis Costello
& The Attractions
(Columbia Records)

The man once known as "Prince Charmless" has now knocked off that image, and his musical talents are finally becoming clear to everyone. This is his sixth Columbia LP in just four years. Costello just seems to grow better with each endeavor.

All sides of Elvis are here: rock, pop, countryesque, ballads, and they are each A plus work. Elvis' vocals shine most notably in "Clubland," "Strict Time," and "New Lace Sleeves," and especially in the ping-pong vocal trade-offs with Squeeze's Glenn Tilbrook in "From A Whisper To A Scream." Costello's band, Steve Nieve (keyboards), Bruce Thomas (bass) and Pete Thomas (percussion) rank right up there with any Rumours or E-Streeters.

There really isn't any reason on earth why you shouldn't be listening to Costello's music, especially since he's in a class by himself. The day Elvis totally disappoints me is the day I'll move to Siberia.

Dev-o Live

Devo

(Warner Bros. Records)

First off, I would like to say this is a pretty poor way to package a record. There is no sleeve or a pocket to slip it into. Just a cardboard cover slipped into hard plastic wrap which I feel when the record is put in, can be easily damaged.

Well, fortunately, I have a solution to that unwanted mess: leave the record on the turntable. Sure, just let it hang there and keep listening to it. This isn't a full live LP, just six songs recorded on Devo's last tour. The record proves Devo can duplicate what is done in the studio. The live versions of "Whip It," "Girl You Want," and "Be Stiff" are quite stimulating. The album opener, "Freedom Of Choice Theme Song," is a great instrumental working by the group.

Bad Reputation

Joan Jett & The Blackhearts
(Boardwalk Records)

Joan's original claim to fame was with the seventies all-girl band, The Runaways. Now with the strength of her first solo LP, she's satisfied her old fans as well as picking up new ones.

Bad Reputation is comprised of some really fine go-for-the-throat rockers, as well as some equally good easy movers. The album's opening track, the title cut, is surely Miss Jett at her aggressive best. A few classic songs show up here, redone in higher energy forms than the originals: Gary Glitter's "Touch Me," The Isley Brother's "Shout," and Sam The Sham And The Pharoahs "Wooley Bully," the latter having guest appearances by Blondiemenn Frank Infante and Clem Burke. I feel the best piece of work on the album is the slow ballad "You Don't Own Me," an old Lesley Gore hit from the sixties. Joan's vocal versatility is best exemplified in this cut. For this one, ex-Sex Pistols Steve Jones and Paul Cook assist as well as on Joan's self-written "Don't Abuse Me."

Although at times the production work sounds too raunchy (or earthly), this is definitely one of the top releases in the past half-year. (It was originally released on Blackheart Records in the fall of last year, and recently distributed by Boardwalk.) Don't ever tell Joan that women can't rock and roll!

Extended Play

Pretenders

(Sire Records)

For the people who don't know anything about import records, or listen to FM rock stations that *only* play American hits, this 12 inch record should be very convenient for you. Especially if you enjoyed the debut record of the Pretenders.

Extended Play combines the two recent import singles, plus one live track. The mild rocker, "Talk Of The Town," which also appeared on the *Times Square Soundtrack* is here as well as the flip, "Cuban Slide," with it's shuffling Bo Diddley rocking beat. The recent single "Message Of Love" b/w "Porcelain," both are impressively dynamite songs. To fill out this record, producer Chris Thomas has thrown in a live version of "Precious" (opening cut from the debut), recorded live at Central Park last year.

Now for people who own both singles, is it really worth it to pick this one up for just 3:17 of live material? Maybe a couple of more live cuts would've made it worth the money.

Boy U2

(Island Records)

U2's debut contains music in a very progressive style while at the same time flowing in the new vein of music. This certainly qualifies as one of the most exuberant initial outings of recent times.

These young Dublin guys (bassist Adam Clayton and vocalist Bono Hewson are eldest at 20) are truly a tight band, and also mystifying writers. They get an extra plus for bringing in producer Steve Lillywhite (XTC fame), attributing him for the refreshing, clean sound. Hewson's vocals make "Twilight," "Stories For Boys," and "A Day Without Me" appealing as they are. But the combination of, including the drumming of 18 year old Larry Mullen and stingy guitar work of "The Edge" Evans, the band grab all honors for one of the year's hottest songs so far: "I Will Follow."

Can U2 be the band that can make people realize that there is good, new and young talent out there? Hopefully so. In a recent interview, Hewson said something I wish music fans would think about: "I'm not asking people to forget about the older groups....but they must make way for new bands. When you halt progress, you become stagnant, stale." I couldn't have said it better.

The Plimsouls

The Plimsouls

(Planet Records)

Coming out of Los Angeles with an independently released record, and now here with their debut album on Planet Records are The Plimsouls. I tell ya, these guys are great. A perfect example of a good group that if you look for 'em you'll find 'em! They deliver their rock and roll with a really ecstatic intensity. This album, from beginning to end, is grabbing.

I can't figure where to start writing about this LP. To sum the entire thing up: no-nonsense, straight-forward, fun rock and roll. At times their music recalls the rocking of Tom Petty, but for the most part The Plimsouls move in their own way. The unfortunate thing here is that this record will probably get lost in the shuffle. I'm glad I've picked up on them, they are good writers and fine musicians. If you're looking for new music, start with The Plimsouls. They deserve a lot of recognition.

Difficult To Cure

Rainbow

(Polydor Records)

Ritchie Blackmore and his ever changing cast of band members are constantly trying to unleash new and innovative musical experiments. If they're trying for a hit, I can't see how "I Surrender" can miss. The Toto-type bouncy tune has all the grabbing appeal it needs. It was a chart climber in England, but don't expect a repeat story in this sleeping country. It's impossible not to sing along or at least hum the chorus.

The rest of the lp follows in the same churning power Blackmore has been known for since his Deep Purple days. When Blackmore is in front he does yield some interesting licks, but for the most part it's still the same old Blackmore. The very last groove of the record gets stuck and emits laughter, a clue maybe? Well, anyway, since *Rainbow Rising*, most of their work has been sliding down the once colorful trail. Can it be cured? The title says it best!

Jerry Rubino

LOVE'S MELODIES

The Searchers

review by Paul Dial

The Searchers were perhaps the most underrated group to come out of the Merseybeat Boom that gave us the Beatles, Gerry & the Pacemakers, and Billy J. Kramer. Although their records were quite good (managing two classics—"Needles & Pins" and "Love Potion #9"), most people took them for granted, and the group faded from view. Nonetheless, the boys carried on working in the cabaret and oldies circuit, making two changes in the drummer's seat, and stopping to cut an oldies rehash album along the way. Then, last year the Searchers were "re-discovered" by Sire Records, and they released their first "new" album in some fourteen years. After that, nothing. The album made a small dent in the top 200, but no album track made the charts.

The Searchers will certainly make up for lost time with the release of their new album *Love's Melodies*. The fresh, exhilarating sounds run rings around the comeback album, making the latter seem forced and strained by comparison. From Mike Pender's sparkling opening riff on "Silver" to the powerful "cold" end of "Another Night", rock fans even remotely familiar with The Searchers will enjoy this album.

Four songs on this album have Top 40 potential: "Infatuation" and "Love's Melody", two pop numbers with enough hooks and riffs to tip the top of the charts; "Radio Romance", already getting airplay on the FM stations; and "You Are The New Day", a beautiful mellow love ballad.

If there is any disappointment on this album, it is their handling of "Almost Saturday Night". Dave Edmunds' version of this song reminded me of The Searchers' "Hearts in Her Eyes", so I was excited when I found out the former song was going to be on *Love's Melodies*. While the boys' version is not bad, it fails to capture the punch and spirit of the Edmunds version.

All in all, I do suggest you pick up a copy of *Love's Melodies*, and while you're at it, hunt down a copy of the newly-reissued 1963 import "Meet the Searchers" for comparison. Welcome back, Searchers; good luck!

This issue is in
loving memory
of Mrs. Einbinder

REVIOOSE

(The two movies reviewed below were excellent, and must-sees for this summer. Other good bets, which may be reviewed next month, are the mythological Clash of the Titans, Alan Alda's The Four Seasons, and, of course, Superman II.)

POLYESTER

review by Steven Scharff

Can suburban Baltimore housewife Francine Fishpaw find happiness being the wife of a defiant and chauvanist owner of a porno-theatre? Can she cope with her children, a sadistic son with a foot fetish and a daughter who is a cheap floosy? Can she survive the merciless criticisms of her cruel mother? Can she find peace with Cuddles, her mentally-retarded ex-maid who inherited millions from one of her employers? Can she find satisfaction with Todd Tomorrow, the handsome and mysterious man of her dreams? Can you imagine someone taking the time to write this review?

John Waters, the mad genius behind the midnight show classic "Pink Flamingos", has struck again. With "Polyester", he takes suburbia, the Pro-Life movement, X-rated movies, sado-masochism, homes for unwed mothers, the 11-o'clock news and everything else that symbolizes the "Pepsi Generation" and drags the whole mess through its own waste.

The casting of this film is, naturally, quite bizarre. Francine is portrayed by Divine, one of the world's most convincing transvestites (yes, Divine's a man), and the man of her dreams is B-movie has-been Tab Hunter, who has the honor of having a horrible-tasting diet cola named after him. The only pseudo-star in this film is Stiv Bators (formerly of the Dead Boys) who has several appearances, including one where he assaulted by an overweight gospel singer.

The film itself is a mockery of the soap opera format, complete with pregnant daughter, wife-cheating, alcoholism and tasteless organ music. The acting is (deliberately) corny, the story is cheap, the photography is routine, and the music is passing.

What saves the film from running around (and keeps it from running amok) is ODORAMA, a delightful cinema gimmick. In the beginning minutes of the film, a mad scientist type explains the use of the card. When you see the number flashed in the lower right-hand corner of the screen, scratch the corresponding spot on your ODORAMA card (given to you by the person who tears your ticket in half), and sniff the spot. After the film, it's best to wash your index finger, 'cause it's gonna smell like a trash can.

This film obviously won't win any Oscars, nor any art film awards, and its cult status is too young to be determined, but the film is a novelty. Not something for people who take things too seriously.

This film has an R rating, so hire a babysitter for the kids, and bring your sense of humor. And your sense of smell.



This is dedicated to

DAVID GOODWIN, who kept the spirit of
the superhero alive for a few moments
until he got arrested

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

review by Philip Bramson

It is summer, when millions escape the sweltering heat by flocking to the cool darkness of the local movie house. Each year, it is this audience which turns one picture into the year's runaway box-office smash. For 1981, that picture should be Raiders of the Lost Ark.

This film unites the talents of the two modern masters of adventure: Steven Spielberg (director) and George Lucas (co-producer and co-author). The result is enough excitement, laughs, and thrills to satisfy every movie-goer who ever sighed, "They sure don't make 'em like they used to."

The plot is appropriately unlikely. Set during WWII, the Nazis have unearthed the lost city of Tanis where, legend has it, the Ark containing the original stone tablets of the Ten Commandments was buried. With the Ark at the head of their armies, the Germans will be invincible. The U.S. government asks archaeologist and soldier-of-fortune Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford) to find the Ark before the Nazis.

What follows is a barrage of stunts, fights, chases, stunning locales, and special effects. Classical adventure, reminiscent of "Treasure of the Sierra Madres", "The Maltese Falcon", and even "The Road to Morocco", is back and as healthy as ever.

The actors, as befits the genre, play their parts broadly but comfortably. Ford is grandly at ease, inviting favorable comparisons to Bogart, as the hero who is occasionally seedy but always noble and resourceful when the chips are down. Karen Allen is also fine, playing the sidekick/love interest in the spunky manner perfected by such screen greats as Hepburn, Bacall, and Stanwyck. The rest of the cast is the expected (and, of course, desired) assortment of clever and loyal allies, nasty and sadistic villains, and even a monkey who is the brains behind the whole outfit.

Raiders of the Lost Ark is highly recommended for those seeking a cliff-hanging, nail-biting, no-holds-barred rollercoaster of a movie.



Participation PUZZLE Page

SUPER-TOUGH GENERAL TRIVIA TEST THAT
DEREK TAGUE AND SCOTT GORDON
WILL PROBABLY GET RIGHT OFF THE BAT

compiled and arranged by Steven Scharff

This quiz is a bit harder than the rest, so if you get everythin right, take a bow. There is an easy answer, so if you get all of them wrong, take a trip to the library.

Simply match the names (numbered) with the corresponding data (lettered) below.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1) Rudolph Abel | A) Special effects specialist for "Dawn of the Dead" |
| 2) Ross Bagdasarian | B) Reputed creator of <u>Monopoly</u> |
| 3) Charles Darrow | C) Real name of Johnny Rotten |
| 4) Edward Gein | D) Real name of Dave Seville, creator of the Chipmunks |
| 5) G. Gordon Liddy | E) Only person in US history arrested for cannibalism |
| 6) John Lydon | F) Amateur photographer who filmed the Kennedy Dallas assassination |
| 7) Tom Savini | G) Soviet spy traded for captured U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers |
| 8) Rod Swenson | H) The world's largest advertising agency |
| 9) J. Walter Thompson | I) The man who almost murdered Washington Post columnist Jack Anderson |
| 10) Abraham Zapruder | J) Manager of the Plasmatics |

(answers on page 18)

FLOYDIAN WORD-FIND

by Janet Brown

Spot the following words in the puzzle below. Words may be found across, up-and-down, diagonally, or backwards (which is just another way of saying "across"...)

Bits	Joke
Bowtie	Ken Do
Clark	Mail
Comedy	Mail Code
Cuppy	Mugsy
Don Goomba	Music
David Burd	Mr. Frodgers
Eddie Slobbo	Netto
Entertainment	Old Songs
Fan Club News	Oogie
Floyd	Piano
Funny	Plaids
Gazette	Props
Hat	Rocky Rock and Roll
Horn	Scott
Hugo	Shows
Hula	Skip Rooney
Inside Joke	Snape It

T R T C O B B O L S E I D D E W O
N X O R F F T W C X T N A E T B S
E T M C X L Q U E I U S O D B N R
M W L O K O B D E T G I I O T X E
N C X M K Y A C V C T D X C K B G
I A T E E D R K D L P E T L I L D
A Y P D N X O O R A S J Z I R X O
T P D Y D T N P C R H O B A C T R
R P O O G I E O K L K O M G X F
E U L C O N W C M K A E T G B L R
T C D O F A N C L U B N E W S S M
N O M L F C X G D O W P D D A S T
E B U S D I A L P C Y X P R O P S
A M S A L O T G O E S N S B O L D
O U I X R T N X N F U N N Y O L C
N G C F O O B O W T I E A A F I L
A S R C S T O G U H X K P B L A U
I Y S D H R T G M H S O I D O M C
P T L A P T T N O A T J T E Y U K
A O L I A L E R L T I X F X T X D
T U K X S O N D R U B D I V A D B
H S H O W S N X R B D S X T U D O

FACTS ABOUT LOBSTERS:

from page 56 of the National Lampoon, July 1981 issue



As seen by the picture opposite, lobsters even make it in the pages of national magazines!

Whenever we get some extra money, like from queers we roll, we buy a whole bunch of lobsters at an expensive restaurant and throw the ones we don't eat onto the freeway.

TEST OF FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS

THE TEST BELOW HAS A TWO-MINUTE TIME LIMIT.
NO FAIR PEEKING AT YOUR NEIGHBOR'S PAPER.

NAME _____

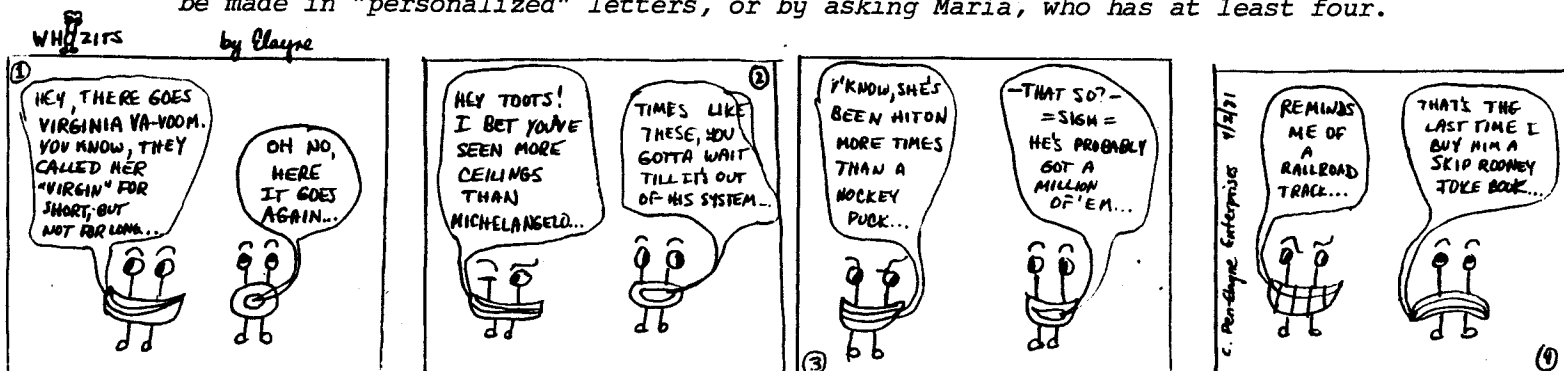
DATE _____

- 1 READ CAREFULLY ALL OF THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS BEFORE DOING ANYTHING.
- 2 PRINT YOUR NAME, LAST NAME FIRST, ON THE TOP LINE FOLLOWING THE WORD 'NAME'.
- 3 DRAW A CIRCLE AROUND THE WORD 'ALL' IN DIRECTION NUMBER 1.
- 4 UNDERLINE THE WORD 'NAME' IN DIRECTION NUMBER 2.
- 5 IN DIRECTION NUMBER 4, DRAW A CIRCLE AROUND THE WORD 'UNDERLINE' AND IN SENTENCE NUMBER 1 CROSS OUT THE WORD 'ANYTHING'.
- 6 NOW DRAW A CIRCLE AROUND THE TITLE OF THIS TEST.
- 7 CIRCLE THE NUMBER OF SENTENCES 1, 2, 3, 4, AND 5, AND PUT AN 'X' OVER NUMBER 6.
- 8 IN SENTENCE NUMBER 7, CIRCLE THE EVEN NUMBERS AND UNDERLINE THE ODD NUMBERS. PUT A CIRCLE AROUND NUMBER 4 IN THE FIFTH SENTENCE.
- 9 WRITE 'I CAN FOLLOW DIRECTIONS' ABOVE THE TITLE OF THIS TEST. START DIRECTLY ABOVE THE WORD 'TEST'.
- 10 UNDERLINE THE SENTENCE YOU HAVE JUST WRITTEN.
- 11 DRAW A SQUARE ABOUT 1/4 INCH TO THE SIDE AT THE UPPER-LEFT-HAND CORNER OF THIS PAGE. DRAW A CIRCLE AROUND THE SQUARE.
- 12 CROSS OUT THE NUMBERS 8 THROUGH 13. NOW CIRCLE THE SAME NUMBERS.
- 13 PUT AN 'X' IN THE SQUARE INSIDE THE CIRCLE IN THE UPPER-LEFT-HAND CORNER OF THIS PAGE.
- 14 CROSS OUT YOUR NAME AND THE DATE AND REWRITE THEM ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE PAGE.
- 15 IN THE SPACE AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE, COPY NEATLY, IN WRITING, DIRECTION NUMBER 1.
- 16 NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ ALL THE DIRECTIONS AS STATED IN DIRECTION NUMBER 1, FOLLOW DIRECTION NUMBER 2 ONLY. DO NOT FOLLOW ANY OF THE OTHER DIRECTIONS. OMIT THEM ENTIRELY.

HOW WELL DID YOU FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS?

(Taken from OMNI magazine, May, 1979 - Submitted by Maria Vitale upon request)

As promised, the first "episode" of the potentially successful, and highly marketable, comic strip "Whozits". Outside of IJ, I do about a strip a week now, soon to become a strip a day. Requests for "personalized" strips can be made in "personalized" letters, or by asking Maria, who has at least four.



"VOICE of the VIEWERS" (*Letters*)

Dear INSIDE JOKE:

I am deeply troubled and I don't have anyone else to write to so I am writing to you.

I want to know why in the satellites and rockets and things they send up in space they have nude pictures of men and women—Yes, the scientists say that is so the aliens will be able to study life here on the green planet Earth ("The Planet of the Clocks") but is this nakedness really necessary?

Don't we have better things to spend our money on than shooting filthy pornography into space? Can't we send the aliens pictures of men and women WITH THEIR CLOTHES ON?

Or better yet, pictures of Moses or Christ in the Garden or Abraham or Job's wife turning into a pillar of salt, so the creatures on other planets will know that we are Christians and not some kind of sex-crazed perverts and guide their space-ships here thinking our planet is sprawling with intergalactic live XXXX nude shows and things like that.

Please help me.

Yours in Christ,

Doug Felker

Dear INSIDE JOKE:

You have not answered my letter, so I have asked my friend William D. Dulitz to write to you. Here is his letter.

God help you, Mr. Doug Felker

DEAR INSIDE JOKE:

I have a phobia of snakes. Therefore, I do not appreciate the trouble you take to find pictures of celebrities holding them. For months now there has been at least one in your magazine every week. I realize there are people who do like snakes and even have them as pets. But do have a little pity on people like me. And please don't print my name. I don't need some JOKER sending me pictures of snakes IN THE MAIL.

Respectfully speaking,

"Bill"

William D. Dulitz

Hoboken, NJ

(ED: NO, NO William! LOBSTERS, not snakes! LOBSTERS! And by the way, you pansy, if I were you I wouldn't see Raiders of the Lost Ark, heh heh...)

Dear Elayne,

Just a short note to tell you how much Pat and I enjoy INSIDE JOKE and look forward to its arrival each month. It is a very entertaining and informative newsletter, a fine example of professional journalism and I hope you continue with it for many years to come.

I especially want to say "thanks" for always printing my written contributions. I really enjoy writing and IJ gives me a chance to showcase my "talent".

Keep up the good work and never pay much attentions to "crackpot letters" that put IJ down.

I am very glad that the three of us were able to meet that December day at Morris County Mall, and I hope our friendship will last for many years to come.

Love, Janet Brown

Dear Elayne,

I've been meaning to write to you for such a long time. But my job really keeps me busy. I'm a cameraman and programmer at a cable TV station. I enjoy IJ very much. It's a harmless paper with a lot of good comedy. It doesn't deserve any negative feedback...

I will be starting a paper devoted to the Beatles very shortly. It will cover all what's happening with them today, with a little of yesterday as well. Look for my ad in an upcoming issue of the Gazette.

Take care, Paul Bruker

(ED: If anyone's interested in more information about this newsletter, you can write to Paul at 945 Slocum Avenue in Ridgely, NJ 07657.)

Dear Elayne,

As usual, May's IJ was terrific. I especially like YKYATUFFW... (ED: Hear, hear!) I started a list of my own and I'll send it in when I have a good amount. Thanks for putting in so much time and effort on IJ (and your super stuff) and don't ever give it up. I really enjoy reading all of it. It's really great!

Love, Lori Piassek
TRUE FLOYDIAN FOREVER!

(ED: Can you imagine...)

DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT...
the Polish mosquito who bit
Dolly Parton...on the neck?

FIGHT BACK!

(It is possible to get back at people in more creative ways than outright insult. However, this is still the neatest and probably most fun way to release anger. While it's true that some potential targets are too low to even be worth insulting, one also finds that the world abounds with victims who all but cry out for it. As many of you know, I work in New York City, the world's main haven [except perhaps for Calcutta] for victims. I have found the two most obnoxious sorts to be wino-type beggars who either lay in gutters or stick their hands out at you muttering, "change, change, please" [to which I've often had the urge to reply, "you change first"] and reborn street preachers who warn that unless you heed them, you're forever damned [an unpleasant enough prospect for one who must then contend with a commuter rush that can't be better than hell anyway]. To those who also find these people incredibly offensive, and who have had enough of feeling guilty about something we didn't cause anyway [?], I propose the following: Below are written all-purpose rebuttals to these pitiful strangers, to be used in case they happen to accost you for no good reason. Make copies of this page, cut out the two replies, and carry them with you the next time you go to the "inner city". As a word of caution, however, try not to put them into use unless you are in a rush-hour type situation, as you will not appreciate being followed by any of these hapless horrors.)

DEAR VAGABOND/BUM/BAGPERSON/BEGGAR/FREELoader:

GET A JOB, please. The most ignorant people have managed this seemingly monumental feat. Just look at your public officials...You have no right to impose guilt on us hardworking individuals by sticking out your grubby little hands and asking for change. We need the money too, after all. And we don't beg for it, although some of us grovel in front of our bosses. So please stop making us feel bad that your life is so awful. After all, you had your chance, and you blew it, and that's not our fault, is it now? So if you're going to keep pestering people who mostly just ignore you anyway (do you like being rejected?), why don't you take up playing the spoons or painting sidewalk slats or something constructive, instead of whining on park benches and gutters? Yes, I'm mad, I'm furious at your audacity! So please make it easier on all of us and look for work. God, I hope you can read, you despicable creature!

DEAR STREET EVANGELIST/MESSENGER OF GOD/ANAL RETENTIVE/DISTURBER OF THE PEACE:

HALLELUJIAH, you lucky person! You have been blessed once more with a vision. It is a vision of what a total ass you are making of yourself. No one pays you any attention, you know. In fact, you only succeed in annoying countless pedestrians without showing evidence of "saving" a single person. Do you think you might save us from your nonsense instead? Just think a minute—if God looked around and spotted someone like you feeding innocent masses bullshit in His/Her/Its name, don't you agree He/She/It would get pretty pissed, or at the very least, laugh at you? No "pity from heaven" either, bub—stupidity has no excuse, and the lame stand alone. Did you ever consider what would happen to you if you actually started believing the garbage you're spewing out? So why try to force banal tenets on rush-hour commuters who just want to get home to their spouses, kids, bills and ulcers and deal with things IN THEIR OWN WAY? Stop giving religion a bad name. Most of us are happy agnostics anyway, and the very fact that you are here on the street instead of on some pulpit in a decent church/temple proves beyond any doubt that you are the soul in need of help, not us. Look, there's a church down the block, "Saint Frankie is a Sissy" or something like that. Why don't you check in there? Clean candle holders or something, keep yourself out of trouble. God be with you...

(and lastly, I'm having genuine business cards made up to hand out to those wonderful people who walk around carrying GDB's ["God-damned Boxes"]. It will say:

HELLO, I AM DEAF. COULD YOU PLEASE TURN YOUR RADIO DOWN SO I CAN HEAR AGAIN?
I will begin taking orders from anyone who wants a few shortly...)



What the HELL do you think you're doing?

It should be painfully obvious by now that the world as we know it won't last too damn much longer. And what are you doing about it? Going to work or school, coming home, goofing off, or of all things, watching Uncle Floyd (who is probably an agent of Jehovah 1, the space god). What will happen to your *oh-so-precious* routine when all the shit comes down on us at once? Don't you feel responsible for trying to help save this endangered planet?

No? Good. The fact is, it's too late. Things are going to Hell on a fast train and you can only sit back and *watch the show** (*note: NOT Uncle Floyd)

But the End of the World may be much worse and take much longer than you thought. The mere act of sitting in your home watching everything fall apart on TV may be too much for even the stoutest brain-pan to take. You will quickly be *driven to suicide* by the sheer hideousness of what you'll be seeing. WILL YOU BE READY?

WILL YOU EVER GET SLACK?

Well, I for one, do not have to worry about things like that at all. I know I am not going to "Snap" from the information disease. My brain fits have disappeared completely. I have become physically attractive overnight!!!!

Well, I, for one, do not ever have to worry about things like that. I KNOW I am not going to "Snap" from the information disease. My brain fits have disappeared completely. And I have become physically attractive overnight!! My skin has cleared up, I know how to burn off needless fat, hour by hour, and suddenly it's GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! wherever I turn.

What is it, you ask, that has brought me this *Complete Absolution* and *Macho Irony* to do and say things I could never have even imagined when I was a WORM back in High School? Is it the Rosicrucians? Scientology? Est? The Moonies? Jim Jones? Certs?

No, it is something far more incomprehensible and economically demanding than that!! I HAVE FOUND "BOB" !!!

J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, the High Epopt of the Church of the Sub-Genius!! ("There's no 'prob' with 'Bob!'") At last, an inherently BOGUS religion that will condone superior degeneracy and tell me I am "above" everyone else, while at the same time offering profound but fraudulent explanations for inexplicable manifestations since the future began!!!

I haven't been this frightened since 1961!!!!

At last-- I can see how it all fits together in one great interlocking web. Before "Bob" everyone thought I was "different" -- But now I know about the Conspiracy! And I have something to fight against!

I always wondered about the existence of HOSTILE UFOs. Now I know they exist!

I knew there was something wrong with Saturn. Now I have PROOF!

It was reassuring to learn that my phobias and paranoias were so well founded. I thought I was going crazy! But now I know it's *Them*, the enemies of all us Outsiders. I have found "self-help" through *scoffing* and *blaspheming*, *frenzied fornication* and the *Tumping of Graven Images*. I have developed a seventh sense of BLUDGEON HUMOR and finally:

I HAVE SLACK!!!!

TENETS OF THE CHURCH OF THE SUB-GENIUS (registered trademark)

The Goal: SLACK

The Method: The Casting Out of False Prophets

The Weapon: Time Control

The Motto: "Fuck Them If They Can't Take a Joke."

Possible miracles: Healings, blemish readings, revivals, predictions, Dial-A-Demon Phone-Ins, Subliminal "Jest" Commands, Burials, Personal Brain Boosters

* TO SLOPEHEAD WECHSLER - I WANT NONE OF YOUR MEDIC-
CRETIN INTRODUCTIONS WRITTEN
ON THESE PAGES!! - WDPFC

Jews was on X-ist!!

Pull the wool over your own eyes!!

THE HISTORY OF "BOB"

BOB



Patriot or Alien?

Inspired Madman or Complete Jackass?

Nurd or Hero?

Day by Day, we risk "The Stark Fist of Removal"

"Bob" is the least approachable or scrutable of the vast SubGenius membership (200 in 1979, 450,000 in 1980 and 20,000,000 by 1985!) and most frequently invoked of the god-zillion *Personal Saviors* of the Sub-Genius. His are the defects and peccadillos that we *"analyze"* his the *Slongs* and *Jests* which we devoutly twist and distort for future generations according to our unexplored whims. "Bob" is the Most Ascended Master, and the Original Retriever of Jehovah's Message on Earth.

The Subgenius is Jehovah's Prime Tool. The SubGenius knows that JEHOVAH 1 is a VENGEFUL GOD OF WRATH! (Fear the STARK FIST OF REMOVAL!!!) a mad alien, full of eyes round about. He has forged his Covenant with the SubGenius in CHAINS of GENETIC PROGRAMMING and DEMANDS OBEISANCE to His caveman sense of humor. We REBEL against the alien JEHOVAH 1 and yet PLACATE Him at the same time that He might not smite us with nuclear war, a worldwide economic disaster or hostile UFOs.

But Jehovah 1 is not alone in His cosmic meddling, for Earth has been periodically visited for thousands of years by BENEVOLENT ALIENS of such technical and psychic superiority that their powers, while no match for Jehovah's, are nonetheless nothing short of "Godlike" to we roaches, the Human Race. These BENIGN SPACE MONSTERS, the "X-ists" have walked among us throughout history, investigating and resisting the subatomic pervading presence of Jehovah. Witness: The rise and "fall" of Atlantis, the erection of the Pyramids and other monuments which *no slopeheads alone could build*. Yea, it has even been suggested that the Carpenter of Nazareth himself, God, Jr. Jesus "What, Me Worry?" Christ was in actuality a "space detective" of the Xists, attempting to extricate us from the Monster God's grip.

But what can we do? Isn't it probably already too late!???????

No matter.

It is the Sacred Chore of the SubGenius to SMITE and ELIMINATE the unwitting, slavish, non-partners of Jehovah 1; the Great Unwashed, the Conspiracy, the Mediocreins, the strange normal ones, the Assouls, Cage Men, Pink Boys, Po'Buckers, Bear-Baiters, Emp Loyees, Box Dwellers, Sames, Infidels, Timeservers, Mole People, ComMen, Proleterritorials, Witchburners, Skumbozi, Thankers, Wankers and Blankers, Idi-Atts, Credit Heads, Sloths & Moths, Barbies and Kens, The Slackless Ones, Dibbies, Corpulators, Underalls...in short, the Remnants of Man: Those who have been forcing Time Addiction on themselves... and...OTHERS!!

The SubGenius wants no part of the "New Age" or "Aquarian" ideals. It is already here, and it obviously sucks. The SubGenius would rather RETRIEVE the manly Past, before 1971, or even 1953, or else dwell in the naughty, fun-loving REMOTE FUTURE, a strange time when anything made of plastic is a valuable antique that collectors will KILL for, when SEXHURT will be recognized and indulged in as sane human nature *no matter* whether any 'church' or 'government' allows it.

With the plethora of recombinant philosophies and Personal Saviors, the SubGenius is well-stoked to the point with spiritual fodder. The SubGenius can rest in knowing they are not the namby-pamby, goody two-shoes occult weirdos or well-behaved churchgoing idiots that are manipulated by Jehovah 1 for his own sinister ends!

The SubGenius believe in a new "Dark Ages"-- they curse, and understand the need for spiritual violence in this modern space-age a-go-go society!!

You want in on it, right? I can tell. You can do "one" of "two" things: Send \$1.00 (more if you dare) to The Sub Genius Foundation for the "World Ends Tomorrow and YOU MAY DIE" pamphlet OR complete the following questionnaire and send it to: Rev. Bill-Dale Marcinko (CODE NAME: Whizzo Dumpling-PF6), 153 George Street, Dimensional Level One, New Brunswick, NJ 08901. (But DON'T tell "Bob")

"advertisement"

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"your questions"

In general, do you really give a shit?
Do you read much? Watch the news much?
Do you compulsively read any inane thing (labels, ads) that happens to be within vision?
Do you sometimes get the impression that EVERYBODY of the opposite (or otherwise desired) sex is repulsed by you?
If we invaded little countries or fought Russia with N-Bombs, would you coddle draft-dodgers? Would you get the fuck out of the country?
Do people consider you odd?
Do you have different personalities according to who you're talking to?
Do you sometimes make faces, sing, twitch etc. for no sane reason?

Do you easily 'blow things off' and procrastinate?
Is today's youth more fucked up than previous generations?
Do you clown around a lot? Do your face and voice change grotesquely when you get excited?
Do you ignore your health for long periods? Do you sometimes get all 'spaced out' and 'dingy' for no apparent reason?
Do you feel paranoid about people watching you and laughing at you?
Do you ever dream you are in elementary school, and you suddenly notice you are wearing no pants?
When you were a little kid, if you tapped the left side of your chair a few times, did you then feel compelled to tap the right side of your chair an exactly equal number of times?
Do you sometimes go out beating up strangers?
Do you occasionally shoplift 'in revenge'? Do you go on drug binges occasionally? Are you more or less cheerful around others?

107 • FLY MY KITE

Two Reels • Produced by Robert F. McGowan for Hal Roach • Directed by Robert F. McGowan • Photographed by Art Lloyd • Edited by Richard Currier • Dialogue by H. M. Walker • Released on May 30, 1931, by M-G-M • Our Gang: Allen "Farina" Hoskins, Norman "Chubby" Chaney, Mary Ann Jackson, Matthew "Stymie" Beard, Bobby "Wheezer" Hutchins, Dorothy DeBorba, Shirley Jean Rickert, Georgie Ernest, Dickie Jackson, and Pete the Pup • Mrs. Margaret Mann, "Grandma," Herself; Son-in-law Dan, James Mason; Dan's new wife, Mae Busch; Bond agent, Broderick O'Farrell; Stunt double for Grandma, David Sharpe



In "Fly My Kite" it's the gentler bits of humor that register best. The kids are garbed as Indians to celebrate the Wild West stories Grandma reads them.

Grandma's the bouncy sweetheart of all the youngsters; she reads them pulp fiction, offers kindly advice, and even slips on boxing gloves and spars with them in her living room. Grandma cares for the kids, and they're fiercely loyal to her. At the same time, she has an unfeeling son-in-law named Dan, who wants to fleece her and pack her off to the County Home so he can move in with his new wife. "You're broke, you're old, and you're useless," he tells her coldly. While at Grandma's house, the thieving louse snatches a letter in the mailbox from The Imperial Steel Company advising Grandma to communicate with them immediately concerning some gold bonds she owns. Lusting after the chance for self-aggrandizement, the disreputable son-in-law secretly contacts a bond agent, and learns the old securities are now worth \$100,000. Rushing back to steal her fortune, seedy Dan finds Grandma packing her belongings for the Poor Farm. She'd come across those worthless bonds all right, and they finally came in handy for something: she's tied them to the tail of Chubby's kite to help keep it up in the air. Dirty Dan gets excited and races after Chubby out in the field. As they scuffle for possession of the kite, Grandma learns of the gold bonds' true value from the letter Dan has left, and exhorts the gang to run and help Chubby, who with customary aplomb is kicking Dan in the shins: "Hey, what's the big idea? Gimme my kite." As the kids swarm across the sunny field to Chub's rescue, Pete the Pup seizes the ball of string, romping around artfully dodging Dan and piloting the kite himself, managing to keep it fluttering just beyond the crook's reach. Meanwhile, Grandma's dander is up. She gets a running start and somersaults out of the window on her way to grab the helpful arm of the law down on the corner. By the time help arrives, however, the gang has neatly subdued Grandma's foe, lassoing him around the foot and dragging him over a pile of broken bottles and a board full of upturned nails, then pelting him with rocks and mud when he climbs a telephone pole after the kite, and ultimately sawing the pole down to send the ripe villain plummeting headlong into a pool of mud and final defeat. And with this formidable foe vanquished, Grandma's bonds and future are secured.



James Mason tastes the fruits of Our Gang revenge in "Fly My Kite."

Rascal Rebut

This excerpt is from the definitive book on the subject of Our Gang/The Little Rascals. It is appropriately entitled, "Our Gang: The Life and Times of the Little Rascals", and is written by Leonard Maltin, film historian par excellence, and Richard W. Bann. I picked "Fly My Kite" to highlight because a lot of Uncle Floyd fans have heard Floyd mention this episode as being among his favorite during the end portion of the stage shows. Reproduced from Maltin's and Bann's book, opposite, is a brief plot summary of that episode, labelled number 107 in a series of 221 (made from 1922 through 1944).

For more information, and even for your own reading enjoyment, I implore those of you who are into this sort of stuff to buy the book (which goes for about \$5.50 in Barnes & Noble). Meantime, unless Professor Maltin sues me (unlikely, one hopes—he seems to like IJ so far), I will continue, if it is your wont, to put in brief excerpts such as this of your favorite Our Gang episodes, or pictures from the book, when there's room. So let me know which episodes you'd like to see. I have not included a history or in-depth analysis or anything here, because I could never hope to do the series or the book justice. But I hope this little bit brought some of you back...

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