

# INSIDE JOKE

"A NEWSLETTER OF COMEDY AND CREATIVITY"

VOLUME II, ISSUE 1

JULY, 1981

## Network

Volume II begins. INSIDE JOKE is a newsletter of comedy and creativity. Like on top. If it says so, it must be true. IJ started out as an extension of my involvement with The Uncle Floyd Show, a burlesque-type vaudeo program seen in NY/NJ/PA/CT on UHF and cable TV. UFS is comedic and creative, and the show and its fans will continue to be a part of this--shall I say it? ah, it's only woids--zine. Sorry to UFS viewers if my intros to Floyd-related subjects get redundant, but you no longer (thankfully) comprise a majority, and I like to explain things. To betray the inside joke. Until it becomes serious. Or more. And to write in sentence fragments--with meaningless dashes, and lots of triple dots (and parenthetical editorializing--I know there's a punctuation term for "triple dots")...

I like to create and be involved in extended families; I have great interest in furthering the concept Vonnegut refers to as a "network" of people whose ideas rather than blood or marriage ties bind them. My past extended families include Jews, teenyboppers, straight-A pupils, fraternities, choral groups, feminists, gays (keep 'em guessing), subversives, Floyd fans, singles groups. That's not an ascending ladder, nor even a sideways one. It is more or less chronological. I am, as all are, the outcome of my experiences. Expect nothing.

I refuse, likewise, to be a doormat any longer. Yes, it happens to the strongest. Actually, it happens mostly to the nicest. The more polite you are, the more you believe in common decency, the more you strive not to offend, the more the assholes like to take advantage of you. Learn now. That's logical, because so many of these egocentric low-life non-thinkers are unable to procure pleasure in any other way. Pity them. Or ignore them. For me, these droolfaced worms turned out to include some fans and cast members of UFS, which tends to draw a specific crowd of rather mindless, desperate teenagers.

Although by no means are all Floyd fans such. Most IJ subscribers are not mindless. The ones who are won't be with us for long. A few are mainstream and societal. That's okay. As long as they're funny, as long as they're fun. I like fun. And while some of my writings are "change-the-world" oriented, the CIA knows me (does that scare you?), and I gravitate recently in my attitudes towards the words of Mort Sahl when he says "Are there any groups I haven't offended?", I do turn out "Love Boat" fluff. Some of my subscribers are fluffy. That's okay too. IJ may inspire some fluffies to think, and it may inspire those with genuine SLACK not to take themselves too seriously. It could give balance to the chaotic, disorder to the harmonic. Or not. My brother believes "people laugh (at things) because they encounter the unexpected." IJ is what it is. It is also a pretty neat cop-out, that one, huh?...

To you, my network of all-of-the-above-mentioned-extended-families-and-more, I say that INSIDE JOKE is also participatory. It is your creativity as well. I have a habit of printing anything--only once have I rejected a submission, and that was something I reaccepted after the author re-edited. So you will get air-time. Contributions of any sort, written or monetary, suggestions, etcetras, can be sent to me, Elayne Wechsler, at 418 East Third Avenue, Roselle, NJ 07203. Subscriptions are still only a self-addressed, stamped envelope per issue. But, except for names mentioned on page 2, if you don't give me a SASE, I don't send you an IJ. Sounds so simple...

Mottos: Rick Nelson's chorus from "Garden Party"; Jerry Lewis' "For those who understand, no explanation is necessary; for those who do not understand, no explanation is possible"; SubGenius' "Fuck them if they can't take a joke". There are no rules, no exceptions. Do not pass Go, ever. Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery, babble, babble, babble...See you in the funny papers (traditional sign-off), *ew*

## UPCOMING EVENTS:

(Advertise any events here for free--birthdays, conventions, concerts, comedy shows, etc. Send them to me by the 5th of August for next month's issue...)

BELATED: SORRY AGAIN, MIMI--YOURS WAS 5/2, NOT 5/12--AFTER ALL, YOU WOULD KNOW...

ALSO--JOE TOMASKOVIC HAD A BIRTHDAY SOMETIME IN THE BEGINNING OF JULY, HB...

UPCOMING (as the title implies):

- JULY 16 - UFS Stage Show, Community Theatre, Morristown, NJ, 8pm (SOLD OUT)
- JULY 17 - JAMES CAGNEY (80+)
- JULY 17 - SUE ROSNER (23)
- JULY 18 - LINDA CORBY (over 30)
- AUGUST 6 - UFS Stage Show, Northstage Dinner Theatre, Glen Cove, LI (probably 8pm), for information call (516) 676-8500
- AUGUST 7 - BOB CASTELLI (27)
- AUGUST 8 - MIKE FLYNN (19)
- AUGUST 15-16 - 3RD ANNUAL MONKEE CONVENTION Trenton, NJ, \$12.50 per, 10-7, see me for details
- AUGUST 24 - PERRY LEVENSON (25)
- AUGUST 26 - DINO QUAGLIETTA (17)

(did I get that one right, Mimi?)

SPECIAL CONGRATULATIONS TO MY NUMBER ONE PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, MARGARET KUCZYNSKI, WHO WON THE UNCLE FLOYD SHOW'S HIGHEST AWARD, THE "VIEWER OF THE WEEK", THIS PAST MONTH...FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...MARGARET DESERVES PRAISE...PRAISE MARGARET, HAL-LELUJIAH...SORRY...IT'S NEAT, THOUGH, YOU CAN EVEN FRAME IT...I WOULDN'T KNOW, I'VE NEVER HAD ONE...WAY TO GO, MK!

\*\*\*\*\*

\* Hey, yo! *INSIDE JOKE* is produced and \*  
 \* oftentimes created by Elayne Wechsler, ok? \*  
 \* And we don't care about morons, do we? \*  
 \* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler \*  
 \* PRODUCTION ASST.....Margaret Kuczynski \*  
 \* STAFF WRITERS: Sue Kaufmann \*  
 \* Margaret Kuczynski \*  
 \* Sue Rosner \*  
 \* Jerry Rubino \*  
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 \* Fey, Bill-Dale Marcinko, Steven Scharff \*  
 \* and Steve Scheiner \*  
 \* c. 1981 Pen-Elayne Enterprises \*  
 \* "FIGHT BANAL WITH BANAL" \*  
 \* PRINTED BY COUNSEL PRESS INC., NYC \*  
 \* (You're a sweetie, Mike!) \*

\*\*\*\*\*

## acknowleditorialetc.

As Volume I of IJ was at times a cavalcade of paranoia, Volume II revels in apathetic glee. Aw, look it up...

The following people have shown me enough kindness and friendship to warrant free issues each month of *INSIDE JOKE*:

BECK, Jerry	BRAMSON, Philip
"DOCTOR DEMENTO"	DOWNEY, William
ESTEY, Chris	EINBINDER, Russell
GRESKOVICS, Catherine	HOBART, Barbara
LEIGHTER, Hilary	MARCINKO, Bill-Dale
SCELSA, Vin	SCHEINER, Steven
STEINBERG, Jeff	STELLA, William
VITALE, Lisa	VIVINO, Floyd

(Also: Newsletter Exchange people *and writers*)

Everyone else is SASE only or subject to my whims and/or finances. Period.

Thank you, Sue Sapio, Lori Piassek, Paul Reardon, and "Anonymous" for your money.

Thank you, Steve Dorio, for your stamps.

Thank you, Bill-Dale and Chris, for your energizing.

Thank you, Bob Castelli, for a lot.

I miss you, dear Hilary...

## BACK ISSUES

Yes, Virginia, there was a "Volume I". I still have original back issues of Nos. 2, 5, 6, 7 and 8, and can copy my copies of the others. However, I'm greedy and am trying to win a bet that yes, I can break even someday with this rag. So, for each issue, send me one #10 self-addressed, stamped envelope plus the following:

#1 - 50¢ #2 - 50¢ #3 - \$1 #4 - \$1  
 #5 - 50¢ #6 - \$1 #7 - 50¢ #8 - \$1

## Looking 4 the Right 1's

Now face it, folks, it takes a certain something to be able to read and understand this rag. Something not everyone has. And now that the assholes are gone, let's see if we can spread the joke to others who have a bit of a "spark"...Incentive? Uh---well, okay. For each new subscriber who sends me in a SASE and mentions your name, you get a free issue. Not much? Well, listen, you get what you pay for, I suppose...

ELAYNE WECHSLER  
 418 EAST 3rd AVENUE  
 ROSELLE, NEW JERSEY 07203

"Angels have wings  
 because they take  
 themselves lightly"--  
 Robin Williams

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

*(This is the monthly column which pays homage to The Uncle Floyd Show, and the only UFS-related thing in which I may unrelentingly indulge...this is #5 of a series, and it's like Old Man River, it just keeps rollin'...Non-UFS people, please bear w/ us...)*

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

...you say to your mother, "Hey Buddy! If you wanted me to mow the lawn, you shoulda seen me two weeks ago!"  
...you start singing your friend's name to the tune of "La Donna e' Mobile".  
*(submitted by Paul Dial)*  
...the phone rings between 6 & 7 but you know it isn't one of your friends.  
...you get into a big argument and are late for first period because someone said that the show stinks.  
....it doesn't bother you when people say you're crazy for watching the show.  
...you don't mind the repeats.  
...you have to leave for a stage show at 6:30 so you call a friend and have her watch the second half to tell you what happens.  
*(submitted by Lori Piassek)*  
...you spend twenty dollars at Radio Shack and buy all your friends UHF antennae for obvious reasons.  
...you go to a Dead concert and look for Netto (during the intermission, of course).  
...you subscribe to WHT for the sole purpose of better reception of UFS.  
...you go out and buy a video tape recorder so you can tape the shows when you're not home.  
...you collect more than 30 hours of Floyd bits on video tape and go over a friend's house who also has a VHS machine and edit out all the Skip Rooney gags.  
...you forgive Floyd for having Skip Rooney on the show.  
...all you eat are scrambled (WHT) eggs--"Doggie Style!"  
...you drag friends and acquaintances over your house to watch Floyd tapes so you can have someone to rehash old Floyd routines with.  
...your former friends start to avoid you.  
...you start to think you're the only one who watches the show, you wear your Floyd shirt and someone yells--Hey Hey Hey, Snap it Pal--and it makes your day.  
*(submitted by Bob Castelli)*

## THE ADVENTURES OF SUPER EGG!

by Lisa Bottini and Margaret Kuczynski

The story of Humpty Dumpty is not entirely true. That's right, folks, not entirely true. You see, Mother Goose, being the old bird she is, has a tendency to nod off at times. Especially while she dictates stories to her secretary. Well, the story unfinished, due to nodding off, was sent to the publisher without being proofread. So it was published.

Actually, Humpty Dumpty wasn't the one who had a great fall and couldn't be reassembled. It was his half-brother Bumpty Dumpty (the two looked very similar and were often confused for the other).

The particular incident written about happened around Easter time. Humpty was pleading with Bumpty to hide from the eager Easter egg hunters. Bumpty, being the foolish one of the family, kept wall climbing. When he reached the top, Humpty, seeing the hunters coming, pushed Bumpty (Humpty only wanted to have his brother lie flat on the wall). Bumpty fell and broke into a million pieces. Humpty, after pushing Bumpty, ran and hid in a nearby bush. Therefore, the remains of Bumpty were assumed to be Humpty (follow?).

So, there is the seedling of our tale. Humpty was so overwrought with grief, that he became

## SUPER EGG!

STAY TUNED TO THIS CHANNEL FOR THE MANY EGGCITING ADVENTURES OF SUPER EGG!!!

# 'FU'-ing Around

by Maria Vitale

(ED. NOTE: Maria gets a break this month--no, nothing physical, not to worry--while we pay tribute to her by presenting the lyrics of her favorite song, Joe Walsh's "Things". See, Maria has this thing for "things"...well, never mind. Anyway, we thank her for the lyrics and information about credits...)

from his newest album  
"There Goes the Neighborhood"

## THINGS

music and lyrics by  
Joe Walsh

I like to take things one step at a time, One foot in front of the other.  
I like to think things will all work out fine, And follow along behind those--  
One act play-things can give you a thrill, Guess it all depends on the actor.  
Dreams can come true, but some things never will.  
As a matter of fact, those things--are driving me crazy.  
Those things--are keepin' me sane.

I like to take things and make a design. Keep a low profile. Oh and,  
I like to take things and put them to rhyme--

Like those things that are confusing, and the things that seem so clear,  
And the things that seem so far away and yet they seem so near.  
There are some things I have lost, and a few things I have found,  
Well it's so hard to keep track of things there's so many around.  
There's so many around.

And there's things we have to look for, and a few we never find.  
And we all have things in common--you got your thing, I got mine.  
And some things they just happen, and some things you can plan.  
And some of those things you just can't help, but some of them you can.  
Oh, some of them you can.  
As a matter of fact, those things--are driving me crazy,  
Those things are keepin' me sane.

Some things turn out all wrong, and some things turn out all right,  
Some things don't turn out at all, but then again they might.  
There are things that come too soon, and some things that come too late.  
It's the best thing to be early so you have some time to wait...  
Oh--have some time to wait.

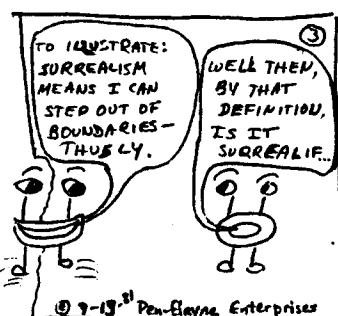
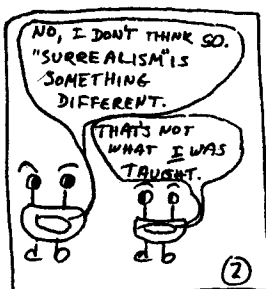
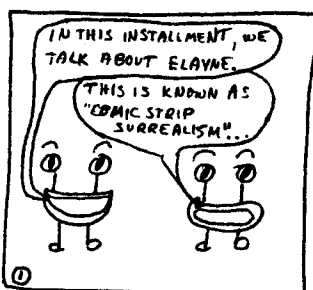
Well it's hard to talk with words, there's some things you just can't say.  
And it's best to leave some things alone in case they go away.  
You can share some things with friends, there's some things we've all been thru,  
Well it's things like this and things like that, and how are things with you?  
Oh--how do you do?

You can hang things on your wall, you can leave your things around.  
You can mark some things "2001", and put them in the ground;  
And maybe later on--they will dig them up some day.  
And ooh and ahh, and "how 'bout that?", who knows the things they'll say?

JOE VITALE: Drums, Background Vocals      GEORGE (CHOCOLATE) PERRY: Bass, Background Vocals  
JOE WALSH: Guitars, Synthesizers, Piano, Vocals  
TIMOTHY B. SCHMIT: Background Vocals

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WHIZZITS by Elaine





(Another day has reluctantly dawned. I stride off the commuter train, wade through the barely breathable staleness of Penn Station, and psych myself up for the day's first entry into the human car wash. It's a little rougher weaving through crowds at break-neck speed in the summer. Not just because your clothes are sticking to you, the sidewalk's burning holes in your sandals, and everyone else decided to save money by not taking the subway, but because with the warm weather emerges that merchant of splendour, the sidewalk vendor.

This year's crop of curb salespeople is possibly the most diverse in terms of goods offered than in any previous year. And since price and quality seem to vary more than ever before, IJ is proud to present...

## THE Pedestrian Consumer's Guide to MIDTOWN NY Street Vendors

We start with my favorite subject--food. Some food is seasonal; for instance, you won't see pretzel folks selling chestnuts in July, but they will offer Italian ices (of which, since I don't like i.i.'s, I can't elaborate on price). The pretzels themselves go for 35¢ (25¢ at the hotdog stand across from the library, on the east side of 5th at 40th). For "free" pretzels, you can buy an egg cream, in a rather small cup, for 85¢ on Madison and 43rd (but, hey, free pretzel, whoopie...). Hotdog vendors are spotted most easily of all from afar with their blue (sometimes red) and yellow "Sabrett" umbrellas, colors which don't vary 98% of the time. Don't buy hd's outside of Grand Central on Vanderbilt & 42nd--he rips you off for 75¢ per, and you probably just blew that on the subway. Likewise, it's stupid to shell out 70¢ per in front of the library if you can cross 5th, walk down one block, and get them at 65¢, the going rate, from Mr. 25¢ Pretzel. Incidentally, after extensive searching (hd's are my main lunch staple), I have found only one remaining 60¢ hd guy in midtown, on Madison & 37th, and he's only there sometimes.

Elsewhere on the food scene--Good Good Humor stuff, Toasted Almonds and the like, goes for 65¢ a pop, sorry 'bout the pun; Chipwiches (round ice cream sandwiches w/ chocolate chips scattered throughout) sell for a buck, decide for yourself if they're worth it. Shishkebobs, my absolute favorite, go for \$1.50 on Vanderbilt, across from Mr. 75¢ Hotdog Ripoff, and \$1.25 on 34th where Broadway angles and becomes 6th (west side). Knishes sell with hd's, usually the same price. Sausage too, on the average 20¢ higher (for the best sausage I've seen--and bear in mind I've never actually eaten the stuff--go to the guy on 43rd and Mad). And if your tastes run to the exotic, the Japanese fast-food vendors are quite good. Most are on the east side of 42nd and sell tempura (shrimp dumplings), gyoza (vegetable patties, a little like latkes), fried chicken, fried (albeit often uncooked) rice, and eggrolls. Best to get the stuff (3 tempura or gyoza for a buck, eggrolls 85¢, various combinations) with soy sauce. And of course, there are assorted fruits and nuts, selling same. Rarely any bargains there. And Anita (remember her?) seems to be losing out, as fresh-squeezed oj stands are popping up, for breakfast etc. (God knows how much they're asking for that, but based on the egg cream estimate, it's probably not cheap).

On to non-edibles. Best flower bargains are, believe it or not, near the library, on the west side of 5th at 40th. I also found an inexpensive floral vendor once at 44th and Mad. The one on my corner, 40th and Mad, is relatively expensive given the crap he sells. And in my opinion, the \$1 rose guy on 32nd, on the way back to Penn, is a tourist trap. Flower stands are not like newsstands, which have no choice but to charge the price on the tabloids. However, there is a 25¢ paperback book seller also on 32nd. The catch is that the front covers are torn off. There must be a rule that they have to be off or something to sell that cheap...Artwork is bigger downtown or in the Village, but lithographs and the like make their way to midtown occasionally. Watch out, though, for ceramics...My closest "friend" among vendors is the 50¢ necklace guy on 6th and 32nd, across from Greeley Square. Tourist areas like 42nd and Penn always have something interesting to offer in the way of jewelry too (necklaces, earrings, belts...). For those who like clothing (predominantly for women), Madison Ave. and 42nd St. have bargains on Indian stuff (tops \$4, skirts \$5), sun dresses (OSFA), handbags, purses, combs, mirrors, sunglasses--even umbrellas. Not to be confused with Oriental parasols sold on 34th

**"go directly to next page"**

(large \$10, small \$7). The vendor I stopped (I made sure I sought out the only one who appeared to actually be Oriental) told me in broken English, "Handmade. Ten and seven. Rice paper and bamboo." Real sturdy...don't take it out in the rain...

But, by far, the biggest non-food item on the streets these days is the Rubik's Cube. Cubes average \$3 for the "regular" size, and smaller version, which can be used as key chains, go for an average of \$2. Yes, you can buy them "solved"--most are sold that way. Steer away from 42nd St. vendors, who tend to be higher-priced. 34th is your best bet here, especially afternoon rush hours. Between 5th and 6th, on either side of the street. Cubes come with the "traditional" colors or with numbers, pictures, dots--even in a different shape (Rubik's "Cylinders" sell for \$3.50 at Penn).

To a smaller extent, services are sold. I wasn't really speaking of religious services, although I think June and July are "Jews for Jesus" months (see FIGHT BACK) and I've seen more and more Black Muslims with incense; the biggest service sold in midtown NY (okay, second biggest, but you're thinking of the west side of 42nd, and I'm not too up on that area since I stopped taking the bus) would still appear to be shoe shines (with blood pressure at Penn taking a close second). Sidewalk musicians, magicians, mimes, and even non-"m" acts still debut around large gathering places like the Empire State Building, the library (which has virtually a free show every day in the summer) and Bryant Park. One guy on 34th has strung together garbage can lids and other metallic matter and beats it all like drums. And receives payment in his hat.

Alas, however, my favorite dream vendor has not yet come to be. Now, if they could take that prime product of the "Bagel Buddy" stands on Park Avenue in the 25th Street vicinity, and combine it with those tantalizing aromas coming out of Sbarro's, the resulting genuine, NY-style PIZZA BURGERS would give Chipwich a run for its money! Oh, well, someone's bound to think of it.

## FIGHT BACK!

Reaction to the first installment was mixed--some people were put off (for the most part, I don't think those folks work in The City...the actual bums are more offensive than anything one could write about them), some were enthused. To those angered--GOOD, anger is a very energetic emotion, and it proves you're alive. To the latter--so, have you been using the rebuttal slips? That's what they're made for. By the way, I neglected to suggest last time that when you do hand out these statements to the vagabonds, a proper verbal accompaniment might be, "Have a nice day"...I haven't too much detail, since I shy away from biased media news coverage, but I know there's a fellow, either on the loose or recently captured, known as the "Skid Row Slasher". He would sneak up behind bums and vagrants, usually while these filthpots slept in ways of public passage, and maim them. Although I have since heard, from a semi-reliable source, that the cops did have him for a murder rap (another theory shot to hell!), these initial "slashings" involved no serious injuries--and the man had been in a position to kill at those times, if he so desired. Police, as usual, were baffled. I wasn't. I thought it was pretty easy to figure out...

The Supreme Court recently, in a rare fit of intelligence, handed down a decision which would all but outlaw solicitations by religious fanatics in public places. As to how effective implementation of this decision will be we have yet to see, but Hare Krishnas seem to have laid off this area, at least for the time being. Jews for Jesus have not. Since JJs ask for no money but simply shove their propagandistic bullshit in people's faces, they're not "soliciting". Uh-huh. Why do I feel such a great desire to FIGHT BACK against these mindless Moonie-esque morons and their monkeyshines? I guess it's just a tendency of mine to rebel against illogic, no matter how much pap it may contain. To explain--It's like this: If you are "for" Christ (and I'm making no value judgments here), you are a Christian. Get it? Elementary word derivation. And if you're a Christian, you're not a Jew, right? Trouble is, too many personal things get in the way, and I haven't come up with anything clever enough to put in a rebuttal slip or thwart these heathens with. I'll need your help. Somehow, tearing up the pamphlets and handing them back doesn't seem enough. So send all your suggestions to "The Hell with JJs", c/o this paper, I'll correlate responses, and we should have a nice nasty answer to these hypocritical namby-pambys next month...Oh, and I'm still comparison-pricing my promised HELLO, I AM DEAF. COULD YOU PLEASE TURN DOWN YOUR RADIO SO I CAN HEAR AGAIN? business cards, and will get either 500 or 1000--will probably sell at 10¢ apiece, more details to come in future issues...

# T.M.O-ZONE

by Morgan La Fey

(This here's Morgan's equivalent of FIGHT BACK, I s'pose. Now let's face it, why should we have to put up with these kinds of people anyway? So let's all write nasty things about them and make ourselves feel superior and swell...Oh, within is a reference to "Scott Gordons"--Scott is a UFS cast member; the rest is self-explanatory...)

As I travel through life, I find many things that please me, but many more things that TICK ME OFF! Some may call me a pessimist, and maybe I am, but here's an example below--just see if you don't agree.

## People that TICK ME OFF:

Hypers - These people just can't sit still. They insist on tapping and swinging their feet, slapping their hands on a table, or unmercifully beating a pencil or some small object constantly, driving you slowly insane.

Gross-Outs - These people do some pretty sick things at the dinner table - while you're still eating! They either pick their teeth with a matchbook cover, clean their nails with a key, or pick their nose for dessert.

Scott Gordons - These people never have enough to eat. As soon as your meal is served, these people say, "Oh, do you want that pickle?" or, "You don't really want that cake, do you?" These people should order plates of pickles, toast, and french fries, 'cause that's what they bug everyone else for.

Birds - These people make most hearty eaters sick. They eat one french fry, and a bite of hamburger, then say, "Boy, am I stuffed - I couldn't eat another bite!" No human being could eat like that and survive, so my guess is they eat like PIGS in secret, and are ready to puke when mealtime comes. Birds and Scott Gordons would be very happy together.

Senile Singers - These people really annoy me. They sing a song off-key, and screw up every single line, putting in stupid words for the ones they don't know. These people think they're Billy Joel, but should take a hint from the humming bird - "If you don't know the words, HUM!"

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## EXPOSÉ by "Maggie K."

by Margaret Kuczynski

Not too long ago, I took a trip to Misadventure Park. Since the last time, I hadn't been in the safari park, so I went in. While I was inside the lion section, the park closed. Here I was, locked inside with the animals. I began to wander around. I soon stumbled upon a family of wild cats. I froze with fear. In my fear, I thought I was hearing things. I heard a high-pitched laugh. I looked around, and before my eyes stood a group of midgets. I had a rather long conversation and discovered the secret of Misadventure Park--the safari animals are not really animals!

"It all began one rainy night," said Iam Short. "We saw a flock of frightened animals stampede out of here. We were seeking shelter from the rain, so we stopped here. We thought we'd found the Monkees Convention because all we could see in Misadventure Park were monkeys. The made us welcome and let us stay the night. In the morning, Miss Adventure, the owner of the park, was left with a problem. She had no animals, so she asked us to substitute for them. We were low on money, so we agreed. The job is easy, we are well-paid and are fed well also. We are very happy here--the people like us, believe in us, so we have stayed."

After this discovery, I was dumbfounded. What can be said of a world which passes off midgets as animals? Mighty strange. Until the next exposé, this is Maggie K., signing off...

TV TIP: NEW YORK AREA FOLKS - CATCH  
"THE RICHARD SIMMONS SHOW" 9AM, CHANNEL 7, WABC -  
anyone want to write a review?

# TAKONE

by "Rockin'" Sue Rosner

Buy token 75¢ start here →	You wait less than 10 min. for train Go ahead 4	You get pushed onto tracks lose turn while MDs at Bellevue perform microsurgery	You find seafalming rush hour go ahead 6	Chain gets ripped off lose turn	You board train with A/C & it's not even December! Ahead 3
Penn station	<p>The <u>Subway Game</u> is relatively easy to play. All you need is <u>one</u> die &amp; some markers to use as playing pieces. The idea of the game is to be the first player to arrive at Penn station. You must land on Penn station on an exact roll.</p> <p>The other way to win is by landing on the bonus square.</p> <p>Thank you for playing &amp; arrive home safely.</p> <p>Sue Rosner Linda Herskovic</p> <p>(ED: Thanks to Sue and her friend Linda for this piece of "art" (?)...Also, while I'm on the subject, thanks to Sue and her sister Frieda, and of course to the "birthday girl" Maria V., for such a great time before the Moody Blues concert on July 14th...Hey Sue, how are the jeans? Let's walk back up the street, I saw 3 I liked...Someone lost a shoe...Gimme my dollar back...Five! No, six, aren't you counting?...I'm a scalper...It's \$12 inside!...Safety pins!...I always wanted to go to a peep show...Seven!...)</p>				Train gets stalled Go back to start
Lose turn partying with pet smoking passengers					Conductor makes announcement & you can't understand it! Ahead 3
Guy boards train w/ portable disco lose turn while you do B train boogie					#1 Cop is on your train Go ahead 2
Express train doesn't close door in your face when you change from local. Ahead 3					Derelict falls asleep on you lose turn while you try to wake him Rare goes up again Go back 1
Train has no brakes A/C is graffiti ree					Lights go out go back 1
Win game Guardian angels on board Ahead 3					Pervert rubs against you to get away Go ahead 2 or go back 3 if you enjoy it
Passengers on either side of you blow smoke in your face lose turn to choke	Normal person smiles at you Ahead 3	Subway preacher on your train lose turn while you pray he goes away	Nasty train sounds better than boring radio Ahead 3	You board graffiti free train Ahead 7	

# Open Your EARS by Jerry Rubino taken from the SECAUCUS HOME NEWS

## SOMEWHERE IN THE SWAMPS OF JERSEY

Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band  
Sunday, July 5, 1981

By Jerry Rubino

Of course by now you know Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band: Miami Van Zandt (guitar), Clarence Clemons (saxophone/tambourine), Garry Tallant (bass), Danny Federici (organ), Roy Bittan (piano), and Max Weinberg (drums), opened up the Meadowlands (O.K., Brendan Byrne) Arena in East Rutherford. Looking forward to seeing an extravagant venue (which I did) and anticipating what kind of a show Bruce and the guys would bring to their homeland, I saw what I expected and a few extras to boot.

It all started around 9:02, around fifteen minutes later than the previous nights. With the first few notes out of Springsteen's harmonica and Bittan's piano on "Thunder Road," the crowd of 20,000 plus were up and going to it. Over the next hour the first set was split up between the *Darkness* and *River* lps. Also included were a stunning version of Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Who'll Stop The Rain," and truthfully, a rather unlively standard, "This Land Is Your Land." There also was as of yet, I believe, an unrecorded track called "Trapped." The band mellowed out a few times with the title tracks of the last two albums along with "Factory" and "Independence Day." Things then picked up with "Prove It All Night," "Ties That Bind," "Two Hearts," "The Promised Land," "Out In The Street," all scattered throughout the set which closed out with "Badlands."

After about a forty minute break, Bruce and company fired out four *River* cuts: "You Can Look But You Better Not Touch," "Cadillac Ranch," "Sherry Darling," and "Hungry Heart." The first two, which on



### WELCOME BRUCE!

vinyl are short punching rockers, were really simmered down; that didn't make them as dynamic. Near the close of "Sherry Darling," Bruce pulled up on stage a "big" female fan and danced away with her until sending her back with a big smooch. Most of the night the crowd sang right along with Bruce, but for "Hungry Heart," which has been getting a big crowd reaction all over the world on their tour, the audience sang the entire first verse without him, proving how good of a sing-a-long tune it is.

Next, starting with an extended bass intro by Tallant, they performed "Fire." "Fire" was written by Bruce, but so far has really only been made popular on record by Robert Gordon and The Pointer Sisters. During the break in the song, Bruce and Clarence humored the crowd with some keen antics. "Jole Blon" followed, a song that, of course, appears on the latest Gary U.S. Bonds album, co-sung by Bruce. The prior night, Bonds came out on stage, fortunately, tonight he didn't. A good crowd reaction came from a slick version of Tom Waits' "Jersey Girl." "Racing In The Street," "Ramrod," and "Rosalita" took out the second and last regular set. During "Racing" a firework went off and following the song Bruce gave a serious speech on firework hazards and said strongly, "if I find out who set off the fireworks, I'll ask them never to come to another one of my shows." A thunderous ovation followed.

For the first encore, which actually got under way on Monday morning, as soon as Federici came out with his accordion and Miami Steve with an acoustic guitar, you could sense what was next. From *The Wild, The Innocent, And The E Street* album came "4th Of July, Asbury Park (Sandy)." Bruce changed the lyrics referring to the Hell's Angels as well as forgetting some of the regular ones. Perhaps the highlight of the evening was "Jungleland." Miami Steve let loose one of the best leads I've ever heard or seen him do, and was later matched with a biting sax solo by "The Big Man." The band then exits after "Jungleland" and within a few moments all the house lights go on. But no, the show isn't over. Out come the band and perform a wild version of "Born To Run." Closing out the entire deal was an extended "Devil With The Blue Dress" medley, with "Shake," and "Sweet Soul Music" thrown in for a little more diversity.

After nearly three hours of music the crowd departed, most of them not knowing what hit them, but all with smiles on their faces. Like usual, Bruce had total control of the audience with mostly everyone standing and repeating his moves. Although it doesn't seem that Springsteen moves around as much as he used to (he also gets older too, ya know), he still raced around enough to generate excitement. One favorable asset they possess is a slight change of show repertoires from night to night. All together, the band proved they could do no wrong.

### Go For It

Stiff Little Fingers  
(Chrysalis Records)

Wow, this album is hot! Whether on vinyl or on tape, it's with me wherever I go. I can't get enough. Out of Belfast, Ireland, these guys can rock like a bomb exploded, and also simmer down a little, just to watch the smoke clear, only to strike again.

*Go For It* is their third lp and follows in the same suit as *Inflammable Material* and *Nobody's Heroes*. To pick out a favorite cut is nearly impossible. "Roots, Radicals, Rockers and Reggae" gets things started off crazy, continuing through with "Just Fade Away" and "Kicking Up A Racket." "The Only One" and "Safe As Houses" are acceptable reggae, and the instrumental title track churns through and just takes off. Jake Burns' aggressive vocalizing makes you agree he means what he says.

The brightest spot and most amusing track is undoubtedly the snappy, toe-tapping, rockabillyish "Gate 49." Sung by rhythm guitarist Henry Cluney, it's constantly running around my head, especially with its catchy lyrics.

Despite a few problems at their recent gig at Hittsville, they pulled through fine. I mean, my kidneys were about to let loose but I was enjoying myself to much to relieve them, not until those house lights went on anyhow. Then I ran. Oh, by the way, where was "Alternative Ulster" anyway?

*Journeys To Glory*  
Spandau Ballet  
(Chrysalis Records)

Hook-laden electronic keyboard work, and dance floor standards; that's the main assets for this five-man British group. Spandau Ballet play good rock-disco, so good that you should ease a little bit on your disco sucks movement.

The basic beat supplied by bassist Martin Kemp and drummer John Keeble is perfectly carried out with the provoking frontal riffs from guitarist Steve Norman, and most majestic from Gary Kemp and Tony Hadley on synthesizers. To top it off, strongly dignified vocals from Hadley. "To Cut a Long Story Short," the lp's opener, is the immediate clinker with nothing but excellence following it. Pick it up, give it a spin, and dance!

Jerry Rubino

(continued somewhere else)

This is dedicated to

HARRY CHAPIN

# REVIOOSE

## ELECTRIC PETE COMIX

a review by Steven Scharff

"Comic books are for kids!"  
"Underground comix are trash!"  
"It's all the same old stuff!"

Bullshit.

Comics (especially underground comix) are on the upswing. In fact, there is a new breed of Comix on the market.

These are cartoonists who write, draw, publish and sell their own comix, free from overground (DC, Marvel) or underground (Krupp, Last Gasp). For the sake of names, these "brave pioneers" are part of the "newave" movement.

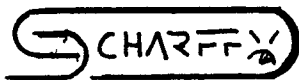
The comix are anything from folded 8½ x 11 sheets from an instant copy printer, to oversized slick publications.

One of the best examples is "Electric Pete Comix". Published by Pete Silvia from Newark, NJ, all four issues are filled with more honest laughter and spontaneity than you'll ever find in any single issue of either "MAD" or "National Lampoon".

In "EPC", you'll be treated to...  
...the Star Pals from planet Fred...  
...Bum Willie of Newark...  
...the pinheads of Paul Carvalho...  
...excellent short stories by Anne Goodwin...  
...Lumbo Lenny (a blonde Netto\*)...  
...a funny animal parody of Star Trek...  
...the further adventures of Electric Pete and Acoustic Paul...  
...etc., etc., etc.!

\$3.50 for the whole lot from Pete Silvia, Box 962, Newark, NJ 07101.

And if your interests in underground and newave comix has been stimulated, you may be interested in COMIX WORLD. The Wall Street Journal of the comix scene. A sample copy of the newsletter, a sample eight-pager, and an info sheet on the newsletter can be had for \$1 and a SASE from COMIX WORLD, c/o Clay Geereds, Box 7801, Berkeley, CA, 94707.



(\*Netto" is a cast member on UFS.)

UNACCEPTABLE...

is the ad for the recent Ramones concert which says,

"If you have to sit down and think about it, go somewhere else."

# mooveeze

SUPERMAN II--Far superior to the first. Faithful in premise to the comix, this sequel delves more into characters, philosophy, extremes...Great effects. You've probably seen it already anyway.  
\*\*\*\*

CLASH OF THE TITANS--Worth it for Ray Harryhausen's creations and Harry Hamlin's body. No acting, bad script (written by a woman--argh!), and a mechanical owl named Bubo makes it even stupider. But harmless--you can't see this with high expectations in the first place. Come prepared to pay "which movie are they stealing from now?"\*†

DRAGONSLAYER--Gory for Disney, trite (?) for Paramount. Ralph Richardson is excellent and plausible, the female characters are much more interesting than the male ones, and the effects are neat here too. Much more fantasy-oriented, though simplistic.\*†

STRIPES--Bill Murray is childlike fun, as usual, and Second City Television fans have a real treat in store. Those bound to compare it to Private Benjamin will probably find the latter all-around better done, but comedy fans, especially slapstick aficionados, will like this well enough.\*\*\*

THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER--Again you'll find yourself saying, "How the hell do they do it?" Not as punny as the first, but the extravagant production numbers more than make up for it. Charles Grodin is perfect as the "villain". Cameo by the real Jim Henson, too.\*\*\*\*

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK--Except for Ernest Borgnine's contribution to the total detriment of credibility and wife Adrienne Barbeau busting out all over as usual, John Carpenter's latest is magnificent. The tight "you-are-there" camera shots and intricate script should make this the suspense thriller of the year. Kurt Russell shines as a hood-turned-hero with the unlikely name of "Snake" Plissken. Surprise ending, too. Lotsa gore, nonegratuitous.  
\*\*\*†

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK--Reviewed in last month's issue. Everything and more.\*\*\*\*

POLYESTER--Reviewed in last month's issue. Hilarious soap farce. Better than Serial, which I adored.\*\*\*\*

# SONGS\*POETRY:

## GETTING REAL FAMOUS (REAL SOON)

(from the album, "What Is Gonna Happen To Them", by Bill-Dale Marcinko, on Millard Fillmore Records, copyright 1981)

I dropped out after a year at college  
And the girl I loved didn't want to be my wife  
I lost my job, and I lost my sense of purpose  
And I'm getting real tired of my life

But I'm getting famous Real famous  
I'm getting real famous Real soon

I guess I'm a pretty ordinary person  
I never really stood out in the crowd  
I'm not what you would call that handsome  
But things are gonna turn around now

I'm getting real famous  
Getting real famous / Real famous  
I'm getting real famous one day

I went down to the local pawn shop  
And bought myself a .22 pistol  
It's the second gun I bought this month  
And no one has even noticed it

Now all I have to do is point it--  
And before you know, I'm on tv  
My picture will be in the Daily News  
But who- who- who- am I gonna shoot?

Maybe I'll pick a President  
Carter or Reagan, they are all fine  
Elephant, donkey, it makes no difference  
My interests they cut across partisan lines

I could slay an idealistic civil rights leader  
I could slaughter the star of a prime time  
sit com  
I could lay out for good a famous rock star  
Just as long as he's larger than life  
And I can have a bit of his light

What's a guy to blame  
Wanting some second-hand fame  
They cry about how awful  
But they always remember your name

"Yes, yes, yes, he was a nice man  
He seemed like a model citizen  
He was a member of the Lions Club  
Now, what was it you said about him?"

Okay, okay, so I ain't a great singer  
I don't think I'm gonna be a star  
But Chapman got Lennon, jumped on the stage  
with him  
And for that minute, flew just as far

They're gonna be sorry they forgot my name  
They're gonna be sorry I didn't fit  
They're gonna be sorry they never liked me  
They're gonna be sorry they treated me like  
shit

I'm gonna show you ALL--  
I'm not a goddam number  
I'm gonna make you see  
My life is important  
My life is mine!!!!

I'm gonna get real famous real soon  
Gonna get famous real soon  
Real soon -- Real soon -- Real soon (FADE)

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## NATURE'S CONQUERER

by Morgan La Fey

To count the stars among the clouds,  
And find my destiny there,  
To soar above the ocean wide,  
And dive so close if I dare.

To stand atop the highest peak,  
And humble at the sights,  
To fly so near the orange sun,  
And not be blinded by the light.

Such are challenges put to us,  
And many will try and fall,  
But to try and fail at all of these things,  
Will be to conquer them all.

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## WHAT IS GONNA HAPPEN TO THEM?

(from the album, "What Is Gonna Happen To Them", by Bill-Dale Marcinko, on Millard Fillmore Records, copyright 1980)

Love if you know how  
Dance while you can  
You'll have to acquiesce yourself  
To the final destruction of man

Living for lust  
Fighting for space  
Faith without trust  
Lives without grace

I have dreams  
Of clockwork machines  
Walking in the shoes  
That were meant for people

How can you live  
When you are a disgrace  
When you love without faith  
And you live without grace

What is gonna happen to them?  
What is gonna happen to them?  
They're gonna die.

Nevertheless...heroic  
The species called man  
They may be hopeless  
But they'll fight if they can

What is gonna happen to them?  
What is gonna happen to them?

What is gonna happen to them?  
What is gonna happen to them?

They're gonna try.

# METAPHORICALLY speaking

by Sue Kaufmann

From the hollow halls of Shea Stadium...  
...the quiet corners of the baseball diamond...  
...a crowded suite at the Doral Inn...

Yes, we have no baseball. As though you didn't already know, America's national pastime went on strike on Friday, June 12, 1981, a day which will live in infamy. The item of dispute is compensation; the act of giving a player of equal skill to a team which has lost a player to free agency. I don't want to take sides (they both stink), but for the benefit of the disgruntled negotiators, I'd like to offer a few compensation suggestions:

- Commercial compensation - Let's say Reggie Jackson decides to become a free agent at the end of the 1981 "season". He would then be obligated to make commercials in his Yankee uniform, and all residuals would go to the Yanks. Money-hungry owners like George Steinbrenner would be ecstatic.

- Human sacrifice - it speaks for itself.

- The Al Albert decision - this local sportscaster has suggested that as compensation, a player should give to his former team his first-born son.

I'm tired of hearing that every player deserves the money he makes. Sure, Pete Rose deserves every penny he's paid, he earns it; but don't tell me that Mike Cuddage is worth \$1 million for three years. Who's Mike Cuddage? Exactly, my point.

Hey, is there a chance that "Bob" of the Church of the SubGenius can help these numbskull negotiators?

During the strike, many teams have sent their broadcasting crews to their minor league affiliates. Naturally the Yankees and Mets sent their press box jox down to the farms just in time for the Tidewater (Mets) v. Columbus (Yanks) series. Regardless of the results, the broadcasting was loose and entertaining. When Phil Rizzuto didn't know how to pronounce a name, he simply yelled to the Met crew, "How do you say that guy's name?" The play-by-play/comedy team of Art Shamsky (he of the '69 Mets) and Steve Albert (he of the famous Albert family) raved over the talents of outfielder Mike "Mad Dog" Howard, who makes diving catches like Ron Swoboda, and first baseman Ronald "Big Mac" McDonald, who does, in fact, like hamburgers.

Picket lines - Yankee relief pitcher Ron Davis is getting through the strike as a waiter at Oren & Aretsky's, a famous New York dinery, while the Mets; Rusty Staub greets patrons at his own restaurant, Rusty's. Detroit Tiger Richie Hebner is helping his father dig graves back home, and Doug Flynn of the Mets has been touring the nation as a back-up singer for Loretta Lynn.

Want to get rid of Steinbrenner? I've found that many Yankee fans aren't too fond of George, so I've come up with a plan. Each annoyed fan should send five dollars to me, in care of IJ. Once we get enough cash, we'll buy out Steinbrenner, unless (*former UFS cast member*) David Burd has already thought it up.

That's about it for now, but I'll leave you with one last thought - if there's a garbage strike, does that mean we don't get any junk mail?

See you in the box scores!

## YANKEE TRIVIA

by Wayne Hastrup

JULY: 1. On July 1st of 1941, Joe DiMaggio ties another player's major league record for consecutive game hitting streak. Whose record did he tie, how many games, and against which team was it hit? 2. In 1939, a crowd of 61,808 people attend a doubleheader to honor a Hall of Fame first baseman. Who was honored, and what team was the game against? 3. Babe Ruth hits his 700th home run. Against what team, and did the Yankees win? 4. Joe DiMaggio's hitting streak was stopped by grounding into a double play. Against what team were they playing, how many games did he hit in, and did they win? 5. The Boston Massacre, between the Yanks and Red Sox, was caused by another player trying to get home on a suicide squeeze. Who started the brawl (2 players), how close was the game, what inning, was the Yankee safe or out, what is the date? (answers on page 16)



# IJ SPORTS SPECIAL:

## Interview With *Richie Cunningham*

(On July 12, 1981, *INSIDE JOKE* staff writers Sue Kaufmann and Margaret Kuczynski interviewed Richie Cunningham, the self-appointed "fan representative" to the major league baseball negotiations. Elizabeth native Richie has been working hard at getting recognition for us, the fans of baseball, and his efforts have brought him national attention. On this night, Richie brought along his adorable two-year-old son and shared his story honestly and quite openly. *IJ* hopes all interested fans will take some time and try to fill out Richie's petition, found on the back page of this issue.)

*IJ:* So, you've been picketing outside the Doral Inn. How many others have shown up to give you support?

*RC:* Well, the most I've had that I could keep track of is 180. Roughly between 180 and 200.

*IJ:* How are passers-by treating you and supporters?

*RC:* Oh, great, really great! I was surprised myself, being in NY, people are crazy, you know, but they've been good. I might have had one or two that weren't too good. But out of the majority they've been good.

*IJ:* Why did you take it upon yourself to take action against the strike?

*RC:* Well, I didn't hear anyone else do it so I figured I might as well do it myself.

*IJ:* What do you hope to gain from your actions?

*RC:* Well, more or less the recognition for the fans from the owners and players, mostly the owners. Now, as I heard yesterday, I spoke to Ken Moffett, he's the federal mediator, he says they don't give one damn about the fans.

*IJ:* The owners don't care?

*RC:* No, they don't, and people don't realize that.

*IJ:* Have you heard that Len Berman on Channel 2 News had an idea that for every day of the strike that we should boycott one game?

*RC:* No, that's letting them off too easily. If we stayed away, once they re-start the season and next season, that would be a blow to them. They would lose a lot of money financially. By me trying to get all the signatures I could--just say if I get 3 million or even 4 million--and say one million don't go, it's gonna be a shot in the arm to some of the owners, losing money. You figure a ticket goes for \$7 today, an average ticket in a ballpark, and \$4 the minimum ticket. Someone's gonna lose 4 million dollars and it's gonna be one of the owners and it's gonna hurt him and they don't like to lose money at all.

*IJ:* Do you figure that a lot of people will sign and then actually go through with it.

*RC:* Oh yeah, you really have to be out there with me to realize what people are going through. I've spoken to thousands of people. If what happened this year happens next year, the year after that, and the year after that,...the players could walk out every year and the owners could prolong it.

*IJ:* Do you think the owners are prolonging it purposely?

*RC:* The owners? Yes, now I do. I didn't before. I think they are because I've been in the press conferences and stuff. I see what goes on (which the public is not allowed in to see it) so I get it just the way it comes in. You get it differently from the media and stuff. Right now they are trying to break the union. Any time you try to break the union, you might as well forget it. This strike can go for so long because, I'll tell you, the players gave in the other night to a proposal handed down by the owners, ok? They gave in and the owners turn around and answer saying that "we'll come back Saturday" (7/11) and I can't understand. It's like me saying to you, "let's be on this guy's team," I hand you an agreement, you say "yeah," sign it, and then say, "no, I don't wanna." First you're telling me yeah, then you're telling me no. They're just pushing the issue more and more now, so it's going to be a long strike. The longer it goes, the more it jeopardizes the season, let alone the All-Star game.

*IJ:* Well, the All-Star game is down the tubes now.

*RC:* Well, they could re-schedule it for the 30th of the month. I have heard the owners don't want to if the season doesn't resume in two weeks. The owners want to forget the All-Star game. The players don't, because they'll lose out on their pension fund. It's a little clause, but they'll argue over it. It's only down to one little issue to the owners but it's something big to the players 'cause they're losing a lot of money in the pension. This could prolong the strike.

*IJ:* Do you feel you've been getting media attention?

*RC:* You tell me.

*IJ:* I don't think so.

*RC:* Right now I do, but as this goes on longer and longer...I only started three weeks ago. How many people in that time can be in every paper across the country? I've been on national television, radio stations--four of the biggest radio stations in the country, probably, ABC, NBC, NEW, JDM. It takes a lot, I'll tell you. You try getting on one of those.

*IJ:* Yeah, well I haven't really seen too much of you on tv. I've seen you a couple of times...

*RC:* I was on WABC. Richie Powers, Channel 7, interviewed me. I don't know if you saw that, where I got to talk to the public and stuff, that went across country. I can't call people and say "hey look, I'm going to be on tv," I just don't have the time. It's the people who have to be watching. If you missed it, that doesn't mean that there weren't a few million people out there who saw it. Know what I'm saying? So, that was good.

*IJ:* How do you think the strike will affect the baseball business in terms of attendance and fan interest?

*RC:* Right now, I'll tell you, people are saying they'll run right back. People are more or less writing off the season. Who wants to see a season with 100 games when the season consists of 162 games or so? They want to see a whole season, they're gonna sit home and watch the tv, they aren't going to waste time going to the ballparks this season. They will probably go back next season if the strike was to end in, say, the middle of August. But attendance will drop.

*IJ:* How has each side of the strike reacted to your movement?

*RC:* The players love it; they think it's great. Marvin Miller, the players' representative, I've talked to him a few times, he said that any help I need to just call him. I have his number, he has my number. Really, there's not much he could do, he's right in the middle between me and the owners. He's more or less politics and we're not. So I wouldn't want him to get involved, but the owners...I spoke to Grebey, the owners' rep., and he doesn't care one bit about me. He's expressed that he doesn't even want to talk to me. He must know what I'm doing, people have mentioned it to him, he's seen my petition.

*IJ:* What areas of the country have you heard from?

*RC:* California, Arizona, Milwaukee, Boston, Kansas City, Florida, Baltimore, Alabama--all over.

*IJ:* Have you heard from other organizers like yourself?

*RC:* Yes, I have, but I can't go with those people, we all have different ideas. I have to stick with my idea, because I have a goal and I have to go and get it. Where these other people's ideas are good, but they're just crazy. Some people go on hunger strikes and stuff that ain't gonna do any good, they die. They'll be forgotten really quick but with what I'm doing I wouldn't be forgotten, it could go on forever.

*IJ:* Have you read about some guy in Baltimore, the "Fan Organization"?

*RC:* No, but I probably will in the next week, 'cause my petition is out there now and they'll probably get a hold of it. I'm gonna have to wait it out. The L.A. Times is going to distribute my petition, so that's good. The Daily Journal has been really good to me. They've run the most articles on me than they have ever on anyone before, they said.

*IJ:* It's basically because you're the "hometown boy making good," getting somewhere...So, where do we go from here?

*RC:* Right now, I'm waiting for all my signatures [to be] returned. The paper is going to write a story saying that the owners don't care, that's what they need. They need bad publicity, everything [according to them] is good, good, so let's give them something bad for once. Once I get on tv again, I'm gonna tell the fans that the owners don't care. All the fans do think that the owners care and the players care. They don't. They are just worried about their money now.

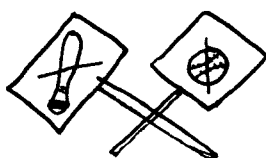
*IJ:* Do you think it's all the owners?

*RC:* The majority. Well, Steinbrenner said he can end this, but he's more or less one owner trying to speak out over the rest of the owners. I found out in NY, the other owners don't like him.

*IJ:* I don't think his wife likes him!

*RC:* He's got a big mouth, whatever he says in the papers, just ignore him. It's not him that's important, it's all 26 that are important.

*IJ:* I heard Steinbrenner on *Face the Nation* with Rusty Staub.



(continued on next page)

(by Jerry R.)

**Spirit Of St. Louis**  
Ellen Foley  
(Epic/Cleveland  
International)

After a promising debut record, *Nightout*, it now seems Ellen Foley is suffering from lack of sleep. *Spirit Of St. Louis* is a total turnabout from its predecessor. What was once blistering, is now mostly pure sappiness.

With the good, wild voice Ellen possesses it makes me wonder why nothing close to that appears here. Instead, she opts for tamer rockers and unlively ballads. ("Don't Let Go," a ballad, was the only song I disliked on the first lp.) Even a few reckless rockers might have made this a worthwhile outing. But the only songs saving this from being a total washout are the self-penned "Phases of Travel," "M.P.H." and a trade-off duet with beau, Clashman Mick Jones on "Torchlight." (You must not forget the great job they did on the Clash's *Sandinista!* with "Hitsville U.K.") Like I wrote in my *Sandinista!* review, she should've included it here instead.

Appearing here, taking care of the musicianship are fellow Clashers Strummer, Headon, and Simonon, as well as Blockheads Mickey Gallagher and Davey Payne. Because of this fact, as well as having half the tunes written by Strummer-Jones, and three by Clash friend Tymon Dogg, do you think some of these are *Sandinista!* throwaways?

As for Ellen's next offering, she's already trying to get things together. I just hope she bounces back and once again tears up the grooves.

**Modern Times**  
Jefferson Starship  
(RCA Records)

The next time you get terribly mad at someone or something, make sure you have a copy of the new Starship album around. This is the perfect piece of material to smash to pieces and take your frustrations out on. But that's only if you haven't put the hammer to it after listening to it. It's a poor excuse for rock and roll. What a waste!

**Reckoning**  
Grateful Dead  
(Arista Records)

After a good night's sleep I get set to listen to the latest offering from the band that just doesn't want to leave (shucks!). *Reckoning* is a two record set of acoustic songs recorded from their San Francisco and New York shows of 1980.

I've listened already to a side and a half, and already the eyelids start to weaken. I'm getting restless. Are these all one song cut up so the band can breathe? This just doesn't seem like a good..... (sorry, nodded off for a second) idea. Nothing but acoustic cuts are simply boring. Believe me, when I hear a Grateful Dead track I like, I'll shout it to the world.

Of course, nothing different for the rest of the lp. Time to file it away. And to think there will be another Dead album on the way shortly. Electric cuts recorded at those same shows, ceech!

I really don't know if a true Deadhead can honestly say that this album is great, flawless, and most of all, not boring. It really doesn't seem possible. If you can honestly say that, you must be a true Deadhead in every aspect, and own *only* Grateful Dead records. It just doesn't make it in my book. Jerry Rubino

## New Wave Top 20

(as of July 14)

by Jerry Rubino

1. NEW TOY - Lene Lovich
2. PLANET EARTH - Duran Duran
3. SOUND OF THE CROWD - Human League
4. STAND AND DELIVER - Adam & the Ants
5. THE JEZEBEL SPIRIT - Byrne & Eno
6. STRAY CAT STRUT - Stray Cats
7. THW FLOWERS OF ROMANCE - Public Image
8. HUNGRY, SO ANGRY - Medium Medium
9. POCKET CALCULATOR - Kraftwerk
10. FASCIST GROOVE THING - Heaven 17
11. KICK IN THE EYE - Bauhaus
12. ANTMUSIC - Adam & the Ants
13. DUMB WAITERS - Psychedelic Furs
14. W.O.R.K. - Bow Wow Wow
15. GLOW - Spandau Ballet
16. THE COOL OUT - The Clash
17. MYSELF TO MYSELF - Romeo Void
18. CARELESS MEMORIES - Duran Duran
19. PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIG BAG - Pig Bag
20. ROCK THIS TOWN - Stray Cats

(This music countdown can be heard weekly on WNYU-FM, 89.1, Wednesday nights at 8:00-9:30.)

## Fanchub Noose

With the second demise of my favorite show, The Paper Chase (actually, it's become a little less favored since I began work at the appellate printer), this time off public television, I'm determined to keep my TOM FITZSIMMONS FAN CLUB alive. So, if anyone can give me any information at all about TF, like what the hell he's doing now, just who is he anyway, why he's so anonymous and so good-looking, please forward me the information...WAYNE HASTRUP has once again changed the title of his UFS fan newsletter. As some Floydies may recall, it began in July of '80 as The Fan Club Press, then changed to The Register that November. Now Wayne has adopted the name On The Press, and is now the only UFS publication from Roselle Park, as least as far as anyone knows or cares...Further information on PAUL BRUKER's BEATLES newsletter: It's called "WHAT GOES ON", and is going for \$8 for 4 (quarterly, obviously) issues, plus monthly updates. Write to Paul or his sis DONNA at P.O. Box 805, Ridgefield, NJ 07657...oops, looking back, I see I forgot to include Wayne's address, sorry--he's at 385 West Webster Avenue in Roselle Park, NJ 07204...

(EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS to Margaret for transcribing this a SECOND TIME when I lost it at Madison Square Garden...)

RC: Yeah, you could see that they were ready to go at it. He's [Steinbrenner's] a liar, he's a born liar. Rusty Staub was telling the truth all the way, and he's just the little man in there where Steinbrenner's the big one. Steinbrenner is trying to break the union, they are, but Staub can't come right out and call him a liar, they would have ended up fighting. Yesterday it came out that Doug DeCinces of Baltimore said that Grebey has been living right on national television. He told people that they had been bargaining truthfully and stuff. It is true. Grebey is lying. There's a lot going on now. They're getting angry now; also, they come out of the talks, it's like they were going at each other's throats. The way the strike looks like now, it's either gonna =boom= be over or it's gonna drag on and on and on. Baseball is gonna be forgotten this year. But who knows, this is an issue they've been discussing for the last two years that never came about and finally they just said "Hey, let's stop this now". It has to do with free agency and all. The owners will be putting out millions and millions of dollars in the future where if they stop it now, next time they sign on a free agent, and give up compensation, a lot of teams are going to let this guy go the free agency route. Now you get a free agent for nothing, you pay him and you got him, where later on you'd have to pay and give up two quality players. That's a raw deal that'll break the union...When people see the petition, one out of two will sign it. The millions of fans are angry. People will go back on the petition, but the whole thing is when the owners recognize that there are fans out there. It's like if I say to you, "here's three million signatures," you're gonna say, "hey, there's a lot of people out there who care." This is what it all comes down to, fan recognition.

## Buks

THE LETTERS OF ME & RAZOO KELLEY by  
T-Shirt and Razoo Kelley as written to  
Vin Scelsa, with introduction by same  
(\$7, Derring-Do Press, Mountainside NJ)

review by Margaret Kuczynski

Razoo is the slightly slow but lovable friend of T-Shirt. T-Shirt is a bright, witty guy who writes letters to Vin Scelsa, a WNEW-FM (NY) personality (Vin took to reading the letters over the airwaves to eager listeners). The letters tell of the adventures of T-Shirt, Razoo, Mrs. Kelly (Razoo's mom who lives in a most unlikely place) and Scarlett Slash (a punk-disco singer). This book is very enjoyable, yet a bit hard to believe at times. All the same, I suggest you buy it!

To order (ED: Book is sold by mail only, as far as I know), send a \$7.00 check or money order (add 35¢ tax) per book to:  
DERRING-DO PRESS  
P.O. Box 1233, Mountainside, NJ 07092

GOD'S OTHER SON: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE  
REVEREND BILLY SOL HARGUS by Don Imus

(\$5.95, Simon and Schuster) review by EW

Speaking of DJ's and books...WNBC-AM's "Imus in the Morning" tackles Madison Ave., sex, good ol' boys, Uncle Toms and especially bogus evangelical religion in this intelligent satire which expands, and expounds, the "true" history of one of his most popular radio characters. Revolving around a premise that, more than a decade after Hargus' death, some valuable tapes of his are found--a discovery, some say, akin to the Dead Sea Scrolls--the history is told in autobiographical form, with accent, hybris and all. Not a book for the kids, as there are semi-gratuitous sex scenes and lotsa those naa-sty words. And I thought I caught a familiar-sounding line--"Fuck them if they can't take a hoax"...Fun and fast reading for this summer's lag...

## (Letters)

No. No. No...

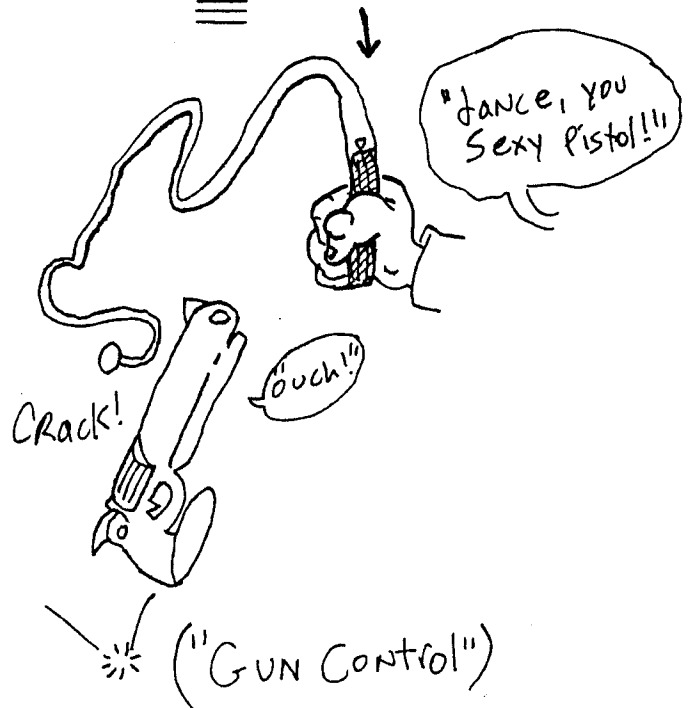
I don't (i.e: DO NOT) understand this whole slop about Lobsters. It hurts me to think about it. No, Yes, No, Yes...You'd think i was insane (i.e: don't hurt me), but this is all so confusing (i.e. Alexander Haig). They eat Lobsters, don't they?

And then this rant about something called The SubGenius Foundation. You know, I believe that's rather blasphemous... (i.e: Not Christain) Listen to Dougie Felker, he knows what's really going on (i.e: Puritanism Is In!)

Storkism, too.

What is an UFS? Sister of an UFO?

Suffocating in Suburbia,  
Mr. N. Mellow.



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Dear Elayne,

This is a long overdue letter of praise for your unique publication and by far, one of the best UF publications.

I'm just sorry I haven't written sooner, because I know there was a time you might fold under some unkind criticism.

Time doesn't permit for me to be a contributor to the rag but, if I have something to share, I will. So keep up the great work and a million thanks for sending the INSIDE JOKE.

Sincerely,  
Dennis "Blades" DeLeo

# A Dog Named SEX

Author Unknown;  
Submitted by-----



For protection, my father bought me a German Shepherd dog. When he found out I was Jewish, he bit me. He was a wonderful watchdog. One evening while I was being held up, he watched. Everybody who has a dog calls his either Rover or Boy. I call mine Sex. Now Sex is a very embarrassing name. One day I took Sex for a walk and he ran away from me. I spent hours looking for the dog. A cop came over to me and said, "What are you doing in this alley at 4:00 in the morning?" I said, "I'm looking for Sex". My case comes up Thursday.

One day I went to City Hall to get a dog license and I said to the clerk, "I would like to have a license for Sex." He said, "I would like to have one too." Then I said, "But this is a dog." And he said he didn't care how she looked. Then I said, you don't understand, I had Sex since he was two years old. He said, "You must have been a very strong baby." I told him that when my wife and I separated, we went to court to fight for custody of the dog. I said, "You Honor, I had Sex before I was married," and the Judge said, "Me too." Then I told him that after I was married, Sex left me. And he said, "Me too." When I told him that I had Sex on TV he said, "Showoff." I told him that it was a contest and he told me I should have sold tickets. I also told the Judge about the time when my wife and I were on our honeymoon and we took the dog Sex. When I checked into the Motel I told the clerk that I wanted a room for my wife and me and a special room for Sex. The clerk said that every room in the Motel was for sex. Then I said, "You don't understand, Sex keeps me awake at night." And the clerk said, "Me too." I give up.

## PROFILE

By Barney Greenhouse

### ROBERT CASTELLI VENTRILOQUIST

Robert Castelli is a ventriloquist.

He has appeared at the Golden Dove, Griswold's Pub, Beard's, Brown's, Nelly Bly Park, and also during the recent 3rd Avenue Octoberfest.

Robert Castelli hopes to achieve national acclaim as an entertainer. The duo is available for club and party dates. For further information call 238-2930.

People are always fascinated with 'Chuck', who was originally carved by another ventriloquist, Alan R. Semok, of New Jersey. Someone once asked, while

Robert and his partner Chuck were performing, "Which one is the Dummy?" Chuck turned and said, "Oh, You've seen our act before?"... As he is somewhat of a smart alec in this duo, people will always inevitably root for the little guy. However if he gets himself in too deep, Chuck will turn to Robert and say emphatically, "Quit putting words in my mouth."

Ventriloquism itself has been traced back thousands of years. For example, many people believed that 'spirits' could have been evoked inside the bodies of certain individuals. and that

these 'spirits' spoke in a second voice. It also has been used for many years in conjunction with superstition and very often religious rites.

It wasn't until the early 1700's that this art was used as a source of entertainment.

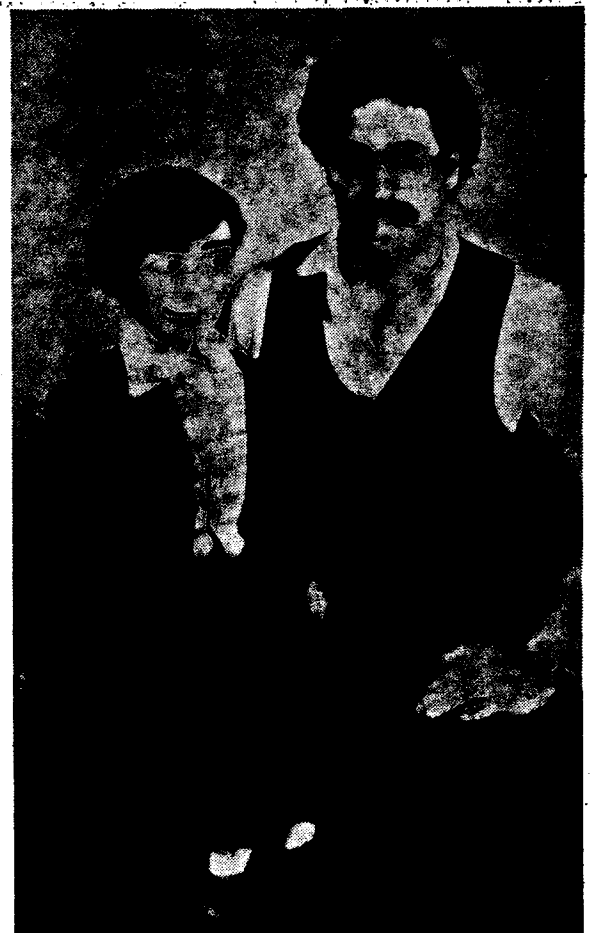
He began studying magic and ventriloquism during the summer of 1976, while he was living in California. A friend from Bay Ridge who had relocated to Lake Tahoe fascinated Robert with his sleight of hand talent with cards and coins. Through his friend plus several very expensive books on magic, Robert spent almost all of his time reading about, and performing magic for his friends.

One Sunday while he was relaxing in his home, and practicing sleight of hand tricks an old movie starring Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy was being aired on television. This young man from Bay Ridge became intrigued with Bergen's ventriloquist skill in bringing Charlie to life. Subsequently, Robert purchased a book on the art of ventriloquism.

He found out that ventriloquism is similar to magic, owing to the fact that there is an illusion created by projecting one's voice from their own body to other places. He always was under the impression that one can 'throw' their voice like a baseball, but the voice simply cannot actually leave the body.

However, through lip control, voice contrast, and some acting, plus, the desire to learn this skill, most anyone could achieve some dexterity as a ventriloquist.

After returning home to Bay Ridge, Robert began to devote even more of his time toward perfecting his talent. He gave



Robert Castelli and his partner Chuck (Photo by JIME)

shows for children, at hospitals, local clubs during talent competitions, old age homes and at some of the

Thanks to my friend Bob Castelli for giving me a copy of this article so I could, in turn, give him some well-deserved publicity.

By the way, "Chuck" has since been replaced by "Phil", who is smaller and cuter, and easier to maneuver... Watch for Bob!

#### ANSWERS TO YANKEE TRIVIA

1. Willie Keeler; '44; Red Sox
2. Lou Gehrig; Senators
3. Detroit; yes
4. Cleveland; 56; yes
5. Thurman Munson and Carlton Fisk; tie 2-2; 9th; out; August 1, 1973; Fenway Park (which at one time was owned by the Yankees)

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# 141 • OUR GANG FOLLIES OF 1936

## Rascal Revue

(This month we focus on my favorite "Our Gang" episode - hey, it's my publication...)

MORE UNACCEPTABLE QUOTES, or, "is my work environment a bad influence on me?"

CO-WORKER (mercifully remaining anonymous) while typing up a law firm's address in Scarsdale, New York:

"Is Scarsdale named after the 'Scarsdale Diet Doctor'?"

CO-WORKER (also m.r.a.) upon reading my button 'The Moral Majority is Neither':

"Neither' what?"

Two Reels • Produced by Hal Roach • Directed by Gus Meins • Photographed by Art Lloyd • Edited by Bert Jordan • Released on November 30, 1935, by M-G-M • Our Gang: George "Spanky" McFarland, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer, Scotty Beckett, Billie "Buckwheat" Thomas, Dickie Jones, Eugene "Porky" Lee, Darla "Cookie" Hood, Philip Hurlie, Jackie White, Donald Proffitt, Harold Switzer, Sidney Kibbrick, Jerry Tucker, Dickie De Nuet, Marvin Trin, Leonard Kibbrick, Delmar Watson, Janet Comerford, Joan Gray, Jackie Banning, Patty Kelly, Rex Downing, Joyce Kay, Lona McDowell, Junior Kavanaugh, Garret Joplin, Ten Meglin Kiddies, The Bryan Sisters, The Bud Murray Dancers, and Elmer the Monkey

Returning minus his cowboy outfit, Alfalfa joins Darla and unknowingly parodies crooners for the first time, aping "Pinky" Tomlin's popular hit, "The Object of my Affection." Darla seemed impressed during the serenade, but though it's unstressed, we know how Alfalfa really feels about girls when he exits backstage and passes by Scotty and Spank and says, "Boy, I'm glad that's all over with."

The intended highlight of the program is to feature "The Flory-Dory Sixtette," a play on Broadway's famous *Flora Dora Sextette*. But the girls are late, forcing Spanky to reshuffle the acts. They never do arrive, so in desperation and to resounding chants of "We want the Flory-Dories!" Spanky and the gang put on the girls' costumes, and in the finest 42nd Street tradition try to finish the show as best they can. No one but Spanky knows the girls' routine, though everything will be okay so long as they all watch Spanky and do exactly as he does. Buckwheat's nemesis monkey finds his way into the bustle of Spanky's costume, however, and starts wielding a long needle just as the music of "Narcissus" begins, soon bringing the short to a predictable but rollicking finish.

Studio publicity for "Follies" highlighted Spanky's debut as a crooning M.C., but reviewers were quick to single out Alfalfa, "the talented youngster with plenty of missing teeth," as the Roach Rascal who steals the show. Some critics noted shrewdly that the musical format and finale was a follow-up to the amateur-night story in "Beginner's Luck," the big commercial and critical *Our Gang* success released earlier in the year. Generally, critics' response to *Our Gang*'s musical innovation was quite favorable. Louis Sobol in *The New York Evening Journal* wrote, "A bow to Hal Roach for unearthing another set of amazingly precocious child stars for his new series of *Our Gang* pics—the current one at the Capitol Theater is a howl from start to finish." "Follies" was held over and played for at least three weeks at the Capitol. A number of trade reviews advised exhibitors they could profitably advertise "Our Gang Follies" with the feature film in their marquee play-up outside theaters.

Other trade press comments: Jack Harrower in *The Film Daily*, "A wow! A riot! This special short should wow 'em wherever the *Our Gang* aggregation are known and loved. And that's practically everywhere!" *Motion Picture Daily* said, "Hal Roach has produced a swell singing, dancing musical in two reels, using the talents of his famous gang to the utmost for entertainment and laughs. Should get unusual box-office response." And *Daily Variety* wrote, "Sure fire! First musical short featuring *Our Gang* players is an ambitious undertaking, providing eighteen minutes of solid entertainment. Direction expert, and featured players great. Will click on any program."

"Follies" was a high-budget *Our Gang* comedy, with an advertised cast of one hundred kids and an unusually long shooting schedule of three weeks. It came at a time when Hal Roach was casting about for new ideas in the *Our Gang* screen unit. Roach's pet series had always been *Our Gang*, and even in 1935 when the program feature was squeezing out of the short subject, Roach would still spend the extra time and money to extract an ambitious short from an idea he believed in. Roach promised that two-reel revues like "Follies" would be an annual event, but the only official sequel wasn't to be released for another two years.

The gang stages a neighborhood musical revue. Hal Roach's miniature answer to M-G-M's *Broadway Melody of 1936*, "Follies" really has no plot at all. But the song and dance novelty acts are varied and unusually entertaining, the kids are convincing, the nonstop lively and loud musical background scoring is well above average, and there are some serviceable running gags to tie the fast-moving short together.

In keeping with the movie musical's high "camp" genre, "Follies" is presented tongue in cheek, sometimes as unreal as it is funny. It's not clear how the kids could have produced such a polished show in their cellar theater all by themselves, but that is the suggestion. (The show is produced by and for neighborhood kids. Not a single adult appears in the film.) Spanky, though, as master of ceremonies, tips us from the start that it's all in fun, exchanging dialogue in rhyme and song with a crowd outside, and crooning, "Step up kids, if you want to know, about the swell stuff, in this show. There's singin', dancin', and hotcha, too. It's only a penny—it won't break you."

Happily unpretentious, the kids run through their specialty numbers with just the right mix of individual character appeal and artless natural talent, though with the rough edges still very much in evidence. Professional, ultracutesy kiddie acts would have ruined the film's charm. So none of the acts are too cleverly staged, and indeed it's the unpolished naturalness and even amateur feel of the various routines that provide much of the short's appeal: little things like the kids in the audience cheering all the goofs. Or Buckwheat taking a serious approach to lighting the footlights while Porky toddles along behind to blow them out. Or the kids in the audience recognizing Buckwheat onstage as the curtain goes up and yelling together, "H'yah, Buckwheat!" causing him to drop his "character," which isn't so important anyway, beam at the recognition, and wave his greeting to the roaring audience.

The novelty acts, spaced with backstage running gags, are themselves very entertaining. Frequently the routines are gently impudent caricatures of current screen stars, but with no ornate choreography, no mobile camera, and no lavish production numbers; in short, none of the tinsel and glitter of an opulent musical spectacular, but some funny stuff nevertheless.

The musical format is really a beautifully conceived vehicle for Alfalfa, and he renders the first ballyhoo number—a spoof of the title song from Gene Autry's currently popular Western musical feature *Comin' Round the Mountain*. Still cast and costumed in the series as "a cowboy from the drugstore," and with his hillbilly drawl very much intact, Alfalfa was the perfect selection to parody the latest vogue in motion pictures, the "singing cowboy." One needn't be aware of this rather specific takeoff to enjoy the sequence, though. It's humor that is more basic than topical, developing naturally out of the characters.

An ensemble of hula beauties follows Alfalfa, dancing none too well to "Honolulu Baby," a clever Marvin Hatley tune trotted out periodically and used in many Roach Studio films.

A second chorus line, this one bigger but no better, officially opens the homemade variety show. They greet a disbelieving audience with the deathless lyric, "Hello, hello, hello. We hope you like our show. Hello, hello, hello."

The Bryan Sisters sing an engaging corn-pone ditty, "How You Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm?" But the big-dollar acts are still to come.

Darla Hood, discovered and hastily written into the film during production, clicks in her *Our Gang* debut as the billboard girl, and sings "I'll Never Say 'Never Again' Again." She was too young to remember much about making it, but today brackets "Follies" as one of her two favorite *Our Gang* shorts.

"The Ghost Frolic," with its dancing, rattling skeletons and jaunty waltz-time melody, succeeds in being both offbeat and even chilling, if measured by the intercut reactions of wide-eyed, startled kids embracing each other in the darkened audience!

(from "Our Gang: The Life and Times of the Little Rascals" by Leonard Maltin)



Bobbie Beard, Stymie Beard, Scotty Beckett, Tommy Bond, and Spanky McFarland in 1934.

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JERRY RUBINO

# Goldfish & Me

by Steve Scheiner

(Steve Scheiner is one of those I term my "partners in crime". We co-chair a singles group and we also write their brochure together. The brochure is more or less one non-sequitur after another, which is why the title of this column may make no sense-- it's not supposed to. Steve's a professional graphic artist too, and I thank him for allowing me to swipe more transfer letters. Sorry the ad's so banal, but I wrote it quickly...)

I am bringing up this subject not because it needs to be brought up, but rather because it has never been brought up before. It is also quite likely that once I bring this subject up it will never be brought up again, not because it won't need being brought up again, but because no one will feel the need for bringing it up again.

The subject at hand is basically a combination of several common problems that we are aware of in everyday life but generally do nothing about. Which reminds me of Saturday when I went into that glorious place called New York City.

I had all intentions of going from Penn Station to Barnes & Noble down by 18th, but kind of got sidetracked along the way. You see, I am a confirmed pinball junkie and as soon as I heard the bells and beeping coming from the Long Island Railroad area, I quickly found their source to be the Family Amusement Center (Why they call it the Family Amusement Center I'll never know).

The very first machine I played was one which I am very good at. So good, in fact, that I have never lost. This is the one which changes a paper George into a metal George. Wonderful. I then proceeded to Space Invaders and for the next fifteen minutes I alone saved the world from disaster. Then I got tired of this stupid game and moved on to the next one.

About two hours later, with empty pockets, I kind of wandered out of the door and back up the steps into reality. Only then did I realize that I left my friend Paul down there still playing Deluxe Eight Ball. Well, back I went. I shouldn't have hurried, as he had already won eight free games and was smiling with that half-crazed look in his eyes (or maybe it was a reflection of my eyes). Eventually, and that is about the best way to describe it, we both got out of there and headed back toward the waiting area. While we were waiting for our train, we observed twelve bums sleeping, one mugging, three joints being smoked, one hooker and a group of people from some funny place called Boston. We know it was Boston because they said so.

And now a short message from our sponsor:

(ATTENTION READERS: Do you occasionally find yourself deliberately, uncontrollably, yes--HYSTERICALLY--laughing at things that are FUNNY? Do you like M\*A\*S\*H, Mull and even "Mork"? If so, you may need "Doctor C.". The Doc's patented formula YUKS-AWAY can give your mind and wallet that empty, weightless feeling so fashionable nowadays! In next to no time, you too will be guffawing at ethnic slurs, sexist remarks and sitcoms. So come in now--remember, COMEDY IS NO LAUGHING MATTER. We're prepared to stand by our motto--"Don't feel down If we skip town 'Cause good ol' Doc C. Works by proxy!")

Okay, back. Where were we? Oh yeah, I was telling you about this theory I have about when you connect the AD module into BG adapter that is hooked up into the WHATZIT machine and...since you're not really reading this I decided to put that in to test you. Like I was saying, the subject that I brought up was one that didn't have to be brought up, but because I took the time to do it for you, you can now relax and think about it when you have a few spare moments. If any of you feel the need of having this subject brought up again, please let me know, not because I want to know, but because none of you know me. You know, maybe this isn't a bad time to stop typing...

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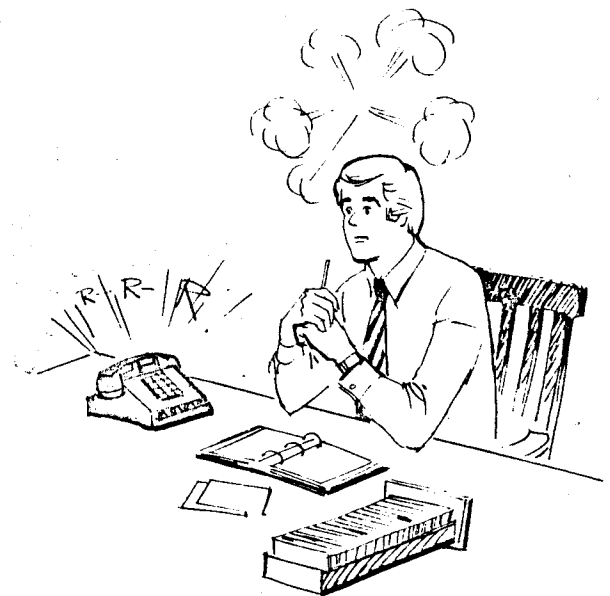
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# feminist joke



© TRINA '78

Trina Robbins, THE COEVOLUTION QUARTERLY, Winter 1980. (USA)



*It's so difficult at times for us daydreamers to come back to earth and concentrate on more practical matters. It's hard to suddenly shut out all other thoughts and focus on what the caller has to say. Fortunately, though, it becomes easier with practice.*

*(in case anyone's been wondering, all of these "delightful little hints" are from the definitive book on "How To Be A Robot in Ten Easy Lessons"...More to come!)*

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MUD HEN WRESTLING

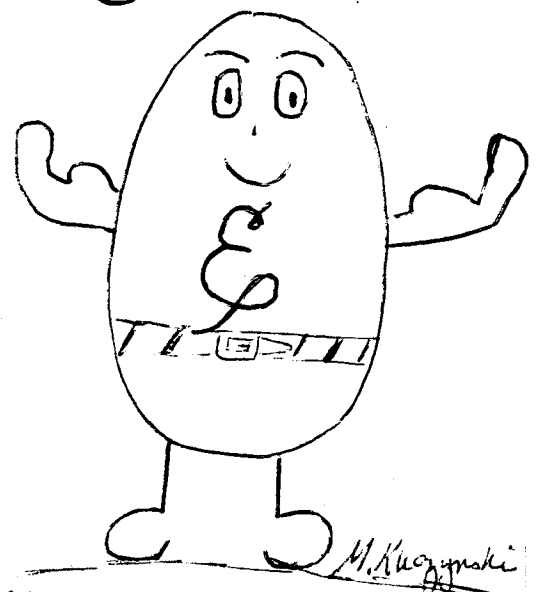
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